

# THE QUEEN'S CORONATION

As Described by James Gordon Bennett in 1838.

When He Was a Young Man With an Eye for Pretty Women—Ceremony Replete in Splendor.

James Gordon Bennett's graphic account of the coronation of Queen Victoria, written in 1838, is herewith reproduced in part as follows:

"London, June 29, 1838.—I have seen the coronation of Queen Victoria beginning to end, in Westminster Abbey and out of the Abbey. It was, without exception, the most splendid sight I have ever seen—full of poetry, beauty, nonsense, sublimity, superstition, sense and grandeur—a perfect pot-pourri of the ceremonies and observances of Christianity, catholicity, feudalism and the classic ages.

"On the Wednesday morning I called on Mr. Stevenson and received the following, printed on a species of light blue, hot pressed paper:

## THE CORONATION of Her Most (Here Is a Crown) Sacred Majesty

V. R.  
Admit Mr. Bennett into Westminster Abbey, North Door, No. 132.  
NORFOLK, Earl Marshal.

"It took me a full hour to look around and mark out the most remarkable sights in the interior of the Abbey. The venerable gray columns of this Gothic structure contrasted beautifully with the gold and silver decorations of the galleries.

"In a short time—that is to say, at 8 o'clock—the peers and peeresses began to enter. I got a seat very contiguous to that portion of the northern transept which was devoted to the accommodation of the female nobility, and I was quite interested in watching the appearance and looks and dress of each fair dame as she entered. They all appeared in a similar costume—in white dress, with a crimson robe ornamented with ermine. Each peeress carried her coronet in her hand, and when she took her seat she put it in her lap or placed it before her. On the opposite side was the place for the peers, but I took less interest in the creatures than in the she.

"Around the galleries in every direction the crowd of beauty was immense. These were not peeresses, although the great proportion belonged to the highest and most refined orders of society. The Abbey contained 10,000 persons, and probably out of this number 7,000 were females, generally beautiful and all gorgeously dressed. Such another sight I never expect to see as long as I live, and I am devilish glad I went there, although I had some intentions at one time to omit the chance.

"The entrance of the foreign ministers was another object of great interest and splendor. Their costumes were as various as they were splendid. The Turkish ambassador looked well, but the veteran 'Old Soule,' as he is familiarly called, brought forth the most attention. He created a sensation on his entrance. There was a peculiar propriety in this sentiment. Marshal Soule had thrashed the English and had been thrashed by them during the last war. Two brave men and two brave nations always esteem each other. Soule won the populace.

"The entrance of the Duke of Neuchâtel, the second son of Louis Philippe, also made a rustling. It is said that a number of the second sons of the kings of Europe have been present, besides several lots of German princes, all looking forward to have a chance for the fair hand of Victoria.

"But of all the sights in the Abbey the entrance of the young queen was the most beautiful and splendid. There she was, walking up the steps, leading to the royal platform, where stood the holy St. Edward's chair, the throne, etc. She looked quite short in stature, but, nevertheless, she bore herself with much dignity. On her brow she wore a dazzling circlet of gold and precious stones.

"Her crimson train, ten or twelve yards in length, was borne by eight young ladies of the highest rank. These eight train-bearers were tall and majestic, and also very beautiful. Their headresses were adorned with lofty white plumes. It was really quite interesting to see the little girl bearing herself so well. In that part of the building where I stood the ladies expressed a deep interest on her appearance. 'Poor thing, they will

smother her!' 'Sweet little girl, they will kill her with grandeur!' "In truth, the accession of Victoria seemed to have changed the nature of men and things in this land of sturdy liberty. The nation has gone back to the ancient days of tilt and tournament, and loyalty has become entwined with the sentiment of love. England never had before a young, delicate, rather pretty, rather sensible, chaste maiden for her sovereign. The very populace, up to the highest ranks, seemed to consider her as a beautiful plaything, an elegant doll, an enchanting little idol, which creates in the bosom all the feelings naturally excited by youth and beauty. There never was in the world such another scene as that presented in Westminster Abbey. The highest ranks of a great empire—an empire on which the sun never sets—met in that place to express love, and devotion to a weak young woman. It was altogether a different scene from that presented by the coronation of an old, ugly, gouty, grasping, old rascal. Perhaps the self-willed and majestic coronation of Napoleon, a representation of which I have sent for publication, is the only one that can produce an equal effect, though different in purpose to that of Victoria.

