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SECOND PART

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THE CORONATION

History of the Regalia of England A Melancholy One.

By the Right Hon. Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart.

The history of the outward emblems of the monarchy of England is a melancholy one. In 1643, the Long Parliament, which had decreed the abolition of the monarchy, appointed a committee under Sir Robert Harley to conduct the demolition of "monuments of superstition and idolatry" in Westminster Abbey and its neighborhood. Down went the crosses in Charing and Cheapside, the fine memorial altar to Edward VI. in the Abbey, encrusted with statuettes by Torregiano, was smashed to pieces; the doors of the treasury of the Abbey were forced, and the ancient iron chests containing the Regalia and royal robes were pried open. Henry Marten, afterwards to figure as a regicide, superintended this part of the work, and in derision arrayed George Withey, the poet, with his crown, sceptre, sword and robes, "who," says old Anthony a Wood, "being thus crowned and royally arrayed, first marched about the room with a stately gait, and afterwards, with a thousand apish and ridiculous actions, exposed those sacred ornaments to contempt and laughter."

In 1649—the year when King Charles suffered—an inventory was taken of the Regalia which, since Marten and Withey had profaned them, had been removed to the tower. There were no less than five crowns, namely, the imperial crown "of massive gold" weighing 7lb. 10oz., the Queen's crown, Edward VI.'s crown, the crown of Queen Edith, wife of Edward the Confessor, and, most precious of all, "King Alfred's crown of gold wavy work, set with slight stones and two little bells" weighing 79oz. There were also four sceptres, the globe and a large number of other articles. It is heartrending to read at the foot of the inventory that all these "forementioned crowns, etc., are according to order of parliament totally broken and defaced." They were valued at £2,652 9s. 4d. a large sum in those days, and were broken up and melted to provide sinews for the civil war. Even the ivory comb of the confessor, used to smooth the



COACH OF KING GEORGE AND QUEEN MARY ENTERING WHITE HALL FROM HORSE GUARDS.

the kings of England hoarded their gold and silver, and stored the regalia with other precious things. When Edward I was away at the Scottish war in 1303, some profligate monks of Westminster plundered this chamber, and the bullion was thereafter kept for greater safety in the tower. But still, so inveterate are ancient customs, the regalia was brought to Westminster from the tower on the eve of every coronation; and still the "first and junior lords" of the treasury discharge their functions in the state, little mindful of those far off days when they were charged personally with the custody of that gloomy vaulted chamber in the abbey cloister.

Since the destruction of the antique regalia of England, one glimpse has been obtained of what the crown of the Plantagenets really was. It will be remembered that Edward I, when he died within view of Scotland in 1307, directed that his bones were to be stripped of flesh, carried with his army, and not laid to rest until that kingdom had been subdued. His orders were not fulfilled. He was laid in Westminster in that plain sarcophagus which is so strongly in contrast with the ornate tombs of less mighty ones. Every two years, as long as the Plantagenets kept the throne, the great Edward's tomb was re-opened, and his cæcrotic waxed anew. With the coming of the House of Lancaster that observance fell into disuse, nor was the tomb again opened until 1774, when the Society of Antiquaries obtained leave to pry into it. There lay the "Hammer of the Scots," wrapped in royal cloth of gold with an open crown upon his head, in his right hand a sceptre, in his left the rod with the dove. True, these objects were not of copper or tin gilt; but they were made from the originals, then kept in the royal treasury, and they correspond exactly with those represented on Edward's great seal.

These, and all the ensigns of England's ancient monarchy, have passed away, for ever; nevertheless, it is to King Edward that we owe the possession of one genuine relic of another monarchy which he coveted. Among all the memorials of the independent kingdom of Scotland, none is more pathetic in its simplicity, none more strangely in contrast with the hard, practical, matter-of-fact spirit of the present age than that which has been fondly termed the Lia Fail, or Stone of Destiny, wherein Scottish monarchs sat of old at their coronation. Ancient undoubtedly this stone is, for it has been an object of veneration at least since the beginning of the thirteenth century, but the far higher antiquity claimed for it will

not stand application of the strict rules of evidence.

