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## Dramas of Court and Castle.

THE ROMANCE OF THE WANTON  
DUCHESS.

(By Thornton Hall, in Tit-Bits.)

When Elizabeth Chudleigh carried her charms from her Devonshire home to the Court of George II, vowing that she "would die a Duchess," it was probably no part of her ambitious programme to qualify for the descriptions, the "wanton," "wicked," and "bigamous Duchess," by which her own and future generations were to know her.

It was not long before the country-maid had turned her beauty and her wiles to such account that she had every gallant in the Court, from the Prince of Wales to the youngest page-boy, at her pretty feet; and had but to pick and choose among the coronets that were dangled seductively before her eyes.

But to one and all she turned a disdainful shoulder until she Grace the Duke of Hamilton, the handsomest and most accomplished courtier of his day, brought the battery of his fascinations to bear on her; and, after a brief and impetuous wooing, snatched the prize from his rivals.

### The Secret Wedding.

Thus early had Elizabeth her Duchess's coronet within her grasp; and she brought happiness with it, for she saved her young Duke as passionately as he loved her.

But the course of her love was not long to run smoothly for her. An intriguing aunt, who had no love for the Hamiltons, set to work to dash the cup of happiness from her niece's lips. She intercepted the Duke's love-letters, and poured into Elizabeth's ears poisonous stories of his infidelities and enanglements; and, when the poison had begun to work, whisked her niece off, fearful and indignant, to the country-house of her kinsman, Mr. Merrill, at Lainston, where, among her fellow-guests was a dashing naval lieutenant, the Hon. Augustus Harey, who was second heir to his father's Earldom of Bristol.

Here the inevitable quickly happened. The lieutenant lost his heart to the lovely maid of honour, and made violent love to her, with, of course, her aunt's connivance. The girl, blazing with resentment at the Duke's coldness and his apparent indifference to her beauty and his vows, lent a willing ear to the sailor's pleadings; and within a few weeks she had promised her hand to a man, whom, as she confessed, she "almost hated."

The wedding was, by mutual consent, to be secret, partly on account of the bridegroom's lack of means, and partly from fear of giving offence to his family. In the dead of an Autumn night, in 1744, the bridal party stole out of Mr. Merrill's house to a neighbouring church; and in a darkness relieved only by the light of a taper concealed in the best man's hat, the ceremony which made Elizabeth Chudleigh wife of a man for whom she had neither love nor respect, was hurriedly performed. Two days later the bridegroom had joined his ship; and the bride was left to deplore her folly and to seek forgetfulness as best she could.

### A Crime at Midnight.

Within a few weeks we find her roaming over the Continent in search of distraction, leaving a train of broken hearts and languishing lovers

behind her. Now she is at Berlin, with the great Frederick himself at her knees; now, at the Brussels Court, shocking the ladies by the prodigious display of her charms, and by the same arts bewitching the men. She led, we are told, "a life of shameless dissipation," had her lovers in every capital, and discarded them as lightly as so many playthings.

On her return to England, so anxious was she to obliterate that fatal episode in the dark church that she made a journey to Lainston, bribed the verger to admit her to the vestry by night; and when his back was turned, tore the fatal page out of the marriage register.

Scarcely, however, had she returned to London, proud of the midnight crime that had, she hoped, effaced the past, when to her dismay her lieutenant-husband suddenly blossomed into an earl on his father's unexpected death. She was now Countess of Bristol, but dared not claim the title, for she had destroyed with her own hands the evidence of her marriage.

But though she might not call herself Countess, a still higher flight presented itself to her. Among her many slaves was the aged Duke of Kingston, a man of enormous wealth, who asked nothing better of life than to place a ducal coronet on her head. Within a month she had blossomed into "the most high and puissant Princess, the Duchess of Kingston." The ambition of her girlhood was at last realized.

Then followed four years of splendour and prodigal extravagance, before her Duke's death set her free to resume the career of pleasure she loved.

Throwing aside her widow's weeds she flung herself again—old, obese, and faded as she was—into a whirl of dissipation which shocked England that she was glad to fly to the Continent to escape the storm of censure she had brought on her head. In Paris, Vienna, and Madrid she was the ring-leader in orgies which set the tongues of scandal wagging all over Europe. She gloried in her notoriety as the "wanton" and "wicked Duchess."

