

daughter of him who was then in fact, but not in name, the sovereign of this country, but whose career had been so shortly brought to a close.

The Princess Royal was loudly cheered as she passed along, as well as her illustrious relative, who appeared highly gratified at the reception he received. The foreign princes and attendants appeared to enjoy the scene amazingly; they laughed and chatted as their carriages rolled along, and called one another's attention to the striking incidents of the route.

Perhaps not the least subject of their notice, if not their admiration, was the utter absence of anything like military display. A few Life Guardsmen stationed at long intervals were all that they could see, and yet the line was clearly kept, while there was nothing beyond it to be taken anything but order, decorum, and regularity. Shortly afterwards some dozen other carriages drove along, conveying the Prince of Wales, Prince Alfred, and other members of the Royal Family, the last being occupied by the Prince Consort.

Another quarter of an hour elapsed, and again the signal was given that other carriages were leaving Buckingham Palace. These were devoted to the great officers and ladies of the Royal household, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duchess of Cambridge, and the Princess Mary of Cambridge.

At a quarter past twelve o'clock another party of the Royal carriages were seen making their way from the court-yard to the gate, the last one containing the Queen. As soon as her Majesty was recognised, nearly every hat was raised; there was a cry of "The Queen! the Queen!" and a general cheer broke forth from the vast multitude, which her Majesty very courteously acknowledged, and then proceeded, at rather a rapid pace, to the Royal Chapel; where, I must beg my readers to imagine, we also have gone, but earlier.

It is 12 o'clock, and the excitement of expectation increases every moment. Ladies who are driven near the door intrigue successfully to change their places with Lords who are nearer to the altar. A noble Countess drops her cloak and shawl over the gallery rail on to the floor with a heavy "flop," and a general titter ensues. It is increased as another peeress, looking over, moults the feathers from her headdress, and they come sailing slowly down. Suddenly there is a little stir, and the Princess of Prussia enters the Chapel magnificently attired in a robe of white satin. The whole brilliant audience of the Chapel rises *en masse* and bows as the Princess Royal's Mother-in-law elect passes on to the altar. Hardly are she and her attendants seated there, on the left-hand side, when faintly in the distance the long blown, clear, defiant notes of the trumpeters are heard. Step by step the advance of the trumpeters is followed; now they are ascending the staircase, the regular roll and beat of the silver kettle drums become audible and the prolonged triumphant flourish proclaims the approach of Her Majesty.

The train and body of Her Majesty's dress was composed of rich mouve (lilac) velvet, trimmed with three rows of lace, the corsage ornamented with diamonds, and the celebrated Koh-i-noor as a brooch; the petticoat mauve and silver moire antique, trimmed with a deep flounce of Honiton lace; the head-dress, a Royal diadem of diamonds and pearls.

The Princess Alice wore a dress of white lace, over rich pink satin, trimmed with corn-flowers and daisies. The Princess wore a wreath of the same flowers round the head.

The Princesses Helena and Louisa wore dresses similar to that of the Princess Alice, with corn-flowers and daisies in the hair.

The Prince of Wales, Prince Alfred, Prince Arthur, and Prince Leopold, wore the Highland dress.

Lord Palmerston, on the Queen's right hand, bears the Sword of State; while the Duchess of Sutherland, herself attired in almost Royal magnificence, stands on the left by right of office as mistress of the robes. Again there is a pause of intense interest, and again the drums and trumpets are heard; and, ushered in with the same imposing ceremonies, comes the procession of the Bridegroom. On his right walks his Royal Highness the Prince of Prussia, his father; and on his left, his brother, Prince Albert. All eyes, however, are fixed upon the Royal Bridegroom, as he walks slowly, but with the most perfect ease and elegance of action, up the centre of the Chapel. He wears the uniform of a Prussian General, with the insignia of the Order of the Black Eagle of Prussia.

The uniform shows his tall figure to advantage and sets off his frank open countenance and prepossessing bearing. Near the altar he stops before Her Majesty's chair of State, and slowly bows with the most profound reverence, and, turning to his Royal Mother, he bows again with equal respect, but less deeply than to the Queen; and then, kneeling in the centre of the Chapel, prays with earnest devotion for a few minutes. Prayers ended, he rises, and stands at the right hand of the altar, waiting his bride, and likewise submitting to such a scrutiny from hundreds of brilliant eyes as never bachelor withstood alone before.

