

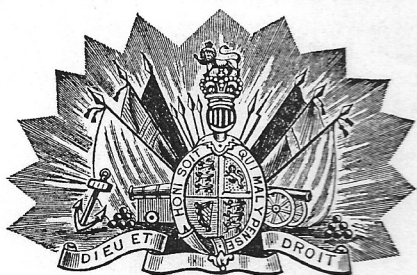
# NAVAL WARRANT OFFICERS' JOURNAL.

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## IN MEMORIAM.

**T**HE Queen is dead! The Queen is dead—and buried!! Even now the full purport of these solemn words are hardly realised by a sorrowing and grief stricken people. The multitude, the millions, in all the Empire have yet scarcely understood how great is their own *personal* loss, as well as the loss they share in common with their fellow citizens. Yet, alas, the full truth has to be learned with much deep sorrow and many burning tears. Our loss is so great that its first shock has stunned our senses; and the tingling sensation of a passing numbness has yet to come as we awaken to the full mental consciousness of how much has passed out of our lives in the passing of our late August Sovereign, Lady Queen Victoria; now of blessed and pious memory. Words are inadequate to express, and the human mind too feeble to arrange and set out in anything like brevity a summary of the virtues of our late saintly, widowed, Queen. We have no intention of trying to perform any such task in these columns. We shall simply endeavour here to set down a respectful and humble tribute on behalf of the Naval Chiefs and Warrant Officers—who were among the most loyal and devoted servants of their late Queen—and are equally attached to the present noble son of her house, who sits upon the throne—as we touch lightly on some traits of her August character and reign. But at the outset we are met with the difficulty of being unable to command words to adequately convey what we all feel in regard to Her whom we all loved so well, and whose memory will ever remain cherished in our hearts as their most sacred and valuable possession. Where can we start to describe Her Glory and Her Goodness? She who reigned and watched over us like a mother. Her whose name is so intimately mixed in everything we have learned

since our lisping lips could utter words. The Lady whose name has ever been present in our literature, our art, music, songs and prayers; and in every hour and phase of our daily life—and the familiarity of whose name makes the new word of King—God bless his Majesty—as yet weird and unfamiliar. The Queen who has raised the whole moral tone of a nation as well as a court, and to whom we are indebted for the noblest example of womanhood as well as Queenliness that the world has ever known. A woman at whose death a whole world bows the head, and is stricken with sorrow and almost dumb with grief; except to find such words as can feebly convey to the King and his Royal relations some expression of their concern at the sad event and their sincere and heartfelt condolence for them in their irreparable loss. Little children truly might weep in the streets at the death at such a guiding star and godly example to an Empire. To her people she was so loving, so tender, so kind and so whole-heartedly sympathetic, that she was often able to express and give utterance to their views and wishes long before politicians and statesmen had come to realise what was passing in their minds. A mother indeed in word and act, and care and counsel, to all her people of every creed and every colour. An ideal Sovereign who stayed, almost by her own personal character and saint-like worthiness, the hand of the destroyer when monarchies were going down in Europe before the words and blows of mad people. An ideal maid, woman, Queen, mother and—greatest and most sacred of all—widow; who knew how to bear the burdens of her latter life, filled with many sorrows, as well as her early joys in a way that was an idealistic example for nearly three-quarters of a century. No wonder she became almost an idol to her people, and an ever-present influence in their hearts and homes, and was thus able to surround her Throne and her person with loyal and devoted subjects. Did ever loving wife more faithfully show deep grief and loving memory, almost passionate in its intense and lasting sorrow, for the death of a husband than our own Queen; since the passing away of her noble Consort—and during whose married life there never was a richer example of domestic love and duty than at the Queen's home? And now Victoria the pious and good has also been gathered to her fathers, and her remains are laid beside those of her well-beloved husband at Frogmore; while the world is the poorer to a degree that it has yet to fully realise. Weeping women, sorrowing men, saddened children throughout

the length and breadth of a magnificent Empire she did so much to develop, strengthen and solidify, now blend their prayers and tears and lament the mighty monarch, the pious lady and tender Queen they have lost. But among them all no body or community of her late subjects sorrow more sincerely than the Chiefs and Warrant Officers who loved and served her so well, and who now, feeling that she has attained that great blessing of rest, and the high reward which her piety and godliness assured to her, utter with the most profound feelings of emotion and respect, "Rest in Peace."

