

The Archbishop delivered a prayer in the prescribed form. The Regalia was laid on the altar by the Archbishop. The Great Officers of State, except the Lord Chamberlain, retired to their respective places; and the Bishops of Worcester and St. David's read the Litany. Then followed the Communion service, read by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishops of Rochester and Carlisle. The Bishop of London preached the sermon from the following text, in the Second Book of Chronicles, chapter xxxiv. v. 31:—

"And the king stood in his place, and made a covenant before the Lord, to walk after the Lord, and to keep his commandments and his testimonies and his statutes, and with all his heart and with all his soul to perform the words of the covenant which are written in this book."

In the course of his sermon from this text, the Bishop lauded the late king for his "unfeigned religion," and exhorted his youthful successor to follow in his footsteps.

At the conclusion of the sermon, "the Oath" was administered to the Queen by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The form of swearing was as follows:—The Archbishop put certain questions which the Queen answered in the affirmative, relative to the maintenance of the law and the Established religion; and then, her Majesty with the Lord Chamberlain and other officers, the sword of state being carried before her, went to the altar, and laying her right hand upon the Gospels in the Bible carried in the procession, and now brought to her by the Archbishop of Canterbury, said, kneeling,—

"The things which I have here before promised, I will perform and keep. So help me God."

The Queen kissed the book, and signed a transcript of the oath presented to her by the Archbishop. She then knelt upon her "faldstool," and the choir sang "Veni, Creator, Spiritus."

"The Anointing" was the next part of the ceremony. The Queen sat in King Edward's chair; four Knights of the Garter, the Dukes of Buccleuch and Rutland, and the Marquesses of Anglesea and Exeter, held a rich cloth of gold over her head; the Dean of Westminster took the "ampulla" from the altar, and poured some of the oil it contained into the "anointing-spoon;" then the Archbishop anointed the head and hands of the Queen, marking them in the form of a cross, pronouncing the words,

"Be thou anointed with holy oil, as kings, priests, and prophets were anointed. And as Solomon was anointed king by Zadok the priest and Nathan the prophet, so be you anointed, blessed, and consecrated Queen over this people, whom the Lord your God hath given you to rule and govern, in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

The Archbishop then "said his prayer or blessing over her."

The "Spurs" were presented by the Lord Chamberlain; and the "Sword of State" by Viscount Melbourne; who, however, "redeemed it with a hundred shillings," and carried it during the rest of the ceremony. Then followed the investing with the "Royal Robe and the delivery of the Orb," and the "Investiture per anulum et baculum"—the ring and sceptre. In all this part of the ceremony there was nothing interesting or striking.

The Coronation followed. The Archbishop of Canterbury took the crown from the altar, and put it down again. He then delivered a prayer to God to "bless her Majesty, and crown her with all princely virtues." The Dean of Westminster took the crown from the altar; and the Archbishop of Canterbury, with the Archbishops of York and Armagh, and Bishops of London, Durham, and other Prelates, advanced towards the Queen, and the Archbishop taking the crown from the Dean, "reverentially placed it on the Queen's head." "This was no sooner done, than from every part of the crowded edifice arose a loud and enthusiastic cry of 'God save the Queen!' mingled with lusty cheers, and accompanied by the waving of hats and handkerchiefs. At this moment, too, the Peers and Peeresses put on their coronets, the Bishops their caps, and the Kings of Arms their crowns; the trumpets sounding, the drums beating, and the Tower and Park guns firing by signal."

The Bible was presented by the Archbishop of Canterbury to the Queen; who delivered it again to the Archbishop; and it was replaced on the altar by the Dean of Westminster.

"The Benediction" was delivered by the Archbishop; and the *Te Deum* sung by the choir. At the commencement of the *Te Deum*, the Queen went to the chair which she first occupied, supported by two bishops. She was then "enthroned" or "lifted," as the formulary states, into the chair of homage, by archbishops, bishops, and peers surrounding her Majesty. Her Majesty delivered the sceptre with the cross to the Lord of the Manor of Workshop (the Duke of Norfolk), and the sceptre with the dove to the Duke of Richmond, to hold during the performance of the ceremony of homage. The Archbishop of Canterbury knelt and did homage for himself and other Lords Spiritual, who all kissed the Queen's hand. The Dukes of Sussex and Cambridge, removing their coronets, did homage in these words.—"I do become your liege man of life and limb, and of earthly worship, and faith and truth I will bear unto you, and live and die, against all manner of folks. So help me God."

