

HISTORY OF THE WAR.

II.

THE DECLARATION OF WAR.

The Emperor of Russia declared war against Turkey on the 23rd April, in a manifest which concludes with these words:—

"The Porte did not defer to this unanimous wish of Christian Europe. Having exhausted our pacific efforts, we are compelled by the haughty obstinacy of the Porte to proceed to more decisive acts. A feeling of equity and of our own dignity enjoins it. By her refusal Turkey places us under the necessity of having recourse to arms. Profoundly convinced of the justice of our cause, and humbly committing ourselves to the grace and help of the Most High, we make known to our faithful subjects that the moment foreseen when we pronounced words to which all Russia responded with such complete unanimity has now arrived. We expressed the intention to act independently when we deemed it necessary, and when Russia's honour should demand it. In now invoking the blessing of God upon our valiant armies, we give them the order to cross the Turkish frontier."

The Porte immediately protested against this action in a State paper addressed to all the Powers, and the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Saviot Pacha, the same who presided over the Conference a few weeks previously, declared that the issue was forced upon his countrymen, the Russians bearing the burden of initiating the war. It was likewise hinted that now war seemed inevitable, Turkey would be willing to yield some of her pretensions, but this is not certain, nor probable.

Immediately after the declaration of the Czar, the Russian army crossed the Pruth, the dividing line between the Muscovite and Ottoman territories. Roumania, lying between this river and the Danube, was of course occupied, the Russians pleading the necessity of the case and the Roumanians pretending to yield to pressure. Roumania is a quasi-independent state under the government of its prince, Charles of Hohenzollern, but it is tributary to Turkey, and if it had maintained a strict neutrality the Russian march might have been retarded. Instead of that, when it found that the opportunity was favorable, it declared its independence of Turkey, and Prince Charles placed himself at the head of his troops. These number about 55,000 men, but they do not amount to much. It was expected that Germany, France and Italy would at once recognize the independence of Roumania, but until now they have done nothing of the kind, and of course neither Austria or England is disposed to take that step. So soon as the declaration of war was made public Austria advanced her troops to the frontier to watch over her own interests in the Slavonic provinces of Bosnia and Serbia.

The latter province has honorably adhered to the treaty of peace lately made with the Porte, and has evinced no sign of a disposition to take part in the conflict.

It is different in Montenegro. There the negotiations for peace this winter and spring came to naught, and hostilities were resumed much to the discomfort of Turkey, which is thus obliged to withdraw a considerable force from the line of the Danube.

Greece has taken advantage of the outbreak of war to stir up a belligerent spirit with the object, of course, of recovering from Turkish domination the historic provinces of Thrace, Thessaly and Macedonia, but so far nothing has been done. Neither is there much sympathy for the Greek, between whom and the Turk there is nothing to choose—except this, that the former maintains his classic reputation for duplicity, while the Ottoman is invariably known to be rigidly truthful. The attitude of Great Britain since the declaration has been that of a quiescent watchfulness. The despatch of Lord Derby to Prince Gortschakoff is of that quality which insures the prompt action of old England in case of a violation of the Treaty of Paris. In other words, it is understood that England will let the war go on, but under no circumstances will she allow the Russians to enter Constantinople. They may have successes on the Danube, or in the defiles of the Balkans; they may capture the fortified towns of Armenia, but the Don Cossacks shall not be allowed to wash the fetlocks of their screws in the Bosphorus. Hence, the Grand Duke Nicholas may spare himself the boast that he will promenade his double eagles through the streets of Stamboul and unfurl his standard under the dome of St. Sophia.

This is, in a few words, the situation as it stood immediately upon the declaration of war, and as it still stands to-day without essential modification. Next week we shall study the relative forces of the two belligerents.

EPIHEMERIDES.

