

Interesting Gossip About Notable Men and Women.

BY THE MARQUISE DE FONTENAY.

It seems that we are not at the end yet of the scandal in connection with Prince Philip of Coburg and his former wife, Princess Louise of Belgium, eldest daughter of King Leopold. It may be remembered that last winter, yielding to the remonstrances of the royal relatives, and in particular to the protests of King Leopold, of Emperor Francis Joseph, and of King Edward, the prince and princess agreed to withdraw mutually the shocking charges which they had brought against one another, and to consent to a compromise, according to the terms of which all mutual recriminations were to be retracted and a divorce secured on the ground of mutual incompatibility. True, the princess had eloped on two separate occasions with ex-Capt. Mattatchi, but the prince was by no means free from blame, and so black was her case against him that he made no difficulty about contracting to pay down to her a very large sum of money, and to assure her of a comfortable annuity for the remainder of her days, sooner than have her proceed with her revelations concerning his manner of life. The agreement on these lines was concluded, and the divorce granted and the money paid. In fact, everybody believed and hoped that the last had been heard of this extremely unsavory affair.

These expectations, however, are doomed to disappointment, for it seems that Prince Philip has not only confirmed his former conduct, but has also rendered to the court absolute, secured the insertion of a paragraph to the effect that the cause of the divorce was the gross misconduct and faithlessness of the princess to her marriage vows. As soon as she learned of this, she claimed that there had been a breach of contract, which undoubtedly is the case, and insists that it is sufficient to nullify the entire agreement. She has now instituted proceedings against him in heavy damages for breach of contract and for defamation of character. Thus the whole scandal, which was believed to have been buried, is now about to be resurrected.

Lord Westmoreland, who has just arrived in America, is visiting that country for the first time, and is said to be a sister of the Duchess of Sutherland, of Lord Roslyn, and of Lady Angela Forbes, his wife being a half-sister of Lady Warwick and Lady Algonquin Gordon-Lennox. The Westmorelands were very poor when the first married, their income being but a little over \$12,000 a year, and on several occasions they were in difficulties, the impoverishment of the earl being due to the extravagance of his father, and to his own laudable determination to pay off the latter's debts. Finally he managed to sell his ancestral home, Apethorpe Hall, to Leonard Brassey for \$1,500,000, and the treasures it contained for almost as much more, and since then he and Lady Westmoreland have been in comparatively easy circumstances.

It was a great wrench, however, letting Apethorpe go, for it was a grand old place, the property embracing an area of nearly 10,000 acres, portions of the mansion dating as far back as the reign of King Henry III., but the greater part of the building from the time of Queen Elizabeth. It was granted by Edward VI. to Sir Walter Mildmay, founder of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and passed into the Fane family, of which Lord Westmoreland is the chief, through marriage soon after the Virgin Queen's death. James I. stayed there on his journey from Scotland to assume the crown of England, and gave the state himself which now stands in the entrance hall, and on the occasion of a subsequent visit, he first made the acquaintance there of George Villiers, who, as the all-powerful Duke of Buckingham figures in history as his universally execrated favorite. Lord and Lady Westmoreland now make their home at Charlton Hall, a much smaller place near Wakefield, and their marriage having been so happy, and of its inauspicious beginning, for they were spilled out of their carriage on their wedding day, when driving to the station to take the train for their honeymoon.

Lord Westmoreland served with distinction in South Africa, and is the grandson of that illustrious Lord Westmoreland who was so famous as a diplomat and still more as a composer. So passionately fond was he of music that while ambassador at Vienna he created a tremendous outcry in England by playing the violin at a concert and orchestral mass at St. Paul's Cathedral. Moreover, whenever he went out riding or driving he made a point of being accompanied by his private secretary, who was to transcribe on reaching home the tones and melodies which the earl had composed.

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from an oligarchy into a democracy by carrying the first reform bill through both houses of parliament to a successful conclusion.

