

blazoned rag that sways with every current of air that steals through architrave and screen—a mockery to the fallen greatness of him whose arms it bears. It is that of Napoleon III, sometime of France and now a prisoner to his conqueror, or, at the moment I write, perhaps a wanderer and exile. Facing the escutcheon of dethroned Cæsar, are the armorial bearings of the new Cæsar who hurled him from his high estate, and I turn now and again to gaze with sorrow and sympathy at the flag which tells a terrible chapter of history. But to revert to the difficulties which beset me, and they are many. Ah, every moment I am roughly shouldered from the position I have chosen for my sketch, a frightful *vacarme* surrounds me, and the delicate sculptures of the great altar piece have to be traced amidst a riot and confusion, utterly foreign to the solemn silence of a Cathedral Church. Possibly, a carpenter, just when I am struggling with a more than usually ornate piece of drawing, throws his shadow across my strained paper and hollows in my ear: "I say, mister, are them swords above them flags real uns," and, alluding to the crests: "Are them gold crowns, wot the parties as they belong to wears in state," then, not content with this interruption, my wood-sawing friend takes to criticising my art, which altogether, he is pleased to say, "blowed if it don't beat him." Altogether, I lose my temper a dozen times during the day, and every pulse throbs with indignation at the sacrilege and profanity of the invading horde who have turned a stately religious edifice into a huge resounding workshop. But there! Princesses are not married every day, and I suppose it is necessary to make more than customary noise on these unfrequent occasions. One would think from the "tap, tap, tapping" that coffins were being prepared for a general funeral, rather than preparations being made for a wedding.

This morning, just at the moment I was congratulating myself on having an hour's quiet, the workmen having retreated to their dinner, an incident occurred to divert my attention. A side door opened and an individual in full Highland costume stepped in, looked around and retired. No, it was not the Marquis of Lorne, ladies, for the person in question was brawny and thick-set, and numbering forty summers at least. For your especial benefit I don't mind telling you it was the much-abused and much scandal-besprinkled John Brown—Her Majesty's gillie and henchman. In a few minutes the apparition re-appeared, and this time followed by—whom do you think? *Foi d'honneur*, by no less a personage than the Queen herself, attended by the Duchess of Roxburgh, on whose arm the Sovereign leaned. But a sturdier limb was required to help Her Majesty over the joists of timber lying in every direction, and John Brown's assistance was offered and accepted. Gracious me, there I was, all but alone with royalty. Should I, like a modern Raleigh, take off my coat and spread it on the sawdust-covered altar steps? Should I fall on my knees and wait till I was bidden to rise—receiving the accolade from a handy saw—chevalier of the order of the pen and pencil, and correspondent in ordinary, on all state occasions, to the court. No! the Queen but glanced smilingly in my direction, slightly acknowledged my profound salutation, looked about at the preparations, and leaning on the Duchess, passed out. As for John Brown, he didn't even notice me, and the best chance I ever had in my life of making my way and fortune, faded as abruptly from my imaginative mind as it had dawned upon it. But no matter; I have just heard Her Majesty is expected to pay another visit to-morrow, and who knows what the future may have in store!

What crowds of tradespeople are besieging the castle, summoned to attend the councils of Mr. Seabrook, the Inspector of Palaces, a gentleman to whom I am greatly indebted for much courtesy and many facilities. Indeed he does everything he can to prevent me being disturbed, and is continually apologizing for the annoyance his workmen cause me, and does all he can to remedy the evil. Well, these tradesmen are all more or less loaded with cunning conceits to make fairly hounds of the different antiquated chapels fitted up as retiring rooms for the bridesmaids. Such a wealth of dainty ingenuity, and exquisite belongings to a damsel's toilette, are spread out before the genius, who only commands to be obeyed. Silver-mounted mirrors with richly lacéd furniture, ivory brushes and combs, soaps and cosmetics of every perfume that far-famed Araby has wasted to this misty Isle, richly piled carpets and the most luxuriously padded settees, tent-like canopies of multicoloured muslins, to veil the beauties in their sanctuaries. Ah! they look after ladies at Windsor in a very different style to what they used in the time of good Queen Bess. There is, in the report of the year 1580, a statement "that the maids of honour desired to have their chambers ceiled, and the partition, that is of boards, to be made higher, for that the servants looked over." And about the same time, it is said that certain young gentlemen and noblemen were guilty of similar indecorous behaviour, being fond of peeping over these boards, to the great annoyance of ladies when at their toilette, whereat Her Majesty was highly displeased, and severely reprovéd them. Well, this peep-show system is by no means likely to obtain under Mr. Seabrook's sway, and I am quite convinced that the Princess Louise's bridesmaids will be as safe from the curious eye as inmates of the Sultan's harem. My next letter will bring you an account of the marriage, and with it will come the sketches I am now busily preparing. I await but the ceremony to add the personages to the elaborate architectural drawings which I have been compelled to commence in anticipation of the event.

