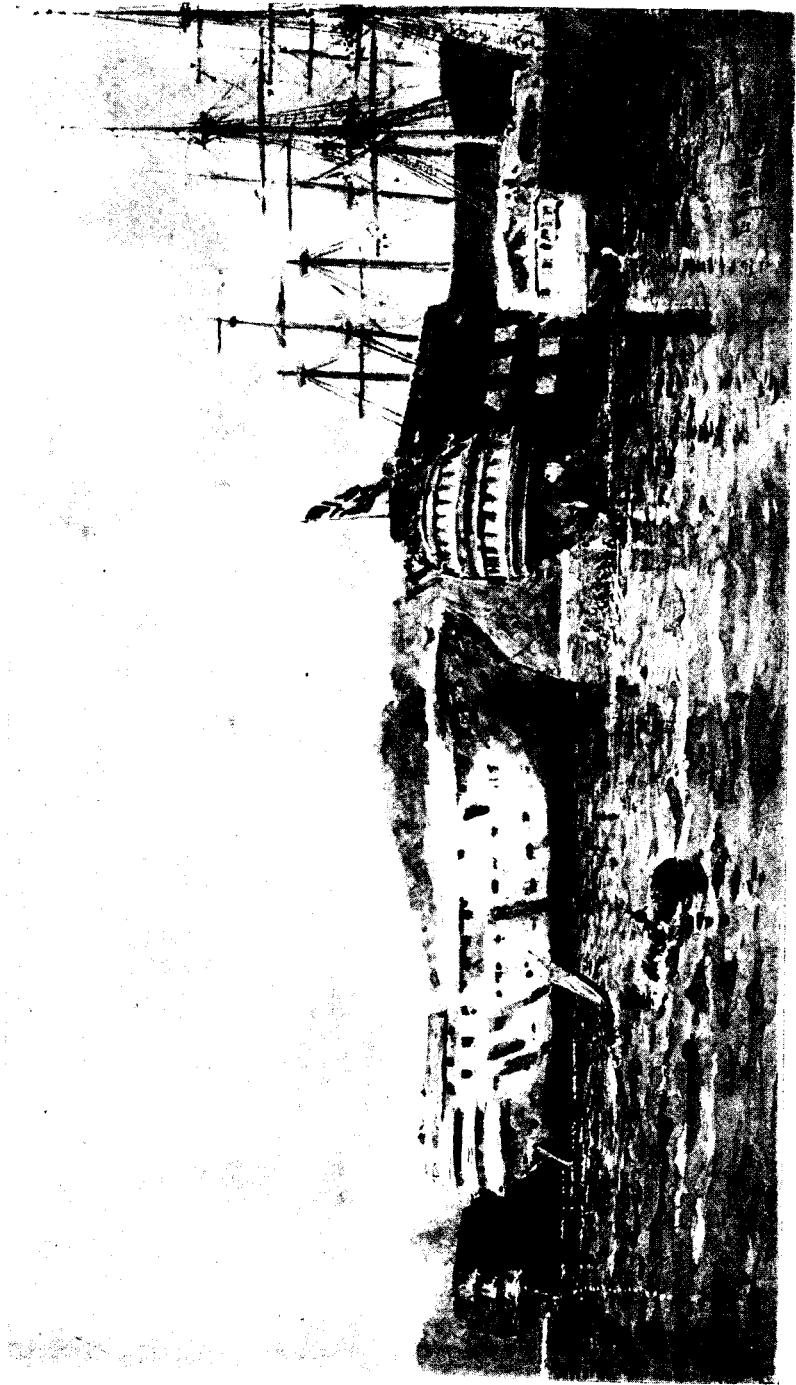


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FRONTISPIECE MASSEY'S MAGAZINE FEBRUARY 1896.

A REMINISCENCE OF ENGLAND'S NAVY OF THE PAST.

FROM A PAINTING BY L. R. O'BRIEN R.C.A.

# MASSEY'S MAGAZINE

Vol. I.

FEBRUARY, 1896.

No. 2.



"The fleet of England is her all in all,  
Her fleet is in your hands,  
And in her feet, her fate."

*Tennyson.*

**I**N the breasts of the British people the world over to-day these lines of the late poet laureate will touch a responsive chord, and in very many minds should their prophetic significance raise questions which might trouble the British conscience. All who have been following the trend of recent events in both hemispheres must realize that the time is approaching, even if now it is not at our very doors, when the empire whose drumbeat encircles the world will have to fight for its existence. From our infancy we have heard the familiar

## *The* British Navy *to-day.*

A small illustration showing a fleet of several ships at sea, including a large three-decker and a smaller two-decker, with a white hull and a black hull.

BY H. J. WICKHAM, LATE R.N.

*Illustrations by L. R. O'Brien, R. C. A.*

strain of "Britannia Rules the Waves," and somehow we have come to regard it as perfectly right, and in the natural order of things that Britannia should continue to rule the waves without troubling ourselves further about the matter. The stability of that gigantic Imperial Arch, whose keystone is the British Navy, has caused us little or no uneasiness. Suddenly, however, we find that a lively interest has been awakened in the forces at the command of Britannia.

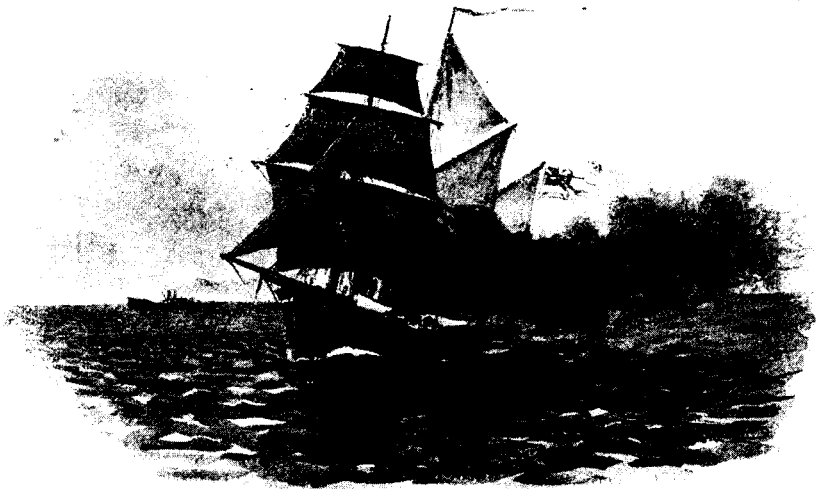
In this view it is my object to present to the readers of this magazine in as concise a form as possible an outline of Britain's naval force. The illustrations which accompany this article show some of the types of the British fleet; it may be said they represent the most important types, having regard to its probable functions, as a whole, in time of war. Students of the science of naval warfare are indebted to Captain A. T. Mahan, of the United States Navy, for bringing out clearly in his able work, "The Influence of Sea Power upon History," the fact that, although modern science has

\* The frontispiece is from a water color sketch made by Mr. O'Brien in 1883, of old line-of-battle ships laid up at Plymouth—veterans of the last great naval wars in which England was engaged. The white ship portrayed in the middle of the picture was the last built of the great three-deckers, carrying 120 guns. The black ship shown on the right was the *Canopus*, a fine two-decker, captured from the French and added to the English Navy like many others. [EDITOR.]

done much to change the conditions of fighting at sea, nevertheless there are certain underlying principles which are immutable. This work shows that the Power who acts consistently upon these principles, is the one, barring the elements of chance and accident, who will retain command of the sea. The safety of the British Empire depends not merely upon the ability of our fleet to get the best of it in a hardly-fought action—we must be able almost at the outset to so cripple the enemy as to compel him to retire to his own ports, and we must there blockade him and prevent his war-ships or extemporized cruisers from getting out and preying on our vast mer-

|  |        |
|--|--------|
| 14 Coast defence ships.....  | 3,000  |
| 28 Sloops and gun vessels.....   | 3,500  |
| 33 Torpedo gunboats (including <i>Passey</i><br>and <i>Assage</i> )..... | 3,000  |
| 18 First-class gunboats.....   | 1,400  |
| 42 Third-class gunboats ( <i>Staunch</i> Cl. ss.).....                   | 1,500  |
| Special Vessels.....   | 800    |
| 42 Torpedo-boat Destroyers, say.....                                     | 1,500  |
| 163 Torpedo boats, say.....  | 2,000  |
| 23 Merchant cruisers, say.....   | 3,000  |
| Total.....   | 97,700 |

The designers of our Navy, the chief of whom is Sir William White, the Chief Constructor of the Navy, have had a most difficult task to perform, inasmuch as provision has had to be made for the carrying on of war in all parts of the world, and it can readily be understood that a ship which has to carry on operations at a long distance from its base of



DRAWN BY L. R. O'BRIEN.

THE THRUSIL.—FIRST CLASS GUNBOAT.

cantile marine, which does roughly about 70 per cent. of the entire carrying trade of the world. Bearing in mind, then, the duties which will be cast upon our fleet, I now subjoin a short statement showing the numbers of the various classes of vessels in the service which are now available or can be made so at very short notice, together with an estimate from the current number of Brassey's Naval Annual of the number of officers and men required to man them.

|                                 | Men.   |
|---------------------------------|--------|
| 20 Battleships, 1st class ..... | 18,800 |
| 12 " 2nd " .....                | 6,000  |
| 12 " 3rd " .....                | 6,000  |
| 30 Cruisers, 1st class .....    | 17,500 |
| 46 " 2nd " .....                | 17,600 |
| 46 " 3rd " .....                | 11,700 |

supplies, must, in important features of its construction, differ from one operating close to its base.

The British Navy, having regard to its functions, may perhaps be divided into three principal classes:—The line of battle, the cruisers, and the torpedo vessels. The line of battle, exclusive of coast defence vessels, will be seen to consist of 53 ships; of these some few of the *Majestic* class are not yet quite completed. The cruisers, first, second and third-class, consist of 122 ships, but this number may be largely increased from vessels of the mercantile marine. The torpedo vessels may be subdivided into torpedo-boats

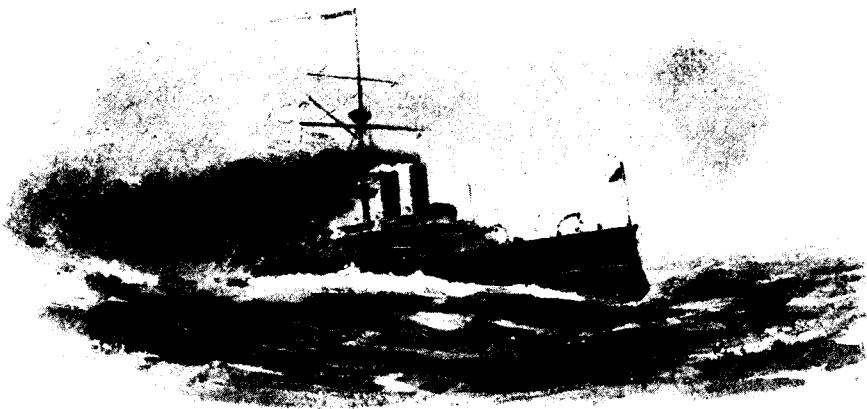


DRAWN BY L. R. O'BRIEN.

