

SIDELIGHTS ON NOTABLE PEOPLE BY THE MARQUISE DE FONTENOY

Hubert Magniac, who has just succumbed to influenza in London, was a son-in-law of the Duke of Grafton, a son of the late Charles Magniac, M. P., who used to own Chesham House in London, and received his distinguished service order for a most remarkable feat during the Boer war, when, according to many of his fellow officers, should have been recognized by the Victoria Cross. When the war broke out he volunteered for service with the Yeomanry, and during the battle of Modderfontein defended a position on the flank with a handful of men for nearly 24 hours. During the course of the fight every one of his men was either killed or badly wounded.

Summoned to surrender, he stoutly refused, and when the Boers made up their mind to finally rush the position, he managed with one of his only remaining cartridges to shoot and kill the Boer leader at a distance of twenty yards. This led the Boers, who were ignorant of the state to which the defenders were reduced, to retire, and when about half an hour afterwards relief arrived there was not one wounded man among the defenders. As a result, Magniac himself suffering from no less than seventeen gunshot wounds.

Five years ago he married Lady Eleanor Fitzroy, as her third husband, after she had been compelled to divorce Lord Salford's brother, Walter Harbord. I notice that the current issue of Whitaker's "Peerage" mentions Walter Harbord as having obtained a divorce from her, which would lead to the belief that he had been the petitioner. This is a most undeserved reflection on Lady Eleanor, since it implies that she was the offending party whereas the decree was granted in her favor on the grounds of misconduct and gross cruelty, to which might have been added the crassest infidelity.

Lady Eleanor, a woman of rare beauty and charm, and a lineal descendant of King Charles II. and of his fair friend, the lovely Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland, married at the age of 19, Herbert Fitzroy Eaton, a relative of Gen. Lord Chesham, and within a few months after his death was led by a sort of Quixotic sentiment of mingled love and pity to bestow her hand, along with a large fortune of some \$100,000 a year which she had inherited along with landed property from her first husband, upon the Hon. Walter Harbord, a major of the Seventh Hussars, who had been driven from the army and placed under the ban of English and continental society in consequence of having been caught in the act of unfurling a flag at the Cercle de la Méditerranée at Nice.

The scandal was of the most public character, and furnished columns of material to the London newspapers. It is hardly necessary to point out that a man who had retained any sense of chivalry, or even decency, would decline to take advantage of the circumstances which prompted Lady Eleanor to link her name with one so dishonored as his own, especially so soon after the demise of her first husband, and had he loved her as she deserved he would not have wished her to share the ostracism to which he was subjected both at home and abroad, such as he was not only by his friends and associates but even by his relatives.

Instead of being moved by the sacrifice thus made for his sake, the major, on the contrary, began a few weeks after his marriage to vent upon the unfortunate Lady Eleanor all the bitterness and irritation created in his mind by the boycott to which he was subjected by English society. Life in the United Kingdom being intolerable, the couple lived abroad for a number of years, and it was not long before he commenced to seek revenge for his exile by actually beating his wife, Lady Eleanor bore his slanders in silence, partly on account of her two children (a third had died in infancy), and likewise because she realized that any appeal to the courts for separation would have the effect of reviving the terrible scandal which had caused her husband to leave the army and to quit England.

Eventually, when the children reached their teens, the Hon. Walter and Lady Eleanor Harbord returned to England and began by taking a pretty country house on the Thames, in the vicinity of London, which ere long became the rendezvous of that particular element of society which is more eager for amusement and entertainment than particular about the character or antecedents of its host. Then, too, society felt that it was harsh to visit the dishonor of the father upon the two children, a boy and a girl, and so, little by little, the Harbords drifted back into the London world. The ex-major even managed to get elected to some fourth-rate clubs—clubs that preferred to have the name of a peer's brother on their roster if it was tarnished, rather than to have no man of good family on the roster.

