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Editorial.

THE SPIRIT OF THE GREAT PROCESSION.

No one who witnessed the pageant of Friday last week, as the dead King was carried to his rest, could fail to be impressed by the universal sorrow which was the dominant note of the sad ceremony and which was manifest not only in the bearing of the King as he rode behind the bier of his dead Father, but in that of the humblest of his subjects. The great crowds mourned a friend as well as a King, and the day of national mourning gave but outward expression to the general grief.

No less remarkable was the homage of the world's Kings and Princes who took part in that great procession, and nothing could have demonstrated more forcibly the international goodwill inspired by King Edward VII. in his brief reign than that eight reigning monarchs should have set aside weighty affairs of state in order to pay a personal tribute of respect to the King who had a genius for friendship—a friendship freely extended to the great French and American Republics, as well as to countries governed by constitutional monarchs.

When the glittering procession of the world's Rulers had passed, all eyes turned in sympathy and loyal devotion to the Queen Mother, who with a marvellous courage bore herself as beseemed a daughter of the Danish Vikings. On all sides her sorrow, her endurance, her fortitude, rivetted yet more closely the ties by which she is united to the land of her adoption.

In all the great procession there was no more moving spectacle than that of the King's riderless charger, Kildare, who with drooping head followed the gun-carriage;

and of Cæsar, His Majesty's favourite wire-haired terrier, who has been inconsolable for his loss, and who trotted along in charge of Maclean, King Edward's gillie and gun loader, who wore the Stuart tartan. The loyal heart of a dog is untouched by the majesty of sovereignty and owns only as its sovereign the man who can win its affection. No courtier, but brimming over with loyal devotion, Cæsar loved and was beloved. Who had a better right to a prominent place in such a procession?

The late King had no more devoted subjects than the trained nurses of the Kingdom, and many hundreds took their places in the crowd to give expression, for the last time, to their loyalty to the dead Sovereign, and many also visited Westminster Hall during the Lying-in-State, when special facilities were given them to obtain access to the Hall by way of Palace Yard. This thoughtfulness for a busy section of workers was greatly appreciated by the trained nurses, and numbers availed themselves of the privilege thus extended.

Amongst the thousands of wreaths sent to Windsor many beautiful ones were sent by hospital nurses and nursing associations, and it will be gratifying to them to know that the names of the senders will be copied and bound up into a special volume, and the thanks of the Queen-Mother will be extended to all.

Friday, May 20th, will abide in the memory of the British people as the day of an ovation worthy of the great Monarch whom it was desired to honour. But far more is it memorable as a day in which King and people, and distinguished visitors of every degree were united by one common sentiment—grief for the loss of a widely-sympathetic and kingly man.

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