In paying this humble and feeble tribute to the character of a Monarch who challenges history for a like—and in offering to her successor our hearty congratulations and dutiful homage, on ascending the throne so long sanctified and beautified by his royal mother—we cannot, however, forbear from mentioning some few of the changes that have been made during a long and glorious reign, which will for all time illuminate and ornament England's history. At present the reign of our late glorious Majesty easily holds first place of all times and all countries. There is nothing to approach it in the world's history—ancient or modern. The vast changes and tremendous strides of progress in nearly every department of the world's affairs, made since the Queen ascended the throne, is too comprehensive and far-reaching to be touched on in any detail in these columns. But they were stupendous in their magnitude and all-absorbing in their effect. To begin with the sea—which, with us, is beginning at home,—we see a prodigious variety of achievements in ship designs, propelling power, speed and armament, and all their concomitants. The oceans have been almost iron-bridged by swift steamers, and war has been rendered more terrible by cordite and quick-firing guns; and men as well as material have changed at the same quickened and improving step. On land as well as sea steam has abolished space, and family and domestic ties remain the closer for the change. The journeys of weeks have been reduced to almost the same number of hours, and relation visits relation over long intervening distances with the greatest ease and facility in railway and motor cars. The whole field of scientific thought has been revolutionised, and laboratories have sprung up apace until every germ or microbe can be bred, fed, reared and killed, with the greatest precision and certainty. Instruments have been constructed and developed and secrets have been wrung from the heavens above and the earth beneath, and also from the waters under the earth. Sanitary and medical science has appreciably prolonged the average age of man by their operations, while surgical skill has so developed that the human frame and structure can be cut and pruned, carved, patched and mended so that all but the vitals are comparatively new; and the X rays has banished suffering and reduced pain of removal and restoration almost to a minimum. And so on through all the vast fields of science and the evolution of men's affairs, until the Queen has bequeathed such an heritage to her son—our present gracious ruler

—as no other Sovereign ever resigned to a successor. Bequeathed also a reputation and a halo of pious glory of which both he and us can well be proud; for never did bells toll for wiser monarch, greater ruler, or more sincere christian than Queen Victoria. With the advancing progress and science of her people she ever continually added a greater sanctity to her throne and person, and so blended progress with virtue in the minds and manners of her people that the Victorian era will ever shine forth not only with the splendour of its scientific achievements, but also for the high moral tone of its people, led by her who ruled with such beneficent sway over an Empire whose extent, population and wealth exceeds beyond all comparison any of the Empires which have passed before. For these and all other blessings of her reign we are all devoutly thankful, and with hearts full of sorrow cherish her pious memory, while we shout with all sincerity our devoted loyalty to the worthy son of a worthy mother, the words of welcome, "God save the King!"

### A ROYAL PAGEANT.

WE shall be readily excused if we devote two out of our three leading articles this month to the passing of our late well-beloved, good and pious Sovereign, Lady Queen Victoria.

For we feel we must set down some kind of record, however feeble or humble, of the greatest funeral the world has ever seen; fit ceremony as it was over the remains of the best Queen that ever reigned. Victoria was the mistress of the seven seas and the empress of the waves; and it was only appropriate that the first part of the great and mournful pageant from Osborne to Windsor—from one Southern home to another—should commence by all that was left to us as mortal being saluted with reverent mien and solemn bearing by the sailors she so much loved, and the ships that had always carefully guarded her vast Empire over-sea. The naval cavalcade was stately and overawing in its solemn grandeur as the Royal Yachts, headed by the *Alberta* with its precious burden, steamed slowly up through the long line of imposing battleships, that told forth the passionate love and devotion of their crews in the slow numbers of minute guns. Here was a fleet in tears for Victoria the Great and Good; the late mistress of the fleetmen whose hearts throbbed and quailed under the great burden of their loss as they had never throbbed or quailed before the enemies of Her who was now passing through their lines for the last time, and for whom the flag they had ever held proudly aloft was now hanging mournfully at half mast, sharing in the great sorrow of those whom its folds were wont to inspire with the courage and fire of true nobleness and patriotism. Never did her sailors take part in such sad ceremony before, and never were their hearts filled with such common grief or their eyes moist with more sincere sorrow. The



Queen who they were used to greet with lusty cheers and resonant salute now passing them for the last time, while their heads were bent, their voices hushed and their guns tolled forth in regular and impressive intervals the last sad requiem with which sailors salute the remains of the great dead. And as she passed they thought of her glory and goodness, her piety and her charity. The splendour of a reign so long and great and so pregnant with happiness for her own subjects and for mankind generally; so opulent in wealth, so abundant in progressive thought and so much greater and better for her own saintly personality, and the pure crystal (flawless and polished) of her own great example in domestic and court life—and as they thought they wept. Wept the great salt tears that course down rough men's cheeks when they are brought into close contact and sure understanding of the virtues of a pious and beautiful woman—beautiful to holiness and virtuous to godliness. When next they raised their heads from these entrancing reflections the great Queen had gone—gone from them for ever. But leaving behind an inspiration, in her memory, that will be cherished by those who were her sailors, as chief among the great traditions that their glorious service now treasures, and which will inspire future generations of seamen with the same degree of patriotism and duty towards the Heirs of her House, as those of past and the present generation have ever abundantly displayed towards Her for whom they wept that day.

