

"Oh, Percy!" I almost screamed.

"It did not frighten me, Netta; at least, not in the way you mean. My trust in the innocence and purity of my wife was not to be shaken by a hastily-worded telegram. It puzzled me, I own, for it was no one's interest to deceive me. What I feared was that some villain, taking advantage of your unprotected state, had offered some insult to you. You are very young and very pretty, you know—don't blush, dearest, have I never told you so before?—and you have a number of valuable things about you. There was quite enough to make me uneasy without my inventing impossible contingencies."

"But why did you not come to meet the second train?"

"I overlooked it, I suppose. I can't think how. I was in the station at the time. And do you know, Netta, I verily believe I passed close to you. I remember a girl with a lace scarf over her head that concealed her face, clinging to the arm of a tall old man in black, and the poor thing was crying bitterly. But I had left you in a large Leghorn hat and a light silk dress, fresh and spotless as a

flower, and I did not give the pair a second glance. You had gone off with a young man, you know."

"Poor Dr. Alvarez," I said, laughing. "We must call on him and thank him for his kindness to me."

"With all my heart. And now you see why I was so stiff with the old gentleman; I thought he had terrified you into silence. I will go down and find him before he leaves, and make him amends. If you decide on stopping at Vittoria, Netta, we might all three go together. When can you be ready?"

"Oh, not to-night," I said, "I am so tired. Besides, I am not fit to be seen."

"You mean because you have lost your hat. Never mind, you look lovely in that lace thing, and what does it matter at four o'clock in the morning?"

"I am not going to travel at any such absurd time."

"I make no doubt the railway authorities will alter their arrangements to suit your convenience."

"Ah, you are laughing at me, Percy. Is there really no other train?"

"We will see. I daresay there may be; and if we only go as far as Vittoria, a slow train will not signify. Where else do you want to stop, Netta?" he added, a little wearily.

"Oh, nowhere," I cried, catching the weary tone in his voice, "I am not going to be selfish any more. Do you think I do not see you are longing to be at home. We won't even stop at Vittoria; we can write to Dr. Alvarez instead. And I will be ready to start whenever you please."

We did not leave that night, for neither of us was equal to the exertion; but we did stop at Vittoria, and passed a very pleasant stay there in the society of our new friends—old friends now. I will not follow our footsteps further. It is enough to say we arrived home without any misadventure. I have called this our first quarrel, but I hope you will believe we never had a second; it is true. If I have not been able to show how true-hearted, patient, and generous a man my husband was; at any rate, the events I have narrated made it clear to me, and I strove to be worthy of so much love and confidence. I hope I have succeeded.



## ROMANTIC WOOINGS AND WEDDINGS OF ROYAL PERSONAGES.

IN every age of the world's history, and in every country of the globe, the feminine mind has always been attracted by and interested in the subject of marriage, whether as applied to the matter in the abstract, or to any particular marriage. If the betrothed pair be of royal birth, that interest is of necessity more widely extended, and it is at the same time more keenly felt, because it is one of the great events in life through which royal personages pass, in common with the humble and lowly born, and every circumstance connected therewith is naturally a matter of general comment. In the early ages the woman seems to have had no will in the matter, and to have been disposed of without any choice on her part. The opportunity of loving before marriage, and to having that love considered, reached the middle classes, whilst the marriages of princes and princesses were still "arranged" to serve a political purpose, without any reference to affection or inclination. Thus it has come to pass that the most trifling incident from which it can be gathered that the affections of the royal pair have been touched is warmly welcomed, and the giving of a flower, the sending of a ring,\* a word, a look, a fancy of

early youth, any departure from the ordinary etiquette of a royal wooing and wedding, any or all of these things may become more interesting than the details of the bridal veil or of the orange wreath.

The following instances will prove that although our princes and princesses are supposed to shape their loves according to political expediency, a halo of romance has been shed around many a royal marriage, and the likings of the parties concerned appear to have asserted themselves.

Viewed in this light, even the old story of Vortigern and Rowena is interesting. The fair Rowena, whose beauty was enhanced in the eyes of the British king by her golden hair, blue eyes, and delicate complexion, won the affections of that monarch at a great feast given by her father, Hengist. She pledged Vortigern in a golden cup of wine, and she contrived to utter the words "Drink, dearest king," in tones of sweetness and tenderness, whilst at the same time she regarded him with a look full of loving interest. These fascinations were too much for the British king; he had never been accustomed to anything of the kind, and he was immediately enslaved. The beautiful Rowena became his wife, and she took care to keep the love which she had won thus easily.

