

46633

H. M. H. sends you
the melancholy despatches
from Sialmuth, and
if I command me to say
that if He should have
occasion for you before
tomorrow He will send
for you, but as He is
going to Windsor He
most probably will not

2838A

Prince Leopold
23^e Jan 1820.

46634

Mon cher Sir Benjamin!

Je vous prie de communiquer le
triste événement que ma lettre contient
au Regent en la lui donnant.

Le Duc de Kent n'existe plus; comme
vous l'avez connu anciennement vous
vouerez quelques regrets à son triste
sort. Comme toujours

Je suis
Dorsette le 23^e Janv. à 11 heures du
matin
votre
ami sincèrement dévoué
ami Leopold.

Si le Prince
a des ordres le Gen
Wetherall s'en chargera
comme il est ici, j'ai imploré
ma soeur de quitter le plus tôt
possible ce lieu.

1880

Prince Leopold

23. Jan 1820

46635

Monsieur !

L'événement que j'ai prédit à Votre
Altesse Royale est en lieu comme je l'ai
que trop justement prédit. Le pauvre
Duc de Kent n'existe plus quelqu'un que
les sentiments de Votre Altesse Royale
ont pu avoir été durant sa vie, Elle
a un trop excellent cœur pour ne pas
lui vouer quelques regrets. Si Elle était
comme moi spectateur de la douleur de
ma pauvre sœur, Elle lui accorderait
Sa compassion et Sa puissante
protection que j'ose réclamer pour elle

28383

Votre Altesse Royale me croira
aisément quand je lui dis que cette
calamité me rappelle de si affreux souvenirs
que j'en suis profondément ému et accablé.
En priant Votre Altesse Royale d'agréer
l'assurance de mon profond respect
avec lequel j'ai l'honneur
Monsieur

Votre Altesse Royale

Sidmouth le 23 Janv.
1820.
à 11 heures du matin

Le très humble et très dev.
beaufils et serviteur
Léopold

Lt Gen. F. A. Wetherall to F. B. Watson

46636-7

Sidmouth 25th July 1870

Sir I have duly received your
letter of the 21st inst. which
I received here this day at 9³⁰ past
2 o'clock. I beg to assure
you that I will do my best
with my humble Duty that
I afford in the most heartfelt
satisfaction that my conduct
in the late military
proceedings has met His
gracious

L^c Ge

38338

46

gracious approbation, and it
will continue to be my study
at all times to follow implicitly
the dictates of Her Royal Highness
& pleasure - Since the
receipt of your communication
Mr Thomas of the Lord Chamberlain's
Department has arrived, and
that said office to be
yours

L^d Gen. F. A. Wetherall to F. B. Watson

46637

your thoughts under his guidance
and instructions, will be entered
upon tomorrow morning &
proceed with, agreeably
to the instructions expected
by that gentleman from
the Chamberlain's Office.

The Duchess of Newcastle
from this place at 11 o'clock this
morning, accompanied by Mrs
Royal

76335

Royal High Prince Leopold

I have the honor to be

Dear Sir
Your most obed

servant

J. B. Watson

Sept 4 1820

Sept 4 1820

J. B. Watson

Duchess of Kent

46640

Monseigneur.

Je ne fais qu'arriver ici, dans ce moment, et ne perds pas un instant, pour remercier Votre Altesse Royale pour toutes les expressions de bienveillance, ainsi que de sympathie qui me sont parvenues et qui ont fait tant de bien à mon cœur. J'aurais déjà plutôt osé Lui écrire, mais ma tête étoit si bouleversée que je n'en avais pas la force. Mon sort, sous tous les rapports, est des plus tristes, mais j'ose, avec la plus parfaite confiance, mettre mon avenir ainsi que de mon Enfant, entre les mains de Votre Altesse Royale, et son excellent cœur m'est le plus sûr garant, de sa bienveillance.

Je La prie, d'être ^{assurée} et de daigner me croire, que je mettrai la plus grande attention, à toujours

01882

mériter par mes actions et ma conduite, l'approbation
et la protection de Votre Altesse Royale
Dans ce moment ci, je dois encore Lui offrir mes
tres humbles remerciemens, pour la manière gracieuse
avec laquelle Elle m'a accordé, les appartemens à
Hennington, qui par le souvenir des jours de mon
bonheur passer; — me sont une retraite bien
chère. Je me sentirois très heureuse, quand Votre
Altesse Royale, me permettra de Lui offrir
mes hommages et la prié de recevoir l'assurance
du profond respect avec lequel j'ai l'honneur d'être

Monsieur
Hennington Pallace de Votre Altesse Royale
le 28 Janvier
1820

La très humble et toute dévoué
servante et belle soeur
Victoire D. d. R.

