



HOW QUEEN VICTORIA TRAVELS.

Some years ago Queen Victoria, making acknowledgments of the care that watches over her railway journeys, commanded that a circular letter should be written to the managers of the railways she is accustomed to use, expressing her will and pleasure that the railway movements of "the meanest of her subjects" might be cared for with equal diligence.

Precisely what answer was made by the railway managers to this kindly suggestion I do not know. But talking it over, even to this day, they loyally but ineffectually attempt to repress a smile.

It was an observation of which, like some of Captain Bunsby's, "the bearings lays in the application of." When the reader has mastered the following details surrounding the Queen's journeys by rail, he will be in a position to decide how far the ordinary third-class passenger might be dealt with in similar circumstances:

The Queen's journeys within the United Kingdom run in pretty monotonous lines. She either travels to and from Windsor to Ballater, for Balmoral, or between Windsor and Gosport, for Osborne. There are two saloon carriages in ordinary use; one, for day journeys, belongs to the Great Western Railway, and is perhaps the most beautiful coach on the English lines; the other, used for night journeys to Scotland, belongs to the North-Western Company.

I have before me, as I write, a plan of the royal train on its last journey from Ballater to Windsor, and it may be interesting and convenient to show how it was made up and occupied.

The first after the brake-van is a sleeping-carriage apportioned to menservants. Behind them is a day saloon for pages and upper servants; then come dressers and ladies' maids. After these human buffers we come abruptly upon duchesses and the like. There are the Dowager Duchess of Roxburgh, the Hon. Frances Drummond, Miss MacNeill and Miss Cochrane, ladies-in-waiting to the Queen.

These have a double saloon to themselves. The adjoining carriage, also a double saloon, is allotted to the use of the Queen's grandchildren, the already numerous Battenberg family, and their attendants.

Next the very centre of the train are the royal saloons. The centre portion, convertible into a sleeping apartment, was, on the occasion of which I write, occupied by her Majesty and the Princess Beatrice. A smaller compartment on one side was allotted to the Queen's Dressers, and on the other to her maidservants.

In a saloon in the rear of the royal carriage the Princess Frederica of Hanover

travelled. Then, in another double saloon, came the officers of the household, Sir Henry Ponsonby, Lord Burleigh, Major Bigge, Doctor Reid and Mr. Muther.

In the next saloon rode the Indian servants, who of late years are partially, at least, filling the place in her Majesty's esteem formerly occupied by that faithful old servant, John Brown. A double saloon and first-class carriage, immediately in the rear of this, the directors of the railway have judiciously set apart for themselves. There has always been on the part of the public a desire, in making a railway journey, that one of the front carriages should contain a director or two, in case of accident.

Here, as we see, the directors place themselves in a safer quarter at the rear of the train.

Behind the directors' carriages comes a truck containing what is known as the Queen's "fourgon," being a vehicle containing much portable property. Another brake-van completes the making-up of the train.

One detail in connection with its arrangement will show what infinite care is bestowed upon the Queen's comfort. At each of the termini of the railway journeys the companies have provided a special entrance and waiting-room for the Queen's pleasure.

At Paddington, as at Windsor, on the Great Western line, there is a charming room, occupying valuable space, sumptuously furnished, fired and illumined by the electric light.

The problem of the management is to get the royal train drawn up at a siding, so that the door of the royal saloon may open immediately opposite the door of the waiting-room. How is it to be done? A skilled engine-driver can make a guess at the precise spot where he must pull up in order that a particular carriage may be halted somewhere near a specified spot. That would be near enough for distinguished travellers like Mr. Gladstone, Lord Salisbury or others whom a popular reception awaits. But it would not do to have the Queen landed a foot this way or that way out of the precise line of the doorway.

The ingenuity of man has, however, been equal to this as to other emergencies, and this is the way in which it is met: The space between the door of the royal saloon and the rear of the engine is measured to an inch. The length of this part of the train in the Queen's last journey is set down at two hundred and sixty-two feet six inches. The space forward, from the door to the waiting-room, is measured with equal minuteness, and at the other spot to which the two hundred and sixty-two feet six inches run, a porter with a flag is stationed.

There he stands, bolt-upright; and when the rear of the engine is precisely level with the bridge of his nose, it follows, as the light follows the day, that the door of the royal saloon carriage is immediately opposite the door of the royal waiting-room.

I wonder if, amid her cares of state, the Queen has ever noticed the precision and regularity with which she, on her various journeys, is always brought to a halt right before the door of the waiting-room, and if she sometimes marvels how it is done.

Railways had been in ordinary use for years before the Queen would venture to use them. Long after her marriage, she always went by road from Windsor to London. It was the Prince Consort who, of the royal household, first braved the novel dangers of the railway. When he had travelled up and down once or twice, and no harm had come of it, the Queen, greatly daring, ventured; and having once experienced the convenience and advantages of this mode of locomotion, she became a pretty constant traveller.

Whenever she sets forth she must have a special train, surrounded by all the precautions hereafter set forth. In this she differs from the Prince of Wales and the

rest of the Royal Family, who only on rare occasions and in circumstances of urgency have a special train. Their usage is to take an ordinary train, of course having a carriage reserved for them.

That, it may be observed, is regarded as a personal transaction much more satisfactory to railway directors and shareholders than are the movements of Her Majesty. Every one of her journeys, appropriating as it does for a certain time a large part of the resources of the railway company, must cost an enormous sum, not to speak of the interruption of public traffic and the inconvenience caused to hapless passengers who happen to cross the Queen's path.