It is too much the fashion to depreciate the daily press of Montreal as compared with that of other cities of the Dominion. All things considered, the metropolis of the Dominion has reason to be proud of its papers. It is true that the morning journals are primarily commercial organs, as indeed the proprietors themselves profess, but that is natural enough in a purely commercial city—where all social, political and aesthetic considerations are made subordinate to the exigencies of trade. But these same papers have many countervailing qualities, chief of which is their moderation of tone and the

gentlemanly style in which they conduct political debate. As to the evening papers, they are unsurpassed anywhere for cheapness, variety, condensation and completeness of news. And they are not merely town papers. There is no paper more frequently quoted throughout the Dominion for its political utterances than the *Star*. In its own special departments of practical religion and temperance, the *Witness* is a recognized power throughout the land. And it is about to extend this influence. It has removed its offices to spacious and central quarters at the opening of Bonaventure street, changed its form from four pages to eight, and made the acquisition of an excellent six-feeder Hoe press capable of most rapid work. With these advantages, the *Witness* ought to enter upon a new lease of life and popularity, and certainly, judging from the point of view of the mere newspaper man, there is no doubt that so much enterprise deserves success.

According to the events of the war progress the attention of the public is more and more attracted to the East—people become desirous of acquainting themselves with the topography of the principal military points. We are pleased to see a Canadian firm taking the lead in supplying the public demand in this particular, not leaving this to outsiders as in former times. Messrs. Hart & Rawlinson, Publishers, Toronto, issue cheap and useful maps of the war. Indeed, the prices are only nominal, while the execution of colors is all that can be desired, rivaling American work which has long been ahead in the making of maps. We have also received a splendid supplement of the London *Illustrated News*, containing a fine colored map of the whole seat of war from the Danube to the Caucasus, with a number of illustrations representing the military standing of both Russia and Turkey. The letter-press is decidedly good, one article on the two contending armies being by Captain Brackenbury and another on the naval forces of the two powers being by Mr. Reede, one of the greatest builders in England.

A SUBSCRIBER up in Bradford, Ont., having a high idea of the poetic contributors of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS—as well he might—writes down to say that intending to present an intimate friend of his with an album, and not being able to compose a nice piece himself (these are his own words) as a sort of introduction to the book, he thought perhaps we could furnish him with one through the columns of this journal. The further information is given that the person for whom the album is intended is "an intimate friend, but no relation." This last is a very sly touch. I wish I could write poetry so as to send a piece directly to our friend's sweetheart. Now, he needn't deny it. We understand such things down here. I call upon the poets of the NEWS to prepare a piece for our friend's album. Meantime, I may refer him to "Lines for an Album," by M. E. in the number of the NEWS for July 9th.

A QUIET philanthropist has disappeared from our midst. Mr. Benajah Gibbs departed this life the other day, leaving the sum of \$2,000 to each of the following institutions of this city:—Western Hospital, French Evangelical Church, corner of Craig and St. Elizabeth streets; Sabrevois Mission, Mission Fund of the Diocese of Montreal, Widows' and Orphans' Fund of the Diocese of Montreal, Widows' and Orphans' Fund of the Presbyterian Church in connection with that of Scotland, Protestant Orphan Asylum, Protestant House of Industry, Montreal General Hospital, Ladies' Benevolent Association, Montreal Lying-in Hospital, Female Home; total, \$24,000. Church Home, \$1,000; and to the Sunday-schools of Christ Church Cathedral and St. Andrew's Church, \$400 each, making an aggregate of \$25,800. He has also bequeathed a lot of land on the corner of Phillips Square and St. Catherine street, together with \$8,000, towards erecting a suitable building for an Art Gallery, and has also donated 84 of his finest paintings and a number of magnificent bronze figures, very valuable works of art, to form the nucleus of a collection. The art gallery of Mr. Gibbs was probably the finest in Canada. By this last munificent bequest, Montreal has now a magnificent opportunity of founding an artistic institution second to no city of its size on this continent. It has been very backward in this respect so far, but now that the impulse has been given it is to be hoped that the example of Mr. Gibbs will bear abundant fruit.

A VALUED friend and subscriber from L'Orignal writes thus:

"Be kind enough to enlighten your respectfully upon the marital matter of ring etiquette, as there is a little variance of opinion among some of your patrons here upon the subject. Upon which fingers are the wedding and engagement rings worn?"

