

still more cadaverous and skeleton aspect to the whole interior. Only one thin narrow strip of white broke the darkness of the centre of the floor, stretching from the west end of the nave to the front of the Communion-table. This thin line ended at a broad square aperture in the floor, the external entrance to the royal tombhouse below; and the mouth of this gloomy chasm, with its cloth-lined walls, was marked with white bands. But in all this there was not much that differed from other royal funerals. The arrangements were precisely the same as those made for the funeral of the late Duchess of Kent.

The Communion rails were draped with black velvet, and the Communion-table itself was covered with massive plate, which showed out with almost startling brightness amid the black around. A square platform, which is worked from beneath by powerful machinery, completely fills the opening to the Royal Vault. On this the coffin and bier are placed, and at the appointed time they slowly sink out of sight. All the chief domestics of the Royal Household were attired in the deepest mourning, and many of the personal attendants of the late Prince were deeply affected when the funeral began. The seats in the choir were reserved for mourners who had been invited by Her Majesty. The Knights of the Garter took their own stalls under their banners, at the back of the choir; the other mourners sat in front, nearest to the grave. Only one or two among those present wore orders, and even those were almost entirely concealed under the broad black silk mourning scarves.

ENGLAND'S HISTORICAL PAST—GROWTH OF NATIONAL LOYALTY AND DEVOTION TO THE SOVEREIGN.

The sombre-looking painted glass window of the Ascension of our Lord, placed by George III. above the communion table, at the east end of the church, let in but little light, barely enough to distinguish forms amid the obscure, black gloom of the choir beneath. Even the rich banners of the Knights of the Garter, glowing with heraldic emblazonment of purple and azure, red and gold, seemed to be toned down by the general gloom, and to become in their stiff lifelessness a part of the mourning insignia. The late Prince Consort's banner, quartered with the arms of England and Gotha, is left still floating on the right of the pale silver embroidered standard of her Majesty, while in the oaken stall beneath a silver-gilt escocheon, placed beside those of many foreign Princes of the House of Brunswick, bears his ducal arms, and proclaims in quaint old Norman French his style, and titles, and date of installation. What strange vicissitudes of time and change these old stalls record and press upon the notice; what disjointed but significant chapters of history are told by each escocheon, when near that of our gracious Sovereign we see the banner of the Emperor Napoleon waving over the stall of Louis Philippe, occupied before him by Louis XIII. of Bourbon, before him again by the heads of the great house of Montmorenci, who were constables of France, and before all by the English Knights who were the first Governors of Calais! The event of Monday was one which history will record with mourning, but even at such a time it was difficult to repress the reflections these escocheons suggested. Whole families of dynasties, whose styles and titles are here emblazoned, have passed away like a tale that is told, yet with ourselves each century has only knit strongly and more strongly the bond of love and kindly feeling between the Sovereign and the people. Now each affliction that visits Her Majesty visits all throughout the land, and her royal husband, the comfort of her life, and guide of her throne, is laid to rest amid the grief of millions, who still in the sorrow of their hearts look to their Queen and yearn almost in tears to comfort her in this her greatest bereavement—in this the darkest hour of her widowhood and mourning.

THE SAD PROCESSION—ITS PROGRESS TOWARDS THE CHAPEL.

All who were invited to attend the ceremony were in their places shortly before 12 o'clock, and an interval of silence, almost of suspense, seemed to reign throughout the building. Not a word was spoken, not a movement made, and the stillness was painful, as it allowed the tolling of the funeral knells and the sullen reverberating echo of the minute guns to be loudly and distinctly audible throughout the chapel. Thus, as 12 o'clock drew near, the quicker half minute tolling from all the spires of Windsor, seemed to fill the very chapel with their mournful booms, and amid all the measured tread of the long procession approaching over the gravel came nearer every minute. With the first tokens of its approach, the head of the funeral procession was formed two deep, passing along down the south aisle and up the centre of the nave to near the choir. The south door was then opened, Lord George Lennox, bearing the Field Marshal's baton, sword, and hat of the deceased Prince, followed by Earl Spencer, carrying his crown, entered the aisle. In a minute afterwards the coffin was carried in by ten bearers and laid upon the bier. Here it was entirely hidden under the heavy black velvet pall, adorned