THE QUEEN,

THE PRINCESS LOUISE AND THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.

As fitting precursors of the illustrations of the Royal Marriage that will shortly appear in these pages we publish this week exact reproductions of the latest English photographs of the personages principally concerned in the union just consummated. These portraits will be found far more correct than any that have yet appeared, and for this reason we have determined upon giving the young couple a second appearance in our pages. Their biographies will be found in Vol. II, No. 22, p. 342.

Of Her Majesty the Queen it is unnecessary to say much. The deep interest she takes in the welfare of all her subjects, her many good qualities both as a queen and as a mother, have endeared her to all her people alike, and to all who bear the British name it can but be a source of pride that not only in her own dominions, but throughout the whole of the civilized world, her name is never mentioned save in terms of admiration, affection and respect. Her Majesty, Victoria Alexandrina, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, &c., is the

only child of the late Duke of Kent and of the Princess Victoria of Saxe-Coburg. She was born May 24, 1819; her parents, who had for some time been residing abroad, having hastened to England, in order that their child might be "born a Briton." The Duke of Kent died the year after her birth, and her education was accordingly confided to the Duchess of Northumberland, under whose care she passed her life in comparative retirement until her elevation to the throne in June, 1837. Her Majesty was crowned as Victoria I in Westminster Abbey, on the 28th June of the same year—eight days after her ascension. On the 10th February, 1840, Her Majesty was married to his late Royal Highness Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, on which occasion, our readers will remember, a debate on the settlement arose in the House of Commons, bearing a resemblance in more points than one to the debate concluded the other day, on the question of the dowry of the Princess Louise. By this marriage Her Majesty had issue, as follows:—H. R. H. Victoria Adelaide Louisa, married to the Crown Prince of Prussia; 2. H. R. H. Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, married to the Princess Alexandra of Denmark; 3. H. R. H. Princess Alice Maud Mary, married to Prince Louis of Hesse-Darmstadt; 4. H. R. H. Prince Alfred Ernest Albert, Duke of Edinburgh; 5. H. R. H. Princess Helena Augusta Victoria, married to Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein; 6. H. R. H. Princess Louisa Carolina Alberta, married to the Marquis of Lorne; 7. H. R. H. Prince Arthur William Patrick Albert; 8. H. R. H. Prince Leopold George Duncan Albert; 9. H. R. H. Princess Beatrice Mary Victoria Feodora. Her Majesty is the pattern of a woman in all the relations of life, as a queen, as a daughter, as a wife, and as a mother, and by these qualities, perhaps more than any others, she has established a title to the esteem and affection of her subjects. The first domestic grief which she suffered was the loss of her mother, the Duchess of Kent, in March, 1861, closely followed by the death of the Prince Consort, in December of the same year. By the irreparable loss of her husband Her Majesty has, in a great degree, been disqualified from appearing in public and at court ceremonials, and, until lately, has imposed upon herself the habits of a life of almost total seclusion.

WINDSOR CASTLE.

For the past few months Windsor Castle has been the centre of attraction throughout all the English-speaking world, and though the excitement attendant upon a Royal Wedding has pretty well subsided on the other side of the Atlantic, on this side the general curiosity has been rather sharpened than otherwise by the scanty details furnished by the telegraph; and few will be thoroughly satisfied until they have perused a full account, and examined exact and authentic illustrations of the event they have so long and so eagerly anticipated. These we trust to be enabled to furnish in our next number, and at present, in advance of the sketches taken by our artist and of illustrations of the interior of St. George's Chapel—the scene of the ceremony—we present our readers with a view of Windsor Castle, reproduced from the latest photograph taken.