They touched the crown on the Queen's head, kissed her left cheek, and then retired. It was observed that her Majesty's bearing towards her uncles was very kind and affectionate. The Dukes and other Peers then performed their homage, the senior of each rank pronouncing the words. As they retired, each Peer kissed her Majesty's hand. The Duke of Wellington, Earl Grey, and Lord Melbourne, were loudly cheered as they ascended the steps of the throne. Lord Rolle, who is upwards of eighty, stumbled and fell on going up the steps. The Queen immediately stepped forwards and held out her hand to assist him, amidst the loudly-expressed admiration of the entire assembly.

While the Lords were doing homage, the Earl of Surrey, Treasurer of the Household, threw coronation medals about the choir and lower galleries; for which venerable Judges, Privy Counsellors, Peers, Knights, General Officers, and Aldermen, scrambled with eagerness. The medals are silver, neither massive nor elegant.

At the conclusion of the homage, the choir sung the anthem, "This is the day which the Lord hath made." The Queen received the two sceptres from the Dukes of Norfolk and Richmond; the drums beat, the trumpets sounded, and the assembly cried out "God save Queen Victoria! long live Queen Victoria! may the Queen live for ever!"

The Archbishop of Canterbury went to the altar. The Queen followed him, and giving the Lord Chamberlain her crown to

hold, knelt down at the altar, the Gospel and Epistle of the Communion service having been read by two Bishops. The Queen made her "offerings" of the chalice and patina, and a purse of gold; which were laid on the altar. Her Majesty received the sacrament, kneeling on her faldstool by the chair. Afterwards she put on her crown, and, with her sceptres in her hands, took her seat again upon her throne. The Archbishop of Canterbury, proceeded with the communion service, and pronounced the final blessing. The choir sang the anthem, "Hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth." The Queen then left the throne, and, attended by two Bishops and noblemen bearing the regalia and swords of state, passed into King Edward's Chapel, the organ playing. The Queen delivered the sceptre with the dove to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who laid it on the altar. She was then disrobed of her imperial robe of state, and arrayed in her royal robe of purple velvet, by the Lord Chamberlain. The Archbishop placed 'the Orb' in her left hand. The Gold Spurs and St. Edward's Staff were delivered by the noblemen who bore them to the Dean of Westminster, who placed them on the altar. The Queen then went to the west door of the Abbey, wearing her crown, the "sceptre with the cross" being in the right, and "orb" in the left hand. The swords and regalia were delivered to gentlemen who attended to receive them from the jewel-office. It was about a quarter to four o'clock when the royal procession passed through the nave, in the same order as before, at the conclusion of the ceremony in the Abbey.

The return of the procession, though the line was much broken, presented a more striking appearance, from the circumstance of the royal and noble personages wearing their coronets and the Queen her crown. It is unusually elegant: the mass of brilliants, relieved here and there by a large coloured stone, and the purple velvet cap, had a very superb and chaste effect: it became her Majesty extremely well—or rather she became it. The jewelled coronets of the Royal Family were very splendid; and both Peers and Peeresses looked well.

After the ceremony, and before the procession set out on its return, the line of route was traversed by parties of official persons and spectators coming from the Abbey on foot; and the motley groups and odd appearance of some individuals created much amusement. Many Peers, among them the Duke of Wellington, walked through the street to their carriages in their robes and coronets; some covered their robes with a cloak, and wore a hat. Ladies in full dress, wrapped in a cloak or veil, or only screened by a parasol, were escorted by gentlemen in uniform or court dress—a most ugly fashion, making men look like embroidered Quakers: now and then a chorister in his white surplice, and a clergyman in his black canonicals, relieved the prevailing scarlet and blue. Joseph Hume would not wear the court livery, and was hissed by some on that account, and by others for his Whiggishness; however, he was pretty well cheered, too, and took the hissing good-humouredly. Mr. Bulwer, in his snuff-coloured court livery and dress hat, was not recognised; O'Connell, similarly disguised, was alternately hissed and cheered by Tories and Liberals.

The sight of the streets paved with heads, and the houses alive with spectators, was the most impressive and amusing. Shop-windows never looked so attractive set out with their most costly wares. The balconies and galleries seemed bursting with the full blow of beauty. The coup d'œil certainly bore out the claim of our fair country-women to the palm of loveliness.

