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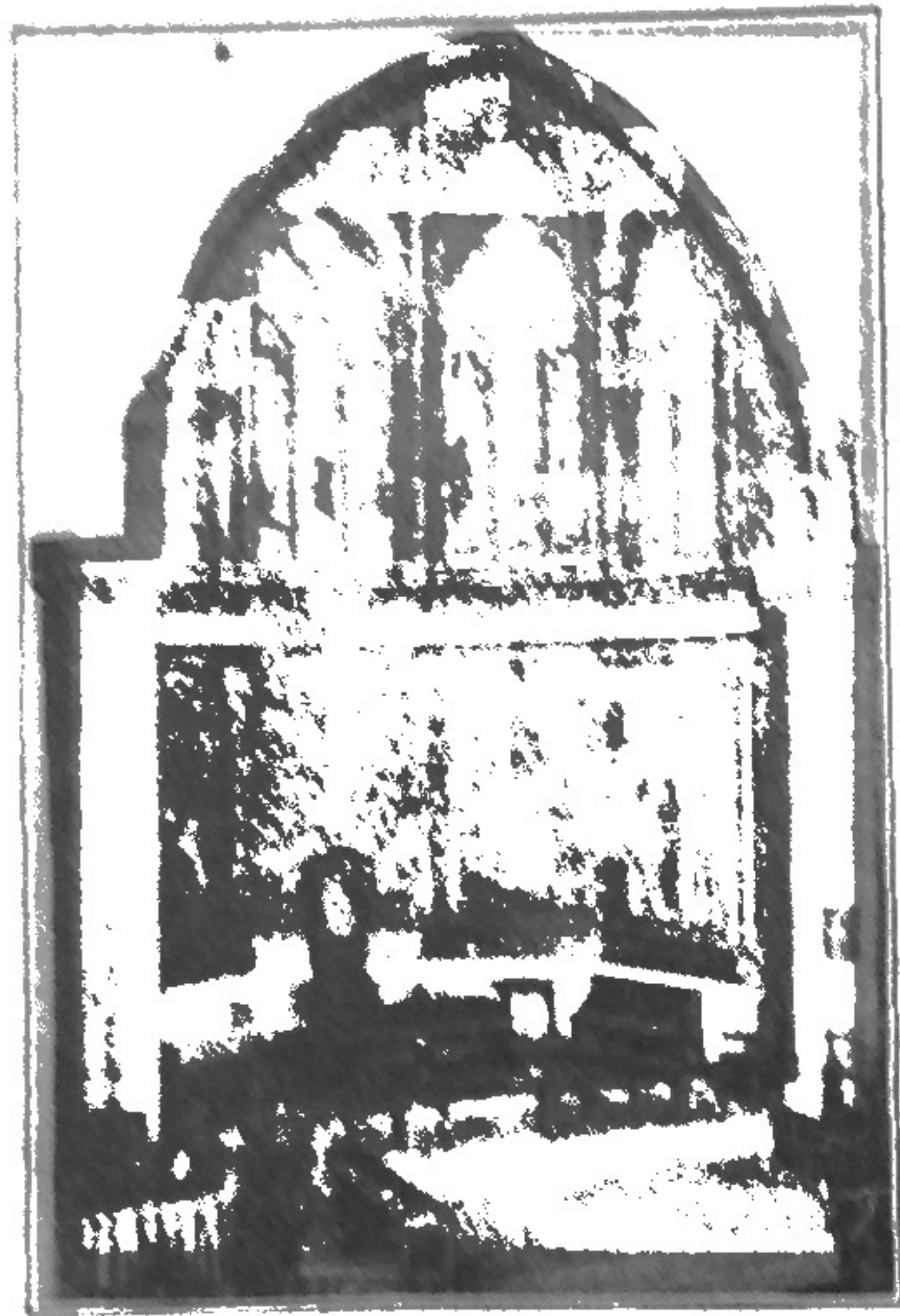
No. 5.

THE VANDERBILT MARLBOROUGH UNION

By H. M. Breen.

THE ninth Duke of Marlborough, the Hon. Lord John Spencer Churchill, has led to the altar the fourth daughter of the house of the

Whatever there might have been lacking of the realities of a simpler wedding wherein love turns all things to an enduring gold and brightness, its want, if such there were, appeared not in that glittering jointure of ducal coronet to wealth. Outwardly it was all

