

SIDELIGHTS ON NOTABLE PEOPLE BY THE MARQUISE DE FONTENAY

Mme. Cosima Wagner, who recently celebrated her 70th birthday, is lying dangerously ill at her villa at Santa Margherita, in northern Italy, is not expected to recover, and may have breathed her last ere this letter appears in print.

The uncrowned queen of that mecca of music known as Bayreuth, and widow of the famous composer, was born on the shores of Lake Como, as the illegitimate daughter of Liszt (who was not at that time an abbe), and of the brilliant and gifted Comtesse d'Agout nee de Florigny, who had eloped with him from her husband in Paris.

The countess obtained some fame as a novelist under the pseudonym of "Daniel Stern," and later on in life, after having been abandoned by Liszt for other enchantresses, became the foster mother of the woman now known in French politics and literature as Mme. Adam, foundress of the Nouvelle Revue.

Cosima was not the only child which the Comtesse d'Agout bore to the Abbe Liszt.

There was another daughter, who became the wife of Emile Olivier, prime minister of Napoleon III, at the outbreak of the Franco-German war of 1870.

It is needless to relate here how Cosima after marrying the celebrated pianist and composer, Hans von Bulow, fell in love with his best friend, Richard Wagner.

Bulow, desiring her happiness, and that of Wagner, brought about an annulment of his union so as to enable her to marry Wagner, and, like Ruskin in the almost identical case with the late Sir John and Lady Mills, remained their intimate friend, and a frequent guest at their house.

Cosima Wagner presented Wagner with three children—namely: Siegfried and two girls, one of whom is the wife of Orchestra Conductor Beidler, and the other, Eva, is a spinster, and her mother's devoted companion. Besides these, Mme. Wagner has two daughters by her union with Hans von Bulow—namely: The Countess Gräfin and Daniela Thode, wife of the eminent professor of history and art at the University of Heidelberg.

As the Marquis of Douro seems doomed to bachelorhood, pretty Nesta Fitzgerald, only daughter of the Knight of Glyn, who has just married Lord Richard Wellesley, has a good chance of becoming Duchess of Wellington, her husband being the second son of the duke.

Lord Richard is an officer of the grenadier guards, in which regiment he is as great a favorite as his elder brother, Lord Douro, was the reverse. Indeed, Lord Douro severed his connection with the corps on account of his unpopularity with his fellow officers, which culminated in his being hazed after a mock court-martial by his comrades, the "ragging" in question resulting in a controversy that engaged the attention of Parliament.

Fortunately, Lord Richard Wellesley's bride will eventually come into a large fortune as one of the heiresses of her grandfather, Henry Bischoffheim, the Anglo-Viennese Hebrew banker. For the present Duke of Wellington, although comfortably off, thanks to the property which he inherited from his mother, Lady Charles Wellesley, who was a Pierpont by birth, is not particularly rich.

At the time when his celebrated grandfather was created first Duke of Wellington, in recognition of his services in bringing about the downfall of Napoleon, the English and Spanish

Governments each conferred upon him hereditary pensions of \$20,000 a year. These pensions, however, were not perpetual, but limited to three lives, that is to say, to his own and to his two immediate successors.

The late Duke of Wellington was the third and the present one is the fourth, and receives no annuity, though he still derives a considerable income from the landed estates which were bestowed upon his grandfather by the Spanish crown, along with the annuity.

So clever as a strategist, the great Duke of Wellington was unfortunate, in the administration of his fortune. In addition to the grants which he received from the Governments of Spain and of Portugal, and his prize money, in which the battle of Waterloo alone represented \$300,000, he received close upon \$5,000,000 from the English nation, one single vote of Parliament being for \$2,500,000, while after the battle of Waterloo Parliament gave an additional \$1,000,000 to be devoted to the purchase of an estate.

All that there now is to show for this is Apsley House, in Piccadilly, at Hyde Park corner, which he purchased as a London residence from the crown for the nominal sum of \$50,000, and Strathfieldsaye, on the borders of Hampshire and Berkshire, which, aside from its historical association, possesses few attractions and is altogether unproductive.

The Duke of Wellington's family at one time possessed immense estates in Ireland. But these were sold early in the nineteenth century by the first duke's brother, the Marquis of Wellesley, that is to say, a granduncle of the present duke.

