

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1892.

ARYANS IN THE SOUTH.

THE VISCOUNT DE FRONSAE FURNISHES FURTHER FACTS.

Its Arms and Objects in the United States—How Southerners Have Suffered by the Yankees—The Order to be Introduced into St. John.

The Southern Colonies of English in America, Maryland, Virginia and the Carolinas and the States made from them, Georgia, Alabama, Kentucky and Tennessee, were settled by those who believed in monarchy and aristocracy. Lord Baltimore, Maryland Colonist, the Virginia Cavalier, and the Carolinian nobility, preserved with affection those memories of a worthy ancestral past. The Northern Colonists, on the other hand, the democratic independent of Massachusetts and the and the other New England Colonies, with exception of New Hampshire until it fell under the influence of its neighbors, repudiated ancestral remembrance, because they did not experience greatly its loss and estimated the beginning of all things to be in money. The Southern aristocratic colonies were disappointed in taking part, on false issues, the war for American Independence of 1776 against Great Britain, and the enmity of the north was always shown against them even to the extent of civil war in 1861-5. The avowed purpose of that war was to "put down the slave aristocracy," although aristocracy had existed in the south long before Yankee traders began to steal slaves from Africa and sell them to Southern planters. The desire of the Northern democracy—taking away slavery, as a word of excuse, was to destroy the Southern aristocracy. The work of the Aryan order in the South is to combine the members of this ancient and honorable collection of families into a united effort for their own preservation, and for their restoration to the control of affairs in the Southern states. These an-



Arms of the Viscounts de Fronsae.

cient and honorable families furnished leaders in all great and noble efforts in the cause of their communities. Among them are the names of Washington, Lee, Johnston and Stuart. The people of the South, unlike the people of the North, admire the illustrious families in their midst, simply because those families deserve it by their merit, and any effort that keeps them in command, the whole population of the south know is for the common good against the common foe. There are three things, then, that the Cazes of the Aryan Order are bound to do in their respective states. First, to preserve and combine a system of public instruction for the Southern States that shall properly testify to the honor of the past. The North is endeavoring to enter its text books in Southern schools, which teach to the children of Southern veterans that their fathers were traitors and robbers. The work of the Aryan order, therefore, is to fight against this. To obtain from the joint action of the various Southern state-governments that, during the approaching holidays, the superintendents of public instruction shall unite, and in conjunction with the leading scholars of the South, draw up a plan of common school instruction for the South.

The next effort of the order is directed in the same way towards the militia of the South. According to the U.S. constitution, each state is allowed the regulation of its militia. Now, it is an effort on the part of the North to "nationalize" not only public instruction, but the militia also; in other words, as being numerically the stronger part of the country, to get possession of the mind and body of the South by these means. The order is to re-commence that there be a militia alliance among the Southern States for the purpose of preserving the confederate uniform, gray, still in use; also to get the offering of the militia away from the control of politicians who are too fraudulent to be trustworthy. The South already is obliged to pay tribute to Northern manufacturers by a tariff that ruins its agricultural industry; it is taxed to pay off the Northern war debt, while it has no assistance to pay off its own, and it must contribute its part toward pensioning Yankee soldiers and leave its own to the tender mercies of poverty.

The North has preserved no family distinction, except those founded on wealth, therefore the Aryan order has no hold on the North except in individual cases and these are mostly of foreign birth. But in the south—the land of the cavaliers—it has a rapidly increasing circle. In Georgia, the first division has headquarters at Savannah. In Florida, the second division, is at Tallahassee. In South Carolina, the third division is at Charleston, and in Virginia, the fourth division is being organized in the midland counties.

The following are the names of some of the members of the several divisions: Joseph Gaston Bulloch, M. D., of Savannah, Chancellor, Palatin, Caziue, a descendant of His Excellency Archibald Bulloch, President and Commander-in-chief of the Colony of Georgia, 1776; George Tromp Maxwell, M. D., Jacksonville, Florida, Langraff and Caziue, descendant of the Maxwell, Earl of Nithsdale; Edward M. Habersham, of Savannah, Palatin and Caziue, descendant of Royal Governor Habersham of the Colony of Georgia; John S. Winthrop, of Tallahassee, paladin and caziue, descendant of John Winthrop, 1st Governor