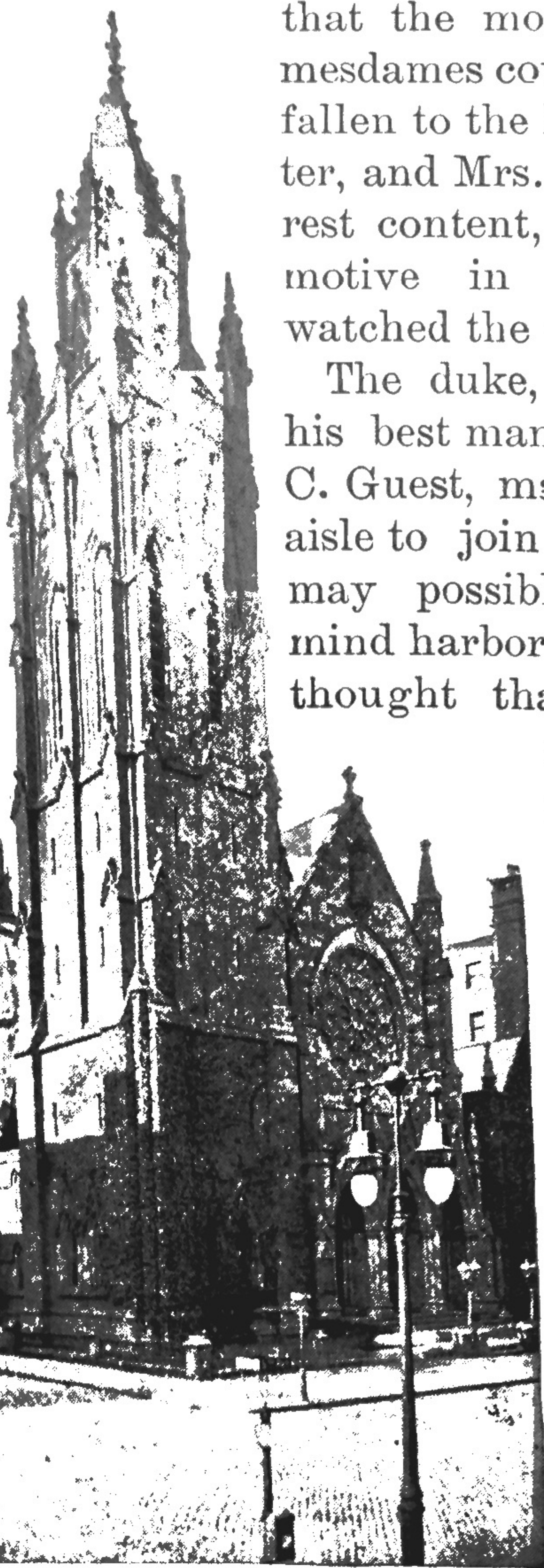


THE CHANCEL OF ST. THOMAS'.

railroadking, Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt. I say fourth daughter advisedly, for the Vanderbilt patent of plutocracy dates only from the fourth generation in the

annals of wealth blazonry

St. Thomas' Church on Fifth avenue, where the nuptials were displayed—for they can hardly be otherwise qualified—never looked upon a more brilliant assemblage nor upon a brighter scene than that to which wealth, pride of place, and all else that goes to make up worldly splendor lent its glamor.



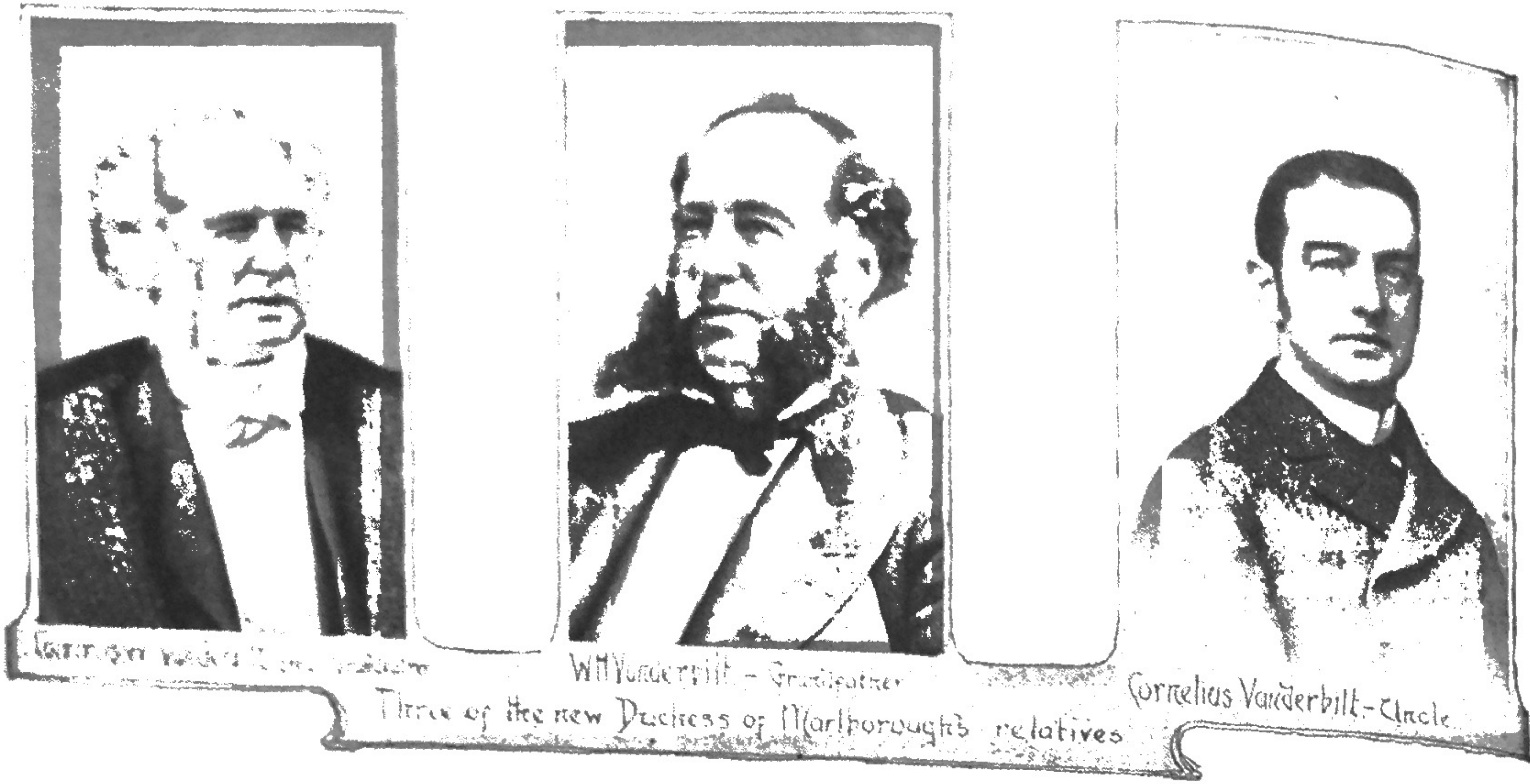
ST. THOMAS' CHURCH, WHERE THE VANDERBILT-MARLBOROUGH WEDDING TOOK PLACE.

