

# Weekly Messenger

AND TEMPERANCE WORKER.

Vol. IV. No. 50.

MONTREAL & NEW YORK, FOR THE WEEK ENDING, DECEMBER 12, 1885

FIFTY CENTS A YEAR  
25 Cents extra when delivered in Montreal.

## The Weekly Messenger.

### DEATH OF A RAILWAY KING.

We have to record the death of another great man this week. On the afternoon of Tuesday last, the 8th inst., Mr. Wm. H. Vanderbilt the millionaire and great railway manager died very suddenly while quietly talking to a friend. The announcement of the sudden death of Mr. Vanderbilt spread like wildfire through the city in the afternoon and large crowds soon surrounded the bulletin boards of the various newspaper offices where the statement was posted. In the vicinity of his mansion on Fifth Avenue the scene was one of impressive solemnity. The blinds on the windows of the brown stone pile were closed. Inside the servants and friends tiptoed about with grave and saddened faces. The door bell was rung every minute and the inside portals swung open to admit friends who came to mourn with the mourners. Upstairs behind the drawn curtain of the millionaire's bedroom were sobs and tears. The children of the dead money king gathered there about his corpse. None of them had been with him in the hour of his death. As he lay upon the carved bed in the large square room, the windows of which overlook the avenue, Mr. Vanderbilt looked as if he had fallen into a gentle sleep. His features were as peaceful and as natural as if he had just ceased talking and lain down to rest. His death had been as painless as it was sudden. After arising to-day Mr. Vanderbilt had held his usual morning conference with his sons, Cornelius and William K., who were active managers of his railway properties, and afterwards with his private secretary. It was while at lunch that Mr. Vanderbilt began to talk of the scenes of his childhood and early work contrasted with the tremendous achievements of his ripe old age. Mr. Garrett, an intimate friend of the millionaire, was sitting on the sofa facing him and suddenly became aware of a slight indistinctness in Mr. Vanderbilt's speech which grew lower and lower till it could not be heard. As he leaned over to catch his words Mr. Vanderbilt pitched suddenly forward without a warning and fell

heavily to the floor on his face. Mr. Garrett sprang to his feet with an exclamation of alarm, and seizing a pillow from the sofa laid it under his friend's head, and then summoned Mrs. Vanderbilt and George, the youngest son. Dr. McLean, the family doctor, arrived in a few minutes, but his intervention was useless. Mr. Vanderbilt never spoke or moved after he fell under the sudden stroke and died within a few minutes without a struggle. Dr. McLean pronounced his death the result of a sudden stroke of paralysis or to the bursting of a large blood vessel at the base of the brain, of the kind that are absolutely fatal at the moment, and stated that his death was as painless as it was sudden. By arrangement of the nearest friends with members of the family it was decided that the funeral was to be on Friday next, at ten o'clock, from St. Bartholomew's Church. Mr. Vanderbilt had made a will. What its provisions

its magnificence, costing his state two lacs of rupees or one hundred thousand dollars. The frame is of mango wood, encased with sheet gold, inside and out. Over this is ornamental gold work set with diamonds, rubies, sapphires, emeralds, and other precious stones. The cradle is swung from a rod by cords made of gold wire, and the bed or cushion is of embroidered green velvet.

The former King of Burmah was quite as cruel as King Thebaw has been. As is the custom in Burmah, he had many wives and children. Just before his death, in order to secure the accession of Thebaw, the princes and their families were enticed into the palace and imprisoned *en masse*. Two only escaped and fled into British Burmah. Said the Calcutta *Englishman*:

The rest, numbering some hundred persons, men, women and children, were confined in a brick building consisting of a single room. All the doors and window

The Mekkhain Queen, when a ruffian laid violent hands on her, exclaimed, "Do not touch me! I am a queen." He replied with abuse, and a sword thrust through her chest, which stretched her on the ground. The mothers entreated that they might die before their children, but instead of this the murderers amused themselves by endeavoring to wrench the helpless babies in two, and when they failed in this, by dashing the heads against the brick wall. The Thonse prince, one of the elder sons of the late king, remained fearless and defiant to the last. He upbraided his cousins and brothers who were shrieking for mercy: "We have to die," he shouted; "let us die like the sons of a king."

The respect the English people have for royalty even if it be in a person of such cruelty as King Thebaw is truly remarkable.

Earl Dufferin has decided, after consulting with the Home Government

to imprison King Thebaw of Burmah in any remote Indian city which the deposed monarch shall select and to have him treated as becomes his exalted rank. He will have all the palaces and all the wives he wants as a solace for his captivity, and the chief difference between his every day life in future and that of the past will be that he will be restrained from cutting off the heads of a few dozen obnoxious courtiers or relatives as the fancy takes him. A despatch from Rangoon says:—King The-



OSTRICH FARMING IN SOUTH AFRICA.—(SEE 7TH P. 61).

are is not known to any one outside of the family and his confidential counsel and friend, Mr. Depew. It was when a boy of eighteen that Mr. Vanderbilt became a clerk in a broker's office. He worked so hard that his health ran down and after two years he determined to farm, and for a time he devoted his attention to the cultivation of 350 acres on Staten Island. His agricultural efforts proved successful and yielded him a good income. Since that time he has been almost wholly engrossed in railway work.

### LIKE FATHER LIKE SON.

King Thebaw's expenditure of public funds for his private use is described as enormous. For instance, he had manufactured for his child a cradle wonderful for

were blocked up, and food and water supplied through the roof. Even this scanty diet was intermitted, and several died in consequence of confinement, privations and actual starvation. After four months of misery, arrangements were made that the plan of their captivity should be changed, and a special prison house was in course of erection. On the night of the 15th of February, 1879, part of the captives were removed on pretence of being conveyed to their new lodging. They were brought, instead, into a yard situated on the east of the palace inclosure, and there the work of slaughter commenced. The corpses were flung into deep pits which had been dug close at hand. This ghastly work was continued during the two following nights, till some eighty-two people had been butchered.

baw, although he had surrendered his army and his kingdom, did not surrender his own person until British troops had surrounded his palace in the city of Mandalay. Gen. Prendergast entered the palace and received the king's formal act of submission. The general escorted the king and queen through the British lines to a carriage which conveyed them to the steamship landing on the Irrawaddy River. The royal captives were then taken on the steamer to Rangoon and escorted by two hundred soldiers. Five regiments of infantry and one battery of artillery are left at Mandalay.

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