The present Earl Grey made his debut in parliament in 1845, but won his spurs as governor and administrator of Rhodesia, where he excited universal admiration by the rare tact and judgment with which he filled his difficult office—namely that of representative and agent of the crown in a colony where the authority and prestige of the latter were overshadowed by the colossal personality of its creator, Cecil Rhodes, and where the handful of white colonists were fighting for their lives against overwhelming numbers of savage Matabele. He was likewise required to curb the usurpations of authority by the Chartered Company of South Africa, and to execute, in the measure possible, the policy of Colonial Secretary Joseph Chamberlain. Yet, contradictory as were these interests, he managed to satisfy them all, and when Rhodes died it was found that he had made the earl one of the trustees of his will.

In order to convey an idea of the many-sidedness of Lord Grey's character, it may be mentioned that he is a warm friend of the Salvation Army, and that he is a champion, not of total abstinence, but of temperance reform, in pursuance of which he has inaugurated a system of licensing of marine and a political adversary of Gen. Brugere, insisted in his Parisian newspaper that Brugere, who is a gallant officer, owed all his advancement to the fact that he had been shot in the lower part of the back by President Carnot, that he published a protest and denial. In this he declares that he was not shot in the back but in front, and that the author of the accident was not President Carnot, but one of the head gamekeepers of the name of Darrien.

President Carnot's son, M. Sadi Carnot, sends me this explanation of the affair given by Gen. Brugere, and asks me to publish it in order to relieve his father of the imputation of awkwardness, which I herewith proceed to do. It is always difficult to get at the truth of these shooting accidents when persons of importance are concerned in the affair. Thus the great French field marshal, Massena, Duke of Rivoli, at an imperial shooting party in 1809 at Marly, had one of his eyes destroyed by an accidental shot of no less a person than the first Napoleon.

With rare presence of mind Massena at once turned upon Marshal Berthier, Prince de Wagram, his old friend and comrade, and began to abuse him with the most bitter imprecations for his carelessness and stupidity. Berthier took the cue, accepted all the blame, not even flinching when the Emperor himself, with an impudence beyond all conception, commenced to assail him in the presence of the entire party with the most biting reproaches for his bad shooting. As soon, however, as he had opportunity Napoleon expressed in private his gratitude to his two generals for their devotion and readiness of resource in a job like that.

I forgot to mention that the gamekeeper Darrien is still in the service of the French Government—not as a gamekeeper, it is true, but in a more agreeable and lucrative position.

As long as Archduke Joseph remained alive, the Duke of Orleans was wont to excuse the avarice and meanness in his pecuniary dealings with his wife's fortune he would be able at any rate to refund the money which his friends had been foolish enough to expend in his behalf. Now, until about ten years ago—that is to say, until the time of the marriage of the Duke of Orleans—Archduke Joseph was not only one of the richest members of the reigning house of Austria, but was likewise acknowledged to be so clever a manager of his affairs that he was able with the management of the entire property of the family of Hapsburg. Unfortunately his health gave way soon after his daughter's marriage, and he was obliged to sell his property at a low price, and to make immense sacrifices for the purpose of evading order from chaos.

When Archduke Joseph died it was the ruin of the family. The Duke of Orleans, who, through his old father's death, now succeeds to the earldom of Bessborough and to the chiefship of the great Irish house of Ponsonby, is a sensible, level-headed man of keen business acumen and experience, which he has turned to excellent advantage as president of the company owning a hotel water, and also as chairman of a council owning a long string of big hotels. His youth was spent in the royal navy, from which he retired with the rank of lieutenant after serving for several years with King Edward's sailor brother, the late Duke of Coburg, at Edinburgh, and since then he has been called to the bar and was secretary to Lord Peel throughout the latter's entire term of speaker of the House of Commons.

The ancestral home of the Ponsonbys in Kilkenny, which now passes into his possession, is a beautiful place, consisting of a mansion built of Kilkenny marble about 170 years ago, in the Italian style after the designs of the once famous Bindon, and looks over a charming line of country right away to the Comeragh Mountains. Supported by Sir John Ponsonby, the hall is particularly fine, and among its adornments is a gigantic elk's head belonging to some far off age.

of the late Earl Ponsonby, who for more than 40 years was controller of the lord chamberlain's department, and who, though 84 years of age, still is attached to the royal household in an honorary and advisory capacity.