that the most ambitious of mesdames could wish to have fallen to the lot of her daughter, and Mrs. Vanderbilt may rest content, if with such a motive in her breast she watched the wedding.

The duke, too, as he with his best man, the Hon. Ivor C. Guest, marched down the aisle to join his future bride, may possibly have let his mind harbor for an instant the thought that Blenheim was

now to be lifted from the depths of a financial slough and set upon the solid rock of the Vanderbilt treasury. He did not, however, tell his thoughts, though great titles and palaces are cumbersome without gold to furbish them.

Down the other aisle, 'mid bridesmaids fair, and she the fairest,



Three of the new Duchess of Marlborough's relatives
 Wm Vanderbilt - Grandfather
 Cornelius Vanderbilt - Uncle

swept with stately steps to time of wedding march the future duchess. Robed like a lily, tall, and carrying herself altogether proudly, she formed a striking contrast to the rather undersized figure of the duke who trod to the same music across the way. What thoughts had she as she neared the spot where in sacerdotal garments the bishop awaited the coming of the twain to tie the nuptial knot? Fortune? She had it. Title? She had gained it. Love? But the heart of the woman speaks not its deepest secrets.

And there was a craning of necks, the rustle of a thousand garments, and then it was the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough that stood in the chancel. Not a slip that savored of *gaucherie*, not a hint that told of aught to belie everything that it appeared to mean, and Bishop Potter with his assistants crowned the ceremony with their priestly blessing.

