The Catholic Register.

"Truth is Catholic; proclaim it ever, and God will effect the rest."—BALMEZ.

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THE QUEEN IS DEAD

LONG LIVE THE KING

The Greatest Woman of the Century has passed away

Queen Victoria is dead. Drooping flags and tolling bells all around the world to-day testify to the universal respect in which Britain's Queen was held. Throughout her Empire, the Empire which it was her chief care to foster and extend during her long and brilliant reign, the mourning is profound. Her people mourn her, their gracious sovereign, and in every part of her Empire, in the homeland, in the isles of the sea, in every part of the world where the blood red flag floats to-day, the loyal subjects of Victoria mourn her as with a sense of personal loss. In Canada, where the events of the past few years have drawn us so close to the Crown and made of this country such an integral part of the Empire, the sorrow is deep felt and sincere. Canada yields to no colony of the Empire in devotion to the Queen, and the announcement of the death of the beloved ruler has occasioned universal grief. Although Queen Victoria crossed the allotted line of life many years ago, and although her people have been expecting her death at almost any time, still the actual event comes as a shock to her loyal subjects. It had almost seemed as if this useful and noble life were going to be indefinitely prolonged. But at last the Sovereign Lady of Great Britain has passed away, beloved at home, revered abroad, having left her name to history as the greatest woman ruler that has ever lived. And not only will her name go down to history as the greatest queen, but as one of the noblest women of all time. Her graces of disposition and traits of character have long been the admiration of the world, her womanly goodness, as wife and mother has furnished an ideal for every lady in the land who called her Queen.

A GREAT QUEEN.

The august and illustrious figure, which has been the centre, the token, and the imperial presiding genius of progress and prosperity can never be detached in history from the magnificent records of her time. The story of her life and the story of her people's life have flowed onward together, inextricably blended, indissolubly connected. At the bottom of the might and energy and enterprise illustrated by all majestic chapters in the chronicles of England have ever been from the first the deep religious instincts and the strong family affections of the people, both of which the Queen's royal nature was created to embody, reflect, and exemplify. Her household, from its days of bride-joy and domestic sunshine to its days of widowhood and lonely duties, has been like that chief and special golden queen-cell in the hive, round which all the others cluster, and by the welfare of which they measure and regulate their own. Among the wives of England this sceptred wife, among the mothers, among the widows of her people this throned Lady Victoria, whose sorrow seemed the sorest, as her burden was the greatest—has always been one of the women of the realm, representing them all, leading them all, understood by them all. The English have homely and domestic ways of manifesting national feelings; for example, they love their navy and take enormous pride in it. In consequence of which strangers in our confines are amused to notice how very many boy-children are dressed by their fond mothers in the garb of a British blue-jacket. The least reflective visitor can perceive that here, at least, is a people which will grudge no public money to sustain the navy. So it would be curious and significant to know how many girl-children in the kingdom bear for good fortune and for loyalty the names of their Royal Highnesses, the Princesses of the Blood, a goodly number of whom have grown up round the knees of the Queen. At the root of her greatness has surely been her gentleness. The half-forgotten Court gossip of the past is full of little tales of the tenderness which underlies the well-known force and firmness of her Majesty. When, on the death of King William the Fourth, Queen Adelaide wrote to the young Victoria announcing the event, the acceded Princess replied by a gentle and respectful letter which she addressed to "The Queen of England"; and when a lady of the court humbly remonstrated, saying, "Your Majesty, you only are Queen of England," the pretty reply was given: "Yes, but Aunt Adelaide must not be reminded of that by me." And when, at taking the oath of allegiance, the two royal dukes bowed low before her to touch her hand with their lips, she kissed them gravely, raising them from the ground, saying to the Duke of Sussex, "Do not kneel, dear uncle; if I am Queen, I am also your niece!"

A LOVING WIFE.