Lord Bathurst, whose wife, as the only surviving child of the late Lord

Glenesk, inherited on his recent death the sole ownership of the great London daily newspaper, the Morning Post, is anxious to recover certain portraits which formerly belonged to the Bathurst family, but which have in some way or other been alienated. They have been missing since 1811, when they were last heard of as adorning the walls of the ancient Bathurst manor house of Franks, near Farningham, in Kent, which had come into the possession of a man named Tassler, through his marriage with a Miss Bathurst, the heiress of the manor of Franks, and of its contents.

The portraits include one of Laurence, Lord Bathurst, alderman of London in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and also a picture of his wife, Judith Randolph. Both these paintings bear the Bathurst armorial bearings and motto, "Tene te fidei," as well as the date of 1588. Then there are two Van Dyckes of the last Stuart, Duke of Richmond and of his Duchess, besides three full-length portraits of King Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, of Queen Christina of Sweden, of Queen Elizabeth of England, and of a Baron Wrangel, and of Count Oxenstierna, as well as six portraits of Cromwellian generals, including Sir Robert Cooke, of Higham, in Gloucestershire, Lord Evelyn, of Stratton, and Baron George Fleetwood, governor of Colmar, and of Olen, in Sweden.

Lord and Lady Bathurst are extremely anxious to recover these pictures, are prepared to pay an adequate price for them, and will be grateful for any clue that can be furnished to them by their present whereabouts. As some of them are possibly in America, I would call the attention of the readers to the fact.

Lord and Lady Bathurst, by the way, are giving up the house in Piccadilly, which they inherited from Lord Glenesk, and which, during the lifetime of that peer's brilliant wife, was one of the most hospitable mansions in London, and a favorite rendezvous of the great world. It is just east of the Bachelors' Club, and formerly belonged to the poet Byron. It was there that he wrote his "Parisina," and his "Siege of Corinth." It was there, too, that he spent his brief married life, his salons and furnishing the scene of his final quarrel and parting with Lady Byron. Adjoining it is the house of the South African millionaire, H. J. King.

Formerly Mr. King's house and that of the late Lord Glenesk were one, and the two of the eighteenth century, and were occupied as one mansion by the last Duke of Queensberry, who, known as "Old Q," and as "the little Pica-dilly duke," was the intimate friend of Horace Walpole and George Selwyn and was famed for his shameless profligacy, his Pica-dilly mansion, indeed, being run more on the lines of a Turkish bazaar of old times than of an English peer of the realm.

If Lord and Lady Bathurst are selling Lord Glenesk's historic home, it is because Pica-dilly, with its motor buses and its processions of Socialists or unemployed, and of suffragettes, has become so noisy as to be disagreeable as a residence, and, having a comfortable and quiet home in Bruton street, they propose to remain there.

Certain unpleasantness in connection with members of the Russian diplomatic service which have recently occurred in Paris, and at Madrid, have caused the Russian Minister, the Minister of Foreign Affairs to take up the matter, and a quiet intimation has been issued to the members of the service, which is a reminder of the effect that domestic irregularities and anything in the nature of a scandal, will be followed by retirement.

One of the first to be shown under this ruling is W. de Mourvièr-Apostol-Korobine, for many years secretary of the Russian legation at Berlin, and more recently occupying the semi-diplomatic post of consul-general at Budapest, of which he has just been summarily relieved. Married some eighteen years ago to a daughter of the Countess of Tschikat, a noble and chef family, he became infatuated last year with the beautiful daughter of a South Russian multi-millionaire named Terechenko, who, seeing that she had lost his love, and that it was hopeless to endeavor to recover a place therein, yielded to his entreaties for a divorce, which was secured in due course, and Mourvièr thereupon married young Mlle. Terechenko, shortly before Christmas. Within the last month Mourvièr has been informed that his divorce and second marriage are of a nature to disqualify him from further diplomatic employment, and that his resignation has been ordered. This is not the only Russian diplomat who has lately been placed on the retired list, among the number being Count Nostitz, who was attached to the Russian embassy at Paris, Count Cassini's diplomatic career has also been brought to a conclusion, and a new ambassador to Madrid has been appointed in his stead.