THE *DARING*.—TORPEDO BOAT DESTROYER.

and torpedo-boat destroyers. The work the line of battle has to do, is to at once bring the similar heavy fighting ships of the enemy to action, and having defeated and crippled him, drive him into his ports. In seeking out the enemy, the cruisers act as scouts, performing similar duties to those of cavalry in the army; cruisers are swift ships of large reserve coal-carrying capacity, and differ from the line of battle ships essentially, in

the feature that defensive armor and heavy armament are sacrificed to lightness and speed, the line of battle alone carrying the heaviest guns and thick side armor. In the design of ships for the line of battle, it must be borne in mind that speed has been sacrificed to enable them to carry heavy weight, and if heavy weight is unduly added to the armament, it must, with a given tonnage, be taken either from the weight of the



DRAWN BY L. R. O'BRIEN.

THE *COLLINGWOOD* IN A GALE OF WIND.—FIRST CLASS BATTLESHIP.

defensive armor, or from the coal carrying capacity. In other words the problem presented to modern science has been to combine in one ship the greatest offensive and defensive power compatible with the duties the ship may have to perform in actual warfare.

In response to an invitation from the Royal United Service Institution, Captain Mahan has recently written a paper on the following thesis:

"THE NAVAL STRATEGY OF THE PAST HAS BEEN DEPENDENT UPON POWER TO MAINTAIN CLOSE BLOCKADE OF HOSTILE PORTS. CAN SUCH BLOCKADE BE MAINTAINED UNDER PRESENT CONDITIONS OF STEAM, STEEL AND TORPEDO BOATS? IF NOT, WHAT MODIFICATIONS ARE DEMANDED BY THE CIRCUMSTANCES LARGELY VARIED FROM PAST WARS?"

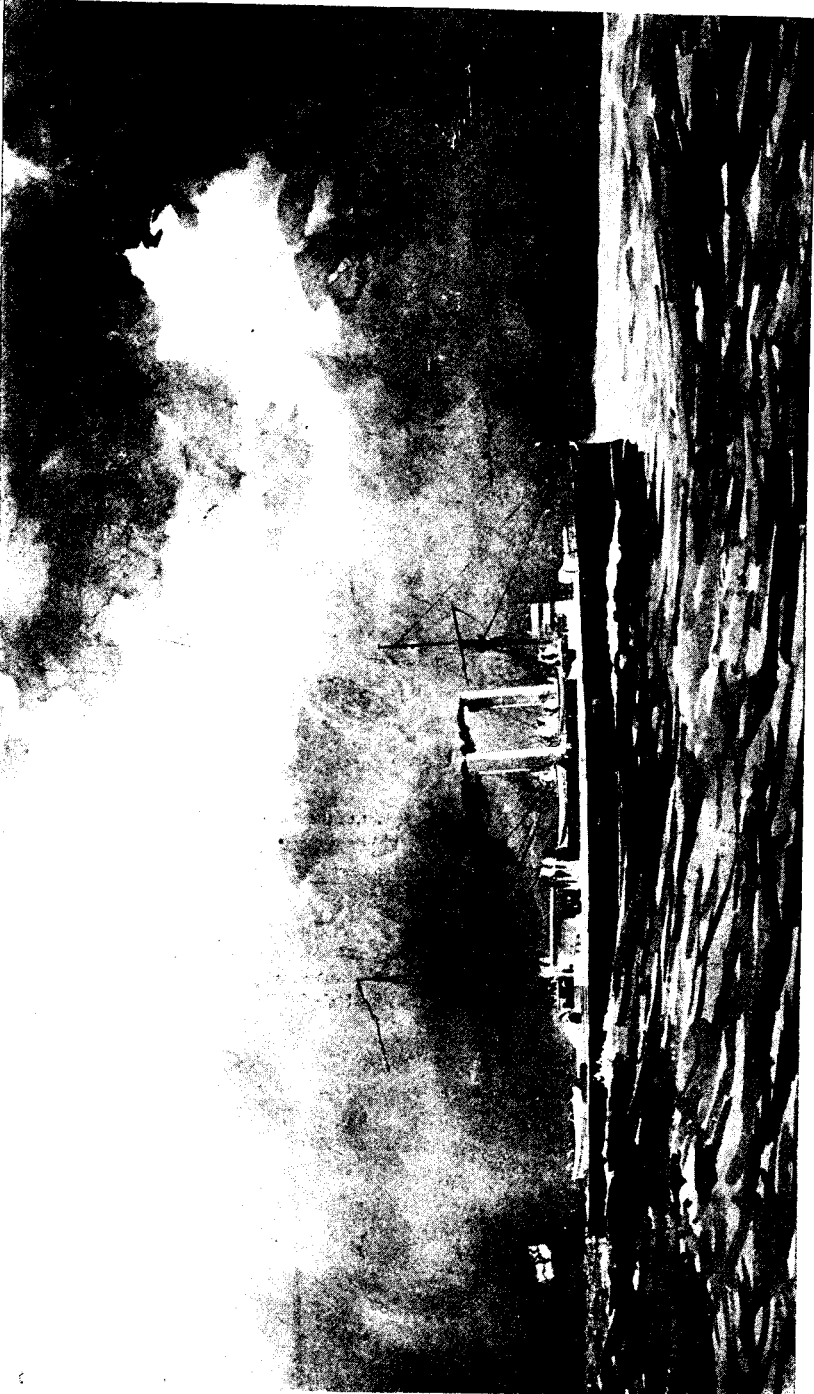
In dealing with his subject, the learned writer in the first place institutes a search for principles applicable, as well to former as to present conditions, but in doing so, warns his readers that there can be found no solution of any problem free from the element of doubt, uncertainty or risk, and that in putting any plan into operation, in order to achieve successful results, undue anxiety about one's own dangers is more likely to produce failure than over confidence or rashness. Comparatively fewer ships will be needed to closely watch the enemy, and prevent the egress of his warships, than would be required to follow and capture them, if once they succeed in getting clear away. The object of the British admirals in the days of Napoleon was not so much to maintain a close blockade, in the sense of preventing an enemy from leaving his ports, as it was to induce him to come out, at the same time ensuring his being brought to action and destroyed as close to those ports as possible. The main difference in the conditions between the past and the present is due to the change in propelling power. Then, the direction of the wind was an almost certain guide to an enemy's movements. The application of steam has rendered the duties of a blockading force much more arduous seeing that the vessels can now move in any direction, and at any time, at will. After a full discussion of the difficulties and

chances to be encountered by an inside and outside force respectively, and assuming that the outside force must, of course, be taken to be much the stronger in fighting strength, the conclusion reached is that the success of the blockading squadron must depend chiefly upon a complete organization of its scouting vessels in order at all times to maintain a bright lookout and complete touch between the vessels employed.

The importance which Captain Mahan lays upon the great value of swift cruisers cannot be over estimated. The cry of Nelson and other old admirals ever was for "more frigates." Cruisers are the eyes of the fleet. The danger to which the blockading line of battle is exposed from torpedo attack may obviously be much lessened by their being able to lie at a respectful distance from the blockaded port, a vigilant look-out and close touch being maintained by clouds of cruisers. It is especially in this important respect that Great Britain has so decided an advantage over foreign nations, because she has her immense reserve of fast merchant steamships to draw from.

The torpedo boat destroyers, of which the *Daring* is given as an illustration, are at present 42 in number. These vessels carry a light armament, and their function is, by their great speed (nearly 30 knots an hour), to protect the line of battle by overhauling and destroying the smaller torpedo vessels employed against the fleet.

An illustration is also given of the *Thrush*, a twin screw, composite gun vessel. There are some 40 of these, whose draught and dimensions will admit of their being employed on the Great Lakes. The *Thrush* carries six 4-inch, and two 3-pr., quick-firing guns, and two machine guns. Her speed is 13 knots. These vessels are employed in all parts of the world where necessity exists for protecting the rights of British subjects from being outraged by the smaller, turbulent, semi-civilized powers. Reverting to the subject of blockade, it must be remembered that the means, which, it is probable, will be chiefly relied on, in operating against a blockading squadron will be torpedo warfare.



DRAWN BY L. R. O'BRIEN.

THE *BLAKE*.—FIRST-CLASS CRUISER.

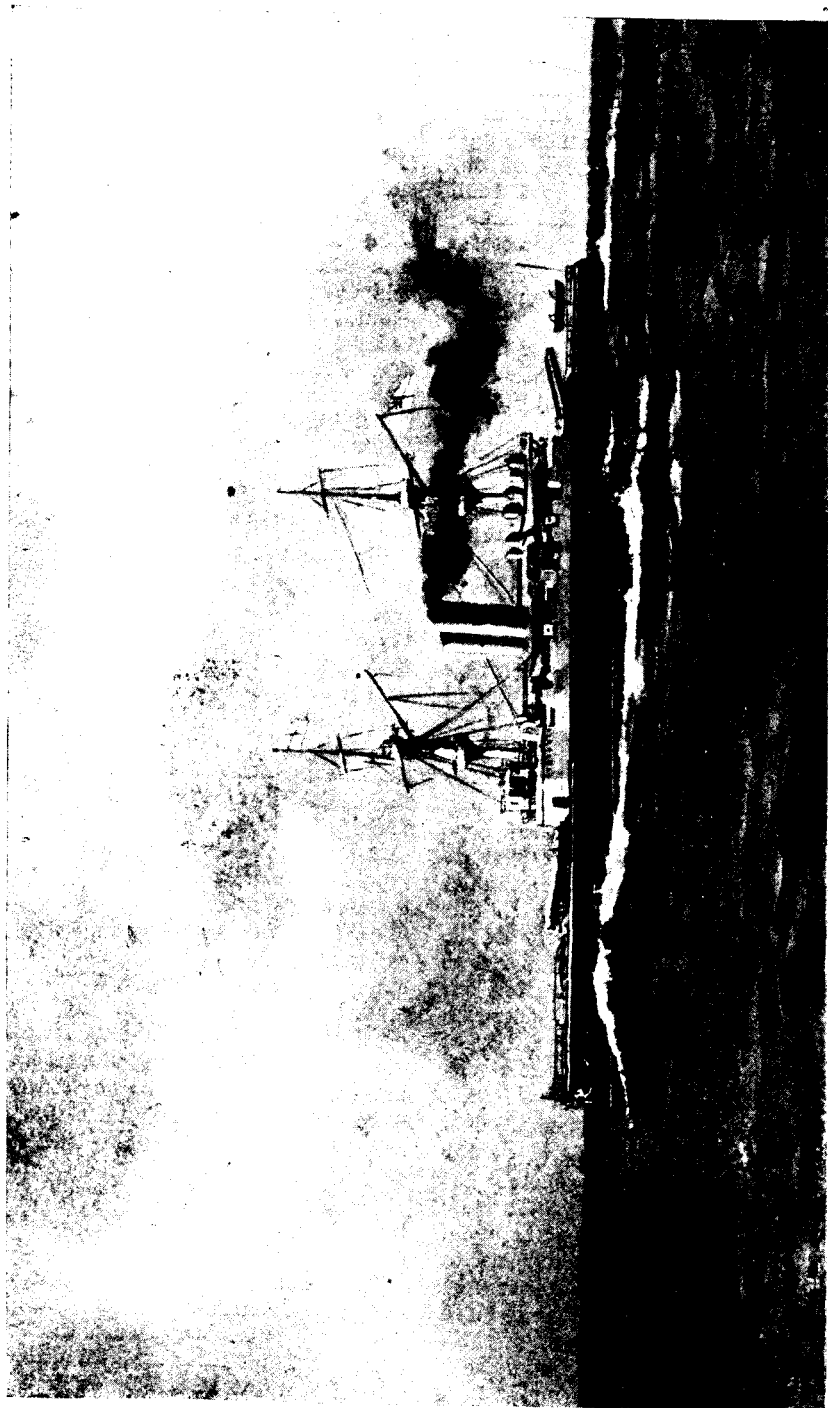
Actual experience on an extensive scale of this mode of warfare has not yet been had, and it remains to be seen whether, when put into practice, it will be effective. France, more than any other power, has adopted a defensive policy, in which the torpedo boat is expected to perform an important part. Her coast line is thickly studded with torpedo stations, provided with accommodation for these boats and their crews. To be able to creep up on their prey, it is necessary that they should be of small size, and of great speed for that size; hence it is impossible that they should be able to operate at any great distance from their base, both because they cannot carry a sufficient coal supply and because sufficient accommodation cannot be provided for their crews. It is said that the work to be performed by the crews of torpedo boats in actual warfare will be so arduous, and the nervous tension will be so great while it lasts, that none but the pick of the men can be employed, and even then the periods of their individual operations must be very limited. Great Britain has answered the preparations of other powers by building torpedo boat destroyers, in addition to a large and effective fleet of torpedo boats. France, Portugal, Italy, Turkey, and the United States, have experimented with submarine torpedo boats, which, theoretically, have been brought to a state of great perfection. In the war of the rebellion between the North and South, one submarine boat started in an attempt to destroy a blockading vessel, but as she was never afterwards heard of, we cannot profit by the experience of her crew; it would, however, be presumptuous to prophecy the failure of submarine boats; all that can be said is, that the complication of chances necessary to success, already so great in all modern vessels, by reason of the amount and nature of the machinery in use, is in their case greatly increased.

