

welcome which the Princess received. It is more than probable that of those, supposing so many to have existed, the majority were suffering from that irritable disorder which is said to

Make all Styx through one small liver pass.

But it is as certain that the demonstration of Saturday was not indicative simply of an attachment to an abstract principle; that the populace, high and low, did not throng the streets to bow before the heads that should some day wear crowns; and that their shouts were not given to lay figures clad in Royal robes. No; the popular rejoicing of that day was but an indication of the rich harvest of sympathy and affection which will be certainly reaped, under every circumstance of her life, by that Royal lady who awaited her future daughter at Windsor, and who for nearly a quarter of a century has been establishing herself in the hearts of her subjects as the first of England's Queens—the best of English women. As the nation shared, from its heart, in the gloom and desolation of that December morning when the sun of her life was suddenly and awfully eclipsed; so now, at the merest indication of her will that her son's bride elect should receive a hearty welcome to her future home among us, the Queen found every heart beating in unison with her own—every will furthering hers. It is as well that those, who saw us in our holiday garb for the first time last Saturday should know that London has seen Royal processions to which a very different reception has been given, and that the warmth and heartiness of our greeting of the Prince, who with such just and manly pride introduced his bride to us, had been thoroughly and justly earned.

It can scarcely be supposed that the spectacle of Saturday suggested thoughts like these to the fair young Princess who, with so winning an expression of surprise and confidence, returned our greetings so graciously. But there were those with her to whom the aspect of London and the welcome which it gave to the Danish Princess could scarcely fail to provoke some such reflections. To them, indeed, as to the more thoughtful among us, the aspect of the capital from one end to the other must have been pleasantly indicative of a past that has been well appreciated and a future full of hope. For, as it happened, the route which the Royal cortège pursued was one which led it through districts in which every class of the great city was fairly represented. Through the populace, amid whom the Royal carriage surged its way like a ship in a troubled sea, and who might, not unnaturally, be expected to make holiday upon any provocation, the procession wound its way between assembled crowds of the richest citizens, coming in time to Pall-mall, where all that was most distinguished in the social and political world was awaiting it, to Piccadilly, where it received the greetings of the Prime Minister and many other members of the nobility, and coming at last to what, in our pride for the manhood of Old England, we are inclined to rank as the greatest sight of all, the army of volunteers in Hyde Park. Here, at all events, were other evidences wanting of the nation's personal attachment to the Royal family—an attachment which, expressing itself as it does, must have root in our hearts—undoubtedly convincing evidence was offered. Here, in the magnificent area of Hyde Park, was collected an army of 17,000 citizen soldiers, the very pick of the youth and manhood of the country. Certainly, through such a guard of honour never Princess passed before. For it was composed mainly of the English middle class—that class which has been always somewhat famous for its sturdy self-assertion and cautious reticence, and which is assuredly not given to permitting feeling to take the place of judgment. Whatever unreasoning impulse might have filled the streets of the city and drawn the people to their windows, that army of men—soldiers not by profession nor by choice, but bearing arms to prevent the possibility of an insult being offered to their country—told beyond a doubt of the perfect character of the homage rendered to the future wife of a Prince, whom we cannot bear to regard but as the heir to the virtues as well as to the responsibilities of his Royal parents.

We cannot conclude these remarks without once again giving expression to our admiration of the share which the volunteers now take on all occasions like the one which we are considering. As a people, we have always been somewhat suspicious of a large standing army: we are all the more ready to regard with complacency the existence among us of a great national force, strong for defence, powerless for offence, to whom the protection of our honour and the integrity of our coasts may safely be confided, but whose constitution forbids the fear that the possession of so powerful a weapon should at any time encourage our rulers to enter upon an unjust or unnecessary war. It was impossible for any one to view the gathering of the volunteers in Hyde Park, or to watch them, as, the day's great event over, they tramped gaily through

the pitiless rain and mud to their homes, to the music of the bands and their own manly voices, without sharing in the feelings that stirred the hearts of the Prince and Princess, and moved them to more than usual warmth in the manifestation of their pleasure and admiration as they drove between their close ranks—soldierly silent.

