

the process of baking. The larger the plate the greater the difficulty, and the great triumph in the example before us is in the double perfection of the size of the sheet of enamel and the perfect purity of the tint. The enamel itself, however, forms but a rich background for the most exquisite painting of figure and flower subjects in the Watteau style—courtly shepherds and shepherdesses, and flying doves, and all that the richest fancy can devise within the limits of a style of art that finds its boundary in the elegant and graceful. The framework to this elegant production was, I have already said, in gold, and beneath the upper border are rows of emeralds and pearls. Next in order is the prayer book manufactured by Messrs. Ortner and Houle, of St. James street, for the bridegroom. The covers are of ivory, ornamented with pierced combined monogram in pure gold, surmounted by the Princess's coronet and the Marquis's crown, set in rubies, emeralds, and diamonds; the clasp, formed of a pierced crown, with a setting of an old family jewel of priceless value. Then comes the necklace and earrings, presented by the Scotch servants of Balmoral, very small but of the most exquisite chasteness of design. The necklace, which cost £200, is composed of links about an inch long, joined together by Scotch pearls; the earrings formed of single pearls of great value. Next comes a bracelet of gold filagree work with a setting of three enormous rubies, the gift of some members of the Argyll family. Next a fan covered with white satin, fringed at its upper and lower edges with Brussels lace of the most minute pattern, and forming when opened out a series of pictures illustrative of the life of Scottish worthies, and set round with a framework of small diamonds, and topazes, so skillfully arranged as not to suffer any injury from the closing of the fan; this was, I believe the gift of Princess Teck. The Prince presents a tiny—altogether useless, but amazingly beautiful—pin-box formed of a single emerald, with hinges of gold and a diamond lid. The Princess of Wales gives a work-table of maple, with silver and gold carvings; the Duchess of Argyll a toilet service, every article of which bears the combined monogram in rubies and a knot of pink enamel. The Princess of Prussia's present, is a tea service of Sèvres, manufactured originally for Frederick the Great, and painted by Hartwig, each separate piece being an illustration of one of the crowning victories of the warrior's arms. The value of this service is in its rarity as much as in its intrinsic excellence. Besides this there are costly candelabra by Gerard of the Hay market, splendid services for the table by Hancock of Bond street: a beautifully illuminated Bible also by Houghton, of Bond street, and presented by the young girls of England, gentle and simple, rich and poor.

Some of the gifts are wholly unsuited for any purpose but that of mementoes. There is one quaint head dress, for instance, the gift of a German relative, which none but an Alsatian peasant could dare to wear, and then barely anywhere but at a fair. A very choice collection of Danish jewellery and other objects of art of Danish workmanship has been presented by the Princess of Wales, in addition to the other gifts. These are nearly all in patterns copied exactly from these ancient jewels in the great museum at Copenhagen, and they exemplify in a remarkable manner the state and skill of the ancient workers. Many of them were originally made in iron, gold being presumably rare among the early chieftains. The pattern has been closely followed even in such niceties as the clasps of the bracelets, and

nothing can be more primitive than some of these early mechanical devices.

THE WEDDING GUESTS.

The Knights' stalls were all filled, with the exception of three. All the great party chiefs were present. And besides, there were others enough to fill a court guide—generals and admirals, ambassadors, princes of homes and foreign courts, leaders of fashion, statesmen, thinkers; and above this splendid assemblage was raised a gallery draped in chocolate cloth, and appropriated to the members of that illustrious family of Argyll which now has distanced all its competitors in the peerage, in the career of earthly ambition. The Duke and his Duchess sat in the foremost row, and behind them, on chairs placed on the raised stair-like floor, sat their children and the more important collateral branches of the family to the number of some twenty-five, representing the headships of the great Clan Campbell in its every branch. The Duchess looked proud and happy.

THE BRIDEGROOM ENTERS.

A silence falls on the assembly as, at five minutes past twelve o'clock, the bridegroom arrived, accompanied by Earl Percy. He enters in the midst of the gentlemen who form what the heralds term his "procession." Most of the gentlemen are attired in the different varieties of the court and official costume; but the Marquis's chief supporter, who also acts as a kind of sword-bearer for him, is in the Highland costume. He walks sixth in the procession, following a youth whose functions I could not precisely determine. But neither are noticed now for all interest in them is eclipsed by that which centres itself on the young man on whom at this moment the eyes of all England may be said to be fixed. The Marquis is of the middle height, and of striking beauty of figure and elegance of proportion. His face is not strictly handsome, the features are somewhat too marked for that, but it has the charm of character and expression. The eyes are small but piercing, and full of intelligence and fire. The mouth has great firmness. The head is largish, and indicates will and intellectual power. His costume of the Argyllshire artillery was simply superb.