This is a momentous question far beyond my capacity to decide, and hence, acknowledging my ignorance, I beg my friends to come to my assistance and resolve the problem for me.

A. STEELE PENN.

THE FREE LANCE.

The sky was overshadowed last week.

The ex-Speaker is out for a holiday. He is anglin' in Gloucester.

It seems that, having declined to join the procession on St. Patrick's Day, our Mayor is to be

kept out of all future processions whether he likes it or not. That looks like stealing a march on His Worship.

The Quebec Government is badly muddled with its railway policy, and is in danger of literally running off the track.

Some people declare that they are in the dark concerning the object of Monsignor Conroy's mission. But surely they cannot complain of want of light after the illumination and the grand procession of torches.

The joy of the Manitobans is premature. The grasshoppers are gone, but Cauchon is coming.

The Fisheries Commission is about to meet in Halifax. The Americans are calculating in advance how far they will fleece the poor Canucks without appearing too voracious. The Canadians, on the other side, are already working up their faces into a smirking look of resignation. There is nothing like being used to it.

BILL FLORENCE and Ned Sothern are coming to Canada for a month's fishing. I pity Dundrigh when he gets hold of a big salmon on the York or Restigouche. He will lose his eye-glass, sure, and after tugging, pulling, spilling and scraping his hands, he will let go the line in terror, rush to the bank, and exclaim:

"Why, that's a kind of thing no fellow can understand."

More fortunate than many politicians, Mr. Blake has used an expression which is destined to live. He called British Columbia a "Sea of Mountains," and Mr. Molyneux St. John has given that name to his book descriptive of Lord Dufferin's visit to the Pacific Province. The question arises whether it is St. John more indebted to Blake for a title to his work than is Blake to St. John for condescending to immortalize the expression. The author is at least certain of selling one copy, and that Mr. Blake will buy. Hence let him be in no hurry with his presentation copy.

Spite of the well-known and merited hostility of the Postmaster-General, the Toronto *Mail* will not be closed. On the contrary, it will enlarge its business at the end of June.

BOB OWENS had been bragging to his mother of how many prizes he was going to carry off at the coming school exhibition. She hadn't listened to him much at first, but after taking him a grand outfit for that important occasion, she thought she was entitled to find out in advance what reward she would receive for all her trouble. So she called the boy and made him sit down in front of her, while she finished hemming the cape of his new sailor-jacket.

"Now, Bob, I want you to tell me all about them prizes of yours."

"They ain't mine yet," said Bob, modestly, as he sat in his chair with one leg under him and his right hand clasping the top.

"But they will be, I guess. There ain't a going to be any fooling about that." The old lady looked up and her eyes snapped.

"Oh, yes, yes," said Bob. "Well, first, there's for spelling."

"That's no account as ever I could see."

"Then there's for geography."

"Good. You'll find out the places about the war in the map for your father. He don't know anything about it, though he thinks he does," says Mrs. Owens, biting off her thread.

"Then there's for ciphering."

"That don't surprise me. You take after me there. I always was smart at figures."

"Then," added Bob, scratching his head, and putting on the air of importance of the man who thinks he might as well tell a good one while he is at it, "I think—I ain't sure—but I think teach 'r said I would get something for good conduct."

"That would surprise me," said the mother, with just a twinkle of pride in her eyes, which meant to say that she knew her Bob was equal to anything if he only made up his mind to it.

The day of exhibition came. It is remarkable how seldom men rise to the dignity of great occasions. Women always do. Mr. Owens walked to the school-house in a careless, indifferent way. Mrs. Owens carried her head high, and still higher a huge blue gingham parasol. They got reserved seats in the auditorium. Bob sat on the platform with the other boys.

The proceedings began. After many preliminaries the teacher called out:

"Good conduct?"

No Bob Owens was mentioned.

The mother shuffled in her seat, but said nothing.

"Spelling?"

And no Bob Owens again.

"That's nothing," said Mrs. Owens to her imperturbable husband. "'Taint no use anyhow."

