

SIDELIGHTS ON NOTABLE PEOPLE BY THE MARQUISE DE FONTENAY

Although Gen. Sir Redvers Buller has just been placed upon the retired list, it is understood that he will be restored shortly to active service by the King's presenting him with the baton of field marshal in recognition of his honorable career. Field marshal by reason of their rank, always are regarded and paid as being on the active list of the army.

Sir Redvers now is regarded generally as having been the victim of much injustice in connection with the Boer war, and although he has some enemies, yet it is doubtful whether there is any general officer of the English army more popular with the rank and file than this gallant Victoria Cross veteran. Both Lord Roberts and Lord Wolseley have been active in urging upon the King the claims of Sir Redvers to the honor of being a field marshal, a gift which rests with the King, who sits in the matter independently of the war department.

Lady Oxenden, who is engaged just at present in peculiar financial straits in London, is extremely unfortunate in her financial affairs, having reduced her husband, Sir Percy Oxenden, by her own admission, to bankruptcy, not by extravagance, but by foolish monetary transactions, upon which she embarked in the expectation of adding thereby to her income. Her husband, on the occasion of her husband's having a decree of insolvency issued against him, that she drew so remarkable a judicial expression from the bench on the subject of bankruptcy. The poor woman pleaded for the arrest of the decree, on the ground that it was through her that Sir Percy had become involved in difficulties, which were about to bring him to "shame and ruin." In response to this, the late Lord Esher, master of the rolls, presiding over the high court of appeal, with the Lords Justice Lopes and Chitty behind him, delivered part of the following judgment: "The idea that there is any shame in bankruptcy is an exploded one."

Twenty, thirty or forty years ago, bankruptcy was regarded in England as so terrible a disgrace, that when once declared as such, a man never held up his head again. He felt himself crushed beyond the power of recovery, and usually considered it incumbent upon himself to migrate to some foreign land where in many instances under an assumed name he sought to conceal what he regarded as his burden of ignominy. Nowadays, however, there is no longer any disgrace in debt, unless the debt be an unsatisfied "debt of honor"—a characterization limited strictly to those liabilities that are unsecured by any kind of written acknowledgment.

With regard to Sir Percy Oxenden, his family is an ancient one, having been settled in Kent since the reign of Edward III. Among the ancestors of Sir Percy was Mary Cromwell, Lady Dunch, aunt of Oliver Cromwell. Lady Oxenden is a grand-daughter of the seventh earl of Winchelsea.

Lady Munster, who has just taken her departure for that spirit world concerning which she wrote so graphically, was doubly related to the reigning house of England. For her husband, the late Earl Munster, was a grandson of King William IV., and of the actress, Mrs. Jordan, while Lady Munster was the offspring of King William's youngest daughter by his union with Mrs. Jordan, who at one time was known in London by the name of Dolly Bland. Lady Munster was born during the last year of the reign of George IV., and spent the first seven years of her life to a great extent under the roof of her grandfather, King William, whose consort, the childless Queen Adelaide, showed herself a true mother to her husband's illegitimate sons and daughters. After his death, Lady Munster traveled abroad with her mother, and they were both entertained as near and dear relatives by King William's younger brother, King Ernest of Hannover, at his court.

In some reminiscences which the late Lady Munster published a short time ago of this day of hers with her mother at the court of Hannover, she describes how after dinner the king and all his guests would adjourn to the nurseries to witness the bath of his little grandson, to whom he was passionately devoted, and who now, known as Duke of Cumberland, is engaged in a controversy with the Kaiser regarding the possession of the dual throne of Brunswick. Lady Munster says that the king generally got wet, owing to the splashing of the child, and adds

that "the poor, blind crown prince (afterwards King George of Hannover), when any special splash or delighted screech from the child took place, used to turn with an amused laugh and ask: 'What part of his body is being washed now?' Lady Munster concludes that "it was rather an awkward question at times." That infant is now a grandfather himself, one of his daughters, married to Prince Maximilian of Baden having recently become a mother.

Lady Munster, whose eldest son fell in the Boer war, was almost up to the last a handsome and clever woman, who, though reared in royal palaces, felt throughout her married life the sting of poverty, and was only able to make both ends meet by her numerous contributions to literature in the shape of magazine stories, review articles on the subject of spiritualism and several novels. Her gossip reminiscences, however, concerning her childhood and her stays as a young girl at the court of Hannover, are, however, the only things in a literary way by which she will be remembered.

