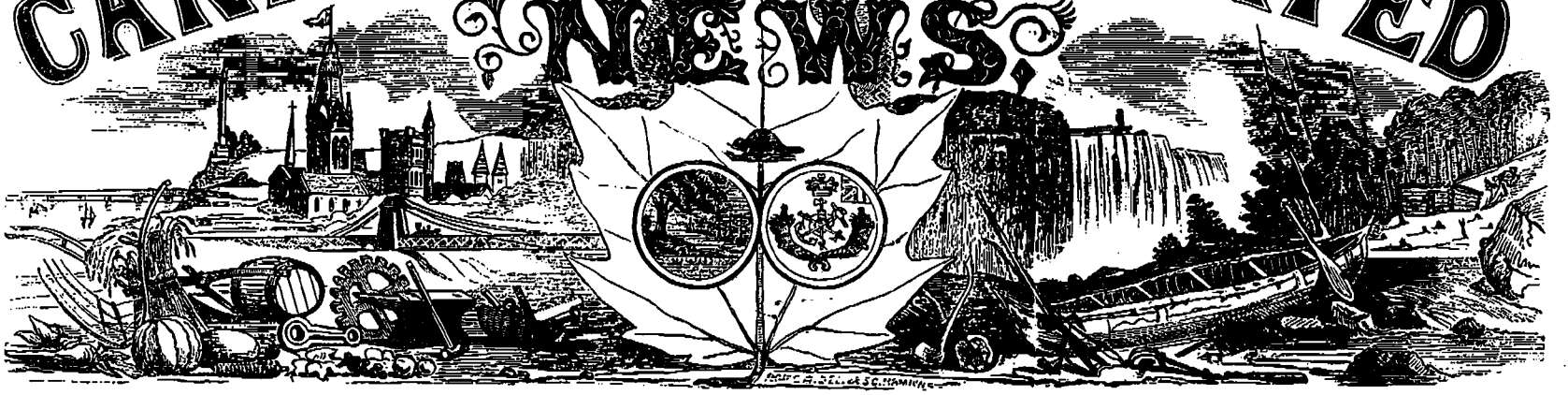


THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.



Vol. I—No. 21.]

HAMILTON, C.W., SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1863.

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SINGLE COPIES 6 CENTS.]



MISS ALICE WORTS, WINNER OF FIRST PRIZE AT THE VICTORIA SKATING RINK, TORONTO, MARCH 7th, 1863. [See next page.]

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY PALMER.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

THE PARTNERSHIP heretofore existing between WM. BROWN MAT. HOWIE, under the style of H. BROWN & CO. is this day dissolved by mutual consent, they having transferred the business to Mr. W. A. FERGUSON; therefore all parties indebted to said Brown and Howie, on account of the Canadian Illustrated News, will please make their payments to W. A. FERGUSON, he being authorized to collect and grant receipts for the same.

WM. BROWN,
MAT. HOWIE.

Hamilton, March 19th, 1863.

NOTICE TO CANVASSERS.

All parties who have hitherto acted as Canvassers for the Canadian Illustrated News, will please report personally at this office before proceeding further with their canvass, unless privately communicated with by the proprietor.

April 3rd, 1863.

W. A. FERGUSON.

Any person sending us the names of ten Subscribers for three, six, nine, or twelve months, will receive a copy free of charge, for each of these periods, respectively. Should those Subscribers, for any term less than a year, renew their subscriptions, the paper will be continued to the getters up of the club.

The 'Illustrated News' is forwarded to Subscribers by mail, free of postage.

THE CANADIAN Illustrated News.

HAMILTON, APRIL 4, 1863.

SEPARATE SCHOOLS.

Every friend of liberal education will regret the success which Mr. Scott's Separate School Bill has met with in the Legislative Assembly. Not so much on account of the provisions of the bill itself as because it indicates that Roman Catholics have not yet learned the folly of erecting barriers between themselves and their Protestant neighbors. But however much this perversity is to be deprecated, the bill furnishes but little reason for that intense and bitter excitement prevailing in regard to it in Upper Canada.

In some thirty or forty columns of denunciation of the measure which we have read within the last fortnight, there is not a word to indicate that such a thing as a Separate School has ever existed up to this time in Upper Canada, or that a Separate School law has ever before received a Legislative sanction. In fact the discussion on Mr. Scott's bill has turned entirely upon the principle of Sectarian education, not upon certain amendments to the present law on the subject, which is the real point at issue.

While the press confines itself to *ex parte* statements and inflammatory appeals, it need not be wondered at that much misapprehension prevails on the subject. Nay, we might go further and say ignorance, for we have heard more than one man of average intelligence assert that there is at present no law by which any denomination can obtain a share of the public money for the support of its Schools.

For the benefit of those who may wish to ascertain the exact importance of the Bill, we shall endeavor to present a clear, but brief statement of the facts of the case.

Ever since our government took any interest worthy of mention in education, provision has been made for separate schools. Up to 1850, however, the law does not appear to have been of any practical importance. Such education as could then be had was enjoyed in common by all sects. The children of Protestants and Roman Catholics, fleshed their maiden jack-knives on the same unpainted desk, drew inspiration occasionally from the same copy of Cobb's spelling-book, and helped the teacher to chase squirrels and rob bees nests with an unsectarian harmony which might be imitated with advantage in these days.

In 1850 the school law was amended, partly, it appears, with the object of giving increased facilities for sectarian education. It was then provided that either Protestants or Roman Catholics could establish separate schools in case the teachers of the common schools in the 'sections' where they resided held the opposite religious faith from themselves.

Each school was entitled to a share of the school fund, in proportion to its average attendance of pupils. This was followed by an explanatory Act in 1861, and by a supplementary Act in 1863, chiefly relating to details.

In 1865 the separate school Act, which is at present the law of the land, was enacted.

It repeals the Separate School clauses of the Acts of 1850-'51 and '53 so far as they relate to Roman Catholics, and substitutes others which were intended to be more efficient in their operation. Here is a brief digest of the law, and of Mr. Scott's proposed amendments, stripped of course of a mass of technical detail and parliamentary verbosity:

Five heads of families residing within a School Section may call a meeting for the purpose of establishing a Separate School for Roman Catholics, and if there are not less than ten persons—duly qualified—present, may then and there elect School Trustees, who must also reside within the School Section in which the School is to be established.

Mr. Scott's amendment makes no mention of the number who must be present at the meeting, and permits the election of Trustees 'resident within such Section or adjoining Section.'

Any Roman Catholic residing within a School Section in which a Separate School is established, may become a supporter thereof—and consequently be absolved from payment of the Common School rate—by giving notice annually of his desire to become so, to the Clerk of the Municipality.

By Mr. Scott's Bill any Roman Catholic residing within three miles—in a direct line—of the site of a Separate School, will have the same privilege, and will not be required to renew his notice annually to the Clerk of the Municipality.

Every Separate School established under the Act is entitled to a share of the annual Legislative School Grant in proportion to the number of pupils attending it, but if the average attendance be a less number than fifteen, it is not entitled to any part of that grant. Mr. Scott amends this by omitting the clause relating to the necessary average attendance, and adding that Separate Schools shall also be entitled 'to a share in all other public grants, investments and allotments for Common School purposes now made or hereafter to be made by the Province or the municipal authorities.'

These, we believe, are all the amendments of any importance which the Bill makes in the present law. So far as they are likely to injure our educational system they deserve to be condemned, but no good results can come from a fierce sectarian excitement got up on false pretences.

Will this Bill, if passed, finally close the Sectarian School agitation? This is an important query, and one which we hope our Roman Catholic friends will practically answer in the affirmative. For years past this agitation has been a fertile source of mischief, a fiery foot-ball, to which your crafty roystering candidate for political honors had but to administer a few judicious kicks and straightway he was surrounded by a hooting, yelling, applauding crowd. It has made education no longer a subject for impartial inquiry and philanthropic effort, but a mere party shibboleth, valuable in proportion to its power to place this or that candidate at the head of the polls. If this pitiful state of things could be got rid of by the passing of the Bill, that event would not be an unmitigated evil.

SKATING TOURNAMENT.

The Victoria Skating Rink occupies a pleasant situation, opposite the Horticultural Gardens, on the corner of Gerrard and Sherborne street, in the city of Toronto. It was built in 1862, by Messrs. P. Arnold and Orin Wardell. The good management of the proprietors and liberal patronage of the citizens soon made this a favorite place for winter recreation.

On Saturday, March 7, 1863, a grand prize skating match came off on this rink. It was considered by skaters the great event of the season, and many 'fair women and brave men' looked forward to it with delight. It was the first of the kind that had taken place in the city. The frost on Friday night hardened the ice sufficiently to admit of skating in the forenoon, and many availed themselves of the opportunity to practise for the contest in the afternoon. At twelve o'clock it was thought advisable to haul down the flag, as the frozen surface was being deeply cut by the magic irons. The 'cuttings' were then swept off the ice to have it in better condition for the coming sport at three o'clock. About half past one, hundreds of the elite from all parts of the city began to arrive. Indulgent pa's and loving ma's came to witness the agility of their charming daughters on skates, who, in large numbers, attended by their ever faithful country consins, also presented themselves. It was estimated that more than one thousand persons were present at four o'clock, and it was computed by the door-keeper that at least four hundred persons had passed in during the afternoon.

About half-past three o'clock the judges advanced to the centre of the rink and requested that the ladies who wished to compete for the first prize would enter the ring. There was a commotion among the spectators and thirteen young ladies instantly rushed forward. It reminded one of the pictures

of a fairy scene, as the skaters fitted hither and thither, surrounded by a large circle of enchanted admirers, while Maule's quadrillo band played many lively airs.

'A thousand hearts beat happily,
And all went merry as a marriage bell.'

The ice, however, was in a bad condition for the larger ladies, and, in consequence, a few fell by their skates breaking through, while the younger and lighter ones glided along without accident. Beautiful skating was now witnessed. The scene presented an animated appearance, and joy was unconfined, while youth and beauty chased each other with flying feet. A few, however, of the skaters appeared nervous, and did not skate as well as on other occasions. After some time the judges called to the centre of the rink Miss Gustin, Miss Alice Worts, and Miss Elliott, and requested the others to leave the ring, as it now lay between these three. Miss Worts was soon declared the successful competitor, and received the badge of victory amid the cheers of the spectators. Miss Gustin was unmistakably a good skater, and it was hard to judge which ought to carry off the prize.

The second prize was then skated for, twenty competitors entering. After a few minutes Miss Elliott was awarded the prize, a silver flower stand. Miss Gustin did not enter for this, as it was open only to ladies of two years' experience. The third prize, a silver medal, was for gentlemen, and a large number entered, but the ice was so soft that only youths could skate. The competition was so evenly balanced between Master H. Switzer and Master Fred. Perkins that it was decided to give each a prize. The fourth prize, a gold skate, was for all lady skaters of twelve years and older. Forty-five competitors entered. The prize was awarded to Miss L. Wright. The fifth prize was a gold skate to the second best lady skater of twelve years and older. The judges could not decide between Miss Fanny Wright and Miss Rosa Rossin, and gave each a prize. The sixth prize, a silver cup, for boys under 14 years of age, was won by Master Willie Henderson. The seventh prize was a silver cup, for boys under six years of age. Only two entered—Master H. Mason and Master E. Rutherford. The judges decided to give each a prize. The judges were Mr. J. O. Heward, Mr. E. W. Rutherford, Mr. John Boulton, and Mr. John Leys; and they gave entire satisfaction to all.

PRESENTATION OF THE PRIZES.

The prizes were presented on Saturday, March 14th, by his Worship, the Mayor.—About 4 o'clock a circle was formed, inside of which those who were to receive them were formed in line facing the Mayor, who said he had consented to perform the pleasing task of presenting the prizes which were awarded by the proprietors of the rink to the young ladies and gentlemen who had won them at the recent skating match. He would have liked very much to have been present on that occasion to witness the skating, for he had no doubt the matches were admirably and keenly contested, and that the prizes had been properly awarded. He was glad to know that there were such capital skaters at that rink—especially among the young ladies. He would further say that a very good lesson might be taken from the exertions of the competitors at the recent match, one that might well be remembered with great advantage by every child in the city, and that was, that anything that was worth doing at all was worth doing well. He would say to the young ladies and gentlemen present that they could get all the pleasure and recreation which they required by attending the skating rink, which was far better than that attendant upon a heated ball-room. He was glad to see that the ladies had been so successful, and that Miss Worts, although so little a girl, stood first on the list. His Worship then called up Miss Worts, and after addressing a few complimentary remarks to her, presented her with the first prize (a silver flower stand) amid loud applause.

The portrait of this beautiful girl, Miss Alice Worts, is given on our first page.—Though so accomplished in the charming art of sitting on the ice like a fairy, she is only ten years old. Her prize was the silver flower stand, represented on the upper right corner of next page. The second prize given to Miss Elliott, who so nearly equalled Miss Worts, was a flower stand of the same material and form. The golden skates were three in number, miniatures to be attached to watch guards. Our picture shows two.

James G. Worts, Esq., the eminent distiller of Trinity street, addressing the Mayor and the assembly said, he took great pleasure in thanking the proprietors of the rink, and the judges who had awarded that beautiful prize to his daughter. Not only did he

consider it an honour by its being the first prize won on that rink, but because it was the first that had ever been won at a prize skating match in this city. He was glad to see that the young ladies took such pleasure in that invigorating exercise; and if they took plenty of enjoyment on the ice, he was sure they would all have rosy cheeks and good health. (Applause.) It was well known that the women in England took a great deal of out-door exercise, and that was why they were so healthy. He was glad to see that this prize match had come off on the Victoria rink, and he trusted that such a praise-worthy example would be followed by the proprietors of other rinks in the city. He thought that next year an improvement might be made in the distribution of prizes by offering one for young ladies over fourteen years of age. But of course it could not be expected that everything could be understood at the first match. He stood before his Worship on skates, and he thought if every person made so much progress on skates as he had done since he commenced to learn they would get on rapidly. He was happy to say that he had five children on skates on the rink, and he hoped every other gentleman would follow his example and let their children engage in the pleasing and healthful exercise.