"Geography?"

As his name was not forthcoming, Bob hung down his head and looked properly miserable.

"Poor little fellow!" said the mother. "What a disappointment it must be for him."

"Arithmetic?"

And still no Bob Owens.

The old lady got mad.

"What's the meaning of all this?" she growled

to Mr. Owens. "How's them prizes made up? I'll see that teacher about it."

Bob was intently looking out of the window, far removed from the vanities of this world.

A little later, the teacher stepped close to the edge of the platform, and in a solemn voice, said:

"Ladies and gentlemen,—I have had a hard set of boys this year, and I want to make an example. I am going to read to you what I call my BLACK LIST. It comprises all the idlers, truants, loafers, and ne'er-do-wells of the school. I will call them up in the order of merit."

A hushed awe pervaded the room.

"First, Robert Owens!"

There was a yell, then a crash of thunder. A small boy was seen diving under a chair after his hat, coming out at the other end and rolling through the window all of a heap. A big woman was also seen standing and brandishing an immense blue gingham parasol. In the confusion that ensued the exhibition broke up.

My friend Loftus has discovered a most delicate and artistic method of silencing a bore. When a fellow starts to tell him a story which he has heard from him at least a score of times, Loftus begins to whistle the appropriate tune of "Auld Lang Syne."

At first it is only a gentle murmur.

The fiend does not notice it, but goes on with his tale.

Then it is a clear sibilation.

The brute looks up and opens his eyes, but is not so easily shaken off.

Lastly, it is a sharp explosion from full-blown cheeks.

The monster stops short in dismay, then snatches his hat and hobbles away.

L. A. LEBE.

BURLESQUE.

"How no I Look?" It is gradually killing poor Mrs. Kannelle—her husband's indifference. I have no doubt he loves her, or he would if he stooped to think of it, and that her death would be a sad blow to him; but yet, his mind is pre-occupied, he answers mechanically, and his opinion is the opinion of an old stick. She gets along very well during the week, but Sunday morning almost kills her. The programme, as they get ready for church, is for her to ask:

"Logan, is my hat on right?"

"Um," he answers.

"Is this bow tied square?"

"Um."

"Do I look pale and stylish?"

"Um."

"Would you think I had any paint on my face?"

No answer.

"Logan, do you hear me?"

"Um, yes."

"Well, would you think these cuffs had been turned end for end?"

"Um."

"Would you wear a cloak or a shawl?"

No answer.

"Logan, do you hear?"

No answer.

"Logan Kannelle, do you want to murder me?"

"Why, why, no?" he answers, looking up from his paper.

"Well, why don't you answer my question, then?"

"I will."

"Well, how does this dress look on me?"

"Um!" and he settles back again.

If I had such a husband, I'd let him through a trap-door into the cellar, or put nitro-glycerine under his rocking-chair.

DIVORCE.—A man in Wisconsin has applied for a divorce, upon the ground that his wife married him under false pretences. He says she told him while he was addressing her that she could hoe an acre of potatoes and split two cords of wood between breakfast and dinner; and she had proved herself a fearful fraud because she could only split half a cord and hoe three times across the field. It seems hard that men are continually to be made the victims of these designing women. Why will they wives trifle in this manner with the tenderest affections of their husbands? Why will they shatter their heart-strings? How much happier would have been the home of this Wisconsin woman if she had emulated the example of the Shoshone squaws! One of them goes out and digs turnips all day, and then wheels them home at night in a push-cart, while her self-sacrificing husband, in the depth of his unspeakable love, sits on the front door-steps smoking Lone Jack tobacco and meditating upon the number of drinks of pyrotechnical rum he can put in his jug with the money he gets when he sells that squaw.

HUMOROUS.

EVERYTHING seems to be adulterated nowadays except oysters and eggs, and they often outlive their usefulness.

You can utilize your cake of maple sugar, if you find there is too much sand in it to make molasses of, by putting it in a neat frame of card-board, or some kind of fancy work in bright colors, and hanging it up against the wall to light muckies on. It never wears out.