

FAMOUS LOVE AFFAIRS.

SOME PEOPLE MAKE AN ESPECIAL STUDY OF IT.

An Exception to the Rule of Marrying in haste and Repenting at Leisure—Olive Cromwell an Ardent Lover of Her Wife.

Love affairs may become famous in themselves from their intensity, their length, the figure they cut in a law court, or from anything else out of the common connected with them. Or they are famous because they are or were the affairs of celebrated people. It is in this latter sense that we use the phrase. If the most commonplace wooing of the most commonplace people possesses an irresistible interest, what shall be said when the lovers on whom we look are the loves of the immortals?

And first of us think how some of those whose especial study is love, that is to say the poets, have managed their own love affairs. It is true that poetsasters and pretenders to genius have always had short tempers, and wild, undomestic ways, but what of real poets and those who have the long patience of real genius? It would seem that for good family men who can love their wives and bring up their children respectfully they can not be beaten. "Men do not make their homes unhappy because they have genius," says Wordsworth, "but because they have not enough genius. A mind and sentiment of higher order would render them capable of seeing and feeling all the beauty of domestic ties." Of this Wordsworth himself is an example. Miss Martineau was a neighbor of his, describes how very happy he and his wife went down the hill of life together. "They seemed like lovers courting, they were so tender and attentive to each other." Referring to the obscurity of much of Browning's poetry, Wordsworth said, when he heard that the poet was going to marry Miss Barrett, the poetess, "I hope they'll understand one another." Certainly Mrs. Browning did think that she understood her husband, for she wrote to a friend, "Nobody exactly understands him except me, who am in the inside of him and hear him breathe." If it is a risk to marry any poet, it seemed to Miss Barrett's friends a tempting of Providence and a doubling of this risk for two of this irritable profession to wed. Contrary to expectations, the result was exceptional happiness. In the biography of Robert Browning there are the following words, which ought to be considered by all who would solve the problem: "How to be happy though married." The deep heart-love, the many-sided intellectual sympathy, preserved their union in rare beauty to the end. But to say that it thus maintained itself as if by magic without effort of self-sacrifice on his part or resignation on hers, would be as unjust to the noble qualities of both as it would be false to assert that its compensating happiness had ever failed them. The other great master of song belonging to our time and country was also conspicuous for conjugal felicity. In 1834, Tennyson married Miss Emily Sellwood, the daughter of a solicitor. The young couple loved for the first two years at Twickenham. Their first baby died, but in 1838 there was another, a year old, "crazy with laughter, and Kabble, and

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NIGHT ATTACKS IN WAR.

SOME THAT HAVE SUCCEEDED, AND SOME THAT HAVE FAILED.

The Opinions of Great Soldiers on the Expediency of the Night Attack or Surprise.

Should the war in South Africa as it progresses make it apparent that the fortifications and other natural fortifications of the country contain so many hiding-places as to render even a bombardment by lyddite useless, could not our troops—it being impossible to storm entrenchments in these days of Q.F. weapons—largely rely on night attacks and the bayonet? In the military world there is much difference of opinion as to the value of the night attack in war. But assaults in daylight in entrenched positions causes such loss of life, unless the artillery first clears the way, that nocturnal warfare will always be resorted to. It has one great point in its favor, that it enables the attacking party not only to conceal its plan of attack, but steal on the enemy unobserved as well.

Some of the greatest generals the world has ever known, were not in favour of night attack. Frederick the Great had a poor opinion of its uses, but, as that monarch's dislike of nocturnal warfare was owing to the confusion which darkness inevitably occasions, and the necessity of keeping the soldiers under the eye of their officers, to induce them to do their duty, his testimony may be set aside.

Our soldiers require no flamjoks to keep them at their post. Indeed the great defect of Mr. Thomas Atkins is that being totally insensible to fear, he will with the greatest concern attack his foe without any question as to the accessibility or otherwise of the position.

