

"The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
The thrones that they contained before,"
with solemn pathos. At this part his Royal
Highness the Prince Consort was deeply affected.
The service was then continued with the psalter
commencing, "Man that is born of woman has
but a short time to live, and is full of misery." At
its termination there was a long and solemn
pause, during which, slowly, and at first almost
imperceptibly, the gorgeous coffin began to sink
into the grave. It was a solemn moment, not
a movement was made by any of the mourn-
ers as it gradually continued to descend. The
sound of the troops stationed outside the chapel re-
verberating arms for one brief second broke the dead
stillness, but that was all—inside the building all
was as motionless and quiet as the coffin itself,
which was so slowly fading from the sight.
Gradually it became level with the floor of the
chapel, then sank deeper and deeper, seeming
from its deep crimson sides almost to shed a
colour on the cloth-lined walls of the grave. In
a minute or so more and it was lost to sight
entirely, and the service was resumed with the
passage, "Forasmuch as it has pleased Almighty
God of his great mercy to take unto himself
the soul of our dear sister here departed." At
the proper interval one of the assistants scattered
scented air, which, dropping on the platea
ornaments of the coffin, made a sharp tacking
sound that was almost noise in such a solemn
stillness. The choir then sang Handel's most
touching and magnificent anthem, "I Heard a
Voice from Heaven," during which his Royal
Highness the Prince Consort slightly advanced
to take a last glance into the grave. The rest
of the religious portion of the ceremony being
completed, Her King-at-Arms, standing at
the foot of the grave, proclaimed in a low, solemn
voice, the style of the illustrious deceased, ac-
cording to ancient custom, in the following
words:—"Thus it has pleased Almighty God to
take out of this transitory life unto his Di-
vine mercy the most illustrious Princess Victoria,
Maria Louisa, widow of the most high, most
mighty, and illustrious Prince Edward, Duke of
Kent and Strathmore, and mother of her most
Excellent Majesty Victoria, by the grace of God
Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and
Ireland, Queen, Defender of the Faith, whom
God bless and preserve with long life, health,
honour, and all worldly happiness." This for-
mula concluded the whole service. The chief
mourner and the other members of the Royal
family and funeral cortege then slowly quitted
the building. Prince and Princess Edward took
their departure at the same time, in a few
minutes the chapel was almost empty, and only
the square black aperture in the centre of the
floor, with the crimson coffin lying far down in
the gloom beneath, remained to show where the
Duchess of Kent was buried with such solemnity.