The Mayor—I have seven children able to skate, and that beats you, Mr. Worts.

Another gentleman shouted that he had nine at least able to skate (and how many more we were unable to hear, as the spectators were all laughing heartily at this competition between the gentlemen as to who had the greatest number of children on skates.)

The Mayor then called Miss Elliott, and after complimenting her for her success in obtaining a first prize (which was equal to that given to Miss Worts) presented it to her. His worship in like manner presented the other prizes to those who had won them as follows: Master Willie Henderson, Master Herbert Mason, Master E. Rutherford, Miss Rossin, Miss Alice Kingsford, (extra prize) Master H. Switzer, and Master Fred Perkins.

Three hearty cheers were then given for the Mayor, who in reply said that if it were near election time he would be tempted to inflict a speech upon those present; but as that time was a good way off he would merely thank them.

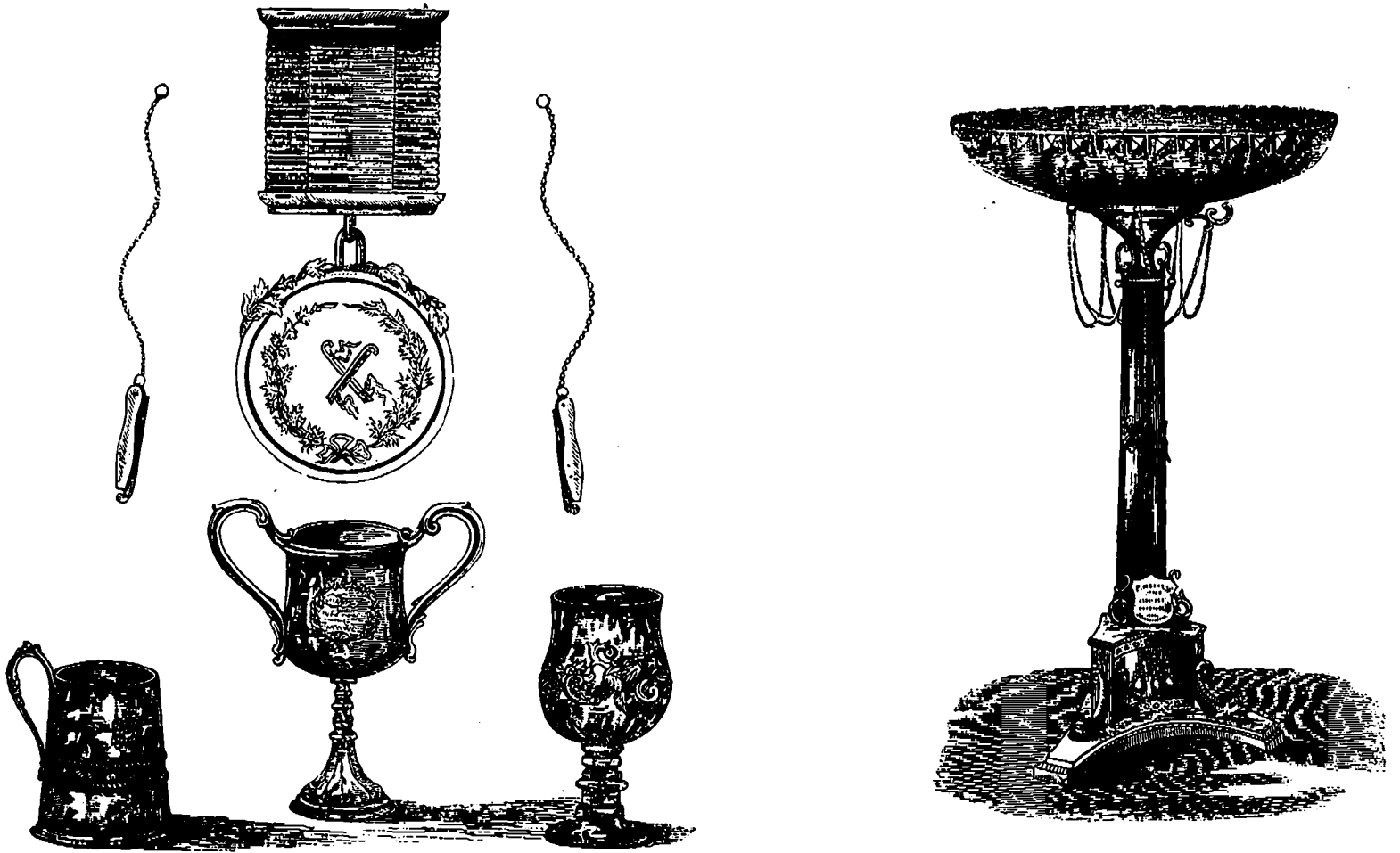
The ice was in pretty good condition, and as there was a band of music present, all greatly enjoyed themselves, many of them by dancing quadrilles. The greatest praise is due to the proprietors of this rink for the excellent manner in which everything connected with it had been carried out. This cannot fail to secure a very large number of subscribers next year.

The silver flower stands, were manufactured by Mr. J. E. Ellis, jeweller, King street. They are Grecian in style. The base is triangular, supported by dolphins.—The fluted columns are eighteen inches high, with three handsome panels, with the Three Graces and ornaments of arms nicely set on each. The silver brackets at top of the columns are festooned with chains—surmounted with a crystal flower dish. These articles, valued at \$50 each, were purchased by subscription. Mr. Ellis presented the miniature golden skates. The proprietors gave the silver medal, and Mr. John Boyd a silver cup. We presume the other prizes were purchased by subscription.

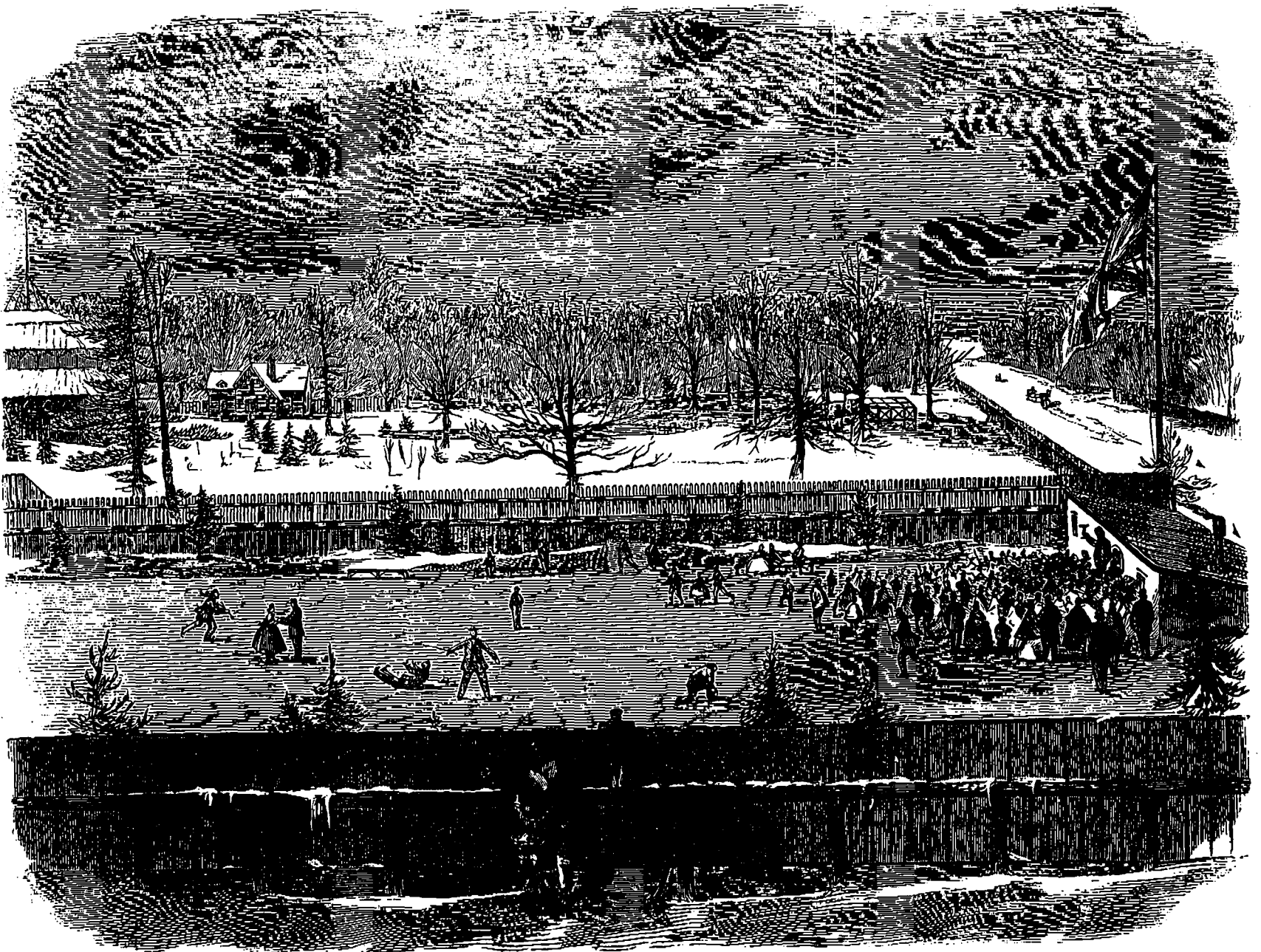
NORTH AMERICAN HOTEL, FERGUS.

This elegant edifice, of which a representation is given on page 251, is situated in the village of Fergus, in the county of Wellington, on the Owen Sound road. It is a three storied stone building and constructed in the most approved style and of substantial materials. The external appearance is imposing and attractive, while the internal arrangements of the house are in every way conducive to comfort and convenience. On the first floor there are a large sitting-room, a reading-room, a large commodious dining-room with kitchen attached, and bar-room. The second floor contains two sitting-rooms and six bed-rooms, excellently furnished, together with a large concert hall, while the third story is devoted exclusively to bed-rooms, and contains sixteen.

James Whyte Esq., who has recently become the proprietor, has newly fitted out every department of the house in first class style and with elegant and costly furniture. From the urbanity and experience of that gentleman and attentiveness of his servants and attendants and the other accommodations above referred to, this House recommends itself to the public as a first class Hotel and one of the best houses for the accommodation of travelers and lodgers West of Toronto.



GOLDEN SKATES, SILVER FLOWER STAND, SILVER MEDAL AND SILVER CUPS—SKATING PRIZES.



VICTORIA SKATING RINK, TORONTO, CANADA WEST—PRESENTATION OF PRIZES.

HISTORY OF THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

The last number of the Canadian Illustrated News contained pictures of the Baptism of the Prince of Wales, in January, 1842, with letter press description; view of Windsor Castle from the river Thames, and portraits of the Prince and Princess of Wales, with the following articles relating to Windsor, prepared as the pictures were, specially for this journal: 'Former Princes of Wales'; 'Family of George III.'; 'their names on the map of Canada'; 'Situation of Windsor Castle'; 'Windsor Castle and the Park'; 'History of the Building of Windsor Castle, and of 'St. George's Chapel'; the 'Royal Arms of Great Britain and Denmark'; and the 'Arms of the Prince of Wales before and after marriage'; 'Windsor anecdotes about George III.'; and an account of the Bombardment of Copenhagen in 1801 and 1807.

The convenience of the Canadian Illustrated News for preservation and future reference makes it desirable that we give a continuous narrative of incidents related to the Royal Marriage from the wooing to the wedding.

LOOKING FOR A WIFE FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES.

When the Prince had been for a time at Oxford University, had travelled through the Lower British American Provinces, Canada, and the United States, dancing at the balls in the society of youth and beauty, as if life was all a fairy enchantment and not as we find it in Canada, a stern reality; when he had returned to Oxford, gone to Rome, Egypt, Jerusalem, and traversed the Holy Land, and approached the time of his majority, it was deemed wise that he should find a young, beautiful, and good Princess and marry. The eyes of his relatives and advisers were turned inquiringly upon the Royal houses of Europe. In our last number it was stated that George III. was in his youth, inclined to marry the Lady Sarah Lennox, one of his subjects, which he could have done, as Queen Victoria might have married one of her subjects. Lord Elphinstone, who was appointed to office in India, and has remained there ever since the Queen's youth, was once freely spoken of as the favored person. But when George III. had a family he caused a statute to be enacted entitled the Royal Marriage Act, under which no son or daughter of the reigning sovereign can marry without the Royal permission. The advisers of the Prince of Wales found for him a Princess, whom it is said he saw when she did not know his rank, and in her was discovered all the requisites as described by Lord Palmerston, the Queen's Prime Minister. They sought for a Lady who was young, handsome, amiable, agreeable, well brought up, and a protestant. Such a one they found in the Princess Alexandra Caroline Maria Charlotte Louisa Julia, daughter of Prince Christian of Denmark. Some attempt has been made to claim the King of Denmark, or some of the family, as Roman Catholics, because one of the presents made by the King to the Princess of Wales, is a necklace containing two thousand brilliants, and a hundred and eighteen pearls, the latter a fac simile of the Dagmar cross, attached to the necklace which contains (the Dagmar cross we presume) a fragment reported to have belonged to the true cross, with a piece of silk taken from the grave of King Canute, the Patron Saint of Denmark. King Canute, however, was not wholly a Dane. His name attaches to the county of Kent in England, and has been transferred to that fine county of Western Canada bordering on Lake St. Clair between Middlesex and Essex.