The heart of gold, the will of iron, the royal temper of steel, the pride, the patriotism, and the deep piety of Victoria were enshrined in a small but vigorous frame, the mignonne aspect of which especially struck those who beheld her for the first time in her later "chair-days." It was reported how, when Prince Albert was dying, he roused himself from a period of wandering to turn with ineffable love to his spouse and sovereign, saying to her with a kiss, "Good little wife!" And when the Prince Consort was actually passing away, after those twenty one years of wedded happiness, it was told how the Queen bent over him and whispered: "It is your little wife," at which last words the Angel of Death stayed his hand awhile once again the dear eyes opened and the dying lips smiled. But though this be so, no one who has been honored by near approach to her Majesty, or has ever tarried in her presence, will fail to testify to the extreme majesty of her bearing, mingled always with the most perfect grace and gentleness. Her voice was, moreover, always pleasant and musical to hear. The hand which held the sceptre of the seas was the softest that could be touched, the eyes which had grown dim with labors of state for England, and with too frequent tears, were the kindest that could be seen. Not for a day, nor for an hour did the Queen ever suspend the performance of her royal and imperial duties during the many sorrows which fell upon her, nor in the comparative seclusion which she sometimes kept. The Duke of Argyll truly wrote once: "It ought to be known to all people of this country that during all the years of the Queen's affliction, and those when she has lived necessarily in much retirement, she has omitted no part or portion of that public duty which constantly concerns her as a sovereign of this country; that on no occasion during her grief has she discontinued work in those royal labors which belong to her exalted position."

AN ABLE STATESMAN.

How great and experienced a statesman she showed herself, every competent British minister has testified. She was, in fact, the highest living authority upon the practical politics of Europe, and knew and understood constitutional problems with an intellectual grasp which has never been relaxed. It is from a radical and republican source that the subjoined tribute has been culled:

"Broadly speaking, it may be said by all her ministers, Liberal and Conservative, that she had more knowledge of the business of governing nations than any of her Prime Ministers; more experience of the mysteries and intricacies of foreign affairs than any of her foreign secretaries; as loyal and willing a subservience to the declared will of the nation as any Democrat in Parliament; and as keen and passionate an imperial patriotism as ever beat in any human breast."

Such, and so great, so useful, so benign, so faithful—sketched in these most imperfect outlines—was the great and noble Sovereign Lady upon whom, sixty years ago, the vast burden of the British Empire was laid, and to whom, amid trials and losses as great as could be borne, Sorrow and Death and Destiny constantly cried: Break not, O woman's heart, but still endure;
Break not, for thou art royal, but endure!

Mrs. George Cornwallis-West, (formerly Lady Randolph Churchill), writes the following:

"The Queen's personality was the most remarkable. I never met anyone who exercised such influence over me as did the possessor of this sweet personality. It was not the halo of royalty, but her manner, her wonderful smile and magnetism, her presence and dignity, her womanhood. Her wonderful charm, which all felt who came near Her Majesty, took complete possession of me. Just before I left for South Africa I had the honor of talking with the Queen in regard to the hospital ship Maine. The Queen repeated again and again in the most endearing words her gratitude to the American women for their wonderful kindness to her soldiers. Her Majesty has always been a great peacemaker and every nation has appreciated this. Many have been influenced by her personal pacific overtures. There has been no reign like it, and powerful and wise as any successor might be, there will probably never be another monarch whose influence will be quite the same.

HER ILLNESS.

The Queen's strong constitution manifested the first symptoms of serious decay during the stay of the Court at Windsor in November and December of 1899, when evil tidings of the South African war began to arrive in rapid succession.

The Queen did not look for any serious disaster to her army. She expected nothing but a series of easy victories. General Buller, before leaving England for the South African campaign, had assured the Queen that the war would be "difficult, but not dangerous."

In consequence the news of the many reverses came to her with added severity. She felt that she had been deceived.

When his name was submitted to her for a visit to Windsor after his return from South Africa, she struck it through with her pen. It was at this time that the Queen had fits of crying in an aggravated form, which immediately preceded her critical illness.

