

THE MORNYS AT WAR.

A NOBLE EUROPEAN FAMILY APPEALS TO THE COURTS. Deceitful and Wealthy House—Romanic but Not Altogether Pleasant Career of Some of Its Members of Both Sexes—Money Causes the Trouble.

A lawsuit which is likely to develop into a cause celebre is about to take place, simultaneously at Paris and Madrid, in which the plaintiffs are the young duke of Morny and his brother-in-law, Count Serge, while the defendants are their father-in-law, Don Joseph y Silva, marquis of Alcanices, but who is better known in France and out of Spain by his more modern title of duke of Sesto, under which, by the way, he figured as president of the Spanish royal commission for the world's fair at Chicago. An immense amount of extremely unclean linen is certain to be washed in public connection with this affair, and another batch of chapters added to the long list of scandals which have been furnished to the annals of the European aristocracy during the last few years by the dual line of De Morny, not an altogether astonishing fact when it is remembered that the father of the present duke boasted of being the illegitimate male son of Queen Hortense, Holland, and of Admiral de Flahaut, and even went so far as to emphasize his mother's shame by assuming as his coat-of-arms a shield on which was inscribed as a Hortensia.

The dispute between the young De Mornys and their Spanish stepfather is on the subject of money. According to French and Spanish law, the latter is entitled to the major portion of the very large fortune which their mother possessed at the time of her marriage to their father and which was still in existence when shortly after his death she gave her hand to the squeaky-voiced "Pepe" Alcanices. This fortune has now mysteriously vanished. No trace of it has been found according to the code of both countries it is the widow who is accountable for its disappearance. This is all the more the case, as for years preceding her death a few months ago the Duchess of Sesto was a slave to the morphine habit and utterly irresponsible. It is believed that her husband encouraged her in this vice, and purposely weakened her mind with the object of securing possession of her property.

The present duke of Morny has not, of course, enjoyed the same advantages as his father, but, having squandered his own fortune shortly after attaining his majority, he has since then resorted to all sorts of devices in order to restore his finances, among the means which he employed having been the sale of dock concessions at St. Petersburg, similar enterprises at Constantinople, and a marriage with the daughter of old Gen. Guzman Blanco, at one time president of Venezuela. His brother, Count Serge, has been gazetted in London as a bankrupt, while his sister, the Marquise de Helouff, has been divorced by her husband, not only on the ground of her moral eccentricities, but also in consequence of her insane extravagance.

Yet the young De Mornys are deserving of some indulgence, in view of their bringing up, their mother actually having had the heartlessness to have her two sons, the present duke and his brother, when in their teens, committed to a reformatory, to the horror of society in every capital in Europe. There was nothing wrong with the boys at the time, save that they were exceedingly high-spirited and possessed of the very demon of mischief. Thus, for instance, one of their mother's fads, which also devoted a considerable portion of her useless existence, was the game of patience, and the two boys used to delight to toss her cards about and to play whenever her back was turned, the duchess being rendered almost wild with rage thereby. True, it was aggravating, but surely not sufficient ground for a mother to commit her sons to a reformatory to herd with criminal boys and young men.

I have related so often the story of the Duke of Sesto in these columns that it is sufficient to remind my readers that he was at one time engaged to be married to Eugenie, who, however, jilted him when the possibility of marrying Napoleon became apparent to her. He was the most intimate friend and associate of the late King Alfonso, and incurred the bitter animosity of Queen Christine by the manner in which he assisted and favored her flighty consort in all his numerous intrigues with the fair sex, on one occasion even having his ears soundly boxed by her majesty when he attempted to bar her intrusion into a pavilion where the king was whiling away a July afternoon with the late Duchess of Osuna. He has few friends, and is, on the whole, a rather contemptible member of the old Spanish aristocracy, and there are but few people, either at Madrid or at Paris, who will sympathize with him in his present difficulty with his sons-in-law.

The chief events of the career of the young duke of Morny have been his appearance upon the Parisian stage, at a charitable performance in the guise of a ballet girl, the gauze of his skirts and the powder and rouge of his face contrasting in a particularly offensive manner with his moustaches, which he had neglected to shave off. Another occasion on which he came before the public in a very unavailing manner was when the Russian actress Psychina was driven by his disgraceful conduct towards her to commit suicide, the duke being almost mobbed and lynched at her funeral by the Parisian populace.

Let me add, in conclusion, that the coming trial affects not only society in Paris and at Madrid, but also at St. Petersburg, since the Duke of Morny, through his mother, who was a Princess Troubetzk, is related to all the principal houses of the old Russian aristocracy.—New Orleans Picayune.

WINDOW IN THRUMS.

THE BEAUTIFUL NEIGHBORHOOD OF KIRRIEMUIR. Places Made Famous by the Novels of J. M. Barrie—His Delineation of Scottish Character—Treasures of Tradition Opened Up by the Popular Novelist Now Visiting America.

