

St. Lawrence, the trade of the lakes must seek its long forsaken but natural channel. We were never disposed to loosen the bond which binds us to the Mother country; the completion of this great work would but rivet more securely—indeed, *clinch at both ends*—the firm bond that connects us with each other.

We will not enlarge upon the next part of our subject (or another Imperial or rather national view of it) although we cannot close our eyes to the importance of the work in a military point of view, if, unhappily a *casus belli* should arise between our country and the neighbouring republic. The control of the Upper Lakes would then be in our hands, and a *safe transit* for our troops and military stores secured; yet we sincerely trust that our new canal may be always used for the ends of amity and commerce.

Lastly, the City of Ottawa having been selected as the permanent Seat of Government, there are reasons in this connection, which must be obvious to every one, why this great work should at once be taken up, and at whatever cost (for it would soon far more than repay the country for its construction) be carried forward to a speedy completion.—*Montreal Gazette.*

### III. INCIDENTS AT THE MARRIAGE CEREMONIAL OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

#### ENTRANCE TO THE CHAPEL ROYAL OF THE PRINCESS OF PRUSSIA AND QUEEN VICTORIA.

Suddenly there is a little stir, after the pause caused by the last entrance, and the Princess of Prussia, mother to the bridegroom, enters the chapel, magnificently attired in a robe of white satin. With her Royal Highness come their Highnesses Prince Adalbert and Prince Frederick Charles, and a most brilliant suite of Prussian officers. The whole brilliant audience of the chapel rises *en masse* and bows as the Princess Royal's mother-in-law elect passes on to the altar. Hardly are they seated there, on the left hand side, when faintly in the distance the long blown, clear, defiant notes of the trumpets are heard. They come nearer and nearer, and the last arrivals among the visitors hasten to arrange themselves, while the officers of the household fall into brilliant line along the pathway up the chapel at either side. Step by step the advance of the trumpeters is followed; now they are descending the staircase, the regular roll and beat of the silver-kettle drums become audible, and the prolonged triumphant flourish proclaims the approach of Majesty. The trumpeters, pursuivants, clerks and equerries file off outside the chapel, but the Lord Steward, Norroy, Clarencieux, Garter, the Lord Privy Seal, the President of the Council, the Lord Chancellor, the Earl Marshal of England, and others of high note and rank, all enter. But they enter almost unobserved, for from behind them comes the Princess Mary of Cambridge. A murmur of admiration, which neither time nor place could altogether subdue, greets her as she enters the chapel, bowing with stately elegance in return for the homage rendered her. After her Royal Highness comes the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, and to them also a tribute of cordial respect is paid. But a deeper reverence awaits the Duchess of Kent, who smilingly, and as to friends, returns the greeting. The next great notability is the veteran Premier, who bears before the Queen the Sword of State in ponderous solemnity. After this even the Royal Princes are unnoticed, and every one bows slowly and deeply as her Majesty, leading in either hand Prince Arthur and Prince Leopold, enters the chapel. Of course, on these occasions there is no applause, and nothing but the prolonged obeisances denote the depth of loyal welcome with which the royal mother of the bride is welcomed. The Queen looks, as she always looks, kindly and amiable, but self-possessed and stately. On her head is a crown of jewels. Courtseying in acknowledgement of the profound homage with which she is welcomed, her Majesty passes at once to her Chair of State on the left of the altar, and which is placed between the five embroidered settees occupied by the youngest royal children. From this time all remain standing in the presence of Majesty, even the Princess of Prussia, who stands on the opposite side of the altar.

#### THE BRIDEGROOM ADVANCES TO THE ALTAR.

Again there is another pause of deep interest, and again the drums and trumpets are heard, and, ushered in with the same imposing ceremonies, comes the procession of the bridegroom. On his right hand walks his Royal Highness the Prince of Prussia, his father, and on his left his brother, Prince Albert of Prussia. All eyes, however, are fixed upon the Royal bridegroom, as he walks slowly, but with perfect ease and elegance, up the centre of the chapel. He wears the uniform of a Prussian officer, with the insignia of the Order of the Black Eagle of Prussia.