THE MARRIAGE TREATY.

The following—omitting most of the usual technicalities—is a copy of the Treaty between Her Majesty and the King of Denmark, for the marriage of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales with her Royal Highness the Princess Alexandra, daughter of Prince

Christian of Denmark, signed at Copenhagen, January 15, 1863. The ratifications were exchanged at Copenhagen, February 1, 1863, and the Treaty has been presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty:—

ARTICLE I.—It is concluded and agreed that the marriage shall be solemnized in person in that part of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland called Great Britain, according to the due tenor of the laws of England, and the rites and ceremonies of the Church of England, as soon as the same may conveniently be done.

ARTICLE II.—Her Britannic Majesty engages that his Royal Highness Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, shall secure to her Royal Highness the Princess Alexandra, out of any revenues belonging to his Royal Highness or granted to their Royal Highnesses by Parliament, the annual sum of £10,000, to be paid half-yearly to her Royal Highness for her sole and separate use, and without any power of anticipation during the period of their Royal Highnesses' marriage.

ARTICLE III.—Her Britannic Majesty engages to recommend to Her Parliament that Her Majesty shall be enabled to secure to her Royal Highness the Princess Alexandra Caroline Maria Charlotte Louisa Julia, in case her Royal Highness should have the misfortune to become the widow of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, the annual sum or payment of £30,000 sterling money of Great Britain, in lieu of dower; and the said sum being, in each case, to be paid by quarterly payments to her said Royal Highness or to her assigns.

For the present we notice but briefly the journey of the bride and her retinue from Denmark by way of Brussels. Everywhere the fair Dane was surrounded by joyous friends. She came to that sea, upon the English shore of which Canute, her Royal ancestor, caused himself to be seated in a chair of state that he might rebuke the flattery of the crowd. Thus far shalt thou come and no further, said he to the inflowing tide; but it heeded him no more than it heeded the Saxon churls who sought to pay him divine honors, whether truly or derisively, may be doubted. Not until the Princess came upon that sea was she troubled with aught but excess of happiness. But there the winds blew, the waves rolled and heaved, and the ships for the night took shelter at Margate, on the coast of Kent.

Early next day, March 7th, they reached Gravesend, at the mouth of the Thames, twenty-two miles below London. There the Prince received and kissed his bride, applauded by the multitude, and with their united retinues proceeded by railway to the head of the Kent road at London. There, at a great railway station, where a few years ago, a tavern stood outside of London, called the Bricklayers Arms, but which is now inside of the metropolis, they alighted and proceeded towards London Bridge in the royal coaches of state. Then was realized the verses of the Poet Laureate, not his best, but good enough to be quoted:

THE LAUREATE WELCOME.

Sea-kings' daughter from over the sea,
Alexandra!
Saxon and Norman, and Dane are we
But all of us Danes in our welcome of thee,
Alexandra!
Welcome her, thunders of fort and of fleet!
Welcome her, thundering cheer of the sweet!
Welcome her, all things youthful and sweet,
Scatter the blossoms under her feet!
Break happy land, into earlier flowers!
Make music, O bird, in the new budded bowers!
Welcome her, welcome her, all that is ours!
Warble, O bugle and trumpet blare,
Flings bluster out upon turrets and towers,
Flames on the windy headland there,
Enter your jubilee, sceptre and spire,
Chime, ye bells, in the merry March air,
Flush, ye cities, in rivers of fire,
Welcome her, welcome the land's desire,
Alexandra!

Sea-kings' daughter as happy as fair,
Blissful bride of a blissful heir,
Bride of the heir of the kings of the sea,
O joy to the people, and joy to the throne,
Come to us, love us, and make us your own;
For Saxon, or Dane, or Norman we,
Teuton, or Celt, or whatever we be,
We are each all Dane in our welcome of thee,
Alexandra!

Lost lives and broken limbs in the crowds; when two millions of people were gathered into ten miles of street and park thoroughfare, are pangs shooting through the tumult of joy, mourned outside of the families afflicted by none more sincerely, we may be assured, than by the fair stranger herself.

Of all the bells of joy pealing at once from four hundred steeples in the great metropolis, there was one fine peal of sweetly sounding musical bells which have not been remarked upon by any London paper, in reporting the procession, but which we, out in the cold in Canada, who know every foot of space and footway in that part of London, have listened to on many happy occasions, the bells of Saint Clements Dances, a modern church built upon a very ancient foundation. As they passed into the Strand, when the office of the London Illustrated News was on their left hand, the bells of Saint Clements made music in the steeple which towered above them on the right. On that ground one of the Royal Danes founded a church and worshipped in the days of old.

The royal party arrived at Bricklayer's Arms station as appointed, at 1:30 p. m. On London bridge, which is a noble structure spanning the Thames, and leading from the borough of Southwark into the city of London, were erected triumphal arches. Slipping in far extending forests of masts to the right below the bridge, river steamers in crowds above bridge; the tower of London thundering its guns on the right hand; St. Pauls, in majestic grandeur, overtopping all other churches on the left, each distant from the bridge about half a mile. Then began the

PROCESSION THROUGH THE CITY.

Before the carriage in which were the Prince of Wales and the Princess Alexandra had reached the centre of the bridge, the procession came to a dead stop, and was unable to make any progress for half an hour. Both the Prince and Princess seemed to take considerable interest in all the attractions around them; but at last the delay became tedious, and the Prince once or twice stood up in the carriage and looked ahead, as if anxious to discover the cause of the obstruction.

When at last the royal cortege came again amongst the people the cheering, hurrahing, the waving of hats and handkerchiefs, and the densely packed crowds, struggling, pressing, pushing to get a better glance at the Princess, presented an indescribable scene of enthusiasm.

Several times the carriage of the Princess was completely hemmed in by the crowd, whose surging to and fro under the influence of the most frightful pressure, with the danger of every moment being trampled upon by the alarmed and prancing horses, seemed to excite a feeling of apprehension in the mind of the Princess; but it was only momentary, and as the procession moved on and relieved the struggling and half exhausted people, the color again mounted to her face, and she smiled, laughed and bowed with an amiability and grace which charmed the hearts of all.

The arrangements made at the Mansion House, Lord Mayor's official residence, for the accommodation of distinguished visitors, and of the fairer members of the families of the civic dignitaries were devised upon a scale of convenience and grandeur. Long before noon all the seats were occupied, and as the weather was fine, the awning of the balcony was raised, and a noble view afforded to the vast mass of human beings which was constantly heaving and swelling, and at times appearing to be struggling for very life itself, in the large area comprehended between the Mansion House, the Bank of England and the Royal Exchange. From an early hour the pressure at this point was so excessive as to produce an endless amount of turmoil and confusion, and, in many instances, to threaten a serious destruction of life. But for the good temper which prevailed on all sides, the worst consequences might have ensued. Even as it was, women, with the greater part of their clothes torn off, were with difficulty rescued from the throng, and borne screaming and fainting into some of the bye streets—impish boys, hatless and shoeless, were dug, as it were, out of the dense and seething crush of humanity, and flung anyhow upon the backs of the horses or upon the roofs of the carriages, which were inextricable and hopelessly mixed up in the crowd, yet onward the procession came, and in spite of all obstacles, was enabled by slow degrees and with many halts, to pursue its way.

When the helmets of the Life Guards, towering high above the heads of the multitude, began to appear—indicating the near approach of the Princess—the crush of the throng in front of the Mansion House be-

came so tremendous as to sweep everything before it, and, for a time, the possibility of making a passage for the royal maiden appeared to be almost hopeless. By dint, however, of some smart blows on the part of the police, and some persuasive visitations from the flat side of the sword on the part of the few Hussars who were stationed in that locality, the throng was at length forced back far enough to admit of the royal carriage approaching. This it did with a ringing cheer, but though the carriage did come on, it was surely in such a fashion as a royal carriage seldom moved before.—In spite of every exertion of the servants and troops who accompanied it, the crowd, partly of its own eager free will, and partly by the overwhelming force and strength of the pressure behind it, was urged forward in such a manner as to threaten not only the lives of those who were foremost, but even the security of the Princess herself. At this juncture the excitement amongst the occupants of the balcony at the Mansion House was at the highest. The Lady Mayoress, attended by seven young ladies, descended to the carriage way, and presented the Princess with an exquisite bouquet of flowers, set in a 'holder' rich with gems.—The Princess graciously received the bouquet, bowed in the most winning manner to the donor, and pressed the floral gift to her lips. This deeply affected all who witnessed it, and called forth from them a loud huzza, which was vigorously taken up by the surging crowd. The city corporation had, with other presents, voted a gift of ten thousand pounds sterling to the fair stranger.

ARRIVAL AT WINDSOR.

Shortly before the arrival of the royal train at Slough, His Royal Highness the Crown Prince of Prussia, His Royal Highness the Prince Louis of Hesse, with Princes Arthur and Leopold, arrived at the station in readiness to receive the Prince of Wales and the Princess Alexandra and family.—The bands played at intervals the National Anthem, and Danish National Hymn, and the Prince and Princess on their arrival were received with much cheering. A triumphal arch had been erected on the road to Windsor, just outside the station, and at the time the Prince and Princess had arrived was already brilliantly illuminated. The rain had set in in torrents at the time of arrival, and the royal party immediately departed in six of the Queen's carriages for Windsor by Eton. The Corporation of Windsor, in their official robes, the Aldermen in scarlet, and the Council in purple and fur trimming, with the Recorder in his wig and gown, had dared the elements, and under the protection of umbrellas had marched down the town and taken their station beneath the triumphal arch at the foot of the bridge, with the intention of presenting an address to the Princess. The elements forbade it, and of course the carriages were closed.

THE WEDDING DAY.

The bridegroom's cavalcade left Windsor Castle at half-past eleven o'clock precisely, in the morning, and took the road towards St. George's chapel. It occupied twenty-four carriages, and consisted of the royal family of England, three Princes of Denmark, who accompanied the bride to England, the Count of Flanders, and the great officers of State of England.

The bride's procession was more modest. It was conveyed in four carriages, and was made up of His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, Prince Christian of Denmark, the Danish Minister in London, and the ladies and gentlemen in attendance on the bride. The procession moved from Windsor Castle at half-past twelve in the afternoon.

THE BRIDE.—At the sight of the Princess Alexandra the enthusiasm 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 into London; but she looked, if possible, more charming and winsome than on that occasion, though exhibiting faint traces of agitation in her demeanor.

ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL.—Simple, lofty and cold, it is difficult to light up the nave of St. George's. But the difficulty was overcome by hues and colors so rich and bright that from the floor half way 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 to the chapel, laden with all the pageantry of the great spectacle, and, returning thence, rolled back its tide once more, bearing the Prince and his bride on the swelling crest of all its pomp.

THE CELEBRITIES PRESENT.—The last of the visitors has been wedged into the only space left. The moving of every person in

uniform up and down the nave is marked with greater attention. By degrees the plainly dressed gentlemen, such as Mr. Spencer Pousonby, who have been directing the arrangements, go off for a time to some abstruse wardrobe, and re-appear glittering in blue and gold. Some walk down the nave and go under the curtain, as if they merely sought an excuse for coming back again.

Here comes with infirm but measured step the well-known figure which has been seen so often for many long years, once erect, solidly, stalwart, strong type of the strong man who fought in the famous fields of half a century ago, he was a soldier seventy years since, and fighting still with stark courage against the inroads of time.—Covered with orders, laden with years, indeed, and with the honours his services have brought, who that sees this day Stapleton, Viscount Combermere, in that exact uniform, marching down the centre of the nave in the lustrous boots, which will remind old soldiers of the scrupulous neatness for which the dashing horseman of El Bodon was distinguished, remembers that he served in Flanders before Napoleon founded a dynasty, and in India, long before the Marhattas were broken, and before the power of the Sikhs was heard of?

Again some charming face, half confident, half afraid of being too late for the much coveted private view of the realm beyond the nave, beneath a twinkling light of diamonds, and rising from some subtle millinery, trips down and gives us something to admire and to talk about for a minute, till the older ladies are distracted by the appearance of some contemporary, bent on the same errand, whom they criticize with unflinching good nature.

The representative of the glories of the Khalsa Singh, Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, the descendant of the Lion of Lahore, is resplendent in cloth of gold kirkcote, with collar of pearls and sheen of yellow satin, and it is strange to see him here among the fair haired Norsemen and Teutons, whose boldest adventures had never led them within the world's circumference of the Indian land England has made her own.

The Marchioness of Caermarthen, says one reporter, is the first peeress to arrive, and she is well qualified by her perfect beauty to bear the brunt of the numerous eyes and opera-glasses which play upon her. She is soon followed by the Countess de Grey, then the Countess of Morton and (eyesore of all eyes, the splendor of her blue silk dress and the glitter of her diamonds toned down by her clouds of costly lace) Lady Spencer. The beuches shortly filled with ladies scarcely less lovely than these worthy avant-couriers. The countess of Derby is for some time the solitary occupant of the Garter stalls. She is soon followed by the Marchioness of Westminster, the Countess of Clarendon, the Countess of Shaftesbury and the Duchess of Somerset—once the Queen of Beauty of the Eglinton tournament, now the loveliest of full-blown British matrons. The Countess of Clarendon wisely puts the time to profit by sketching the scene. More peeresses, young and old—the young sweeping in on the arms of the gentlemen ushers, and showing much management of crinoline as they insinuate themselves along avenues, and into seats planned in days of less swelling drapery; the elder ones comfortably cloaked and shawled, and bustling into their places with the air of women who know how to make themselves comfortable under all circumstances.

