

tion," she wrote; we have had too much of Germany and Berlin and Coburgs, and this is returning to our old friends and a few honest people." Lord Palmerston was then Prime Minister, and made the interesting announcement of the approaching nuptials to Parliament.

There are doubtless many people who might be lacking in memory if suddenly asked the date of their own

*Albert*, despatched to meet her, and, escorted by a flotilla of British men-of-war, crossed the Channel—truly, a sea-king's daughter magnificently attended!

Early on the morning of March 7th the booming of guns greeted her entry into Margate Roads, and a few hours later people in boats, on steamers, and standing in crowds about the pier gave true British cheers for Denmark's daughter as she stood in a simple



QUEEN ALEXANDRA AS A BRIDE—AGE 19

marriage, but there are few, we fancy, who cannot give on the instant the date of the marriage of our King and Queen. That memorable March 10th, 1863, has sunk deep into the nation's mind and heart. The bride, accompanied by her parents and all her brothers and sisters, left Copenhagen, followed by the affectionate good wishes of her compatriots, and after a brief visit to the Belgian Court embarked for England in the *Victoria and*

white frock on deck beside her mother, looking pleased, yet timid at the uproarious welcome accorded her. The Prince steamed out in his yacht, and, going on board the *Victoria and Albert*, greeted his bride with a lover's kiss ere he conducted her on shore. A bevy of fair maidens strewed flowers on their path, while the pier was festooned with orange-blossoms. The Princess wore a long cloak of purple velvet bordered with sable, and her