

Coronation of the King

In these days, when the employment of symbols in ceremonial that is not purely ecclesiastical is almost extinct, the coronation of the Sovereign has a special interest, writes Maude S. Rawson in an English journal. They issue from in their royal dungeon in the city only in their full glory at the coronation, and they constitute the dearest piece of pomp that Great Stewards and Chamberlains can desire. They are the silent expression of the King's estate and "style," they immediately precede him in the coronation procession; and they are borne by the great officials of the Household.

The Consort also has his or her hauberk, and though these are fewer in number, they likewise precede this royal personage in the great procession, while the Princesses of the blood royal, in like manner, have their coronets carried before them.

THE KING'S SWORD.
To detail the number of the hauberk: The Consort has four—her crown, ring, and two sceptres, one a regular sceptre of sovereignty, surmounted by a cross, the other a rod of ivory, bearing a dove. The King has besides his crown (St. Edward's crown) two similar sceptres, the rod of sovereignty and the rod of equity, but he has many other things besides. No less than four swords are a part of the coronation—the first, or sword of State, the second, or pointed sword of spiritual justice, the third, or pointed sword of temporal justice (spiritual justice thus ranks first), and the fourth sword, or curiana, the sword of mercy. There remain, moreover, St. Edward's staff, the orb, and the golden spurs, with which the Lord High Chamberlain touches the King on the heels while his Majesty kneels, and then returns to the Dean of Westminster, who replaces them on the altar. The coronation ring, which is described as "set with a large jewel encased," is handed to the Archbishop by the Master of the Jewel House, who is close at hand to receive custody of the hauberk directly after the coronation is over.

It is the Lord High Chamberlain who provides the Archbishop with the symbolic sword (typifying all the four weapons named), which forms one of the investitures of the ceremony. The sword of State for some good reason is not here employed, the procedure being thus: The Lord High Chamberlain presents to the Archbishop this representative sword in a sheath of purple velvet; it is laid on the altar, and after a prayer presented by his Grace with the other Bishops to the King, with the words, "Receive this kingly sword." And with this sword do justice." The King rises, offers the sword to the altar, and returns it to the Primate. It is then "redeemed" by the nobleman of the Household, who has hitherto carried the sword of State—that is to say, he offers the Archbishop the equivalent of its value, and he is then suffered to retain it, carrying it under his arm during the rest of the ceremony.

ECCELESIASTICAL SYMBOLS.
By comparison, the ecclesiastical symbols and "properties" are very simple. There are, firstly, the ampulla, or vase with sweet oil, and the rich spoon. These, as the rubric directs, are not borne, but are laid ready on the great altar for the anointing. The remaining symbols are the Bible, the patina and the chalice. These are carried in the procession on entry by three Bishops. At William IV's coronation those of Exeter, Rochester and Oxford respectively were the bearers, and they walked directly after the King's regalia and immediately before the King himself.

The coronation garments are naturally of importance. No fewer than four robes were used by William IV. on the great day. There were, the crimson robes of State, "furred with ermine," in which he entered the Abbey. These were laid aside before the anointing. Then came the robe of gold cloth, the superintina (put of gold) (anointing) the great Dalmatic robe, or Imperial mantle, and there was lastly the purple robe donned at the very close of the ceremony in place of the crimson robes of state, the detail of the procedure the Sovereign retired into St. Edward's Chapel. Cloth of gold was, of course, largely used. It draped the altar steps where their Majesties knelt; it covered St. Edward's chair, in which the King must sit for his anointing, it constituted the two palls held over King and Queen at the altar, and also the palls offered by both at the altar at the beginning of the service. The King's oblation in 1831 included, in addition, "an ingot of gold of one pound weight," when the Primate received in a special basin.

Yet one further item of royal haberdashery must be included, the "pair of silk gloves" which the Lord of the Honour of Worksep has the privilege to present as a pledge of his claim to hold a certain estate. He presents these gloves just after the investiture in the annum et baculum. The King wears on the right-hand glove, and the other whose arms are embroidered on the glove is entitled to either support the King's arm as he holds his sceptre, or to bear the sceptre itself at his Majesty's side.

The Princesses of the blood royal in William IV. was crowned, "in the name of the state" of purple velvet, and the coronets they wore were the dual enthronement of the dual enthronement.