THE SEVERAL PROCESSIONS.—But soon they are all absorbed in an advancing column. It is the prelates and the clergy, the Archbishop of Canterbury at their head, with the Bishop of Chester, the Bishop of London, the Bishops of Winchester and Oxford, in their blue robes, as prelate and chancellor, and the Dean of Windsor, in his scarlet robes, as registrar of the Most Noble Order of the Garter; and lastly, the Canons and minor Canons of the Foundation. The surpliced, and hooded, and robed clergymen take their seats within the altar rails.

Another procession files in (headed, this time, with the pomp of heralds in tabards stiff with quarterings,) the Knights of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, well-known faces most of them; Somerset and Salisbury, Westminster and Clarendon, Camden and Devonshire, Newcastle and Fitzwilliam, Carlisle and Palmerston, Wellington and Russell, Harrowby and Abercorn, Normanby and Buccleuch.

THE QUEEN ENTERS.

Suddenly there is just a perceptible movement—a kind of consciousness that something has occurred which tells at once that the Queen is either coming or has come, and all eyes are quietly directed towards the quaint old pew in the wall. In another instant the Queen herself appears, accompa-

nied by His Royal Highness the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, the brother of the late Prince, and, as we all know, so like him as to make the resemblance almost startling as he stands by the side of her Majesty.

The Queen wears the simplest and plainest of widow's weeds—a 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 ribbon, narrowed to the width her Majesty usually wears, across her left shoulder. 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. She stands at the window of the royal pew, a little withdrawn from general gaze, and only to be seen at all by those on the opposite side of the choir glancing quietly into the interior, while the Duke of Saxe-Coburg speaks, and apparently explains to her the arrangements going on below for the great ceremony which has drawn her forth from her mourning and seclusion. After a few minutes she seats herself a little away from the window, and the Duke retires, the Hon. Mrs. R. Bruce, clad like the Queen in deep mourning, taking his place.

THE ROYAL SUITE.—Heralded by drums and trumpets, whose blare and beat die away as the procession reaches the choir, to give place to the majestic jubilant harmony of Beethoven's 'Triumphal March,' appear a number of officers of state. Then comes the stately form and regal beauty of the Princess Mary. Her purple train is borne up by the Lady Edith Somerset. All note the grace of the inclination as she bends her head in respect to the Queen, when well within the choir. She is followed by her mother, the Duchess of Cambridge, whose train is borne by the Lady Geraldine Somerset. And then, touching all hearts, come the children of the Queen—little fair-haired Princess Beatrice, led by her graceful sisters, Princess Helena and Louisa, and little Leopold and Arthur hand in hand in Highland dress, looking about them with the happy unconstrainedness of childhood. No wonder the Queen's heart, already moved perhaps by the noble music of Beethoven, is sadly stirred at the sight of the fatherless ones, and that for the first time since she has entered the closet a visible trace of sorrow is observed on that firmly sustained face. The shadow is lighted up again by a smile of motherly greeting as the fair young Princess of Hesse (the Queen's daughter Alice,) advances in her yet tender and innocent beauty by the side of her husband, Prince Louis, with her train bearer and attendant; followed at as short an interval as her trailing train of purple velvet will allow, by the Princess Royal of Prussia, leading her fair-haired little son, in Highland garb, like his little English uncles: her train of velvet, covered with magnificent lace, and bordered with ermine, is borne by the Countess of Brühl, and the procession is concluded by the royal suite.

THE DANISH PRINCESSES.—On the sister of the bride, the lovely Princess Dagmar of Denmark, followed by her royal mother, leading in each hand the Princess Thyra and Prince Waldemar, 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 reverend obeisance to her Majesty, and then pass on to the seats on the south of the altar.

THE BRIDEGROOM AND BRIDE.

The bridegroom comes first. His Royal Highness, whose mantle of the Garter conceals 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. Every eye speaks its blessing and every head pays its willing homage as he passes along, returning the reverences of the people on both sides with scrupulous and zealous observance of courtesy. In the nave, however, he is but passing on to the scene where the dream of his young life is to be realized, and as he goes, there is not one whose heart does not say quietly and truly, 'God bless him!'

THE ALTAR.—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 old 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 gold seats with fringes and tassels of bullion for the members of the English and Danish royal families. The old oaken Communion rails have been removed and their place is supplied by a low gilt railing to form a larger enclosure sufficient to accommodate the many prelates who officiate at the day's great ceremony.

THEY TAKE THEIR PLACES.—Now the Queen rises and remains standing respectfully, for it is the bridegroom who approaches. Great officers precede him, but they are little heeded; all eyes are turned upon the Prince of Wales, who, in his uniform of General, but wearing over all the insignia and purple mantle of a Knight of the Garter, comes slowly up the choir, partly accompanied, partly followed by his brother-in-law, the Prince of Prussia, and his uncle, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, similarly robed. The wedding march is played as they move up with stately ease, and the Queen rises and comes fully forward as the *haut pas* is reached, and the three ascend and turn in line towards her, bowing deeply. The Duke of Saxe-Coburg and the Prince of Prussia retire to the south side of the altar, and the bridegroom, after kneeling a few seconds in prayer, rises and stands 'the rose and expectancy of this fair State,' in the centre of the *haut pas*, alone, with his face towards the Queen.

Such an occasion is one in which few men appear to advantage; yet the Prince gains by passing through it. With the easy grace that seems natural to all his actions, he stood alone, the watched and observed of all observers, neither bashful nor confident, but with a manly royal bearing that became his illustrious birth and exalted station. He looked round upon the splendid scene for a moment quietly and easily; and his every movement, his look, his very bearing, seemed in their vivid likeness to his royal father to impress and amaze all—even those who by their rank and station might be supposed to be the most familiar with his features.

As the sound of cheering was heard without, marking the coming of his youthful bride, he kept turning his head every moment; for, from where he stood, in the centre of the altar, he could see through the screen and down the nave beyond to where the crimson curtains would hide the marshalling of the bride's procession. Often and often did he glance this way; but the curtains were motionless, and gave no sign of the coming forth of her whom all now watched for with such eager expectation that the suspense even of the slight delay seemed almost painful. Still he stood alone, and though evidently keenly anxious for the coming of his bride, he bore the eager scrutiny of all with a quiet ease that was charming—his youth, his face, his figure, all bringing irresistibly before the mind the lines:

Shaped in proportion fair,
Blue was his piercing eye,
And auburn of the richest dye
His short moustache and hair.

At last, with great clangor of trumpets, which at first are muffled into a rich indistinctness behind the curtains, the long-looked-for procession of the bride enters, and the Prince, giving one look to satisfy himself of the fact of the arrival, keeps his eyes fixed upon the Queen, and never turns his head again till his affianced stands beside him.

The hush was now so deep and breathless that even the restless glitter of the jewels, that twinkled everywhere, seemed almost to break it, and, despite the stately etiquette which had hitherto regulated every word and gesture, all now bent far and eagerly forward as the hum

and rustle in the nave beyond showed the young bride to be drawing near. In another moment she had entered, and stood

In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
Queen lily and rose in one,

the fairest and almost the youngest of all her lovely train that bloomed in fair array behind her. Though not agitated, she appeared nervous, and the soft, delicate bloom of color which ordinarily imparts a look of joyous happiness to her expressive features, had all but disappeared, as, head bent down, but glancing her eyes occasionally from side to side, she moved slowly up towards the altar.

DRESS OF THE BRIDE.

On these occasions, we believe, the dress of the bride ranks in general estimation as only second in importance to the celebration of the ceremony itself, which is to be regretted, for a lady's dress, like a lady's beauty, can only be described by its effect. It is embroidered white silk, trimmed with silver, which can just be discerned in rich designs glittering between the snowy folds. The traditional white is not, however, departed from, though over all she wears a slight bodice with open sleeves of white silk, embroidered with silver, and which, falling tight, sets off her tapering waist and faultless symmetry of form to absolute perfection. Her gorgeous train of white and silver is borne by eight young ladies, between the ages of fifteen and twenty, the very choice and flower of the fair scions of our most ancient houses.

THE BRIDAL BOUQUET was of the most beautiful description, being composed of orange blossoms, white rosebuds, rare orchideous flowers, and sprigs of myrtle, with a trimming of Honiton lace. The myrtle was, by express command of her Majesty, sent from Osborne, and was taken from plants reared for the sprigs used in the bridal bouquet.

THE BRIDESMAIDS AND THEIR DRESSES.

The young ladies thus honored with so fair a post in the long programme of this happy day are all the daughters of dukes, marquises or earls, whose titles are almost as familiar as the names of Kings of old. They were Lady Victoria Alexandrina Montagu Douglas Scott, daughter of the Duke of Buccleuch; Lady Theodora Grosvenor, daughter of the Marquis of Westminster; Lady Diana Beauclerk, daughter of the Duke of St. Albans; Lady Elma Bruce, daughter of the Earl of Elgin; Lady Victoria Hare, sister of the Earl of Listowel; Lady Agneta Yorke, daughter of the Earl of Hardwicke; Lady Victoria Alexandrina Elizabeth Campbell, daughter of the Earl of Cawdor; Lady Constance Villiers, daughter of the Earl of Clarendon; Lady Ernestine Horatia Mount Edgcombe; daughter of the Earl of Mount Edgcombe; and Lady Feodorowna Cecilia Wellesley, daughter of Earl Cowley.

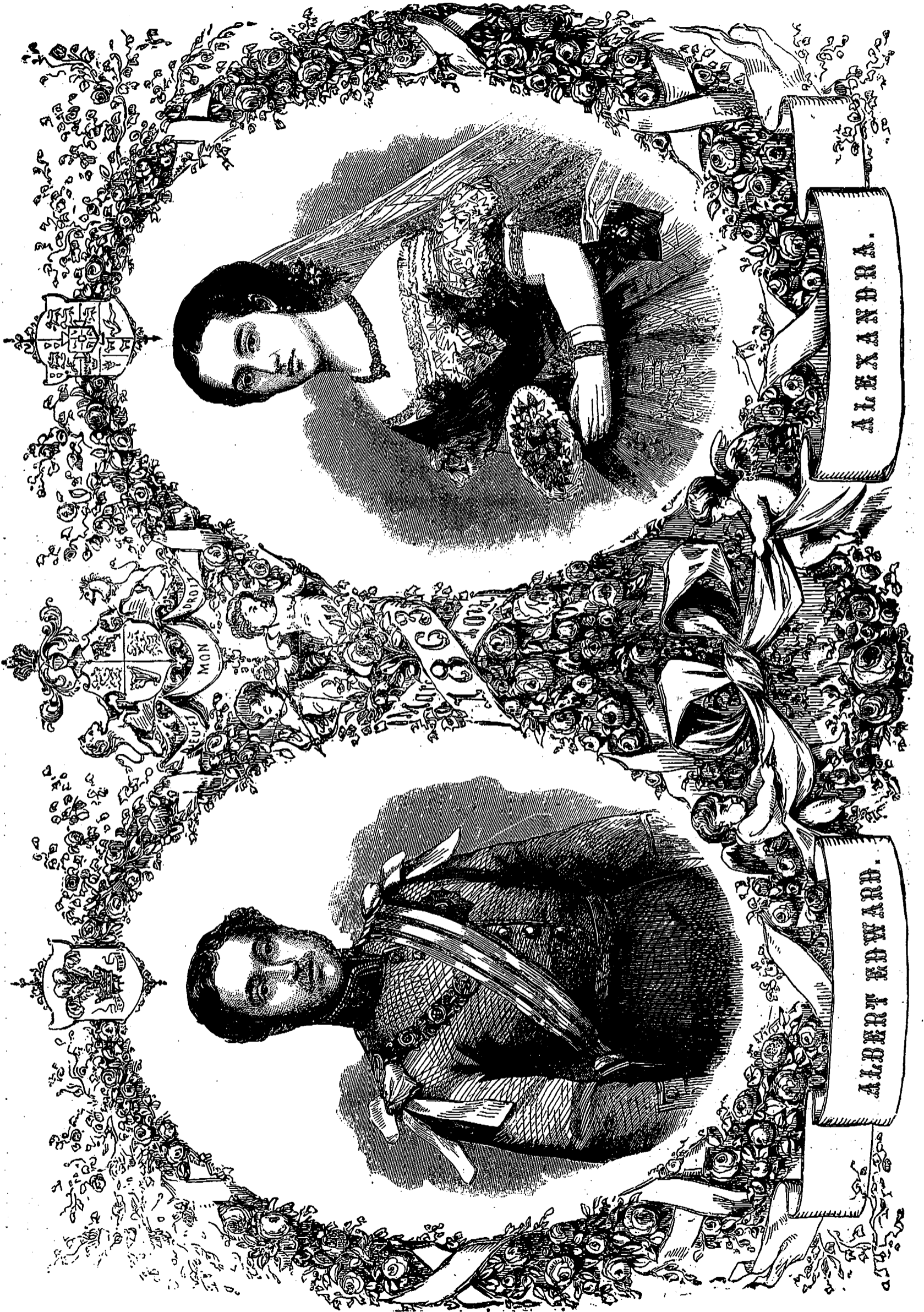
It is quite superfluous to say how they looked, as robed in snowy white and wrapped in veils, they followed their royal mistress with soft footsteps, though, as they were not going to be married, they seemed to think themselves relieved from the necessity of looking on the ground, and glanced about and turned to one another, and made believe to look as if they did not know and hear that they commanded almost their full tribute of admiration, even behind such a lady in such a scene as this. Imagination must draw their pictures, for words would fail to paint them. Their dresses are all of white—a wonderful mixture of silk and lace that made them seem ethereal in their lightness, as partly wrapped in long soft veils they passed as noiselessly as a vision which cannot be forgotten or described.

