

which she had borne herself with a grace which won the admiration of all beholders.

3. THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

The *Times* says, From an early hour the town of Windsor was astir. At 11, precisely seven of the Royal carriages, with an escort of Horse Guards, left the Castle and proceeded in the direction of St. George's Chapel. At 11½ o'clock expectation was further gratified by the issuing forth of another cortege, composed of members of the Royal Family and the Queen's Household.

It is needless to add that at sight of the Princess Alexandra, enthusiasm, which had been intense, was redoubled. Her Royal Highness had not the same flush of excitement on her features which was visible on the occasion of her public entry, but she looked, if possible, more charming and winsome than on that occasion, though exhibiting faint traces of agitation in her demeanour.

Simple, lofty and cold, it is difficult to light up the nave of St. George's. But the difficulty was overcome yesterday by the hues and colours so rich and bright that from the floor halfway up the fluted pillars the effect was like that produced by a piece of gorgeous tapestry, or by a grand oriental carpeting hung on the walls. The nave served as the channel and embankment of the stream which swept from the outer hall of the Chapel with all the pageantry of the great spectacle, and returning hence, rolled back its tide once more bearing the Prince and his bride on the swelling crest of all its pomp.

It would be in vain to attempt to describe all of incident which took place before the nave became the scene of most interesting proceedings, short as the time was. On a sudden—far remote indeed—are heard from the world beyond the walls, the dulled bars of "God Save the Queen," and as they are yet sounding nearer and nearer, the purple curtain is drawn back, and there enters the nave the procession of the royal guests. Next is that of the royal family and Queen's household; third is that of the bridegroom and last of all, that of the bride.

His Royal Highness, whose mantle of the Garter concealed his uniform so far that only the gold-striped overall and spurs can be seen to give an indication that he wears his uniform below, bears himself as one who has a light heart and princely dignity.

It was 12½ o'clock when the drums and trumpets again sounded, and the curtain, rising for the fourth time, gave admission to the procession of the bride.

Up the centre of the chapel, is a rich carpet worked at the borders with the Prince's plume and motto with his own and his fair bride's monogram embossed between. Near the altar is a raised dais approached by three broad steps, and giving an ample platform for the accommodation of the bridal party and their royal relatives on either side. It is quite covered with garter blue velvet cloth, on which is worked the heraldic Tudor rose, encircled by the motto of the Order of the Garter. On both sides, away from the space the bride and bridegroom will occupy, are crimson and golden seats with fringes and tassels of bullion for the members of the English and Dutch royal families. On the left of the altar the carved oak screen work has been removed, and is carefully piled away in the quaint old Chantry Chapel of the munificent builder of the whole structure, Sir Reginald Bray. In place of the screen are seats capable of accommodating some 30 guests of the diplomatic corps and their suites, only a few of whom can see well at all, so carefully divided and re-subdivided is every inch of space that commands any glance into the interior.

The altar was arrayed with gold communion plate in massive rows, the seats in the Knight's stalls and the spaces in front were covered with purple velvet, each seat bearing on a large card the name and rank of its occupant. Beyond these changes there was not much to note in the choir differing from its usual quiet, dim, religious aspect, as becomes the historic chapel of the eldest kingly seat of the oldest dynasty in Europe.

The distinguished visitors soon began to arrive in large numbers. All the ladies are in full court dress, with the exception that they wear no trains, and all, without exception, are dressed in velvet or satin either of blue, mauve, or violet color, the latter being the prevailing tone. All wear feathers and diamonds in their hair, and some show tiaras of brilliants large enough to form head-dresses, so completely do the glittering jewels cover the head like a legal crown.

All the gentlemen are in full official uniform, and wear the chief insignia of whatever orders they have the honor to possess, collars and badges in the fullest state. No bridal favors are worn on such an occasion of state dress, but, as a kind of *amende* for the necessary omission, where the collars of the orders of knighthood are displayed they are in every case looped at the shoulders with bows of white satin riband which answers the purpose equally well. Now that the choir is almost full, the predominance of mauve and violet

colours is more marked than ever—in fact, few other tints are shown, except when ladies who fear the cold keep their white bournouses, which all without exception have, still wrapped about their shoulders.