The great officers of State enter the Chapel; but no one heeds them, for there is a peculiar movement without, and a soft rustling of silk is clearly audible. In another second the Bride is at the door, and stands "Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls," that bloom in fair array behind her. The gorgeous veil she wears depending from her head-dress is thrown off, and, hanging in massive folds behind, leaves the expression of her face completely visible, as she walks slowly, her head slightly stooped in bashfulness, and her eyes cast down upon the ground. Thus all can see distinctly the mild, amiable expression of her face, so replete with kindness and deep feeling; and that peculiarly touching aspect of sensitiveness, to attempt to portray

which would "only prove how vainly words essay to fix the spark of beauty's heavenly ray." Her bright bloom of colour has completely deserted her; and, even when compared with her snowy dress, her cheeks seem pale, and her whole appearance denotes tremulousness and agitation.

In these ceremonies we believe the dress of the Bride ranks only next in importance to the celebration of the service; but on this occasion the Princess Royal wore one so thoroughly in good taste that it is difficult to remark anything, save that it is exquisitely becoming, beautiful, and white; it was manufactured by Mrs. Dawill, designed by Mrs. Janet Fife, and composed of a rich robe of white moire antique ornamented with three flounces of Honiton lace.

The design of the lace consists of bouquets in open work of the rose, shamrock, and thistle, in three medallions. At the top of each flounce, in front of the dress, are wreaths of orange and myrtle blossoms,—the latter being the bridal flower of Germany—every wreath terminating with bouquets of the same flowers, and being so graduated as to give the appearance of a robe defined by flowers. The apex of this floral pyramid is formed by a large bouquet worn on the girdle. The train, which is of the usual length of more than three yards, is of white moire antique, trimmed with two rows of Honiton lace, surmounted by wreaths similar to those on the flounces of the dress; bouquets at short intervals.

Next to the interest excited by the appearance of the bride herself is the feeling created by the fair bridesmaids, who "in gloss of satin, and glimmer of pearls," followed in stately array bearing up the rich train of the Princess Royal between them. The ladies honoured with this distinguished mark of Royal favour, are all among the personal friends of the young bride, and it is most singular are every one descended from the great Royal Houses of England and Scotland. They follow the Bride two by two.

The dresses worn by this fair train are from a design furnished by the illustrious bride herself. They consist of a white glacé petticoat, covered by six deep tulle flounces, over which falls a tunic of tulle, trimmed with draperies of tulle looped up on one side with a bouquet of pink roses and white heather. The body is trimmed with draperies of tulle, with hanging sleeves of the same material, trimmed with ruffles; a bouquet of the same flowers is worn in the girdle and upon each shoulder.

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

This day, with glad voice and heart,
We praise Thy name, O Lord, who art
Of all good things the giver!
For England's first-born Hope we pray!
From hour to hour, from day to day,
Be near her now, and ever!
King of kings, Lord of lords,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
We adore Thee!

Hear us, while we kneel before thee.
When the voices of the choir had died away, the service was read in a hardly audible voice by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the responses being given in a firm, grave tone by the Bridegroom, and in a gentle, indistinct manner, by the Bride; the ring, taken from the hands of the Prince Consort, was placed on the finger of his daughter, and the Archbishop having pronounced his blessing, the Bishop of London terminated the service in a clear and sonorous voice. Then rose the strains of that magnificent Hallelujah chorus, which is the most imposing of all music.

Hardly had the last words of the chorus died away in solemn echoes, when the ceremonial, as arranged by chamberlains and heralds ended; and the bride, giving vent to her evidently long pent-up feelings, turned and flung herself upon her mother's bosom with a suddenness, and depth of feeling that thrilled through every heart. Again and again Her Majesty strained her to her heart, and kissed her, and tried to conceal her emotion; but it was needless and in vain, for all perceived it, and there were few who did not share it. We need not mention how the bridegroom embraced her; and how, as she quitted him, with the tears now plainly stealing down her cheeks, she threw herself into the arms of her father, while her Royal husband was embraced by the Princess of Prussia in a manner that evinced all that only a mother's love can show. The most affecting recognition, however, took place between the bridegroom and his royal father, for the latter seemed overpowered with emotion, and the former, after clasping him close to his heart, knelt and kissed his parents' hand.

The Queen then arose, and, hurrying across the *haut pas* with the Prince Consort, embraced the Princess of Prussia as one sister would another after long parting; and, turning to the Prince of Prussia, gave him her hand, which as he stooped to kiss she stopped him, and declined the condescension by offering her cheek instead. But words will feebly convey the warmth, the abandonment of affection and friendship, with which these greetings passed; the reverence with which the bridegroom saluted Her Majesty, the manly heartiness with which he wrung the Prince Consort's hand, for by the working of his face it was evident he could not trust his tongue to speak.