OLD ALEXANDER TREMBLAY

Is Ontario's Greatest Hunter and Trapper.

He Makes a Specialty of Bears and Has No Use for Civilization or Commercial Life.

To hunters and sportsmen throughout the province; to the guides, hunters and trappers, whether white men or Indians, of the Parry Sound district and in the whole stretch of country bordering on the northern boundaries of Ontario and Quebec, the name of Alexander Tremblay is familiar. Those who are counted among his personal acquaintances speak of the fact with pride; those who have never met him know that he has the reputation of being the greatest bear hunter in Ontario. For fifty years he has hunted and trapped and he still follows the "trail." City or town life has no charm or attraction for him; the hum of traffic, the hurrying crowds repel him, and the "cruel war of commerce" is beyond his ken. From childhood incidents have crowded his life which had fallen to the lot of the amateur sportsman or the average city man would have been considered as epochs in their careers. He has accepted them, and still does so, as mere everyday matters hardly worthy of mention. For many years past he has hunted and trapped almost exclusively in the Parry Sound district, and it is said that in the region to which he devotes most of his time he has almost completely wiped the bears out of existence. Mr. Tremblay is now about fifty-nine years of age, of average height, well built and tanned by exposure to all conditions of weather. A native of Quebec, he speaks both English, and much of the charm of the incidents he describes—when he can be persuaded to talk of himself in his expressive gestures and the vivacity of his native French language. Recently and for the first time he visited Toronto as the guest of Mr. Frank Galbraith, 615 Church street, and in the evenings met there a few Toronto friends who at various times have accompanied him on hunting expeditions. Naturally the talk turned on his life and some of his experiences. A Globe reporter had the privilege of being present at some of these gatherings, and the following brief sketch of Mr. Tremblay's life and some of his striking experiences were thus gained, partly from himself and partly from friends who knew of him.

WITH THE INDIANS.
Mr. Tremblay was born in Quebec, his father being a native of the province and his mother a Scotchwoman. His father was a factor in the employ of the Hudson Bay Company. Near his home was an Indian camping place occupied at certain periods by a tribe which he calls Mountain Indians. There were no white people within miles of his home, and in his early childhood he formed an acquaintance with the children of the Indian reserve. When nine years of age he ran away from home, because of harsh treatment by his step-mother, and was adopted by an Indian, and was adopted, a family on the Indian reserve. The head of the family was called (in English) Bokko. The change did not benefit him greatly for while he was not beaten he had to depend chiefly on his own exertions for food. But with the passing years, increasing stature and strength and knowledge of trapping and hunting stood him in good stead. At last he was considered experienced enough to be trusted with a gun, and to accompany the hunting men of the tribe on their expeditions. For seven years he wandered up and down the wilder and, except to the Indians and a few white men, unknown portions of Quebec; and during that time never saw a white face and never ate a piece of bread. Meat, fish, and wild small fruits formed the staple articles of diet. The Indians were very lazy and Mr. Tremblay tells in an interesting way several stories illustrative of this. When the hunters killed caribou or other big game the whole party would move their camp to the carcasses, and there feast until only the bones remained. This method they followed until every head of game within a radius of a mile had been slaughtered and eaten. Then they would make a long tramp, select a new scene of operations and repeat the performance.

THE END OF BOKKO.
During this time a species of bear known as the "Red Bear" was common throughout the unsettled portions of Quebec. From the top of its head to the middle this bear had short, curly hair, and over the rest of its body the fur was smooth. It had longer legs than the ordinary black bear, and was not so big in the haunches as the latter. The red bear "mind hee's own business," in Mr. Tremblay's words, so long as he was left alone, but when cornered was an ugly customer to deal with. When caught in a trap his outcries were so loud and weird as to be positively alarming to any but experienced hunters. The Indian Bokko was killed by one of these beasts. Bokko had set a trap about a mile from the camp and during the afternoon heard a bear yelling. Taking his musket, a flintlock, he started alone toward the trap. In the morning Bokko's body was found, almost torn to shreds,

