

H. R. H. THE DUKE OF YORK.

The death of His Royal Highness the Duke of York has produced a deeper and more extensive sensation throughout His Majesty's dominions than any instance of human mortality that has occurred within the last half century, save only the premature departure of the young, the highly-gifted, the ever-lamented Princess Charlotte.

Our late revered monarch, venerable at once for his protracted years and exalted virtues, (for ever blessed be his memory!) *was gathered to his fathers in a good old age, being well stricken in years*; and long previous to that event which called him from an earthly crown to a heavenly one, he had been dead to his country, to the world, and almost to himself. His exemplary consort, whose name will be held in veneration as long as Englishmen continue to place their chief earthly happiness in conjugal virtue, also gradually resigned her life at a very advanced period, when according to the course of nature she could not have been expected much longer to have retained the fragile gift. Her sphere of action also during life was very properly private rather than public. These events therefore produced a slighter sensation; and the survivors were less affected, because they were less surprised. But, the urbane, the intrepid, the warm-hearted, the robust, the comely, the cheerful, Frederick, we beheld moving in all the vigour and vivacity of undecayed manhood; as a companion, the centre and soul of the social circle; as brother and heir to the most popular and splendid monarch of the world, the object of universal attraction and homage;—as a brave soldier, an upright patron, and a benevolent protector—the idol of the British army, and the supreme earthly hope of their fatherless children and widows;—as an affable Prince, and amiable man,—the darling of all who moved within the magic circle of his personal acquaintance. Yet a little while, and the mansion of mirth and royalty is transformed into the abode of lamentation and mortality; and the handsome, the active, the heroic, the idolized Prince is laid low in the dark place where all those things are forgotten.

Whilst then *every* instance of human mortality should affect our hearts like the solemn yet awakening tones of a passing bell, *this peculiar instance* was calculated to send forth the general knell with an intonation remarkably deep and impressive.

The exalted and powerful may here read an impressive lecture on the transitory nature of human grandeur—here they may witness an illustration of the lesson taught by Royal David many ages since, that when the mightiest man *dieth he carrieth nothing with him, neither can his pomp follow him*; that the KING OF TERRORS, the most impartial of despotic monarchs, tramples with the same triumphant crush