In addition to the ships which I have attempted to describe, there are a large number of an older type, whose services would probably be held in reserve on the first outbreak of war. They consist of vessels built from time to time since the early sixties, when the old wooden battle ships were suddenly found to be com-

pletely obsolete. For a long time the Admiralty were loath to do away with masts and sails, the use of which, and the training thus afforded to the men, had in days past done so much to make an ideal British seaman. At last they had to go, as it was obvious that the ship carrying them would be placed at a serious disadvantage as a fighting machine. Many of these vessels remain, and would, no doubt, play an important part as a reserve force. Incidentally it may be mentioned that in training boys for the Navy, the Admiralty provide several training brigs at Portsmouth and Plymouth. These brigs depend entirely on their sails, and are not provided with steam power. They get under weigh every morning at daylight, returning to their anchorage in the evening. By this means the training in exercise aloft, knotting and splicing, and other matters necessary to a seaman's education, is obtained.

Having now attempted to give some idea of the ships and their functions it may be interesting to say something about their crews. In an article of this kind no detailed analysis can, of course, be attempted, but dealing with the subject generally, we must first remember that ships can nowadays be built much more quickly than men can be trained to man them. In recent years the change of *matériel* caused by the invention of new kinds of weapons and improved machinery has been both rapid and remarkable. A man-of-war's man, therefore, in order to be efficient, must in his youth have the basis of a liberal education, and all his faculties must have been cultivated by a course of careful training. To provide a supply of qualified men equal to the requirements of a rapidly increasing navy has been one of the most serious problems with which the Admiralty have been called upon to deal. Outside of those trained from their youth in the Royal Navy proper we have to look to the mercantile marine of Great Britain for our reserve, and the statement of Lord Brassey upon the authority of Mr. Williamson of Liverpool, showing that of a total of 235,000 hands employed in the mercantile marine not more than 55,000 are British seamen, is somewhat





DRAWN BY L. R. O'BRIEN.

THE RAMILLES.—FIRST-CLASS BATTLESHIP.

startling. The number of men and officers in the estimates for the present year for the Royal Navy is 88,850, and it is stated that to maintain a first class reserve at a strength of 12,000 men, under the strict conditions laid down as to age, nearly exhausts the resources of our mercantile marine. Later on I shall have some remarks to offer in this connection which should have special interest for Canadians. It is enough to say here that the situation is one requiring prompt treatment by British statesmen.

With regard to the resources of Great Britain for warship building, she stands at the present day pre-eminent, and to those who desire to be assured on that point, I cannot do better than refer them to the admirable articles written by Commander Charles N. Robinson, R. N., in the 1894 and 1895 numbers of the *Naval Annual*.

Before concluding this article I desire to briefly summarize the situation of the British Empire and to point the moral which to me appears obvious. Moralists may denounce the wickedness of war and warlike preparations, but recent events have shown in a manner that will admit of no denial, that if we hope to live in peace and prosperity under the mild and benevolent rule of the British Crown, we must be so prepared for war that no combination of powers will risk a conflict with us. To place ourselves in this position the colonies, as well as the mother country, must be prepared to make sacrifices. When comparing our resources in point of men and material, taken in conjunction with the coigns of vantage we possess all over the world, we stand unrivalled, but as we are a maritime people, the policy we must adopt as a whole must be directed to the development of our strength as such.

From what has previously been said, as matters stand to-day, the points upon which it would be well for us to strengthen ourselves, would appear to be in cruisers and trained Naval Reserve men. Captain Mahan has emphasized the advantage of possessing many and well equipped cruisers. To maintain a sufficient number of these as men-of-war proper would involve the outlay annually, in the cost of construction and

maintenance, of sums of money at which we may well stand aghast. That being the case, and with our immense mercantile marine now available and our enormous capacity for shipbuilding, does it not seem reasonable that we should make use of our merchant vessels in such a way that they will be in a position to provide us with thoroughly-equipped scouting vessels, manned by men trained to the use of the special weapons which this class of vessel should carry. The British Admiralty have already endorsed the principle that mercantile steamers may be so constructed as to form valuable adjuncts to the fighting fleets, and we have in the *Teutonic*, of the White Star Line, and other ships receiving a yearly subvention from the British Government, the proof of that endorsement.

I have advocated for a long time past, that by the maintenance of subsidized fast steamship lines between Great Britain and her colonies, and between the colonies themselves, the various ports of the Empire will be furnishing the best possible means for their own safety in time of war, and at the same time a distinct impetus will be given to inter-imperial trade and the building up of the Empire. *In designing men-of-war cruisers great reserve coal-carrying capacity must be given to ensure great range of action, and this reserve capacity should be utilized in mercantile cruisers for carrying cargo in time of peace.* From a paying point of view some sacrifice must be made in the shape of armor to protect the vitals of the ship from the quick-firing gun, the weapon most likely to be employed by the improvised commerce destroyers of foreign nations; but even so, it is contended that modern science in shipbuilding should be able to produce a vessel fulfilling these conditions together with those of a fast freight and passenger steamship.

Turning to the question of men, the Canadian fisheries are the nurseries of as fine a body of seamen as exists the world over, yet no facilities exist for utilizing these important reserves. To join the Royal Naval Reserve it is necessary to go to England and become enrolled there. The Canadian Government should at

once take the necessary steps to have Naval Reserve Gunnery and Training Ships established at our principal ports on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, and this should be done by an equitable arrangement with the Home Government. These and other measures should at once be inaugurated, and an Inter-Imperial Conference should be convened to discuss the matter. It may be true that political difficulties affecting taxation and representation may be in the way, but after all we cannot expect to work out our political federation in security, unless and until, in the first place, measures are taken, though they may be of a temporary character, which shall render it possible to do so in safety.

It will be remembered that during some years past, there have recurred in England, what have been known as "Naval scares." Great Britain would suddenly awaken to the fact that foreign nations were putting themselves in a position to challenge her maritime supremacy. At these times large appropriations were made and spent in a hurry in order to render our position secure, as rapidly as possible. This mode of procedure was obviously wrong, and in order to keep the public mind constantly alive to the requirements of the "first line of defence," an association known as the Navy League was formed. The general aims of the Navy League, as embodied in their constitution, are: (1) To spread information, showing the vital importance to the British Empire of the naval supremacy, upon which depends its trade, empire, and national existence. (2) To call attention to the enormous demands which war would make upon the Navy, and to the fact that the Navy is not at present ready to meet them. (3) To call attention from time to time to such measures as may be requisite to secure adequate preparation for the maritime defence of the Empire.

(4) To urge these matters on public men, and in particular upon candidates for Parliament.

The League in England decided last July to invite the co-operation of the colonies in their movement, seeing that the question of the command of the sea and all that it involves affects the entire British Empire. At this invitation a branch has been organized in Toronto. It may be said that the requirements of the colonies with regard to the maintenance of the British Navy are different from those of the mother country, but whether that be so or not we have to face the certainty that should England's Navy be defeated on the sea the British Empire would practically go to pieces, and that as colonists, the shaping of our future destinies would be in hands other than our own. This is a prospect which no man having British blood in his veins can regard with equanimity. Great Britain and her colonies united for common defence are invincible. This requires a common organization. We must regard any money we spend as a premium of insurance against risk from war. If Great Britain should take the position that it is necessary that she should have the sole control of the forces to be employed, then the contract between her and her colonies must be one of indemnification from loss. She would become the insurer. But in the manner of paying that premium a wide latitude is to be had. In adopting the general principle embodied in the maintenance of subsidized steamship lines, whose vessels would be available for immediate use as war cruisers, it is pointed out that immense mercantile advantages would accrue to the Empire as a whole. To the extent to which trade is facilitated by state aid, to that extent would a preference in trade be obtained by the different parts of the British Empire parties to the contract.

*H. J. Wickham.*



## VENEZUELA AND THE VENEZUELAN.

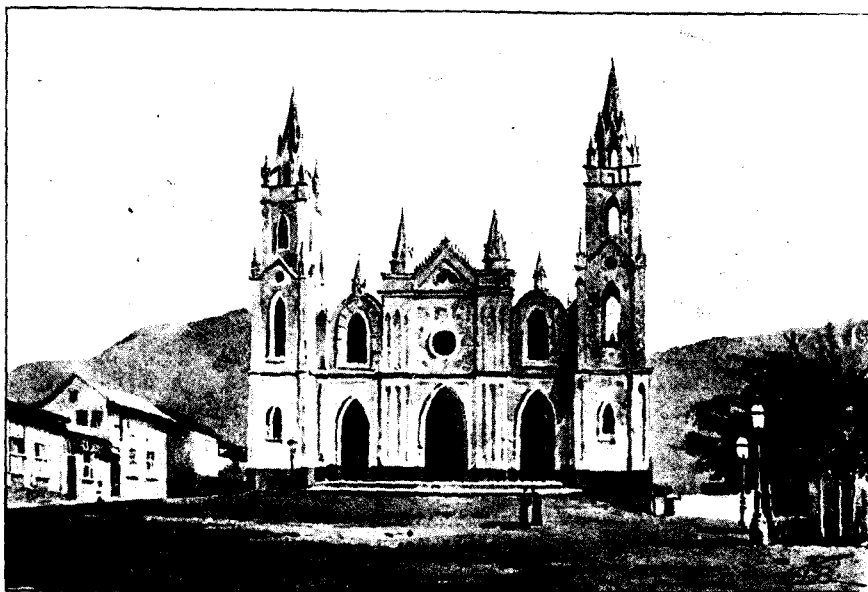
BY B. LAURENCE.