Of course, there is no foundation for the story that the Duchess of Marlborough proposes to appeal to the courts of New York for a divorce in order to avoid the publicity which would necessarily attend a trial in England for the dissolution of her marriage. Any decree which the duchess might secure in the United States would have no value whatsoever in the eyes of the English law, unless the duke went to New York and established a legal domicile in America. Even then the decree would be invalid if it could be shown that there had been collusion in the shape of an agreement on the part of the duke and duchess to appeal to the American courts for a divorce on the grounds which are inadmissible according to the English law. For the transfer of the venue of the case from England to America would be construed as an improper maneuver in order to escape from the provisions of the English statutes.

The only grounds for divorce allowed by the English courts are marital infidelity on the part of the woman, and of marital infidelity, coupled with cruelty or desertion on the part of the man. Moreover, anything in the nature of collusion, that is to say, if there is any

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evidence of an agreement between the parties relating to the divorce, the latter is at once annulled by the English courts. From this it will be seen how improbable is the story ascribed to the duchess of applying to the American courts for release from her matrimonial bonds. In fact, it is not yet by any means certain that a divorce is contemplated, and for the present at any rate the duke and duchess seem to be content with a mere separation.

About fourteen years ago, it may be remembered that King Charles of Roumania, suddenly arrived at Venice, where his wife was staying, and immediately proceeded to summarily dismiss her private secretary, an Alsatian named Robert Schaefer, and also the queen's maid of honor, Mlle. Vacarescu. He also caused the queen to be placed under restraint by physicians, and to be conveyed to one of the chateaux of her brother, Prince Wied, in Germany, where she was isolated and detained for nearly two years, until she had recovered from her mental affliction. King Charles, at the same time when he dismissed the household of his consort, banished Schaefer and Mlle. Vacarescu from his dominions, and removed the lady's father from the Roumanian diplomatic service.

Schaefer revenged himself on the king after his return to Paris by publishing a scurrilous novel entitled "Royal Misery," in which, under the most transparent of pseudonyms, the queen of Roumania is portrayed as a martyr; her mother, the saintly dowager Princess of Wied, as an old woman of most appalling immoralities; the queen's maid of honor and her private secretary as her most loyal and only true adherents; and that, getting over the lady's father from the Roumanian diplomatic service.

Mlle. Vacarescu is now apparently about to contribute her quota to the "chronique scandaleuse" of the Roumanian court, inaugurated by her former fellow-member of the royal household, Robert Schaefer. For it is announced that she is on the point of publishing a book entitled "A King's Wife." The "king's wife" of her book, I need hardly say, is Queen Elizabeth of Roumania, better known by her pen name of "Carmen Sylva," but I fear that she will not be invested in its pages with the halo of saintly martyrdom with which her brows were environed in that other novel, "Royal Misery." For since the queen's return to her normal reason, and since her return to Roumania, after two years spent under medical restraint in Germany, she has refrained from holding any communication with her former maid of honor, who so nearly lost her crown and her husband.

It may be recalled that Mlle. Vacarescu, who has certain literary gifts, wormed herself into the favor of Queen Elizabeth by affecting to consider her royal mistress's muse as superior to everything known in modern or ancient times, and to spend her days not merely figuratively but actually seated at the feet of "Carmen Sylva," rapt in apparent adoration. This won her so great a degree of favor from the queen that when Helen managed by clever maneuvers to entangle the king's nephew and heir apparent, the then impressionable Prince Ferdinand, into a love affair the queen not only fostered the "romance," as she described it, but insisted upon an engagement and that her favorite should become crown princess and future queen of Roumania.

Of course there was an uproar at Bucharest, and not only the ministers but also the leaders of the opposition, not content with declaring that the legislature would never consent to such a marriage, added that even if the crown prince abandoned his rights to the throne to wed the woman, any alliance between the thoroughly discredited house of Vacarescu and the king's family would result in the downfall of the dynasty. It was on this that the queen and her favorite withdrew to Venice, where her extravagances of conduct became such as to compel the Italian authorities to summon King Charles.

Prince Joseph Windisch-Grätz's sudden death at Vienna serves to recall the romance of his marriage. The princess was the famous ballerina and professed danseuse, Marie Taglioni, who, after declining an offer of morganatic marriage on the part of Duke Frederick of Mecklenburg-Schwerin because the honored wife of Prince Joseph Windisch-Grätz.