Pity, and not policy, seems to have been the chord that struck the heart of the Saxon king Offa, when Quendrida, a French princess, who had been condemned for some offence and sent out to sea in an open boat, was wrecked upon the Welsh coast; her half-lifeless body was carried to Offa, to whom, when she had recovered, she told her sad story. The royal heart was touched, and surely the wooing and the wedding which followed were as strange and as romantic as anything that could have happened in the humblest walk of life. Poets have sung of the loves of Edwy and Elgiva. The cruel treatment to which, according to legendary lore, the latter was subjected, has possibly been the great incentive to romance in this case. Modern critics reject the story of the cruel fate of the beautiful Elgiva, but the legend, if so it be, has been a favourite one, and has been introduced into many histories as worthy of credence. Be that as it may, all writers agree in saying that Edwy and Elgiva "married for love;" they were both very handsome, and their affection for each other was all-absorbing. Notwithstanding the seclusion in which the "ladies of the olden time" were kept, and the rigid etiquette which is supposed to have prevailed, several instances have come down to

\* As in the case of Marie of Burgundy.

us of love-making on their side. The Empress Zoë fell in love with Harold Hardrada, when he was at Constantinople, but as he did not respond, her ideas underwent a great change; she raised an accusation against him, and the unfortunate man was thrown into prison; he was set free by a lady to whom St. Olaf had appeared in a dream. Although two ladies had been "interested" in him, it seems that Harold returned to Russia heart whole.

A similar tale will be remembered in connection with Matilda of Flanders, who, when a maiden in her father's house, made love to an Englishman, Brithric Maur by name. The youth had the daring to reject the lady's love, for which Matilda had her revenge, when in after years her husband, William of Normandy, became King of England. Matilda obtained a grant of all Brithric's lands; she then caused him to be seized and conveyed to Winchester, where he died in great misery.

The Princess Agatha, a daughter of the Conqueror, is a remarkable instance of the "true love" which has been sometimes found to accompany "State reasons" for matrimonial alliances. The Saxon Earl Edwin had been won to submission, and his interest had been secured by a promise of the hand of the princess. Although the marriage was "arranged" from motives of policy, the betrothed pair became deeply attached, and when the earl was slain whilst travelling on a mission to the north, Agatha was overwhelmed with grief, and refused to be comforted. Hers is indeed a romantic story. Some time afterwards the king promised her in marriage to Alfonso, King of Galicia. In vain Agatha wept and entreated and implored her father to desist; she was compelled to embark for Spain, but on her way thither she pined and died, and was thus spared the sorrow of becoming the bride of one to whom she could not give her heart.

I think that it is only because we are so familiar with the life of Margaret Etheling in sober history that we fail to see the romance that clings around the marriage and wedded life of the princess who "opened Scotland's line of queens." It contains all the elements of a romantic story, almost of a fairy tale, for we have a maiden flying from her enemies, a storm which prevented her from reaching her destination, and which cast her on other shores. We have in Malcolm the generous king of the country who pitied the maiden in her distressed plight, and, after the good old fashion of all proper love stories, married her and made her happy ever after. Whether viewed in the light of history or romance, the story of our Margaret Etheling is delightful. "No more auspicious marriage graces the royal annals of England than that of Henry I. and Matilda of Scotland. In Matilda the people saw a representative of the royal line of Alfred, and the allegiance which the mighty Norman kings had demanded in vain was given to the husband of Matilda." There was "policy," indeed, in this marriage, and yet romance has been very busy with it, grudging to "state reasons" alone the marriage by which our sovereigns trace their ancestry to the Saxon line. Miss Strickland speaks of the "special love" between Henry and Matilda, and tells us of her unwillingness to wear the "veil" prescribed by her aunt, the Abbess of Romsey. In the "Romance History of England" an exciting scene is depicted, to understand which we must learn that at the time of William Rufus' death, and in the forest where it took place, Henry was suddenly saluted as king by a mysterious-looking personage clad in the garb of an ecclesiastic, and known as the Mad Monk of St. John; he made three predictions. With the first and the third we have really nothing to do; but in order to make clear the second, which does concern us,