Not to be filmed

GEO/MAIN/46640A/1

FUNERAL SOLEMNITIES
ON THE
INTERMENT OF THE REMAINS
OF HIS LATE
ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF KENT.

Although the more recent calamity of the death of our late venerable Sovereign had, in some measure, diverted the public attention from the melancholy fate of his Royal Highness the Duke of Kent; nevertheless, as the period arrived for paying the last earthly honours to his remains, the painful feelings of his immediate friends, and of those numerous classes who had such frequent opportunities of appreciating his worth, seemed to revive with additional poignancy; and his funeral was looked to with peculiar interest.

We noticed the preliminary arrangements for the mournful ceremony, which took place last Saturday night at Windsor. As we have already announced, the body of his Royal Highness laid in state for a short time at Woolbrook Cottage, Sidmouth, previous to its final removal from a scene which, but a few days before, was distinguished by all the smiling joys of domestic bliss and social happiness. This took place on Sunday evening, in a spacious room, which was hung with black cloth, and lighted with thirty wax candles. The glare of day was altogether excluded. The coffin and urn were raised upon trestles, and covered with a rich velvet pall, turned up at each end to show the splendid materials of which they were composed.

At the head of the coffin was raised a superb plume of feathers, and three smaller plumes were placed on each side; also right and left were three large wax tapers, in solid silver candlesticks, standing near five feet high.

The whole had a most awful and imposing effect, and the concourse of persons who were admitted to the solemn spectacle was immense for a country town. The company entered at one door, and having walked round the royal remains, made their egress by another. Every thing was conducted with the greatest order and regularity.

On Monday the Procession towards Windsor commenced, attended by an immense concourse of spectators from the surrounding country, who sincerely lamented the early loss of one to whose future residence among them they had looked with the most pleasing sensations.

ORDER OF PROCESSION.

Salcombe Troop of Yeomanry Cavalry, commanded by Capt. Cornish.

Band of the 4th Light Dragoons. The instruments hung with crape, &c. Drums muffled, playing the Dead March in Saul. Twenty Tradesmen of his late Royal Highness on horseback, with silk handkerchiefs and scarves, two and two.

Two Mutes on horseback.

The Plume of Feathers borne on a man's head.

Two Mutes on horseback.

A Mourning Coach and Six Horses, conveying the Urn, attended by Captain Parker (his Royal Highness's private Secretary), and James Thomas, Esq. of the Lord Chamberlain's Department, escorted by a party of the 4th Light Dragoons.

The Hearse, conveying the ROYAL REMAINS, adorned with Escutcheons, drawn by eight Horses, richly habited with Escutcheons and Plumes of Feathers, and escorted by a party of the 4th Light Dragoons.

Mourning Coach, conveying General Wetherall (Comptroller of his Household), and the Rev. Dr. Wetherall (his Domestic Chaplain), drawn by six horses.

Party of the 4th Light Dragoons.

Mourning Coach, conveying Mr. Mahieu, his Royal Highness's Valet, and Mr. Bick, House Steward, drawn by six horses, and escorted by a party of the 4th Light Dragoons.

His late Royal Highness's Travelling Chariot and four horses, blinds up—two Footmen behind.

Large Party of Dragoons.

Carriage containing the Rev. William Jenkins, jun.

Carriages containing Mr. Macguire and Mr. Luscombe, Surgeons; and Mr. Hodge, Apothecary.

Carriage, containing Mr. Wallace, his Royal Highness's Librarian, at Sidmouth.

Near thirty carriages of the nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood attended the procession about three miles out of town—the carriages with those gentlemen of Sidmouth having his Royal Highness's appointment, followed the Royal remains a mile beyond the town of Honiton.

Among the carriages of the nobility and gentry were the Right Hon. Lord Rolle, the Right Hon. Lord Graves, Sir J. Kenna-way, Bart. Sir Joseph Scott, Bart. Sir Edward Stracey, Bart. Edward Lee, Esq. Henry Stewart, Esq. Thomas Dashwood, Esq. Mr. Phillipps, D. O'Bryen, Esq. &c. &c.

