

## MY FAIRY QUEEN.

By G. D. LYNCH.

To call you fairy would, my love,  
Give you no cause to flout me,  
Since it is clear that you have wove  
Enchantments all about me.  
To ne'er an elf, except yourself,  
Would I give my affection,  
To other fay I would not pay  
Submission or subjection.

Since in your bondage I am bound,  
Content am I to lie there;  
So sweet a service ne'er was found,  
Then let me live and die there;  
I should disdain a looser chain,  
Man's constancy so rare is,  
But I'll be true, sweetheart, to you,  
The Queen of all the Fairies.



## THE CORONATION OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

AS DESCRIBED BY TWO WHO SAW IT.

“The minster was alight that day, but not with fire, I ween,  
And long-drawn glitterings swept adown that mighty aisled scene.  
The priests stood stoled in their pomp, the sworded chiefs in theirs,  
And so, the collared knights, and so, the civil ministers—  
And so, the waiting lords and dames—and little pages best  
At holding trains—and legates so, from countries east and west—  
So, alien princes, native peers, and high-born ladies bright,  
Along whose brows the Queen's, new crowned, flashed coronets to light!—  
And so, the people at the gates, with priestly hands on high,  
Which bring the first anointing to all legal majesty!”  
*E. Barrett Browning.*

THE year 1902 is already being called, in anticipation, the “Coronation Year.” The crowning of our King stands out before us as the great event to which all eyes and hearts are looking forward. And it is not surprising that the general expectation should be specially wrought up to excitement over this coming Coronation; partly because, as everyone knows, King Edward VII. loves stately ceremonials, well performed, and is giving his personal supervision to the arrangements; and partly because it is so very long since the coronation of an English sovereign has taken place. Sixty-three years have passed since an English monarch drove through the streets of London to be crowned in Westminster Abbey. Only the old people among us can remember the day, with all its hopes and fears; to the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER it can be no more than an event in English history, described in history books.

But the crowning of Queen Victoria, however far off it may seem to the rising generation, is a very living memory

still to those who witnessed it. It called forth the greatest enthusiasm at the time, and was described and dwelt upon in many a memoir of the day and in a countless host of private letters, written by those who were lucky enough to see it to the less fortunate ones who, like the second little pig, “stayed at home.” The description of it given by Dean Stanley, in his *Memorials of Westminster Abbey*, is so perfect that I will quote it for the benefit of those who do not know the book.

“The last Coronation doubtless still lives in the recollection of all who witnessed it. They will long remember the early summer morning when, at break of day, the streets were thronged and the vast city awoke—the first sight of the Abbey, crowded with the mass of gorgeous spectators, themselves a pageant—the electric shock through the whole mass, when the first gun announced that the Queen was on her way—and the thrill of expectation with which the iron rails seemed to tremble in the hands of the spectators, as the long procession closed with the entrance of the small figure, marked out from all beside by the regal train and attendants, floating like a crimson and silvery cloud behind her. At the moment when she first came within the full view of the Abbey, and paused, as if for breath, with clasped hands—as she moved on, to her place by the altar—as, in the deep silence of the vast multitude, the tremulous voice of Archbishop Howley could be faintly heard, even to the remotest corners of the choir, asking for the recognition—as she sat immovable on the throne, when the crown touched her head, amidst shout and trumpet and the roar of cannon, there must have been many who felt a hope that the loyalty which had waxed cold in the preceding reigns would once more revive, in a more serious form than it had, perhaps, ever worn before. Other solemnities they may have seen more beautiful, or more strange, or more touching, but none at once so gorgeous and so impressive in recollection, in actual sight, and in promise of what was to be.”

Nothing could be more perfect, of its kind, than this description. In one paragraph it gives the atmosphere of the scene and sums up the inner meaning of that marvellous



occasion. But what we are inclined to wish for is a more detailed description—something to make us feel as if we had been there—the impressions of someone not too much lost in the inner meaning of the great event to take note of its little outward happenings—what was worn and said and done on that memorable day. To get at facts like these we need to turn to private letters, if we are so fortunate as to have old family ones to turn to. It is from them that we shall glean the trifling details, which, after all, mean so much more than they seem to mean; and shall get the personal impressions, which are so much more vivid and abiding than the most carefully written history.