First of all, what is this reputed Stone of Destiny, and how came it to Westminster? It is a block of redish sandstone, twenty-six inches long sixteen three-quarters inches broad, and ten and a half deep, roughly dressed on the edges, with an iron ring hanging from a rivet at each end thereof, and enclosed within a frame and below the seat of an oaken chair. Its presence in Westminster Abbey, and the legend most commonly current about its previous history may be most easily explained by quoting Pennant, who in his well-known tour in Scotland during the latter half of the eighteenth century, visited Scone, the place where Scottish kings were formerly inaugurated, and wrote as follows:

"In the church of the Abbey (of Scone) was preserved the famous chair, whose bottom was the fatal stone, the palladium of Scottish monarchy. The stone, which had first served Jacob for his pillow, was afterwards transported into Spain, where it was used as a seat of justice by Gathetus, contemporary with Moses. It afterwards found its way to Dunstaffnage, and in Argyleshire, continued there as the coronation chair till the reign of Kenneth II, who, to secure his empire, removed it to Scone. There it remained and in it every Scottish monarch was inaugurated till the year 1296, when Edward I, to the mortification of North Britain, translated it to Westminster Abbey, and with it, was caught up and attached to the stone, until it became the tangible symbol of the monarchy—the very core of a separate and independent nation.

It was such symbol and core that King Edward, being determined to put an end to the monarchy, and crush the separate nationality of Scotland, thought it worth his while to carry this weightily and intrinsically worthless booty all the way to Westminster. Was he wanton, willful, or superstitious in so doing? Not he. The Crown of England never rested on a cooler, harder head than Edward Longshank's. It was neither willfulness nor wantonness nor superstition that moved him, any more than they moved the British government, two years ago, to get hold of, and carry away King Pempem's Golden Stool—an article worth possibly £10 or £20 sterling—even though it involved the spending of many hundreds of thousands of pounds upon a dangerous expedition against the Ashtantis.

So King Edward brought the reputed Stone of Destiny to Westminster. Probably it was only the seat of the stone chair which he carried off, part of a dignified permanent structure like the Marmore Stuhl in which Charlemagne sat, and wherein the German emperor used to be crowned. This is still preserved at Aachen or Aix-la-Chapelle, being a plain slab of white marble on five steps, which, it is said, used to be covered with plates of gold at coronations. Having landed this stone in Westminster, King Edward commanded a bronze chair to be made to contain it, wherein the priest should sit when mass was celebrated at the altar of St. Edward the Confessor; but presently, perhaps in consequence of remonstrance on the part of some rheumatic church dignitaries, the king changed his mind, and directed that the chair should be made of oak instead of bronze, and there it remains to this day. It was originally richly painted, but it is painful to read in the Annual Register for 1821 that previous to the coronation of George IV "the dilapidated state to which the ancient ornaments were reduced had induced Mr. Mash, of the lord chamberlain's office, to have them removed, and to substitute others of precisely the same character." Confound Mr. Mash, say we; would that he had left the venerable ornaments alone. Again, when this ancient chair was being prepared for the coronation of Queen Victoria, heartless officials must need bestow upon it a coat of varnish, sadly suggestive of Wardour street.

It seems never to have occurred to Pennant to withhold credence from the whole of this story; indeed, it remained an article of faith with all true Scots until such time as modern methods of research came to be applied to archaeology, ruthlessly sifting fact out of fable. Away, nowadays, must be cast all that fond belief about this stone having been Jacob's pillow on the night he beheld the vision of angels. One form of that tradition makes no mention of Gatherus, a personage invented to account for the nation of Gaelford or Gael, but, in order to explain the title "Scot," introduce a mythical Scot, daughter of Pharaoh, king of Egypt, who first settled in Ireland with her people the Scots, bringing the stone with her, where it became known as Lia Fail.

