

## SIDELIGHTS ON NOTABLE PEOPLE BY THE MARQUISE DE FONTENAY

Baroness De Forest, whose flight with young Ashton, a subaltern of the Royal Horse Guards, has created such a stir in England, enjoyed the distinction of having been as a young girl the heroine of a jewel robbery that attracted a great deal of attention at the time.

If ever there was an elopement where publicity was necessary it was in this instance, owing to the fact that the names of several perfectly innocent parties, notably that of one of the maids of honor to the queen, were actually printed in connection with the case, on both sides of the Atlantic, before the identity of the baroness had been established.

The baron, in spite of his great wealth and the favor and backing formerly bestowed upon him by King Edward, is just as much out of touch with London society as the emperor, the late Baron Hirsch. His English education and naturalization, his commission in the British army, and his membership in London clubs, besides the most extensive hospitality at his places in Yorkshire, in Leicestershire, and in Austria, as well as at Spencer House, in London, have failed to prove sufficient to enable him to retain the goodwill of the people of the land of his adoption, although they were at first ready and anxious to like him, and today the sympathy of society is largely with the baroness, as it is known that her marriage has been an unhappy one and that young De Forest has proved just as great a failure in this union as in the case of his former marriage to Mrs. Gascon Mener, which was dissolved by the courts and annulled by the church.

The baroness is the only sister of young Lord Gerard, a captain of the regiment to which the emperor of her flight belongs. He is the head of one of the old Roman Catholic families—those families which possessed so great an attraction for Lord Byron, the field who was never tired in his novels of intimating that, titled and untitled, they constituted the most blue-blooded aristocracy of England. Although his pedigree is of modern creation, having been conferred upon his grandfather, Lord Gerard holds a baronetcy which is the third oldest in existence, dating from 1611. The baronetcy has this to distinguish it from others of the same rank that it cost no money. It may be remembered that James I. founded the order of baronets for the purpose of replenishing his exchequer, exacting a sum equivalent to \$15,000 from each new baronet created in payment of the patent. Thomas Gerard, however, got his baronetcy for his devoted services to Mary, Queen of Scots, the mother of King James, who declined to accept any money for the honor.

Lord Gerard is married to his first cousin, Miss Mary Gosselin, whose father was 20th years British minister at Washington, and for a time owned a racing stable. A few years ago, however, he became involved in a scandal at Eastwell Park, which resulted in the mobbing of young De Forest on the course, and in that young man's being warned off the turf.

Lord Gerard, although fully cleared by the Jockey Club of all blame in relation to the matter, was so embittered by the criticism to which he had been subjected in connection with the affair that he insisted upon selling his entire racing stable and withdrawing from the turf. De Forest, after an interval, instituted legal proceedings against the Jockey Club for having charged him with unfair running of his horse in a match between himself and Lord Gerard, and he also commenced an action for libel against the publishers of the racing calendar for printing the charge against him. Thereupon the Jockey Club withdrew its "warning" and the suits were stopped.

Lord Gerard, who served through the Boer war on the staff of Gen. Sir Redvers Buller, has as his principal country seat, Eastwell Park, in Kent. Seven superb avenues, lined by trees hundreds of years old, converge upon the mansion, and within the borders of the park, which dates back to times prior to the Norman conquest, there are two parish churches, which may convey some notion of its size. One of the most curious relics of the park is a cottage, or the ruin of one, which was occupied during a great part of his life by a natural son of Richard Plantagenet. He was known as Richard Plantagenet, and from the time of the death of his half-brother, Edward, at the battle of Bosworth until his own demise, was head gardener at Eastwell.

From the fact that young Lord Tarrington is shown, by legal proceedings which have just taken place in London, to be head over heels in debt, to have been borrowing money from them at 10 and 20 per cent, in order to preserve himself from being noted as a defaulter for the non-payment of his racing debts, it would seem that this promising son of the British peerage has reached the end of his financial tether.

He has not yet attained the age of

25, and, unless rescued without delay by marriage with an heiress, possibly will quickly end up in the bankruptcy court and be compelled to give up his fine old home in Kent, known as Yates Court, surrounded by a park containing some of the grandest old trees in the county and stocked full of family relics, including the cabin chair in which the unfortunate Admiral John Byng, fourth son of the first Viscount Torrington, was shot in 1757, after being sentenced to death by court martial.

The court, which was composed of the admirals, acquitted him of the charges of cowardice which had been brought against him, but issued a verdict to the effect that he had not done his utmost to relieve Minorca, which was being besieged by the French fleet.

According to the articles of war, the court had no alternative but to sentence the admiral to death on the spot, but, strongly recommended him to mercy, on the ground that he had been sent to sea with a squadron poorly manned and in shameful condition, and that at the most he had been guilty of an act of judgment and of reluctance to accept the responsibility of engaging overwhelming French forces with ships in bad shape and inadequate armament.

