



THE QUEEN'S PRIVATE APARTMENTS, OSBORNE HOUSE

STORY OF THE QUEEN'S LIFE.

CHILD VICTORIA AND CHILD ALBERT.

Queen Victoria was born in 1819. Her father was the Duke of Kent. He used to like to hold his baby princess in his arms and say, "Look at her well! She will yet be the Queen of England." But she did not know that she was to be the Queen of England till she was twelve years old. Then she was told; and what do you think she said first? "I will be good," she said.

Her father died while she was a baby, so her mother had to train the future Queen of England alone. The little Princess wore plain cotton and woollen gowns, and plain hats, stout shoes and waterproof garments when it rained, for she spent much time out-of-doors, so she might grow up strong and healthy.

She ate her bread and milk and fruit for breakfast, studied with her mother in the forenoon, and rode out in the afternoon. Even when she was a big girl she was just as fond of a romping play as any little girl, but she studied hard, too.

Queen Victoria was a fine musician, and she learned to play, as every girl has to, by constant practice.

THE BONNY ENGLISH ROSE.

That is what the English called the Princess Victoria as she grew up into girlhood. The Bonny English Rose was eighteen when, at the death of William IV., she became Queen.

Immediately after the death of her uncle, William IV., the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Chamberlain hastened to Kensington Palace, where the Princess and her mother lived. They knocked a long time at the gate before they could wake the porter, for it was yet early dawn.

The Princess, too, had to be awakened

out of a sound sleep to be told that she was now Queen of England. She came to meet these two messengers, with a shawl thrown over her nightdress, her feet in slippers, and her fair hair tumbling over her shoulders.

The first words she spoke as they hailed her Queen, were to the Archbishop

"I beg your Grace to pray for me," she said; and the good Archbishop did pray for the young ruler of England.

A few hours after came the great officers of State and Church to kneel and kiss her hand, and to swear allegiance.

Very shortly after, Victoria went to live at Buckingham Palace, the London home of the kings and queens of England. But she was not crowned till more than a year after—June 28, 1838.

On the morning of that day, the great guns of the Tower and of the battery in St James' Park were fired early. About ten o'clock, the procession left Buckingham Palace for Westminster Abbey, where the sovereigns of England are always crowned. The Queen rode in the state chariot, drawn by eight magnificent cream-coloured horses.

Everywhere, everywhere the people crowded—in the streets, looking down from windows and balconies, the women waving handkerchiefs, the children dropping flowers.

In the nave of the abbey, galleries had been raised for the spectators. These were covered with crimson cloth, fringed with gold. On a platform, covered with cloth of gold, stood the "Chair of Homage." Near the altar stood the quaint old chair called the "Coronation Chair," in which all the sovereigns since Edward I. have been crowned. This chair is of oak, and under the seat is the famous "Stone of Scone," which Edward I. brought from Scotland. On this stone the kings of Scotland used to be crowned.

The noble lords and ladies were all there,

and were gorgeously dressed. Says Grace Greenwood: "Prince Esterhazy especially looked as though he had been snowed upon by pearls and rained upon by diamonds, so dazzling were his jewels."

The Queen came in near the centre of the procession. She wore a crimson velvet robe, trimmed with ermine and gold lace, and eight noble young ladies carried her immense train.

As the procession entered the Abbey, the choir and the orchestra played "God Save

the Queen!" and the people shouted.

The little choir boys, in their white robes, chanted Vivat Victoria Regina! (Long live Queen Victoria!)

The Archbishop of Canterbury said, in a loud voice, "I here present unto you Queen Victoria, the undoubted Queen of this realm, wherefore all you who are come this day to your homage, are you willing to do the same?"

Then all the people shouted, "God Save Queen Victoria!" the drums beat, and the trumpeters away up aloft in the Abbey sounded their trumpets. This was repeated at the north and west and south sides of the theatre.

The Archbishop of Canterbury crowned the Queen. The instant the crown touched her head, all the Peers and Peeresses who had been holding their coronets in their hands, crowned themselves, and shouted "God save the Queen!" And again the drums beat, the trumpets sounded, and a signal being given, the great guns of the Tower and of the battery in St. James' Park were fired.

After more singing and other ceremonies, the Queen was seated in the Chair of Homage. The Dukes and Peers one by one, knelt, touched his coronet to the Queen's crown and kissed her hand. The final ceremonies were long and tedious, and no doubt the young Queen was glad when they were all over, and she changed her crimson velvet robe for a purple one, and went home wearing her crown.

When she got home to Buckingham Palace, she heard her pet spaniel barking a joyous welcome on the staircase. "There's Dash!" she cried out, and was in a great hurry to get off her crown and her purple velvet robe, and give Dash his bath. For the Queen was very fond of animals, especially of dogs and horses.