DRESSES OF LADIES OF THE ROYAL FAMILY.

The Princess Mary of Cambridge wore a train of lilac silver moire, trimmed with white Honiton lace. Petticoat of white satin, with Honiton lace tunic and bands of white velvet. Diadem of diamonds. Stomacher, necklace, and ear-rings of diamonds. Head-dress, white feathers and tulle veil.

The Duchess of Cambridge wore a violet velvet train trimmed with ermine. Petticoat of violet satin trimmed with black lace, covered with a tunic of Honiton lace, a tiara of pearls and diamonds; necklace and stomacher to match.

[SEE CONTINUATION ON PAGE 248]

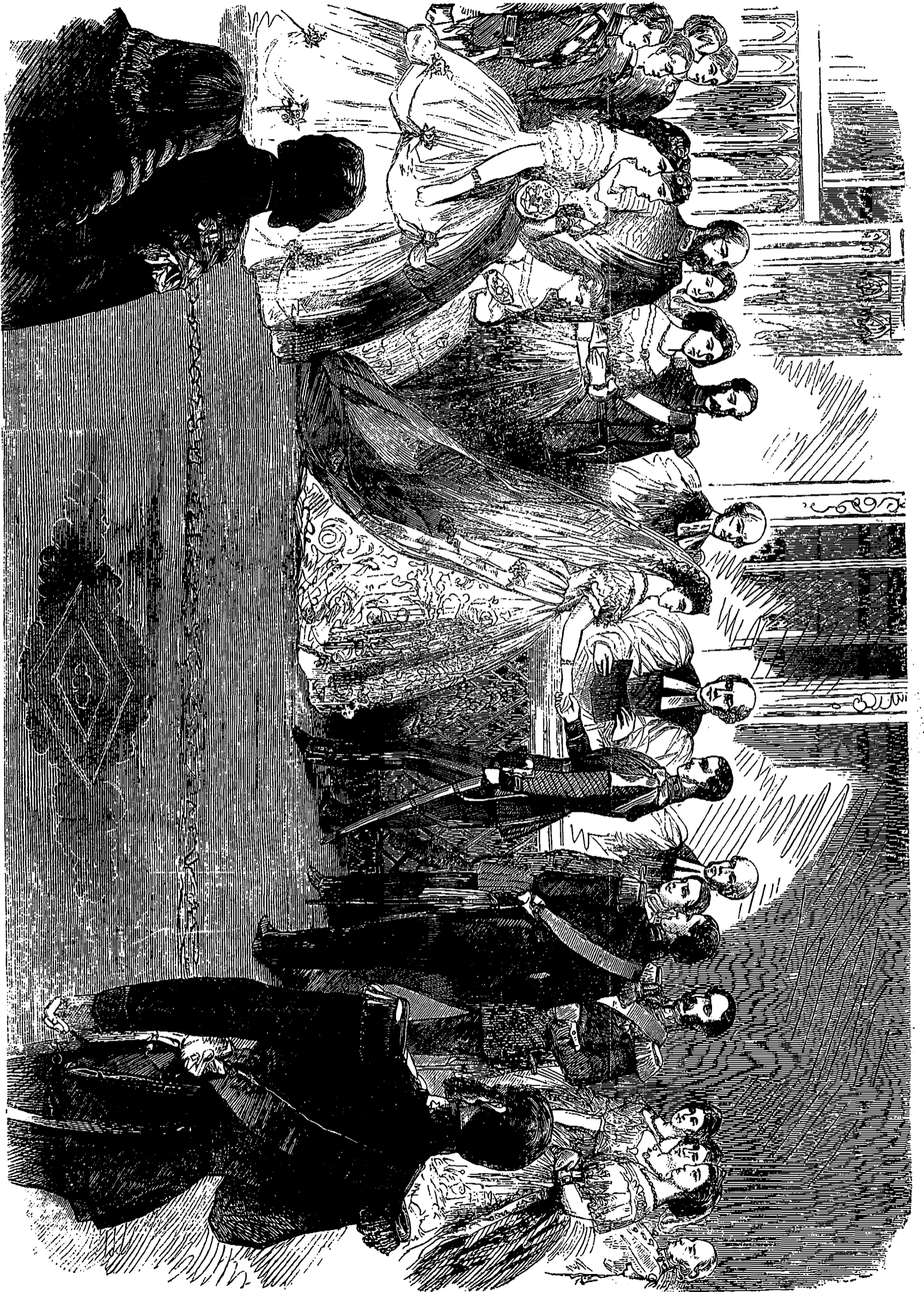


ALEXANDRA.

ALBERT EDWARD.

MON

PROV



MARRIAGE CEREMONY OF H. R. H. PRINCE OF WALES AND H. R. H. PRINCESS ALEXANDRA.—[See Page 244.]

The Princess Helena wore a train of white silk, with bouquets of the rose, shamrock and thistle, tied with silver cord, manufactured by Lewis and Allenby, trimmed with tulle and bouquets of lilacs, white and lilac. Petticoat of white tulle over white glace, striped with ribbons of rose, shamrock and thistle; bouquet of lilac. Head-dress, wreath of lilacs, white feathers and blonde lappets; diamond ornaments.

Princess Louise and Princess Beatrice, dress of white tulle over white glace, striped with ribbons of rose, shamrock and thistle, tied with silver cord; trimmed with silver cord; trimmed with bouquets of lilacs. Head-dress, wreaths of lilacs (white and lilac,) pearl ornaments.

Her Imperial Highness the Duchess of Brabant wore a train of blue moire antique embroidered with gold.

A NERVOUS MOMENT.—Slowly the bride reaches the *haut pas*, and as she stops to bow to the Queen some of her fair attendants, who are apparently even more nervous than herself, attempt to kneel, but, finding their mistake, rise quickly and move on as if they did not mean it. Then, and then only, does the Prince turn, as if to receive her, but checks himself as he sees them bowing to the Queen, and for the first and only time he seems irresolute as to what he ought to do. The long, keen scrutiny seems to have disturbed his composure at last, though only for a second, and the anthem ceases, and all retire a little apart while the bride and bridegroom are left standing in the middle of the *haut pas*, the latter alone, the former, of course, closely surrounded by her attendant bridesmaids, so closely, indeed, that in that gorgeous mass of scarlet and purple and gold they were the only group on which the eye could turn with a feeling like rest from the surrounding glitter.

Handel's march from 'Joseph' was played at entering, but all music ceased as the party stood around the altar, till its strains broke out with the solemn words of the chorale:—

This day, with joyful heart and voice
To Heaven he raised a nation's prayer;
Almighty Father, deign to grant
Thy blessing to the wedded pair.

No shall no clouds of sorrow dim
The sunshine of their early days;
But happiness in endless round
Shall fill, and compass all their ways.

The exquisitely soft music of this chant, at once solemn and sorrowful, was composed by the late Prince Consort. It may have been this, or the associations and lifelong memories called up by the scene beneath her, but certain it is that as the hymn commenced her Majesty drew back from the window of the pew, and after an effort to conceal her emotion, gave way to her tears and almost sobbed; nor did she throughout the rest of the ceremony entirely recover her composure.

The bridal party saw nothing of this; the bride's face was turned from the pew, and the Queen was withdrawn too far from the front for the Prince to see her, though his looks were often turned in that direction.

THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

As the solemn chant ended, the prelates advanced to the communion rails, and the Primate, in a rich, clear voice, which was heard throughout every part of the building, choir or nave, commenced the service with the usual formula, 'Dearly beloved, we are gathered together here in the sight of God and in the face of this congregation, to join together this man and this woman in holy matrimony.' There is a solemn pause after that dreadful adjuration, in which they are charged to answer if there was any impediment to their marriage, and then, after a moment, the Primate passed on to

'Wilt thou, Albert Edward, 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, 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 rather bowed than responded, his utterance was so indistinct. To the same question,

'Wilt thou, Alexandra Caroline Maria, have this man to thy wedded husband?' the reply was just audible, but nothing more, though as usual, every ear was strained to catch it.

But to the words, 'I take thee, Alexandra, 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,' the Prince repeated clearly word for word after his Grace, though now, again, when it was the turn of the young bride, she could be heard only to answer almost inaudibly, and her cheeks were suffused with a crimson flush, and she seemed very nervous.

To the question 'Who giveth this woman to be married to this man,' the royal father of the bride only bowed and moved towards the Princess, who was removing her glove hurriedly. Then the Primate joined their hands, and in a clear, soft voice, firmly and deliberately repeated the words:

'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!'

All then knelt down while the prayer commencing 'O Eternal God, Creator and Preserver of all mankind, Giver of all spiritual grace, the Author of everlasting life; send Thy blessings upon these, Thy servants, this man and this woman, whom we bless in Thy name,' was solemnly repeated; and then they rose, while the Primate joined their hands and said the final words, 'Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder.'

With these words, which in law completed the marriage ceremony, the service was continued to the Sixty-seventh Psalm, the solemn strains of which came like a relief to what seemed the almost overwrought feelings of all within the choir as the words went softly pealing through both nave and aisle.

THE BENEDICTION.—Then was continued the usual prayer and exhortation, during which the guns in the Long Walk were heard booming forth, and the steeples throughout the town seemed to fill the air with sound. Misled for a moment, the Queen's band began tuning their instruments, and even the organ gave one or two involuntary spirts and whistles, as if anxious to lead in the race of harmony. It was premature, however, and there was a gentle hush, which restored the former silence, when the Primate was heard concluding the exhortation. Then, raising his voice, he solemnly pronounced the benediction, during which the Queen, who had been more deeply affected, knelt and buried her face in her handkerchief. The bride and bridegroom then joined hands, and, turning to the Queen, gave more a nod of kindly friendship than a bow of state, which the Queen returned in kind. In another minute the Queen, giving a similar greeting to the Princess, quitted the closet, and the whole pageant went pouring in the gorgeous stream or flood of colors of waving plumes and flaming jewels, out of the choir. None can tell but those who were present, how grand and solemn was the whole ceremony, or with how much deep hope and true devotion the marriage of Albert Edward Prince of Wales, was celebrated in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. As they left the choir the organ and the band went pealing forth the Hallelujah of Beethoven:—

Hallelujah to the Father
And the Son of God,
Praise the Lord, ye everlasting choir, in holy songs
of joy.
Worlds unborn shall sing his glory,
The exalted Son of God.'

RETURN TO WINDSOR CASTLE.—Their royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales returned from St. George's Chapel to the Castle at twenty-five minutes past one o'clock, alighting at the grand entrance, where they were met by her Majesty the Queen.

The royal party were conducted to the Green Drawing room and White room, where the attestation of the marriage took place by the royal guests, the church dignitaries, the Lord Chancellor and other Ministers of the Crown, and the Danish Minister, M. de Bille.

ROYAL DEJEUNER BY THE QUEEN.—A dejeuner was served in the dining room to the royal guests, and in St. George's Hall a

dejeuner was served to the diplomatic corps, the ladies-in-waiting, and to the very numerous company present at the ceremony of the marriage in the choir of the chapel, amounting to about four hundred persons.

The wedding cake on the royal table was divided into three compartments: the middle, of octangular form, contained a square altar in the centre, with a cupid at each angle, holding a piece of wedding cake.

The second wedding cake was placed in the middle of the table in St. George's Hall. It weighed about eighty pounds, and formed an octagon, covered with white satin, each side displaying alternately medallions of the Prince of Wales, the arms of Great Britain, medallions of the Princess Alexandra, and the arms of Denmark. The cornice was formed of large pearls. The cake was decorated with orange blossom and jessamine, and the top was surrounded by a vase filled with a jessamine bouquet.

THE JOURNEY TO OSBORNE, ISLE OF WIGHT.

At half-past three o'clock it was understood that the royal pair would leave the castle on their way to the Great Western station, whence they were to depart on their journey to Osborne, and the multitude, which after the conclusion of the ceremony, had been anxious to catch the last glimpse of them, collected in dense masses upon their route, and thronged all the approaches to the railway. A large number of more favored visitors were admitted within the station by the courtesy of Capt. Bulkeley, and occupied some seats which had been erected for the occasion. It was soon understood that the process of leave-taking would occupy until at least four o'clock, and it was not until a few moments past that hour that the Princess Royal of Prussia and her husband arrived to take their last leave of the happy couple. They were received by a guard of honor of the Coldstreams, and, after a short delay, the Prince and Princess of Wales followed in an open carriage drawn by four white horses, and preceded by out-riders similarly mounted. Their appearance was the signal for perhaps the loudest burst of cheering which had been heard throughout the day; and when the saloon carriage of the South-Western Railway moved very slowly through the station, and the Prince and Princess appeared at the window, the enthusiasm became almost frantic. In a moment more the train had disappeared, and, so far as regards Windsor the ceremony was at an end.

SHADOWS AT DUBLIN.

The Mansion House, the Custom House, the Four Courts, the Clubs, the Royal Dublin Society House, and the Museum of Irish Industry, were among the most brilliantly illuminated. All the newspaper offices displayed their loyalty in this manner, with the exception of the Morning News, the Nation and the Catholic Telegraph. Of all the public buildings, the Catholic University was the only one in darkness; and, as hundreds of carriages were wedged for hours on the road in front of it, the gloomy exception was the object of general remark. It is the more unaccountable, because the night before, the building was illuminated beautifully—the emblems being the keys of St. Peter, the ancient Irish cross, and the Prince of Wales' plume. But when the gas-fitter went to light up the building last evening, he found that the devices had been mysteriously destroyed, in pursuance, it would appear, of a threatening letter which had appeared in the Morning News. I believe, says a reporter, the Roman Catholic people generally deeply regret this untoward circumstance. The College of Maynooth was to be illuminated on a grand scale.

