

THE LATE DUKE OF CLARENCE AND AVONDALE.

Of reigning monarchs Queen Victoria is the one who can look down with pride upon the most numerous progeny of which any crowned head has within the present century been able to boast. Notwithstanding the fact that the son of George III. developed haemiplegia which could scarcely be conducive to sound health, nearly all of those contrived to attain to years falling not very far short of the span allotted to man by the Psalmist, and the toughness characterizing the English stock seems to have adhered to it until now, for deaths within the ranks of the royal family of England have been surprisingly few in proportion to its numbers. Prince Albert died in the very flower of his life, being but forty-one years of age, and of the same complexion which usually marked the Prince of Wales nineteen years ago. The Prince has also lost a brother, Leopold, and a sister, Alice, both within the last ten years; but when all are told, four deaths in such a widely ramifying family as that of Queen Victoria during the course of thirty years form a remarkable evidence of hereditary vitality.

The death of the Duke of Clarence and Avondale took place at nine o'clock of the morning of Thursday, the 10th of January, at Marlborough House, the residence of his father, in London. Marlborough House is a somewhat plain red-brick building, of non-palatial character, as contrasted with the palace of St. James, and separated from it by a high wall and the intervening thoroughfare communicating between Pall Mall and St. James Park. The house is surrounded by a spacious garden, over the wall of which the little princes and princesses could eighteen years ago be seen looking down upon the motley crowd of Londoners on fine summer mornings when the Royal Foot Guards were engaged rendering one another in the court-yard of St. James' Palace to the superb music for which their bands are renowned. The gates leading into the grounds of Marlborough House face out upon Pall Mall, the two sides of which are almost entirely composed of clubs, many of them far surpassing the city residences of Royalty in their gorgeousness. In this

ROYAL ROMANCES.



HEREDITARY announcement that the Archduke John of Austria, after a mysterious disappearance lasting some two years, had turned up in the waters of Chail, recalls to mind the fact that there are royalists still alive who are prepared to sacrifice their titles and prospects on the altar of love. The Archduke, who in marrying the maiden of his choice became John, Duke of Braganza, is one of the very few of that ilk. Royal marriages are, as a rule, what the French would call 'affaires of the head and not of the heart. Kings and emperors, queens and diplomats become

the face and destiny of royal personages when these latter attain the nuptial age, and settlement has as little to do with the arrangements made as poetry has with the Sock Exchange. In some cases the couples have scarcely seen each other more than half a dozen times before being joined together. In others, though they may have known each other for years they enter the bonds without any other than, perhaps, simply because they do so by command of their parents or of the State. Hence the extreme paucity of love matches in royal circles.

Queen Victoria's marriage with the late Prince Albert was, as most people are aware, the result of a mutual attachment. The same, however, cannot be said of the old lady's sons and daughters, all of whom, with one exception, married to order. That exception was the Princess Beatrice, who married Prince Henry of Battenberg against the wishes of the Prince of Wales and some other members of the English Royal Family. The Princess, who is the youngest of the Queen's children, is credited with having a well-poised head, pure, creamy complexion and dreamy eyes, and is on the whole a decidedly attractive woman. For years she was the constant attendant of her mother, and remained so completely heart-whole that she refused many suitors offered for her hand. It was only when she reached the age of twenty-seven that she succumbed to the tender passion. The lucky bar who inspired this feeling

Victoria have not had in marriage shortly afterwards to an obscure German princelet.

Royalties have been married outside of Royal circles are very few and far between. The experiment of blending patrician blood with peasant has not been encouraging to the patrician partner. The prince who takes to the town as a daughter of the people and gives her his name is generally boycotted by his caste, whilst, of course, in strictly and rigidly exclusive. Three instances of these marriages are the Archduke of Austria, who has been already referred to in this paper, the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia and Henri, Duke of Seville. The Archduke John is one of the bravest and most chivalrous of men. Early in life he embraced the career of a sailor and spent most of his time on the high seas. Being by birth a member of the Hapsburg family, he shocked Imperial prejudices by espousing a young girl whose veins were quite untraced of any aristocratic blood. The Grand Duke Alexis of Russia worried the susceptibilities of his family and aroused the bitter hostility of his mother, the Empress, by his warm attachment to one of the maids of honour of the court, a daughter of the celebrated poet Pushkin. This young maiden, who was of surpassing beauty, retroceded the Grand Duke's passion, but the marriage of the anonymous couple was sanctioned by the Emperor, Nicholas, and the Duke, having been expelled from Russia, went into exile on the coast of the Baltic. The lovers, however, managed to renew communications with each other, and, by a prettily contrived understanding, crossed the Atlantic and met in America where they were secretly married. The honeymoon was as delightful as it was brief. A torrent of ostracism forced the Grand Duke to abandon his charming spouse and seek refuge from the furies of his imperial mother. With a very commendable delicacy, indeed, Alexis begged leave as a matter of compensation the lady should be provided with a new husband, and the result was that after she had dined her tears the pretty woman was given in wedlock to a very accomplished Saxon gentleman, by name Baron Goddard, who has ever since consigned her to the care of her former London. The marriage of the Infant Henri, Duke of Seville and brother of Don Francis d'Assosa, husband of Queen Isabella of Spain with a certain Isabella de Cordova was a purely romantic union, as was that of Prince Oscar of Sweden, the second son of the King, with the daughter



THE BULLIONS OUTSIDE THE MAN-SON HOUSE.