In a collection of the letters of a young married lady, written during and about the year 1838, I have found one describing the coronation. Its writer and her husband saw the ceremony well, from good places in the south transept, and on the following day Lady P— wrote to her father, in Norfolk, a careful description of what they had seen. We can fancy how welcome the letter must have been to the keen clever parents in the distant town, whom illness or other mischance had hindered from coming themselves to London for the great occasion. This letter I am able to give entire, and also an extract from the recollections of a friend of Lady P—'s who was also fortunate enough to get a seat within the Abbey walls, in the opposite transept. My letter is dated from Hampstead, June 29th, 1838, and begins—

“MY DEAREST PAPA,—It was rather a regret to me, in the midst of the great interest and pleasure of yesterday, that my dear mother and sisters and you did not know of and could not think of us as enjoying the sight of the Coronation. We had not thought of the possibility of obtaining places in the Abbey, and I had gladly given my place to see the procession to Annabella, when on Tuesday evening, while F— was dining with Mr. Ellis, he kindly sent up a messenger to me, with the information that he had received two tickets for the S. Transept (an excellent place looking on the Throne) from the Earl Marshal. . . . Mr. \* and Mrs. W. Wood kindly offered to lodge us, and we went to Dean's Yard on Wednesday evening, passing through streets where almost every house was prepared for illumination, even the private dwelling houses; and when we came to the line of the procession, every spot whence even a squint could be obtained, was boarded and galleried up from the pavement to the roof. The clubhouses were all thus screened. King Charles's head at Charing Cross just appeared above the rows of staging erected round him, and in Parliament Street and Whitehall the whole front of every dwelling was not only concealed by the scaffoldings, but those scaffoldings were screened by gaily coloured hangings, covered with awnings of canvas, zinc, etc. The Government Offices had great transparencies; the Admiralty was prettily and appropriately decked out with flags of different nations, and, as many of the illuminations were being rehearsed, we had a pretty though a lengthened ride. In front of the Abbey a Gothic room had been erected, of such well-coloured and planned imitation that the mushroom addition looked a part of the dark old Abbey, the aspect of which seemed more than usually grave and solemn. All here was like a carpenter's shop, and many men were still at work constructing the scaffoldings. We were up between three and four on yesterday morning, before the sun rose. At that time the great Tower guns repeatedly firing seemed a solemn and appropriate announcement to all London of the dawn of the day when the Monarch of England was to be crowned. All Dean's Yard was full of carriages when we set off through the Cloister to Poet's Corner. The iron grating leading to the Chapter House was not opened, and the poor organist, in a splendid scarlet and gold dress, was scolding in vain for the keys; so we asked and obtained leave to pass through a Prebendal house, and thus we were spared the circuit through College Street which we must otherwise have taken. Carriages were setting down fast at the boarded entrance, along which we went in a crowd of gaily-dressed ladies and men in Court dress or uniform, looking so chilly and odd in the grey cold morning. Our

place was immediately above the Peers, on whose heads we looked, and opposite the gallery set apart for Peeresses, between whom, at the intersection of the transepts, the throne, raised on four steps covered with cloth of gold, was set. Over the altar was the gallery for the House of Commons, which we saw partially through the arches of the choir. From the time we entered till ten, when the firing of guns announced the moving of the procession, the constant filling of the Abbey with Peers, Peeresses, etc., kept up a constant interest. The foreign ambassadors all preceded the Queen, and it was very striking to see them enter with their respective suites—Turks, Russians, Spaniards, Portuguese, and finally Marshal Soult, an old and grey-bearded man with a broad red riband and many orders. Prince Esterhazy, however, whose coat sparkled with diamonds and pearls, was the most sumptuous. The heralds, in their sumptuous tabards, marshalled the foreigners and their ladies to their gallery, nearly opposite us. As they passed in front of the Peeresses, the greetings and bowings were very general.