at the sides with large funeral escocheons, bearing the arms of Her Majesty and the late Prince on separate shields. Both shields were surrounded by the Garter and surmounted with their proper Crowns; first, those of the Queen were on a ground of silver tissue; those of the late Prince on deep black; so that the contrast between those rich armoial bearings was as startling and marked as that between the white border of the pall and its gloomy centre. When all was arranged, the Lord Chamberlain, accompanied by the Vice-Chamberlain, Lord Castlerosse (only four months ago the genial host of his late Royal Highness at Killarney,) proceeded up the Choir to Wolsey's chapel, where the Royal mourners had already assembled, and who at once slowly crossed the chapel and took their stations in the south aisle at the head of the corpse. The Prince of Wales, as chief mourner, stood in the centre; on his right was the little Prince Arthur; on his left, the deceased Prince's elder brother, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha.

TOUCHING GRIEF OF THE BEREAVED PRINCES.

Before the procession began to move forward, the chief mourners remained at the head of the coffin, motionless. The Prince of Wales bore up with great fortitude, and though he, like all the rest, at times gave way to irrepressible bursts of tears, he evidently tried to the utmost to restrain his feelings, though it could be seen sometimes from the working of his countenance that the effort was too violent for long endurance.

The Duke of Saxe-Coburg, brother to Prince Albert, who was devotedly attached to the deceased Prince, to whom he bears a strong resemblance, was deeply moved, and wept incessantly throughout the ceremony. The Crown Prince of Prussia, too, was equally affected. Poor little Prince Arthur's grief was enough to move the sternest. He, of course, made no attempts to check or hide his feelings. His eyes were red and swollen, and the tears were running down his cheeks as he entered the Chapel. As they stood at the head of their father's coffin, the Prince of Wales turned and spoke, apparently, a few soothing words, for after this Prince Arthur, for a minute or so, seemed to bear up better. It was not until the procession began to move forward, and the long melancholy wail of the dirge went echoing through the building, that all the little fellow's fortitude gave way, and, hiding his face in his handkerchief, he sobbed as if his very heart was breaking.

THE READING OF THE BURIAL SERVICE.

As the procession advanced the commencement of the Burial Service, "*I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord,*" was sung by the full choir to the music of Dr. Croft. At the conclusion of the first portion, the bier had crept slowly down to the western extremity of the church, where it was gently moved up the incline to the platform in the nave. At the nave was commenced the passage—"I know that my Redeemer liveth," still sung to Croft's melancholy dirge-like music, so touching, so inexpressibly mournful in its long, soft cadences. All the servants of the late Prince stood in the nave as the bier passed; they seemed deeply moved, and the grief of many was quite audible. With the concluding words of the passage, "*We brought nothing into this world,*" the bier was moved up very slowly, its gorgeous pall concealing its bearers, who slowly wheeled it forward with a stiff, creeping motion, into the choir. It was nearly twenty minutes before the cloth-covered platform over the entrance to the Royal vault was reached. Those walking at the feet of the corpse filed off to the right and left as the bier neared the Communion rails, and was slowly placed, amid solemn silence, on the spot whence it was to be lowered out of sight for ever. The pall-bearers took their stand near low crape-covered stools on either side of the coffin. Viscount Sydney, as Lord Chamberlain, stood at the foot of the bier, the Prince of Wales, with Prince Arthur and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, remained standing at the head of the coffin, and the other mourners in the order in which they had entered the choir. By the time these arrangements were completed the chant of the 39th Psalm, "*I said I will take heed to my ways that I offend not with my tongue,*" had concluded, and as the last faint tones of the music died away the platform on which the bier stood was level with the floor. The pall was then disposed around it equally on all sides, so as to cover all the opening leading to the depth below, and the Crown and Field-Marshal's insignia were placed at the head and feet.

The Hon. and Rev. Gerald Wellesley, Dean of Windsor, then advanced to the Communion rails and in a faltering voice, at some times almost inaudible, read the lesson, "*Now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that slept.*" Once or twice during this solemn portion of the service, the Prince of Wales, Prince Arthur, the Crown Prince of Prussia, and Duke of Saxe-Coburg, were totally unable to restrain their tears, in which they were silently joined by nearly all present in the choir. At the end of the lesson the choir sang the German chorale, "*I shall not in the*