After a few minutes had been allowed for the illustrious personages to recover their composure, during which the bride again lost her, while she received, with all the affectionate warmth of a young and attached family, the congratulations of her brothers and sisters, the procession prepared to leave the church. There was no mistake about the expression of the bride's face as she quitted the sacred building. Her delicate colour returned, her eyes sparkled with emotion, and there was such a light of happiness upon her features, as she turned upon her Royal husband a look of the most supreme affection, that even the most reserved felt moved, and an audible "God bless her," passing from mouth to mouth, accompanied her on her way. The procession of Her Majesty then passed to the Throne Room for the purpose of signing the marriage register.

Every person present was presented with the marriage service, beautifully printed in red and gold, and bound in white and gold.

LOUIS NAPOLEON AND HIS ENEMIES.

In my last letter, I just mentioned the telegram received, of an attempt on the Emperor's life, and doubted its truth. This time, however, it was true, and my readers are no doubt acquainted with the details.

As regards the atrocity of the attempt, there can be no difference of opinion—we all reprobate and abhor it. But that is not enough for the Emperor, who would have us expel every poor refugee, flying from his tyranny. Count De Morney was the first bold exponent of this demand; the French Ambassador said something very like it, when the City Authorities here presented him with a congratulatory address; and the French press and people first tried to bully us into it, by significant threats, and then, seeing we were in earnest, growled, snarled, and affected virtuous indignation and amazement.

It won't do. England always has been the refuge of Continental fugitives, and will be so still. If we were so inclined, pages of historic reminiscences and glorious proofs could be given; but everyone knows it, without. Of course, Louis would like to have every man who opposes him, or passively dissents from him, secure under that gentle thumb which presses France just now—to wit, the lying, detestable scheme of the late alleged conspiracy, and foiled attempt to criminate Ledru Rollin, and others with complicity in it. It was only a plot of his own police.

Our laws are open to all: let him do as his uncle did, prosecute, in our Courts, all treason, violence, and wrong, committed here by refugees, and he will have a fair verdict: but let him put hands on them if he dare, while under our flag. All are free, have been, and will be still—as to the charge of our aiding conspirators—our supporting them; sympathy with their proceedings and desires—it is sheer nonsense. We have enough to do, without that, and are too respectable. He must take care of himself, as we do—as our Queen does—by honest means. Let him prove that a refugee abuses his sanctuary, and our laws are quite equal to punish him. But that is not done. And, to give up to his tyrannical malice every poor hunted man who has found refuge here from his coup d'état, is what we never have done, and never will do, come what will. The best men of France are exiled, or opposed to the Empire—the worst, are exalted and in favour. But on that we need not enter. Frenchmen may settle that themselves: only, they invade not our sanctuary.

One of the would-be assassins lived in Birmingham, some time ago. Our police are tracing out his connections and antecedents, in conjunction with French detectives: but that is different from refugees as a whole—or, any whom the police may choose to name. One of the French detectives who have recently come over on this matter introduced himself, "as a stranger in London," to a refugee, and tried to find out his residence, &c. He was knocked down, and told to bring his action for assault before a magistrate; but none was brought. For criminals, we have no desire to extend a protecting arm: they are fair game for any who choose to unmask them: but political offence is another thing, and England will never recognize wholesale extradition for it.

HAVELOCK AND INDIA.

We at last have some account though a meagre one, of the death of our lamented General. The *Calcutta Englishman* of Dec. 24, says:—

"The intense strain, which, during months of suspense, had buoyed up the late Sir Henry Havelock, was suddenly removed by his glorious relief of the Garrison of Lucknow, and the reaction told fatally on a frame lately tried in campaigns in Persia and India. An attack of indigestion was speedily got under, and no apprehensions were entertained before midnight on the 20th November, when unmistakable signs of dysentery made their appearance. On the day following, the General, however, felt so far better as to be removed to the Dil-Kusha, where the change of air seemed to have produced some further improvement. Early on the 22nd, unhappily, a change for the worse set in, and symptoms of malignant description appeared in rapid succession. It is some consolation to know that the attack throughout continued free from bodily suffering.

"In full possession of his faculties, about nine o'clock in the morning of the 24th of November the good, the illustrious Havelock, closed in his 63rd year, his career, at the very goal which, once attained, was destined to become his mausoleum—by the side of a Lawrence, and of so many others of the best and bravest of our countrymen."

Sir Colin Campbell continues his masterly tactics, driving the rebels before him, but with caution and prudence: 40,000 soldiers will, it is said, be required, for the complete reconquest of Oude; but it can and will be done, even though 12 months should intervene, first. Looking to the work achieved during the last 6 months, what cause of gratulation and hope is there!

