

**KING EDWARD VII
AS A MAN AND
MONARCH**

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King Edward VII as a Man and Monarch by James Boyle

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JAMES BOYLE

**KING EDWARD VII
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MONARCH**



KING EDWARD VII. In His Robes of State.



TRINITY CHURCH

Columbus, Ohio

Whitsunday, May 15th. 1910

7:30 P. M.

MEMORIAL SERVICE TO EDWARD VII. LATE KING OF ENGLAND

Born November 9th. 1841, Died May 6th. 1910

Processional Hymn 394—"O Paradise, O Paradise,"

Apostles' Creed—Prayers.

Reading from the Bible.

Hymn 344—"Nearer My God to Thee,"

The favorite hymn of King Edward.

Address by Mr. James Boyle,

"Edward VII. as a Man and Monarch."

Anthem—"Sunset and Evening Star," by Alfred Tennyson.

The favorite poem of Queen Victoria, mother of Edward VII.

Soloist Alfred R. Barrington

Concluding Remarks by the Rector of the Parish,

Rev. Theodore Irving Reese.

Offertory Anthem—"God Shall Wipe Away all Tears from Their Eyes."

Hymn 674—"Peace, Perfect Peace."

Hymn chosen by Queen Alexandra to be sung at the funeral, May 20.

Sung last Sunday in Buckingham Palace Chapel.

"Dead March in Saul"—Congregation Standing,

This March is always played at the funerals of the Monarchs of England.



JAMES BOYLE.

Private Secretary to the late Gov. McKinley, and former Consul for the United States
at Liverpool, England.

King Edward VII.

As a Man and a Monarch

By JAMES BOYLE

"The King is dead; long live the King!" Grief for the dead King, acclamations for the new! These two emotions are now—both at the same time—surging in the hearts of the myriads of people belonging to the British Empire—that Empire which encircles the globe, upon whose territory the sun never sets, and whose meteor flag flies on every sea. The same composite Teutonic-Celtic race which built and still controls that Empire is the same race from which we sprang; it is the same race which founded this free nation of the West. It is fit and proper, and perfectly in accord with the loftiest natural sentiments, that we here in this temple of worship—mostly Britisners by birth or descent—should extend our hand of sympathy to our kinsmen over the northern border and across the seas. But the whole world mourns; sympathy "makes all flesh kin."

This solemn occasion recalls to my mind services I attended at Liverpool, England, in honor of William McKinley, of blessed memory. Those manifestations of sorrow on the part of the British people were not only a tribute of respect to the late President of the United States, as the head of a great and friendly nation, and of appreciation of his high character personally, but they were also the natural outpourings of a genuine sympathy which happily now exists between the greatest Empire and the greatest Republic in all history,—the one the offspring of the other.

There has not always been this mutual sympathy between the two nations, notwithstanding the close relations which have always existed between them, as in trade and commerce; for instance: the British Empire buys more of the products of the United States than all the rest of the world combined. Liverpool alone imports more from this country than the whole continent of Europe does.

When the American Colonials vindicated the principles of representative government which they had brought over from England, as Pilgrims, Puritans and Cavaliers, there was engendered an estrangement which continued to a certain extent for over a century, as the heritage of a family feud; and there have been occasions when this estrangement blazed forth into demonstrations of actual hostility. The original quarrel was that of Englishman against Englishman—of the refusal of the stay-at-home brother to concede to the brother who had come across the seas to found a new England the rights and privileges which were undisputably his in the old Mother Land:—that there should be no taxation without representation. It was the proverbial story of a family quarrel—which is notoriously generally more bitter than one between strangers; and for centuries the race had established a reputation not only of being splendid fighters, but of being self-opinionated and stiff-necked; and once having taken up a quarrel, these British and American kinsmen—both of the same blood and of the same ideas of liberty—not only stubbornly fought it out, but neither side was in a particular hurry to fall over the neck of the other and pretend that they were as long-lost brothers. Then, each was too busy with his own affairs to bother much about matters of sentiment outside concerns of present moment. The American had a wilderness—more than the third of a Continent—to subdue; the Britisher went forth and commenced anew to build up his Empire,—and, contrary to prophecies when the American colonies established their independence, the British flag now flies over a far greater extent of territory than in the fateful year of 1776.

