

free fights, ballets and Scotch reels were the order of the night, which were gotten up especially for the benefit of the pickpockets. The writer grabbed one fellow's wrist who, after unbuttoning his coat, was about to relieve him of his valuable five-dollar gun metal chronometer; then he got mobbed by the girls whilst the would-be pickpocket made a hasty exit.

By 4:30 a. m. the crowds were pretty well worn out and lay stretched out on doorsteps and up alley ways; to paraphrase a well-known poem: "Like warriors taking their rest and a dirty horde around them." The public lavatories were absolutely mobbed; enterprising costers made a mint of money with a bar of soap and a bucket of water, at twopence a wash. At 5 a. m. people began to take up position along the curbstone and commence their seven-hour wait until the Queen would pass. What a merry crowd that was! Aristocracy began to drive by in their equipages en route to take their seats. As some stately dowager, who was strikingly like the original of a well-known theatrical poster, drove past, a street Arab yelled, "Three cheers for Charley's Aunt," which was taken up with a vim. Anon a coster's barrow, laden down with six burly costers and drawn by a plucky little jackass, would trot by. As one of these passed, a dear old lady, bursting with indignation, called out: "You ought to be ashamed of yourselves, and prosecuted." Quick as a flash came the retort from the barrow; "'E don't mind, mum, 'e loikes h'tit: besides we've h'all got whips."

At 8:30 all traffic was stopped, and two policemen drove the crowd back upon the sidewalks; and, will you believe it, allowed those who had taken up position in front, to maintain the same, whilst the rest had to take back places. The police, about seven feet apart, lined the whole route. Then the various regiments marched by and took up their position, some three feet apart immediately in front of the policemen. In all, 47,652 troopers were called into requisition. Detachments of dragoons, lancers and hussars, ten troopers and a corporal at each cross street, took their places, the well trained horses standing for hours like statues. The crowd cheered everybody and everything. The county council wagons, laden with sand to sprinkle over the paved streets, received no end of chaff and hurrah; and the ambulance corps came in for their share; the appearance of companies of uniformed soldiers, with each two men bearing stretchers, although horribly suggestive as to casualties in store, did not daunt the sightseers; and when the sweet-faced nurses in their white, starched linen and bearing a red cross sewed on their right arm, made their appearance, they received an ovation. But Jubilee day passed off without any serious accidents, save a grand stand giving way, also over two thousand people, mostly ladies, fainting. The ambulance corps was not brought into active service. Then came the waterworks department, bearing temporary faucets with six cups attached, which they proceeded to erect at every other street corner. Foreign dignitaries, the guests of the nation, and bishops galore, drove along en route for St. Paul's cathedral. As the lord mayor rode up Fleet street on his way to Temple bar, to receive the queen and surrender his sword upon