The Prime Minister and Government endeavored in vain to obtain not merely a commutation, but a pardon, but George II, with his traditional obstinacy, declined to listen to a word of the admiral's behalf, and he was shot down by a file of marines on the quarterdeck of his own flagship in Portsmouth harbor, a victim of his sovereign's obstinacy and of the conviction of the existing naval regulations.

The first Lord Torrington was Admiral Sir George Byng, so famous for his victories over the Spaniards, and it is from another of his sons, Robert Byng, governor of Barbados, that the Earls of Strafford are descended. The Earl of Strafford, it may be recalled, carried the widowed Mrs. Samuel Colgate, of New York, and met with a tragic death, being run over by a railroad train at the moment when his American wife was being presented for the first time at court.

The house of Byng is one of the oldest in the kingdom, and Lord Torrington is its chief. The late Lord Torrington, eighth of his line, was a veteran of the Indian mutiny, and one of the favorite and trusted members of the household of Queen Victoria. It was his absolute refusal to dispense with his services as an aide in waiting that led to the inauguration of the present system, whereby one lord in waiting remains permanently attached to the service of his sovereign—just as the king's household is divided into two parts.

Other lords, some seven in number, change with the administration, and have to belong to the political party that happens to be in office. His present position, however, was also a lord in waiting to Queen Victoria, in the early years of her reign, and the present lord attached as one of the pages of honor to King Edward, on the occasion of his coronation, thus continuing the court connection of the family.

It is only fair to the family of Lady Constance Stewart Richardson—whose professional debut at the Palace Music Hall in London as an extremely scantily appareled dancer has created so much stir—say that it does not appear that this venture on her part, neither her husband, Sir Edward Stewart Richardson, nor her sister, the Countess of Cromartie, nor yet her aunt, the Duchess of Suffolk, in society, have shown up among the audience at the Palace Music Hall, nor have consented to applaud her efforts.

Society folk, as well as the public, which does not appear to rate Lady Constance's tenorship efforts particularly high, and is disposed to scoff rather than to admire, likewise show themselves skeptical with regard to her story that her reason for entering the professional arena is that she wants the money to start a school on her husband's place in Scotland, where boys can be educated and be trained physically as well as mentally, according to pet theories of her own.

For it is a well known fact that neither she nor her husband has much money, and that only a few months ago they were obliged to give up Sir Edward's ancestral home, which has been in his family for hundreds of years, and to advertise Piffour Castle, along with the Kilsnipe lands, so famous for their partridge shooting, for sale by auction. It cannot for one moment be assumed that the devoted Sir Edward, and Lady Constance to Highland life and to their Highland home, they would have dreamed of parting there with unless compelled by the most cruel financial necessities.

Princess Mathilde of Saxe-Coburg, daughter of Prince Louis of Bavaria, her presumptive to the throne of the crazy King Otto, is the authoress of that remarkable volume of poems which appeared last December, at Christmas, under the title of "Traum und Leben Gedichte einer Fruhvolkenden." (Dream and Life: Poems of one whose life has been brought to a premature close.) They were attracted widespread attention, not only by their exceptional beauty, but also by the intensity of their feeling and of their pathos.

In fact, they conveyed the conviction that they had been written not with any view to publication, but by a woman who had found therein the necessary outpouring of a hidden misery, which she was prevented by her grandfather from wedding the Countess Trauttmansdorf, of the medievalized family of that name.

While she recovered her senses soon after she had reached her home in the Coburg Palace, her health failed more rapidly than ever. She went off into a decline, just simply wasting away, and died a year later at St. Moritz, in Switzerland, and what the doctors feared of anything better declared to be consumption, but which was in reality of misery and of a broken heart.

Her husband, as might have been expected, did not long survive her loss, any less than twelve months after her entombment at Munich—a scene which she had previously described in one of the most beautiful and powerful poems of her collection.

Just who is responsible for the publication of the volume is difficult to tell. For it cannot be pleasant reading in any respect for Prince Louis of Saxe-Coburg, especially now that the identity of the authoress has been established.

It is probable, however, that one of the princess's sisters, perhaps her sister-in-law, Princess Marie Gabrielle, sister of the new Queen of Belgium, is now, out in the world, the publication of the poems intimates of Princess Mathilde of Bavaria, who, with her heart given to an officer of the petty nobility, was prevented by her parents and her grandfather from wedding the man of her choice, owing to their horror of a messianism, and was compelled to wed, sorely against her wish, Prince Louis of Saxe-Coburg, in 1890.

Sir Sydney Olivier, the brilliant socialist, whom Joseph Chamberlain, while secretary of state for the colonies, roped into the colonial service, where he has won abundant laurels as an able administrator, will make his tenure of office of governor and captain-general of Jamaica, memorably by the foundation there of a very completely equipped and efficient school of tropical agriculture. No such institution exists at present in the new world. In fact, I do not know even if there is anything of the kind in the British West Indies, but also to Cuba, to Porto Rico, to the Southern States, and also to the Latin states on this continent. Sir Sydney has so many friends in the United States that this enterprise of his will excite widespread interest in the United States.