The Marriage Ceremony.

The total number of persons admitted by particular invitation or special favour to witness the solemnisation of the marriage did not probably exceed 900 ladies and gentlemen, exclusive of the guards and Court attendants on duty. Of this number not one-half were admitted to the choir, or were privileged to witness the celebration of the wedding itself. Still, had the auditory been twenty times as numerous—had the screen which cut the spectacle in twain been thrown down, and the amphitheatres of seats built up to the very roof—we feel certain that but one unanimous verdict could have come from the spectators—a louder re-echo of that which was uttered by the select few—that the spectacle was the grandest, most picturesque, and most magnificent ever witnessed in England since the coronation of Queen Victoria in 1838.

The leaders of the fashionable world, the *sommities* of politics and wealth and dandyism, were brilliantly represented there; and the presence of sundry distinguished authors showed that, for once, the foremost men of literature and journalism had been deemed worthy to mingle with the Brahminical classes. Literature and journalism, and the arts pictorial, had, indeed, other but anonymous representatives in a separate portion of the structure, whence they commanded a sweeping view of both nave and choir, probably the best to be found in the whole chapel; while Mr. William Powell Frith, R. A., whose magnificent and onerous commission it is to execute a painting of the Royal marriage for her Majesty, was accommodated with a special corner for himself and his sketch-book on the *haut pas* itself.

The company admitted to the nave were in morning dress: and it need scarcely be said that the ladies displayed their freshest and most brilliant toilets. The choristers were removed from the rows of benches beneath the canons in the body of the chapel which they ordinarily occupy, and, a considerable accession to their numbers having been made, both of male and of female voices, were placed on the right-hand side of the organ in the open loft between the nave and choir. One of the earliest arrivals among the lady vocalists was Mdme. Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt, whose clear voice and pure intonation were easily distinguishable in the chorales of the service. The organ, at which Dr. Elvey, in his robes as a Doctor of Music of the University of Oxford, presided, was supplemented by an instrumental band, led by Mr. Anderson, the director of her Majesty's private orchestra.

The Ambassadors and other members of the Corps Diplomatique who had been invited to be present at the ceremony, assembled in Wolsey's Chapel at half-past eleven o'clock, and were conducted by Colonel Bagot, Assistant Master, and the Hon. Spencer Lytton, Marshal of the Ceremonies, to a raised gallery on the north side of the altar. The diplomatists mustered in considerable strength, and their gallery soon presented the usual bizarre and kaleidoscopic assortment of uniforms—blue, green, yellow, and brown, stuff with gold embroidery, and blazing with decorations and diamonds, with here and there a fez cap with its blue tassel, like a poppy in a field of ripening wheat. So, too, at half-past eleven, such of her Majesty's Cabinet Ministers and others invited to the ceremony, who did not proceed in carriages to Windsor Castle nor take part in the processions, assembled in Wolsey's Chapel, and were conducted by gentlemen ushers to the seats reserved for them in the choir, and in the gallery on the south side of the altar. Many of the stalls, not being in the actual occupancy of the Knights of the Garter—they having an inalienable right to sit in them whenever they so choose—were honoured with the presence of Peeresses and others invited to the bridal. From eleven o'clock, and for some forty minutes afterwards, there was a rapid and almost uninterrupted succession of arrivals of ladies, who were ushered into the stalls we speak of, or conducted to the seats of the canons. The lowest ranges of seats—those nearest the line of heraldic carpeting—were occupied by officers in brilliant uniforms, most of them foreigners. At half-past eleven the Knights of the Garter, with the prelate, registrar, and other officers of the order, having robed in the deanery, proceeded to the choir of St. George's Chapel. The prelate and registrar of the order, the Bishop of Winchester, and the Dean of Windsor, with scarlet robes embroidered with the badge of the order over their ecclesiastical vestments,