LATE CONSUL FOR VENEZUELA IN MONTREAL.

*Illustrations by F. H. Bridgen.*

**V**ENEZUELA, on the northern coast of the South American Continent, has many advantages over the other South and Central American Republics, in that it lies nearer to Europe, most of the West Indian Islands and practically to the United States. It has a seaboard of nearly 2,000 miles, which, unfortunately, does not possess many good harbors, the best of them being those of Cumana

and Puerto Cabello. It lies on the sea-coast, while Caracas is situated inland near the northern edge of the high plateau which constitutes the greater portion of Venezuela. The railway which connects the port with the capital is one of the most wonderful pieces of engineering in the world. The road over which it travels is about 26 miles long, and in that distance rises over 3,000 feet,



DRAWN BY F. H. BRIDGEN.

THE PANTHEON, CARACAS.

FROM A PHOTO.

and Puerto Cabello. The most important ports are Laguayra, Puerto Cabello, Ciudad Bolivar and Maracaibo. Venezuela's advantages inland, however, are so limited, inasmuch as there are so few railways and good roads, that intercommunication between the different provinces is almost impossible.

Laguayra is the port of the capital Caracas, from which it is distant about

at times climbing on the edges of precipices, around and around the same hill, or crossing by slender bridges chasms of enormous depth. The journey takes two hours and a half. This road, which was built and is run by an English company, pays exceedingly well. The locomotives and cars used were especially designed for this class of travel. They are built exceedingly heavy below and very light above.



Tecanco  
Enk. Co.

DRAWN BY F. H. BRIGDEN

GENERAL VIEW OF CARACAS, THE CAPITAL OF VENEZUELLA.

FROM A PHOTO.

This is done to prevent any accident in turning round the sharp curves which are very numerous, when the upper part of the carriages absolutely hang over empty space. It is possible in many places to touch the mountain from the window of the carriage on the one side, while from the other window a stone may be dropped many hundreds or thousands of feet. While the journey presents many attractions to a traveller, it has its disconcerting phases as well, as it is not uncommon to hear falling on the roof of the car, stones and earth disturbed by the vibration of the train, and the danger of heavy landslides is very great during the rainy season. The road, however, is carefully watched by men stationed at intervals in the same way as the C. P. R. is guarded in the Rockies. Before the railway was built it took from twelve to twenty hours to do the same distance as is now done in two and a half hours. The carriage road is now impassable.

There is a great difference between the climates of Laguayra and Caracas, the former not only being very hot but also very humid, while the air of the latter is dry and the heat tempered by its elevation. In fact, it would be difficult to find a climate more delightful than that of Caracas, with its perpetual summer. Like in most tropical countries, glass windows are rarely met with, even in the finest residences, the heat and rain being kept out by the closing of heavy wooden shutters, and protection is obtained by the use of solid iron bars.

Caracas has a population of between fifty and sixty thousand inhabitants. It is the seat of Government, and possesses all the adjuncts and advantages of a first class capital, even if on a rather small scale. The Government Building and the Opera House are magnificent edifices. The Cathedral, the Church of Alta Gracia, the Pantheon, the University, and other buildings, surprise and delight the visitor. The city is laid out around a central plaza, with the streets running at right angles to it; somewhat after the manner of the town of Goderich, Ontario. No building is very high, there not being a single two-story private dwelling in the whole city, in fact, the only structures that rise above the ground floor,

are the Government Building, the Arch-episcopal Palace and the two principal hotels, but, on the other hand, even the most insignificant private dwelling occupies a considerable ground area, as not only are all the rooms and offices on the one floor, but there is also invariably a large central *patio*, which is half courtyard and half garden. This *patio* is the favorite sitting place of the family circle. In the better houses there is a second inner *patio*, round which are situated the kitchens, outhouses and stables.

Caracas is watered by streams running from the hills directly into reservoirs; they give an unfailing supply. The plazas and private gardens are irrigated during the dry season, and there are numerous fountains in different parts of the city, many of them being very beautiful.

Amongst the better class, the standard of personal beauty is great, notwithstanding the admixture of blood. The women have symmetrical figures, a most graceful carriage, expressive black eyes and raven hair. In addition they have absolutely perfect teeth, and their abounding suavity and immense fund of good nature, all combine to make them appear fit inhabitants of a land of perpetual sunshine.

Caracas, considering its size and out of the way position, is possibly the liveliest city in the world. For six months in the year, during the so-called winter season, a remarkably good opera company, whose performances are invariably well attended, provides entertainment for those who are theatrically inclined. Then there are bull-fights and cock-fights, the ordinary theatrical performances, horse racing, Government and Ministerial receptions and private balls and entertainments—all this in a city not larger than Ottawa.

Venezuelans are born orators, and amongst their politicians can be found silver-tongued Lauriers and demosthenic Chappleaus in profuse abundance. The language is the chaste and classic Castilian, and the Spanish of Venezuela is, perhaps, as pure as that of Madrid.

The customs and manners of the educated inhabitants of Caracas, are those of the same class in the other cities, such as Valencia, Barquisimeto, Puerto Cabello and Maracaibo. There is, however, of course, not anything like the life and



DRAWN BY F. H. BRIGDEN.

THE CATHEDRAL AT VALENCIA.

FROM A PHOTO.

gaiety in these latter, as most of the wealthy provincial residents pay a yearly visit to the capital. The district of Caracas is noted for its cocoa, which is exported from Laguayra.

Maracaibo, situated on the gulf of that name, is one of the hottest and most unhealthy cities in the world, it is said to be the home of yellow fever. On the Gulf, or rather, lagoon, on which it is situated, there are found Indians living in huts which are erected on piles sunk in the bed of the lagoon, some distance from the shore. This fact gave rise to the name of the whole country, for when in the year 1499, Ojeda, the Spanish explorer, saw these huts for the first time, he was reminded of Venice, and so called the country Venezuela, which means little Venice.

It is from Maracaibo that the great export of coffee is made, but the lagoon, being very shallow, only ships of light draft can reach the port, so that nearly

all the coffee that goes from there to the United States and Europe is carried to Curacao and there transhipped.

From Puerto Cabello, besides the agricultural products of the district of Valencia, there is shipped the copper from the mines of Tucacas, one of the greatest in the world, owned and worked by a British company.



THE ORDER OF THE BOLIVAR.

To the east, nearly opposite to the British Island of Trinidad, is the mouth of the great river Orinoco, which has a course of 1,500 miles, of which nearly 500 are navigable. It enters into the Atlantic by seventeen mouths.

240 miles from the mouth of the river is the City of Ciudad Bolívar. This place was originally called Angostura, and it was there that the celebrated bitters of that name were made.

This industry has now removed entirely to Trinidad. To reach Ciudad Bolívar from Caracas, one embarks at Laguayra, takes steamer to Trinidad, and there tran-

ships on to the steamer *Orinoco*, which plies between the Island and Ciudad Bolivar. This steamer is quite unique; it is an old-fashioned paddle steamer with fair accommodation for passengers, but from the moment the passenger goes on board he has to look after his own personal comforts, as the voyageurs and employees of the ship, with the exception of those immediately employed in the navigation of the vessel, proceed to play baccarat, monte or siete y media, and the amount of money that changes hands on each trip is enormous.

The Orinoco is a wide, sluggish stream,

Ciudad Bolivar is the head of navigation for moderate sized craft, but if one wishes to penetrate further into the interior of South America, he can there take a steamer which goes as far as San Fernando. The Orinoco, by smaller streams, is connected with the Rio Negro and thence with the Amazon. The population of Ciudad Bolivar is about 20,000.

Proceeding down the river and disembarking, one can hire a mule or horse and travel in the Province of Guayana la Veija toward the gold district and the now celebrated disputed territory. The



DRAWN BY F. H. BRIGDEN.

FROM A PHOTO.

JOAQUIN CRESPO, PRESIDENT OF VENEZUELA.

and the principal objects of interest are mud, alligators and sombre trees that line the banks on both sides for the greater part of the distance between the mouth of the river and Ciudad Bolivar. Before reaching the latter the boat touches Las Tablas, which is the port for Guiana where the gold fields are situated. Passengers and merchandise destined for this port cannot, however, be disembarked, as Las Tablas is not a port of entry. It is necessary to go on to Ciudad Bolivar, report yourself to the authorities, get the requisite papers, and then take the steamer back again to Las Tablas.

road passes through the towns of Upata and Guicipati, the latter being the capital of the district.

One passes through the densest of tropical forests, the foliage of which is so thick and matted that the sun never penetrates. The moist atmosphere absolutely swarms with insects of every description. The miasma arising from the wet ground, the mosquitoes and the heat make the journey a veritable infliction, for even when one escapes from the forest and gets out on to the llano (plain), the heat is even more intense if not quite so oppressive. The forest is one mass of



life, the air literally alive with flies, gnats, mosquitoes, butterflies of every conceivable hue, birds varying in size from the tiny humming bird to the parrot, macaw and huge flaring flamingo, monkeys by the thousands, the yells and cries of these and of wild beasts, the reptiles seen at every turn, all combine to make the first journey through such a forest a thing to be remembered forever. The most remarkable thing, perhaps, to be seen in travelling through a tropical forest, are the orchids which seem almost endowed with animal life. They twine and interlace amongst the trees and present the most gorgeous colors and remarkable shapes, some resembling birds, butterflies, and other curious forms.

At Callao is situated the gold mines of that name. For a certain length of time it had the distinction of being the best paying mine in the whole world, yielding to its shareholders between three and four million pounds sterling in a few years. The original shares were for a hundred pounds each, but interference from the Government so hampered the work that they could be purchased for as little as ten pounds however, but after mollifying the authorities, the company was allowed to proceed with its work with the result mentioned. The Callao mine, however, is not paying so well at present, nor are any of the numerous mines which abound around Callao, and the reason for this want of success is not to be sought for far. The Government taxes, the export duty on gold, the heavy import duty on necessities, the exactions of the petty officials of the Government, the expenses attendant upon the freightage to and from the mines, make such an inroad into the profits, that mines, which in any other country would pay immense dividends, are lying idle; some of the richest properties in the world being yet untouched.

The oldest city founded by Europeans in America is Cumana, settled in 1512. Coro, nearly opposite to Curacoa, was originally the capital of the old Province of Venezuela. Barquisimeto and Merida are interior towns of some importance, and Valencia, a city of over 30,000 inhabitants, is the second city of the republic, and is connected with Puerto Cabello by rail.

The country is extremely subject to earthquakes. Caracas was practically destroyed by one in 1812, and others at various times have caused the partial or complete destruction of many places.

Many of the better class of Venezuelans send their sons to be educated abroad. The very wealthy are sent to Europe, and the more moderately circumstanced of recent years to the United States. This foreign education has a good deal to do in moulding the ideas of the educated classes politically, as well as their fashions and habits.

It would be difficult to find in any part of the world a more gentle, suave or hospitable race of people than the educated Venezuelans, or for that matter, the uneducated also, and a stranger properly introduced, is received with open arms into the family circle and treated with every consideration and deference.

Of course, in the Capital the proportion of the educated is great, but the ignorance of the masses in the Republic is somewhat startling, when one considers that 90 per cent. of the people can neither read nor write. But to compensate for this, the honesty of the people is truly remarkable. It is a positive fact that mules laden with merchandise or gold or silver, the products of the mines, are sent from place to place in charge of a single peon, which is the name given to a native peasant. Guns and ammunition, however, would not be quite so safe, as these would be considered lawful spoil for the Opposition Party, and such things are generally escorted by a regiment, or, at least, a battalion.