This marquis of Wellesley was one of the first English peers to marry an American girl, Marianne, daughter of Richard Cartwright, of Philadelphia, and widow of Robert Patterson, whose sister, Elizabeth, was the first wife of King Jerome Bonaparte, of Westphalia, and the grandmother of the present Attorney-General of the United States.

But the Marquis of Wellesley, who filled the office not only of governor-general of India, but likewise of viceroy of Ireland, sold all his Irish property, ostensibly to pay his debts, but in reality because, like his brother the duke, he disliked Ireland.

The Duke of Wellington and the members of his house, including the Earl Cowley, who enjoys the same patronymic, being descended from the first duke's younger brother, Henry, are Wellesleys only through the female line. On the male side of the house they are descended from Walter Cowley, who was sent to Ireland by King Henry VII. to watch over the conduct of Lord Kildare, then governor-general of the Emerald Isle.

The name of Cowley a hundred years later was transformed into "Colley." Elizabeth Colley married Garrett Wellesley, and his estates in Ireland, which were considerable, eventually passed by will to his wife's nephew, Richard Colley, who thereupon assumed the name and the armorial bearings of the house of Wellesley, to which the celebrated divine, John Wesley, the father of Methodism, belonged.

It was the first Duke of Wellington who transformed his patronymic from "Wesley" to "Wellesley." In all the records of the Irish House of Commons during the last decade of the eighteenth century, and in all the earlier army commissions of the iron duke, he appears under the name of "Arthur Wesley." It was only after he had attained the rank of colonel that he changed it to Wellesley.

Few people nowadays are aware of the romance of the marriage of the grandfather and grandmother of the present Duke of Wellington, which I cannot recall as figuring in any contemporary memoirs. When the duke was still merely Capt. Wesley, he fell deeply in love with Lady Catherine Pakenham, daughter of the Earl of Longford, and the most admired beauty of the then so brilliant viceregal court of Dublin.

She returned his affection. But as Lord Longford was poor he absolutely declined to countenance the suit of a young officer who, though well born, was without any money or prospects, being merely a younger son.

Lady Catherine obeyed her father in so far that she abstained from marrying Arthur Wesley, but she promised the latter that she never would marry another man, that she would consent to no marriage with any suitor brought to her, and that until death she should remain faithful to the person which he had created in her heart.

So they parted—a hopeless and despairing parting. For Wesley was to go to India with his regiment, and they were forbidden to write to one another. Wesley went out to carve his fortune, Lady Catherine remained to wait. In course of time Lady Catherine commenced to hear of her absent lover's success in the far east; he was climbing the ladder of military fame. Rapidly he made his way upwards to the rank of major, of colonel, of major-general, of general; until he became Sir Arthur Wellesley. No longer on his return would there be any obstacle raised to their marriage.

Then this exquisite creature suddenly was stricken down by smallpox, which in those days meant the ravage of beauty and the destruction of loveliness, and when she recovered from her sickness her appearance was such as to excite pity; nay, almost horror. And then General Sir Arthur Wellesley came back. The meeting between the lovers was a cruel one. The soldier could not but shudder at the mocking reality of the lovely vision that he had held before his eyes in all those hard and difficult nine years in India, and she on her side entreated him with tears to forget her; to go away into the great world of London, and to wed some one else, whose face he might contemplate with pleasure and admiration.

But Wellesley was a chivalrous man; the chivalry of his nature overcame his repugnance. He insisted upon marrying her. The ceremony was performed. When she was presented at court, Queen Charlotte showed herself particularly affectionate and expressed her satisfaction at receiving so bright an example of constancy, adding: "If anybody in the world deserves to be happy, you do."

Perhaps it would have been better if they never had married. Gradually Wellesley and his wife drifted apart. Perhaps the fact that his wife shrank from him because she dreaded with a terrible self-consciousness to see her husband shudder at her spoiled beauty contributed thereto.

Not until she lay on her deathbed years and years afterward did the reconciliation come. And then he was constant in his attendance at her bedside; unwavering in his devotion to her wants. Silently he sat there holding the wasting hand, and regarding the fading features of his wife.

And when she finally breathed her last this man, reputed absolutely insensible to every emotion, gave way to violent grief to which there was probably, too, an element of remorse. And notwithstanding the honors with which he had been overwhelmed and the fame which he had acquired, and the certainty of an eternal place in history, he exclaimed in his bitterness that there was nothing left in the world worth living for.

