

Kings-of-Arms, leading the way. The Secretary, the Grooms of the Bedchamber, the Lords of the Bedchamber, the Comptroller and Treasurer, the Groom of the Stole to his Royal Highness, albeit doubtless good men and true, and more than one of them haughty and powerful nobles, passed comparatively unnoticed. He came at last—young, gallant, confident, with a noble bearing and an upright mien—yet bowing his comely head from side to side gracefully to those who rose to do him homage. This was the Prince of Wales. The dress he wore enhanced the charm of his manner, and seemed to add height to his stature. He was clothed in the robes of the Order of the Garter, and in that gorgeous panoply, a General's uniform beneath, and a hat heavy with plumes in his hand, he looked from top to toe the favourite of fortune and the idol of his countrymen, who one day, please God! is to be Edward VII., King of England, and who, we humbly pray, may prove fully worthy of his amazing felicity and the priceless inheritance of a great people's love.

The bridegroom was supported on the one side by his brother-in-law, his Royal Highness the Crown Prince of Prussia, and on the other by his Royal Highness the Duke of Saxo Coburg and Gotha. Both these Princes were arrayed in the robes of the Garter. As the procession went on its way, the drums and trumpets filing off as before, the band and organ performed Mendelssohn's march from "Athalie." The bridegroom was slowly conducted to the seat prepared for him on the *haut pas*, but the prescribed formula was left unobserved. He did not take his seat. He looked upwards to the Royal closet, and made a reverential obeisance to its occupant; he bent in silent orison before the communion-table; and he then drew himself up to his full height, and remained, isolated on the *haut pas*, motionless, his head turned towards the west—waiting for his bride.

A third time did the Lord Chamberlain return through the nave, preceded by his drummers and trumpeters in their golden doublets. Another dead calm fell upon the auditory. Once more the band was hushed, the whispering quelled, the long breath drawn. The suspense lasted only for a few minutes, yet it seemed almost painful in its intensity. At a quarter past twelve o'clock her Royal Highness the bride, accompanied by her supporters, his Royal Highness Prince Christian of Denmark and his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, and the respective suites of their Royal Highnesses, proceeded in State carriages from the State entrance of the castle to the west entrance of St. George's Chapel, attended by a Captain's escort of the first regiment of Life Guards. Their Royal Highnesses were received by the Lord Chamberlain, and conducted to apartments set apart for their reception. The bride-maids awaited the arrival of the Princess in a saloon prepared for their use near the western entrance. Upon the stroke of half-past twelve Lord Sydney emerged from this entrance, gallantly conducting the procession of the bride. It is needless that we should again enumerate drums and trumpets, heralds and pursuivants, masters of the ceremonies and vice-chamberlains; nor in this place, we apprehend, would our readers derive much edification from a correct list of the members of the Danish Legation. We pass at once to the bride, who walked in the midst of the brilliant train, supported by Prince Christian of Denmark and the Duke of Cambridge, the former in military uniform, the last in the dress of a Field Marshal, worn under his robes as a Knight of the Garter. The Princess looked as beautiful as she did on Saturday—as beautiful as we trust she will for many and many a long year; but she was evidently in a state of extreme nervous agitation; her eyes were downcast, and it was easy to perceive the tremulous motion of the large bouquet of orange-flowers she carried for all ornament. She wore the superb parure of pearls and diamonds presented to her by the bridegroom. Her train, which was of great length, was of white silk, and was borne by the eight noble damsels—daughters of Earls—who officiated as bride-maids—that is to say, Lady Victoria Scott, Lady Eliza Bruce, Lady Emily Villiers, Lady Feodore Wellesley, Lady Diana Beauclerk, Lady Victoria Howard, Lady Augusta Yorke, and Lady Eleanor Hare. A varied suite of officers, chamberlains, and ladies of honour closed the bride's procession. On arriving at the choir, the drums and trumpets for the last time filed off, and, as the bride entered, Handel's march from "Joseph" was performed in the orchestra. Her Royal Highness was conducted to her place on the *haut pas* by the Lord Chamberlain—that is to say, on the side under the Royal pew. She made the same obeisance to the Queen and the same devotional reverence to the altar as the bridegroom had done. To him she dropped a curtsy of infinite and exquisite grace, to which he responded by a deep inclination of the head. Then each faced towards the east, and stood about a foot apart, their backs to their auditory, and motionless as two statues.

A long chorale was now sung by the choir, and the service for the solemnisation of matrimony commenced. The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, the Bishop of Winchester, the Bishop of Chester, and the Dean of Windsor, with the canons and minor canons of Windsor, stood within the communion-rails. The Archbishop then, in a clear, sonorous, and distinct voice, read the formula:—

I require and charge you both, as ye will answer at the dreadful day of judgment, when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed, that if either of you know any impediment why ye may not be lawfully joined together in matrimony ye do now confess it. For be ye well assured, that so many as are coupled together otherwise than God's word doth allow are not joined together by God; neither is their matrimony lawful.

No impediment was of course alleged, and his Grace proceeded:—

Albert Edward, wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honour, and keep her in sickness and in health; and, forsaking all other, keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both shall live?

The service requiring "the man" to answer "I will," the Prince responded in an exceedingly low but still audible voice.

Turning to her Royal Highness, his Grace said:—

Alexandra Caroline Mary, wilt thou have this man to thy wedded husband, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of matrimony. Wilt thou obey him, and serve him, love, honour, and keep him in sickness and in health; and, forsaking all other, keep thee only unto him, so long as ye both shall live.

Her Royal Highness responded in due form, but the words "I will" were not audible to any one save those in her immediate vicinity.

His Grace proceeded:—

Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?

The Prince and Princess plighted their troth to each other in the usual manner, her Royal Highness being given away by her father. His Royal Highness took his bride by the right hand, and repeated after the Archbishop—

I, Albert Edward, take thee, Alexandra Caroline Mary, to my wedded wife, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part, according to God's holy ordinance; and thereto I plight thee my troth.

They then loosed their hands, and the bride, taking the bridegroom's right hand in hers, murmured after the Archbishop's emphatic delivery—

I, Alexandra Caroline Mary, take thee, Albert Edward, to my wedded husband, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love, cherish, and to obey, till death us do part, according to God's holy ordinance; and thereto I give thee my troth.

The Royal hands were again loosed, and then the bridegroom putting the ring on the bride's fingers repeated after the Archbishop:—

With this ring I thee wed, with my body I thee worship, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

The bride and bridegroom now knelt down, their hands firmly locked in each other, and the blessing was pronounced. The 67th Psalm was chanted at the end of the first blessing, and at the conclusion of the service the chorus from the "Mount of Olives" was sung. The customary osculatory salutation was, so far as we could see, dispensed with.

A united procession of the bride and bridegroom was now formed; and the young Princess of Wales, leaning on the arm of her husband, and proudly conducted by him, was led through the choir, the trumpets sounding the wedding fanfare through the nave, where the curtains dropped for the last time on the actors in this Imperial pageant. The other Princes and Princesses returned as they had come, but they seemed to have lost their interest. It was all over. There was a break up of the ice of etiquette. Knights of the Garter became ordinary mortals once more. The ladies gathered up their own trains and threw them over their arms, and there was a merry hum of conversation as the invited guests passed out of the chapel towards the carriages which were to convey them to the collation in St. George's Hall. The atmosphere seemed laden with joy and festivity, and the sun shone brightly upon the wedded pair.—*Illustrated London News*.