During the morning, Mrs. Graham's balloon was filled in the Green Park, near the Ranger's house, in order to its ascending at the moment the crown was put on the head of the Queen. On its ascent, which was delayed a few minutes beyond the proper time, it was evident that it was not sufficiently inflated; and, notwithstanding Mrs. Graham kept throwing out ballast, the balloon was evidently falling, and it soon fell in Marylebone-lane, near Wigmore-street. The descent was perilous; but neither Mrs. Graham nor her companion, Captain Currie, were hurt.

The fair in Hyde Park was the most novel, if the least dazzling part of the amusement of the day; and the preparations were more attractive than the thing itself. Hundreds of carts and waggons laden with scaffolding and tarpauling—scores of those little ambulatory caravans, the locomotive dens of human animals and biped monsters, such as one sees located on spots of waste ground in the suburbs—and the advanced guard of beer-barrels and other stores of the victualling department—were assembled round the entrances of Hyde Park on Monday morning, waiting the opening of gates at five; and till noon they continued to arrive in one continuous line. The ground having been previously allotted, nearly the whole space on the south-east corner of the Park—the outer point being the guard-house, the Achilles, and the Grosvenor Gate—was quickly covered with parties of working-men, actively assisted by women and boys, unloading vehicles and driving in posts; and by the afternoon many of the marquees were pitched, and some booths covered in. At this time till the next day, the scene was extremely picturesque and animated: capital groups for the pencil presented themselves on every side; and viewed from a little distance, the aspect of the tents, the swarms of busy people, and the piles of baggage, reminded one of the encampment of some wandering tribe, or the halt of a migrating nation. It was not pleasant, however, to see the turf ploughed up so ruthlessly by wheel-tracks, with the prospect of its being tramped into mud.

The space appropriated to the fair is several acres; and the plan is a hollow square, formed by shows and booths for refreshments and dancing, with several rows of toy and gingerbread stalls in the interior. The spaces, between the booths, were ample; but the exits and entrances, excepting only the one from Grosvenor Gate, were few, narrow, and inconvenient, and occasioned a great deal of unnecessary crowding and confusion.

The display was by no means splendid; Richardson's and Scowton's being the only ones with any pretension to grandeur; and the supply of giants and dwarfs, spotted boys, Albini girls and corpulent women, very limited. Beasts there were none—but those on two legs; the Zoological Gardens have cut out Piddcock and Wombwell.

The business of eating and drinking was going on with a devotion worthy of a beef-eating and beer-drinking people. The progress of teetotalism was also exhibited by several booths where hot-coloured liquids, complimentarily designated "tea" and "coffee," were served up. The array of crowned sovereigns in gilded gingerbread was dazzling: their majesties were mostly, as it appeared to us, of the masculine sex, the king wearing his hand in his breeches-pockets, as a hint to his subjects to be liberal.

There were one or two stalls where the impertinencies of French-confectionary and iced champagne were announced; but the majority displayed the venerable toys and cakes that delighted our ancestors in their days of childhood. The boiled-beef booth of Williams, of the Old Bailey, was decorated with a sideboard of plate that would have done honour to a French restaurant; but this was thought to be, in the vernacular phrase "cutting it too fat." The votaries of sickness were invited by rotary air-sailing ships, that carried a man to each sail, and combined the advantages of the movement of a boat at sea without the danger of drowning. These seemed very popular; but the swings were not forsaken, as they added the pleasure of danger to the qualmish sensation.