Old Lord Chetwynd, who is 85 years of age, has just lost his only son, the Hon. Richard Chetwynd, under tragic circumstances which have served to recall to mind the many chapters which this family has furnished to the romance and drama of the British aristocracy during the last hundred years.

It is perhaps just as well for the British House of Lords that the Hon. Richard Chetwynd should have predeceased his aged father, succumbing, it is said, to a self-administered dose of cyanide of potassium.

For, according to the admission of his relatives and to the records of the divorce court at the time when his marriage with the sister of the late Sir Herbert Naylor Leyland was dissolved, he had scarcely had a whole sober moment since his marriage, nearly twenty years ago.

This, together with the fact that he has frequently figured in the bankruptcy court, and, dependent upon his relatives for money, was perfectly incapable of turning an honest penny, would have rendered him an extremely undesirable legislator.

Indeed, his presence in the Upper House of the Imperial Parliament would have furnished an additional argument to those who are clamoring for the reform or for the abolition of the House of Lords.

The divorce court awarded the custody of his children to their mother. But Mrs. Dick Chetwynd was extremely extravagant, not only in monetary matters, but also in her conduct, so much so that her relatives caused her to be committed to a lunatic asylum, from which, however, she secured her release through appeal to higher courts.

During the few months that she spent in the lunatic asylum before obtaining her liberation her mother, old Mrs. Thomas Naylor Leyland, widow of the millionaire shipowner of the order from the courts, intrusting her with the custody of her granddaughters.

But her daughter was no sooner out of the asylum than she instituted proceedings against her mother, bringing all sorts of evidence to show that the latter was not a fit person to be intrusted with the education of young girls, being half crazy and given up to spiritualistic fads and fancies.

So extraordinary was the evidence presented by the daughter against the mother and by the mother against the daughter that the courts finally decided that neither of the two women was a fit guardian of the young Chetwynd girls, and accordingly assigned them to the care of an elderly member of the Leyland family, Mr. Christopher John Leyland, of Haggerston, London, N. E.

Before they had been there for more than a couple of years Mrs. Chetwynd made a desperate attempt to abduct her daughters, and, having chartered a yacht, awaited them at Beal, a point on the English coast, to which they were to be brought from the castle by the ship which she employed to assist her in the affair.

It is only fair to mention that the young girls, who are devoted to their mother and were unhappy at gloomy Haggerston Castle, wrote from everything and from everywhere, were only too anxious to be abducted and to get away to Paris with their mother, beyond the reach of the arm of the English law.

Through indiscretion and treachery, however, the plot for their abduction came to grief; and while Mrs. Chetwynd's confederates were arrested and sentenced to terms of penal servitude on the charge of abducting her, she managed to escape on board her yacht and to reach the continent.

This happened some three or four years ago, and only last month Mrs. Chetwynd, who has been living in Paris as an outcast, with a warrant out for her arrest in the event of her setting foot on English soil, succeeded in securing a withdrawal of the warrant, and is now free for once more to return to England without danger of imprisonment.

Of course, in her case the only charge for which she could have been held was that of contempt of court. It was different, however, with those whom she had employed to assist her in the escape of her daughters from Haggerston Castle.

For they had rendered themselves guilty of abduction, which is a felony entailing penal servitude.

The elder of Mrs. Chetwynd's daughters is now 18 years of age, and the younger on the road to 17. So that it will not be long before they will be able to emancipate themselves from the guardianship of the master of Haggerston Castle and to join their mother.

That is to say, unless some fresh misfortune overtakes the latter. For something like a curse seems to pursue the Naylor Leyland family, to which she belongs by birth.

For her father, old Tom Leyland, the friend and most munificent patron of Whistler, died in a most tragic manner in 1886, being accidentally shot by his son, while out deerstalking in the Highlands.

The tragedy blighted the whole subsequent life of the unfortunate son, who had thus, to his bitter grief, become a pariah.

But somehow or another he never seemed to appeal to frivolous worldly London society in a serious light.

In fact, people were actually inclined to make a joke of the affair, and endowed Sir Herbert with the cruel name of "Bagdad Leyland," which stuck to him to the end of his days.

Sir Herbert married Miss Jeanie Chamberlain of Cleveland, O., famous for her beauty, and died suddenly and prematurely in 1899, not long after having been created a baronet, and the year before last, it may be recalled, the newspapers on both sides of the Atlantic were filled with stories of the precocious when the American widow Lady Naylor Leyland, and also the police authorities, had considered it necessary to adopt in order to insure the safety of her two boys, now at Eton, and who were un-

derstood to be threatened with injury or abduction from some mysterious source.