The Duke of Wellington's opinion of the night attack, merits, of course, more serious attention. After the failure of an enterprise against a fort in front of Seringapatam, in 1799, Wellington said in a despatch to his brother, Lord Mornington: "I have come to the determination, when in my power, NEVER TO SUFFER AN ASSAULT to be made at night upon an enemy who is prepared and strongly posted, and whose posts have not been reconnoitred by daylight." The hero of Waterloo never altered his opinion, for in 1814 we find him writing in reference to the disaster at Bergen-on-Zoom: "Sir Thomas Graham is very unfortunate. However well planned, night attacks on good troops are seldom successful."

Marshal Marmont, one of the best soldiers who ever fought under Napoleon, was of the same opinion, for he wrote: "But it is necessary to bear in mind that even with the most favourable elements it is still possible, verbal as it is, for the garrison to be animated with a good spirit."

Quite so. But supposing the enemy had a dread of "Best Sheffield Cud" what then?

Prince Eugene, assuredly a great soldier, on the other hand, loved a dark night for what he called "business." In 1702 he surprised Cremona under Marshal Villeroi, and had possession of most of the place before the garrison were even alarmed. He would, he declared, have succeeded, but for what he called the "idiotic bravery" of two Irish regiments in the service of France, who, although greatly outnumbered, fought in their nightshirts with such desperate courage that he was at length compelled to retire.

"What could be done," he wrote despairingly, "against men who were so brave?"

AFTER SHRIEKING HOOROO and something about St. Patrick, rushed at my brave fellows with the bayonet."

In the attack of Sir Thomas Graham on Bergen-on-Zoom, the assailants, who numbered 2,270 British troops, gained the ramparts unopposed, and waited in quietness till the morning to complete their achievement. There were not wanting those who were not hopeful, for the three bodies into which the force was split, was spread over twelve of the sixteen fronts of the place. The garrison, who also numbered about 2,200 men, were formed, on the contrary, in masses, so as to support each other, and, in addition, had a perfect knowledge of all the defences of the place, which he has not.

For all this, the assailants so little anticipated defeat, that they paid and dismissed their guide, countermanded the orders which had been previously given for reinforcements, and ordered back some engineers and artillery which had arrived—a most foolish order, for the morning found Tommy quite demoralized. He will march or fight as long as you like, but set him on the ground on an extremely cold night, and he becomes very despondent, especially when he has asked himself and his mates what would happen were the enemy to mass their troops and attack each of their little twelve detachments in turn. As a matter of fact, this is exactly what they did do, and the British troops suffered a reverse.

In our military colleges this is one of the instances relied on as evidence of the drawbacks of night attacks. As a matter of fact, the defeat was due to the scattering of our men. It was under cover of the darkness that we gained the ramparts; the defeat itself took place in the daytime.

When an investing or attacking force finds itself without proper artillery, the temptation to trust to a night attack is, of course, very great. They recognise that in the dark it is impossible to control the conduct of operations, after fighting has commenced; that even, if the plan to be stormed has been thoroughly reconnoitred, the darkness is against accurate, let alone rapid movements. Worse still, soldiers are very im-

WELL TRAINED SCOUTS.

"Baden-Powell's Specials" Which Are Cooped up in Ladysmith Would be a Welcome Addition to Buller's Army.

If every British regiment in the Transvaal had attached to it a body of scouts as efficient as those known as "Baden-Powell's Specials," who are with the Fifth Dragoons, cooped up in Ladysmith, the British in all likelihood would have had more victories to their credit. It seems to be the general opinion that in skirmishing and outpost work the British army, generally is deficient.

When Baden-Powell was appointed colonel of the Fifth Dragoons one of the first things he did was to form a body of scouts, to whose training he gave the benefit of his own vast and peculiar experience. Beginning with six volunteers, he increased the number to thirty, sleuth hounds such as no other British regiment possesses. Baden-Powell's Specials are probably the only thoroughly trained cavalry scouts in the British army.