The illuminations were very general, and in a few instances particularly splendid; but in most cases it was the effect of light rather than the taste of the devices that told. "V. R." and crowns and stars, with wreaths and festoons, and an occasional motto, formed the staple: ingenuity and fancy were very lightly taxed. The opposition of gas and lamps produced the greatest variety by the contrast, the gas dazzling white like brilliants, the lamps of more rich and sober splendour like gold and coloured gems. The old-fashioned mode of illumination never supported its pretensions against the unearthly lustre of gas better than on Thursday night. Most of the clubs use gas, and their devices are well known: one bad effect of gas is to stereotype the devices, so that all illuminations are alike. This was particularly observable in the quarter of clubs, Pall Mall and St. James's Street; the only difference there being, the additions of the new Club-houses, the United University and the Navy. The Reform Club, to be sure, had changed its locality. At this last we remarked an instance of frequent occurrence in gas illumination, especially in blowing weather—the almost total vanishment of the flame; the jets emitting only a dull blue light, or none at all, and the blaze flickering in gusts,—a very pretty effect, once and away, but not when too often repeated: the crown surmounting the wreaths below was by some accident nearly deprived of its light; which gave occasion to a cynical spectator to taunt the "Reformers" with despoiling the crown of its lustre. The "Victoria Regina" in lamps over the entrance of Downing Street, was gloomy and illegible. The gorgeous effect of coloured lamps in large masses, was conspicuous in the "V. R." and crowns on Northumberland, and Stafford Houses, and the lustrous mosaic in front of Cambridge House, but above all, in the superb displays in front of the Admiralty and the Ordnance Office: at the latter building, shields and trophies and guns were added to the customary symbols, and the whole of the extensive front was a blaze of rich coloured-light. The effect of metal ground to reflect the light, and gas to supply the flame instead of oil, was much admired at the Horse Guards and Somerset House. But the most elegant and brilliant mode of employing lamps was exhibited, at the portico of the National Gallery, and the residence of the Russian Ambassador Extraordinary, in Carlton Gardens; where the building was outlined with rows of lamps. The portico of the National Gallery looked brilliant. The fluted columns and Corinthian capitals, as well as the pediment, stood out in burnished gold against the dark sky, throwing the long low wings into shade. Its appearance from the extreme distance was enchanting. So with the similar display at the Park front of Count Strogonoff's, which glittered through the foliage like a fairy palace. The Travellers' Club first revived this pretty fashion of lighting up. Stafford House was also adorned in this manner; the roof, moreover, being edged with lanterns; and their effect, viewed from the Bird-cage-walk, to the eye of fancy, was like that of a carcanet of gems round the brow of some young beauty. The "God bless the Queen" over the pavilion of Devonshire House was simple and apt; it elicited many a hearty response. The aristocratic mansion in St. James's-square exhibited the old formal style of illumination—wax flambeaux tied to the rails; but they are not effective. Our personal observation did not extend eastward of Somerset House; but the gas festoons round the Bank, connected by stars raised on the lamp-posts, and the rich scroll-work and festoons of the India House, had a pleasing effect. The Guildhall and the Goldsmiths Hall, the Post Office, Mansion House, and other public buildings, were handsomely decorated. The Monument should have been lighted up; it seems made on purpose. The various embassies, of course, were resplendent with lamps. "Her Majesty's Theatre" exhibited a beautifully painted transparency—a sort of emblematical coronation, very well designed—set in an architectural framework of lamps, composed of a pediment supported by four pilasters, wreathed with laurel. It was the only good transparency that we saw: one in front of Ackermann's in Regent street, representing John Bull in ecstasies, with beef, pudding, and ale dancing around him, was the most applicable. At the Hudson's Bay Company's fur-warehouse, late the Argyle-rooms, a waxen effigy of the Queen in real robes of state, checking the fury of a stuffed lion, was exhibited early in the evening. Flags were pretty numerous—their effect is very gay; and numbers of private houses set lamps and candles in the windows.

The streets were crowded till long past midnight with pedestrians and all possible kinds of vehicles, from the cab and the pony-chaise to the crowded coach and the laden van.

The Parks were thronged with people to see the Fireworks; and as the hour originally appointed was postponed, and half past ten, the time last named, became eleven, numbers of the weary multitudes who had been afoot early, and many on their legs all day, stretched themselves on the grass, waiting the signal of commencement. There were two displays—that in the Green Park, facing Buckingham Palace, was by D. Earnest; and that in Hyde Park, towards Cumberland Gate, by Southby. Both were extremely grand; but the one in the Green Park, for the especial gratification of the Queen, was a more choice selection, and exhibited with greater rapidity than that in Hyde Park, which was tiresomely protracted by long intervals between each discharge; and was perhaps more remarkable for noise and quantity than its rival. Explosions of the maroons like cannonading, blazes of blue and red fire, and *pots de feu* encircling the enclosure, and seeming like a hundred altars burning to Ashtaroth, were succeeded by volleys of rockets and serpents; the rush and explosions of which, and the vivid lights they threw over the countless thousands round, was most startling. To describe the fashion of the devices would convey no idea of them: one might fancy the flights of rockets sending up trails of fire and opening into clusters of stars—dropping heaps of golden ingots, shedding myriads of