The elder of the boys is now in his eighteenth year, has inherited his father's baronetcy, and is a godson of the King. The younger boy, George, is a godson of the Prince of Wales, and of the late Duke of Cambridge.

The Chetwynds, it is likewise seems to be pursued by some strange fate. It is famous not only for the antiquity of its lineage, which extends back in an unbroken line to Adam de Chetwynd, lord of Chetwynd, who figured in the history of the twelfth century, but also for the extraordinary number of occasions on which it has engaged the attention of the law courts, especially those of divorce.

Among the divorcees to its credit or debit, are those of the Marchioness of Anglesey, who was Miss Lillian Chetwynd until her marriage to the late Lord Anglesey of footlight and jewel fame, the divorce being pronounced by the late Lord St. Helier, who for many years presided over the divorce court, as having been the most extraordinary and unbiassed that had ever come before him.

Then there was that Isabella Chetwynd who, after being divorced by Mr. Poole of Marbury Hall, Salop, married the late Viscount Combermere, the co-respondent in the case.

Then there was Sir William Chetwynd, in whose divorce case Lord Landaff was cited as co-respondent.

Dick Chetwynd's death recalls an odd suit which took place some time prior to his divorce and in which the plaintiff was a man of the name of Straus.

Engaged in the wine business, he first made the acquaintance of the Chetwynds by selling them a few dozens of wine. It was not long before the man, whose social ambitions were only equalled by his vulgarity, was dining with the Hon. Dick and Mrs. Chetwynd and a constant guest at their house, rendering himself useful both to husband and wife by doing little jobs for them in the city, such as buying and selling stocks, etc.

In course of time Mrs. Chetwynd got tired of Mr. Straus. Perhaps his vulgarity and presumption ended by palling upon her, or perhaps she found some less objectionable factum to do her little jobs whenever she felt like a "flyer" on the stock exchange.

Be that as it may, Mr. Straus was no longer invited to dinner, and when he called at Mrs. Chetwynd's house he was invariably informed that she was "not at home."

Exceedingly disgusted and annoyed, he thereupon resorted to the form of revenge which most naturally suggests itself to a man of his kind. He sent her a bill for all the wine that had been supplied to her husband and which had remained unpaid. Mrs. Chetwynd denied the liability, on the ground that the indebtedness was not hers, but that of her husband.

REST IN THE REST ROOM.

It was in the rest room of one of the big downtown department stores, and the time was in the early afternoon, when two men, who were sitting down in a quiet corner for a few minutes' rest, when their attention was attracted by a rather shrewdly dressed young woman who entered the room, and who had been supplied to her husband and which had remained unpaid. Mrs. Chetwynd denied the liability, on the ground that the indebtedness was not hers, but that of her husband.

Removing hat, gloves and wraps, she collected most of the daily papers in sight, bestowed herself on theavenport, monopolizing both it and the papers. While through with them, she tore out whatever parts she wanted, tossing the papers about in such confusion that further pursuit of them by others was out of the question. The young lady next sought a writing desk, where for more than an hour she alternately wrote spasmodically and watched the new hats and the women under them. It made not a particle of difference to her that others stood about waiting for a chance to use the desk. She had possession, and that was all she wanted. Having used all the stationery at hand, she called on the maid for a new supply.

At last, leaving the desk, she made a collection of the magazines, having failed to get interested in these, she turned her attention to her toilet, luxuriating in soap and towels while washing her face, neck and hands. The maid came, and the massive pompadour, and all others stood back while she monopolized comb, brushes, and mirrors, powdering and pinning her hair. She then turned to her dressing, and pinning her hat on, arranging the veil so that its several dots fell in the most becoming places, she let others see freely that she thought they were nuisances and greatly in her way.

When the belt was given the final adjustment, she looked at her wrist, and, once more donned, with a farewell glance into the mirror, she departed as breezily as she entered.—Chicago Record-Herald.

The total amount of deposits in the Japanese Postoffice Savings Bank stood at \$44,976,000 on Sept. 28, the depositors numbering 7,665,776. This is said to be the highest record. If the present rate of increase in deposits is maintained the total amount is expected to exceed \$50,000,000 before the end of the year.

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