DAKED SHADOWS AT CORK.

At Cork, on the day previous to the Royal wedding, posters counselling the citizens not to illuminate on to-morrow evening appeared in almost every quarter of the city. The manifestoes were three in number—two being large and attractive—the third small like a hand-bill, and the composition of each different. One was headed in large letters—'Proclamation to Irishmen!' and beginning thus: 'On Tuesday, a hideous mockery will be made of your misery by those who glory in their country's shame—by cravens for whom a country is a thing to sell. Our city is to be illuminated, and you are called on to rejoice. Illuminate for what? Is it for ruined trade or perennial famine? Is it for landlord extermination—for a pauper's grave? You are to forget all this and shout for joy because an English Prince will get a wife!' It goes on in the same strain for some half dozen lines, when are introduced Moore's verses commencing—'Unprized are her sons till they've learned to betray.' It is stated also that—the Prince of Wales has no more sympathy with the Irish than

the Royal pig fancier had for the Poles.—The Proclamation concludes thus—'Ireland for the Irish—God save the People.' The other large poster is headed—'The Saxon and the Dane our immortal hills profane.'—This is a lengthy composition, and all through personal to the Mayor. Allusion is made to the projected emigration of distressed carpenters from Cork—the distress in Berehaven, and evictions in Galway, Clare, and Mayo, and much stress is laid on the £50,000 a year allotted to the Prince of Wales. In the concluding part, the citizens are advised to remain at home on to-morrow night, but those who do go out are admonished to act peaceably and orderly, and to act on the maxim of Ireland's greatest friend, viz: 'He who commits a crime gives strength to the enemy.' The small placard is the same in spirit as the larger ones.—Crowds might be seen perusing them in the various streets yesterday, but in many cases the posters were either partially torn down or defaced with mud.

On the following night a disgraceful riot occurred. About ten o'clock a stone was hurled at the windows of a chemist in Winthrop street, which was immediately followed by others, breaking a quantity of glass. When the crash of the windows was heard the crowd set up a cheer, which drew the constabulary towards them. At their approach they were assailed with stones and sticks, and groans. Stone-throwing continuing, the police charged and cleared the streets at the point of the bayonet, in doing which several persons were knocked down in the rush and injured.

FATAL ACCIDENTS IN THE CITY OF LONDON.

Letter to the Lord Mayor:—MY DEAR LORD,—I am commanded by the Queen to express the great grief and concern with which Her Majesty has read the account in the newspapers, of the lamentable loss of life which occurred in the streets of the city on Tuesday night.

The Queen desires that her sincere sympathy with the families of the sufferers should be made known; and it is Her Majesty's wish that an inquiry should be made into their circumstances.

I have to request that your Lordship will be so good as to cause this inquiry to be made without delay, and that you will inform me of the result, in order that it may be submitted to Her Majesty.

I have the honor to be, my dear Lord, Your faithful servant, G. GREY.

GENEROUS SENTIMENT IN FRANCE.

CONCLUSION.—We had prepared concluding remarks for this journal, but prefer to adopt the generous, just, and pleasing commentaries of some of the newspapers of France.

The Moniteur says:—The people of Great Britain have exhibited a grand spectacle, that of the concord, the joy, the force, and the independence which are the consequences of one of the political virtues of a free people—namely, sincere attachment to the sovereign, which in England is called loyalty.

La Press says:—These rejoicings, these triumphal arches, these unfurled banners, these decorations, these illuminations, are not official demonstrations paid for out of the Budget, commanded by authority, or prompted by motives of personal ambition. They are the spontaneous outburst of a whole people, celebrating with enthusiasm an act of its own life, which adds another link to the long chain of traditions which constitute its glory and its grandeur. In that earnest desire to behold the features of the Royal pair as they passed along, in those blessings which issued from every breast, there is no courtier adulation, no servility. They were the expressions of the delight and the pride of a people satisfied with itself; satisfied, too, with the form of the government, which gives it the completest guarantees of liberty, of order, and of prosperity; which saves it from revolution and allows the full development of its material and intellectual force. And these rejoicings are all the greater and the more heartfelt that there is no disquiet as to the future. England hopes that the young Prince to whom she gives such a welcome, and his royal betrothed, will follow the virtuous example which he has seen in his own family. One of the chief causes of the grandeur and prosperity of England is the unchangeableness of its institutions, which does not exclude improvements, but which prevents revolution.

Yes, journalists of France. The grandeur and permanence of the British throne are secured on the free will and love of the people. The strength of Britain is stability, and stability is freedom. Would you know from whence these come? The first constituent principle of enduring freedom, is for each individual to surrender some impulse of liberty, some license of personal action for the good of the whole.

EOLA.

BY CRIPNEY GREY.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Elwyn's first thought, when he had so far recovered from the ecstasy into which his new-born happiness had thrown him, as to be able to reflect on his future plans, was how he should dispose in safety of his betrothed bride until the day which was to make her his wife should arrive. It was not his project, however much it might have been his wish, to hurry into an immediate union with the beautiful but untutored gipsy girl. Though as free from prideful prejudices as a really good and noble-hearted man could be, he was quite alive to the impropriety of marrying under any circumstances a being so totally unacquainted with social rules, and the forms of polite life, as the wanderer of the tent. A year, or even a few months, of proper training among judicious and refined people, would, he felt, be amply sufficient to obviate all the difficulties that Eola's inately delicate but too unsophisticated mind presented against an immediate marriage.

In the meantime, her neglected education must be attended to, and her wild impulsive nature taught to assume the more even tone of cultivated society, in order to fit her for the sphere in which, as his wife, she would eventually have to move.

The difficulty was to obtain the desired refuge for the young girl, especially under existing circumstances. Some kind female friend on whom reliance could be placed was the desirable medium; but whom to find, and where to find her, Elwyn felt to be rather a puzzle. He had several lady friends, and very desirable ones, in Edinburgh, where he had passed a great portion of his life; but until he could fix on one of these for a confident, and obtain her aid, Eola must have some other shelter than the hotel in which they then were, and some other protector, if only nominally, than himself.

All these considerations and suggestions he tenderly unfolded to the young girl, who with a calm sense he had not thought her capable of exhibiting, acquiesced in and submitted to them with the utmost docility. 'She would do anything he wished,' said she, with a happy smile, and resigned her future life to his guidance with a child-like reliance that was not alone the offspring of helpless ignorance, but arose also from the natural trustfulness of a gentle, yielding disposition in a higher and stronger mind.

There was but one point on which she felt in doubt, and uneasy about; and after a great deal of fidgeting and hesitation, the timid young girl ventured to broach it.

'Shall you tell Lord Eswald of your discovery, sir?' was the trembling query it had cost her so much pains to resolve in uttering.

Elwyn appeared slightly ruffled by it. It was evidently a question he had expected, but was not prepared to answer, and he paused a minute, to collect his thoughts, ere he replied—

'Well, no. It were not wise. Even should Lord Eswald recognize you as his former page, he must never know you as his child.'

'And why not, sir?'

Elwyn felt that he was about to give utterance to an unkind truth—the first and last unkind word that gentle child was to receive from his lips. But, once for all, he must dispose of that hateful subject.

'Eola,' he said, tenderly drawing her to his bosom, 'you would not have all the world know the peculiar relationship between Elwyn Eswald's wife and her own cousin?'

A burning blush mounted to the poor girl's brow, and a tear of bitter emotion stood in her azure eye, at this first allusion from him to her origin.

'Then I am never to seek recognition by my father?' she murmured, with a sigh.

'The endeavour would do you no good, but much harm, Eola,' said Elwyn, firmly. 'Lord Eswald would laugh at your claims, make a mock of your confession, and your soul would only be pained and humiliated to no purpose. Believe me, and I am far better acquainted with his character than you—it is infinitely better that he should ever remain in ignorance of your being (unless, indeed, his hard heart undergoes some wondrous transformation,) than that you should learn the extent of a baseness which at present you are mercifully ignorant of.'

'I am satisfied' muttered the young creature, mournfully. But in spite of her acquiescence, she could not comprehend the

cruelty that could lead a man to despise his own offspring.

To change the subject, Elwyn reverted to the necessity of deciding on some plan for the temporary disposal of his charge.—He happened to recollect an elderly person who had formerly resided in the Eswald family, and who kept a respectable lodging-house in the neighbourhood of Picadilly, and to her he proposed applying for apartments for Eola, until he could communicate with a more eligible person as to her future settlement.

'You are not afraid to be left alone for a short period in town, are you?' he asked, fondly. 'I am compelled to return to the Abbey this evening. In spite of all his wickedness, I would not slight my cousin during his confinement to a sick bed.'

'I am not afraid to do anything you wish me to do,' responded Eola, with a return of all her loving ardour; 'for I am sure you would not ask me to remain here if there was any danger in my staying.'

'No; and yet I cannot bear, somehow, to leave you in this horrid London so unprotected. I have strange misgivings about the future, Eola. I never loved before, and I dread lest my affections should be fated to misfortune, lest my darling should be snatched in some way from me. I love you too much, I fear.'

'Why, sir?'

'I scarcely know. But I feel as if my life were completely bound up in yours; and should anything happen to you, Eola, I should never survive it—my heart would break.'

'But nothing is going to happen to me, dear sir.'

'Heaven grant it may be so. But you must not call me "sir," now.'

'What, then?'

'Elwyn.'

'Yes, sir—I mean, yes, Elwyn.'

'That is right—learn your lesson. Now, would you like to accompany me to Bolton street?'

'Oh, yes. But I have no bonnet.'

'Ah! I keep forgetting your destitute condition. I will ring for a messenger: your wants shall be supplied.'

'You are so kind.'

And the girl fondly laid her small hand on her protector's arm.

In less than half-an-hour they were on their way to Bolton street; Eola looking all freshness and prettiness. Many were the admiring glances bestowed on her unconscious beauty by the male portion of the people encountered on their way, as the tall, handsome, aristocratic-looking Elwyn conducted her along the crowded thoroughfares, every now and then gazing down into her radiant countenance with an anxious fondness that bespoke how dear to him was the little childish form hanging upon his strong arm in such perfect trust, and how sacred to him was that trust, and indeed every wish or feeling of her gentle soul.

Arrived at Bolton street, and at the house they sought, they found the good lady's drawing-room floor was vacant, and quite at the disposal of the youthful bride-elect. Elwyn drew the landlady aside, and told her what he thought sufficient to satisfy her curiosity respecting her intended lodger; to the effect that Eola was the daughter of an intimate friend of his, and had come to London on important business matters, which required her to stay there for a few days; that a lady was coming to convey her home, and until the said lady arrived, she wished to secure a comfortable and quiet abode—a statement which it was not the good woman's disposition to doubt, especially as she was certain to receive a handsome remuneration for the use of her apartments.

'The rooms are at the young lady's service whenever she chooses to take possession of them, Mr. Eswald,' remarked Mrs. Ware, as Elwyn concluded his address; 'and I will do my best to make her comfortable while she occupies them.'

'Thank you, Mrs. Ware; the lady will stay now.'

An early dinner having been ordered by the thoughtful lover, and the landlady departing to execute the order, Eola and he were once more alone.

Elwyn's time was drawing short, yet he lingered fondly by his darling's side, loth to leave her behind in that strange home. It was a hard struggle to tear himself away, though he knew that duty and propriety forbade him longer to remain with her.

'You will recollect all I have told you, he said, after giving to his willing listener many instructions, suggested by ardent love, for her guidance and safety while alone.

'Oh, yes, dear Elwyn. I could not forget

what you say,' she replied, smiling through her tears.

'Remember, you must never venture out alone, and that you must not receive anybody under any pretence, who may desire to see you.'

'But, Elwyn, dear, how can I have my visitors, when no one here knows me?' inquired the innocent girl.

'Oh, London is such a queer place, Eola; you might be so easily imposed on. A person who had never seen you in his life before might meet you in the street, follow you home, ascertain your name, and then, on some pretext, get admitted to your presence.'

'But why should they want to see a person they do not know, Elwyn?' persisted the novice.

'For no good purpose. But you would not understand me if I were to tell you; so obey me, without understanding, for once. My love will guide you unerringly, trust me, Eola. And now I must go. I have to go to the hotel again before leaving town, so there is no time to be lost. By-the-by, I must forward you some more luggage before I forget it, or you will find yourself awkwardly situated, and good Mrs. Ware will be surprised.'

'I left my cast-off livery at the hotel,' said Eola, with a slight laugh. 'Are you not afraid that it will lead to some discovery?'

'No; Charles has had his orders about that already. It will be in some old Jew's hands before night, and the money for it in Charles's pocket. And now—'

And now came the leave-taking, rendered doubly painful to Elwyn on account of the isolated position of his beloved. She, however, unwilling to increase his sorrow by vain and selfish repinings at a circumstance which could not be helped, refrained from alluding to it.

'You will write to me to-morrow?' he asked, as he indulged in a fervent embrace.

The blushing girl murmured an affirmative; and with a lingering look of love, and an affectionate farewell, Elwyn quitted her.