The excitement incidental to her visit to Ireland—which, despite every thing stated to the contrary, was her own idea—seemed to revive her, but before the visit ended a reaction had set in.

When she went to Balmoral, her Highland home, her spirits revived under the influence of Gen. Roberts' brilliant achievements in the South African war, but the improvement was short.

It always had been a source of wonder to her physicians that with her great appetite and physique, she had escaped an apoplectic stroke. About this time there was a falling away of her left side, accompanied by loss of power in her left arm and limb. These symptoms

CAUSED APPREHENSION.

of approaching paralysis. Unfavorable war news and reports of the acute suffering of her dying daughter, Empress Frederick, affected the Queen keenly. She suffered with increasing frequency from fits of depression. She referred constantly to the death of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha (Edinburgh), and expressed a wish to see the Duchess. Accordingly, the latter was summoned to Osborne, but at the first interview the Duchess left the Queen prostrated with grief. In the midst of these troubles came the sudden and unexpected death of her oldest and dearest friend, the Dowager Lady Churchill, Senior Lady of the Bedchamber, and member of the Royal Household for forty-six years.

While the Queen was sleepless at night she had had strange

FITS OF DROWSINESS

in the day time. While her mind was clear she tried valiantly to combat this failing. She was carried to her bed last Tuesday, never to rise again. Dr. Pagenstecher, the German oculist, who was attending the Duke of Somerset for an injury to his eye, was summoned to Osborne. The Queen suffered acutely from her eyes owing to her constant crying. Dr. Pagenstecher made a general examination on Monday and reported that the Queen had nothing organically wrong, but was suffering chiefly from nervous exhaustion. In her periods of mental activity she talked so incessantly of war that the Colonial Secretary Chamberlain, was commanded to go to Osborne to console her with reassuring news. Mr. Chamberlain had led the war party when the Queen favored peace in South Africa. His efforts to console the Queen were fruitless and she abruptly closed the conference.

ROBERTS WAS TRUTHFUL.

Subsequently Lord Roberts was directed to appear at Osborne. He did not attempt to deceive the Queen but frankly explained the difficulties which had to be overcome before the war in South Africa could be terminated. The interview lasted some time, and it was the last time the Queen displayed the wide knowledge and shrewd common sense which played such an important part in her long reign.

It was after the Roberts interview that the Queen, accompanied by the Duchess of Edinburgh, went for the drive which immediately preceded her being taken to her bed.

Two weeks before the public knew of it, Sir Francis Laking had been assisting Sir James Reid at Osborne.

On Thursday last Sir Douglas Powell, the famous heart and lung specialist, was summoned to Osborne, because of two attacks of heart failure from which she suffered on Wednesday night. At that time the Queen's condition had assumed the gravest complexion. The Prince of Wales, in order to prevent public alarm or suspicion, attended a dinner given to Lord Roberts, and subsequently appeared at the theatre on Thursday night.

On Thursday the Queen had a stroke of paralysis. Since then she has been in a comatose condition.

The London correspondent of the New York Journal, says he was informed on high medical authority that the Queen was suffering from hemorrhages from blood vessels of the brain, the first bursting on Thursday. It caused the alarming collapse, from which Her Majesty rallied. Another burst soon afterward and caused a second relapse. Her suffering continued, with alternate relapses into a comatose state and rallies. This was expected to proceed until the vital blood vessel should burst, causing death. Physicians said she might live two or three days, or she might die any moment.

Her Majesty rallied on Sunday and remained conscious all day, but she fell into a sleep again and passed peacefully away on Tuesday, surrounded by her family, and mourned not only by her own faithful and loving subjects, but by all the world. Thus passed away the greatest and best woman the world has ever known. May her soul rest in peace.

HER LIFE.