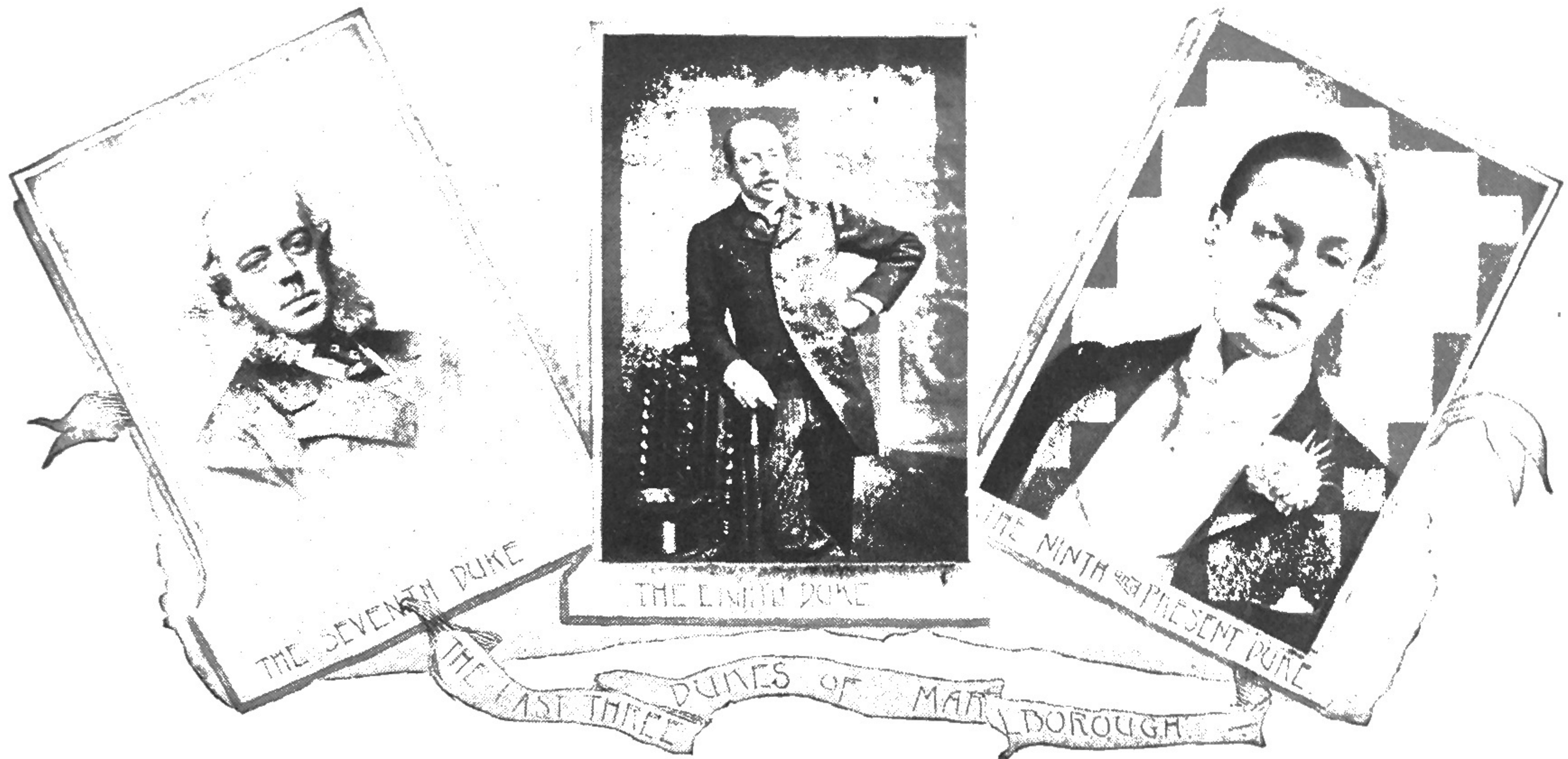
As I left the edifice, from which

in every direction stretched in lines of diminishing perspective the carriages of opulent wealth, and about which stood policemen to keep back the gaping crowds, the whole thing seemed a trifle incongruous and made not the most perfect mental picture. Though it is the last public phase, the Marlborough-Vanderbilt union is but one link in a chain of causes. Matters in the Vanderbilt household have not, between its elders, run any too smoothly of late, and this at the outset is a shadow which adds no bright attractiveness to the *ensemble* of the titled alliance. But there are some features about these matrimonial infelicities to which I refer that have some bearing upon the marriage of their daughter to the descendant of the conqueror at Blenheim and Malplaquet.

Mrs. Vanderbilt, ever since her marriage, has shown in action and in spirit that wealth and station hold in her mind the highest and



MR AND MRS. W. K. VANDERBILT



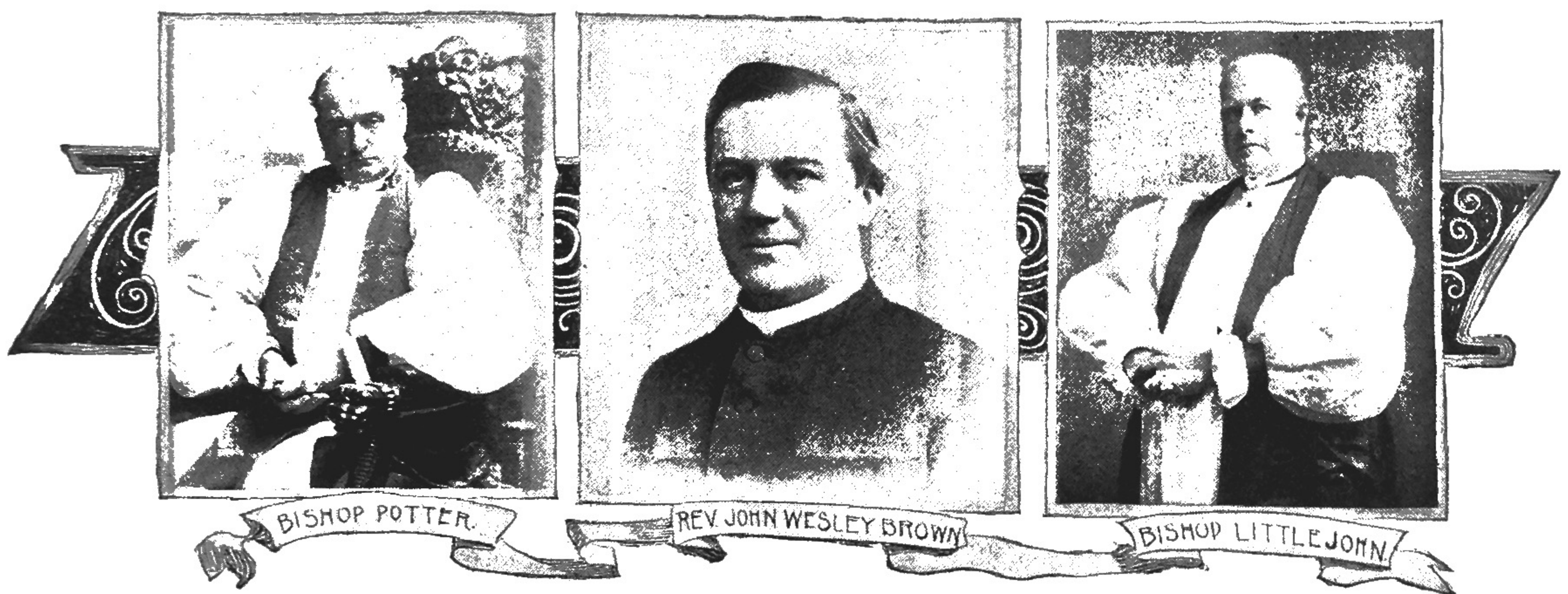
The Marble House at Newport, circled by lofty walls and gates to screen its view from the profaning eye, the exclusive and imperious way in which she set out to rule society, are yet fresh memories in the public mind.