In Rome she was about to crown her career by eloping with a handsome Albanian "Prince," when she discovered that his gorgeous Highness was a low-born adventurer, son of a Trebizond ass-driver. And it was at this time that news came to her that her late husband's heirs had instituted proceedings against her for bigamy, with a view of setting aside his will in her favour.

As her exchequer was empty, the Duchess presented herself before her banker, pistol in hand, and compelled him to provide her with funds to enable her to return to London, where she found all arrangements for her trial already made, and herself the object of universal derision and detestation.

### The Trial of the Duchess.

Public opinion was arrayed against her. She was received everywhere with abuse, jeers, and lampoons. Foote made her the object of universal ridicule by a comedy entitled, "A Trip to Calais." But the Duchess metaphorically snapped her fingers at them all. Her splendid equipage was to be seen everywhere, with the autocratic lady, serene, smiling, contemptuous. Probably never has Westminster Hall been crowded with such a distinguished and excited assembly as when the Duchess made her imposing

entry, followed by her retinue of serving women, her doctor, apothecary, and secretary and proceeded to her seat, in front of her bewigged counsel, with the dignified step and haughty mien of an empress.

Through the long days of the trial she maintained a proud and defiant demeanour, and only once showing signs of emotion "at the mention of her dear Duke's name." The evidence of her midnight marriage to Harey, however, was so conclusive that only one verdict was possible.

But although the Duchess was convicted of bigamy, no punishment was hers. "She was dismissed," as Walpole tells us, "with the single injunction of paying the cost of the prosecution," and the "solemn farce" was ended.

Returning to France, she purchased a palace in Paris and a stately chateau in the country, and prepared to spend her last years in the luxury and license to which, as "the most high and puissant Princess, the Duchess of Kingston," she considered herself entitled.

But her profligate career was now drawing to its close in sudden tragedy. One day while sitting at dinner she received news that a lawsuit had been decided against her. She broke out in a violent passion and burst a blood-vessel. But, dying as she was, she refused to remain in bed. She was dressed in her most costly apparel and, calling for wine, drained glass after glass of Madeira till the end.

Thus, in the sixty-ninth year of her life, died Elizabeth, Duchess of Kingston.

## Cocktails.

IT MAKES ONE THIRST TO READ  
THIS COLUMN ON DRINKS—  
ICED AND OTHERWISE.

Ice, as a commercial cargo, first came to London a hundred years ago from Norway and Sweden.

Therefore, this year we ought to be celebrating the centenary of the cocktail.

Before 1819 we had little inclination in these islands for iced drinks in summer weather.

The cynic would say we had no weather answering to that description. Anyway, when there was sultry weather there was no ice.

Cocktails first came in as juleps. The common ingredient to both was ice—and plenty of it.

The recipes came from America by way of the Army, Navy, and sugar plantations.

It was only in that country of torrid summers that the making of iced cooling drinks could become an art.

So America sent us the julep, which my dictionary calls a summer drink; and then the cocktail. Why cocktail? Because of the tendency on the part of its imbibers to go round with their tails up. Before 1819, however, England was not without summer drinks.

### They Suffered From Spleen!

A list of them, from an ancestral cookery-book in my possession, two hundred years old, is enough to give the reader chronic liver-talismans, and the drinker hob-nailed tetter.

Here is a sample:  
To make Ebulum, strongly recommended in hot seasons (1719), all you wanted was (faithful) and

A hogshhead of strong ale, a bushel of elder-berries, 1/2 lb. juniper berries, 1/2 lb. hops, 1/2 lb. ginger, 1/2 oz. cloves and mace, 1 oz. nutmeg and cinnamon, 1/2 lb. citron, orange peel, and some esingoes.

You boiled all these together, fined and bottled it in hand, and compelled him to drink it with lumps of Double refined Sugar in the Glass.

That is an original British cocktail. They suffered, did our ancestors, from the spleen, known abroad then as the English disease. Do you wonder?

The only possible recipe in it for a summer drink is that for barley-water, not at all a bad tipple. I suppose, for horses, but in these hot days too suggestive of skilly.

My modern cookery-book has a section devoted to summer drinks, but they are not useful.

When one thinks of cocktails—well, toast-and-water and cold tea hardly are in the picture. And the soft fruit drinks seem only devised to torment thirsty townspeople.