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But there is balm in an ancient prophecy about this stone for the wounded self-esteem of Scotsmen. It was written of old—

"Ni fallat fatus Scotti, quoque lo-

Invenient lapidum, regnare tenuerit ibidem."

Thus rendered by Bellenden in the reign of Queen Mary—

"The Scots shall brook that realm as native ground."

"If weeds fail not," where'er this chair is found."

Students of prophecy may perhaps recognize the fulfillment of this in the destiny which landed the Stuart dynasty on the throne of England, and George V., king of Scots, will take his seat for coronation over the rude block of freestone wherein the Celtic monarchs of North Britain were crowned of old. Never, since it was deposited there by Edward I.—le roy Covetus, as the Scots called him—has the Stone of Destiny left the sacred precincts of the abbey, never save once, and that was in 1623, when it was carried into Westminster hall, and Oliver Cromwell took his seat upon it as protector of the commonwealth.

Don't get into the habit of making snap decisions and judgments. In the first place they are rarely necessary and in the next place they are generally wrong.

Dalriada (dal riach fhada—the territory of the tall king), whence the seat of government was Dunstaffnage; but it is contrary to proved fact to account for the Stone of Scone, now in Westminster, by declaring it to be the true Lia Fail, brought with man by veterans to Dunstaffnage from Tara's walls."

Nennius is there to testify that the Lia Fail was still at Tara in the eleventh century, and that "it used to sound under the feet of every man who assumed the kingdom of Erin." In fact, it is probable that the first and only migration of the Scottish stone was in the cart which started it to London in the train of Edward I, in 1296. Geologists are a cold, discouraging kind of folk; one of them, Professor Ramsay, was so heartless some years ago as to apply scientific analysis to the Scottish Coronation Stone. He pronounced it to be precisely the same as the native rock for many miles round Scone. Now a king must sit upon something when he is crowned. In primitive times furniture would be mighty scarce along the Highland border; but there was never any scarcity there of convenient blocks of stone. Once let such a boulder be used on the solemn occasion of a coronation, and it acquired an air of sanctity; myth gathered about it as surely as moss would have done had it been left on the moor or by the river; every floating fable about the origin of the nation was caught up and attached to the stone, until it became the tangible symbol of the monarchy—the very core of a separate and independent nation.

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"Every One Thought I Had

Consumption.

Pe-ru-na Saved Me.

"I THANK DR. HARTMAN FOR PE-RU-NA."



MISS MOIS PARIZEAU.

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"I thank Dr. Hartman for this excellent remedy."

Ste. Julie de Vercheres, P. Q., Canada.

—Mrs. Mois Parizeau.

A NEGLECTED cold is generally the first cause of catarrh.

Women are especially liable to colds. These colds occur more frequently during the wet, sloppy weather of winter and spring than any other time of the year. Often they are not considered serious and are allowed to run on, or they are treated in such a way as to only palliate the symptoms, while the cold becomes more deep-seated, and the patient finally awakens to the fact that she has a well-developed case of catarrh.

By reason of their delicate structure, the lungs are frequently the seat of a cold, especially if there is the slightest weakness of these organs. The treatment of catarrh of the lungs is also more difficult and discouraging than catarrh of any other organ of the body.

It would be wise therefore, to guard against it by every precaution possible.

"When I wrote to you for advice, I had been sick for three years. I had trouble with my throat. Often I could not breathe through my nose. I also had pains in my chest and a cough. I took Peruna according to directions and it has cured me."

Mrs. Jaschob, 1631 Hicks St., Toledo, Ohio, writes:

"When I wrote to you for advice, I had been sick for three years. I had trouble with my throat. Often I could not breathe through my nose. I also had pains in my chest and a cough. I took Peruna according to directions and it has cured me."

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