DUKE OF CLARENCE AND AVONDALE.



AT THE GATES, MARLBOROUGH HOUSE.

his London home, and where his figure as boy and man was respectively seen morning, the unfortunate young prince has passed away at the early age of twenty-seven. It is the joy of mankind to pass away at all ages from the moment of birth or warlike, and there is nothing surprising in the fact that the life of the Duke of Clarence has been so extensively curtailed; but the death of young men and young women in the first flush of life and hope always strikes the imagination forcibly, and more particularly when the individual is lifted upon an eminence; and the benevolence of his parents waives a thrill of sympathy in the hearts of the many by the sense of their common humanity.

CUPID IN DANGER.

SUPPOSE we capture Cupid, dear,
And lead his hands and feet,
And seal those naughty little lips
That point for kisses sweet:
Then carry him as dead of right
To yonder mortar above,
And offer him as sacrifice
Unto the god of Love!

And now we have the little elf,
We'll take away those darts,
So he will never get a chance
To wound more human hearts.
But yet to make so very sure:
So potent and sweet to die,
Suppose we keep him by us, dear,
And give him—poor and I!

F. PARKER.

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was neither a king nor a king's son, nor a lordly potentate. He was a poor German princeling in receipt of something like 30 marks a month as a lieutenant in the German army. Though intellectually he was a mere cipher, he had those physical attributes which capture female hearts more readily in Europe than any amount of learning or talent. Prince Henry was a tall, well-built young man with a delicately pale complexion, bright blue Teuton eyes and a pointed blonde beard. Being a very handsome man, he was not slow in making a favourable impression on the heart of the fair Beatrice. Having wooed her assiduously for some weeks he won her hand and with it a very large dowry. The Prince of Wales was shocked beyond measure at finding himself the brother-in-law of such a society, and for a long time refused to acknowledge him. Battenberg, who is still idolized by his loving spouse is often the butt of English ridicule, and is generally referred to as the 'society or son-in-law-in-waiting to Her Majesty.

The marriage of the present Emperor and Empress of Germany was also a love match. The Empress, who is now in her thirty-second year, became a wife in 1858. She is the daughter of the Prince of Saxe-Weissenfels and has a fair, fair-like complexion, an oval face, soft blue eyes and an abundance of blonde hair. Early in life she fell under the influence of a beautiful American woman, the Countess Waldsee. It is reported that it was here at this point, which originated the animosity between Wilhelm and Victoria.

The King and Queen of Greece are other proofs of the statement that royalties are not invulnerable to the arrows of 'Cupid.' Queen Olga is the eldest daughter of the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia. Her husband, who is the second son of the present King of Denmark, was elected King of Greece in 1863 to fill the vacancy caused by the abdication of King Otto.

Another love marriage was that of the ex-Prince of Battenberg with a Saxon girl. Before that union took place Prince Alexander had found exorbitant favour in the eyes of the Princess Victoria, sister of the Emperor of Germany, but Bismarck put so many obstacles in the way of the union that it never came off. The Prince not being as attached to the Princess as she was to him, fell in love with another woman he espoused. Pined by spleen and jealousy

of a 'blond Munich, for whose sake he abandoned any possible claim to the throne. The King, however, in need of the grandson of Bismarck, one of the royal traditions of Napoleon I., considered none of the pretences of Europe not to be hoodwinked for his son and heir. Bismarck himself had, it will be remembered, a similar weakness. He refused the hand of his young widowed sister, Pauline Levent, to General Humbert, on the ground that the latter had earlier in life been a peevish scamp.

A sister of the late King of Spain consented to mingle her people's similar blood with that of the people by marrying a doctor of medicine who had not a solitary noble to his name. When the nobles heard of the Infanta's choice they turned up the whites of their eyes to the sky like ducks in a water-park at the bare notion of this superb patrician lady giving herself to a husband who belonged to the professional classes. The doctor in question is well provided for mentally and physically, and his spouse is evidently proud of him, for when she was visited by marrying an untitled individual she said: 'I preferred a man without a title to a title without a man.'

The late King of Bavaria, the unfortunate Louis, who was so passionately attached to everything sublime and beautiful except womanhood, inspired not a few sentimental ladies with a deep and tender passion, although he was himself an inveterate woman-hater. One of these hapless Amaltheas was the sister of the Empress of Austria. The ever-ready monarch resisted the lady's attentions, vowing that he would never wed a daughter of Eve, and in order to obviate the possibility of a romantic her husband-in-law, the Emperor, had her at once married in marriage with one of the petty potentates of his empire. After a few years of wedded misery, the lady's reason gave way and she became as helpless a maniac as the royal woman later on whom she had set her heart.

In conclusion it need only be added that though the French revolution of 1789 may have distributed wealth to the exultation of human-kind, none can deny that love is the dearest and greatest jewel of all.

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