

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

THE SCENE IN THE CHAPEL ROYAL.

(From our Special London Artist and Correspondent.)

LONDON, March 22, 1871.

This pen of mine should be a gold one, for I have to write of sovereigns, princes, princesses, grand dukes, maharajahs, marquises, earls, viscounts, lord chamberlains, and, more or less, of the representatives of the entire peerage. To me a monarch has become a most familiar personage, and palaces and royal chapels have furnished the atmosphere which for days past I have been breathing. Gold Stick and Silver Stick, Rouge Croix and Rouge Dragon, Surrey and Somerset, and the entire College of Heralds have been my associates, and at almost every step my foot has started the "Frou-Frou" rustle of a duchess's dress. Yes; I have been so far honoured as to be one of the chosen few invited to be present at the marriage of the Princess Louise, and even now my vision is troubled and confused at the recollection of the gorgeous colours which surrounded me yesterday. Never was pageant more fittingly displayed than that which shed its lustre round the nuptials which gave a royal bride to a Scottish noble.

But come, let me buttonhole my reader; and with the magic blue-striped ticket in my hand I will pass him beneath the portal of Henry VIII.'s gateway. Now we are in the lower ward of the proudest castle in the world—the great Keep of England. There, in front of us, running east and west, is a storied chapel, the tomb-house of many kings, the shrine of the most ancient and most noble of all the great orders of chivalry. To-day the pendant banners of the knights are to wave their emblazoned folds over the proudest throng that nation can bring together. To our right, in front of a Tudor strip of building, some veterans of a past century are parading feebly, their bright uniforms hanging in loose folds about the shrunken forms of men who might have sworn their round oaths in Flanders. These are the Military Knights of Windsor, who have been bidden to the wedding of the daughter of their Queen; and each dimmed and sunken eye is once more kindling into fire, as perchance the ancient warriors recall some loving memory from the generations of the past. Cabinet Ministers are strolling up the rise to the entrance set apart for them. Peeresses are whirling past, a mass of jewels and gauzy draperies. Great officers of the household are standing in knots beneath the awnings that give shelter from a somewhat fierce March sun, and guards of honour are trooping in, with bands crashing and colours flying.

But there from beneath the gateway by which we entered emerges a quaint company—a relic of the military past. These are the Yeomen of the Guard, still wearing in all its integrity the same uniform that bluff Harry originated for his halberdiers. On they come, trailing their pikes which glisten and sparkle in the morning sunshine. Every head is buried in the starchiest of ruffs; every breast is covered with a richly emblazoned surcoat; every leg encased in crimson hose and gartered with bright ribbons; every shoe all but hidden by a mighty rosette. On they come with stately but somewhat feeble step, for every man is a veteran soldier of distinction, bent down by years and medals. Ah! they are making for the entrance to the chapel by which I also am to pass, and as the doors swing open we will follow. There we are, standing beneath the traced canopy that cunning hands worked three centuries ago. Let us take our places in the north nave close by the steps leading to the choir. Look to the left through the opening in the richly carved screen and see the mass of splendour that fills the stalls, on either side, of the Knights of the Garter, and there, at the extreme end, is the *haut pas* and altar, with its alabaster and marble revedos, flooded with the glory of light that strikes down from the richly-stained windows. The nave is now filled by those who are privileged, a carpeted and roped-off passage being kept from east to west by the Tudor Guards, resting motionless on their halberds. On the steps leading to the choir, stands a cluster of chamberlains in gold embroidered uniforms, and mingled with them are the various heralds wearing their stiffly brocaded surcoats, looped at the shoulders with cramoisie bows. See, there comes Lord Cork, the Master of the Buckhounds, in full state, bearing the chain and badge of St. Patrick, and following close, appears the Duke of St. Albans, the commander of the Yeomen of the Guard. Generals and Field Officers, frosted with wedding favours, add to the throng, and the eye and mind become bewildered as one richly costumed celebrity follows rapidly on the other. There stands a distinguished cavalry officer talking to a Cabinet Minister, and the subject of conversation is the atrocious revolution which has come to fill the cup of bitterness of France. I hear the remark that the Prussians will have to re-occupy Paris, and hope, perhaps, to be led behind the diplomatic scenes, when I and everyone are disturbed by a shrill outburst of bagpipes. The south door opens, and there enters quickly the hero of the day, the Marquis of Lorne, followed by his supporters, Lord Ronald Gower and Earl Percy. The bridegroom, apparently, does not like the look of matters, for he gives a startled glance to the right and left, and one of dismay up the choir, from whence a thousand eyes are turned in his direction. The Honourable

Spencer Ponsonby and another chamberlain rally to his assistance, and mention that the Bry Chapel has been arranged for him as a waiting-room. At this gratifying news, the Marquis gives an unmistakable sigh of relief, and as quickly as may be, blocks himself away in the corner prepared for him.

