

thrown at that solemn passage which commits the body to the ground, and tells how we are all alike before the sight of God, there is nothing to show that all the remains had not been carefully watched and tendered since the day of their interment. There are no coffins on the right side of the vault, but on the left are those of the Duke of Gloucester, the Duke of Kent, and the Duke of Cambridge. Strangely enough the coffin nearest to the gate is that of the Princess Charlotte of Wales. It is a crimson coffin, close in view, and, like the rest, as bright as that which, alas! has been so lately laid there. Along this passage we have described, the bier of the late Prince was wheeled till the foot of the coffin was at the gates of the Royal vault. There it remains, though it was not left to the gloom of its dark and narrow home until some dear memorials of love and fond regret from the bereaved Queen and children, whom he had so untimely left, were sorrowfully deposited by the Prince of Wales upon the coffin. Previous to the closing of the coffin, a wreath of flowers made by the Princess Alice was placed on the corpse, and a miniature of her Majesty placed in his hands. On Monday, a Queen's messenger brought from Osborn to Windsor three little wreaths and a bouquet. The wreaths were simple chaplets of moss and violets, wreathed by the three elder princesses—the bouquet of violets, with a white camelia in the centre, was sent by the widowed Queen. Between the heraldic insignia these last tributes from his widow and orphan daughters were laid upon the coffin—mementoes of domestic love and worth above all heraldry that ever was emblazoned. With this last act of grateful care the aperture to the royal vault was closed, and thus was Prince Albert, who has lived in honour and died in fame, buried in the most profound and deserved grief that has ever been evinced by any nation within the memory of living man.

Albert, Prince Consort.

December 14th, 1861.

How should the Princes die!

With red spur deep in maddening charger's flank,
Leading the rush that cleaves the foeman's rank,
And shouting some time-famous battle-cry!

Enjoying a pleasure day,

Joy's painted goblet fully drained and out,
While waiting vassals coldly stand about,
And in new homage which they long to pay!

So have the Princes died.

No merrier and happier far the fate that falls
On him who 'mid yon aged castle walls,
Hears, as e goes, the plash of Thames' tide.

Gallant, high-natured, brave,

O, had he not been cast in warrior days,
No noble knight had won the minstrel's praise
Than him for whom the half-reared banners wave.

Or, graced with gentler powers,

The song, the pencil, and the lyre his own,
Deigned he to live fair pleasure's thrall alone,
None had more lightly sped the laughing hours.

Better and nobler far

His, whom we eemed but yesterday,
His, ours no more, his, round whose sacred clay
The death-mute pages of the heralds wait.

It was too soon to die.

Yet, might we count, years by triumphs won,
By wise, and bold, and christian duties done,
It were no brief eventless story.

This was his princely thought.

With all his varied wisdom to repay
Our trust and love, which that bridal-day
The Daughter of the Isles for duty brought.

For that he loved our Queen,

And, for her sake, the people her love,
Few and far distant names shall link above
His own, where England's cherished ones are seen.

Could there be closer tie

"Twixt us, who, sorrowing, own a nation's debt
And Her, our own dear Lady, who as yet
Must meet her sudden woe with tearless eye;

When with a kind relief

Those eyes rain tears, O might this thought employ!
Him whom she loved we loved. We shared her joy,
And will not be denied to share her grief.—*Punch.*

Sketch of Prince Albert's Life and Character.

Prince Albert was born at Erenburg on the 26th of August, 1819. He was educated under his father's supervision at the castle, his master being selected from the College of Coburg. His mother died when he was scarcely eleven years old, and he was then sent to England for a while to the residence of his aunt, the Duchess of Kent, who was residing in strict seclusion at Kensington Palace, educating her daughter, Princess Victoria. The young Prince became the fellow-student of the Princess, his future wife. He remained about fifteen months in England, Kensington and Claremont being alternately his home. After his father's marriage with a Princess of Wurtemberg, Prince Albert returned to Erenburg. On the 3rd May, 1837, his elder brother, the present Duke Ernest, and he, entered the University of Bonn as *Studiosus Juris*, and among those who entered at the same time were the Hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, Prince William of Lowenstein-Wertheim, the Hereditary Prince of Lippe-Schaumburg, and others. The two young Princes of Saxe-Coburg lodged at the house of Dr. Bischof, a medical professor, a modest house near the University, occupying one side of a piece of ground near the cathedral. The Prince's private tutor was Geheimrath (Privy Councillor) Florshutz, who was subsequently Minister at Coburg. Prince Albert's character was that of an earnest and painstaking student. A contemporary student of his says that his dinners were ordered from Schmidt's Hotel in Bonn, but were of the most temperate kind; and that though he and his brother gave costly entertainments to their fellow-students, they themselves lived a very frugal and abstemious life. Prince Albert chiefly studied jurisprudence and history. Music and painting he also cultivated in his intervals of leisure. He had learned music when a boy, of the well-known Dr. Breidenstein, and was reputed to be a proficient in the divine art even before he entered the University. His skill in painting may be estimated by the fact that a picture of his, "The Savoyard Minstrel Boy," painted during his student life, is one of the most prized in the Queen's collection. During his residence at Bonn, Prince Albert cultivated the acquaintance of the greatest philosophers and scholars in the University. His greatest friends were Count Beust and Professor Welcker; but to his great honour he sought the society of the illustrious Schlegel, who thought highly of him, and his amiable and unassuming manners so endeared him to the doctor, that the Professor, who detested "princelings," was glad to receive the young Prince Albert. Prince Albert's chief diversions were athletic exercises and the sports of the field, in which he excelled. His attendant on his shooting excursions was one Peter Stamm, who, besides being a guide, was a well-to-do hotel keeper, in a town near Bonn. This worthy old man, long after the Prince had left "college," used to cry from joy when any English traveller spoke of his Royal Highness; he would talk of his exploits, his affability, his charity, by the hour, and he would show the visitor three portraits on the walls of his sitting-room—those of the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg, the present Duke, and the Prince Albert, the latter being the most prized of all, for eye-witnesses have recorded that the old man shed tears when he pointed it out to them. Prince Albert left college after residing during three academical seasons (terms)—namely, in September, 1838. The people of Bonn were greatly grieved at his departure, for his charities to the poor had been unbounded; and it may be added that he and his elder brother, Duke Ernest, published a volume of poems, with music and illustrations, during their academical residence, for the benefit of the poor of Bonn. In 1840, as soon as the marriage of his Royal Highness with the Queen of Great Britain was made known, nothing could exceed the joy of the worthy Teutonic professors. On the 28th of January he was admitted (in his absence) to the degree of doctor of laws, and a most complimentary address was forwarded to him, signed by all the professors of law and history. Likewise, one of the professors, said to be the first scholar in Bonn, sent the bridegroom a most astonishing Latin "Epithalamium," in which Cytherea is made to reproach the young Queen of England for her resistance to the influence of love, then to smite her with the unerring arrow of Cupid, &c. We have seen that the Prince Albert of