Gen. Sir O'More Creagh's appointment to succeed Lord Kitchener as commander-in-chief of Great Britain's

military forces in India is meeting with considerable disapproval in military, administrative, and political circles, and is hardly likely to be relished by Lord Kitchener himself. In fact, it is an appointment that is ascribed, not to the war department, but to the influence and pressure of Lord Morley, whose principal military adviser, Sir O'More, has been, as military secretary at the India office at Whitehall, ever since Lord Morley assumed charge of that department.

True, Sir O'More, like Lord Kitchener, is an Indian, and a native of County Clare, and is a gallant veteran, winning his Victoria Cross under Lord Roberts during the last Afghan war. But he is about 62 years of age, and aside from a brief headship of one of the first-class military districts in India, has never held any important command in India or elsewhere; neither does he possess the administrative experience necessary to complete the wonderful and far-reaching work of the organization which Lord Kitchener has inaugurated and brought well under way.

There is no reason, indeed, to fear that Gen. Creagh, who has most of the qualities of Indian veterans, possesses likewise some of their most notable defects, that is to say, a disapproval of every reform and innovation of a military character. And while some of the elderly and retired growlers at the various service clubs in London are satisfied with his appointment, hoping that it means a halt to the reforms of the up-to-date Kitchener school, and that the present whereabouts, which they ascribe to Lord Morley and to his refusal to listen to any advice or to consider any argument excepting his own.

Recording in these letters last week the death of old Mrs. Edmund Lushington, I happened to mention that she was the sister of the famous poet, Alfred Tennyson. A reader now writes asking me to point out these references of the great world. In reply I may state that the epilogue of "Tennyson's Memorial," an Epithalamium on her marriage in 1842; while her home, which is described in the prologue to "The Princess."

Sir William MacGregor, who has just been promoted from the governorship of Newfoundland to the governorship of Queensland, in succession to Lord Chelmsford, is the only colonial satrap entitled to wear the Albert medal, which is granted to civilians for acts of extraordinary gallantry and heroism which in the army or navy would have won the Victoria Cross. He received it while he was in command of the British possessions in the Pacific, with headquarters at Suva, the capital of Fiji.

The Syria, with a shipload of Indian coolies on board, had struck on a rock at some distance from Suva. The only way by which the vessel, which was stuck on a reef of coral, could be precipice and being pounded to pieces by the surf, could be reached was by means of ropes and by a broken mast which had fallen against the side of the cliff. Again and again Sir William made the perilous journey to and from the wreck, with a man or a woman on his back, and in the end, with a child held by his clothes between his teeth in addition thereto.

The greatest tax on his strength, however, was in connection with the rescue from a reef of coral of a ship and man who had got at the spirits, was mad with drink, and had fallen overboard. The captain of the ship and a police officer who had gone after, he were being swept out to sea. Sir William caught himself to be let down by a rope, caught a knot of the woman's hair in his teeth, and with his own hands seized the two men, dragging them all three to safety. The following day he wrote his report of the disaster and of his part in the rescue, and the latter taken part in the latter received the Royal Human Society medal. But as there was no mention in Sir William's report of the rescue of a ship and man, his having been upon the scene at all, it was not until much later that the matter was brought to the attention of the Queen Victoria, who, as stated above, conferred upon him the Albert medal.

MAKING OF A STYLE.

Why should Lincoln's mastery of the English language be deemed inexplicable? Mastery of any language may be a gift. Literary skill comes; it is given; it cannot be thrust upon a man. It is not found in authors who have had no scholastic preparation, who have surprised not only themselves, but the world with a great book.