The history of the old castle is one that is full of interest, but which, in order to have full justice done to it, would occupy many large volumes. Already before the Norman conquest Windsor was a royal seat of the Saxon kings. Shortly after the conquest William I. built a palace there, which was, however, almost entirely rebuilt by Edward III., who, with the aid of the celebrated William of Wykeham—the founder of Winchester School—left us the noble pile with which—or at least with the appearance of which, all English readers are familiar. Under George III. the castle underwent several alterations. The palace and grounds, the latter of which are laid out in the most superb manner, occupy about thirty-two acres. The castle itself is divided into what are known as the Upper and Lower Courts, the latter to the east and the former to the west, with the Keep and Round Tower. In the Lower Court is St. George's Chapel, a magnificent specimen of Florid Gothic architecture, containing the stalls of the Knights of the Most Noble Order of the Garter. The Upper Court has on the west the Round Tower, the most prominent feature in the buildings; on the north the State Apartments, and on the east and south the private apartments of the Queen and of the Royal Household. Among the State Apartments the most remarkable are the Vandycke Room—so called because it contains a number of the works of that great painter; the Waterloo Room, containing portraits of great men at the time of Waterloo; the Throne Room, the Presence Chamber, and St. George's Hall. The latter chamber is adorned with the arms of all the Knights of the Garter since the foundation of the Order. It also contains portraits of the British sovereigns since James I.

Along the sides of the quadrangle occupied by Her Majesty's private apartments runs a corridor 450 feet long, richly adorned with pictures and statues. Along the north side of the castle is the Terrace, a magnificent promenade of three-quarters of a mile, commanding a beautiful view of the neighbouring country. On the north-east lies the Little Park, four miles in circuit, in which stands a tree supposed to be the identical Herne's Oak of which Shakespeare speaks in his "Merry Wives of Windsor." To the south stretches the Great Park, which is reached by the Long Walk, a charming avenue three miles long, terminating at an eminence known as Snow Hill, on which stands a statue of George III. In the Great Park is the well-known Virginia Water, the largest artificial lake in the United Kingdom.

"THE PAGE."

This very pleasing little study is a reproduction of a painting exhibited last summer at the Royal Academy in London. The painter is a young artist, but little known to fame, though, judging from the promising specimen of his handiwork before us, we may venture to predict for him great success in the profession he has chosen. In his picture Mr. Fyfe has formed a correct idea of the by no means menial, but rather honourable, office of page in the olden times—say of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The requirements for taking the position of page and the consideration in which the office was held were doubtless relics of feudalism, traceable to the mediæval relations of knights and squires. Our little page is assuredly of gentle extraction. He is, according to his capacity, performing fair suit and service in the castle or manorial hall of some noble or chief, to whom, probably, his sire owes allegiance as tenant, or is possibly under other obligations. And if he is not exactly a young noble himself, he is certainly dressed as one by his worshipful patron and protector. What a little "swell of the period" he is, in his point-laced collar

and wristbands, in his black velvet jerkin and modified trunk-hose, tied with scarlet ribbons, resembling the knickerbockers of the present day; and with his hair cut straight across the forehead—another fashion which we have lived to see revived! His duties are not usually of a very laborious or onerous description. To fetch and carry trifles is his ordinary occupation when he is not at play. When the mid-day dinner-hour arrives he has, moreover, to stand behind my lady's chair; and at a later stage of the repast we see he is called upon to assist in bringing down to the dining-hall the gilt salver laden with a newly-filled jug of cool canary, or Xeres, and fruits for desert. A pleasant memory of olden manners and customs does the meeting this handsome, happy-looking little page on the back stairs recall! We have only to add that the picture is painted with a soundness, vigour, and effectiveness which give to the figure an air of almost startling reality.

RIDEAU FALLS.

Elsewhere we copy a very pretty photograph by Notman, showing the Rideau Falls as they tumble over the precipice into the river Ottawa. The portion of the city opposite the Village of Edinburgh is also shewn. The view is picturesque.