The neighborhood of Meerut, India, where the Fifth Dragoons lay, offered splendid facilities for the work of scouting. In all directions he led his body of scouts and taught them to excel in their work by the simple process of outscouting one another. Upon the proficient men he then conferred a special badge, resembling a fleur-de-lis or "north point," to be worn upon the arm.

He slept most of the day and scouted all night. On particularly black and starless nights he sent out bodies of men to find their way about the country with nothing but their own intelligence to guide them. Selecting a starting point in the inky blackness, he would order, "Ride out seven miles from here, and find your way back again." The only help he gave to them in this problem was an injunction to look back at every object passed, as most landmarks present different views from opposite sides and as the opposite side would be the one seen on the return journey this was a useful hint that none but a born detective would offer.

To train his men to carefulness he set one body of men in concealed positions in twos, to discover their whereabouts. The secret scouts carried a Japanese lantern, and were concealed in trees with thick foliage. A radius of forty yards was marked off from the tree, and on this ground the secret scouts kept a watchful eye. It was the business of the moving scout to discover their positions without going within the forty yards. The faintest ray of light might enable him to do so, but should he cross the forty-yard radius he could be taken prisoner immediately by those concealed. This was accomplished by a yell of "Hi! Come here!" from the man in the tree.

Baden-Powell took a party of scouts out eight miles. On reaching a certain spot he turned to the men, and said, "Now, turn back and gallop home as hard as you can. Stop at nothing. Go over everything that comes in your way." In complying with this order one of the men failed to clear a nine-foot ditch, and was deposited therein with a mighty splash. With wonderful celerity his horse scrambled out and continued to gallop home in triumph. When Baden-Powell rode up the man was picking himself out of the water. He foresaw at once that the event of a similar accident happening to a couple of scouts retiring before an enemy on horse would have to suffice for two men. He immediately stopped the flying troopers and ordered half the number to dismount. Then, giving half the horses in charge of one man, he mounted the other two on each horse and sent them pelting in that fashion.

ORIGIN OF THE RING.

The origin of the marriage ring dates back many centuries. It is involved in somewhat of a mystery. According to an old legend of mythology, Jupiter sent to Prometheus, in honor of his deliverance by Hercules, a ring in which was set a piece of the stone to which Prometheus had formerly been bound in chains.

In northern mythology the ring symbolizes the bride from this world to the next, or, according to another idea, the rainbow symbol of eternity. Hence it is plain that from most ancient times the ring was a symbol of remembrance and eternal recollection. Since the earliest days of Christianity the ring has been a precious pledge of faithfulness, the talisman of two souls forming a sacred life-union.

The custom of wearing the wedding ring on the fourth finger of the left hand goes back for its origin to the Egyptians, from whom the Greeks borrowed the custom and handed it on to the Romans. The fourth finger was dedicated to Apollo, the sun god, and gold was an additional emblem of the sun. Besides it was believed that Apollo's finger was connected by a nerve directly to the heart, and it was most appropriate that the sign of the loving union should rest on this finger.

Horseshoes are an important branch of industry in Norway. About 6,000 tons are exported every year.

Loud's Island, on the coast of Maine, is one of the few places on earth where there are no taxes. This island otherwise known as Muscongus, was overlooked when Maine became a State, and was put into no town or country.

A new use for aluminum has recently been reported, and attempts to construct violins and other stringed instruments from this metal have been entirely successful. It is stated that these instruments produce a much richer sound than those which are manufactured of wood, and that this is found to be especially the case with the higher notes.

THE POOR OF HIS PARISH.

There was an exception, however, to the rule of marrying in haste and repen-

ting at leisure in the case of Walter Savage Landor and his wife. The poet met his future wife at a ball, and determined on the instant to marry her. Not long after he had done so Mrs. Landor came to think that "a conversation with her husband was incomplete without a quarrel." Even in the honeymoon she wounded the poor man's vanity. Landor was reading some of his own verses to his bride—and who read more exquisitely when all at once the lady, releasing herself from her arm, jumped up, saying "Oh, do stop, Walter, there's that dear delightful Punch performing in the street; I must look out of the window."