On the second morning after his return to the Abbey he received the following simple but affectionate letter from her:

'MY KIND AND VERY DEAR ELWYN,—I am pleased to be able to tell you that I am much more comfortable in my new home than I thought I should be. I was very miserable for some time after you left me yesterday, but they were so kind to me that I quickly recovered a little of my spirits. Mrs. Ware has a niece, a dear, kind, good girl, who waits on me always. I asked her to go out with me for a walk this morning, and she did so. She took me to the Burlington Arcade; I bought a pretty new bonnet there; Elise said I wanted one, she thought, so I was obliged, somehow, to buy it, because Elise has been a lady's maid to a Countess, and is so grand in her fancies.—We went afterwards in the Park, but did not stay there long, for there was a rude man there, who kept trying to speak to me, and so we went home in a cab, to prevent him following us. I never walked in London before in a lady's dress, except yesterday with you, and cannot understand why people stare at me so; they never stared so hard when I went about in my livery; I don't like it.

'I must not forget to thank you for that pretty purse you left for me; how kind and thoughtful you are! I gave thirty-three shillings for my bonnet; I'm afraid it was a dreadful lot of money; Elise does not seem to think so. When shall I hear from you I wonder? It will be so nice to receive a letter; I never received one in all my life before. Mrs. Ware says that the country post comes in very early, so I am going to rise to-morrow morning very soon, to watch for the postman. How my heart will beat when I hear him say, "for Miss Leighton!" I shall not be able to open the letter for such a time, I know, I shall be in such a flutter. Please, dear Elwyn, don't forget to find out for me, if you can, where poor Zernice is; and be sure and let me know how Lord Eswald is getting on. I hope you are well and happy; I am. Good-bye, dear, kind, generous Elwyn, and, with all the love I am capable of feeling, believe me, ever yours, unchangingly. EOLA.'

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Two or three days after the receipt of the letter transcribed in the preceding chapter, Elwyn again found himself on his way to the metropolis.

He was in high spirits, full of hope in the future and joy in the present. He had been successful in his endeavors to obtain a home for Eola with a very nice lady, resident in Edinburgh, who had willingly undertaken the care of the young girl's happiness and education during the period that would

intervene ere Elwyn could make her his wife; and, delighted at having found such a protectress for his youthful betrothed, he was on his way to inform and prepare her for the pleasant change awaiting her.

Mrs. Jameson, the lady who had consented to receive her, was fortunately about to visit London in a few days; and thus Eola would be able to travel to Edinburgh under her charge, and have an opportunity of making her acquaintance ere she proceeded to a strange place.

As Elwyn's cab drove rapidly up Bolton street, he caught sight of the flutter of a pretty silk dress on the balcony of Mrs. Ware's house, and, on a nearer approach, perceived his beloved anxiously leaning forward, in order to get the first glimpse of him as he arrived.

In another moment he was by her side.

'You were waiting for me, Eola?' he inquired, tenderly embracing her.

'Yes, Elwyn; your letter, you know, said you were coming. Oh, I am so glad to see you again, you can't think!'

'But I have come to effect a longer separation,' responded the lover, with a sorrowful smile, smoothing back her golden curls, and gazing fondly in her bright eyes.

A look of disappointment for a moment clouded the laughing face of the impulsive child, but she uttered no word of remonstrance or discontent.

Nevertheless, Elwyn saw she was grieved at the idea of parting from him, and, though the knowledge flattered, at the same time, it pained him. He experienced a hard combat between love and prudence, in denying himself the bliss of keeping her near him; but he felt it was the right course to pursue, and endeavored to regard it as the happiest.

He then told her of the plan he had formed for her removal to a better home; and, as briefly as possible touching upon the details, reverted to a more pleasant topic of conversation. He proposed to take her to the Opera that evening, and in a second the versatile creature of sixteen was all buoyant with pleasure and expectation again. Her heart was like an April sky—cloud and sunshine flitted over it alternately, but without marring the still, unchanging beauty of its natural tint.

On their return from the Opera, Elwyn, after seeing the young girl safely to her destination, repaired to some chambers he possessed in Duke street. He had made up his mind to stay near Eola now until Mrs. Jameson should arrive in London, and had therefore taken up his quarters in that locality.

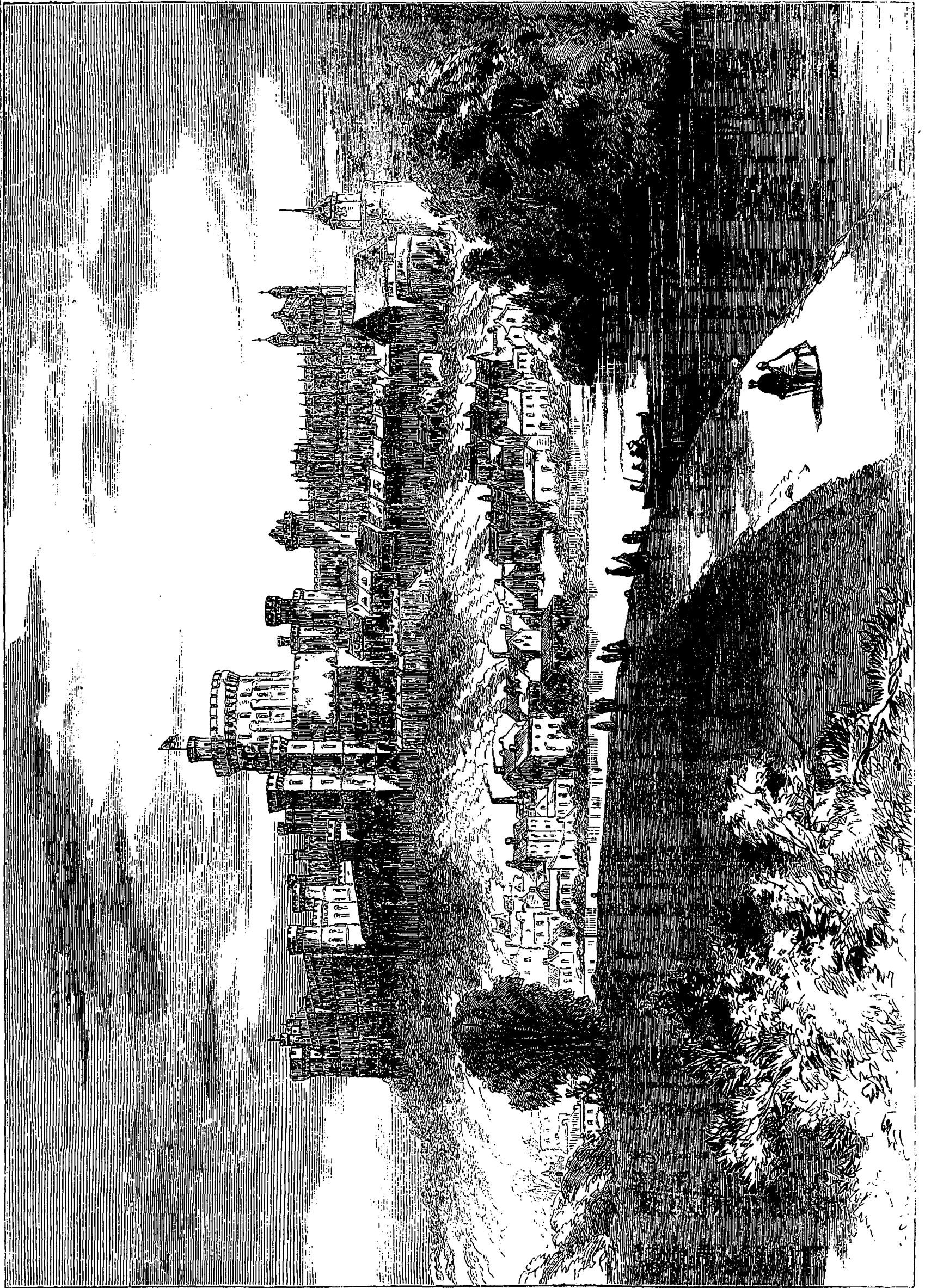
In a few days the expected lady wrote to him to say she had reached London, and after a long interview with her at the hotel, Elwyn proceeded to introduce his young charge to her. Eola, though shy and timid at the outset, on finding herself, for the first time in her life, in the company of a lady of good position, on terms of equality, soon recovered her natural unaffected and familiar manner. She was delighted with her new friend, and thought her the most amiable and good-hearted person, except one, that she had ever known. Mrs. Jameson, on her part, was equally pleased with the pretty gipsy girl; her guileless, unstudied, but eloquent demeanor quite won the kind lady's heart, even in the first hour of their acquaintance.

Mrs. Jameson was a widow, about forty years of age, having one daughter, a little older than Eola, who would naturally form a very suitable companion for the latter; and thus her destined home was in every respect calculated to be a happy one.

Elwyn found it a severe trial to his feelings when, after Mrs. Jameson had executed her mission in London, he was called upon to separate for an indefinite period from his fondly-cherished love. The parting was rendered more distressing by the uncontrollable anguish of the poor girl herself, who, until the last moment, had with a great effort restrained her feelings; but when she found herself upon the very point of being torn from his presence, to take what appeared to her such a long, long journey, her assumed courage deserted her, and her pent-up grief burst forth with a violence redoubled from having been so long in check.

Elwyn at first wished to accompany them a short distance on the way; but this, after consideration, he deemed inadvisable, as only tending to prolong the distress on both sides; and so, with many protestations of affection, and many long, tender embraces, bestowed on the gentle girl, as she clung, weeping, to his bosom, he finally parted from her at the hotel, and, with a cordial farewell to Mrs. Jameson, took his departure, leaving them to conclude the preparations for their journey alone, while he made arrangements for his return to the Abbey.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



VIEW OF WINDSOR CASTLE, AND CHAPEL OF ST. GEORGE, FROM THE NORTH-WEST.—[RE-PUBLISHED BY SPECIAL REQUEST.]

Poetry.

THE VOICE OF FREEDOM.

BY PAMELIA S. VINING, WOODSTOCK.

[Written for the Canadian Baptist.]

'All persons held as slaves, within said designated States, and parts of States, are, and henceforward shall be, free.'

'Shall be free,' 'shall be free,'—lo, the strong winds have caught it,

And borne it from hill-top to hill-top afar,
And echo to answering echo has taught it,
Through the roar of the conflict, the thunder of war
It has flashed like the lightning from ocean to ocean,
Across the black face of the skies it has blazed,
And strong men have thrilled with unwonted emotion,
And shent for joy as they listened and gazed.

'Shall be free,' 'shall be free,'—the poor manacled 'chattel'

Has caught the sweet word amid fetters and blows,
It has burst on his ear amid the tumult of battle,
'Mid the shouts of his friends and the curses of foes
And, lifting his poor fettered hands up to heaven,
He has joined in the song that ascended to God,
Or, kneeling in trembling rapture has given,
Thanksgiving to Him who has broken the rod.

'Shall be free,' 'shall be free,'—there are ears that have listened,

There are lips that have prayed through long agonized years,
There are eyes that with hope's awful radiance have glistened,

Yet as hope was deferred have grown heavy with tears—
Joy, joy, thou hast heard it at last, lonely weeper,
Look up, for the prayer of thy anguish is heard,
Look up, ye bruised spirits, for God is your keeper,
And the heart of His boundless compassion is stirred.

'Shall be free,' 'shall be free,'—O Humanity, listen,
The dawn that long since on the pale 'watcher' shone,
Now higher, and brighter, and clearer has risen,
And the Day-star rides on toward the glories of noon,
Those words which rang out from the isles of the ocean;

Samaria has echoed from mountain to sea;
And America, from her red fields of commotion,
Re-echoes the same stirring words—'Shall be free.'

Hark! all the wild air is astir with the tempest;
The swift lightnings leap in red arrows on high;
Winds shriek to mad winds, and the hoarse thunder answers

As it ploughs its dread path through the shuddering sky.

There are hisses of serpents and howlings of demons,
And moanings of anguish by land and by sea;
But clearer than angel-tones, high o'er the tumult
Rings out the sweet utterance, 'THEY SHALL BE FREE.'

And lo! dimly seem, on the crest of the billow,
Lashed white by the storm, undismayed and serene;
Moves that form which once bent o'er the sufferer's pillow,

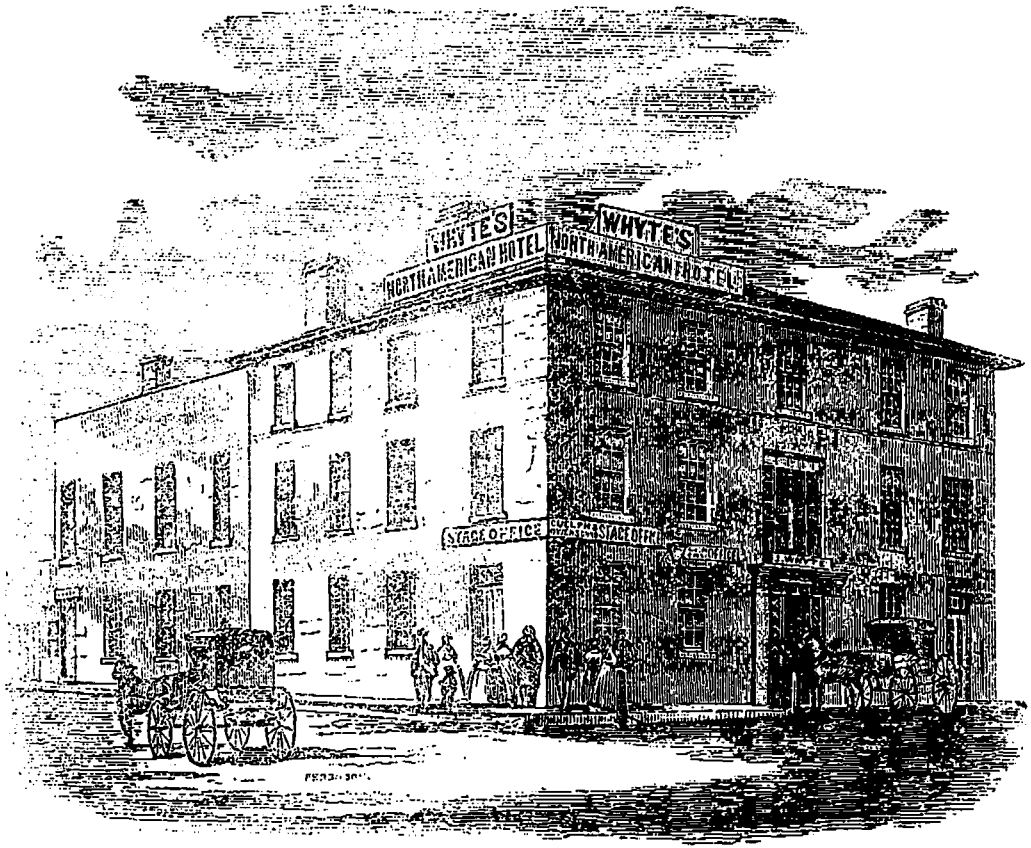
And touched the dim eyes till strange glories were seen;

And sweetly, to ears that will patiently listen,
That voice which awoke 'peace' to the turbulent sea,
Now speaks through, the roar of the tempest uprising,
In tones unmistakable—'they shall be free!'