Under ordinary circumstances a girl of bourgeois rank marrying into such a family as that of the Windisch-Grätzs, which constitutes one of the mediocrized or formerly sovereign houses of Central Europe, would not have been permitted to share her husband's honors and rank.

But so exceptional was the position which this most famous danseuse of her day enjoyed, that Prince Joseph was not considered as having rendered himself guilty of a mesalliance, and, while she did not go to court, her salon became one of the most popular in the Austrian capital. Indeed, it was there that Prince Kraft Hohenlohe, the military attaché of the Prussian legation at Vienna, was, according to the admissions contained in his autobiography, enabled to pick up all those pieces of information concerning the ministerial, military and political moves in Austria which proved so invaluable to the authorities at Berlin, especially in the war between Austria and Prussia in 1866.

The princess died some fourteen years ago, universally regretted and, deeply mourned, by her husband, who was one of the principal dignitaries of the imperial court and of the army,

commanding, among other corps, the famous and historic archer guard.

The prince leaves only one son, Prince Francis Windisch-Grätz, who had been a source of great sorrow to him, and who a couple of years ago, attracted unpleasant attention by his arrest and imprisonment at Buenos Ayres for the gross maltreatment of his little 6-year-old boy.

Married to Countess Margaret Harrach, he was compelled owing to all sorts of unsavory financial scandals following his insolvency, to leave not only Austria, but also Europe, and to seek refuge in the new world. It was one of the conditions of his keeping the Atlantic between them that his father and other relatives in Austria consented to make him an allowance for the maintenance of his wife and children, who insisted upon following him to exile. For a time he lived in Brazil, but eventually made his way to Buenos Ayres, where, through his father's influence, with the Argentine minister at Vienna, he secured a position as instructor of cavalry—an arm in which he had originally served in Austria, though, of course, his connection with Emperor Francis Joseph's army as one of his officers had long since ceased.

The house of Windisch-Grätz is one of the most ancient and illustrious of Europe, having been established in strivia since the thirteenth century. Its chief is Prince Alfred, who for a number of years was prime minister of Austria, and who is now president of the Austrian League of Nations. One of its members, namely, Prince Otto, is married to Archduchess Elizabeth, the grandchild of the emperor, and the only daughter of the late Crown Prince Rudolph.

Prince Hugo Windisch-Grätz, married the late Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and there have been many other matrimonial alliances of the Windisch-Grätzs with the now reigning dynasties of Europe.

In Vienna, however, the name of this family is not beloved. For the people of that great capital forget that it was Field Marshal Prince Alfred Win-

sch-Grätz who subjected the inhabitants to all the horrors of siege, bombardment and martial law in 1848, when they had revolted against the crown and government, massacred several of the ministers, including the unfortunate Count Latour, and had driven the imperial family from the metropolis to seek refuge in the stronghold of Olmutz.

When Emperor Nicholas I. declined to concede to Napoleon III. the title of "brother," which always is used by reigning sovereigns in their formal epistolary communications between one another, the French ruler avenged the affront by joining Great Britain in the Crimean war, so disastrous and humiliating to Russia that it broke the proud spirit of the great Muscovite autocrat and caused his death. One cannot refrain from recalling this in observing Emperor William's refusal to accord the title of "brother" in his recent letter to the Duke of Cumberland on the subject of the throne of Brunswick.

The Duke of Cumberland is the de jure, though not de facto, sovereign of Brunswick, and figures as such on the pages of the Almanach de Gotha. On the strength of this the duke in his letter to the German Kaiser addressed him as "Well beloved cousin and brother." In acknowledging the letter, Emperor William restricted himself to the words "Well beloved cousin," withholding the words "and brother," thereby indicating that he did not recognize the Duke of Cumberland as sovereign of Brunswick.

Nicholas I. was even still less complimentary to Napoleon III. For when the latter addressed him as "brother," he restricted himself to the word "friend," in replying to the communications of the French monarch.

There was some embarrassment at first as to how reigning sovereigns should address presidents of republics and it was finally solved by the adoption of the following phrase, "Great and good friend," which always was used by Queen Victoria in her formal and ceremonious epistolary communications to the chief magistrates of the United States.

THE EPIC OF TWO SQUIRRELS

BY NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS.