with the bear lying dead beside him. An examination conducted by the Indians in their own fashion convinced them that as Bokko neared the trap the bear, by a sudden exertion of strength, had snapped the trap chain and rushed toward the man. Bokko had fired and wounded the animal, but not sufficiently severe to produce instant death. Before he could run the bear felled him, and then deliberately clawed his body until it bled to death from its own wound. Mr. Tremblay has not seen a red bear for twenty-five years, and thinks they are almost extinct. When he was about nineteen years of age Mr. Tremblay went to Montmorency, Que. and for some sixteen years was engaged with a lumbering firm there. His work was largely in the woods, and afforded considerable opportunity for hunting, but he longed always for the absolute freedom, and, as he expressed it, "tranquility," of his former life and finally left the situation and commenced hunting and trapping in the Parry Sound district.

EXCEPTIONS TO ALL RULES.
Bears are his particular game, and he thinks that during the past twenty-five years in which he has devoted most of his time to the pursuit of Bruin, he has disposed of 200 or a little more of the ordinary black variety. Some years he has trapped or shot as many as twenty-six, in others only five or six, and last year he only got two. His best record was made six or seven years ago, when he killed twenty-four in four weeks. Long observation has convinced him, he says, that, contrary to general opinion, bears are not thin when they emerge from their winter's sleep. They are just as fat as when they commenced their "nap." Awakening brings with it, however, a ravenous appetite, and the running around in search of food to satisfy that craving makes them thin. Their fur is in poor condition from June 20 to about September 10, and professional trappers and hunters will not molest them during that time unless compelled to do so. The black bear rarely shows fight even when in desperate straits. On one occasion, however, a bear of this species proved that there are exceptions to all rules. One of Bruin's feet was caught severely in a forty-pound trap, attached to a firmly-set twelve-foot pole of considerable thickness. Mr. Tremblay found the animal there, and stood watching it for a few minutes. Between himself and the trap was a heavy log, lying flat on the ground. Finally, Mr. Tremblay took careful aim and fired one barrel of his musket at the bear, the shot breaking the brute's shoulder. The bear rolled in pain, and then, starting up, pulled the trap pole right out of the ground and tumbled at the hunter. A shot from the second barrel of the musket struck the animal in the neck, but it still rushed blindly on. Mr. Tremblay was thinking of beating a retreat until he had a chance to reload, when the trap pole caught under the log, bringing the bear to the ground. At this time the hunter found that he had left his bullet pouch at his shanty. He charged his musket, using a stone instead of a bullet, and fired it at Bruin's skull. This apparently had no effect, and he found the stone afterwards close to the skull, but no impression on the latter. In the meantime the bear was biting the log in savage rage, slashing a green sapling near by with its teeth, and uttering cries so weird and piercing that they rang in the ears of the hunter for many a day. The animal's strength was waning, and gradually it quieted down, dying from the wound in the neck half an hour after receiving it.

CHASED BY A MOTHER BEAR.
On another occasion he took a number of traps out to set them at various points on the shores of a small lake in the Parry Sound district. Leaving his musket and everything but traps and a tomahawk in the canoe, he went ashore, and was returning after setting the last trap, when he saw a bear cub running around in an open patch of ground. He went towards it, and the little animal seeing him climbed up a tree, and squatting on a branch about 20 feet above the ground gravely regarded its pursuer. Mr. Tremblay cut a pole some eighteen or twenty feet in length, attached a slip cord to it and dangled it in front of the cub. The latter at first sniffed suspiciously at the contrivance, but unable to resist the temptation attempted to hit the dangling loop with one of its little paws. The next moment the paw was caught, and the cub was gently lowered to the ground, protesting against the indignity with faint squeaking. The loop was quickly unfastened. Mr. Tremblay took the cub in his arms and started to walk leisurely toward his canoe. Then the squeak of the little captive was suddenly answered by a deeper cry. The hunter turned, saw the mother bear coming toward him at full speed. "Then hee's (I) run," says Mr. Tremblay when telling the story, "never so fast in hee's life." Straight to the canoe he ran, threw the cub into the craft, seized his musket, turned and shot the mother bear, which was within ten paces of him. The cub threw in captivity, and was afterwards sold to a Hudson Bay factor. When asked why he did not throw the cub away as soon as the chase commenced he answered, smiling, "Hee's not think about dat until eets all done." —Toronto Globe.

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