Queen Victoria was born May 24th, 1819, in Kensington Palace. She was the only child of Edward, Duke of Kent, and her Serene Highness, Mary Louisa Victoria, daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, Saalfield. Two hours after birth the royal princess was carried into an adjoining room and presented to the great men of the realm, the Privy Councillors, and Ministers of State, whom she was destined to confer with in later years. Among those present in the early hours of that auspicious 24th of May were the Duke of Sussex, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Duke of Wellington, the Marquis of Lansdowne, Earl Bathurst, the Bishop of London and the celebrated Canning.

BAPTISMAL CEREMONY.

The ceremony of baptism was very imposing and took place with much splendor in the grand saloon of Kensington Palace on June 24th. The royal gold font was brought up from the tower in honor of the occasion, and the saloon was magnificently decorated. The Prince Regent stood sponsor to his niece in person. When asked to designate the infant he gave the name "Alexandrina," after his friend, the Czar Alexander; the Duke of Kent requested that another name might be added, so the Prince Regent added that she should also be called Victoria, after her mother, but he declared that the latter name should not precede that of the Czar. But time willed otherwise, and few of her subjects have ever known that Queen Victoria was also christened Alexandrina, in honor of the Czar of all the Russias.

The Duke of Kent, father of the Princess, died on the 23rd of January of the following year, and inside a week, or on January 29th, King George III. expired at Windsor Castle. Towards the close of 1820 the Duchess of Clarence gave birth to a daughter, Princess Elizabeth. Had this child lived—she died at the age of three months—she would have change the succession of England, for she was the only claimant who ever intervened between Princess Victoria and the British throne.

INFANCY AND CHILDHOOD.

The infancy and childhood of Queen Victoria was not without incident. While at Woolbrook Cottage, at Sidmouth, on the east coast of Devon, the young princess had a proverbial escape from death. A mischievous youth while shooting at some birds, discharged his gun so near the nursery window that the shot penetrated one of the panes and passed close to the head of the child. On one occasion while driving the little princess was thrown out of her carriage, but was saved from injury by a soldier named Maloney, who was subsequently rewarded for his bravery.

The manner of her life in her girlhood shows that it is no easy lot to be a princess royal. The old maxim, "There is no royal road to learning," has been no better exemplified than in the life of Queen Victoria. She was obliged to rise at seven o'clock in the morning when she was a mere child of ten years of age. She breakfasted at eight o'clock, enjoyed an hour's walk or drive, played in the garden for an hour, studied for two hours under her mother's tutelege, played again, had dinner, two hours more lessons, then a drive and a play around the gardens, and when the curfew rang at nine o'clock her day was done and, like other little girls, she was put to bed.

From her fifth year the Princess' preceptors were, Dr. Davys, afterwards Bishop of Peterborough, and the Baroness Lenzen. At the age of eleven she spoke French and German fluently; could read Horace and Virgil; knew something of Greek and more of Italian, and had made some progress in mathematics. Moreover, she was thoroughly instructed in domestic duties; and she afterwards insisted that this knowledge of the home life and its requirements should be communicated to all her own daughters. She had special instructions in dancing, music and drawing, and in all of these she speedily exhibited great proficiency.

DEATH OF GEORGE IV.

In 1827 the Duke of York died, thus making the Duke of Clarence heir presumptive to the Crown. Three years later George IV. himself passed away and the Duke of Clarence succeeded to the throne as King William IV. The first public act of Princess Victoria, who was now direct heir to the Crown, was the presentation of a set of colors to the 89th Regiment of Foot at Plymouth. The Duchess delivered the address on behalf of her youthful daughter. After travelling extensively she was visited by her uncle, the Duke of Saxe-Cobourg, and his two sons, the Princes Ernest and Albert, at Kensington Palace. The Princess now saw her future husband for the first time. He was a clever, handsome young man, with a charming, modest manner. He was strangely drawn towards the Princess, and on her 17th birthday gave marked evidences of his devotion. The separation when Prince Albert returned to his native land, was decidedly affectionate.

WILLIAM IV.'S DECEASE.

On May 24th, 1837, Princess Victoria attained her legal majority and a joyous celebration was held. In the evening she attended a grand State ball in St. James' Hall. On that very day William IV. was seized with hay fever and at two o'clock on the morning of June 20, expired.