But New York society, strange to say, refused to fall down in its completeness at the feet of its self-appointed leader.

a great extent these causes led to the ultimate separation of the two.

It is not, therefore, too much of a strain on the imagination to see in the wedding just passed the finale of a bold stroke on the part of society's unaccepted leader.

The carrying off of the master of Blenheim is a triumph of prize-taking, even in these days of privateering be-



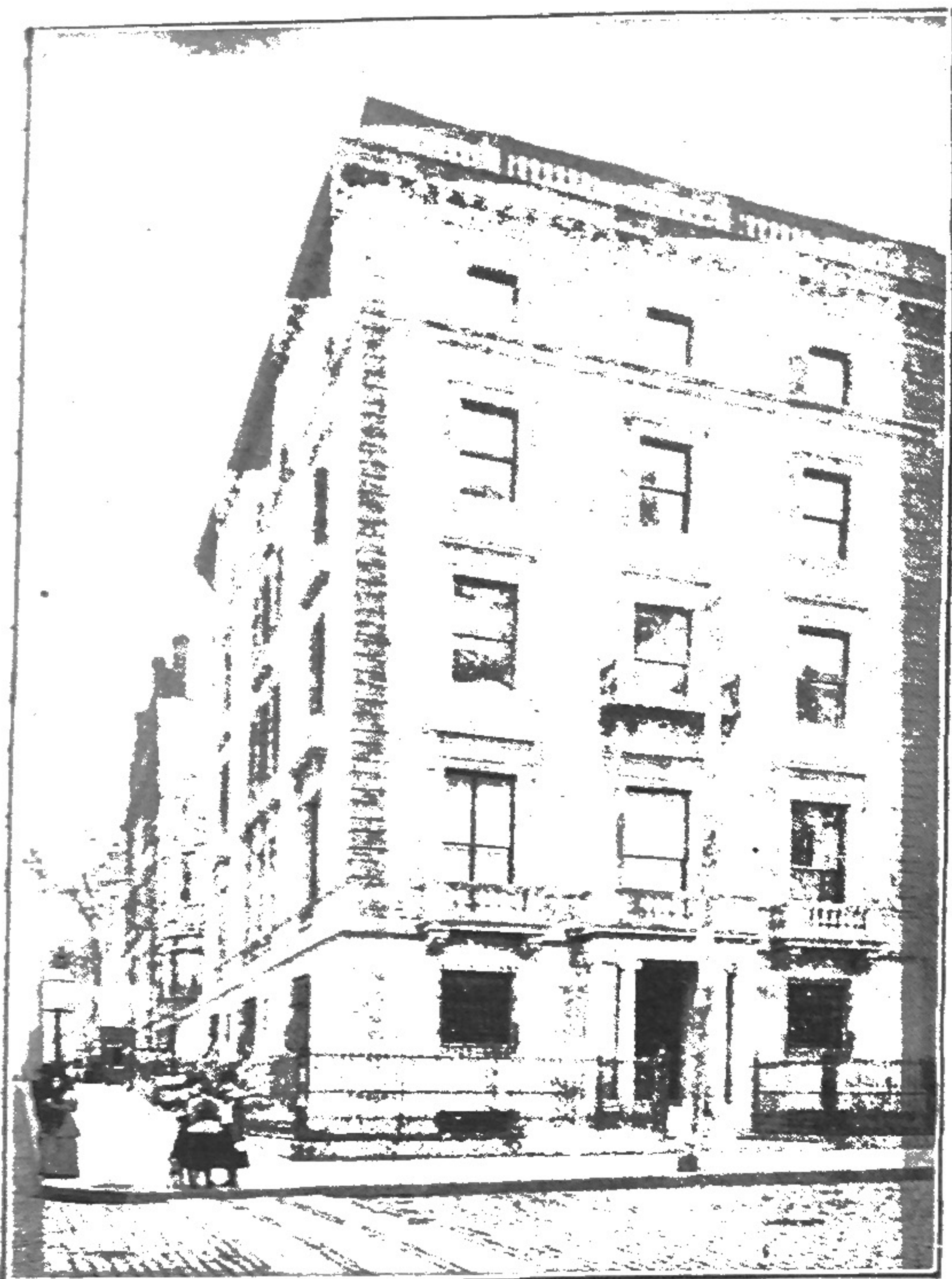
THE OFFICIATING CLERGYMEN AT THE VANDERBILT-MARLBOROUGH WEDDING.

Mrs. Vanderbilt's greater millions could, with tact, have been made a most efficient weapon to rule this society, but when these were used as a flail to compel prostration such a method caused only revolt and bitterness.