"I cannot describe at length, in the compass of a single letter, all the ceremonies. It was a strange mixture of religious, theatrical, beautiful and disorderly proceedings. There were prayers at one moment and clapping of hands at the next; now a holy sermon, and then a noisy hurrah; now a reverent kneeling at the altar, and then a kissing the hand of a fair girl. How I did want to kiss her, too, and I asked my guardian angel, who was basking his purple wings in a flood of sunlight, pouring through the gothic window, whether he could not transport me for a second to the throne.

"Have you forgotten that you are a locofoco and a democrat?" said he, shaking his head, wherewith he shook fragrance from it that filled the whole gallery and revived the fat old lady in pearls that sat near me. 'Besides,' continued by guardian spirit, 'can you forget that your allegiance, your whole heart and soul and all-kissing you can do, are due to the beauty of New York—to those western fair ones who, in spite of your admiration of the ladies, are beautiful and lovely, without the aid of foreign ornaments?' With this a dark cloud intercepted the rays of light; I recovered my recollections and found that during the tediousness of these august ceremonies I had been treating myself to a short nap.

"On emerging into the light again I found myself in another place, with the queen sitting on her throne, ready to receive the homage of the peers, close by. I was also still nearer to the beautiful peeresses and could distinguish the maids of honor and the fair train-bearers quite plainly. I never had before such sight of her majesty, and so I set myself to work to peruse her features with the deepest study and attention. I found that she was just to receive the crown on her head, and I had a full and perfect view of this sublime ceremonial.

"The archbishop of Canterbury, a rather grim-looking old fellow, proceeding to the task. At one moment there was some difficulty, as I thought, in fixing it, but as soon as it was on and the signal given the peeresses, all of them, with their own hands, placed the coronets on their heads—the peers the same. Now rose the din, the noise, the shouts, the huzzas, and in a few seconds the deep roar of the people within. It was a singular scene. I stood perfectly unmoved, wedged in between two very beautiful women who were so busy shouting and hallooing, like a couple of troopers, that they did not observe my perfect silence. However, I never shout forth noisy, vulgar applause, either at the opera, at the theater, at Tammany hall or at coronations in Westminster Abbey.

"Shout, shout, shout—hurrah, hurrah, hurrah—continued for some minutes. I thought the roof of the venerable Abbey would have been carried up to heaven, and I looked up to see if I could see the clouds. What do you think I saw? Why, the little gothic windows in the highest part of the interior were filled on the outside with numberless beings looking down upon the interior, just as if the clouds of heaven had dropped down the populace of London in large clusters.

"The fact of the matter was this: A great many of the servants and other persons had in some way got on the outside of the upper roof of the Abbey, and there they were looking down from that dizzy height as coolly and calmly as a mob of spirits would look down from the blue vaults of heaven on a fair day. At this moment the sight was sublime.

"On the carpeted platform in the center, called the theater of the Abbey, sat the young queen, crowned by St. Edward's chair. On every side, in every direction, tier after tier, rose the audience and spectators, composed of all the beauty, chivalry and grandeur of England, up, up, up, up to the vaulted roof, on the outside of which were the crowds I have described.

"At night the illuminations and fireworks made daylight over London. I cannot find room to describe these at present. B."

## British Bank Clerks.

Bank clerks generally look so sleek and comfortable and are almost invariably so well groomed—that their grievances rarely receive patient hearing.

One who was recently dismissed for the terrible crime of smoking a pipe in a city cafe during one of the hours sacred to what is called by city courtesy lunch writes, giving a list of restrictions which he declares are absurd. No clerk is allowed to smoke a pipe in the streets during banking hours or at lunch.

The average clerk's salary is not so very high, but nevertheless he must wear a silk hat and come to the office, dressed as one with double the salary. Wearing a cap to business is not to be thought of, as it is an unpardonable offense in the eyes of the bank officials.

The salary of the average bank clerk ranges from about 38 shillings a week, but in many banks the salary is much lower and the chances of promotion very small.

A clerk's money is greatly diminished by his having to subscribe to numerous funds, such as a "sports" fund, to keep the cricket or football grounds in order, which he himself is never able to see.

Saturday is no holiday for him, as he does not leave the office on those days until about 4 or 5 o'clock.

It must not be supposed that the day's work of a bank clerk ends with the closing of the bank to customers. In fact, it only begins at that time.—London Express.