Upon the arrival of the procession at Bridport, the remains of his Royal Highness were placed in the church there, under a military guard, during the night of Monday.

On the following morning, at ten o'clock, the procession moved in the same order, halting on Tuesday, the 8th, at Blandford; on Wednesday, the 9th, at Salisbury; and on Thursday, the 10th, at Basingstoke; the same arrangement being observed, for placing the remains of his late Royal Highness each night as at Bridport.

In every town through which the cavalcade passed, the utmost respect was evinced by the inhabitants; the shops were closed—the church bells tolled, and every other suitable attention was paid which the solemn occasion required.

On Friday the procession moved on in the same order to Cumberland Lodge, which is situated in the Great Park, on the South side of Windsor, and arrived there at six o'clock in the evening. This lodge takes its name from the Duke of Cumberland, uncle to his late Majesty. It is a large substantial red brick building, not remarkable in the exterior for any architectural beauty, but the rooms within are spacious. It has for some time been unoccupied. The Prince Regent's Cottage (as of late it was called), so much the object of public attention some time back, is situated close to it, and was formerly the residence of the Deputy Ranger. On the arrival of the procession at the lodge, the coffin was received at the principal entrance by Mr. Mash, attended by Col. Stevenson. It was conveyed into one of the suite of rooms on the ground floor, immediately at the left of the hall. Those rooms were entirely hung with black cloth, and trestles were prepared on which the body was deposited. Previous to the approach of the procession, a detachment of the Royal Horse Guards had reached the Lodge in readiness to receive it. They were drawn up in front of the edifice, and after delivery of the corpse, they prepared to escort the carriage in which the urn was placed, to St. George's Chapel. For this purpose, each third man was provided with a flambeau; and soon after nine, the carriage, attended by the escort, advanced to Windsor. The night was pitch dark, and the weather unfavourable, consequently few persons witnessed this part of the ceremony. The Dean was apprised of the approach of the urn, and had the Chapel lighted for its reception. At eight o'clock the cavalcade arrived, and immediately advanced to the south door. The urn was then conveyed to the platform leading to the vault, and in the presence of the Dean (the Rev. Mr. Digby), of Mr. Mash, Colonel Stevenson, and the Officers of the Chapel, was lowered to the cemetery, where it was deposited, in the niche in which the coffin was afterwards placed. The escort then departed to their quarters.

At 12 o'clock at noon on Saturday, the public were admitted at Cumberland Lodge to see the remains of his late Royal Highness lying in State. They entered at the Great Hall, from which they proceeded to the drawing-room, a spacious apartment, hung with black draperies, and lighted with wax tapers, fixed in silver sconces on the walls. Under a canopy covered with escutcheons was placed the body. Over the coffin, which was covered with crimson velvet, was placed a pall, adorned with escutcheons. On each side the body were burning four large wax lights, in massive silver candlesticks. At the head of the coffin sat two gentlemen of his late Royal Highness's household. The effect of the whole scene was most impressive.

At seven o'clock in the evening, the bells of St. George's chapel and the parish church began to toll. A detachment of the Royal Horse Guards lined the streets from the gate of the Castle to the entrance of the Long Walk, in open order, every fourth man bearing a flambeau.

At seven o'clock the several departments of the procession, as it was to move from Cumberland Lodge, assembled on the lawn in front of that edifice, where they were marshalled in proper order, under the direction of Mr. Thomas, of the Lord Chamberlain's Office, Messrs. Bailey and Saunders, and their assistants, to whose zeal and activity much praise is due. Every thing being in readiness, the procession proceeded in the following order:—

A detachment of Cavalry.

Trumpets and Drums of the Royal Household.

Kettle Drum, Mr. Richard Ashley.

Deputy Serjeant Trumpeter, John Nost, Esq.

The Knight Marshal's Men.

Servants and Grooms of the Royal Family, in full State Liveries, with crape hat bands and black gloves, four and four, each bearing a flambeau.

Servants and Grooms of his late Royal Highness, on foot, in deep mourning, each bearing a flambeau.

THE HEARSE.

Drawn by six horses, adorned with escutcheons of his late Royal Highness's arms.

A Mourning coach, drawn by six horses, in which were General Wetherall, and his son, the Domestic Chaplain of his Royal Highness.

A mourning coach and six, in which were two of his Royal Highness's servants.

His present Majesty's coach and six;

The coachmen and postillions, and the four footmen behind, in their state liveries—blinds up.