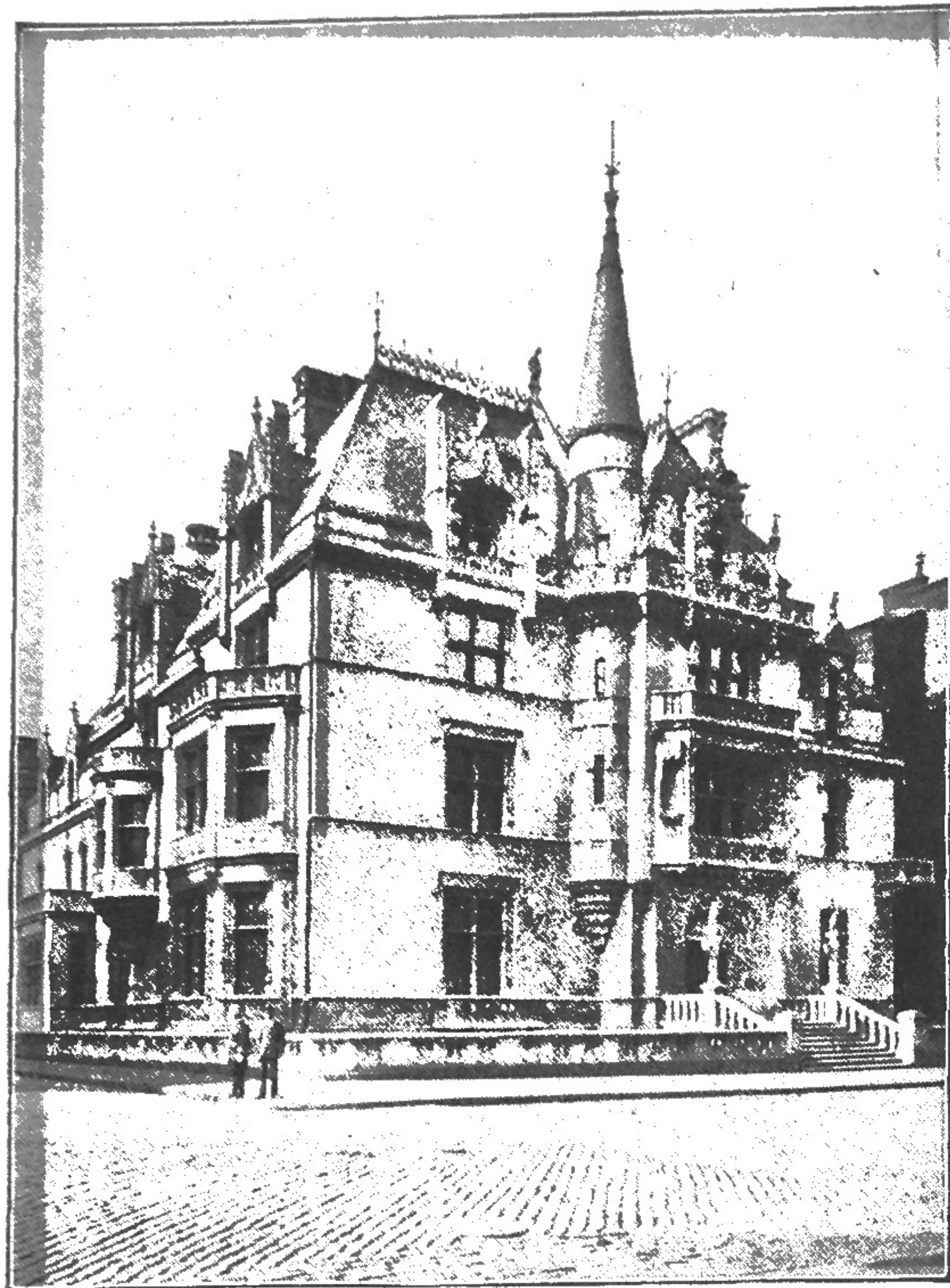
On the contrary, her husband is inclined to take a more easy view of life, and fretted at the Chinese walls his wife erected about herself and him. To

tween American dollars and foreign titularies. Marlborough and Castellane, when compared in lustre, are not twin stars in magnitude, and the lesser glory is not the portion of the English duke.

The past history of the Vanderbilts contains no Oudenarde or Ramillies on which it bases its claims to prestige, but it does include hard-fought campaigns in Wall street which proved th



MRS. W. K. VANDERBILT'S RESIDENCE AT FIFTY-THIRD STREET AND FIFTH AVENUE.