With the visit of Mr. J. M. Barrie to this country our interest in Thrums receives a fresh impetus. The present article will treat more particularly of Kirriemuir, and its interesting historic district, far apart from such centers as Edinburgh, Sterling or St. Andrew's castles, no corner of Scotland is richer in traditional history and lore than "Thrums" and "Tillicoultry." Knowing every inch of the ground most familiarly, I do not hesitate to affirm that the country of Forfar or Angus ranks in interest and precedence over other Scottish



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happy day, the happiest of his life? Well, that was the day I have always kept green in the memory of my own childhood. It all came back to me a few years ago in a very curious way—through the sight of a little whitebarrow in the garden of our lodgings in Baywater, where we were passing a few weeks. Our talk went back to the subject of writing in general, and I expressed surprise that Mr. Du Maurier should have begun a new profession after his great success with another. "But was it really beginning a new profession?" he said. "I really think that Mr. Anstey, the novelist who is associated with me on 'Punch,' is right when he said to me at a 'Punch' dinner the other day: 'My dear Du Maurier, you've been preparing to write novels all your life. What are those little dialogues that you write under your illustrations every week but novels in embryo? But you should have seen me write 'Tribles.''" Mr. Du Maurier laughed. "I worked on it three days out of each week, and I finished it in three months. So I practically wrote it in six weeks. Oh, how I did keep at it! I'd write even when I was eating, and if any one interrupted I'd cry, 'Keep away! I'm engaged on a masterpiece.' That, of course, was all in fun, but that's the way 'Tribles' got itself written."

A Story With a Strong Moral. A physician relates a recent experience of his which effectively points a moral. "I was called in not long ago," he says, "to prescribe for a young matron who, with no organic trouble, seemed to be rapidly running down. After a little investigation as to her habits of life, exercise, clothing, etc., I asked her what she ate. 'Well, not very much of anything,' she replied. 'For breakfast I planned her down—she confessed to having nothing but a roll and a cup of coffee. 'Don't any of you eat meat for your breakfast?' 'No,' she replied. 'For luncheon we have bread, butter and a marmalade, a cup of tea and a plain pudding. Dinner is her best meal. I look around her home. It was tasteful and pretty. She was daintily dressed. I saw on her table a basket of sewing, evidently a gown in process of making. I thought I saw a glimmer of light. I consulted Sherlock Holmes. 'Will you pardon me if I ask if you are able to manage your household expenses on the allowance your husband makes you?' She was surprised. Then she added, proudly: 'I not only live on it, but I save out of it.'"

"That was exactly what I thought, for I had been comparatively unknown to the great reading public, not yet ready to accept that branch of folk-lore, now so popular, the perpetuation in fiction of local dialect, custom and habit. So Barrie has profited to the loss of Macdonald. The strongly dramatic situations of the latter writer are entirely wanting in Barrie's writings, and this intense simplicity of style has also appealed to us strongly. Barrie must certainly be regarded as the greatest realist we have in dialectic writing: the downiness, and the downness, and even the never-failing and unconscious inquisitiveness, of those Thrums weavers and farm servants; their gossipy interest in the doings and sayings of their neighbors; their reliance in the display of emotional feeling to Scotch to the core. Yet the term of "gossip" in its popular acceptance would be keenly resented by each and all as an insult, for in rural life in Scotland there always has been—and long may

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are pictures from the life of this locality, without embellishment, or detraction, and so perfect, too, as types that I venture to assert there is not a village in Scotland but can produce its "Jaebie." She, too, has crossed the seas for us, for on excellent authority I have been told she lives in many a New England village.

Barrie, MacLaren and Crockett rank as a Scottish triumvirate, but Barrie is the most thoroughly accepted in Scotland. MacLaren's district of Loggaimond is no more than 20 miles distant, as the crow flies, from Thrums, but his characters are not the photographs that Barrie's are. Beautiful and ideal, indeed, are they to perfection, but not realistic, and realism must be paramount in dialectic and local fiction.



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counties as does Warwickshire in England. Yet, with seeming contradiction, the burgh or barony of Kirriemuir, perhaps of all the Angus burghs, the least respected by its neighbors, and to be a Kirriemurian was sure to provoke opprobrious words, often ending in blows amongst school boys in the other towns and villages of Angus and Meaths. Between the sutors (schoolmakers) of Forfar (Tillicoultry) and the weavers of Thrums was waged a hereditary feud; such a trades feud as commonly existed between guilds and companies in earlier days. But J. M. Barrie has changed the local estimate of Thrums, and "a Kirrie loon" may no longer be hurled at the heads of Kirriemurians as a term of contempt. As a perfect raconteur of the "simple annals of the poor" we must regard him as a master not excelled by any other Scot.