His Royal Highness the Duke of York's carriage and six horses, with three footmen behind.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex's carriage and six horses. Three Footmen.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester's carriage and six horses. Three footmen.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Saxe Coburg's carriage and six horses. Also with three footmen.

The rear was brought up by a detachment of Lancers, and the whole was flanked by the Royal Horse Guards, every fourth man bearing a flambeau. The streets of the town through which the cavalcade passed lined with the Foot Guards. The deep tone of the funeral bell announced its advance. This was the only sound which broke upon its silent way: there was no music whatever. This arrangement was stated to have been ob-

served as a mark of respect towards the Royal remains yet uninterred.

Such was the order in which this solemn procession moved, at a quarter before eight o'clock, from Cumberland Lodge to its final destination at Windsor. As it approached the town, the *coup d'aile* of the cavalcade proceeding down the Long Walk, which forms a noble avenue, planted at each side, for a distance of two miles, with stately and venerable elms, was extremely imposing from the end of Park-street. The blaze of the torches illuminated the atmosphere in the distance, as they were borne on the descent of the hill: then the dark relief of the trees cast a suitable gloom on the mournful spectacle; and the occasional disappearance of the objects from the undulating form of this part of the park, and their again emerging into full view, presented one of the grandest prospects we ever witnessed. An immense concourse of people filled the whole line of the procession; and on its entrance to Windsor, at nine o'clock, the crowds were immense. A respectful silence every where reigned; all persons seemed anxious to pay a proper tribute to the memory of a Prince who had endeared himself to all ranks in society. The windows of all the houses in Park-street, Castle-street, and indeed every place from which a glimpse of the passing scene could be had, were filled with respectable persons of both sexes, clad in deep mourning. The Castle yard was equally thronged. Within St. George's Chapel a considerable number of persons had obtained admission to the north aisle and organ loft, from whence they could command a full view of the last sad offices which closed this affecting ceremonial. These visitors were admitted by tickets from the Lord Chamberlain before seven o'clock, at which time the chapel was so dimly lighted, as scarcely to make objects visible. The place became gradually illumined by the light of flambeaux distributed among the military, who lined a platform, erected from the entrance of the south door down the aisle, and up the nave to the choir, over which the procession took its way. The whole of the choir, the altar, and the knights' stalls, were lined with black cloth; and, notwithstanding a number of additional lights, the *tout-ensemble* had a sombre and gloomy appearance, rendered still more impressive from the absence of the usual sacred music. There was no anthem. The organ was silent, and in fact every thing was conducted with the utmost privacy of which the occasion would admit, consistent with the rank of the illustrious deceased.

At eight o'clock their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of York, of Sussex, Clarence, and Gloucester, together with his Royal Highness Prince Leopold, proceeded to the house of the Dean, where they put on their mourning robes: from thence they went into the chapter, where the procession within the sacred walls was arranged.

Upon the arrival of the procession at the Chapel, the drums and trumpets of the royal household, the Knight Marshal's men, and the servants and grooms of the Royal Family, filed off without the door.

At the south entrance of St. George's Chapel, the Dean and Canons, attended by the Choir, received the body; and part of the procession having been previously formed, the whole moved on in the following order:—

Naval Knights of Windsor.		
Poor Knights of Windsor.		
Pages of the Royal Family.		
Pages of his late Royal Highness.		
Apothecaries of his late Royal Highness.	Surgeons of his late Royal Highness.	
Mr. Thompson,	Sir W. Adams,	
Mr. Tegart.	Mr. Pettigrew.	
Vicar and Curate of Windsor.		
Physicians to his late Royal Highness,		
Doctors Wilson, Mater, and Dare.		
Chaplains to his late Royal Highness,		
Rev. — Rudge, Rev. Dr. Wetherall, Rev. J. G. Smith, and	Rev. — Birdward.	
Secretaries to his late Royal Highness,		
Capt. Conroy, and Capt. Parker.		
Equerries to his late Royal Highness,		
Maj.-Gen. Saumarez, Maj.-Gen. Moore, and Col. Drinkwater.	Grooms of his late Royal Highness's Bedchamber.	
Pursuivants of Arms,		
William Woods, Esq., Bluemantle.		
George Fred. Beltz, Esq.	Chas. Geo. Young, Esq.	
Portcullis.	Rouge Dragon.	
Heralds.		
Francis Martin, Esq.	James Cathrow, Esq.	
Windsor.	Somerset.	
Joseph Hawker, Esq.	Sir Geo. Naylor, Knt.	
Richmond.	York.	
Edmund Lodge, Esq.	Geo. Martin Leake, Esq.	
Lancaster.	Chester.	
Comptroller of his late Royal Highness's Household,		
General Wetherall.		
A Gentleman Usher.	The Vice Chamberlain of his Majesty's Household,	A Gentleman Usher.
Lord Jocelyn.		
Choristers and Lay Clerks of St. George's Chapel.		
Minor Canons.		
Prebendaries.		
Dean of Windsor.		