Immediately afterwards the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Howley, and the Lord Chamberlain, the Marquis of Conyngham, together with the Earl of Abermarle, the Master of the Horse, and Sir Henry Halford, the late King's physician, started from Windsor for Kensington. They rode all night and arrived at Kensington shortly before five o'clock in the morning. 'They knocked, they rang, they thumped for a considerable time before they could rouse the porter at the gate,' says Miss Wynn, in the 'Diary of a Lady of Quality.' 'They were again kept waiting in the courtyard, then turned into one of the lower rooms, where they seemed forgotten by everybody. They rang the bell and desired that the attendant of the Princess Victoria might be sent to inform her Royal Highness that they requested an audience on business of importance. After another delay and another ringing to enquire the cause, the attendant was summoned, who stated that the Princess was in such a sweet sleep that she could not venture to disturb her. Then they said, 'We are come on business of State to the Queen, and even her sleep must give way to that.' It did, and, to prove that she did not keep them waiting, in a few minutes she came into the room in a loose white nightgown and shawl, her nightcap thrown off, and her hair falling upon her shoulders, her feet in slippers, tears in her eyes, but perfectly collected and dignified."

"The Marquis of Conyngham was the bearer to the Queen of a request from the Queen-Dowager that she might be permitted to remain at Windsor till after the funeral," says Sarah Tytler in her "Life of the Queen." "In reply, Her Majesty wrote an affectionate letter of condolence to her aunt, begging her to consult nothing but her own health and convenience, and to stay at Windsor just as long as she pleased. The writer was observed to address this, as usual, 'To the Queen of England.' A bystander interposed: 'Your Majesty, you are Queen of England.' 'Yes,' answered the unrelated, considerate girl Queen, 'but the widowed Queen is not to be reminded of the fact first by me.'"

At nine o'clock in the morning, the Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne, called, and after half an hour's interview with the Queen, took his leave, having arranged to issue summonses for a Privy Council to be held in the course of the next two hours at Kensington Palace.

Shortly after eleven o'clock, the Royal Dukes and a great number of Privy Councillors arrived. Lord Melbourne explained to her what she would have to do, and she acted with perfect self-possession and made no mistakes. After the reading of the proclamation, she read her speech in a clear, distinct and audible voice, and without any appearance of fear or embarrassment. Her Uncle Ernest, Duke of Cumberland, and King of Hanover, and her Uncle Augustus, the Duke of Sussex, were the first to acknowledge allegiance. Mr. Greville thus describes the scene: "As these two old men, her uncles, knelt before her, swearing allegiance and kissing her hand, I saw her blush up to the eyes, as if she felt the contrast between their civil and their natural relations, and this was the only sign of emotion which she evinced. Her manner to them was very graceful and engaging; she kissed them both and rose from her chair and moved towards the Duke of Sussex, who was farthest from her, and too infirm to reach her. She seemed rather bewildered at the multitude of men who were sworn, and who came one after another to kiss her hand, but she did not speak to anybody, nor did she make the slightest difference in her manner, or show any in her countenance, to any individual of any rank, station, or party. I particularly watched her when Melbourne and the Ministers, and the Duke of Wellington and Peel approached her. She went through the whole ceremony, occasionally looking at Melbourne for instruction, when she had any doubt what to do, which hardly ever occurred, and with perfect coolness and self-possession, but at the same time with a graceful modesty and propriety particularly interesting and ingratiating. Never was anything like the first impression she produced, or the chorus of praise and admiration which is raised about her manner and behavior, and certainly not without justice. Sir Robert Peel said he was amazed at her manner and behaviour, at her apparent deep sense of her situation, her modesty, and at the same time her firmness. She appeared, in fact, to be awed, but nothing daunted.

On the 17th of July the Queen went in state to prorogue Parliament. Fanny Kemble, the famous actress, who was present, wrote an account of the scene. She says "The Queen was not

(Continued on page five.)