It would seem rather a dangerous thing to give a universal franchise to a population so grossly ignorant, still the constitution allows a vote to every adult male Venezuelan, but as the masses have not the slightest notion as to why or wherefore they vote, but simply follow the priest, the landed proprietor or the master, it is not of very much account, and the members returned both to the Local and Federal Houses of Congress, are always followers of the Government.

On the eve of elections, more particularly in the city of Caracas, it is not an

unusual thing for ten or twelve candidates to be striving for certain honors, and it is the rule for each aspirant to start a newspaper with an imposing title, advocating his candidature, so that at such times advertising is remarkably cheap, and after the election is over printing presses can be bought at a very great sacrifice.

The country is divided into eight states, a federal district and several territories. The Government is a Federal Republic, and the Executive consists of a President and two Houses of Congress.

The women are extremely religious; the educated men are as a rule the exact opposite, being seldom found in a church except to be married or buried. To such an extent is this irreligious movement in vogue that hundreds of Venezuelans of the very best families and who have performed important services to their country, are buried, without the rites of the church in the freemasons' burying ground, which vies with the consecrated cemetery in having most magnificent vaults and tombs, upon some of which are expended thousands of dollars.

Although all religions are tolerated there is no other form of worship known throughout Venezuela but the Roman Catholic, the Protestant clergymen and missionaries being few and far between.

As there is practically no middle class amongst the Venezuelans, a native is either of the peasantry or of the upper class. The wealthy, who derive their incomes from large estates, upon which, however, they do not generally reside, or from property in the cities, never think of investing their wealth in any business enterprise, everything of this description being worked with foreign capital. A Venezuelan is even afraid to place his money in a bank, but keeps it in a trunk in his bed-room, and takes out sufficient for his daily wants or nightly gamble. This could only be done in a country where the honesty of the lower classes, the servants and others, was such an assured fact.

If there be any middle class, it consists chiefly of the clergy, who, of course, never marry, but some of whom, nevertheless, are sometimes surrounded by

families known as the "Children of Heaven." The priesthood and sub-lieutenancies in the army, or clerkships in stores and warehouses, are about the only careers open to the children of the small shopkeeper, the petty official or the well-to-do peon.

Manufacturing is hardly known in Venezuela. Almost everything, excepting, perhaps, cigars, cigarettes, chocolate, and the peasants' boots and shoes, are imported. The wealth of the country lies in its mines, agriculture and herds of cattle. The principal exports are coffee, cocoa, cotton and hides. The chief articles of consumption are maize, plantains and bananas, the two latter growing wild and in great profusion. These, with coffee and a native whiskey, the name of which I forget, form the staple of the peon's sustenance. He is, however, a remarkably sturdy, temperate and healthy specimen of manhood. In fact, drunkenness is almost an unknown thing in Venezuela, except among foreigners.

As the native Venezuelan is no business man in any shape whatever, his life is devoted simply to two things—pleasure and politics. There is throughout the entire Republic hardly a business of importance that is not owned or managed by foreigners. The business houses are mostly German, with a few Italians, French and English, while the railways, mines and steamship companies are, with very few exceptions, British.

Now, a people possessing no commercial instincts, and having only two such pursuits as politics and pleasure, are bound to get into trouble much more quickly than those of more sober character. One of the consequences of this is that revolutions are frequent, and, after deducting the clergy, the educated Venezuelans can be divided into two classes, viz., the Government and the Revolutionist.

Of the territory of Venezuela, consisting of over 400,000 square miles, not over one per cent. of this enormous area is cultivated, the remainder being inhabited solely by Indians, a remarkably fine race of men, whose pursuits are hunting and raising sufficient products for their own immediate use.

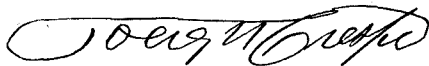
There are two seasons, each lasting about six months, one very hot and wet and the other very hot and dry. When it rains in Venezuela the water falls not in drops, or even sheets, but, as it seems, in solid blocks.

Besides the railway between Laguayra and Caracas, there are only two others in the whole Republic, both finished since the writer's last visit, consequently the greater part of travel is done along the sea-coast in steamers, and in the interior on mules or horses, the majority of the roads being too bad for vehicles: even merchandise being carried into the interior towns on mules. The Venezuelans are born equestrians; there are none better in the world, as is natural in a country where the only means of locomotion is by horse or mule unless one wishes to walk. The women never ride on horseback for amusement or exercise, and when forced to do so when travelling, make use of the pillion. It is a peculiar fact that for riding a mare is never used by the better classes. The breed of horses is the Arabian, imported by the Spaniards, and is, therefore, admirably adapted for the climatic conditions of the country. Of course, there are to be found imported English and American horses in the larger cities.

Medicine is a science in which the Venezuelans excel. Dr. Cuello, of Caracas, is the most noted in the country. The celebrated Dr. Capriles, of Curacoa, is, I believe, a Venezuelan, as is also Dr. Osio, of Madrid, who is one of the greatest oculists of the day.

Up to a few years ago there was only one bank in the country, namely, the Commercial Bank of Caracas. This, however, was no serious drawback in a country where every person kept his own bank in a trunk, and where the commercial foreign houses buy up the produce of the country and make their remittances for imports by drafts against these shipments. Post Office orders are unknown, and so if a person wants to remit a sum of money from one town to another, he has to get, as a favor, a draft from one merchant on another. As for sending small parcels, that necessitates awaiting the departure of some friend who will take them.

There are but few pure Spanish families in Venezuela. The population of 2,300,000 inhabitants, consists of three-quarters Indians and the balance of mixed blood, with, perhaps, about one per cent. pure white. The Indian, when receiving equal educational advantages with the white, is his peer, as is evidenced by the fact that the present President, Joaquin Crespo, who gained the confidence of the majority of his fellow countrymen by generalship, bravery, political acumen and generosity, is a full-blooded Indian. He is a great favorite with the masses, if not with the classes. Crespo was the right hand of the celebrated Guzman Blanco, who is, or rather, was, styled by a resolution in Congress, the "Illustrious American." The latter is, however, not in favor, and, being out of the country, has not received many pressing invitations to return. Guzman Blanco was President for seventeen years, from 1839 to 1883, during which time he exercised dictatorial powers, the republican form of government being so in name only. But withal, during his period there was peace in the country, and, consequently, great advances in prosperity and general welfare. Roads were made, Laguayra and Caracas connected by rail, bridges and buildings erected, mines developed, lands opened up, population increased, concessions of every kind given and sold to enterprising foreigners, and every inducement given to the employment of foreign capital. Perhaps Guzman Blanco did personally reap advantages from these various enterprises, but he really made the country, and, in truth, it must be said that Crespo is a worthy follower of his former chieftain in his exertions for the benefit of his country.



PRESIDENT CRESPO'S SIGNATURE.

It is unfortunate that the most enlightened and liberal-minded politician that Venezuela ever possessed, Rojas Paul, who was Minister of Finance under Guzman and Crespo, and who suc-

ceeded the latter as President after his first term of office, should now be in exile in Curacoa. It was mainly due to Rojas Paul that the Reciprocity Treaty offered by the United States was not accepted by Venezuela, and it was he who, many years ago, foreseeing the ultimate fate of silver as a currency, converted that of Venezuela into a gold standard.



THE AUTOGRAPH OF GUZMAN BLANCO.

The George Washington of Venezuela, the greatest warrior and statesman that South America has ever produced, Simon Bolivar, a native Venezuelan, educated in Madrid, one of the foremost to start the revolution against Spain in South America, and who was their Envoy to Great Britain to obtain money and munitions of war, had many enemies during his life, but time has obliterated whatever faults he may have possessed, and he is now regarded as the National Hero. There is hardly a town throughout the Republic but has statues and edifices erected in his honor, and what Washington is to the United States, Bolivar is to South America, and Venezuela in particular.

General Falcon, the predecessor of Guzman Blanco, instituted the Order of Chivalry, which bears the name of Busto del Libertador (commonly called the Order of the Bolivar), which is conferred on citizens and others deserving recognition for services to the Republic. This and the Legion of Honor in France are the only two Republican decorations in existence. When Guzman Blanco was Minister to England, France and Germany, he presented this decoration to the different heads of the governments and received orders and decorations in return. Rumor says that his offer of the Order of the Busto del Libertador to the Prince of Wales, who, by the etiquette of the English Court, was compelled to decline a republican decoration, may account for Guzman Blanco's unfriendly attitude in arranging a settlement with England on the boundary question.

It is rather unfortunate for the Venezuelans that nearly all the maps published in recent years give the Guiana frontier as claimed by England, and it is worthy of note that two enterprising Canadians, by name W. Tiry Stevens and Charles A. Conolly, who probably had never given the frontier question a thought, arrived in Caracas in 1890 with a stock of American maps, published by Watson, of New York, and offered them for sale. As the frontier on these American maps did not meet with the approval of the Venezuelan authorities, these two gentlemen were arrested and promptly expelled from the Republic, and the sale of their maps strictly prohibited.

The exports of Venezuela amount to \$20,000,000, and the imports to some \$17,000,000. The consequence is that the balance of trade is in their favor, and a large amount of foreign gold is to be found in the country, and is a legal tender at a certain fixed rate, but there is an absolute prohibition of the importation of silver of such countries as have a silver currency, such as the United States, Mexico, Columbia and the sister Republics.

There used to be a large trade done with the neighboring Island of Curacoa and the English Islands of Trinidad and Barbadoes, but these islands became obnoxious to the Government owing to their being a resort for revolutionists, and so an extra duty of thirty per cent. was put on to imports from these places, thus practically killing the trade in staple goods.

Duties are paid at so much per kilo (2½ lbs.), according to the class of goods, case and all being weighed, and any infringement of the customs laws in the marked weight of a package or error in the entry or consular invoice, brings with it heavy penalties.

The revenue is raised principally by import duties, and amounts to about \$7,000,000 a year. The national debt is about \$63,000,000. Payment of interest for the foreign debt was suspended for some years, but was resumed, and is now, I believe, regularly paid. The currency is gold, the unit being the bolivar, which has the same value as a franc.

The army consists of some 30,000 men, but in time of war it can be raised to an unlimited number by a very simple form of conscription, namely, that of seizing every man that is met with and making of him there and then a full-fledged soldier. The officers in the army in proportion greatly outnumber the rank and file. Braver men than these rough and ready soldiers of Venezuela it would be hard to find, and if the many officers have not had much experience, they are no less valiant than the men they lead.

During revolutionary times, in the smaller cities, there is hardly a native Venezuelan to be seen. Every man is in the Government army or that of the Revolutionists, while those who are known to be opposed to the Government, but have not taken up arms against it, are put into prison or remain carefully within their own homes, where they are in safety, as it is an unwritten law that no house shall be entered in order to make a political arrest.

The Venezuelans are remarkably fine marksmen with the revolver, and no man who can afford one is ever without this arm. It is carried day and night in the city and in the country for the purpose, as they say, of defence, but not offence, which is a fact, for, as I have remarked before, notwithstanding their bravery, the Venezuelans are a most pacific and honorable people.