In a brief pen sketch, published in these letters, of President Fallieres, on the occasion of his election to the chief magistracy of France, I incidentally mentioned that he was quite as good a shot as Loubet and an infinitely better one than President Carnot, and then I briefly recalled the popular story which has for years been current to the effect that the then Col. Brugere, now generalissimo of the French army, owed his retention on the military staff of Carnot, after being slated for removal, to the fact that he had been accidentally shot by the President during the battle at Rambouillet.

This explanation of the reason which led the murdered president not only to keep Brugere on as a member of his military household, but even to make him the chief thereof, has been printed over and over again in the French and foreign press, and even in a number of books. It was only, however, when the late Emperor's former minister of marine and a political adversary of Gen. Brugere, insisted in his Parisian newspaper that Brugere, who is a gallant officer, owed all his advancement to the fact that he had been shot in the lower part of the back by President Carnot, that he published a protest and denial. In this he declares that he was not shot in the back but in front, and that the author of the accident was not President Carnot, but one of the head gamekeepers of the name of Darrien.

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The gallery contains some fine family portraits, among them a notable one of the new earl's grandfather, the fourth Lord Bessborough, who was Daniel O'Connell's lifelong friend and associate in the agitation for Catholic emancipation. It was he and Sir Francis Burdett, that of the Parsonages Burdett-Coutts, who introduced O'Connell on his election to the House of Commons in 1828 as member of County Clare. The friendship continued to the last, and when O'Connell died on May 16, 1846, Lord Bessborough succumbed only a few hours afterwards at Dublin, where he was filling the office of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. There were no elegies on those days, and the news of O'Connell's demise did not reach Dublin until several days after Lord Bessborough's funeral, so that the coincidence of the two deaths of these life long friends on the same day was, to say the least, remarkable.

The Ponsonbys, though now an Irish family, hail originally from Cumberland, and take their name from the lordship of Ponsonby, situated in that county. But they have been settled in Ireland ever since the days of Cromwell. Sir John Ponsonby having been appointed by the latter one of the commissioners of the commonwealth. Sir John was clever enough to make his peace with King Charles II. on the restoration and was left in possession of the extensive estates which he had acquired in Ireland.

For several generations past the Ponsonbys have been one of the most influential houses at the court of St. James. Thus the late Gen. Sir Henry Ponsonby was for a time the young private secretary to Queen Victoria, after having been equerry to the prince consort, and one of his sons, Major Frederick Ponsonby, is now assistant private secretary and equerry to King Edward, while another son, Arthur, formerly page of honor to Queen Victoria, is private secretary to the new prime minister, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman.

Then there is old Sir Spencer Ponsonby Fane, the only surviving brother

found that he had left but little and there were no signs of any fortune for his daughter, the Duchess of Orleans. His widow, a sister of Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria and of the disreputable Prince Philip of Coburg, endeavored to repair the ruin by means of speculation, with the inevitable result—namely, still worse ruin—and now, as the Duke of Orleans has no further financial inducement to keep his wife, he may be relied upon to put into execution his frequently rumored project of a matrimonial separation.

It was entirely owing to these unpleasant financial disputes on the occasion of the wedding, and the sordid greed displayed by the duke, that he was from that time forth virtually ostracized by the Emperor and the members of the reigning house of Austria. The mere fact of his being a pretender would have constituted no bar to his reception at a court at which the Duke of Parma, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, the Duke of Braganza, the Count of Caserta, and several other pretenders and claimants to thrones, are welcomed with so much honor and consideration as that of Vienna. If he was boycotted at the time of the imperial family, but also by the Austrian great world, and virtually barred both from court and from salon at Vienna, it was solely due to his unpleasantness in connection with money matters at the time of his wedding, and he thus sacrificed all the prestige and social advantages which he had hoped to obtain by marrying into so illustrious a dynasty as that of Hapsburg.

Archduchess Clotilde of Austria's insolvency and the announcement that this grand-daughter of King Louis Philippe of France has involved herself in debt to the tune of several millions of dollars by means of unfortunate speculations have been expected for some time past, owing to the loudness of the complaints of her son-in-law, the Duke of Orleans, that he had failed to receive the fortune which he had been led to expect on the death of his wife's father, a couple of years ago.