The uniform shows his tall figure to advantage, and sets off his frank, open countenance, and prepossessing bearing. Near the altar he stops before Her Majesty's chair of State, and slowly bows with the most profound reverence, and, turning to his royal mother, he bows again with equal respect, but less deeply than to the Queen,

and then, kneeling in the centre of the chapel, prays with earnest devotion for a few minutes. His prayers ended, he rises and stands at the right hand of the altar, waiting his bride, and likewise submitting to such a scrutiny from hundreds of brilliant eyes as never bridegroom withstood alone before.

#### INTRODUCTION OF THE ROYAL BRIDE.

After a while the Chamberlain and Vice-Chamberlain again quit the chapel and usher in the procession of the bride, and with their absence a heavy silence of suspense steals upon the assembled guests, and deepens as the moments pass. The very little whispering gradually grows less and less, until it stops entirely, the plumes cease to wave, and even the restless glitter of the diamonds seems almost quenched as the noble assemblage sits mute and attentive, with their eyes turned in eager expectation towards the door.

As the bride passes up to the altar she stops and makes a deep reverence to her mother, though with evident agitation, and her face flushes like crimson; again turning, she renders the same homage to the Prince of Prussia. As she does so, the bridegroom elect advances, and kneeling on one knee presses her hand with an expression of fervent admiration that moved the august audience. Taking their places then at the altar, and with their illustrious relatives standing round in a group of unequalled brilliancy, the service commences with the chorale, which peals through the building with the most solemn effect. The words are particularly appropriate, full of feeling and piety, and the audience follow them in a whispered cadence as the choir sing—

This day, with gladsome voice and heart,  
We praise Thy name, O Lord, who art  
Of all good things the giver!  
For England's first born hope we pray—  
Be near her now, and ever!  
King of Kings, Lord of Lords,  
Father, Son and Holy Spirit,  
Hear us, while we kneel before Thee!

#### THE MARRIAGE CEREMONIAL.

The hymn over, the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury took his place in the centre of the altar, and assisted by the Bishop of London, as Dean of the Chapel Royal, the Bishop of Oxford, as Lord High Almoner, the Bishop of Chester, as clerk of the Closet, the Dean of Windsor, as Domestic Chaplain, and the Rev. Dr. Wesley, as Sub-Dean of the Chapel Royal.

After going through the usual formulary, the Primate asks the royal bridegroom—

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

To this the Prince replies loud and clear, "I will."

To the same question the faint answer of the bride is barely audible, though the attention of all is strained to the utmost to catch the feebly uttered words.

To the next—

"Who giveth this woman away?"

The Prince Consort replies loudly, "I do."

Then the Prince takes his bride's hand in his own, in earnest waruth, and repeats slowly and distinctly after the Primate—

"I, Frederick William Nicholas Charles, take thee, Victoria Adelaide Mary Louisa, 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 do us part, according to God's holy ordinance; and thereto I plight thee my troth."

Again, in reply, the words of the bride are almost lost, and she seems faint and tremulous.

The Prince then, taking the ring from his brother Albert, said with marked emphasis:

"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 usual prayer was then offered up, and the Primate, joining their hands together, said, "Whom God has joined together, let no man put asunder."

The royal couple then knelt, with all the bridesmaids, while the rest of the ceremony was proceeded with, the Bishop of London in a clear and distinct voice reading the exhortation.

At the concluding words the Hallelujah Chorus—

"Hallelujah! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.

"The Kingdom of this world has become the kingdom of our Lord, and of His Christ; and he shall reign for ever and ever.

"King of Kings, and Lord of Lords. Hallelujah."

rose clear and loud, with thrilling effect.