The gift of literary expression is strengthened, broadened, chastened by reading, and Lincoln was a great reader all his life. In one sense his environment was, paradoxical as it may seem to say so, eminently favorable to the cultivation of his gift. Libraries were unknown to the west of his boyhood. Books were not so common. Those accessible were standard

TALKING AS AN ART.

There is a French proverb: "Say but little and say it well"—a very good rule to remember. There can be no art of conversation where there is a disposition to multiply words, and that disposition is so great that the art is quite lost. "Talk is cheap," as the saying goes, and there is no truer art than that of being able to say a few words to the point, and to say them in such a way that they are heard.

This habit argues a very poor opinion of the listener, for it assumes that what is said will be heard, and that the speaker cares just as much for sound as for sense; that what appeals to him is unceasing chatter. This is too bad. It is not true that the speaker should be respectful to the listener, and that he should assume that he likes truth and wisdom and to give him what he wants. If he has no more to say, he should say so.

It would make a very interesting occasion where persons of more or less intelligence would come together to practice the art of conversation. The speaker should be respectful to the listener, and that he should assume that he likes truth and wisdom and to give him what he wants. If he has no more to say, he should say so.

COSTLY BRITISH COURT UNIFORMS

Elaborate Garments Worn on State Occasions.

Much of the splendor of any of his majesty's courts would be lacking if it were not for the dazzling uniforms of the high officers of state and the great officers of the royal household who assemble at these impressive functions. There are always five or six different grades of gentlemen in attendance present when his majesty holds a court, and each has its distinctive dress, the difference usually being indicated by the trimming, either gold or silver, or the number of buttons worn. The complete outfit of a first-class court official runs up to \$1000, the jacket alone costing \$400 to \$500. It is made of the finest royal blue cloth lavishly embroidered with gold lace, and highly elaborate design. The waistcoat and knee breeches are made from white kerseymer silk richly embroidered, set off with buttons and buckles of gilt, and white silk stockings, white gloves, and white kid gloves, make a complete costume as rich as it is dignified.

An ambassador or foreign diplomatist wears a special dress, the most costly of all. The uniform consists of a velvet coat with a gold embroidered floral design. The uniform costs the wearer about \$750.

Lord lieutenants are dressed in a coat of royal red cloth cut swallowtail and adorned with silver buttons and the collar embroidered with silver lace. Silver lace trousers are worn with a cocked hat without plumes. The uniform is very handsome and costs the wearer 100 guineas simply for the privilege to wear it, let alone the making of it.

To the Duke of Norfolk, as the earl marshal, however, falls the enviable and costly duty of wearing the most costly apparel of all great officers of state. The dress is absolutely unique, and for sheer magnificence has no parallel in the world. It consists of a coat of the finest gold thread is used in the embroidery on the coat, collar, front and on the lapels of the sleeves. Each suit costs about \$1000.

There are, of course, many others, such as the captain of the yeomen of the guard, the captain of the gentlemen at arms, the master of the horse, and the squires and pages of honor, who have to possess a distinctive dress for special occasions, costing from \$100 to \$250. Court dandies will only wear the latest fashions, and the value of the uniforms worn exceed \$150,000.

SOME FUNNY MIXED METAPHORS

The Stream of History Which Showed Silent Footprints.

An amateur historian is responsible for this: "All along the ever-flowing stream of history you can discern the silent footprints of the crowned heads of Europe." The village reporter on the death of the village poet: "The dauntless pen shall write no more, for his eyes are closed forever."

From the speech of a rising young politician: "The light of public opinion shall dog his footsteps until it strangles them. Then shall they swallow the bitter pill and drink its vile drugs." Advance and warning from a successful man of business to a gathering of young people: "Every rung in the ladder of success is paved with slippery stones, on which only the clear head and the steady hand can retain their footing."