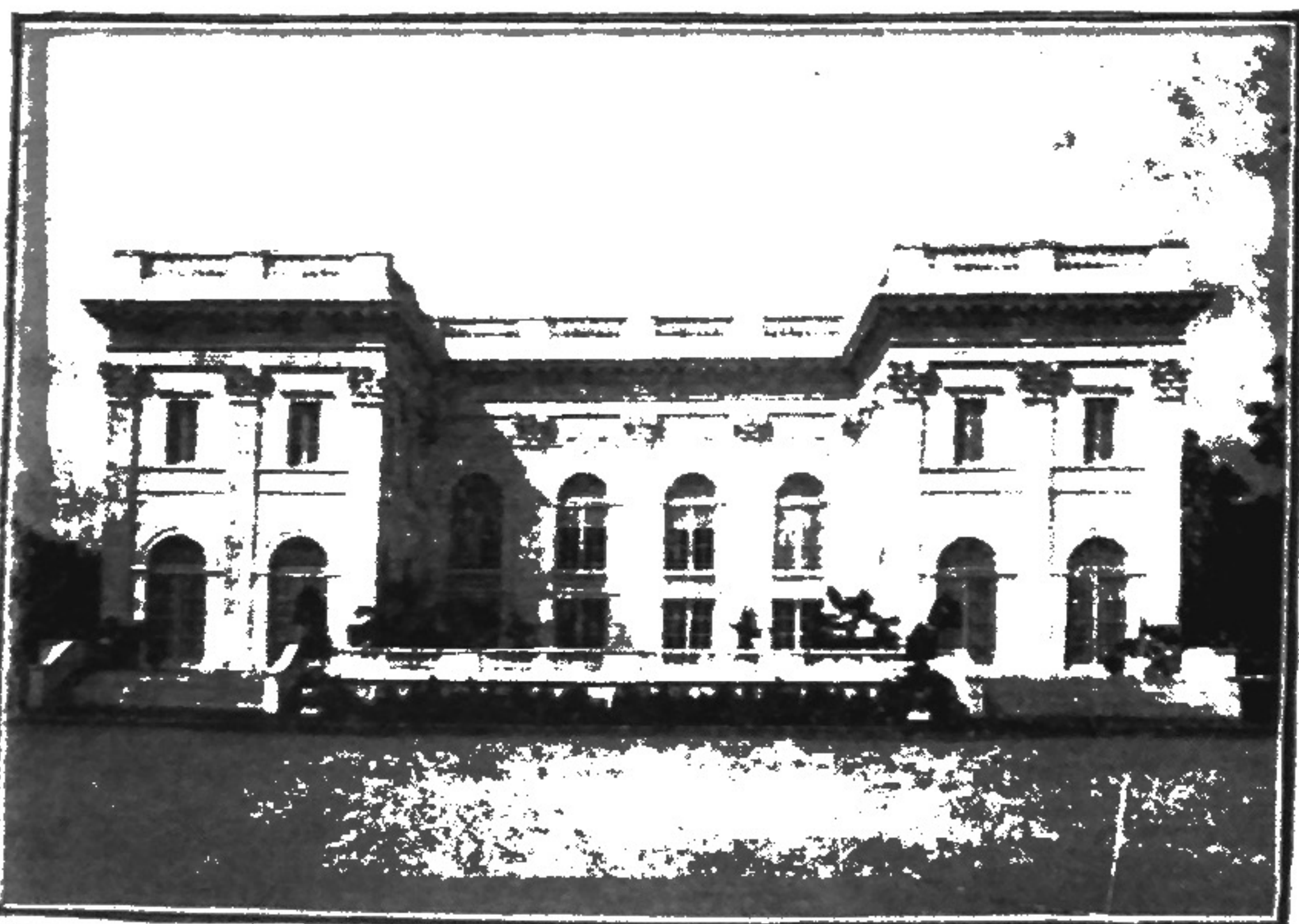
MR. W. K. VANDERBILT'S RESIDENCE AT FIFTY-SECOND STREET AND FIFTH AVENUE.

right of the first Vanderbilt to enter the nobility of Croesus.

