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A Visit To Montenegro.

It was on a fine spring day I sailed up the Dalmation coast from Corfu, Ionian Isles, where I was fortunate in getting used Ionian covers, on the steamer of the Autreicilue Lloyd and arrived May 5 at the Austrian Port of Cataro, which is near the boundary of Montenegro and a chief commercial place for them to dispose of their sheep skins, the chief product of their exportation.

Catara is a fortified town and has an enthusiastic stamp collector in the person of one of the military men in command, the bay lying in a peculiar fjord, and unlike those of New Foundland, running inland 15 miles from the shore, is a beautiful place indeed and the carriage drive from there to the capital of this little country—Cetinje, is one of the finest from scenic point and interesting in odd association as any I've had in Europe—rising gradually thro an oak wooded mountainous land past the border guard house of Tanevdo, here 3000 feet above the sea, to the little town of Njegus, the ancestral home of the reigning family and contains the country residence of the Prince. Although it's as large a place as is the capital having a total of twelve hundred souls each.

Arriving at Cetinje after a few hours drive swining up to a small red building

of most original architecture bearing the name of "Grand Hotel" in French and "Vieko Viletie" in the native (sort of Servian-Slavish tongue), where it transpired, only one guest chamber was to be had and as our coach party consisted of six: a Jewish Banker, of Vienna, his wife, niece and governess, myself and my interpreter, we looked for other rooms after having a meal, which like those in Mexico, contained so much red pepper as to make it desirable to speedily finish same having an audience in the floor door and windows of male, female and non-descript natives, dogs, goats and other domestic animals, who were glad to partake of the plates we had half eaten.

Mr. Otto Biekela a stamp man who had lived some time in Montenegro after his visit to San Marino, had left some little idea of stamp values in the minds of those officials who were in the Porte, and I was shown a variety of the stamps in stock and prices for all sorts of quantity. If a large enough order were given they would be supplied under the nominal price, carefully post marked, full o. g.

Very odd in appearance are the natives; men wearing a considerable arsenal of weapons in their girdle, usually of the style in vogue a hundred years ago, and my improved Colts revolver was the object of envy by many a fiercely whiskered mountaineer—a guard of half a dozen soldiers accompany travelers in journeys