The Coronet of his late Royal Highness, upon a black velvet cushion, borne by Norroy King of Arms.

Ralph Bigland, Esq.

THE BODY,

Covered with a black velvet Pall, adorned with eight escutcheons of his late Royal Highness's Arms, under a canopy of black velvet.

Supporters of the Canopy, three Generals, in their uniform, with black crape scarves.

Supporters of the Pall, two Field-Marshal, or Full Generals, in their uniforms, with black crape scarves.



Supporters of the Pall, two Field-Marshal, or Full Generals, in their uniforms, with black crape scarves.

Supporters of the Canopy, three Generals, in their uniform, with black crape scarves.

The Supporters of the Pall were Lord Cathcart, Sir H. Dalrymple, Gen. Needham, and Gen. Gascoigne. The Supporters of the Canopy were Gen. Sir G. Nugent, Gen. Sir W. Keppel, Gen. Sir A. Clarke, Gen. Cartwright, Gen. Gwynne, and Gen. Manners.

A Gentleman Usher. { Garter Principal King of Arms, Sir Isaac Heard. }

Supporter, the Duke of Dorset. { The Chief Mourner, His Royal Highness THE DUKE OF YORK, in a long black cloak, his train borne by Col. Berkeley, Hon. Col. Stanhope, Lord Alvanley, and Sir Culling Smith. }

THE DUKE OF CLARENCE, in a long black cloak; his train borne by Sir J. B. Warren and Sir C. Pole.

THE DUKE OF SUSSEX, in a long black cloak; his train borne by Major-General Sir G. Walker and H. F. Stephenson, Esq.

THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, in a long black cloak; his train borne by Edmund Currey, Esq. Col. Dalton and Col. Higgins.

PRINCE LEOPOLD, in a long black cloak; his train borne by Baron Hardenbroke and Lieut.-Col. Sir R. Gardiner. Two Gentlemen Ushers. Yeomen of the Guard.

About seven o'clock a detachment of the battalion of the Guards, stationed at Windsor, marched into the Chapel. They formed a single line on each side the nave, every fourth man bearing a flambeau. About 200 persons had been admitted as spectators, into the north aisle, by tickets issued by the Lord Chamberlain, the Earl Marshal, and the Dean and Canons of Windsor.

At the entrance into the Chapel the Dean of Windsor commenced the reading of the sublime Funeral Service, "I am the resurrection and the life." It is a point of propriety that during the period of a Monarch lying unentombed, the Church Service shall not be performed in any Cathedral or Collegiate Chapel. The mournful and unprecedented circumstance, that on this occasion the funeral rites which demanded this observance were those of a Son of the Sovereign, thus removed at the same time to a happier state, rendered the simple and affecting office of the dead peculiarly solemn. The body was conveyed into the Choir, by the same machinery at that adopted at the Funeral of her late Majesty. The Dean then read the Service from under the Sovereign's Stall. At the proper moment, the platform placed over the entrance of the Royal Vault gradually descended, without any perceptible aid: the Chief Mourner sate on a chair at the head of the corpse, his supporters on either side; the supporters of the pall sate in their places near the body, and the bearers of the canopy on either side.

From the great size of the coffin, there was some difficulty in lowering it into the vault, the opening being scarcely large enough for its admission.

At the conclusion of the Office of Burial, the venerable Sir Isaac Heard proclaimed the stile of his late Royal Highness, in a most distinct and impressive manner, in the following words: "Thus it hath pleased Almighty God to take out of this transitory life unto his divine mercy, the most high, most mighty, and illustrious Prince Edward, Duke of Kent and Strathern, Earl of Dublin, Knight of the most Noble Order of the Garter, Knight Grand Cross of the most honourable military Order of the Bath, and Knight of the most illustrious Order of Saint Patrick; fourth son of his late most sacred Majesty King George the Third of blessed memory; and third brother of the most high, most mighty, and most excellent, Monarch, George

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the Fourth, by the grace of God of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, King of Hanover, and Duke of Brunswick and Lunenburg; whom God bless and preserve with health, long life, honour, and all worldly happiness."