we may mention that the first was that Henry should be speedily King of England; this we know was directly fulfilled. The second, that he should restore the ancient Saxon line, seemed so unlikely and so inconsistent, that not until he was on his way to Westminster Abbey did it occur to him that by his marriage with Matilda he was about to accomplish this part also of the prediction. The lovely Matilda was warmly greeted by the populace, and many blessings were invoked upon her. She stood at the altar "with blushes that outvied the crimson of her robe;" the archbishop was about to perform the ceremony, when a stentorian voice exclaimed, "Forbear!" and an ecclesiastic approached the altar, in whom the king and his attendants recognised the "Mad Monk of St. John." With a forced smile, the king said, "What new vagary is this, reverend father?" "I say," cried the monk, "to you Norman priest, forbear! This is not an occasion on which when an English-born prince weds the last heiress of the ancient and illustrious Saxon race a Norman should mar by his officiousness the auspicious ceremony."

The applause of the multitude followed this speech, and to the question of the archbishop, "Where shall a fitting person be found?" the monk replied by imploring permission to be allowed to join the hands of the royal pair; adding, "I have been the cause of my country's evils, perchance I may be the instrument of the cure and solace of those evils." The monk united the hands of the royal lovers, and breathed a benediction with a fervour and enthusiasm which seemed to affect Archbishop Anselm and his friends. The king and queen knelt before the altar, and the ceremony, thus strangely interrupted, ended amidst the prostrations of the multitude and the exulting strains of praise and thanksgiving. It need hardly be added that the "Mad Monk of St. John" was the hermit who, when dying, confessed that he had been "once king of England." The legend of Harold's survival after the battle of Hastings is told by Endmer, an historian, who has been praised for his "sincerity and truth."

As Richard I. was the very model of a feudal knight, it will not surprise us to find that certain "love passages" are attached to his name. One has found its way into the "Romance of History," and very sad it is. During Richard's captivity in Austria, a "trial of strength" was arranged between Richard and the Emperor's son, in which the latter was unfortunately killed. Richard was in consequence condemned to be placed in the lowest and most loathsome dungeon. But the Princess Margaret had seen Richard at the "trial of strength," and had straightway fallen in love with him. She contrived to visit him in the prison, and it was easy for the chivalrous Richard to make love, and to pretend that her affections were returned. She arranged a plan for his escape, but, alas! for Margaretta, she was seen by the Emperor in Richard's arms. Her father's rage knew no bounds, and he ordered his attendants to kill Richard. With unquenchable love and dauntless courage, the princess placed herself in front of Richard, received the blows intended for him, and sank to the ground at the feet of her father. This tale is founded on an old metrical romance of Richard Cœur de Lion.

We return to the pages of history, where we find that two of the family of King Edward III. made "love matches." The Black Prince encountered great opposition to his desire to marry "the Fair Maid of Kent," but true love prevailed, and at last the discreet Philippa was induced to give her sanction to the marriage. History tells us that the Princess Isabel was wooed and won in a truly romantic fashion. The Lord de Coucy was in

England, faithfully attending his master, the captive King of France; he made the most of the opportunities which presented themselves, and these were possibly neither few nor far between, owing to the courteous and chivalrous treatment which King John experienced at the hands of his captors. Thus the Lord de Coucy succeeded in winning the affections and the hand of the eldest daughter of the King of England, and another royal marriage took place, in which the inclinations of the bride and bridegroom were not sacrificed to expediency. But no royal wooing has come to us with pleasanter surroundings than has that of James I., the captive King of Scotland; for the sweet spring-time was lending all its charms to the sunny slopes of "proud Windsor," and her gardens were adorned with their freshest green, when James looked forth from his window in the "Round Tower" and saw a lady, young, lovely, and richly attired. That lady was Joan, daughter of the Duke of Somerset. James fell in love with her at once, and, inspired by her beauty, this royal poet poured forth his sweetest song in her honour. The wooing was successful, and it resulted, as all wooings should result, in a happy marriage.