The peons are armed with the machete, which is a short, broad cutlass used in the fields in cutting the sugar cane, plaintains, etc., hewing their way through the jungle, marking a route by chipping the trees in the dense forest, and which serves also as a weapon of defence in time of need.

In Venezuela there is no death penalty, and, except for heinous offences, a pardon or mitigation of the sentence is simply a question of influence. Political prisoners of importance generally change their views, and are then taken into the confidence of the Government, and usually find some official position, but generally abroad.

Those Venezuelans who are highly educated never devote their energies to business, but take up a profession: arms, medicine, engineering, science or law,

and there are more lawyers in Caracas even than in Toronto. It is true that they seldom have any practice, but they devote themselves to politics and the seeking of a Government position, and, in the event of not securing an appointment within a reasonable time, they gradually join the ranks of the Opposition, and as the man who is not a supporter of the Government is looked upon by the ruling powers as a revolutionist, he generally retires into oblivion unless possessed of sufficient means to live without office. He then awaits his time, and at the first uprising against authority, he joins issue with the party who is endeavoring to upset the Government.

Venezuela started the first insurrection against Spanish rule in 1810, Spain recognizing its independence in 1821, since when the periods of freedom from Civil War have been few and far between, keeping away emigration from Europe of such classes as would have contributed to the general prosperity. Peace comparatively reigned from the advent of Guzman Blanco to power after the Civil War in 1833, through the entire time of his administration and those of his successors, General Crespo, in his first term of office, and that of Rojas Paul. During this time there were only just a few revolutions.

Venezuela compares unfavorably with its neighbor, British Guiana, where stability, contentment and safety predominate, but when the time arrives that a railway can run through Venezuela, starting from Georgetown and terminating in Maracaibo, the greatest benefit that could be conferred on her would be the frequent and friendly communication with this staid English colony.

I shall not descend upon the disputed boundary question (which might be touched upon in a future article), but it will take a mixed jury with unbiased opinions, selected from the ablest and most profound geographers and statesmen of the present age, to untangle this knotty question. The writer's opinion is that if England is even in the right in her demands, it would have been wiser in her own interests to have adopted a more conciliatory tone towards Venezuela. Had an English commission been

sent to Caracas bent on settling this question in a friendly manner, and approached the President and his Cabinet with words of amity and conciliation, they, and not the Americans, would have

been the favorites of the hour. But the threats of the Americans as to what they can and will do almost precludes the possibility of such a course at the present moment.

B. Laurence.



VENEZUELAN COAT OF ARMS.

## THE UNPOPULAR MAN.

BY CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.

**N**OT only was John Shadow mysterious, but he was a particularly unpopular man.

Now, to assert that a man is unpopular is not only ambiguous but somewhat unjust. Every man is unpopular, disliked, or hated in a greater or less degree, according to his social or other importance, in the eyes of his fellow-men; and in a corresponding ratio is he the recipient of a feigned friendship, admiration or regard. Smith is unpopular with Brown because the latter was beaten by the former in the last bye-election or municipal contest. Rythm is unpopular with Rhymes—rest their poetic souls!—because Rythm had a poem in last month's *Scribbler's*, or his picture and literary powers (which Rhymes is fully aware do not amount to a row of pins) set forth recently in the pages of *Duncey's*. Basso, the amateur, is unpopular with Profundo because P. did not succeed in getting his name upon the programme of the last concert, in which, it is superfluous to add, Basso figured; and Ledger is unpopular with every one of his fellow-clerks in the Department of Eternal Economy because he presented his claims in such a perfectly untiring, irrefutable and altogether irresistible manner that

his minister and his deputy were glad to give him his promotion to a higher class to get rid of his importunities.

Some men who lack popularity at home attain it elsewhere; but their domestic unpopularity is merely the inevitable and just result of their up-town popularity, which was sought first of all. Homelate robs those who really care for him, but will not show it, to spend on those who make a great show of regard but do not care a fig for him. Moral Benedict is popular with his wife—if she is of the right sort—and, as a result, pays the penalty of being unpopular with other men's wives, who, perhaps, are not quite of the right sort; while Newlywed, who follows the bent of his nature, is immensely popular with the ladies, who are, therefore, most unpopular with Mrs. Newlywed.

But John Shadow's unpopularity was not of a specific or limited nature. It had rather a broad, all-embracing, cosmopolitan quality that is only attained by money-lenders and other very great men who have an autocratic and tyrannical sway, only attained by those who diligently strive to be universally disliked. Yet Shadow was not a great man, nor did he lend money (so far as the curious

knew); and, if he strove to be unpopular, he did it quite unconsciously. He was rather, taken altogether, an insignificant man, an automaton, a nonentity in short; that is, in the estimation of his wife, with whom he was neither popular nor the reverse, but merely an object at stated periods of mercenary interest. There were only Shadow and his wife—or, rather, Mrs. Shadow and her husband. If there had been children, matters might have been different, and Shadow a popular man—at least, with the children. Mrs. Shadow might, possibly, also have been otherwise; but, as she was one of those women who, in their physical thirst for the admiration of men, have no love for children, I have my doubts.

Among men, Shadow was distinctly unpopular. His fellow-clerks disliked him because of his habitual and unbroken reserve; for he opened his mouth in connection with his official duties only, keeping his private concerns to himself, and neither made nor accepted overtures of amity. Moreover, he was mysterious and odd in several ways. For instance, he never borrowed money; he never tried to borrow it; he never asked "a friend" to back a note for thirty days "old man," and he was never known or overheard to ask in that mysterious, whispering, confidential manner, peculiar to departmental corridors and offices, for "just a five till pay day." This monetary peculiarity and distinction stood him in good stead, for he was never bothered or badgered himself.

It was said by one or two that he was musical, and that he had the air of a genius; but he was not known in musical circles. So that, in view of his habitual air of gloomy pre-occupation and his undemonstrative manner, the idea that he was musical came at last to be regarded as a sort of mild satire; though gloom and reserve are quite frequently native, in some degree, to the nature of genius. His wife, on the other hand, was a well-known society woman, who dressed so expensively and well that people, who never can mind their own business to the extent of neglecting that of others, wondered where all the money came from. Yet, while Shadow's wife was spoken of as a dashing sort of woman,

no distinct scandal had ever been attached to her name; and this was as strange as her husband's source of private revenue was mysterious, indeed, it was doubly strange; for while Shadow's salary precluded any idea of consistent social expenditure, he was never dunned; a fact sufficient to command at least respect, if not popularity. As for Mrs. S., she revolved in that innermost inner circle whose brief circumference is its own and only reasonable warranty for its claim to social super-excellence. She was essentially a society woman; but Shadow was not a society man, and, in consequence, his wife was never seen in public or at parties, or, in short, anywhere with him, but under the chaperoning wing of estimable middle-aged ladies, whose pasts were so remote that nobody could remember anything bad, about them. John was not, therefore, an ordinary humdrum spouse, the fetch-and-carry of his wife, only to be tolerated for his mercurial usefulness and nominal indispensability as an escort: for such, indeed, is the vocation of the nonentity who is known as the "husband of Mrs. So-and-So. the dashing society woman," and who is quite undeserving of any feeling save contempt. Shadow was no *shadow* in that respect. He could not have been less than the type of "husband" referred to, save by descending to the lowest depths of moral degradation; and not, therefore, being one of that voiceless number, he might possibly be—his acquaintances surmised curiously—something more. But what they could not discover. So he remained a mystery to the curious and a blank to society.

Late one February afternoon, or, rather, early one February evening, for the day had closed and the stars had come out, Shadow came down the steps of the departmental building in which some years before, when he was young and robust and full of ambition, and with the world before him, he had elected (for some reason that he had never been able subsequently to discover) to incarcerate himself. The big policeman on guard at the door thought that Mr. Shadow wore a perturbed look. But troubled expressions were, in the experience of the big

policeman, common upon the faces of many of the employees who went by him in and out every week. Contact with the crisp, cold atmosphere, after the tepid air of the office, made Shadow involuntarily raise his head and take a long, appreciative breath; then he relapsed into his customary stooping position and hurried on. In the blue "velvet void" the silver stars gleamed and glittered, and a peerless crescent moon drooped low to the faintly rosy flush that still rimmed the silhouetted western horizon. The splendid towers of the Houses of Parliament seemed to rise to greater heights and proportions, clear-cut and magnificent against the cold azure of the northern sky. And the earth, snow-laden, was half-luminous with a pale bloom that seemed caught from the frosty atmosphere. In his ears, as he hurried along the electric-lighted thoroughfare, was the babel of the bread-winners likewise hurrying home, the music of the sleigh-bells, and the clang of the laden electric cars; but Shadow, always so keen to see and hear, despite his habitual expression of pre-occupation and reminiscence, to-night heard and saw nothing. His mind was filled with one vexing question, one consuming thought. All day long for many days of late his nerves had been shaken by the excitement of anticipation; he had bound and broken his sleep, his health, upon a wheel—the wheel of one hope, one ambition. Steadily the wheel had progressed along the road of unremitting industry and patience; steadily it had gained up the hill whose ultimate crown would mean the crown of success—for one other. Would it reach the crown; or, now almost there, would it revolve backward and over the cliff into the depths of obscurity and defeat? But to-night, to-night! would tell the story!

Yet, had not all his labor been for one other? Not for himself, not for his friend who would reap the roses, perhaps, that night, but that he might give! give! give! to his beautiful wife, who never knew, who never cared, how much he gave, how much she took, so that he gave her when she asked. And now, almost at the crucial moment, he thought should he tell her, if success were his that night, his secret—the secret of his toil of the

past two years? If they failed that night, he and his friend, he need say nothing, she need never know. If they triumphed, should he tell her, would she care? Then the thought of her false social pride, of her scorn of all things beautiful, of her coldness for himself, flashed upon him and stung him.

When he reached his house his wife had not returned from her afternoon drive; but he awaited her arrival, while the dinner spoiled by waiting also, as it did on every fine day for the same reason. She came in at last, suddenly, a magnificent creature, clad in fine furs, and bringing with her sparkling eyes and red cheeks and a breath of the frosty atmosphere of the February night. She was a handsome woman, unquestionably; a splendid animal, as the men all agreed, superb and dark and tall, fashionably and faultlessly dressed. She was altogether too splendid a creature for her plain and dun-colored husband, whom her lively presence threw into instant eclipse. No doubt the same thought entered the brain of each from differing motives as their eyes momentarily met. Then her lips curled in a half-amused way as she looked down at Shadow sitting silently with his chin in his hand.

"Well, John!" she said—and her voice, a trifle too loud, was out of harmony with the softness of her face—"well, John, in the dumps, as usual?"

John endeavored to show his ready appreciation of his wife's humor by smiling and "supposing so"; and the pair sat down to the spoiled dinner, for which the mistress roundly denounced the cook.

"Oh, by the way!" said Mrs. Shadow, when the meal had progressed in silence for some minutes, "I have something in store for you, John—a surprise!"

John started, colored as nervous people will, and looked up.