It is a quarter to 12, and there is a short hush of expectation—one of those periods of unaccountable silence which always fall at intervals even upon the most crowded and animated assemblies. The Usher of the Black Rod, Sir Augustus Clifford, enters, and then there is another pause, that is quickly succeeded by a loud hum of admiration in the nave, which the more stately and select gathering in the choir only notice by increased rigidity of uprightness till the cause or the murmur is made known by the appearance at the entrance of the Knights of the Garter, all robed and jeweled in their almost regal costume, and headed by the Premier himself. They make a noble and gallant show as they sweep up the choir, like a procession of monarchs with their long velvet mantles of imperial blue, looped at the shoulders with white riband, trailing after them.

After all the knights are seated, the Lord Chancellor, in his robes, and carrying the Great Seal, passes slow and stately up the choir—alone, but a perfect pageant in himself—to his seat at the head of all. It is now 11½ o'clock, and the Archbishop of London, attending as Dean of the Chapels Royal; the Bishop of Oxford, as Chancellor of the Order of the Garter; the Bishop of Winchester, as its Prelate, the Bishop of Chester, as Clerk of the Closet, and the Dean of Windsor, as Registrar of the Order of the Garter, with the Canons and Minor Canons of the Chapel.

Then there is a slight rustle of silks and clinking of jeweled orders as nearly the whole Corps Diplomatique come in and take their places underneath the royal pew—showing literally like a cluster of gold and jewels that equals even the appearance of the Knights of the Garter.

The Queen herself appears, accompanied by his Royal Highness the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, the brother of the late Prince. The Queen wears the simplest and plainest of widow's cap, a black silk dress with white collar and cuffs, and black gloves. The only colors which appear upon her are the star of the Order of the Garter, and its blue riband. She looks well in health, but thinner and older with the permanent traces of deep grief and care stamped on every lineament of her features.

It is 12 o'clock, and the noise of cheering can be heard outside, and then a pause, broken after a few minutes by the grand rustle and peculiar hum which the great mass of visitors in the nave make on rising.

The first of the three processions is at hand but no one moves in the choir till the glittering file is seen, headed by herald and great officers of State, coming rank in rank in stately order, filing off to the right and left as they enter the choir, till they reach the dais, which none but the most illustrious may ascend.

Dhuleep Singh, with Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar, and the Prince of Leiningen, in his uniform, as captain in the English navy, head the line of royal guests, but it is on the sister of the bride, the lovely Princess Degmar of Denmark, followed by her Royal mother leading in each hand the Princess Thyra and Prince Waldemar, that all looks are centred as with stately step they slowly pass up the centre. The Princess Christian is richly yet simply dressed, and only a feather and a few flowers are mixed with the thick clusters of her auburn hair. All as they reach the dais turn and make a deep and reverent obeisance to Her Majesty, and then pass on to the seats on the south of the altar.

Hardly are they placed in order when the cheers from without the building come loud and clear, with a sound that is almost noise amid that stately pomp and quiet, and the strains of the band playing the National Anthem can be distinctly heard heralding the progress of the procession of the royal family. There is the usual slight delay while it is marshalled in the temporary apartment, and then the trumpets burst forth as it enters the building.

Officers of the household, pursuivants and heralds lead the way as before, halting and making a double line below the dais, while the Princess Mary of Cambridge, her magnificent train borne by Lady Edith Somerset, moves up the choir with the same stately grace. At the dais her attendant pauses, and she turns to gather her train over her arm, and, moving to the centre, makes a profound courtesy to her Majesty, then passes at once to her place on the north of the altar, in front of and just beneath those treasures of iron-work, the gates of Quintin Matays. As she passes in the Duchess of Cambridge follows, with like state and ceremony, and then the Princess Beatrice, Princess Louise, and Princess Helena second in turn, followed by the Princes Arthur and Leopold, the latter in Highland dresses of the Royal tartan. All bow and courtesy deeply to the Queen, and the Princess Helena who wears a train, gathers hers on her arm like the rest, and seats herself near the Duchess of Cambridge. The next is the Princess Alice, wearing a noble coronet of brilliants, who pays the same deep reverence to her mother as all