## Trained Himself for Polar Trips.

Washington, Jan. 28.—By plunging daily into ice baths, wearing scarcely enough clothing this winter for summer weather, and living in a room not only without artificial heat, but with all the windows open, William J. Peters, explorer and topographical expert for the United States government, has prepared himself for a perilous journey within the Arctic circle and along the coast of the Arctic ocean. The expedition, which includes, besides Mr. Peters, P. A. Schrader, geographer, and four camp hands, left here on Saturday.

The trip as laid out embraces a tramp on foot for 2000 miles over unexplored ice fields, and is considered by old explorers and government scientists to be the most judiciously planned and one of the most dangerous journeys ever undertaken. The object is to survey the northern coast of Alaska.

Not only has Mr. Peters prepared himself physically for the trip, but, since the expedition was first planned two years ago, he has invented many instruments for use under arctic conditions.

Among these is a camera for determining longitude and many specially prepared plates for resisting the frost of the arctic climate. He is an expert photographer, and should he return will bring a rich pictured story of the ice fields, as well as other material that will assist the government in determining the value of its northern possession.

Congress appropriated \$25,000 for making this first survey of the northern coast of Alaska, and Mr. Peters was put in charge of the plans for the trip. Last summer a part of the equipment and provisions for eight months for the party were sent to Bergman, Alaska, at which point the serious part of the journey will begin.

Among the supplies sent to Bergman are some canoes, and it is proposed to use these in descending the Colville river to the Arctic. It is thought by Peters that he will reach the Colville about the time the ice disappears. One of the objects in starting at this season is that advantage can be taken of the frozen condition of the rivers, thus facilitating travel.

The miners' and other resources of the country to be explored are unknown.

## Simplicity in Funerals.

The simplicity which marked the ancient Jewish burial ceremonies has much to commend it even to us. The inexpensive coffin and the uniform linen shroud served to emphasize the equality of all in death. As things are today the rich tax their brains to invent new funeral fineries and the poor impoverish themselves to keep up with their wealthier neighbors.—Jewish American.

Best assortment of Klondike views at Goetzman's the photographer.

## How to Carry a Gun.

There are only two directions in which the muzzle of a gun can safely be pointed—these are up or down. A shot fired in the air can scarcely injure anyone or anything and one discharged into the ground is equally harmless. Therefore, in all the different positions which the gun assumes, see that it is pointed either up or down.

Sometimes a man will be seen who carries his gun reversed, holding it by the muzzle while the fore end rests on the shoulder and the stock projects behind. Happily, this practice is not common, for it is extremely dangerous, and many men have been killed by carrying their guns in this way. If a man stumbles or steps in a hole or catches his foot on a root and falls, his gun will very likely be thrown forward with the muzzle directly toward his body and may easily enough be discharged.

Sometimes one may see a boy or even a man who will carry the gun across the back of the neck, with one arm over the stock and the other over the barrel, sometimes with the hand resting on the muzzle. This is certain to give a very uncomfortable feeling to any one who happens to be walking by the side of the person carrying his gun in this fashion and opposite the muzzle end. While the danger of a discharge is perhaps not great, it is unpleasant to be walking along with a gun pointed at your neck or head.—Forest and Stream.

At the present rate of consumption, the white fish the Pacific Cold Storage Co. brought in for the winter season will all be gone long before Easter.

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Brewitt makes clothes fit. crt

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## Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that the following survey, notice of which is published below, has been approved by Wm. Ogilvie, Commissioner of the Yukon Territory, and unless protested within three months from the date of first publication of such approval in the Klondike Nugget newspaper, the boundaries of property as established by said survey shall constitute the true and unalterable boundaries of such property by virtue of an order in council passed at Ottawa the 2nd day of March, 1900.

Hillside claims adjoining the upper and lower half of creek claim No. 81 below discovery, right limit, Bonanza creek, in the Bonanza Mining Division of the Dawson Mining District, plans of which are deposited in the Gold Commissioner's Office at Dawson, Y. T., under receipt No. 45 by R. I. Jephson.  
First published February 25, 1901

## LOST AND FOUND

FOUND—A white dog with harness. Owner apply here. P. 4.

FOUND—1 small black and tan dog, large head; 1 dark gray swish dog, bushy tail, weight 45 pounds.—Joe Graham, Dominion hotel, 2 above upper.

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## SOCIETIES.

THE REGULAR COMMUNICATION of Yukon Lodge, (U. D.) A. F. & A. M., will be held at Masonic hall, Mission street, monthly, Thursday or before full moon at 8:00 p. m. C. H. Walls, W. M. J. A. Donald, Sec'y.

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