

retired within the altar rails, while the knights proper made their way to their stalls, under the guidance of gentlemen ushers. Their appearance was gorgeous, and the long robes of blue velvet lined with white satin, the bows upon the shoulders, the white silk trunk hose, the rosetted shoes, the narrow plaited ruffs, the slashed and puffed doublets, the collar, star, and badge of the order, with the Garter itself, had an indescribably noble effect. Lord Shaftesbury was one of the first who arrived. The Duke of Somerset came next. Lords Granville and Russell entered together, the latter coming in excellent health, and walking with a firm, elastic step. As might be naturally expected, much interest was excited at the appearance of Viscount Palmerston, who, so soon as he had reached his stall, was conspicuous by his accustomed easy attitude, and by his countenance shining with unimpaired intelligence and vivacity. Whatever the mortal frame of the noble Viscount may be, there was enough to show, as he turned with alacrity from side to side to talk with his wonted gaiety to his neighbours, that his heart and mind were still young. By this time—it was a quarter to twelve—another personage, silent, unannounced, but not unnoticed, had come upon the threshold, of this stately scene. In the antique closet over the communion-table there appeared, behind the gilt rail, first a Lord-in-Waiting, Lord Methuen; next a Lady of the Bedchamber, Lady Churchill; next a Woman of the Bedchamber, the Hon. Mrs. Robert Bruce; and lastly, the most illustrious of all the inmates of this great guest-hall. She was clad in deep black, even to her gloves. She wore a close-fitting, unadorned widow's cap, with long streamers of lawn. Furthermore, she wore the broad blue ribbon of the Garter, with its glittering star, and round her neck what seemed to be a locket suspended from a chain of gold. Her face looked very, very pale; but beyond this pallor, the result, no doubt, of a settled and inconsolable melancholy, we rejoice to say that no signs of actual malady were to be traced in that calm and statuesque countenance—calm and statuesque indeed till her sons and her daughters, and all the little children of him who is gone, came upon the dais beneath her; and then the mother's heart, nerved and braced up for the supreme and imperial effort of that hour, gave way, and she bowed her head and wept. This was her Majesty the Queen. To dwell at further length upon her presence and demeanour during the ceremony would be, at the least, obtrusive.

Shortly before twelve o'clock the nave became the centre of interest. Its aspect was most animated. The delicate white of the ceiling, walls, and columns, picked out with blazoned shields and mullions, and vividly relieved by the deep blues and crimsons in the window at the western end, was further contrasted with the scarlet-edged tiers of seats on either side the deep red river of carpeting, the heavy curtains which veiled the entrance to the reception-saloons, and the glowing parterres of elegantly-dressed ladies on either side. The Yeomen of the Guard, in their scarlet doublets barred with gold and embroidered back and breast with the Royal cognisance and cipher, their ruffs, purpled hose, flat hats of black velvet, encircled by red and white roses, and bearing their massive halberds, had marched in under the command of their Exon, and now fringed both sides of the nave. In a line with them, but reaching as far as the organ, were the Gentlemen-at-Arms, with their red coats heavily epauletted, their white-plumed casques, and gilt pursuivants. Midway stood a group of heralds, in their tabards brave, in all the sheen of the College of Arms' badizement; and close to the entrance of the reception-saloons a squad of State drummers and trumpeters in coats of cloth of gold. The kettledrums were borne on a man's back. Heralds and trumpeters drew a little on one side. The crimson curtains were lifted up, and the Queen's guests made their appearance and proceeded slowly down the nave.

In the first group came the Oriental Prince, the Maharajah Duleep Singh, Knight of the Star of India, a handsome, brown-faced, black-moustached gentleman, whose costume it were vain to attempt, with anything like precision, to describe; for, from his turban to his slippers, it was one mass of jewels and embroidery, gold and silver tissue and brocade. This astounding Asiatic passed like a vision of the "Arabian Nights." Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, C.B., in his Guardsman's uniform, the Prince of Leiningen, and the Duke of Holstein-Glücksburg, followed. To them succeeded Prince Augustus of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, and then the Danish Princes and Princesses, her Royal Highness Princess Dagmar, and the little Princess Thyra, with her yellow hair all frizzed out, and dainty spangled shoes, and slim legs clad in silken hose, and short gauzy skirts, looking for all the world like a little fairy in a spectacle; Princess Frederick and William of Denmark; the Belgian Royal family; the Count of Flanders and the Duchess of Brabant; the tiny, toddling Prince Waldemar of Denmark, led by the mother of the bride, Princess Christian of Denmark—née Princess Louisa of

Hesse-Cassel; the reigning Duchess of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha; Prince Frederick of Hesse-Cassel; and a brilliant train of equerries, adjutants, aides-de-camp, and gentlemen in attendance on the above-named distinguished personages. They entered the choir, were duly conducted to their seats, and, after a brief interval, the curtains were again raised, and the trumpets, forming into line, began a brilliant fanfare. Sounding their silver clarions bravely, and advancing with slow, measured tread, they preceded the procession of the Royal family and of the Queen's household, from which, when they had reached the termination of the line of Yeomen of the Guard, and the beginning of that formed by the Gentlemen-at-Arms, they filed off.