A private letter from Delhi thus describes the condition of that once regal and majestic city:—

"We are lodged comfortably in the Queen's apartments. The city has suffered considerably, and in some of the shop-doors you may count forty or fifty holes from bullets, &c. Houses all battered. The bank is one mass of ruins, one pillar of the verandah stands alone; church riddled; college ditto. Here and there traces of blood splashed on the walls tell their tale, and all bespeak the awful work of the last six months. Indeed the road from Budhi Serai to Delhi is one line of ruin, skeletons, and rotten camels still crumbling on the roadside.

"Outside the city the main body of troops (native) are encamped; it is refreshing to see the Europeans at the gates and at the head of every street, and to hear their drums and bugles; five and eight hung every day, and the actual murderer of Simon Frazer was cut to pieces by Metcalfe's orders; he was not even allowed a trial. In my own house I have picked up Banghy parcels with poor Simon Frazer's name on them, and also part of a lady's dress, called, I believe, the stomachier. I cannot help thinking that some of the women were brought as slaves to this house, where the favorite Queen resided. Lots of treasure has been dug up, and more expected. I am going to dig to-morrow in some hollow-sounding place, and I get 5 per cent. on all I find."

The Queen of Oude has died at Paris. The East India Company are busy enough in preparing for the attack on their Constitution and privileges. Parliament will soon meet; and then the whole subject will come on. It is enveloped with difficulties. To transfer the dominion to a ministry only, would be to swell the power of a party, and afford irresistible opportunity for corruption, by the enormous patronage placed at disposal. Beside, we know not yet the secret of the mutiny, so cannot remove the evil to a certainty. Reform must be made, and thoroughly. Where, and how, we shall see by and by.

Sir W. Clay will again bring in another Church Rate Abolition Bill; but Lord Palmerston will not pledge Government to support it, because of the Indian and other pressing debates. Diplomacy all over.

CHINA

Must now take its turn in being settled (or unsettled) by our arms. The forces have arrived, and are disposed in their positions. Terms have been sent to Yeh, with four days to reply. The inhabitants have been warned from the city, and are aware of the steps to be taken; so that none can reproach us with anything like wanton cruelty, or do otherwise than confess how reluctant we have been to deal death and destruction wholesale.

French and English ships have exchanged flags, and act together. It is not probable that Yeh will give in. And this reminds me that he has turned up again, despite his recent affecting farewell to the Cantonese. Should the capture of Canton not obtain what we stipulate for, the French are to supply more soldiers, and we are to advance to Pekin, and storm the Emperor himself.

All, however, awaits the next mail for fulfilment. That will give us, perhaps, in one, the beginning and ending of an assault and victory which will settle the hitherto provoking Chinese question to their future good, our commercial advantage, and the vindication of long-neglected treaties.

THE LEVIATHAN

Is all but afloat. Only three more inches depth of water, and she will ride on her native element. To-morrow's (Saturday) tide is to supply that extra three inches; and then—Mr. Brunel may rub his hands and say, "I did it." We may say, "the monster was born of English parents." I think the Americans beat us last year at yacht-sailing; let them match us in this too, and we will give up the palm.

Your Special Correspondent,
NIGHT LAMP.

CHINA.

The French Admiral has declared the blockade of the Canton river on the part of France.

The island of Honan, opposite Canton, was on the 15th of December occupied by the English and French forces. After ten days, unless Yeh yielded to the ultimatum, Canton was to be attacked; it was said that he has already refused.

The *Hong Kong Register*, for Nov. 24 says:—"We learn, upon an authority that we can by no means consider reliable, that Canton is to be defended to the last gasp, the inner city being mined in all directions, in consequence of which no one but soldiers and Government officials are permitted to enter it."

ITALY.

A RAILWAY TRAIN STOPPED BY BRIGADES.—I was told in Rome that the passengers by the short railroad to Frascati had absolutely been stopped and robbed—a circumstance so absurd and scandalous that it was hushed up, and not noticed in the newspapers. The line is only about ten miles in length, and the passengers were known to be about to join some *festa*, with money in their pockets. The thieves seized the solitary guard, midway, at the only halting place, and showed the red flag as a sign of danger: this, of course, brought the train to a stop in the midst of the lonely *campagna*, and the fellows robbed the travellers unmoisted.—*F. Fairholt.*

It is said that there would be in London a larger number of marriages on the bridal day of the Princess Royal than was ever known to be celebrated in one day before.