But the dead mistress of the sea had one more night yet to remain on its bosom, and for that night her mortal shell lay on board the *Alberta* in a chapel erected on the upper deck, jealously guarded by the men who had guarded her great interests in all latitudes on thousands of nights before. Then in the morning the coffin was carried ashore and entrained for the Metropolis where Her Army and Volunteers of all ranks and degree was to pay their last tribute to their late Sovereign who stood at their head. The Metropolis with its thousands upon thousands of her grief-stricken subjects who had watched and waited for half a night so that they might secure some coign of vantage, or point of view in crook or corner, and thus be sure of a final glimpse of the coffin containing her remains, as it passed on its way to its final resting place near that great ancestral home of the Kings of England—Windsor Castle. The streets along the line of route were draped with royal purple, looped and festooned with white silk or satin ribbon, and large wreaths of laural hung on every lamp-post. The thoroughfares were thronged and the windows and doors packed with a great black body of weeping women and sorrowing men, and the great silence that prevailed as the solemn and imposing cavalcade passed from Victoria to Paddington was more eloquent of sincere sorrow than would have been whispered prayers or tolling curfews. 30,000 troops lined the way, but the bearing of the people was too reverent to need their presence for aught else than to add to the imposing spectacle. For nearly two hours was the tramp of troops marching to slow music with measured tread the only noise

to break the silence of a weeping city, whose millions stood uncovered and motionless while the mortal remains of their departed idol moved from end to end of their great capital. Clinging memories of royal receptions and regal pageants of the great Queen's earlier and happier days were revived among the elder of her citizens, and thoughts of great Jubilees and glittering troops and bands and joy bells sprung up in the hearts of the younger generations. And then came the contrast with the present mournful ceremony and the knowledge of the great personal loss they had all sustained and fresh tears sprung to the eyes of sorrow-stricken subjects. Then, leaving behind a city in tears, the body of Victoria the Good, surrounded by kings and princes from the uttermost parts of the earth, was once more entrained for Windsor, and as the train passed through hamlet and field every head was uncovered and every heart throbbed when the nature of its precious burden was guessed or known.

And now came the final stage from Windsor station to Windsor Castle. Tender hands of loving subjects once more placed the body of a soldier's daughter on its fitting receptacle for this last journey—an artillery gun carriage. The procession reformed and the solemn notes of the funeral march once more broke a silence that could be felt, as its head moved off towards Windsor Hill. But the first hitch in the whole sad ceremony was now to occur, for the horses which had been chosen to perform this last sad office to their dead mistress grew restive and refused to perform their part. The heart of King and Kaiser stood almost still, and the breath of all came in short fitful starts as amazement spread on every face. Here indeed was a deadlock that stood to mar and spoil the whole day's proceedings, and to wreck one of the most prolonged and imposing pageants that the centuries had witnessed. Do what they might the soldiers could not get their animals to move, and a feeling of helplessness and hopelessness began to spread among Kings and Courtiers. It was an awful moment of suspense and terrible anxiety. But that moment produced the man, and Captain Lambton, R.N.—Capt. Lambton, the ever-ready of Ladysmith—stepped forward, and in five minutes the horses were removed and a guard of honour of bluejackets from H.M.S. *Excellent* leapt into the breach and with improvised drag-ropes from the train took the remains of their beloved Queen in tow and with slow and reverent step pulled it tenderly towards the Castle home. Never was heart more grateful than the King's, and never was incident more impressive for quick wit and ready resourcefulness. It was Her sailors again. The sailors whose hardiness and cheerfulness had ever inspired all those around them in fighting the battles of their dead Sovereign; proving once more at a last and supreme moment of their Sovereign's history of what kind of metal were the men she had entrusted with the watch and guard of her over-sea dominions. Thus first and last, at Osborne and at Windsor, did the loving hands of loyal and faithful seamen bear a conspicuous part in the last great pageant of their dead Empress and Queen. It was indeed a fitting

office that they performed at either end of her last earthly journey. Unique as it was appropriate ; loving and tender and distinctive as it was resourceful and timely. It has been said that had it not been invidious Her late Majesty would have chosen for her coffin to have been thus drawn all the way. We of the Navy are proud and happy to think that was her thought ; but still more thankful for the incident which removed the sting of its being done at the last stage, when British seamen were harnessed to the simple but Royal carriage that carried the last and most illustrious British Sovereign—the mistress of the seven seas—to her last home and resting place.