Now the stillness is again disturbed by the strain of the National Anthem in the court without. The south door once more swings open, and visions of Golconda and Cashmere appear in the shape of Dhuleep Singh and the Maharanee. In the costliest of costly Indian costumes, the descendant of the great Runjeet leads his wife to the centre of the nave, and is about to turn towards the entrance of the choir, when two Gold Sticks and a half-a-dozen chamberlains, bowing lowly, signify he is to go so far and no further—in fact to remain where he is. Then come in the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge and the Princess Mary, and they also are making for the choir, when they are outflanked and headed off and conducted to the rear of Dhuleep Singh by the attendant chamberlains. Then in rapid succession follow the Count of Flanders, Prince Arthur, Prince Leopold, Prince Christian, Princess Christian, Princess Beatrice, Prince Teck and the Princess of Wales, with her two eldest boys in Highland costume. Now, Gold and Silver Stick, chamberlains and heralds are getting gradually frantic as the royal personages get into each other's places and into general confusion. Finally, Field Marshal the Duke is brought to attention—Prince Arthur is drilled into obeying orders, and Gold and Silver Sticks, chamberlains, and heralds, arranging themselves in front of Dhuleep Singh, lead the royal procession up the choir. The organ, assisted by a stringed band, bursts out into a triumphal march, and the distinguished personages move to their places on the *haut pas*, the entire company standing as they pass along. Greetings of almost affection salute the Princess of Wales as she moves with her children on either side to the position allotted to her, and they, the princelets, tutored by the mother, bow and kiss their hands to those they recognize.

As soon as the royal family are seated, the Marquis is fetched from his place of retreat, and the great ordeal from which he shrank on first entering has now to be gone through. Pale, and with firmly set mouth, he bravely pulls himself together, is patted on the shoulder by Lord Ronald Gower, who comforts him with a few re-assuring words, and grasping the steel scabbard of his sword, he advances almost defiantly to the front of the altar, neither looking to the right nor left. It is well he did not, for every woman's eye was upon him in admiration of his fine, handsome bearing, and every man's heart beat with pride to think that a subject like themselves was to receive a Royal Princess for wife.

In a few minutes the throng of heralds, chamberlains, and gold and silver sticks cluster about the great west entrance, which still remains closed. Again the National Anthem is heard from without, the doors swing wide, the bridesmaids leave the Beaufort Chapel, (which has been fitted as a retiring room) and descend the steps to receive the bride. Make way there halberdiers and officers of State; the Queen of the mightiest empire in the world advances with the daughter she this day gives in marriage to a noble of the land. Sound out, organ, with all your pomp of strains. Range yourselves, heralds and chamberlains, and lead the way. Bow lowly, gold and silver sticks, and step backward before the Majesty which approaches. There stands the bride in all her loveliness, with Dukes', Earls', and Marquises' daughters to bear her train. On her right walks her brother, the Prince of Wales, radiant with smiles—for to him the bridegroom is most acceptable. On her left moves the proud mother, looking, as she always does when in state before her people, every inch a Queen. And by the side of the Monarch walks the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, a stalwart warrior, with the bronze of a great campaign on his cheek. Louder and louder peals the organ, and, as the deep tones roll out through architrave and vaulted pillar, the procession sweeps its stately length along, a moving mass of colour.

The knot is tied, and Lorne has got his bride; and oh! how beaming does she look, as, leaning on her husband's arm, she leads the procession from the altar.

But now I am blocked in by Princes, Duchesses, and Dukes. The cloth of gold of Dhuleep Singh brushes me as he passes by. The sword of Prince Teck has left a mark across my shins as he turns to speak to the Count of Flanders. Even the Queen must wait until the bride and bridegroom's carriage leaves a clear space, and it takes the united effort of the eight maids to tuck away that wondrous train.

The wind blows keenly in, and dimpled shoulders shiver as the March air makes itself felt. The Princess Mary hunts up a lady in waiting, makes a prize of a scarf, and she and the Duke thoughtfully muffle up their mother, the Duchess of Cambridge. "*Quelles tristes nouvelles que nous avons de la France*," says Prince Teck to the Count of Flanders, and the Prince of Wales whispers some remark to the Maharanee which makes both her and Dhuleep Singh laugh.

Gradually the throng of royalty lessens, and I find myself standing on the very spot where stood the Queen some minutes before. The last carriage has driven away. The courtly crowd pushes itself out in a courtly manner. I pass through the gate of Henry VIII. as the cheers from the Elton boys resound from the Castle Hill, and amidst the clanging of bells and the deep booming of cannon, I once more find myself a very ordinary person in the streets of Windsor

THE CEREMONY.

performed by the Bishop of London, was very brief. "Having arrived at the altar," says the *Court Journal*, "the group is formed, and the only incident, perhaps, showing the slight nervousness of the fair bride, may be naturally expected. It is a matter of dispossessing herself of her right-hand glove, and managing to do so bouquet-encumbered. The Princess does not recognize the Queen's desire to assist her, and places herself in the hands of one of her bridesmaids. Though the voice of the good Bishop is plainly audible, and we see Her Majesty's movement of assent that she gives the Princess away, nothing more is heard; and we rather extol the depriving us of the pleasure of a loud response, for when two fond hearts pledge themselves, as they do undoubtedly here, to our thinking the natural tone is love's whisper. And now 'tis done, and John Douglas Sutherland and Louise Caroline Alberta, as they were named by the bishop in the ceremony, are one. The Bishop of Winchester reads a short exhortation that begins, "All ye that are married," and the Princess embraces her mother." The Marquis then knelt and kissed the Queen's hand, when the procession reformed.