Throughout the awful ceremony all eyes were turned upon their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of York, Clarence, Sussex, and Prince Leopold, whose feelings it is almost impossible to describe. His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, so long the intimate companion and resident under the same roof at Kensington Palace with his lamented brother, in vain rallied his firmness to support him under this trying affliction. Their congenial feelings, the reciprocity of their active and benevolent pursuits rushed upon his mind; the sudden rupture of their earthly connexion under circumstances so peculiarly calculated to awaken the most poignant grief, called forth all those sensations, which but the good can feel, and his Royal Highness gave vent to his feelings in unrestrained and overwhelming anguish. The grief of Prince Leopold was manifested in a calmer but not less expressive manner. His Royal Highness appeared sunk in abstract contemplation. He now mourned for the husband of his sister—when last in this chapel he wept over the bier of his wife, the beloved and lamented daughter of England. Doubtless the pageant of the ceremony recalled in rapid succession all those reflections which awaken past sorrow, and give the solace of melancholy but unavailing vent to the best feelings of our nature. The Dukes of York and Clarence seemed equally to feel the bitter separation to which they were doomed from the object of their fraternal affection. This melancholy scene was doubtless rendered still more poignant by the sad impression, that mournful as was this spectacle, it was but the prelude of the more formal, though equally lamented burial of a parent, who had endeared himself throughout a long reign, by the exercise of the most lasting virtues.—Three days will scarce elapse, before these illustrious mourners will have to stand on the same spot, to take a last view of the remains of a beloved parent, sinking into his tomb amid the affectionate attachment of a free people. The association of these feelings could not fail to arouse the acute sensibility of their Royal Highnesses, under a combination of circumstances at once so melancholy and distressing.

The Royal Mourners and their attendants immediately withdrew from the Chapel to the Castle. The remains of his late Royal Highness were then deposited in the place assigned them in the Cemetery. His coffin is the eighth which this mausoleum contains. The first body placed here was that of Princess Amelia, the next the Duchess of Brunswick, his late Majesty's sister; the third and fourth, our late lamented Princess Charlotte and her child; the fifth, the late Queen; the sixth and seventh, the young Princes Octavius and Alfred; and the eighth, the Duke of Kent. His late Majesty will form the 9th inmate of this humbling and equalizing mansion. Our late lamented Sovereign took considerable interest in the construction of this cemetery. It was begun by his Majesty's order to the late Mr. Wyatt, in 1810. An excavation was formed in a dry rock of chalk, of the whole length and width of the building, called Wolsey's Tomb House, originally intended by that ambitious Cardinal, as the depository of his remains, within the walls of which it is enclosed to the depth of 15 feet from the surface. The dimensions of the tomb are 70 feet in length, 28 in width, and 14 in depth. In digging the foundation, the remains of an embalmed female and child in a leaden coffin, were discovered in a state of perfect preservation. They were supposed to be those of Eleanor, Edward's Queen, and her infant child, and were, after being kept two days open to view, again entombed. The receptacle for bodies in this tomb are formed of Gothic octagon columns, supporting a range of four shelves, each of which, in the space between the columns, is formed to contain two bodies, the whole range of each side affording space for 52 coffins. At the east end are five niches, for the reception of as many coffins. In the centre, 12 low tombs are erected for the reception of Sovereigns. The sepulchre is thus calculated to receive eight bodies. The columns are of fine Bath stone, and the shelves are of Yorkshire stone.

It is a singular fact, that though his late Majesty was constantly present with Mr. Wyatt, in the progress of the formation of this tomb, it pleased Providence to spare him the grief of seeing the interment of any member of his august family within its walls, though three weeks had scarce elapsed after the appearance of the illness which clouded the declining years of his Majesty's life, when the first coffin (that of the Princess Amelia) was deposited in the then unfinished vault erected by her beloved Parent. With what rapid and eventful succession that vault has since been occupied, the country will long mourn with unaffected sympathy. It is well known, that the first symptoms of his late Majesty's malady, which, perhaps, fortunately for his acute and susceptible feelings, rendered him insensible to the sad mortality that subsequently visited his family, were caused (or at least to such were they attributed) by the presentation of a mourning ring suddenly prepared by the Princess Amelia for her Royal Father, and which she placed on his finger as he took leave of her at the close of one of his daily visits, the week (we think) before she died. The King's mind was shaken on the occasion, and it pleased Providence that the first bulletin of the Physicians announcing the nature of his disorder, immediately preceded that of the medical attendants notifying the death of the Princess, his youngest and fondest daughter, from whom he had but a few days before parted in

