

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

ODE

ON THE

Reign of Queen Victoria.

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When o'er the Anglo-Saxons rang the name
Of Alfred, who the Danish foe defeated;
When ships and commerce added to his fame,
And law and peace were in the land reared;
When the Third Edward led his legions bold
At Crecy; and at Poitiers his great son
Vanquished King John; still more, when heralds told
The frighted world that Agincourt was won;
Then was the fateful race by us for aye begun!

Then Norman unto Saxon was no foe;
Then law, religion, policy, and letters
Took root, though to their height they could not grow,
For civil war long held them in its fetters.
The regal power had still the realm sustained,
And curbed the nobles, curbed by them meanwhile,
Till great Elizabeth Spain's huge fleets disdain'd,
And saved from Pirates and Rome our sea-girt isle—
God's help and her free people's love her only guile!

And later; when, under another Queen,
Marlborough so many lands and races harried,
England the arbitress of war was seen,
And once again from France the palm was carried.
And then it was the proudest name we gained
Of all names borne by us on history's page;
Great Britain's glory ne'er since then hath waned,
For Scot and Saxon then threw down the gage—
"For rights denied to peace, together war we'll wage!"

On all sides well that pledge hath been redeemed.
The Corsican's ambition found no bar—
To tremble at his beck all Europe seemed,
Till Nelson crushed his pride at Trafalgar;
Till Wellington his eagles failed in Spain
And drove him to an islet of the sea.
And, when to threat mankind he came again,
The same hand baulked the man of destiny;
And, from him, but for England, the world had not been free!

And 'twas the same, through all the struggle long,
That in the end upon the Mogul's throne
Seated our Queen, Empress of Ind. Full strong
Was the White Tsar so many nations own
Their chief, but yet "a thin red line" could break
His phalanxes, and there, as at Lucknow,
The Scot beside the Saxon stood to take
His share of honor and of death; but now
'Tis not alone that war's bloodthirstiness they slake.

Two hundred years, less ten, have passed since we—
The dwellers in Great Britain—have been brothers;
And that our Union hath been blessed we see;
But in that Union shared have also others.
Seven hundred years ago the tie began,
And shall all memory of old wrongs outlast;
Now, Ireland's sons our fleets and armies man;
In senate, guilds, professions found, they fast,
With Scot and Saxon, hold to the glories of the past.

And now; see, from the height of this great reign
Of sixty years—the longest, wisest, best
That England ever knew—to what attain
Our tripled efforts, in our ceaseless quest
Of liberty and progress, peace and trade!
England hath struck to death the serpent vile
Of Slavery, and Ind and Egypt made—
In youth renewed by hope—again to smile.
And peopled half the globe she hath from one small isle!

More than two hundred millions now obey
Our Empress Queen in other lands afar.
Wider than o'er the Macedonian's sway,
Nobler than Rome's is hers—based not on war
For conquest, winning by the arts of peace!
Ask then, the Ryots or the Fellaheen,
If they would wish the foreign rule to cease;
Or, the New South Eastern nations, if they mean
To loosen our heart's tie to England and her Queen!

Not they! But why, then, have we so progressed
In war and peace? Why is our ensign hailed
The wide world o'er as sign of ease and rest?
Why hath no colony we sent e'er failed?
And why have factions, awe, and civil strife
Tripartite union bound in one firm whole?

Why? But that law hath ruled the nation's life;
Progress—not revolution—been our goal;
And banished been all wild schemes with shame and misery rife!

For we have had the incalculable boon
Of monarchs strong, not because law was weak,
But in that they obeyed the law: how soon
Would unjust Princes have—like James—to seek
A foreign shelter for despotic ways!
And, above all, we have had the happy chance
That Queen Victoria ruled these latter days!
'Tis she that best hath helped us to advance,
And kings to learn what may their majesty enhance!

With wisdom of the statesman and the chief,
With all their prudence and untiring care;
Their energy and courage—the bright fief
From Alfred and the Edwards held; with rare
Fidelity of womanhood and grace,
An ever widening sympathy with all
Her subjects of all classes, and no place
Near her for those that into folly fall;
Her joy and grief to share, on us she'll ever call!

And thus, ensampling all of best we boast,
Our Queen hath linked all hearts unto her own;
Until her name alone on many a coast
Leal ardour will rekindle for the throne.
And hence it is we spare nor cost nor pain
To serve the age's grandest thought—her dream—
Britain, her Colonies to take again
Into her nest—one mighty state—the scheme
That for all time shall crown the glories of Victoria's reign!

OUR QUEEN.

Incidents and Scenes in the Life of Queen Victoria.

EARLY LIFE.

"I will be good!"

Sixty-six years have passed since our beloved Queen uttered these words. She was then a child of twelve, and how that promise has been abundantly realized her people well know. As a constitutional Queen, as woman, wife, and mother, they have watched her career with love and admiration. The nation, which had good cause to grow weary of the folly, extravagance, and moral corruption of those "in high places," has seen with great joy and gladness the sovereignty of a new and prosperous era, whose blameless life, even in the midst of "that fierce light which beats upon a throne" gave no suspicion of calumny.

Truly might the poet say of Queen Victoria—

"Her court was pure; her life serene;
God gave her peace; her land reposed;
A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as mother wife, and Queen."

On a genial morning in May (the 24th), 1819, Princess Victoria (afterwards Queen of England) first saw the light. Her father, the Duke of Kent, was the fourth son of George III, and was superior to any of his brothers in those qualities which command respect.

The Duchess of Kent, the Queen's much-loved mother, was the youngest daughter of the Duke of Saxe Coburg, and sister of Prince Leopold, afterwards the King of the Belgians.

Thus the little Princess Victoria was greatly favored by God in her parentage.

First among the influences that made our Queen what she now is, must be noted the ceaseless watchful care of her devoted mother. The Duchess of Kent nursed her infant at her own bosom, and attended personally to her bathing and dressing. As the child grew older the little one partook of her meals at a small table beside her mother's, but always of the food prescribed for her. For ten years the Princess never slept out of her mother's room. And all this care of health and physical development was supplemented by the wisest of training as regards the mind. As the mental powers developed they were fully cultivated, and the Princess was ready at the appointed time to enter on the august career which was to be hers in the days to come.

But in speaking of these things we are anticipating the march of events. When six months old the Princess was