of the colony of Massachusetts Bay. Wallace S. Jones, Thoyde, Florida, grandee and caziue, descendant of Noble Jones, a Royal Councillor of the colony of Georgia. Sir Joseph G. Pagan, M. D., of Boston, marmor and caziue, baron, etc., son of Pagan, Royal Governor of a province in Italy. William Berrien Burrough, Brunswick, Ga., langraff and caziue, descendant of Burrough, Comptroller of the navy of Queen Elizabeth. Frederic Gregory Forsyth, A. M., paladin and caziue, St. John, N. B., descendant of Thomas Forsyth, Viscount de Fronsae. Dr. T. B. Chisholm, Savannah, marmor and caziue, descendant of Bryan of Ga.

There will be very soon started in St. John an assembly for the children of families entitled the order, to be conducted weekly, according to the following programme:

The name of the child is taken, his promise to obey the following rules is publicly given before the assembly thus: Do



Arms of an illustrious Mr. Jones.

you promise to be honest in all things and honorable to every trust? I do. Do you promise to be gentle, kind and courteous to avoid slander? I do. Do you promise to be temperate and sincere and never to acknowledge what is wrong to gain any advantage of money or place. I do. The exercises open with historic lessons that teach some chivalric quality, either in prose or verse. Music is performed vocally and instrumentally by the children, after which, with such exercises and drills as may be deemed appropriate, the assembly closes. It is repeated every week with different lessons from history. The children are taught to allow their better qualities to be developed. They all have a good time at these assemblies and become acquainted. They correspond with children of the order in different parts of the world and there are letters from children of one order written to children of another, read, and thus an acquaintance with good children in other places is established that some day may be beneficial to them.

The first children's assembly in St. John will be held next week. The order is open to any person of honorable character and family, although it grants degrees to noble descendants. It teaches that all honor is due to him who is honest. That it is better to work at humble employment than to live at ease and in costly raiment and a palace on the fruits of a dishonorable career. F. G. FORSYTH.

ARMY OF ARYAN ARISTOCRACY.

Illustrations of the Escutcheons of the Forsyths and the Joneses.

Monsieur le Viscount de Fronsae, commonly known as Mr. Frederic Gregory Forsyth, A. M., duke and caziue, herald marshal paladin of the Aryan Order of St. George of America, has kindly accompanied the foregoing sketch with engravings of the arms of the illustrious Aryans to whom reference is made. Progress has room for two specimens only, the first of which shows the arms of the Viscount de Fronsae himself with the dual coronet to which he is entitled, borne above the shield. Above the crown is something that the uninitiated reader might suppose to be a caziue or cazoque or a paladin, or something equally mysterious, but which others will readily recognize as a hippogriff or a hippopotamus, or something of the sort, while on the shield are three lions who appear to be performing feats worthy of Bristol's educated horses. Each of the lions has something on his back, which appears to be a wing, but may be a carpet bag containing the archives of the Aryan Order. The motto, *Loyal a la Mort* may be freely translated to mean that the Aryan Order does not assume any jurisdiction beyond the present life.

Everybody knows that the illustrious house of Jones has a crest, and an illustration of it is also given. The particular and illustrious Mr. Jones who in this instance is privileged to have the crown of a marquis above his shield is a Florida Aryan who is a grandee caziue, the descendant of Noble Jones, a royal councillor of the colony of Georgia. He doubtless has blue-blood enough to entitle him to spell his name Jones or de Jones if he so desires, but with almost republican simplicity he uses the same orthography as the Joneses of all sorts and conditions. The animal with amputated rear above the crown is neither a grandee, a marmor or a langraff; but a bisected lion, holding a ball, as if acting as catcher for the St. John or Shamrock baseball clubs. Possibly he lost the rest of himself some time when he was acting as umpire. The lion on the shield appears to have come out of the fight with better luck, and has all his limbs. He is clawing away at a lot of little things that look something like daggers. The motto *Vigilans Ago* may mean "We are looking for the days of long ago."

The uncomfortable looking bird with two heads, which is scratching away in space is the general badge of the Aryan Order, and accompanies the crest. Everybody who has blue blood is entitled to use the picture of this queer creature in connection with his family shield. Order early and avoid the rush.

A DETHRONED EMPRESS.

THE BEAUTIFUL EUGENIE AND HER EVENTFUL CAREER.