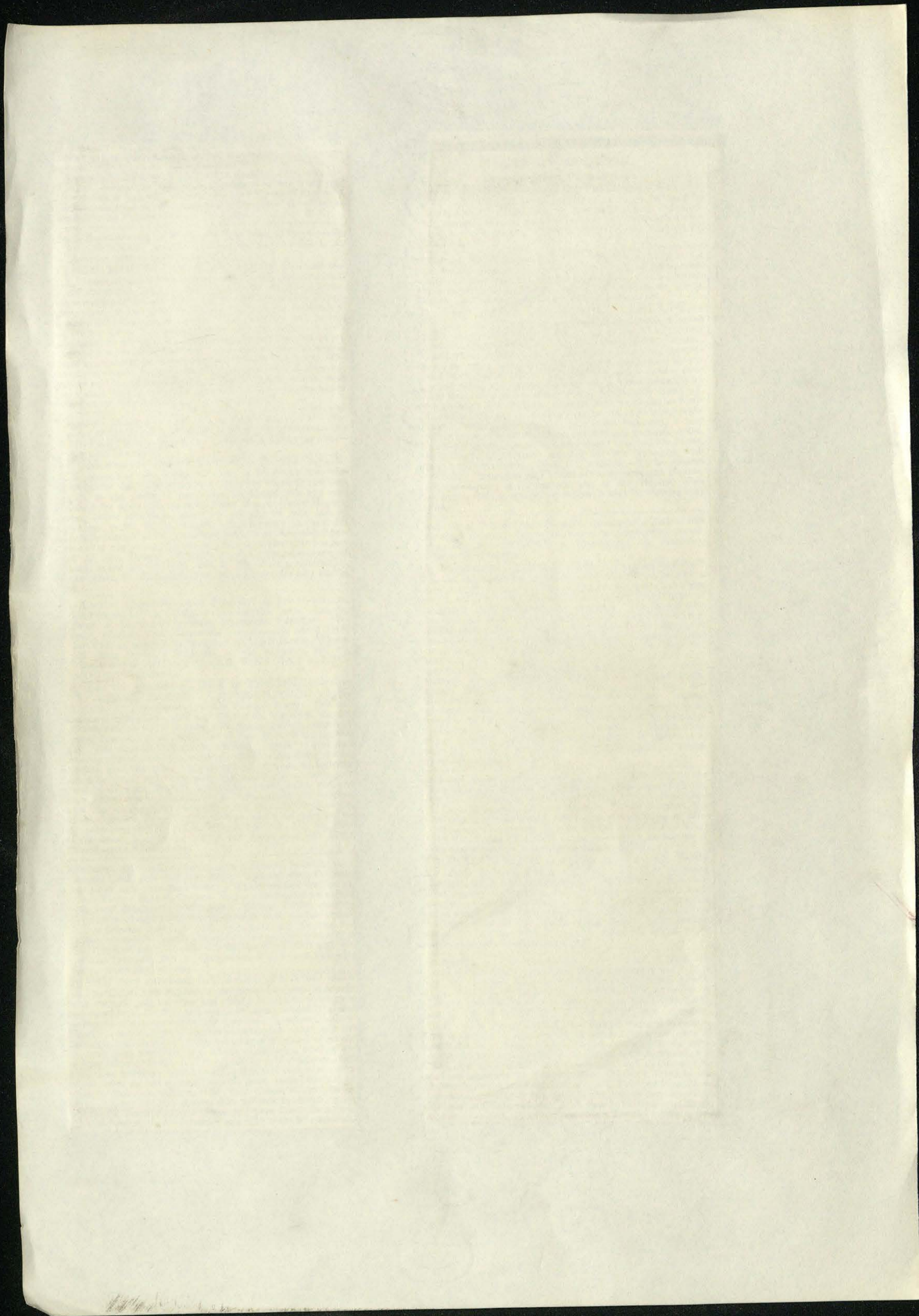
perfect health, and who filled the first compartment in this lonely mansion, which has since, in rapid succession, received as many inmates from the late King's Family, as (with the exception of one) years have elapsed since its construction.