The fearless suffragette was addressing a meeting of mere men. She had graphically related to them the ascending spiral of the strenuous struggle the ladies had made for the most priceless of possessions, a vote—how every obstacle had been cast aside, and victory was at last in sight. "We have now," she shrieked, "almost crossed the trackless desert and the harbor that lies stretching out before us is in sight." The temperance advocate was giving a striking but a true picture of the vast amount of evil that is done by the use of drink, and the fact that he occasionally got somewhat mixed in his metaphors did not derogate from the truth that he was uttering. "What is the greater devastating agent of our time?" he asked. "It is the bottle, which is the great destroyer of your race while at the same time it is stabbing you in the back."

AN ANALYSIS OF THE FAIR SEX

London Doctor Thinks He Knows All About Womankind.

Woman has been minutely analyzed by Dr. T. Clay Shaw, a well-known London physician. He gave the result of his study the other day in a lecture on "The Psychology of Women." Below the most salient points of his lecture are given.

It is really her physical inferiority that has made woman subject to man. Not being of such powerful muscularity, she must resort to artifice to protect herself. She is a prize. But as there are many prizes she has to use artifice to obtain the victory of marriage. She has to fight her own way. Hence she is deceitful both in dress and self-presentation. At times she hides her charms, at other times she exposes them.

To Overcome Jealousy. "The great factor in the personal characteristics of woman is the presence of emotion and feeling, and it may be added obstinacy and sympathy. It is obstinacy that comes to her aid when she is beaten. A wise man knows that her obstinacy is merely evidence of her successful attack, and should not blame the woman for it. It is best to gracefully concede the point and let her march out with all the honors of war."

"Another emotion in women is jealousy. Woman having approached man, she is obliged to keep his attention to herself. Jealousy carries with it the ranking sense of inferiority—something is lacking in her attractiveness or her duty. It is jealousy that prompts to violence and murder, more, perhaps than anything else. It is particularly an instinct. The only way to overcome it is by education."

Desires for Amusement. "Women are more sympathetic than men because physiologically they have to endure more. There is no true sympathy without experience."

"A great deal is said about women's desire for amusement. Perhaps much of it is owing to the vicarious enjoyment of their sister, the woman who is not doing it. They have plenty to do to acquire an inordinate amount of recreation. They must escape their sister, their energy in some way, and of course they naturally take it in the usual way. So do men when they have no work to do."

"The greatest of all emotions—love, intellectual and sexual. It is at times difficult for men to understand women's actions in this connection. They may show the greatest nonchalance when they really have the most intense feeling. So they may imperil their lives in the most dangerous way. The woman is waiting to see how real the feeling of the man may be. It is partly due also to the knowledge that the man is generally in proportion to the resistance, and partly to self-conceit or pride. There may also be the idea of unreality that often attends the most intense love. The woman is waiting to see how real the feeling of the man may be. It is partly due also to the knowledge that the man is generally in proportion to the resistance, and partly to self-conceit or pride. There may also be the idea of unreality that often attends the most intense love."

Therefore the first is not to be wholly condemned. She does not always mean to give pain. She is merely enjoying herself at another's risk, in the knowledge that she is not doing it to her marriage is a much more serious undertaking than it is to the man."

A Revelation. "It is often said that women are cruel to their husbands. If this is so, it is owing to their anticipatory protective instincts. Self-interest, due to inherent weakness, must engender obduracy, craft, cruelty, recklessness of means of securing ends, personal adornment to attract quick perception, and so on."

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action on impulse, if necessary artificial, and the capacity of waiting until success is assured. "What is the psychological future of woman? They are outnumbering men, they are taking up the occupations of men, they cannot all be married, and as so much of the chief side of nature cannot be developed, their intellect must suffer. They will become abortive in character and mind. They will develop certain aptitudes which they happen to have, and may become notable in special ways of intellect and work. They will, by their weight of numbers, bring about such social conditions that a revolution will ensue. The married woman, instead of being looked upon as the favored one, will be thought an impediment to their plans by their single sisters. "To men there is something of a

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