

## QUEEN VICTORIA.



SIXTY years have come and gone since the crown of Great Britain first rested, by right of descent, upon the head of the daughter of the Duke of Kent, and a girl of eighteen was enthroned as Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, to which has since been added the title of Empress of India. Among the people who have lived happily and with growing prosperity under her long and just sway, naturally and by a common impulse has been begotten a desire that the year which registers the longest and the happiest reign by a British sovereign should be marked indelibly by their earnest, sincere, and grateful recognition.

In these threescore years there has been no interregnum, no lapse for an instant, when any of the multitude of powers, duties, and high prerogatives constitutionally vested in the throne has been yielded to the hand of another, or has not personally, laboriously, and honorably been fulfilled by the present Queen. No more interesting episode in history has occurred, or is likely soon again to be repeated, than this remarkable accompaniment of ripened maturity, of long official life dedicated unflinchingly to the public service, with personal excellence and unstained good example to the human race in every region of the globe.

Surely it is worth while for all who study and seek to discover the secret of good government in any of its forms to pause in the rapid and often heated journey of daily life, and, contemplating such a career and record, to ask upon what basis it has proceeded, and by what agencies a reign so prolonged has been so impressively and unquestionably marked by the increased welfare, the elevation of moral, intellectual, and material standards, which to-day cause the empire of Great Britain to be the most extended and powerful in the world's history.

Perhaps no single reply can be made to this suggestion, or none can be more instructive in accounting for the place Queen Victoria has gained in history, the firm hold she has acquired upon the confidence and respect of mankind, and the permanent and

secure place she has in the hearts of her people, than is contained in the instinctive response made by her when consulted as to the form of manifestation of the universal wish of her people that the year which records the prolongation of her reign beyond that of any of her predecessors should be distinguished in the annals of her country as a year of popular jubilee, and witness the erection of permanent and impressive monuments to emphasize to the present and future generations her just renown and glory. In other times, and in Great Britain as in other lands, the glorification of powerful and successful rulers has been attested by huge grants of public property in its many forms of material wealth. Architecture, sculpture, painting, and kindred arts have all lent their aid to swell the current of munificent embellishment, and with such permanence as earth can secure have built high the structure of personal adulation to those who became the objects of admiration and patriotic devotion. But such was not the thought of the venerable sovereign who, from youth to old age, from her high post of duty has so solicitously watched over a vast body of human interests. Her long life has been checkered with lights and shadows. Sorrows have necessarily and inevitably followed upon the steps of joy, and her ear has not been insensible to the surging Vergilian cry, the «lachrymæ rerum,» sobbings ever in the hearts of mankind.

The tasks of real life soon surrounded her, and early indeed were the maidenly virtues brought into the companionship of serious and responsible public duties. Grave duties to the state, religious duty, social duty in its fullest, strongest sense, and the claims of benevolence and charity, walked ever hand in hand at her side. Upon these were ingrafted the natural affections of domestic life, with its strong and holy ties; and as a true wife and mother she has presented to her people the example of a modest, refined, self-respecting home life.

And who that is acquainted with the circle of domestic duty, with the currents of such a life, does not perceive how, with quiet yet persistent force, they connect themselves with the great stream of governmental

power, until the whole sphere of public action is refreshed and strengthened by the unfailing purity of such fountains of supply, and it becomes plain that the qualities that make a state strong, self-respecting, and honored are best nourished by the domestic virtues of well-ordered and happy homes?

Such was and is the home of Victoria; and when consulted as to the form in which her great age and long reign should best be commemorated, her heart gave the wise answer: «Let it all take the shape of charity. Let your offerings be given to the poor and lowly, and your aid to those who are in want and are about to perish. Let this intent govern your systematized effort to heal the inevitable inequalities of human society, so that the gifts of God, in a spirit of reasonableness and mercy, may be distributed among his creatures.»

From her decision in this matter may best be discerned the spirit in which the Queen has sought to shape her life. It is no sudden impulse, no startled reaction from cold indifference, or a reproachful sense of days wasted in selfish disregard of painful or unpleasant duty. No country in the world presents at this day a more sustained, efficient, and honorable system of voluntary charities for every class of suffering humanity, and relief for the countless ills that flesh is heir to, than Great Britain.

No intelligent observer could fail to be convinced that important among the sources of true strength of the government of that country is the warm, strong flood of human brotherhood that makes itself felt and is recognized as it pulsates through all the arteries of the community, from opulence to poverty, lessening misery and strengthening «the tie that binds» men together in the sense of their interdependence and mutual needs for aid and sympathy.

Before these words shall have been read the voice of her people will have been distinctly heard giving vent to their feelings in their own way toward one who has ruled

their affairs so long and faithfully, with not a trace of personal ambition, selfishness, or desire for arbitrary power. In this sixtieth year of Victoria religious liberty and toleration are absolute, and the rules of the public service contain no sectarian proscription or exclusion. Justice between man and man is in all cases publicly, freely, and impartially administered to all classes and occupations, without distinction of race, age, sex, or condition of fortune; and in the presence of equal laws all are alike protected, restrained, or punished, with an eye single to the public safety and the security of private freedom. This is the ingrained belief and immovable confidence of the body of the people, and herein lies the true bulwark against invasion and overthrow from within or without.