The town of Windsor presented throughout the day a scene of extraordinary bustle. Every house of public entertainment was thronged to excess. Carriages of all descriptions were seen pouring in from every direction. His Royal Highness the Duke of York arrived on Friday night, and his Royal Brothers and Prince Leopold reached the Castle on Saturday evening. They dined with their Royal Highnesses the Princess Augusta and the Duchess of Gloucester. At the lodge, the temporary residence of Mr. Mash, a dinner was prepared for the noblemen and gentlemen who formed part of the procession within the Chapel. These individuals proceeded to the Chapter at eight o'clock, where they were placed in the order already described. The whole ceremony was brought to a close at ten o'clock, when the bustle of departure again threw the town into confusion. Most of the members of the Royal Family returned to town, as did a great number of other individuals who had been present, and thus, till a late hour yesterday morning, the road presented a line of vehicles of various descriptions, the progress of which was greatly retarded from the harassed state of the horses.

LINES,

ON THE LAMENTED DEATH OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF KENT.

Whence is that mournful strain from princely halls—
The wall of anguish o'er the Patriot's doom?
From yon bright sphere a star of glory falls,
And gathering darkness spreads portentous gloom.
Flow fast a nation's tears—the tribute due,
Illustrious EDWARD, to thy matchless worth:
Thro' all thy blest career to virtue true;
Pure from that living stream each feeling owed its birth.
Amid the pomp which Regal station throws,
The lineal honour and high-sounding name;
To loftier claims thy cherish'd memory owes
Its proud distinction and its deathless fame.
Yes, let the trophy, rich with hostile spoils,
Transmit to future praise the Warrior's pride;
Let Fame's loud blast repeat his martial toils,
And Honour heap her treasures at his side.
Lo! for Thy Monument shall Virtue rear
A hallow'd Urn, which Freedom's wreath shall crown;
Philanthropy shall keep her vigils near,
And guard inviolate thy just renown.
How late thy glowing eloquence withstood
Each deadly foe, impeding Truth's career:
Thine was no sordid mind by flattery woo'd,
Or palsied by the chilling touch of fear.
Fix'd on that base, where Britain's Freedom rests
Its sacred structure, thy undaunted soul,
With constant zeal, maintain'd her high behests,
And check'd the license of usurp'd controul.
Thus did thy influence, with expansive power,
O'er mental darkness shed the dawning light
Of Truth and Knowledge;—Wisdom hail'd the hour,
Predicting hopes in fair prospective bright.
And might the Muse that social scene invade,
Where Nature triumphs in the feeling breast;
When rank and splendour sink in grateful shade,
And leave the Statesman as the Husband blest.
Oh! might she seek, within the soul's recess,
The fond o'erflowings of parental joy;
The pious Charity so prompt to bless,
The steady Friendship time could ne'er destroy.
How would she linger on so dear a theme!
But why the melancholy strain prolong?
The stroke which banish'd life's illusive dream,
Has bound his spirit to a nobler throng.
Sweet orphan Babe! the sacred pledge he left
His weeping Country; in her grateful arms
Thy youth shall flourish, and of him bereft,
Their fostering love shall guard thy budding charms.
Upon thy brow, adorn'd with female grace,
Thy Father's temper'd dignity shall shine;
And Britain's future Sons with pride shall trace
The living image of His soul in Thine.
There be his steady rectitude of thought,
With tenderest sympathy and love combin'd;
Thine be his liberal aim, which boldly sought
To spread the gift of Truth o'er all mankind.
Thus shall one cheering beam of joy be shed
Athwart the glist'ning drops of recent woe;
And, through the gathering darkness, Hope shall spread
Her pledge of promise, like the radiant bow. E. C.



The Duchess of Kent

to

The King

25th May 1825.

1825

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Kensington Palace 25th May Your
Obedt

Sir

I have this moment received
from the Duchess of Gloucester, your
Majesty's most gracious recollection of your
Niece, she is all delight with your kindness
to her and your goodness in deigning ^{to mark} a day,
that is to her, so happy a one.

I must also beg to acknowledge ~~your~~ ^{your} Majesty's extreme goodness on this
occasion, and I beg to assure you,
that I am with every sentiment of

1838

respect Sir!

Your Majesty's
Most affectionate Sister in Law
and dutiful Subject

Victoria