Text: Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise.—Solomon.

For a hundred years men have gone to the ant and the honey bee for intimations toward industry, prudence, and forethought for the future. But having watched two squirrels filling their storehouse against the winter, I conclude that even Solomon might have learned much from these busy, prudent creatures. The two squirrels, early and stay late, and perhaps my two squirrels had this fact in mind. Their activity is all but incredible. They begin their tasks at daybreak, and leave off at dark. For hazel nuts and acorns they store away the cones of the spruce tree. The two squirrels were recently married, and have just set up housekeeping. Their cottage is a large cavity in a stone wall, and is about twelve inches in diameter. In various cavities in the same wall are their granaries. Having welcomed the morning and awakened me by a vivacious conversation at daybreak, with instant energy they begin the work of the day.

The task of stripping a small spruce of its rich cones occupies about two days. The young husband goes to the top of the tree, and with his sharp teeth cuts the cones off. Some of these cones fall straight to the ground. But when others catch on the boughs the thrifty young housewife runs, and by one stroke pushes them off to the earth. When 30 or 40 cones are ready, like wheat sheaves in a field, the two squirrels begin their task of carrying them to the storehouse.

Thus far, during the last two weeks, they have put away against the hunger of December and January about two bushels of cones. From time to time they take brief intervals for play. Then the recent bride runs up a tree, and after a few minutes begins her task of carrying them to the storehouse.

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A FALLEN SQUIRREL.

But if some squirrels make of life an epic and a victory, other squirrels, like men, fall from grace. Man is not alone in the loss of his Eden. Squirrels have a paradise, and sometimes they are turned out into the desert. The tempter is still abroad among God's trees. Out in Ann Arbor, Mich., one finds the squirrels for whom some Milton must write their "Paradise Lost."

It all came about after this fashion: A university professor brought some squirrels into the park and made the college students the keepers of the squirrels. The September days widened the tempter's wings. One day when a young squirrel husband and wife were starting out in life they met the Tempter under an oak tree. He threw the squirrels a handful of peanuts. It was the squirrels' first knowledge of good and evil beyond acorns and hickory nuts away for the winter. But when another Tempter, the following morning, bribed the squirrels with another handful of nuts, they let another September day go by without work. That night the voice of instinct was only a whisper. Then forward they

moved swiftly down the primrose path of dalliance.

Many gay and balmy days passed by. One November morning the college campus was still. At 8 o'clock the squirrels were waiting, hungry, but no student came, and darkness fell, and hunger grew apace. When the Thanksgiving vacation was over the students found the squirrels half-starved, and then a man asked the city council to accept a gift to support these squirrels. But when ten years later the squirrels had come and gone it was found that the squirrels had lost their art. They are fat and sleek, but they have lost their alertness, their provision of the future. All that their fathers had achieved for them is in ruins. They are paupers. These squirrels depend upon state help. But for paternal legislation they would starve. They are supported by out-of-door relief funds. Some Dante ought to write the story of their lost paradise and their present inferno.

USEFUL LESSONS.

Lessons that many books could not teach youth these squirrels can give. Plainly, getting comes through working and keeping is through using. The intellect is a knife that rusts when neglected. Memory is a spade that is the brighter the more it is used. Any faculty that is neglected shrivels and perishes. Work is good fortune. The best thing that ever happened to my Maine squirrels was the Maine winter. That first handful of nuts ruined the Michigan squirrels.

Grand opera singers say they have to sing half an hour every day during the summer vacation, lest their voices grow flabby and the vocal chords become soft and spongy. Every orator knows that a week of silence means that when he begins lecturing again his tones will for one or two nights have no fire, no rich resonance. It is amazing how quickly college graduates who neglect the intellectual life lose the scholar's spirit and method. It is not easy to keep up one's culture. By neglect the scholar's thinking becomes slovenly, and his sentences lose the note of the patrician.

Who knows whether to congratulate or send messages of sympathy to the rich young man carrying pockets full of money to college in these September days? Many a college boy, feeding a squirrel to its own destruction, does not discern the tempter standing behind him. The boy gives the squirrel peanuts and the father gives the boy a stuffed purse. Poverty is a curse—but work is a blessing. It is easy for a youth to lose his paradise. It is easy also for the youth to keep his Eden. But the angels at the gate are named Industry, Self-Reliance, Prudence and Forethought.—New York Sunday World.

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