- THE BRIDESMAIDS.

On our first page this week we reproduce, from the latest photographs by the Photographer-Royal, the portraits of the eight young ladies who received the distinguished honour of acting as bridesmaids to H. R. H. Princess Louise. They were all daughters of Dukes, Marquises, or Earls, and chosen from the most illustrious families of the United Kingdom, as the reader may judge from the following recital of their names:—

Lady Elizabeth Campbell, second daughter of the Duke of Argyll, born in 1852.

Lady Mary Cecil, second daughter of the Marquis of Exeter, born in 1857.

Lady Mary Butler, eldest daughter of the Dowager Marchioness of Ormonde, born in 1846.

Lady Florence Montagu, second daughter of the Earl of Sandwich, born in 1848.

Lady Florence Gordon-Lennox, second daughter of the Duke of Richmond, born in 1852.

Lady Grace Gordon, third daughter of the Dowager Marchioness of Huntly, born in 1854.

Lady Constance Seymour, daughter of the Marquis of Hertford.

Lady Alice Fitzgerald, daughter of the Marquess of Kildare.

All of the bridesmaids are fair, but, if the palm of beauty and grace must be awarded to one of them, it will assuredly go by the general consent to the Lady Mary Butler, who, by the infinite grace of her slender figure and the intelligence of her features, and especially of her dark blue eyes, seems the living realization of a poet's and painter's dream.

The vignettes on the first page give the portraits according to the photographs received, and the double page illustration of the marriage shows the exact style of dress, which has already been described by our "occasional" correspondent.

THE PRINCESS'S WEDDING CAKE.

According to an English paper the Princess Louise's wedding cake was 5 feet 4 inches high, with a diameter of 2 feet 6 inches. The base was decorated with white satin, bearing coats of arms, the initials "L. L." entwined in blue wreaths and orange blossoms, and small vases containing the same flowers. Within an alcove above the base was a fountain with doves drinking, and around this miniature temple were four statues representing "Agriculture," "Fine Arts," "Commerce," and "Science." The upper part was crowned by a vestal virgin. All the figures and ornaments were of sugar. It was made in three tiers placed on a gold stand, weighing about 2 cwt., and measuring at the base of the lower cake 2 ft. in diameter, and in height nearly 5 ft. The gold plateau had on it the Royal Arms, at four equal distances, with Cupids and flowers. The lower tier was ornamented with blue panels, baskets of flowers, fruit, and love birds between a scroll leaf, with medallions, containing likenesses of the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise, with their respective coronets above each. The second tier was festooned with the rose, shamrock and thistle. The third tier was of net work, with cornucopias and shields on which were the monograms of the bride and bridegroom. The whole was surmounted by a vase of flowers, with silk banners edged with silver fringe, containing the armorial bearing of the Princess and of the Marquis. Each tier of the cake was bordered with trellis work studded with pearls.

THE WEDDING PRESENTS.

The following marriage presents were given to her Royal Highness the Princess Louise:—By Her Majesty the Queen—a very large and fine emerald, set with brilliants as a centre of bracelet; another as centre of necklace; a very fine opal and brilliant necklace, with five large opals, set round with brilliants, and connected by a diamond chain; a large drop brooch, with two very fine opals, set round with brilliants; a pair of opal and diamond earrings to correspond; a richly-embossed silver-gilt dessert service, consisting of one centre, two sides, and four corner ornaments. Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess Christian—A beautifully-chased silver-gilt tea and coffee service, containing the following pieces—coffee-pot, two teapots, one sugar basin, one hot milk jug, one cream ewer, in case. Their Royal Highnesses Prince Arthur, Prince Leopold, and Princess Beatrice—Two diamond daisy flowers mounted as hair pins. Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge—A silver-gilt ink-stand in the shape of a shell. His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge—A richly engraved silver salver. The Duke and Duchess of Argyll—A tiara formed of a band of emeralds and diamonds, surmounted by a scroll work also of emeralds and diamonds. The Marquis of Lorne—A beautiful pendant ornament, with a large and fine sapphire, mounted with brilliants and pearls and pearl drop; the centre forms a bracelet. The Chan Campbell—A necklace composed of pearls and diamonds, from which is suspended a locket of oval form, with pendant; the centre of the locket is formed by a large and extremely beautiful Oriental pearl, surrounded by a closely set row of diamonds of large size and great brilliancy; the outer border also consists of large diamonds, but set in such a manner as to give an appearance of lightness very seldom obtained in ornaments of a similar description; the pendant, the most characteristic portion of the jewel, is suspended by an emerald sprig of bog myrtle (the Campbell badge), and bears in the centre the gully of Lorne, composed of sapphires on a pavé of diamonds; the border, also