A Brilliant Woman who Won a Crown Against Odds—Napoleon's Widow now Lives in Retirement in an Alien but Friendly Land.

In the third decade of this century there lived in the old Moorish capital of Granada the Count de Montijo, a Spanish grandee of ancient family but limited possessions. He had fought in Napoleon's armies, and with those armies had been driven from Spain by Wellington; had clung to the Corsican conqueror's cause to the end of his Titanic struggle with allied Europe, and after Waterloo had returned to his native country, become a Senator, and married Donna Maria Kirkpatrick. This lady was a daughter of a Mr. Kirkpatrick, who held the not very illustrious post of English consul at Malaga, but who claimed descent from the royal house of Stuart.

The Count de Montijo was blessed with two daughters. The eldest of them married a duke; the second, born on the 24th of May, 1826, and christened Eugenie Marie, was destined to marry an emperor. It is confidently asserted that this splendid alliance was the result of a deliberately conceived and patiently executed plot on the part of Eugenie's mother. It certainly seems probable that they were attentively watching the career of the young prince whom his uncle, the Count de Montijo's former master, had designated as the prospective inheritor of his empire. As Eugenie grew up with promises of rare loveliness, she was carefully educated in France and England. Spanish beauty matures early and fades rapidly, and Spanish maidens marry young; but when she entered society her hosts of suitors were rigidly fended off, and she remained single at an age when most of her countrywomen had long been wives.

Eugenie and her mother had met Napoleon's nephew at the house of their relatives, the Kirkpatricks, in London, when the future emperor was a child and the then came the fiasco of Strasbourg, the yet more disastrous failure at Boulogne, and six years imprisonment in the Castle of Ham; then the revolution of 1848, and Louis Napoleon's opportunity at last! He is elected to the National Assembly by the citizens of Paris, is chosen President of France, secures the support of the army, and crushes the Assembly, and is confirmed in his usurpation by the vote of the people. His star is steadily ascending; his hand is ready to grasp the imperial diadem; it is time for Madame de Montijo to bring off her grand matrimonial coup. It is done. In the winter of 1851-52, when the widowed countess launched her daughter in the society of Paris, Eugenie was in her twenty-sixth year. She is described as having been an ideal of beauty and grace—a veritable "daughter of the gods," divinely tall and most divinely fair; somewhat slender of figure, with exquisite neck and shoulders, whose faultless moulding she could display to the best advantage. In many ways she seemed rather English than Spanish. Her complexion was of the fairest and clearest, her abundant hair, of the richest golden hue, and drawn back to show the classic contour of her head. She had great blue eyes that could both entreat and command. She was witty, accomplished, brilliant—a thorough mistress of French, English, Spanish and Italian; a fearless rider, a bewitching dancer; doing the most daring things in dress, manner and speech with a chic that defied censure and a grace that disarmed criticism.

Such was the woman who appeared at the official ball, in the Bois de Boulogne, at the opera, and everywhere created a furor of admiration. The president saw her and fell head over heels in love. But among princes love and marriage are by no means synonymous terms. Ambition bade Louis Napoleon strengthen his position by a match with a princess of some royal house. He probably had no idea at first, of wedding the fair Spaniard. But she was not willing to accept the position of a Montespan, or even a Maintenon. She was playing for a crown, and she did not hesitate to let her ambition, and her heart to a more pretentious consort taken from some foreign court.

The bride and her mother took up their quarters in the Elysee while preparations were made for a splendid wedding in the Cathedral of Notre Dame. The emperor's path to wedlock was not wholly unimpeded. There was another woman in the case. She was known as Mrs. Howard, of Baltimore. She was passionately attached to Louis Napoleon, had shared his years of exile, and had sacrificed all else to further his cause. Just before the announcement of his marriage he sent her to England on a pretended mission. When she came back to Paris she found that her house had been searched and every letter and memento of the emperor had been removed. She sought out his bride, and, meeting Eugenie in the Bois de Boulogne, assailed her with bitter words and—so rumor adds—with personal violence. It might, at that time, have been cause for a charge of treason.