The Royal family cortège consisted of an *escouade* of heralds and pursuivants; the Equerry in Waiting, Major-General Seymour; and the Clerk Marshal, Lord Alfred Paget. To them succeeded the Comptroller of the Household, Lord Proby; the Treasurer, Viscount Bury; and the Keeper of the Privy Purse, Sir Charles Phipps. Then the Groom in Waiting, the Hon. Mortimer Sackville West; and the Lord in Waiting, Lord Camoys. The Lord Steward, the Earl of St. Germans, G.C.B., followed: afterwards two Kings-at-Arms, Norry and Clarencieux, bearing themselves haughtily, albeit in their apparel there is a blending of the mediæval and the modern, which struggles between the obsolete and the ludicrous. With a gentleman usher on each side there next came, with slow and stately step, Garter King-of-Arms, Sir Charles Young, with sceptre, collar, and badge, and carrying his crown, and wearing his scarlet satin mantle of the order over his gleaming tabard. Now walked Lord Edward Fitzalan Howard, the Deputy Earl Marshal; then the Lord Chamberlain, Viscount Sydney; immediately preceding her Royal Highness Princess Mary of Cambridge, who looked superb both as to face, form, and attire, and whose flowing train was borne by Lady Edith Somerset. Her mother, her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge, came next, her train being borne by Lady Geraldine Somerset. The junior branches of the Royal family followed closely upon their aunt. There was pretty little Princess Beatrice, Prince Leopold, and Prince Arthur, in the Highland costume, and the still more Lilliputian Princess Louise.

A very brief space was suffered by etiquette to separate the foregoing from the next section of the procession, which was headed by her Royal Highness Princess Louis of Hesse, Princess Alice of Great Britain and Ireland, her trainbearer being the Baroness Schenck zu Schwerinberg, and her attendants, a lady in waiting and a treasurer; his Royal Highness Prince Louis of Hesse, attended by Captain Westermoller, followed. After these proceeded her Royal Highness the Crown Princess of Prussia, Princess Royal of Great Britain and Ireland, leading her little son, Prince William of Prussia, who, almost a baby as he is, was clad in the Highland dress, so deservedly a favourite among the juvenile branches of the Royal family, and who looked the most compact little mannikin that was ever seen out of a doll's house. A long train of chamberlain, equerries, ladies of the bedchamber, maids of honour, bedchamber women, the Master of the Buckhounds, the Silver Stick in Waiting, the Captains of the Yeomen of the Guard, and the Gentlemen-at-Arms, all of whose names we have already published in the official programme, were the next in order; but we must spare a special word for Gold Stick, Field Marshal Viscount Combermere, G.C.B. and K.S.I., who, although he must be close upon ninety years of age, if not on the wrong side of nonagenarianism, looked and bore himself in a most valiant and imposing manner.

The drums and trumpets filed off as before when the procession of the Royal family arrived at the entrance to the choir, but continued playing till it had entered, when Beethoven's triumphal march was played by the organ and by her Majesty's private band.

The Lord Chamberlain, having the drums and trumpets before him, now returned to the west entrance, to await the arrival of the bridegroom. There was a deep silence, both in nave and in choir, followed by the rustling of many robes, as the new-comers settled themselves in their places, and the long-drawn breath of eager expectation. The bridegroom was coming! What would he be like? How would he be dressed? Would he be content with the plain scarlet tunic and gold sash of a General in the Army? These were questions nervously whispered; not, perhaps, in the choir, whose occupants might be supposed to be profoundly versed in the minutest details of Court etiquette, but by those in the comparatively unsophisticated nave, who were not as yet familiar with the personal appearance of his Royal Highness, and were in ignorance as to the precise nature of the sartorial triumphs about to be displayed before their wondering and delighted eyes. All these doubts were speedily resolved. It was a quarter past twelve when the procession of the bridegroom passed beneath the drapery of the western portal, drums and trumpets, with Norry and Clarencieux,