"It's a treat, my dear, a musical treat! Mrs. Snobbe-Leigh has seats for an affair at the Music Hall to-night. Her husband can't go at the last minute—you know what I mean, at the last minute he finds he can't go—and she has insisted on your accompanying us. It seems some misguided or mischievous individual told her that Mrs. John Shadow's husband



was musical, *very* musical, a *genius*, in fact"—Mrs. Shadow laughed her high-pitched, good-natured, derisive laugh—"and Mrs. S.—the other Mrs. S., I mean—says we must have a man to talk to, a musical man; and with such an opportunity, John, a genius who can explain the theory and technique and all that sort of thing, put us to sleep or keep us awake, whichever is most desirable, during this classical symposium, or whatever you call it—is that the right word? Well, you know what I mean, or you ought to if you're musical—with such a chance, my dear, she can't let you off. There's some musical *dark horse*, they call him, some newly-unearthed genius, who is to play to-night, make his *debut*, and after that he will just have to pull in his net. Everybody is going, that is, everybody who amounts to anything; but you needn't let that disturb you, John. I pleaded with Mrs. S., I said everything, I *did* everything. I explained that you were not a musical man at all, not a going-out man, not a society man—I suppose you'll have the decency to admit all that—but she said: 'bring him along!' I told her you were a bookworm—and so you are, if you do extra work every night or keep books, or whatever it is you *do* do—that you were a scientist, everything in that dreary way. I said you went to lectures every night, and that you would very likely have one on for to-night of extra importance; but she insisted—wouldn't give in. So you'll have to come. You've got a dress suit, haven't you? Lord knows, I can't remember when I saw you last in it! Make yourself as presentable as possible, like a good fellow!"

During the rapid delivery of this speech, John's face had grown pale and his eyes filled with a strange light. He sat half-listening to his wife's parenthetical chat, interlarded with little insults, while the strange expression and pallor grew upon his face. But his wife noticed nothing; as she rattled along with her tongue and knife and fork, occasionally glancing carelessly across the table at the object of her remarks, and with much more solicitude at the reflection of her own face in the large mirror of the carved sideboard.

At last John found his tongue. "I'm

very sorry, Gertrude," he said, quietly, yet with an air of repression unnoticed by his wife, "but I can't go."

His wife looked up, smiled, and said: "You did that very well indeed, my dear. You should have gone on the stage. I always said you missed your calling when you went into an office." Which was nearer the truth than she knew.

"Don't mistake me, Gertrude," exclaimed Shadow, in nervous haste. "I say I can't go; it is simply impossible!"

"And why is it 'simply impossible,' may I ask?" drawled his wife, with a sneer. "Some other engagement with a fair one?"

John's face flushed; and his wife, seeing the unaccustomed color, laughed. "You know me too well to ask that," he answered, looking steadily into his wife's fine eyes; and as he looked, the unsought admiration, the old love that had been his life's ruin, flamed into his own. And Mrs. Shadow, catching the meaning of that look, was for a moment ashamed.

"There is but one woman for me, Gertrude," Shadow went on, steadily, "though she has not made me much return these last few years."

His wife stared—then laughed; but a wave of color ran up and tinted her fair neck and face.

"You have indeed found your tongue to-night! Keep it going at the same number of words a minute this evening, and you will make quite a hit with Mrs. S.—the other Mrs. S., I mean. The idea of a man making love to his wife! For goodness sake, my dear, don't go into heroics now! We had our day of that, you know. Now let me ask why it is *impossible* for you to go with us, with *me*, this evening? Do I ask you to put yourself out so often that you find it impossible now?"

"How often have you really wanted me?"

"Well, I'll be perfectly honest—never. But that's no reason you should make yourself disagreeable now."

"I can't go."

"Why *can't* you go? Is it because you're not a society man, and that you're afraid of being obscured by me? My dear boy, that needn't bother you in the least. Half the men who will be there

with their wives only go in order that their wives shall not go with other men. They are perfectly content to be mere escorts. They look bored, feel bored, *are bores*; but that's all right! People take them at their face value."

"I certainly do not aspire to be a society man," said John, wearily. "But I am not going to be any woman's fetch-and-carry, not even my wife's. To-night, to please your friend, you would like me to make myself a convenience. I simply refuse. Moreover, were I inclined to satisfy your whim in this matter, I could not. I have an engagement I cannot break. But as to being obscured by you, Gertrude, you know whether I should mind that. Even if I were a woman, what else could I expect?" His wife looked surprised, and smiled her appreciation of the compliment. "But you should remember that if I have been content to be obscure it has only been in order that you might shine more brightly."

"Which is another way of saying that you have had to work while I played in order to get money enough to keep going. Well, it's your own fault! I suppose you might take things a little easier. Other people do. They owe a little, perhaps, here and there; but they're thought all the more of for that."

"By whom?"

"I don't know, but they are—at least, so I've heard. The tradesman, for instance, would think more of you if you owed him a hundred dollars; at all events, he would be more obsequious."

"I don't want anybody to be obsequious to me."

"Oh, well, let's drop the subject. You make the money—I don't care how. It was your fault if you didn't know my tastes when you married me."

"You knew my salary and my prospects."

"Not a bit of it!"

"Well, I made the mistake of believing you cared for me."

"Yes, you *were* vain. Do you suppose every girl who marries really cares for the man she marries? What nonsense! Of course she doesn't. She marries—to marry. I married to better my position—and made it worse. I thought you

were better off than you really were. As to the 'mistake,' you put the cart before the horse. I made the mistake."

John kept his temper and said nothing.

"Your silence is an admission that I am right. Now, be so good as to tell me why it is impossible for you to oblige me to-night."

"I simply can't go. I can't tell you why—at least, not now."

"You can't tell me—now? Are you crazy?"

"Very possibly."

"Then I simply say you've *got* to go! If not to oblige me, to oblige Mrs. Snobbe-Leigh!"

Still undisturbed, John said quietly: "Who is Mrs. Snobbe-Leigh that I should care what her wishes are?"

"The friend of your wife! That is sufficient."

"You are childish. Once for all I say I cannot go. To-morrow I may be able to tell you why, possibly to-night. You will understand then *why* I cannot tell you now."

"Possibly to-night! Really, you are delightfully mysterious! Not a rendezvous, surely, John!" Seeing the pained look in John's face, the wife took a softer, coaxing tone. She placed one beautiful arm around his neck.

"Tell me now, Jack; I'm awfully curious! It must be something really important that you should have to disappoint me like this." She drew his face down and kissed him.

For a moment John wavered. That voluntary caress had made the blood surge to his face and his heart beat irregularly, and the unreciprocated love, a mad passion, surged over him. For a moment he wavered; and a desire to tell her in words that would convince her how much she was to him, to compel her to love him, if only in the careless, girlish way she had once loved him, possessed him. Then the thought of the coaxing, false nature of the caress and kiss stung him, and his face flushed again.

He put her gently away, and for a few moments she stood staring at him with curious eyes, a sneer about her fine, red mouth. Then she left him and swept up the staircase to her dressing-room. But for the first time in many years the

husband, without knowing it, won back the respect of the wife; and, perhaps, a little—a very little in haughty secret—of the poor, faded affection was allowed to bloom for a little while—a very little while—again.

He went to his wardrobe and put on the dress suit at which his wife had sneered, and left the house quietly, feeling depressed and angry with himself. He had only himself to blame if his wife did not care for him. If he had possessed a hand of steel within the velvet glove, if, indeed, he had been autocratic, brutal even, he knew—knowing her nature—she would have thought a thousand times more of him. Certainly, he had made a mistake in marrying her, the one mistake of his life which the latter could never rectify. But so is any man of a sensitive, intellectual, delicate organization a fool to marry a beautiful animal; and John, being sensitive and intellectual and capable of loving to the end, was a fool, and loved on where he should have played the tyrant.

But now he must think of another matter, of more importance for the moment than the mistake of his life. His heart began to beat like a boy's, anticipating victory, as he thought of what the evening had in store for him. He was economical; so, despite the importance of the event, he took a car, sitting in one end, hidden in the depths of his collar. But the car only carried him just within half a mile of his young friend's lodgings; so he hailed a sleigh which happened to be passing, for it was nearly eight. The driver pulled up at a corner, and John paid and dismissed the man, and walked down to the cottage. His familiar ring was answered almost immediately by a tall and handsome, eager-faced young fellow, in evening dress.

"Ah, here you are at last!" he cried in French. "Come in, come in! I had begun to think you were never coming—that you had deserted me at the critical moment! Mon Dieu! you have not sent the cab away, have you? We shall be late!"

"Calm yourself, my friend," said John, with his quiet smile. "You are in a fever of excitement. You must keep tranquil, my boy. I neglected to

retain the cab; but we will have plenty of time. We are number four on the programme. We will walk, and it will do your nerves good. The night is fine. Are you ready?"

"Perfectly, save that I am putting on my coat as you see inside out.

*'C'est le bon roi Dagobert  
Qui mettait ses culottes à l'envers!'*

Have you everything, Professor? The piano is excellent. I tried it myself this afternoon. It is just the thing! Who knows? to-night I may be able to say with Monte Christo: 'the world is mine!' A drop of cognac before we start, Professor!"

But John refused the brandy, and the younger man swallowed his stimulant with a bow and a flourish.

"Now, for good luck or bad, to-night we challenge the gods!" cried Monsieur Max Morel as they set forth. But John was silent; for like a fool, he was thinking of his wife.

An hour later, if the reader pleases, The music hall was filled. In the chairs there was a beautiful display of superb shoulders, and shoulders that would have looked better if they had not been displayed; a sea of shoulders and lovely necks and heads from the box-office point of view; and a smiling heaven of lovely faces and soft throats, with here and there a cloud, of the male gender, as viewed from the footlights. A splendid paying house it was; and the hearts of promoters were gay within them.

There was a flutter of excitement, that indistinct murmur of soft voices, sweeter music than his own to the ear of Monsieur Max Morel, as that handsome young genius came forward,—the dark horse, the hitherto unheard of violinist. There was a faint effort at welcoming applause as he made his bow; but it was a failure. You must have flattering press notices; even though your agent may have paid well for them, you must have the record, the *name*, before you can reasonably expect the people to give you, a stranger, an ovation.

So Monsieur Max Morel, slim, handsome, smiling, confident, made his bow; and the house sat silent expectant.

John, as he sat before the piano and

ran his fingers softly over the keys in the bars of introduction, saw in one brief glance his wife, radiant and beautiful, her eyes fixed upon the young violinist, a smile almost tender about her fine mouth. But she scarcely noticed the accompanist, the "Professor", the tutor of the young man; and if she did, she did not recognize him. Neither did John's acquaintances, of whom there were many in the audience. How could they recognize the dun-colored, the insignificant, the shy, reserved man beneath that superb and perfect disguise of coal-black hair and beard and swarthy skin of the personality who sat with such a masterful and easy grace before the grand piano and made music delightful to hear before even the "star of the evening, beautiful star" had crossed his bow upon his instrument?

I am not a musician; save that, like many other humble and untutored individuals, I can feel a vulgar thrill beneath the influence of beautiful and harmonious sounds, without knowing whether the *technique* is good, bad or indifferent. And the technical point of view is the most important point of view from which to consider the worth of music; at least, in the opinion of many "musicians" who never condescend to give their audiences anything but an exposition of technical skill. I could not tell you for the life of me whether the extreme divisions of an orchestra were so misbehaved and anxious to assert themselves as to completely spoil the proper effect of their brother, the middle section. If such had happened to be the case, I should very probably insist—if I had been in the proper mood to listen to beautiful orchestral music—that I enjoyed the music immensely and would insist in sticking to my assertion, even if laughed out of all patience by my artistically technical friend; who would endeavor to show me that the cornets and flutes and trumpets and all those strident fellows had shown no feeling at all for their confederates the bassoons and oboes and so on.