And, oh! if there be an Elysium on earth, it is this.

Thomas Moore, who wrote these words himself tasted the Elysium of conjugal happiness. From 1811, the year of his marriage, to 1852, that of his death, his Bosny received from him the homage of a lover. Whatever amusement he might find in the grand society in which he mixed, he always returned to his wife and children with a fresh feeling of delight.

Many women deserve, but few women receive, such an I. O. U. as that which Hood gave his wife. "I never was anything, dearest, till I knew you and I have been a better, happier, and more prosperous man ever since. Lay that truth in lavender, sweetest, and it will remind me of it when I fail."

The contemplation of nature's calm and orderly working would seem to have a soothing influence upon her domestic life of some of the most celebrated men of the world. Twenty years' experience Faraday spoke of his marriage as an event which, more than any other, had contributed to his earthly happiness and healthy state of mind. Speaking of his wife, James Nasmyth, the inventor of the steam hammer, said: "Forty-two years of married life find us the same devoted 'cronics' that we were at the beginning."

It is pleasant to find harmony in the house of a great musical composer as well as in his compositions. There was no discordant note in the matrimonial duet which Mozart and his wife played together. For years she was an invalid, and he used to write by her bedside while she slept. When he awoke in the morning her room, and leave a tender note to greet her waking. He is one of them, "I wish you a good morning, my dear little wife. I hope you have slept well. London merchant, Mrs. Cromwell had not had much character, but her husband never ceased to love her, and thirty years after their marriage he wrote to her, the day after Dunbar: "Truly if I love you not too well, I think I err not on the other hand too much. Thou art dearer to me than any creature; let that suffice."

Gen. Gordon said he never married because he never found a woman prepared to accompany him to the ends of the earth. Such a woman Sir Henry Lawrence did find. She went with him into the plains of India where his work brought him, however

DIFFICULT OR DANGEROUS.

One day the scarcely less celebrated Lord John Lawrence was sitting in his drawing room at Southgate with his sister and other members of the family. Looking up from the book in which he had been engrossed, he discovered that his wife had left the room. "Where's mother?" he asked one of his daughters. "She's up stairs," replied the girl. He returned to his book; and, looking up again a few minutes later, he put the same question to his daughter, and received the same answer. Once more he turned to his reading; once more he looked up with the same question on his lips. This time his sister broke in: "Why, really, John, it would seem as if you could not get on five minutes without your wife." "That's why I married her," he replied.

"My face is my fortune, sir," she said. From the day when King Cophetua, wedded the "beggar maid," cases have from time to time occurred of men of high position marrying girls who were not born in the purple, and whose faces were their only fortune. In 1791 Henry Cecil, heir to the titles and estates of an old noble, found a wife not in Belgravia, but in Bolas, a country village of Shropshire. He had taken shelter in a cottage from a storm of thunder and rain, and, as the rain got worse and worse, begged that he might be allowed to stay till morning, even if he had only a single "rest upon in the lower room."

This request was grudgingly granted by Thomas Hoggins, the owner of the house, because, in answer to inquiries as to why he was wandering about, Cecil spoke vaguely and unsatisfactorily, and at last said he was an "undertaker," taking refuge in the vagueness of the term. Hoggins, who would be founded on this story, makes "The Lord of Burleigh" call himself, not an "undertaker," but a "landscape painter," which, perhaps, is a more poetical business. Next morning the painter made the acquaintance of Sarah, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hoggins, a rustic beauty of 17. It was a case of love at first sight, and fields where Sarah milked the cows became Elysian fields to Mr. Jones, for so Cecil styled himself. To make a long story short, Henry Jones, he had long since, his real name and rank, and Sarah Hoggins were married and lived on in the village. Two years afterward his uncle, the Earl died. Knowing that his presence would be wanted at "Burleigh House by Stamford Town," he told his wife that he was called on business into Lincolnshire, and that he wished her to accompany him. They set out without delay, she sitting, as was the fashion then, on a pillow behind him. They passed the seats of various noblemen and gentlemen on the road; at last they came to a particularly fine mansion and park. Sarah gazed in admiration, and exclaimed, "What a magnificent house!" How should you like my dear sister, to be mistress of such a place?" was her lord's reply. "Very much indeed, if we were rich enough to live in it." "I am glad that you like it; the place is yours, I am Earl of Exeter, and you are my Countess."