Under Napoleon and Eugenie his court of the Tuilleries was the most brilliant in Europe. The empress wore the fashions of the world. Her dresses sparkled with regalia of diamonds, or shimmered with

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boy was summoned to his father's death-bed. He did not reach Chislehurst in time. Napoleon's health had long been failing, but when the end came on the 9th of January, 1873, it was very sudden. There were a great gathering of relatives and sympathizers at the dethroned emperor's funeral. After the ceremony the French imperialists greeted his son with cries of "Vive Napoleon Quatre." There was a like demonstration on Louis' 18th birthday—the day fixed by law for his coming of age.

In 1875 the heir of the Napoleons passed his final examination at Woolwich, ranking seventh in his class. He was found especially proficient in drawing and surveying, and was noted as the best horseman in the academy.

Four uneventful years followed before fate struck its last and most cruel blow at the widowed empress. At the outbreak of the Zulu war her son saw some of his fellow cadets set out for South Africa, and fired with the excitement, insisted on volunteering for service. Nothing could restrain his eagerness for an opportunity to distinguish himself in the profession to which he had been trained and in which his family was so well known. His services were, unfortunately, accepted and on the 27th of February, 1879, he left Southampton. The empress stood on the wharf to wave farewell to the son whom she never saw again in life.

On reaching South Africa the prince was down for a few days with fever at Pietermaritzburg. He recovered and went to the front, where he took part in some operations of trifling importance. On the 1st of June he rode forward with a reconnoitering party to select a site for a new camp. His companions were Lieut. Carey, of the ninety-eighth regiment, six English troopers, and a Kaffir guide. They completed their work, halted to rest in an abandoned Zulu kraal, and were about to remount and return when from close at hand there came a volley. The enemy had crept up unperceived in the long grass.

One of the troopers fell dead at the first fire; the rest sprang upon their horses and made off—all except one. That one was the prince imperial—the best rider at Woolwich. His horse was an ill-trained one, recently purchased, and in some way it escaped him. He clutched at the saddle wallet, but it broke away in his hand, and his last hope of life was gone.

His body was found the next morning stabbed through and through with seven-

teen assegai wounds. It was carried home to his mother and laid beside the emperor at Chislehurst. All England was deeply stirred by the pitiful tragedy. From all quarters came expressions of sympathy for the mother, whose only son he was, and she a widow—even from the Germans who had conquered her father and from the French republicans who had made him an exile.

As soon as it was possible for her to go

to Zululand the empress made a mournful pilgrimage to the spot where her son was slain. On it there now stands a white cross which even the natives respect as the monument of a mother's lost hope and love.

When she returned to England Eugenie found a new home at Farnborough, near the eastern border of Hampshire. She has an estate there of 250 acres, and a handsome country house. Near it is a chapel to which she brought the bodies of husband and son; and there in the evening of her eventful life she dwells, alone with her memories of the past.—Richard H. Titherington in *Munsey's Magazine*.

A Dinner Party at the Bottom of the Sea.

Some time ago, the labor of deepening the harbor of Ciotat was completed. On that occasion the contractor gave to the members of his staff and the representatives of the press a banquet, unprecedented for its originality. The table was set eight metres below the level of the sea, at the very bottom of the harbor, inside the "caisson" in which the excavators had been at work, and only the narrow walls of this caisson separated the guests from the enormous mass of water around and above their heads. The new-fashioned banquet hall was splendidly decorated and lighted, and, but for a certain buzzing in the ears caused by the pressure of air, kept up in the chamber in order to prevent the rush of the water, nobody would have suspected that the slightest interruption in the working of the air pump would have sufficed to asphyxiate the whole party. After the banquet a concert prolonged the festivity for several hours, after which the guests re-ascended into the open air once more.

Utilizing Stray Dogs.

A writer in a French paper states that all stray dogs taken up by the Paris police and left unclaimed are, after being killed, handed over to an enterprising manufacturer, by whom the skins are tanned by electricity. Instead of taking seven or eight months to transform the skin into leather, as is the case by the ordinary system, electricity does the work in three or four days. The leather so tanned, moreover, it is asserted, is much better than that manufactured by the ordinary process, and when made up into ladies' boots and shoes is much admired for its soft and delicate qualities.

Forbidding Piano Playing.

Musical enthusiasts often worry their neighbors considerably in warm weather by practising with their windows open. Such conduct is penal in Ems, where the municipality have just issued a decree forbidding anyone to play the piano in a room with open windows under penalty of a heavy fine. "In a health-resort," states the decree, "it is especially necessary (not to annoy one's neighbors.)"