### Lovely to Read About.

They begin nobly, generously:

"Crush 2 lb. of the best ripe strawberries—"

I don't think we need go any farther with that one.

"Take one 1/2 lb. each of strawberries, raspberries, and currants, one peach, one lemon, 1/2 lb. of icing-sugar, 1 quart boiling water—"

No, that won't do, either. These cookery-book compilers live in a Utopia of their own. They "take" their ingredients—and we can't even buy ours.

As for temperance drinks, though their names be legion, there is not amongst them one that is a genuine thirst quencher in hot weather. Somehow you can't conceive a teetotal cocktail. The aerated waters are either gaseous, sweet, or flat. None of the brilliantly colored stuffs sold under fancy names look poisonous, and taste like diluted furniture-polish in hot weather.

But the alcoholic drinks are little better. There is something to be said for the light beers, but not much.

## Business Man Walked Floor All Night Long

Well Known Bed Manufacturer's Nerves Are Restored After Tanlac Has Built Him Up.

"I must say Tanlac has put me on my feet and I want to tell everyone in the city what a wonderful medicine I have found it to be," was the statement made by John Hanna, vice-president of the Hutchings Bed Manufacturing Company, residing at 169 Wentworth street, St. John, New Brunswick, in an interview, recently.

Mr. Hanna is the pioneer bed manufacturer of the Maritime Province, having been engaged in this line since 1886. He is not only one of St. John's oldest and best known business men, but is prominent and influential as a citizen, and his endorsement for Tanlac will be of interest throughout Canada. Continuing his statement, Mr. Hanna said:

"Tanalac has merit peculiar to itself and since using it myself I consider it one of the greatest medicines in the world. At the time I began taking it I was just simply down and out from the effects of a spell of the 'flu' last winter, which left me with no appetite, a bad stomach and so weak and nervous that I was barely able to walk down to the factory and back. It just seemed to be a struggle for me to get up and down. I could eat but very little and even then gas would form on my stomach and make me miserable for hours. I actually suffered so at night on account of this gas pressing on my heart and lungs that I had to get up and walk the floor for I felt like I was smothering to death. Then in this weakened condition had matters were made worse by rheumatism starting up in both arms and hands, which made life almost unbearable for me."

"I had taken a number of medicines to no avail and had begun to think nothing could help me. Then my wife went out and bought me a bottle of Tanlac and after taking it for two or three days I commenced to get an appetite and by the end of the first bottle I was picking up right along. I now have almost too much appetite for the 'High cost of living,' and everything I eat seems to digest perfectly. At night I sleep just as sound as I ever did and the rheumatism, like my other troubles, is gone, too. In fact, I am in perfect condition and even find that I have not only recovered my health and strength, but I have gained in weight, and I can now go into the factory and do as much work as I could twenty-five years ago. I am glad to give Tanlac my endorsement because it is one medicine that should be in every home."

Tanalac is sold in St. John's by M. Connors, under the personal direction of a special Tanlac Representative.

—adv.

Spirits are, in hot weather, almost as bad as mineral waters.

Tea, boiling hot, with a squeeze of lemon and no sugar, is a very good thirst-quencher if you can sit still and leave afterwards.

Iced coffee and cream is satisfying, but plentifully hilarious.

### Captain Marryat's Masterpiece.

So far I have not discovered anything to beat mint julep.

But, unfortunately, most of the ingredients are unobtainable these days.

The secret of this precarious compound was brought to England from the States by Captain Marryat, of Peter Simple fame, about 1830. Here is his recipe:

"Put into a tumbler about a dozen of the tender shoots of mint 'easily done that!'. Upon them put a spoonful of white sugar, and equal proportions—so as to one-third fill the tumbler—of peach and ordinary brandy (that beats me). Then take a rapeseed ice and fill up the tumbler with it (and where do I, in the name of goodness, get rapeseed ice?) Rub the lips of the glass with a piece of fresh pineapple (the epicure) or lemon will do. (I should think so). Then, as the mixture melts, sip through a straw."

Fate will not harm you if you can manage this daily. So far no success has attended my efforts to concoct this—the paragon of all the cocktails.

The pineapple, ice, or peach-brandy have always doped me.—Answers.

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