When the French pretender wedded the Archduchess Marie of Austria, greatly to the dissatisfaction of Emperor Francis Joseph and of all the other members of the house of Hapsburg, he found himself, for some reason or other, in need of money, and discovering too late that Archduke Joseph declined to give his daughter a dowry, but would only consent to accord to her an allowance, he balked at the last moment and refused point-blank, on the eve of the date appointed for the wedding, to proceed with the ceremony unless Archduke Joseph paid down a sum of about \$500,000.

The archduke paid the money, but with an ill grace, and made no secret of the manner in which he had been treated by his son-in-law. At the same time he explained to his relatives that, as manovring of the sum and thoroughly cognizant of the unsavory antecedents of Philip of Orleans, he felt that if he gave his daughter a large dowry on her marriage it would quickly be absorbed by the latter's husband, who, once in possession thereof, might desert her, whereas if the money were doled out to her annually in the shape of an allowance, her husband would have some inducement to remain with consideration and to remain by her side.

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THE TESTIMONY OF THOSE WHO KNOW

An Ontario Man Tells of His Experience With Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets and How They Cured Him of Indigestion.

Mr. A. D. Miller, of Tomstown, Ont., says: "For many years I suffered from indigestion and could not find any cure. My doctor treated me for liver complaint but instead of getting better grew worse. My appetite was very irregular, I would eat so much after eating that my stomach was constantly in pain. I had palpitation and my heart would beat so violently that I thought I should drop and I was so bad I could hardly get around. I was persuaded to try Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets and after taking a few I felt better. I continued to take them and now I am pleased to say I am quite cured and Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets have done it."

Such a statement as this cannot help but carry conviction with it, and sufferers from indigestion should follow Mr. Miller's example and take Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets if they wish to get cured.

In the Navy of the Lord.

Mrs. Albert L. Mills, whose husband is the superintendent of the United States' Military Academy at West Point, is known throughout the army for a fund of pertinent anecdotes of the service. In a party which included prominent officers of both the army and navy, she recently told this story:

"It was in the south, and a colored minister of the Methodist persuasion was pleading with one who was not a member of his flock. The Duke of Orleans—Archduke Joseph was not only one of the richest members of the reigning house of Austria, but was likewise acknowledged to be so clever a manager of his affairs that he was able with the management of the entire property of the family of Hapsburg. Unfortunately his health gave way soon after his daughter's marriage, and he was obliged to sell his property at a low price, and to make immense sacrifices for the purpose of evading order from chaos."

"I am a Baptist," he begged, "why don't you come with me and join the army of the Lord?"

"I have already belonged to the army of the Lord," he replied, "I have been a member of it for many years."

"When you join the Methodists," demanded the preacher, in a tone of surprise, "I am a Baptist, but I belong to the army of the Lord just the same."

"Huh!" snorted the preacher. "That's not the army of the Lord; that's the navy!"—New York Tribune.

Mark Twain's Memory.

At a little dinner given by the writer in Hartford, about 1879, to Donald G. Mitchell, Mr. Clemens and his lifelong friend, the jovial Charles Dudley Warner were guests, writes Henry P. Godard. The talk ran along the lines as to methods of public reading and speaking and Mr. Mitchell was much interested in hearing Mr. Clemens describe what he had followed. In the beginning he had used a manuscript, which he gradually reduced in size till it became simply a little card of typographic pictures to suggest the subjects he treated. This he kept in his vest pocket to consult as he needed but later dispensed with it altogether, substituting for a while a few marks on the back of his finger nail, until at last he was able to trust to his memory.

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and witty in introducing others to public audiences. At Hartford, December 12, 1877, he presented Mr. Howells, and after a word or two as to his literary work, said: "But I am not here to speak of his literary reputation, but simply (a long pause), back up his moral character."—Harper's Weekly.

Edvard Parlovitz, The Great Polish Pianist, who is touring Canada with Watkin Mills, appreciates the New Scale Williams Piano.

The following letter from Mr. Edvard Parlovitz in a Winnipeg is expressive of the great artist's appreciation of Canada's greatest Piano.

Gentlemen, Just a few lines to express my appreciation of the New Scale Williams Upright used for the accompaniment of the Watkin Mills Concert. It is a very fine piano with noble tone and excellent touch, being resonant and equal throughout. I remain, dear sirs, Yours truly, EDUARD PARLOVITZ.

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