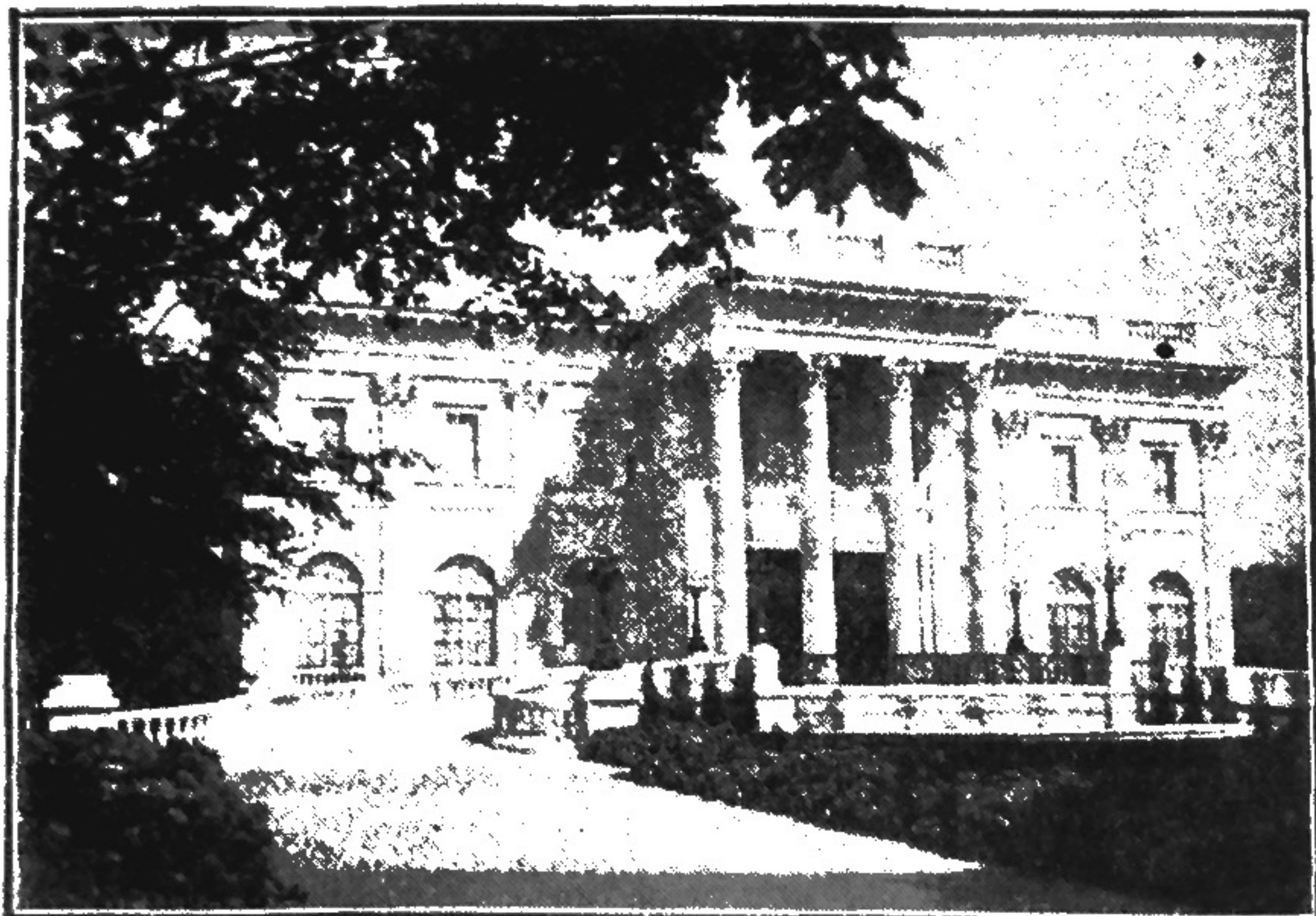
Young Marlborough has gained by his marriage not only America's richest heiress, but a most beautiful woman as well.

Personally the present duke is not one whom, upon first sight, you would fix your attention. In appearance he is boyish, in stature small, and in presence not impressive. A not particularly robust moustache obscures rather than hides his upper lip. His voice is low,

somewhat weak in compass, and it is not always easy to catch the full sense of his words from these defects in utterance. In dress he is not foppish, to an extent, hardly tasty, but despite the edicts of the moulds of fashion and the glasses of form there is an implied right in *chacun à son goût*. Left to his own devices, his choice of clothes verges on the negligé and comfortable, and in this freedom from conventionality the only way in which he offends the carpers is by an inharmonious blending of colors.



FRONT VIEW, FACING BELLEVUE AVENUE.



REAR VIEW, FACING THE OCEAN.

"MARBLE HOUSE," MRS. VANDERBILT'S NEWPORT RESIDENCE.



LADY WILLIAM BERESFORD,
Dowager Duchess of Marlborough and Stepmother-in-law to the new Duchess:

He also rides a bicycle, but the "score her" would find him an easy prey, as the pace he cuts out is thoroughly ducal in its dignity and leisureliness. He is mild-mannered, affable to the tres-

passers upon his time—providing the interviewer can get at him through the cordon of his attendants—but on the whole he is only interesting because of the Marlborough titles. It is doubtful, even if the opportunity should present itself, whether he could wear the complete mantle of the Elijah of his line.

His wife—tall and graceful, stately—looks more the duchess, from head to dainty shoetip, than many to the manner born; hers is a figure and carriage which, even in a less splendid framing than a coronet, would compel attention. So far as she has shown her personality to the public, there have appeared none of the marring qualities that many in the front ranks of wealth display. In her dress she inclines toward light and delicate shadings, and

her taste in apparelling is well-nigh faultless. The new mistress of Blenheim is in every way the ideal duchess.

And now for a glance at the home of the pair after they have finished their honeymooning about Europe. Blenheim Castle, the ancestral seat of the Dukes of Marlborough, is eight miles from the great university town of Oxford; it is one-sixth of a mile in frontage, and is embowered in the middle of an estate containing nearly ten square miles. And this great pile, with its surroundings, costs a pretty penny to keep in order and repair.

The Vanderbilts houses in Fifth avenue and Newport are not Blenheims in point of size, but, so far as houses go, they have been,



THE MARLBOROUGH COAT OF ARMS.

for the one who has just left them, admirable training schools from which to graduate to a castle.

When the new duchess arrives at Blenheim she will find Lady Beresford there to welcome her, who, it will be remembered, was the former duchess, and previous to that Mrs. Hamersley of New York.

I fancy our English cousins of the gentler sex must feel somewhat disgruntled that their American rivals should so easily secure the Marlborough plum twice in succession.