Naturally the marriage of the Prince and Princess Louis of Coburg did not turn out happily. But the princess kept

her sentiments more or less under control until the early spring of 1905, when, her health already shattered by the decline into which she was falling, she completely lost control of herself one evening at a performance at the Court Theatre at Vienna, where she was occupying the court box. Something in the piece represented appealing to her applying more particularly to her own case, and, unable to refrain, she burst into passionate weeping, which through her efforts to check herself developed into such a fit of hysteria that the entire performance had to be interrupted.

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The poet declares in a pessimistic moment.

The greater a man is the fewer true friends he is likely to have. In time of adversity he is left standing alone, a mark for every scotter. In the days of his popularity it is "roses, roses all the way," but when he is shorn of his wealth and honors, blows, instead of roses, are rained upon him.

Polonius gave good advice to his son, "Keep the friends you have," the friends that last remain," do nothing to estrange them, they are rare possessions in a world of jealousy and self-seeking. If they have been tried as by fire and have stood the test, they should be grasped to the soul with hoops of steel. Such men should be worn in the heart's core, in the heart of heart, as Hamlet professed to wear his schoolmate, comrade, and friend Horatio. Too often the warmest professed friends fall in the hour of need. In Julius Caesar, Shakespeare makes Brutus in referring to Cassius express this idea with strength and fullness:

"Thou hast described A hot friend cooling: ever note Lucilius, When love begins to sicken and decay, It useth an enforced ceremony. There are no tricks in plain and simple faith."

But hollow men, like horses hot at hand, Make gallant show and promise of their milks, But when they should endure the bloody spur They fall their crests, and like deceiver Sink in the trial."

It does not follow, however, that everything a friend may do should be approved. Cassius chidingly said to Brutus, "a friend should bear a friend's infirmities." A true man should ever be a warning when seeing his friend pursuing a foolish or wicked course. He might still love the sinner while hating his sin, and with the righteous indignation of a Brutus he should warn his friend of his danger.

The friendship of man for man, woman for woman, as exemplified in Hamlet and Horatio, Rosalind and Celia, is a holier thing than the love of man for woman, and woman for man. There is nothing that can be compared to it save the love of parent for child. In love in the ordinary sense of the word there is usually an element of selfishness. People are drawn towards each other by beauty, intellect, and the doing of good deeds. These things gratify the eye and the heart, and selfish ownership of them is desired. It is only when men and women are both lovers, and friends in the highest sense of the word that permanent happiness can be attained.

Friendship stands high above all other human relationships. No tie of blood commands the doing of benefits, no benefits received compel the making of sacrifices. Sympathetic words are uttered, friendly acts are done, because in them, the soul finds its highest happiness.

### CURIOUS USE OF WEDDING RINGS

An Instrument of Torture on the Isle of Man—John Wesley's Courtesy.

In the Isle of Man the wedding ring was formerly used as an instrument of torture. Cyril Daveport, in his book on "Fetters," records that there once existed a custom in that island "according to which an unmarried girl who had been offended by a man could bring him to trial, and if he were found guilty she would be presented with a sword, a ring and a ring. With the sword she might cut off his head, with the ring she might marry him, or with the ring she might marry him. It is said that the latter punishment was that invariably inflicted."

The wedding ring, which was tolerated by the Methodists, who regarded personal adornment as one of the many signs of Satan, Wesley, who was a High Churchman, probably recognized its unadvised value. In the old English marriage service it was the custom for the bridegroom to put the ring on the thumb of his bride, saying, "In the name of the Father," then on the next finger, saying, "and the Son," then on the third finger, saying, "and the Holy Ghost," finally on the fourth finger, with the word "Amen."

The ring was left there because, as the Sarum rubric says, "a vein proceeds thence to the heart." In the modern marriage service the ring is placed at once upon the third finger, the invocation to the Trinity being understood. The wedding ring was the only form of jewelry permitted to the early Methodists, and there are people still living who recall how no longer than forty years ago they were reproved by old Methodist ministers for breaking the rules of membership, which forbade and technically still forbid, the wearing of gold, jewels or costly apparel; but with fine courtesy John Wesley knew when to ignore breaches of his own regulations.

In visiting a house one of the preachers drew Wesley's attention to the host's daughter, who was wearing several jeweled rings; but instead of the rebuke which his preacher sought to evoke, Wesley only gravely and gently remarked, "A very beautiful hand."—London MUSEUM IN A PRISON.

Paris is to have yet another museum of the revolution. It is to be fitted up in the Conciergerie prison, and the two apartments devoted to it are to be the Salle des Girondins and the

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