Her Majesty, however, anxious, as appears from the circular letter quoted, to be treated on equal terms with her subjects, pays the ordinary charge for a special train, neither more or less.

Sometimes, when all the arrangements are made for a royal journey on a day and at an hour specified, there comes a telegram or note to say that the Queen will travel on some other day. But when it is meant that the journey shall actually take place at the specified time, the Queen is there to the moment.

In talking over the matter with high officials I noticed that at this point there is visible on their faces and in their manner the only gleam of enthusiasm evoked by consideration of the business. Punctuality is the politeness of monarchs, and the Queen is certainly punctual.

Her Majesty, unlike some of her subjects, objects to travelling at high speed. About thirty-five miles an hour, a low speed for first-class trains in England, is the average pace of the royal train.

On a recent journey taken to the north of Wales the Queen travelled at night, and desired that the accomplishment of the journey should correspond with her usual hours of sleeping. This was a fresh and difficult task for the harassed railway managers, since the journey would in the ordinary way be made in five hours.

They could not, like the ingenious cabman desirous of deluding a foreign fare, make a *detour* so as to give an illusive appearance of length to the journey. The only thing to be done was to drive slowly; and so the journey was strategically accomplished, being concluded at the usual hour of Her Majesty's leaving her bedroom to commence the day.—By Henry W. Lucy, in *Youth's Companion*.

A MODERN KNIGHT.*

BY ELEANOR MAYFIELD.

Alone she stood—a woman bowed low with many years,
Her dim eyes heavy-freighted with the weight of unshed tears.
Alone and sad and friendless, 'mid the city's ceaseless din,
One chilled hand clutching feebly a battered violin.

Her longing gaze oft wandered to the far-off Heavenly dome,
As she played, with sad insistence, the tune of "Home, Sweet Home."
Her unskilled touch woke discords that rent the Wintry air,
And a curious crowd soon gathered, to wonder and to stare.

But no one sought to aid her, or words of help to speak,
And soon the tears of sorrow coursed slowly down her cheek.
They dimmed her feeble vision; her fingers worn and thin,
Made halting passes, faltered, then dropped the violin.

With one low cry of anguish, she turned to leave the place,
When lo! there stood before her a youth. With courtly grace
The violin he lifted, and straightway took his stand
Beside the lowly woman, and with a master-hand,

Evoked such strains of sweetness that all the air seemed rife
With melody triumphant. Like to a child's young life
In its first pristine morning, the glad notes rose and fell,
Weaving about the listeners a soft, enchanting spell.
Then, reached by slow gradations, a lower, tender strain

*The incident narrated is a true one, and happened in New York City.

Told of the birth of sorrow, the first sad throes of pain;

Followed in quick succession, through the swift-passing years

By bitter tones of anguish, and hopes dissolved in tears.

A plaintive, wailing cadence, like passing of a breath,

Revealed a guest unbidden—the black robed Angel Death.

It told of fond ties riven, of desolation, loss,

Of hunger, cold and heartache, of fainting 'neath the cross

Then, like a benediction, a tender, brooding peace

Spread its wings of gracious healing, bidding all sorrow cease;

And in the hearts that listened, was born a blessed ray

Of human love and pity, as the music died away.

A mighty throng of people, gathered from far and wide

To hear the wondrous playing, pressed close on every side,

The loosening of their heartstrings had loosed their purse strings too,

Stiffing all base self-seeking, making their lives ring true.

Then scores of willing pockets, and scores of willing hands

Poured forth a glad donation, at Charity's demands,

Till the woman's trembling fingers held such a goodly store

As for many, many weary years they had not held before.

As down her cheeks the mingled tears of joy and sorrow rolled,

She said to one who questioned, "Twas my life the music told.

I once had husband, children, friends, a home with love within,

But the only thing that's left me now is this poor old violin,

In the first glad days of wedded life, that fled, alas! too soon,

Dear John, my husband, taught me to play that one old tune.

And I thought I'd try to play it, now starvation'd come so near,

But my hands are old and useless, and no one cares to hear.

My hope had well nigh left me, and my strength was going too.

When this brave boy came to aid me, with his heart so kind and true,

I want to thank him once again, and I'd like to ask his name."

But while they talked the youth had fled—he had no wish for fame.

Then searched they high, and searched they low, and searched they all around,

But all in vain—he still remains unknown and unrenowned.

Yet in one heart the thought of him is ever warm and bright.

And constant prayers ascend to Heaven, to bless this modern knight.

INCESSANT TOIL.

The folly of constant, unceasing work is never comprehended nor realized until serious damage to health brings the toiler to a standstill. Then, when too late, he begins to rest. Every man, woman or child, no matter how strong, how well fitted mentally and physically to withstand and combat fatigue, should not go on and on and crowd into each day the labor of two days. Take the average business man, how often does he treat himself to a vacation? Follow him up—at forty-five or fifty years of age he is old and broken down, or worse maybe, an inmate of an asylum for the insane, suffering from a malady known as paresis—a self-caused disease wholly preventable. The late brilliant Dr. Golding Bird, of London, furnished a noble example of the folly of overwork. He fully realized his mistake, and said to a professional friend one day: "You see me at a little over forty, in full practice, making my several thousand per annum. But I am to-day a wreck. I have a fatal disease of the heart, the result of anxiety and hard work. I cannot live many months, and my parting advice to you is this: Never mind at what loss, take your annual six weeks' holiday. It may delay your success, but it will insure its development. Otherwise you may find yourself at my age a prosperous practitioner, but a dying old man." Any worker may profitably take to heart this eminent doctor's advice.