And a gentle consort made he, And her gentle mind was such That she grew a noble lady.

And the people loved her much.

THEIR FUNDS EXHAUSTED.

The singular loveliness of Beesie Sartees of Newcastle, won the heart of a barrister called John Scott, and

STUCK UP FOR HIMSELF.

An English general, in reviewing a corps of cavalry, suddenly stopped before a splendid-looking fellow and asked, abruptly:—

"Which is the best horse in the regiment?"

No. 40, sir.

What makes you think he is the best horse?

He walks, trots and gallops well; is a good jumper; has no vice, no blemish; carries his head well; is in his prime.

And who is the best soldier in the regiment?

Tom Jones, sir.

Why?

Because he is an honorable man; is obedient; is tidy; takes good care of his equipment and his horse, and does his duty well.

And who is the best rider of the best horse?

Tom Jones, sir.

And who is Tom Jones?

I am, sir!

The highest estimates put the Boer army in Natal at 35,000.

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The contemplation of nature's calm and orderly working would seem to have a soothing influence upon her domestic life of some of the most celebrated men of the world. Twenty years' experience Faraday spoke of his marriage as an event which, more than any other, had contributed to his earthly happiness and healthy state of mind. Speaking of his wife, James Nasmyth, the inventor of the steam hammer, said: "Forty-two years of married life find us the same devoted 'cronics' that we were at the beginning."

It is pleasant to find harmony in the house of a great musical composer as well as in his compositions. There was no discordant note in the matrimonial duet which Mozart and his wife played together. For years she was an invalid, and he used to write by her bedside while she slept. When he awoke in the morning her room, and leave a tender note to greet her waking. He is one of them, "I wish you a good morning, my dear little wife. I hope you have slept well. London merchant, Mrs. Cromwell had not had much character, but her husband never ceased to love her, and thirty years after their marriage he wrote to her, the day after Dunbar: "Truly if I love you not too well, I think I err not on the other hand too much. Thou art dearer to me than any creature; let that suffice."

Gen. Gordon said he never married because he never found a woman prepared to accompany him to the ends of the earth. Such a woman Sir Henry Lawrence did find. She went with him into the plains of India where his work brought him, however

DIFFICULT OR DANGEROUS.

One day the scarcely less celebrated Lord John Lawrence was sitting in his drawing room at Southgate with his sister and other members of the family. Looking up from the book in which he had been engrossed, he discovered that his wife had left the room. "Where's mother?" he asked one of his daughters. "She's up stairs," replied the girl. He returned to his book; and, looking up again a few minutes later, he put the same question to his daughter, and received the same answer. Once more he turned to his reading; once more he looked up with the same question on his lips. This time his sister broke in: "Why, really, John, it would seem as if you could not get on five minutes without your wife." "That's why I married her," he replied.

"My face is my fortune, sir," she said. From the day when King Cophetua, wedded the "beggar maid," cases have from time to time occurred of men of high position marrying girls who were not born in the purple, and whose faces were their only fortune. In 1791 Henry Cecil, heir to the titles and estates of an old noble, found a wife not in Belgravia, but in Bolas, a country village of Shropshire. He had taken shelter in a cottage from a storm of thunder and rain, and, as the rain got worse and worse, begged that he might be allowed to stay till morning, even if he had only a single "rest upon in the lower room."

This request was grudgingly granted by Thomas Hoggins, the owner of the house, because, in answer to inquiries as to why he was wandering about, Cecil spoke vaguely and unsatisfactorily, and at last said he was an