"CLEARING THE RAMPARTS."

The little garrison still remaining at Quebec, having no more desperate enemy to deal with, frequently engage with the snow that accumulates on the ramparts, and our special artist "W. O. C.," has sent us a vigorous sketch of the manner in which this bloodless warfare is carried on.

VARIETIES.

The receipts at a sacred concert given at Madrid on behalf of the French wounded were supplemented with a gift by King Amadeus of the munificent sum of two hundred francs (£8).

A French chemist asserts that if tea be ground like coffee before hot water is poured upon it, it will yield nearly double the amount of its exhilarating qualities. Another writer says: "If you put a piece of lump sugar, the size of a walnut, into a teapot, you will make the tea infuse in half the time."

The landlady of Bismarck at Versailles wanted compensation for the injury done to her house and furniture. Bismarck proved himself, in his reply, a second Barnum. "Why, madame," he said, "your house is a fortune. Don't alter a single thing; leave it all just as it is, and the Americans will flock to see where the treaty was signed, and you will make ever so much by showing your rooms."

A certain lecturer quoted the Miltonic couplet—

"But come thou goddess, fair and free,
In Heaven yelep'd Euphrosyne;"

and had the pleasure of reading, the next morning, the following stenographic transformation—

"But came that goddess, fair and free,
In Heaven she crept, and froze her knee."

An eccentric man in Massachusetts has made and published his will. He gives his body after his death to Prof. Agassiz and Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, to be placed in the museum at Cambridge, but directs that two drum-heads shall be made of his skin, on which "Yankee Doodle" shall be beaten at the base of Bunker Hill Monument, annually, at sunrise on the 17th of June.

Bismarck is said to be partial to brandy, and before leaving Berlin for the seat of war, a little son of his asked him how long he was to be away. Thereupon a servant came in to inquire how many bottles of cognac were to be packed up in the count's luggage. "Twenty-four," was the answer. "Ah, papa," cried out the "terrible infant," "now I know how long you are to be from home—twenty-four days."

THE OLD MASTERS.—If the marvellous Exhibition, just closed, had produced no better result than the following (which was found on a lost catalogue) the Academicians would still have deserved plaudit:—"Suppose Her Majesty had patted a cat, which purred, but then scratched the Sovereign, what two Old Masters would have been named? Puss sang, and Clawed *la Reine*."

A strange incident was witnessed in Hyde Park lately. In the afternoon, when the Park was crowded, a Mahometan excited great astonishment by unrolling his praying mat on the greensward, kneeling down, and, with his face turned towards Mecca, gravely performing a long act of devotion. A considerable crowd assembled to contemplate the Mussulman, whose nationality was unmistakably that of an Indian subject of the Queen, and who appeared to be wholly unconscious of the curiosity he excited.

ENGLISH AND FRENCH FARE.—I ate ten dishes at French dinners, and went afterwards as easily as possible to work, to the theatre, or sometimes even to some light dancing institutions (not to dance, of course—I am too *propre* for this—but to look on); while on the first day I was in England I partook of what you call "a dinner off the joint," which is only one dish, with an addition of some vegetable in a shocking state of nudity, just as Allah has made them, and of some pudding in a stone-like state, just as Allah would never have made it; and after this comparatively short dinner I not only could not move, but dreamed the whole night about oxen, cabbages, stones, and kindred substantial things.—*Asamat Batuk in the "Pall Mall Gazette."*

A Paris correspondent of the *Times* says:—"I was at a restaurant yesterday and saw what could have happened in no other army in the world. There were three officers—two field officers and one a captain—seated at a table. In rolled six or seven loutish-looking fellows—common soldiers—and sat down close to the officers without saluting or taking the smallest notice of them. One then began to talk over his beer of his battles (they belonged to Chanzy's army), in order, apparently, to annoy the officers at by speaking in the most offensive way of 'his Colonel,' and 'cet imbecile d'un général,' and this 'sacré,' &c., of some one else. The officers rose and went away, saluting the 'dame de comptoir' by raising their képis, and passed close by the soldiers, who never rose, or saluted, or took the least notice of them. To lead an army of such men to victory would be impossible for Napoleon and all his marshals."