her entry into the city of London, the excitement became feverish, and a young American in the balcony opposite, dropped his stars and stripes, which struck an aged gentleman's silk hat below with the velocity of a spent rocket stick. A patrol of police, mounted, appeared, then a mounted band, the drummer's horse leading the van, carrying his rider proudly, who beat time of the march upon the silver kettle drums slung on either side of his charger. Detachment after detachment of cavalry passed, each regiment in different splendid uniforms—the Lifeguards on their splendid black horses, the Scotch greys, the queen's boys, "hell or glory boys" (17th lancers), the prince of Wales' own, artillery, dragoons, etc., the colors of each regiment bearing such well-known, historical names as Waterloo, Inkerman, Lucknow, Victoria, Alma, and those of other well-known bloody battles. It was a stirring sight never to be forgotten. Then followed the various troops of each British colony, forming a guard of honor for their respective premiers, who rode in state carriages, preceded by mounted bands. Australia, Canada, the Cape, were all represented. The foreign representatives came next. Whitelaw Reid sat opposite the Spanish minister (who looked as though he were cogitating regarding Cuba), had the proud distinction of being the sole member of the entire procession who was not in state uniform. Our little band raised a war whoop of "What's the matter with America—she's all right." Whitelaw looked slightly nonplussed, but rose to the occasion and doffed his silk tie with the grace of an American gentleman. More bands, the Papal legate and other grandees galore; the naval brigade, with fighting Bill Beresford, the idol of the British navy and public; then the troops lining the streets presented arms, and royalty was upon us; princes and princesses in shoals, the late Empress of Germany, mother of the present emperor, the Prince of Naples, crown Princess of Roumania et al. Then the cry of "the Queen, the Queen," and eight cream stallions, led by the royal grooms, hove in sight. Her majesty bowed right and left and seemed to be greatly moved by the outburst of loyalty. Owing to a hitch in the progress of the pageant she most accommodatingly stopped for some three minutes thirty feet in front of us. As a guard of honor she had the lifeguards, the colonial troops and some forty princes, all mounted, including the Dukes of Cambridge York, Connaught, and the Prince of Wales, the latter riding an immense black horse furnished with an elegant tail and mane. Thereby hangs a tale. A month ago we boys obtained a permit to visit the royal stables from the American embassy. Whilst there one of the royal grooms became very communicative. It appears that this horse, that is the finest in England is cursed with a tail that is as bald as a billiard ball, however that objection is overcome, as he is supplied with an elegant false queue that is the admiration of all beholders. We imagined at the time that the groom was indulging in the pastime of what is designated in the states of "pulling our leg." A personal investigation of the Prince's charger in the parade developed the fact that the straps were in position all right. More troops and a squad of mounted police who were greeted with

"should auld acquaintance be forgot" and the long expected Jubilee was over, at least for us.

Like the decorations, the illuminations defy description. London was simply a blaze of glory. That is a hackneyed phrase but it is the only one I can think of to do the subject justice. For two nights thousands of pounds have been spent every minute in gas, electric light, and candles. It is a generally conceded fact that nothing like it has been attempted before in the world's history. At 9 p. m. huge bonfires were lighted all over the British Isles, at the same time the Princess of Wales touched a button at the Marlborough House at St. Thames' street became a fairy bower of tens of thousands of colored lights. Piccadilly and the strand had lights and devices strung across the street at stated intervals. Pall mall resembled Arcadia; while in the city the Mansion House, Royal Exchange and the Bank of England were resplendent. St. Paul's dome was illuminated by search lights at the cost of 1,400 pounds or \$7000. Every building was illuminated; some were furnished with designs 30 by 20 feet, composed of thousands of varied colored small glass lustres that had a most dazzling effect. Others went in for mathematics and illustrated little sums in subtraction: 1837 from 1897 leaves 60. Sir John Bennet, the watchmaker, concluded to do a little advertising so informed the public, "The Queen has beaten time, we can only keep it." It was fortunate that all the shopkeepers boarded up their plate glass, for the crowds that were abroad Jubilee night and the night after were appalling. Police lined the streets of route down the center dividing the up and down going pedestrians, who flowed in a solid stream of humanity so tightly packed on the principal streets that one could not raise his hand to adjust his hat. There were several ugly rushes and swayings as the police would fight their way to rescue some fainting woman who if not rescued would have gone down to her death. The crowd said, "God save the Queen," for seven hours. Aristocracy was out in force, especially in the West End and as no carriages were allowed on the streets of the illuminated districts, they rubbed shoulders with the plebs and threw decorum to the winds. Imagine young bloods in evening dress, surmounted by silk hats, on the top of which were fixed tallow candles that gutted grease all over their hats and shoulders as they yelled. Who will dare say that the English are a staid, phlegmatic nation. Every twenty yards had its incidents of fun and frolic which as the night wore on resolved into a beastly drunken revel. Orchestras were stationed in the balconies of club and private residences where the fair sex could be seen in all their splendor at jewels and evening dress gazing down of the unprecedented sight of a stark staring mad populace. On Park Lane, close to Barney Barnato's palatial residence that he was doomed never to occupy, a superb orchestra discoursed sweet music on the lawn of a mansion for the benefit of the ball evidently in progress within the house. The crowd on the street took a hand and started up an opposition and in fifteen minutes owned that orchestra and called for waltzes and polkas as the spirit moved them. Soon the aristocratic dancers caught the infection and left off dancing to watch