But the breach was healed and the great reconciliation was effected in the fulness of time. It would have been against the law of nature had not this come about finally. First, there is the mysterious, but irresistible affinity of consanguinity—"the call of the blood:" "blood is thicker than water!" Then there are substantially the same ideals and aspirations, individually and collectively, between the two peoples:—the same standards of thought, and the same all-controlling element in the enactment and the enforcement of law—the popular will; the same spirit of obedience to law; there are practically the same principles as to representative government and the dominance of the majority opinion, accompanied with due safeguards as to the personal rights of the minority; in both nations nobody is held guilty of crime against the State or any person, high or low, until he is proved guilty; in both countries every man is equal before the law in obedience to the general law, and in responsibility for infraction thereof; there is the same Common Law; there are the same Constitutional guarantees; there is the same language—and that language is destined to dominate the world; the same literature—and especially

the same Bible; there is the same love of individual, personal liberty, and the same opposition to autocratic bureaucracy,—and in this particular America and Britain stand peculiarly alone by themselves among the great nations; and, furthermore, these two nations are in agreement in opposition to conscription and huge standing armies in times of peace.

All these things were bound to re-unite—and they have re-united—the two peoples; not in formal or even tacit alliance; there is no understanding between the United States and Great Britain any more than there is between this country and any Continental power; but Britons and Americans have been reunited in a straight-forward unwritten compact or reciprocal respect and affection. This is true notwithstanding the amalgamation of so many of other races and nationalities into the blood and the body-politic of the present day composite American people. With all the modifications and divergencies arising from the vast Continental immigration and absorption,—particularly of that sturdy and splendid race, the Germans—and in spite of the fact that, as Maurice Low—an Englishman, by the way—lays down in his psychological study of the American people, the latter are a new race; and while, as the same writer says, “America is no longer England or even a reflex of England,”—difference of environment would of itself make that impossible—yet, in spite of the fact that Americans are a new race as well as a new nation, it remains true that the British origin of both race and nationality has left its deep and irradicable birth-marks as a heritage for centuries. And the result is, that, after making all allowance for the influence of other races and nationalities, the relationship of the two peoples are: in all distinguishing characteristics—personal, temperamental, psychological, social, political, and governmental—there are no other two modern nations in the world with so many similarities and so few dissimilarities as Britain and America. The British origin of the American race and nationality is indelibly shown in individual, social, and domestic characteristics, and in the political institutions of the two countries.

It is of special interest at this time to note the news which has come from Washington within the past week: That at last there is to be a settlement of pecuniary claims between the United States and Great Britain which have been outstanding since 1776. The terms of the claims will be adjusted by two representatives of this country, and two of Great Britain, and they shall select an umpire.

Out of 26 Presidents of the United States, 24 have been of British paternal ancestry:—1 Welsh, 3 Scotch, 5 Scotch-Irish, and 15 English. The same race that produced Shakespeare, Milton, Cromwell, Nelson, Ten-

nyson, Huxley, Darwin, Burke, Scott and Burns, in Britain, has also given to America Washington, Lincoln, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Lee, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Irving, Poe. And these are the names of only a few of the Immortals in whose veins flowed the blood of this mighty race. America and Britain exchange and reciprocally adopt each other's literary geniuses as do no other nations. Charles Dickens has more readers in America than in England; and our recently deceased quaint but kindly humorist, Mark Twain, was more honored in England than he was even in his native land.

To Ohioans—and especially to the citizens of Columbus—it ought to be a matter of pride that it was William McKinley who gave the finishing touches to the blessed re-union of the North and the South, after a fearful fratricidal war. So it was during the administration of the same peace-loving statesman that the reconciliation and the re-establishment of complete cordiality between the two English-speaking peoples came about. And, strange to say, these two happy occurrences were the result of the same event—the war with Spain, although possibly this fact has not been generally and adequately recognized. To my personal knowledge President McKinley was fully advised of the friendliness of the British government and people to the United States in that conflict, and I also personally know that he was profoundly and gratefully appreciative.

I could tell you much of the wonderful manifestation of sympathy in England and all over the British Isles when the news of the dastardly deed at Buffalo flashed under the seas, and of the universal expression of grief when the fatal end came. American and British flags were hung at half-mast, and many were the portraits of McKinley, bordered in black, displayed in public places. Religious services were held in most of the cities. At Liverpool a civic service was held on the day of the funeral, and the Lord Mayor, wearing his emblems of office, accompanied by the Municipal Council, marched from the Town Hall to the Church of England Pro-Cathedral, where the Bishop of the Diocese officiated at a most impressive service. On the following Sunday memorial services were held in a number of Churches of different denominations, and what was true of Liverpool was true generally throughout the country. By special request I attended a service, as American Consul, in an Anglican Church in the poorest district of the city. It is a large church, but it was packed with workingmen and their families. You can appreciate my feelings of emotion when I saw the Stars and Stripes, entwined fraternally with the Union Jack and draped with black, hung over the front of the pulpit; when I heard the vicar in his sermon eloquently and generously praise this country, and tenderly eulogize our martyred President; when the congregation