THE SIXPENNY MAGAZINE—MARCH, 1863. A. S. IRVING. TORONTO.

This is the golden age of Magazines. The taste of the reading public, in all its varieties, is carefully studied by able editors, and satisfied by numberless periodicals, widely divergent from each other, both in the subjects discussed and the manner of discussing them. Fiction suits the people, as the editor of the 'Sixpenny Magazine' well knows, for he gives his readers plenty of it. The March number contains seven different stories of average merit, a quaint and interesting paper on 'Time Measures,' a biographical sketch of William Penn, and another, which is the third of a series on Self-Made Men—of James Ferguson, the Astronomer. 'Mountain Flowers' is a pleasant article for a dweller in the valleys and amid the city's din to dream over. 'English Villagers' are well depicted, and 'The Wives of great Lawyers' forms the theme for some cheering gossip and amusing anecdote.—The poetry is mediocre.

SIR WALTER SCOTT said seriously in his autobiography, "Through every part of my literary career, I have felt pinched and hampered by my own ignorance." Such is true wisdom. The wiser a man really becomes, the more he begins to feel as the sage of old did, when he said, "The longer I live the more persuaded I become that I know nothing."



NORTH AMERICAN HOTEL, FERGUS.

Notices to Correspondents.

G. A., DICKINSON'S LANDING.—Received. W. D., THOROLD.—Nos. 19 and 20 forwarded. Oversight of agent.

G. D. D., WELLANDPORT.—Received. Many thanks for attention. Papers forwarded.

W. C., QUEBEC.—Received. Nos. 17 and 18 forwarded. Your papers mailed regularly.

A. B., MONTREAL.—Papers sent regularly. Fault in post office.

L. Q. O' L., STRATFORD.—Received. Corrected. Nos. 2 and 3 forwarded.

E. M., WATERFORD.—Received.

L. M., SCOTLAND.—Forwarded regularly. Know no cause for the delay.

H. D., CUMMINGSVILLE.—Nos. 4, 19 and 20, forwarded.

C. and Co., ST. CATHARINES.—Received and filled.

G. W. B., VIENNA.—Received. J. R. L., TORONTO.—Received.

WINDSOR CASTLE.—Our edition of the 28th ult. being nearly exhausted, and several parties having specially requested the republication of the above illustration, we have decided to re-insert it, contrary to our established rules.

THE PORTRAITS given in our last week's edition of H. R. H. Prince of Wales and Princess Alexandra, being a *fac simile* of the photographs previously received, we give this week a transfer from the portraits in the London Illustrated News, in order to give the public an opportunity of judging of the correctness of the likenesses.

UTAH.—The Mormons have attempted to expel the United States authorities from the Territory, and held a mass meeting on the 3d of March for that purpose. At this meeting Governor Harding and Associate Justices Waite and Drake were denounced as enemies to the Territory and General Government, and a petition to the President for their removal was put in circulation. On being apprized of this movement the United States officers in question emphatically refused to resign or leave the Territory, and when a committee of the Mormons waited on the Governor he delivered a scathing address to them, concluding by saying that 'if one drop of his blood was shed whilst in the discharge of his duties by their ministers of vengeance it would be revenged, and not one stone in their city would remain upon another.' The act of Congress against polygamy, passed in 1862, is causing great trouble amongst the Saints, who are doing all in their power to resist its enforcement by Governor Harding. There was likely to be some trouble on this head.

Summary of News.

CANADIAN.

We regret to learn that Mr. S. Darbishire, for several years Queen's Printer, died at Quebec, on the 26th ult. The Mercury says of him: 'His charities were unostentatious, but they were almost unbounded.—The soul of honor, he was in all things, great and small, the model of an English gentleman. His by no means inconsiderable income was nobly spent; he patronized every species of talent; generous almost to a fault, his profuse yet elegant hospitality shed a genial warmth through the society of Quebec, where his refined taste and munificent liberality will be long remembered.'

James Sutliff and Margaret Taylor, charged with the murder of the husband of the latter in the township of Murray, in January last, were acquitted at the Coburg Assizes, on the 29th ult.

The Deputy Registrar of the county of Brant, J. B. Hoare, absconded on Monday night, the 30th ult., taking with him \$3,000 from the office. Some young lady whose name has not yet transpired, accompanied him.

RECONSTRUCTION OF THREE COUNTIES.—The Hon. Mr. Cartier has introduced a bill to effect several exchanges of territory between the counties of St. John, Napierville and Laprairie. Lacolle is to be severed from St. John and annexed to Napierville, St. Jacques is to be given in exchange for Lacolle, while St. Romé is to be made over to Napierville.

AMERICAN.

The war news is unimportant.

Late Richmond papers contain detailed accounts of a great fire there, destroying property to the value of half a million dollars, and Government property to the aggregate of nearly a quarter of a million more.

President Lincoln, at the request of the Senate, has appointed Thursday, 30th April, as a day of humiliation, fasting and prayer.

Some of Gen. Dix's officers report that they are satisfied, from various circumstances, that the rebels are preparing to evacuate Richmond, and have already removed large quantities of supplies, which had been stored there for the use of the army.

M. Drouyn De Lhuys, in response to Secretary Seward's despatch, denies Napoleon's proposal to mediate.

News from Savannah, Ga. to the 24th, says that the people are suffering all kinds of privations—even the sick have only bacon and corn bread for nourishment.

The rebels are building immense fortifications at Chattanooga, and already have between 60 and 60 siege guns in position.

At Bridgeport there have been constructed some fine earthworks, and at Stevenson, Ala., Shelbyville, Tallahoma and Docherd.

Bragg lost at the battle of Stone River 15,500 men, in killed, wounded and missing. These are the official figures. Seven hundred officers were killed, wounded and missing. Two Generals were killed and three wounded. Generals Breckeuridge and Cheatham escaped without a scratch.

The rebel army in Tennessee consists of 190 regiments of infantry, and 75 regiments of cavalry, the latter under General Wheeler, Van Dorn being second in command.

It is said that the arrangements for the attack upon Charleston are nearly completed. Means have been adopted for removing obstructions and torpedoes. Much confidence exists in the success of the movement.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 30.—Dates from the city of Mexico are to the 30th of March. The French army having provisions for three months, had advanced to within eight miles of Puebla. Their camps are visible from the tower of the public cathedral.—Some skirmishing had taken place.

CONTINENTAL.

THE Parliamentary news is unimportant. Mr. Lindsay, in the Commons, sought to prevent the Admiralty constructing any more wooden vessels with iron plating. The resolution was rejected.

A DEPUTATION had had an interview with Lord Palmerston, urging the interference of England in favor of Poland, even at the expense of a war, which would be popular in such a cause. Lord Palmerston refused to commit himself.

THERE had been a great demonstration in Marseilles in favor of Poland. The Russian Consulate was threatened by the mob.

ACCOUNTS of the Polish insurrection continue vague. The insurgents are now computed at 50,000. Collisions, with various results, are reported, but nothing decisive.

THE diplomatic correspondence relative to the American war is published.

MR. ADAMS' letters refer principally to the affair of the Alabama. He complains of the English course in the matter.

MR. MASON's letters appeal for recognition, and urge that the blockade be declared a nullity. He is greatly dissatisfied at the refusal of his applications.

THE Times says the irritation displayed on both sides is proof that England has not unduly inclined to either side. It reiterates its arguments against England being accountable for the doings of the Alabama.

THE Alabama was spoken of on the 23d of Feb., lat. 30 north, long. 44 west. She reported that she had destroyed 34 Federal vessels during her present cruise.

THE Confederate loan of £3,000,000 was expected to be introduced at Paris and London the week about the 1st of April.

Commercial.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

Traffic for week ending 27th March, 1863, \$71,498 17 1/2 Corresponding week last year. 56,467 28 1/2

Increase, \$ 15,030 89

NEW YORK MARKETS.

New York, April 1.

FLOUR—Receipts 4,601 barrels—Market 10 to 15c better; sales 8,500 barrels at \$6 50 to 6 65 for superfine State; \$6 90 to 7 00 for extra State; \$7 15 to 7 35 for choice do; \$6 55 to 6 75 for superfine Western; \$6 90 to 7 35 for common to medium extra Western; \$7 30 to 8 45 for common to good shipping brands extra Round Hooped Ohio. Canadian Flour 10 to 15c better; sales 450 barrels at \$6 90 to 7 15 for common; \$7 20 to 8 75 for good to choice extra.

WHEAT—Receipts 425 bushels—Market 1 to 2c higher and quiet at \$1 41 to 1 63 for Chicago Spring; \$1 64 to 1 66 for Milwaukee Club; \$1 67 to 1 69 for amber Iowa; \$1 70 to 1 74 for winter red Western; \$1 75 to 1 77 for amber Michigan.

RYE—Quiet at \$1 03 to 1 08.

BARLEY—Firm; sales 12,000 bushels two rowed State at \$1 63.

CORN—Receipts 5,910 bushels—Market 2c better; sales 30,000 bushels at 91 to 93c for sound mixed Western; 85 to 90c for unsound.

OATS—Quiet at 82 to 87c for Canada, Western and State.

LIVERPOOL MARKETS.

GRAIN—Wheat in fair demand and further advanced 1d to 2d per cental. Indian Corn was in demand at 28s 9d, ex quay; for mixed White 29s 6d to 30s; for prime Southern 31s.

FLOUR—Neglected.

PROVISIONS—Beef dull. Pork steady.—Bacon tending downward. Lard dull and easier. Tallow quiet.

PRODUCE—Sugar quiet. Coffee steady.

Cleanings.

THE rebel President is thus described by a correspondent of an English paper:—'Jefferson Davis is a slight, light figure, little exceeding middle height, and holds himself erect and straight. He was dressed in a rustic suit of slate-colored stuff, with a black handkerchief round his neck; his manner is plain, and rather reserved and drastic; his head is well formed, with a fine full forehead, square and high, covered with innumerable fine lines and wrinkles, features regular, though the cheek-bones are too high and the jaws too hollow to be handsome; the lips are thin, flexible, and curved; the chin square, well-defined; the nose very regular, with wide nostrils; and eyes deep set, large and full—one seems nearly blind, and is partly covered with a film, owing to excruciating attacks of neuralgia and tic. Wonderful to relate, he does not chew tobacco, and is neat and clean-looking, with hair trimmed and boots brushed.'

NEW STYLE OF SHIRT COLLAR.—Enamelled steel shirt collars are advertised in England. When they become soiled, you merely pass a sponge over them, and they are as good as new. If the wearer sits down in a damp room the collar begins to rust immediately; this corrosive admonition frequently protects sensitive people from colds. On a pinch the garment may be made to do duty as a razor or as a carving knife. If it be lent to a friend it will in all probability cut his throat. For these and other excellencies it bids fair to supersede the linen and paper articles now in use.

THE right honorable and sable Minister from Hayti, represented his colored Court, at the party of the Brazilian Minister, at Washington, last week, with great dignity of diplomatic darkness. The ladies are all turning to the books on heraldry, in which it is stated that 'sable is the most valuable of furs—equal to diamond among precious stones and to Saturn among the planets.' Colonel Roumain (the baptismal name of the distinguished Haytian) is a man of very high birth and breeding, of most approved courage and courtesy, thirty-three years of age, and, at present, quite an Othello of attraction to the dramatic eye of the ladies.

ONE perverse disposition will destroy the peace of a whole family.

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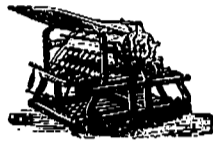
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N. B.—Care must be taken to address all Communications to the Office of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

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HAMILTON, C. W.

Toronto Advertisements.

THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE.

The subscriber has received the following ENGLISH MAGAZINES FOR JANUARY

and is now taking subscriptions for them, viz: London Society, \$3 50 per year.

Temple Bar, 3 50 ..

Coriuh, 3 50 ..

St. James, 3 50 ..

McMillan, 3 50 ..

Once-a-Week, 3 50 ..

World of Fashion, 3 00 ..

Churchman, 3 00 ..

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Chambers' Journal, 1 75 ..

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Reynolds' Miscellany, " 1 75 ..

Family Herald, " 1 75 ..

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