“It was nearly half-past eleven when the Queen entered, and the entire silence of the Abbey and the low yet deep roar of the multitude without was one of the strangest and most impressive sounds I ever heard. The acclamations of the Westminster boys, and then ‘God save the Queen,’ most charmingly played and sung, received her. She came along in a rich Peeress's dress, with a diamond circlet on her head. She seemed much overcome, and evidently trembled; and when she came to a little desk prepared near the Throne, and knelt for some time, covering her face in prayer, while the music ceased and many hearts joined her, no part of the service was more touching. The recognition then took place, the Archbishop leading the young creature to the four angles of the Throne, at each of which he read the form asking if she, ‘the undoubted heir,’ were accepted; to each of which queries the shouts of the people answered. The Litany was then most distinctly read by two bishops, kneeling before the Throne, while the Queen remained where she had first prayed on entering. The most charming Coronation anthem, and an excellent sermon from the Bishop of London, followed. We heard every word of his clear, sound, and good discourse. His text was from 2 Kings xxiii. 3.

“The anointing and crowning followed; and when the Queen, in her golden cope, her crown, sceptre, etc., returned from the altar to the throne, on which the Archbishop then placed her, the shouts and genuine delight were really unbounded. The homage followed, and the two aged uncles, [Dukes of] Cambridge and Sussex, both leaning on sticks, first came. It was very touching to see their venerable-looking white heads bowed before the child on the Throne, where they had formerly, nineteen years ago, done homage to one, and nine years ago to another brother. She kissed them and the Archbishop. The other Peers, each in turn, came up the steps; each first touched her crown, then knelt and kissed her hand, the premier Duke, Marquess, etc., each declaring his fealty ‘in life and limb’ for those of the same rank who followed him. This was a long ceremony, and a very significant and striking one. Two incidents excited a very general burst of feeling during its course—when the Duke of Wellington came up to the Queen the watchful silence of the spectators was suddenly broken, and renewed and repeated rounds of cheers were given, as he who had so well defended it touched the Crown. The other occasion was at the approach of Lord Rolle, said to be ninety years old. He came supported between two Peers; but, when they left his arms and he tried to touch the crown, the poor old man fell, and, embarrassed in his train, sunk down the steps. There was a momentary cry of horror, for he seemed lifeless, but he soon was helped up, and again tried to perform his homage; and then there was as sudden a shout, when the Queen hastily and with evident emotion stepped forward from the Throne, to meet the old Baron half way, to spare his tottering steps. During the homage, the Earl of Surrey was scattering Coronation medals by handfuls among the spectators, and chiefly among the elegant young women who, dressed exactly alike, in white

\* Afterwards Baron Hatherley, Judge and Lord Chancellor.



with wreaths of pink roses round their heads, grouped round the Queen wherever she moved, and among the Peeresses who, as the sun gleamed on their diamonds and coronets and crimson velvet robes, were looking almost too dazzling to be dwelt on. They gleamed, as they stooped and rose to find the medals, like the phosphoric light on the sea in summer, quite a flashing light. Altogether I cannot give you, I fear, any idea of the great beauty of the scene, the well-judged deep crimson and gold fittings-up, the gaily-dressed throngs, not crowds, for no one was crowded, the gorgeous robes of the Peers and Peeresses, and the grey old Abbey crowning all. Of the solemn and touching import of the whole, concluded by the Queen's receiving the Sacrament, and fresh anthems of joyful praise, you, my dear papa, can form a very perfect conception, for you know the nature of the duties undertaken and of the promises made.

"The reaching home was a work of no small difficulty and even danger. We changed our dress, and, creeping between and among horses, carriages, and multitudes, we at length gained Tottenham Court Road, where we found a conveyance home about seven in the evening. I think I never so suffered from fatigue, but it was well worth it. The whole sight must, I think, have done good, calling forth the people's love, and that of its object in return."

Beside this charming letter we may place the description given by the writer's friend Miss Anne R—, not written with the freshness of one who had seen it only the day before but yet full of vivacity and cleverness. It is taken from a little leather-bound manuscript book, full of charming recollections of great public events of the writer's young days, recorded for the benefit of her nieces.

