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## THE MONTH.

THE death of the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, which occurred at Sandringham on the 14th inst., has evoked expressions of deep regret and tender sympathy on every side. The influenza chill, of which his Royal Highness complained a few days before, developed into pneumonia, and the end was sudden.<sup>1</sup>

The *Record* well says :

A great grief has fallen upon the Empire in the almost sudden death of the Duke of Clarence. The sympathy of all the Queen's subjects and of millions who are not so will be offered to the Sovereign herself, whose life—chequered by many sad bereavements—now receives a fresh scar ; to the Royal parents who lose so unexpectedly an eldest son ; and, perhaps, most of all to the lady who was so soon to have become the bride of the heir to the throne of England.

We have to record the death of the late Bishop of Winchester (Harold Browne) and the late Bishop of Worcester (Philpott) ; of the Bishop of Down (Dr. Reeves) ; of the Duke of Devonshire ; of the Earl of Lichfield ; of Sir Thomas Chambers, Recorder ; of Bishop Crowther ; of Canon Dixon, and of Canon Purton.

Cardinal Manning died on the 14th inst., in the eighty-fourth year of his age.

The epidemic of Influenza has this year—the third year—been very general and very severe. The majority attacked by it, says a weekly journal, still escape death,

but a minority, apparently including all who have any liability to lung-disease or any inherent weakness of constitution, are killed by it as rapidly and certainly as by the great malaria fevers of which the world entertains such fear. They die, like the Duke of Clarence, within a week of seizure, no possession of means, no medical skill, and no perfection of nursing, appearing to afford them the least protection. The victims are not, as we thought last year, picked from among the officers of the social army, for the general death-rate rises sharply ; but the disease betrays a distinct malignity towards the old, who, in the modern system of society, are those who are the most important, and, therefore, the most missed. Men over sixty, if fairly seized by the pest, in a day or two develop pneumonia—that is, acute inflammation of the lungs and delirium—and then, unless they are exceptionally strong, they die within a week.

<sup>1</sup> The country has been saddened this week, says the *Spectator* of the 16th, by the death of the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, the ultimate heir to the throne, whose betrothal to the Princess Mary of Teck has brought his name into all men's mouths. The Duke, it is believed, caught cold at the funeral of Prince Victor of Hohenlohe-Langenberg, and on Friday week was compelled to take to his bed with influenza, complicated, the doctors perceived, by congestion of one lung. The fever was severe, the temperature rising to 107 ; but no serious result was expected until Monday, when it was seen that both lungs had become affected. By Tuesday evening delirium had set in, and the doctors, in their next day bulletins, warned the public that the gravest danger was apprehended. On Wednesday night there was for a time a slight improvement, but the Prince's vitality was never strong, and at 9.15 a.m. on Thursday he died. The grief of the Princess of Wales, a most affectionate mother, is overwhelming ; but the country thinks first of the Princess May, the expectant bride whose hopes have been so cruelly blasted. The mourning is universal, for though the Prince was little known, the circumstances have touched all hearts, and any grave misfortune to the Royal house calls out the sleeping loyalty of the people.