Perhaps no sovereign of England has contracted a marriage round which fiction is more likely to cling than did Edward IV., for he raised Elizabeth Woodville, the humble suppliant at his feet, to be his wife and the sharer of his throne. The story\* which is attached to it may be briefly told. One balmy summer evening, the beautiful and sorrowful widow, Lady Gray, was wandering by the banks of the River Ouse with but one female attendant. Her heart was very heavy, for her husband had died whilst fighting for the "Red Rose," and there was little hope of mercy being shown to her and her children. She had heard that the king was likely to pass, and she had remained out until late in the hope of being able to cast herself at his feet and plead her own cause. Suddenly she found herself seized by a man of the most repulsive aspect; she screamed in terror, and her shrieks were heard by a young man of noble bearing and courteous demeanour, at whose appearance the unsightly being relaxed his hold on the lady, and fled into the forest. Her deliverer begged to be allowed to conduct her to her home; a mutual interest was awakened, and ere they parted "Edward March" had promised to exert his influence at Court in behalf of Lady Gray. This was not their only meeting, and before very long the hand of the still beautiful Elizabeth was promised as the "guerdon," should the intercession of Edward March be successful. He departed for the Court, and Elizabeth, whose heart was fairly won, waited in desolation for the reappearance of her lover. Instead of which blissful fulfilment of her longings, she received a visit from her uncle, who brought her the news that her suit was unsuccessful, and that Edward March was no more.

In this twofold grief the widow's feelings were akin to despair, and only a mother's devotion to her children induced her to travel to London, and throw herself at the feet of him whom she regarded as the murderer of her lover. Judge then of her astonishment, when, in the dreaded king, she saw the fondly-loved, handsome, chivalrous Earl of March. Her joy and confusion were overwhelming; she fell on her knees, but was quickly raised in the monarch's arms, and her suit was granted by King Edward IV. on the same conditions which he had named when he stood before her as the poor esquire, Edward March. Fiction has also been busy with the marriage of "Perkin Warbeck" and "The White Rose of Scotland." The story† goes that when the

\* In the "Romance History of England."

† "Romance of History."

Lady Katherine Gordon was with her aunt of Burgundy at Ghent, her heart had gone out to the son of a poor weaver who had saved her from a watery grave, and whose strange wooing had been favoured by further opportunities. It came to the ears of the Duchess of Burgundy, and when she added the promise of the hand of her niece to the prospect of wearing the Crown of England, if this humble individual would practise the deception she had proposed and personate the Duke of York, he hesitated no longer. Katherine returned to the Scottish Court, and, when requested by her royal kinsman, King James, to receive the Duke of York as her husband, she obeyed, notwithstanding the saying,

"Ill shall betide the Gordon fair  
Who would the White Rose of England  
wear."

Her astonishment and delight may be imagined when she saw in the Duke of York the poor man who had already won her affections. There were "reasons" enough for the marriage of Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York, yet even in this case a "story" has been handed down to us, which would attach a tenderer motive than that of "State policy" to this union. It is said that the first spark of love for the fair Elizabeth of York was kindled in the heart of the Duke of Richmond whilst he was in Brittany. A portrait of the princess fell in his way; he was so bewitched by its loveliness, that he believed it to be but a dream of the artist, for he imagined that no woman could possess such charms. On being assured that the original was in no way flattered by the likeness, a most romantic passion took possession of the duke. It seemed to be hopeless; but he contrived to send his own portrait and a letter to the princess. The result is a matter of history, and is thus alluded to by Shakespeare.

"We will unite the White Rose with the  
Red;  
Smile, heaven, upon this fair conjunction  
That long hath frowned upon their enmity."

The sober pages of history, unaided by fiction, reveal to us the "love match" of Henry VIII.'s beautiful sister, Mary. Her affections had been already bestowed upon Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, when she became the unwilling bride of Louis of France. She did not, however, forget to tell her brother that if she married now in "furtherance of his causes," she should expect his "comfort and goodwill" if she chose for herself next time.

Fortune seemed to favour her designs. Ten weeks after her marriage she was a widow. Charles Brandon was sent to France at the time, and a secret marriage (in Lent) took place between him and the beautiful Tudor princess.