Her Majesty the Queen, with the Princess Louise, has meanwhile quitted the castle by the grand quadrangle, and through the entrance to the Horse-shoe Cloisters, reached the western or grand entrance of the cathedral chapel at 12.15 p.m., where she has been met by the bridesmaids, who now enter the body of the chapel, forming a constellation of beauty and grace. The bride is conducted to the altar by the Prince of Wales, who comes forward to receive her with a profound bow. Her Majesty follows immediately after, or rather side by side, with her daughter, and then come the eight bridesmaids two and two, advancing up the nave.

THE DRESSES.

The dress of the bride, which should, according to all the rules, display the most taste, is according to some of the best judges, disappointing, from its extreme simplicity. The material is entirely of British manufacture, being of white poplin manufactured at Dublin, with the veil and trimmings of Honiton lace. The polonaise is trimmed with deep fringe. The principal feature in the general form of the dress is in the looping of the skirt, which is gathered up in three places equidistant; but this produces a kind of sameness in the arrangement of the folds which is not likely to be

generally adopted or copied. The slight ornament there is about the dress consists of an elegant adaptation of the rose and thistle in artificial flowers, attached to the lower part of the skirt and following the curves of the loops. The bridesmaids wear a white poul de soie with white gossamer trimmings and red rose; the Princess Alice, Honiton lace; the Duchess of Roxburg, one of the ladies in attendance on the Queen, a rich grenet poul de soie, handsomely trimmed with velvet to match. A superb gros de Lyons white pompadour forming the body and overskirt, trimmed with Irish point lace. This last dress, and those the description of which is to follow, are the work of the great court dressmaker, White, of Regent street, unrivalled throughout the world, Paris not excepted, for taste of design and excellence of manufacture. The most striking costumes there among the other ladies in attendance on the Queen and the Princess were the following: A potticoat of gros rau de villo with tucks and flounces of the same, the overskirt with white crepe de chine, trimmed with deep Honiton lace. This was a strikingly beautiful costume. The Princess Metternich wore a costume of brown and lemon colored velvet with a skirt of brown velvet trimmed with flounces and fringed out ruche; a polonaise of Irish poplin richly trimmed with Irish point and ruchings of brown velvet. Her only rival in general brilliancy of effect of costume combined with taste was one of the Campbell ladies, who wore a skirt of rich pearl gray poul de soie, a deep flounce of faille trimmed with Valenciennes; an apron of Valenciennes and bands of faille looped up with bows; large side pieces of faille forming wings at the back, trimmed with Valenciennes lace and insertion; a basquine corsage mousquetaire sleeves richly trimmed with lace. Near her, but not forming part of the circle round the altar, was a lady in a dress which, though simple, was absolutely faultless in general effect. It consisted of a plain skirt of yellow faille; a tunic of blue crepe de chene, with side revers richly trimmed with laces and insertions of Bruges point; a corsage in blue crepe de chene, with revers and basquines trimmed with lace.

THE CEREMONY.

And now the bridal party has approached, and the Marquis, with a profound bow to the Princess, takes his place by her side, the Prince of Wales standing a little behind his sister, with the Queen on his left, and the bridesmaids in couples bringing up the rear. So much for the persons immediately concerned in the ceremony. But the friends and more distant relations, together with several of the high functionaries of state, cluster round and almost hide what is passing before the altar from the gaze of those in the further part of the chapel. The Queen, for some reason I cannot determine, for Her Majesty has usually a perfect mastery over her feelings, seems profoundly moved; but perhaps the scene has awakened long slumbering associations of happiness, and it is well known that there are certain emotions against the all-powerful influence of which even royal self-command is no proof. But under any circumstances I could scarcely wonder at Her Majesty's sudden change of manner on this solemn occasion. The opening words of the marriage service of the Church of England are perhaps the most awfully solemn and impressive ever penned by an uninspired hand. "I require and charge ye both," says the officiating priest, "as ye will answer at the dreadful day of judgment, when the secrets of all