When, therefore, it is asked why the Queen's long reign is a subject of such deep general feeling, grateful joy, and marked congratulation among those over whom it extends, numbered by hundreds of millions, scattered as they are all over the earth's surface, separated by seas, and composed of races so variant in origin, tradition, customs, and creeds, the answer will be found in the heart of contented humanity, and its recognition of the progress of the principles of Christian civilization. They read in the features and discern in the long and laborious life of the head of their government

The holy pride of good intent,  
The glory of a life well spent;

and love and pride are mingled in the tribute they gladly bring to greet their Queen in the sixtieth year of her reign. Wiser than her ancestor of 1776, the monarch of Great Britain has accepted the great lesson of government, the chief instructor of which was our own and only Washington, who

Taught Prince and Peer that power was but a trust,  
And rule alone that served the ruled was just.

*Thomas F. Bayard.*



# TOPICS OF THE TIME

## The Hero.<sup>1</sup>

THE monument to Colonel Robert Shaw just erected in Boston is, all things considered, the most accomplished, the greatest work of plastic art yet produced in America. It is fitting that the art of the New World should culminate in this tribute to one who dedicated his pure young life to his country, to freedom, to the uplifting of a people in bondage, to the ennobling of the whole race of man.

The character of this lovely youth, the crisis in which he was involved, the special duty which he undertook with such solemn devotion, all tend to make his figure in our national history as typical as it will be forever memorable. The sculptor, in pouring into his work all the surprise, the ardor, the very spirit of that day in Boston when the black troops marched to the front with their young commander at their head, has made the monument express more than the mere occasion, remarkable and significant as was that occasion. In this sculptured picture we see the awakening of a race, the dark, determined mass moved by a common impulse of daring endeavor; lifted above these, the high-bred form, the delicate, intense, intellectual visage, the fair Anglo-Saxon head of their heroic leader; and high over all, the everlasting ideal, the symbol of the spiritual purpose, which beckons, inspires, and gloriously rewards.

Robert Shaw was not the only youthful sacrifice to the cause of human freedom and nationality; every memory has its bead-roll of youthful martyrs, names like those of young Ellsworth and Winthrop and George de Kay. But his personality, his peculiar service, and the crowning tragedy of his career, even the circumstances of his burial, make the deed and the name of Shaw worthy of the distinction of so expressive and splendid a monument as that which the world now owes to the genius of St. Gaudens.

As a school-boy Rob Shaw was the very type of the American school-boy of our own day—high-spirited, just, affectionate, frank, and pure of heart. His letters home show every trait of a natural, unaffected, pleasure-loving, manly youth. His parents were his confidants. To them every boyish whim, every prejudice, every hope was confessed. It was indeed a happy childhood and youth, troubled only by occasional anxiety for the health of that honored mother who still lives to see the memory of her boy assured, not only in his own great deeds, but in immortal art.

In the volumes, privately printed, in which his parents brought together with loving reverence the letters of

the boy and the soldier, along with posthumous tributes which were paid to his character and his heroism, we can watch the flowering of this noble spirit in a congenial and fortunate soil, through sunny days, till fate and opportunity brought the compelling duty and the crowning act of heroic patriotism.

He was a type, and yet his individuality was exceptionally winning—in personal beauty, in an indescribable charm of bearing and of spirit. Once, at a fancy ball, and without a mask, he so easily passed for a sweet-faced girl that the astonishment was great when, as he gleefully told the story, he spoke out «in a loud, swaggering voice.» No clearer idea of his sympathetic nature and the gentle rectitude of his character could be given than in the tribute of a classmate who declared: «He could do what few men can, and that is, tell his friends of their faults in such a way as not to give offense, and also make them correct them.»

Reared in an atmosphere of reform and intellectuality, and related to men like Lowell, Curtis, and Barlow, he took the antislavery and reform ideas of the time without morbidness or suspicion of superiority or self-consciousness. At fifteen (in the year 1852) he writes home from Neuchâtel in answer to a suggestion that that one should not be afraid of declaring one's religious opinions. He said he should not be afraid of declaring them «if there could be any kind of use in it»; but he did not wish merely to bring up discussions which would be stupid and tiresome, as he did not want to become «reformer, apostle, or anything of that kind»; he thought there was «no use of doing disagreeable things for nothing.» In the same letter he asks: «Have you seen that book named *Uncle Tom's Cabin*?» Next year he writes: «I've been reading *Uncle Tom's Cabin* again lately, and always like it better than before, and see more things in it»; adding, as if in answer to some inner questioning: «I don't see how one man could do much against slavery.»

But there is no excess of this serious note in the early letters, which abound in the joy and curiosity of healthy boyhood. Two days before he is seventeen he writes to his mother: «You mention my becoming a merchant; but that's entirely out of the question. I had rather be a chimney-sweep. They at least can have fresh air, and not get peaked and lean, like a fellow sitting all day on a five-foot stool in a nasty hole of a counting-room.» Then, as if in apology: «They are all holes here. I don't remember the American ones.» And then the genuine voice of youth: «All I can say for the present is that I have no taste for anything except amusing myself!» And yet when the time came he was will-

<sup>1</sup> Robert Gould Shaw, son of Francis George and Sarah Blake (Sturgis) Shaw, was born at Boston, October 10, 1837, and killed at Fort Wagner, July 18, 1863. His family moved to New York when he was a child, and have lived on Staten Island or in the city ever since. His

brothers-in-law were George William Curtis, Robert B. Minturn, Gen. Francis C. Barlow, and Charles Russell Lowell. He married Miss Annie Haggerty on May 2, 1863. His widow, for many years an invalid, divides each year between Paris and Switzerland.