The Duke was very much afraid of the

consequences of such a proceeding, but Mary was determined. Cardinal Wolsey interceded with Henry VIII., the Duke was forgiven, and a State wedding took place on the return of the couple to England. The marriage is chiefly memorable in history because it connected the Brandons with the royal House of Tudor, a connection which proved fatal to some of their descendants, amongst whom may be mentioned the Lady Catherine Gray. Her position and beauty made her an object of jealousy to Queen Elizabeth, whose wrath was great when she heard of Catherine's marriage with Lord Hertford. The news of her marriage would not have been welcome under any circumstances, but it has been suggested that Elizabeth herself had a liking for Lord Hertford, and that in consequence the intelligence was peculiarly distasteful. Bitter were the accusations and severe were the punishments heaped upon the unfortunate Catherine.

Similar to this, but even more sad than this, was the fate of the unfortunate Arabella Stuart. After the "plot" which had been formed to place her on the throne had fallen through, King James I. released her from the close surveillance to which she had been subjected, on condition that she should not marry. Unfortunately for Arabella, she was already deeply in love with William Seymour, the grandson of the Earl of Hertford, and no sooner had she regained her liberty than she made use of it to break the condition upon which it had been granted. She married Seymour, and the news thereof reached King James, who was not slow in having the matter inquired into. However, no plans, no watchfulness could keep these true lovers apart; they managed to meet, and to arrange an escape to France. The plan failed; the ship set sail without Seymour. Arabella was overtaken, brought back, and conveyed to the Tower. But the saddest part remains to be told. Her sorrows deprived her of her reason, and she died partially insane. The wedding of James VI. of Scotland was decidedly out of the usual course of royal weddings. James VI. and Anne of Denmark were married by proxy at Cronenburg, in Zealand, in August, 1589, and a suitable fleet was appointed to take the bride and her ladies to Scotland. The season was favourable, but such storms arose that the commander attributed them to witchcraft; he believed that a witch whose husband's ears he had once boxed had "brewed" them out of spite, and the poor unfortunate woman was actually burnt to death for her supposed influence over the winds and waves. The same storm which had caused the death of Jane Kennedy, when attempting to cross Leith Ferry, in order to take her place in the newly-arranged household of her sovereign, drove the young bride back to the Norwegian shore. Three efforts were made, and then a brave Danish gentleman undertook to convey letters to King James, telling him of the condition of "his storm-stayed bride." James was equal to the occasion, notwithstanding the diffi-

culties of such a course; he determined to fetch her himself. The difficulties were not imaginary ones; his people adored him, and would not willingly permit him to incur danger. He had but little money; and how could he hope to succeed where the mighty fleet of Denmark had failed; but he braved all, and the wind being favourable, he reached Norway safely, though it was only after a long and weary wandering that he discovered his bride's refuge, which was nearly hidden in the snow.

On the following Sunday they were married in the little church of Upslo; a wild place surely for the marriage ceremony of one of our monarchs, and no less wild were the winds and the waves which had by this time renewed their fury. The dangers of the land journey through Sweden were so great, that James bravely tried them himself before venturing to conduct his bride thither. Having satisfied himself, and being escorted by four hundred troopers sent by the King of Sweden, they set out, and arriving safely in Denmark, were welcomed with great delight. They consented to be married again, according to the Lutheran rites, and the winter was passed right merrily. In the spring the royal pair left Denmark, and "arrived at Leith on the May Day of 1590," when preparations were immediately commenced for the coronation festival. The most extraordinary stories had been got up respecting the storms, and a woman "confessed" that she had been incited to raise them!

European history would furnish us with many instances of romantic wooings and weddings of royal personages, and the story of Charlemagne's daughter is familiar to most of us, for that lady, being fearful that a man's footsteps in the newly fallen snow would betray the secret of her lover's visit to her, accomplished the feat of carrying him to a place of safety. She was discovered in the act of doing so, and her courage and presence of mind gained for her what in ordinary circumstances she could not have hoped to obtain—the sanction of her father to her marriage with the object of her choice, and the withdrawal of that proposal for her hand which the Emperor had hitherto favoured. But without searching into the annals of foreign countries, the instances which have been brought forward are sufficiently numerous to prove that many royal personages have held the same opinion as Shakespeare, and they have shown by their actions that they felt with that great genius when he said—

"Marriage is a matter of more worth  
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship.

\* \* \* \* \*

For what is wedlock forcèd, but a hell—  
An age of discord and continual strife?  
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss,  
And is a pattern of celestial peace."

—King Henry VI.

ANNE HATHAWAY.



\* "Romance of History."