"I remember," she says, "the coming of William IV. in carriages from Buckingham House (now Palace) to the Abbey to be crowned, and when Queen Victoria did the same I was in the Abbey, and saw the grand sight within, quite equal to the splendour of George IV.'s procession and banquet, which I saw as a child, from our house in New Palace Yard. There were Peeresses in full dress to match their Peers, blazing with diamonds and with minute coronets of velvet. The Peers filled seats in the South Transept; the Peeresses filled the North. The gallery over the North Transept, the Chancel corner, was remarkably splendid, being the seats for the foreign ambassadors; and in the passing to and fro and loitering at the end, I, in the opposite gallery of the North Transept, had a good view of them. The Russian ambassador especially, being arrayed in sable of such fine dark quality that it was almost purple, lined with white satin, the waistcoat a sea of diamonds, was amazingly brilliant. Then Prince

Esterhazy, with his family jewels, in dark Huzzar uniform, the elaborate braiding of which, even to the *clocks of his boots* (*sic*), was all diamonds, was scarcely less splendid.

"The Queen, when crowned, retired to a seat at the angle of the opposite transept, where she remained during the sermon, which the Bishop of London (Blomfield) preached from a pulpit just beneath me. She had on a lovely light crown of diamonds, the veritable crown being very large and heavy, and only used for the actual ceremony. Her robe of cloth of gold seemed to drag from its weight, for she was continually heaving it up on her shoulders. There was a striking sunbeam which gleamed in and struck her diamond crown as she sat there."

Mrs. Browning's beautiful poem reminds us of the deep significance of the place where the young queen stood to receive her people's homage and the anointing of the King of kings—how she stood there between

"The kings and queens who, having made that vow  
and worn that crown,  
Descended into lower thrones and darker, deep  
adown!

*Dieu et mon droit*—what is't to them?—what meaning  
can it have?

The King of kings, the rights of death, God's judgment  
and the grave!

And when betwixt the quick and dead the young fair  
Queen had vowed,

The living shouted, 'May she live! Victoria, live!'  
aloud.

And as the loyal shouts went up, true spirits prayed  
between,

The blessings happy monarchs have, be thine, O  
crowned Queen."

The coronation of Edward VII., to which we are so eagerly looking forward, will make another link in the long series of these events which have taken place within the Abbey walls. From William the Conqueror onwards, each British sovereign in turn has been crowned at Westminster, in the famous chair and on the still more famous stone. No other building in the world has seen such an unbroken chain of these royal ceremonies.

Each of these grand events has had its own special characteristics, by which it was marked and is remembered. We may safely predict that the coronation of the Seventh Edward will be distinguished by the display of greater loyalty than has ever yet been shown at the reception, by the nation, of any of its Kings or Queens.

MARY E. PALGRAVE.

## THE ANCHORESS OF STE. MAXIME.

By M. H. CORNWALL LEGH, Author of "Gold in the Furnace," "An Incurable Girl," "At the Foot of the Rainbow," etc.

### CHAPTER III.



of us, who occasionally perhaps are tempted to feel we could do without the society of some of our relatives.

Kate Harrison was a cousin about whom Alison had heard very little. She was known in her family as "quite

ALISON stretched her hand across the table impulsively, laughing once more at the simple unravelling of the mystery, and from pure joy at this unexpected meeting with one of her own kith and kin. It was so long since she had seen any of her relations that they had acquired a value for her altogether unknown to most

a new woman," "not at all like other people," "a most independent person, who didn't care what anyone thought of her," and "decidedly peculiar."

This reputation for originality—it all classed itself under that single heading in her own mind—was not displeasing to Kate. She did not wish to be old-fashioned, dependent, or one of a flock of sheep, and a twinkle of amused satisfaction was wont to come into her eyes when she heard the things her family said of her.

"It is one of the main objects of my life to break up the old conventional tradition that a woman is bound to respect the wishes of her family," Kate said to her newly-found cousin in the course of the long, intimate talk which followed the recognition of their relationship.

"But it's rather difficult to disregard their wishes, isn't