Sufficient credit and meed of praise has never been given George Macdonald as the leader in the van of Scottish dialectic fiction, for he lived ahead of his time, and, besides, the locale of his works—Norman Aberdeenshire and Buchan—was too isolated, in his imagination, by Jess and Leslie Gavin, Goshart, Babbie, Nannie Webster and Sentimental Tommie, although it is hard for one, accustomed from childhood to the traditionally attributed characteristics of the Kirriemurian, to believe that the last named was ever a "Kirrie Loon."

In this respect Barrie's latest story is romantic in comparison with his former work. Possibly, however, many of the scenes in the Den were really enacted there by Barrie and his schoolmates. For certain the boy's cave of retreat, into which Grizel drew her dying mother for shelter, may be identified in the "King's Chamber," an excavation in the red rock of the northern bank of the Garrie Burn which flows through the Den. Tradition can give no definite account of what king of earlier troubled days used this chamber, and so the Den was believed to be haunted by spunkies and ghosts, goblins, elves and faeries who dwelt and danced in its solitudes, the mystery was solved by a would-be imaginative writer's calling it "The Cave of the King of Evil Spirits."

For a time, at least, it was doubtful whether the burghers of Thrums were duly appreciative of the fame thrust upon them by their townsman's writings. For certain, many of the Auld Licht sect were inclined to be resentful of the notoriety and publicity attached to their kirk, but at the present time all feeling is harmonious, and by the annual influx of visitors Thrums and its people have profited greatly.

Every old wife and dirty, bare-footed urchin is able and willing to point out and identify the objects of interest to the tourist. When he reaches the cottage with the Window he will find a painted signboard bearing his new name on the front wall, and admiring its free. Having entered, the usual collection of photographs there, of, encased in glass, garish green or red plush or even more garish shell frames or painted on a variety of white wood, articles ready for his purse and taste, and

different times by hotel housemaids, and from the top of the hill of Kirriemuir the streets and in shops it is equally familiar.

Glamis Castle. But when the tourist has exhausted the points of interest and threaded his way through the crooked, winding streets of this little town, built in the form of a rude anchor, noting its square and town house and the outside stone stairs—the means of ascent to the second floor—there is still much for him to see and learn of the surrounding neighborhood.

As before said, the district abounds in romantic incident and historic scenery, and from the top of the hill of Kirriemuir the beauty and diversity of fair Strathmore lies before one. Only four miles off to the south stands Scotland's grandest inhabited fortress of Glamis castle, second only to Warwick castle in its size and massive strength, and taking precedence of it in age and historic interest, for was not the Macbeth Throne of Glamis? Surrounded as it is by scores of sculptured Celtic stones no antiquarian doubts for a moment that Glamis was a fortress as tradition avers long before Macbeth's day, and between the tenth and thirteenth centuries it was freely used as a royal residence. The Lyons of Glamis claims descent from a noble Roman family settled in the south of Britain before the invasion of the Romans, and one of the daughters of the house has reversed the general order of our international marriages and has married a Philadelphian.

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The Bonnie Hoose o' Airlie. On the other side of Thrums we have another famous family whose annals are no less interesting than the Lyons'. Like them, too, they have married and intermarried with royalty in former days, and so also bear the royal coat of arms—the shille appearing most prominently on their crest. The Ogilvies of Airlie have been owners of Thrums for many centuries, and the "Bonnie Hoose o' Airlie" is the song of Kirriemuir. No more appropriate song can be sung by Babbie, and, as it was a Campbell who married the Ogilvie's daughter, we can appreciate the wrath of Lachlan Campbell, the piper, as told in "The Little Minister." The Ogilvies formed a body-guard at the court of France and also suffered much for the Stuarts. Indeed, Kirriemuir was a hotbed of Ja-

cobitism, and Claverhouse or Bonnie Dundee was a right welcome guest in Glamis and Airlie. Ogilvie is the most familiar name in Thrums, and we may recall that Barrie's mother bore it.

In the Den of Airlie, and on the rocky rocks of the Isla, which pours its torrents throughout the Den, the botanist and geologist alike find pleasure and treasure, whilst Clova and its hills are famed for botanical rarities. But of this romantic history and beautiful scenery, Mr. Barrie has hitherto been strangely silent—a silence that seems to be intentional rather than indifferent.

Now that he has partially broken ground in referring to the imitative escapades of school boys in the Den for the cause of the Jacobites, we may yet look for a novel of romance from his pen. Many aver that Babbie's was the story of a gipsy girl, who might have been an Airlie countess, but there is more fiction than reality in the story as related by the auld wives of Thrums.

Sir Walter Scott visited Glamis intending to weave around its memories one of his wondrous romances, but the task was never begun, and now we can but wish that his spirit may fall on this native of the soil of whose ability to do so no one need reasonably doubt. Space forbids more than a few cursory allusions to the beauties of the Thrums district, and tourists who have done the Trossachs and Burns country may well turn attention to this scene as related by the auld wives of Thrums.

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