And my artistically technical friend, who has so much *soul* for music that he never supports it save by procuring a dead-head ticket in return for which he writes up something altogether technical

and unoriginal from his stale reservoir of terms and phrases, would no doubt stride off wondering what on earth that ignorant fool goes to hear good music for.

But I do know that young Max Morel played that night right into the hearts of three-fourths (at the very humblest computation) of his audience, and four-fourths of the way along the rosy road of entire success. Slender, graceful, the essence of youth in his figure and face, and yet grave and in mental harmony with his theme, he won the women, the beautiful fickle women, who sat, some of them, beside their prosaic husbands. He won the prosaic husbands, who doubtless dreamed, without their wives knowing anything about it, of some fair lass of long ago, alas! or of the meadows and streams of boyhood; and it is no treason, at least, to dream that dream. He won, too, the little souls of the *technique* sticklers, for his *technique* was faultless (I had it on good authority). And he won those who had an eye for posture and physical harmony and effect, the artists; because his gestures were harmonious and subtle and altogether wedded to the movement of his music; as he and his instrument seemed to be.

Then when he had finished, and was bowing and stepping backward, still bowing, the house rose and shook the walls with their applause. He was not allowed to leave the stage. He had to go on. And later in the evening, when he played again, something even more divine and lingeringly sweet and with even greater power and soul, he was showered with flowers, and everything including their susceptible hearts, that the fair women could consistently spare and offer him—just then.

A new genius, a great genius had been discovered, thanks to his own confidence; and thanks, too, to the confidence and perseverance and patient pains of one other, who slipped away unseen, the Professor,—the unpopular man.

It was a few days afterward that John, late one afternoon thought he would call upon his pupil, now the celebrated, the petted, the lionized Monsieur Max Morel. He had not seen the young violinist since the night of his success,

and who in the glamor of his triumph had apparently forgotten the man who had been a quiet but potent factor in that ultimate triumph that had opened up such a rosy future for Monsieur Max Morel. Moreover, John was curious to see what effect the sudden flight from the depths of obscurity into the garish heaven of popularity and good fortune had produced upon the varied nature of the lad,—for he was little more than that; and John, though not yet forty, had regarded his gifted pupil with a pride that was almost paternal.

Nor had John revealed to his wife his identity in connection with the young violinist's life and his *debut*, that mysterious "something" which he had almost revealed to her idle curiosity on the evening of the concert. She had, indeed, referred to the young violinist in a most rapturous manner on the following day; and this had filled John with so much pleasure and pride that he was blind to the fact that his wife was dwelling more upon the physical charms and magnetic personality of the young musician than upon his great genius and power. Nor had John, in his foolish pride at hearing his beautiful wife praise unwittingly *his* pupil, observed that his wife's eulogy of the other was also a careless sneer at his own commonplace virtues. Indeed, he was almost on the point of saying: Ah, I am proud, indeed! For he is my pupil; I helped to make him! Then his heart grew suddenly cold and his eager spirit failed him; for he thought that after the first moment of surprise his wife would only contrast his own obscurity with the other's fame, and ask him why he had not made *himself*. Perhaps, indeed, she would sneer at him as a "music teacher"; for he knew her false and snobbish pride in regard to class and occupation. He was beginning to read part of his wife's nature at last, this honest, fatuous John; but a little too late.

So he kept his secret.

Moreover, since that famous night he had been busy with his other pupils, whom he had rather neglected a little while previous to the concert for his great pupil's sake. For, as the astute reader has long since surmised, John

was nothing more in his spare hours than a music teacher, a great master, if you will, a genius who had thrown away the best years of his life when he might have been great; slaving patiently without intending it to make the world more melodious and beautiful, and slaving with equal patience and with intent to make his wife happy after her own fashion.

Of course he was a fool; that is the moral, if it has any, of the story. But I have a weakness for fools of that type. They are, almost, the only *human* beings we have in this world of selfishness.

It was late and had grown dark when he reached the house of Monsieur Max Morel, at the end of the town; a place already well known, for the young violinist since he had become famous and independent of the world, in so far as any one really can be, had found without seeking many "dear friends." John found Monsieur Morel in his shirt sleeves, flying about his wide room in the gayest of moods, humming the air of a love-song as he packed a large valise. The valise was new, John observed; and so were two suits of travelling clothes and a long stylish overcoat that lay across the bed. And there was a hat-box and several parcels that appeared to have recently been "sent home" from the shops. The young fellow, his handsome face aglow with excitement, greeted John with effusion, and held out both his hands.

"Ah, my dear Professor!" he cried in French. He and John had always used this expressive language, John at the outset having pleaded a very slender knowledge of the Anglo-Saxon tongue, which in his heart he dearly loved. But this had been one of John's many artifices for keeping his identity unknown to his pupils. To some of the latter he spoke in German and Italian, and had taken them along with giant strides not only in music but in language. How many men are there of this fine and finished scholastic quality, in the best sense of the word, who are lost to the world; who go along, unknown, unheard of, geniuses without the power to develop and utilize the mines they possess; while the smart young fellows, of literature,

let us say, keen-eyed and clever, but who betray their lack of solid foundation, rush by toward the goal and are received with the plaudits of the press and the public? Is it for the want of that one essential Promethean touch called *originality* that these men, with the load of knowledge they cannot profit by and which their "clever" brothers could use to untold advantage, plod along day after day, bitter with the thought that they are pushing forward others while they themselves remain in the rut of obscurity?

"Ah, my dear Professor! I was afraid I should not see you again—that you had given me up for ever, since my dismal failure of the other evening!" The gay boastfulness of this remark jarred upon the sensitive and reticent nature of John. "Oh, I triumphed, did I not, my dear friend? What an ovation! what a victory! Ah, you are surprised to see me engaged thus, are you not? I have not as yet told you of my great fortune—the desserts of genius! I have already been engaged for the balance of the season! And the figure, my dear Professor—you would be surprised if I were to name it to you! Ah, I was sharp there! They thought to bring me down, but I brought them *up*! And the fair ones, my friend, the beautiful women! I have lived in a paradise since that night! Flowers and fair faces and an atmosphere of perfume,—the poetry, the champagne of life! I have been besieged with entreaties to play here, to play there; and I must not forget to tell you, they insist on knowing who is that wonderful man, that black mysterious man with the touch of a Svengali, that professor who has produced such a divine pupil! And one fellow, an artist, said it was the story set to music of the master and Murillo. But I shook my head and laughed. And then there have been letters! letters! letters! and delicate, dainty perfumed notes! And I have had visitors, the most charming visitors, my dear friend! And one—Oh, she is ravishing! I have seen her each day. Almost for those eyes I am tempted to put aside my engagement for a while! Ah, you smile, somewhat sadly, my dear friend! But she is divine; and she is enraptured

with my music—and, shall I confess it? with the musician! See, that little note the color of heaven, that lies so proudly above the rest! she is coming to-day, and later I am to go to see her!"

A ring at the door-bell made the speaker pause and listen. Then a clear voice asked: "Is Mr. Max Morel at home?"

The young musician snatched up his coat.

"Ah, it is she of whom I spoke!" he whispered with a triumphant smile. "You will forgive me if I leave you for a little while, my dear friend!" And he hurried from the room, humming his love-song.

The minutes went by, but John, oblivious of time, stood staring out of the window at the white street with wide eyes. The voices from below—the voices of his friend and his wife—came up to him with terrible distinctness; and now and then the clear airy laugh he knew so well, half-checked, broke with unutterable irony upon his strained hearing. God in heaven! he had known that she had lost her love for him, but he had never dreamed of this! And this man, this boy whose name he had made, the only one he had cared to call friend, this frivolous fool with his great soul of music and lack of everything else, save his pretty face, chattering away his imperfect English and insidious compliments—it maddened him! And this brazen heartless selfish woman that he had thought true and had loved to his life's ruin—his heart grew sick at the thought of her and her fair face! . . .

Then the white street, the lights and the objects there, grew suddenly blurred—his brain was in a whirl, his reason must be going . . . He sank down with his face in his arms. Then a wild desire to take them by their white throats surged in his heart and put fire in his veins. He sprang up, shaking from head to foot, all the pent-up bitterness of disappointing years crying out for vengeance in one terrible moment. Ah, he remembered where this false friend kept weapons that would speak with a terrible effect! There was a key in the lock of the little desk; but it was slow to turn at his feverish touch, and he

tore the frail thing apart . . . The pistols were gone, but a row of phials caught and held his eye . . . suddenly his fury left him . . . he listened . . . and paused . . .

They came out of the little parlor lit by the rosily shaded lamp into the hall. She was going at last. Their voices and mutual laughter mingled and drifted musically upward.

"The Professor, your musical professor! . . . why did you not tell me! . . . I have detained him all this time . . . it is a shame! . . . Is he young and handsome—like you? . . . Don't be absurd! . . . all men are

jealous . . . No, no! you must not call him! . . .

"He would be charmed! It would be selfish to rob him of the delight . . . He speaks no English, but he is charming . . . Professeur! . . . mon ami! . . . he cannot have gone . . .

"Madame! . . . Mon Dieu; something terrible has happened! . . . Will you call the house? . . . My dear friend, open your eyes! . . . It is I, your friend! . . . Awake! awake! . . . Speak it is I, Max . . . Great God, the Professor is dead! . . . Ah, Madame. . . what is the matter? . . . *you know him?*"

*Charles Gordon Rogers.*



## THE KURDS.

BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

**T**HE Devil, in unwonted merry vein,  
 With the Great Powers of Europe at his side,  
 Gazed down upon the wide Armenian plain  
 To see the Kurdish thieves—his special pride—  
 Forth from their mountain hiding places ride  
 To do the Turkish Sultan's bidding yet again.

Russia and France and Germany were there,  
 And Italy and Austria, Christian maids,  
 And Britain stalwart, with fair Saxon hair,  
 And all wore crests and shields with warlike air,  
 And glittering armor and keen flashing blades.

The Devil grinned and rubbed his hands with glee,  
 And pointed to the village at their feet,

"Just wait a moment, honored friends," said he.

"And some rare sport I promise you shall see,  
 Such sport as Hell itself would find it hard to beat!"

"Ah! here they come; we have not watched in vain!"

Down from the further hills, upon the words,  
 In whirlwind sweep of horsemen o'er the plain,  
 Came swarthy hordes on loose and flying rein  
 The Hamidyeh Irregulars—the Devil's Own—the Kurds!

Banditti, black of heart as black of hair,  
 With lust and murder glaring from their eyes,  
 Yet licensed by that whelp whose name they bear,  
 Hamid the Fiend, whose uniform they wear,  
 To work their will until God's heavy vengeance rise.

" See! " cries the Devil, trembling with delight,  
 " See the Armenian village how it cowers,  
 As you have seen a lamb, in pitious plight,  
 Standing at bay before a tiger's might—  
 Do ye not find it interesting, oh, Great Powers?

" Hear the wild shrieks of women in despair,  
 Hark! 'tis the children screaming as they cling;  
 See yon old pastor with the snow-white hair,  
 With outstretched hands and face upturned in prayer,  
 And listen! a death-song his faithful people sing.

" And now—" but here the Devil turned away  
 And hid his face and dropped his merry mood,  
 A timely cloud in pity veiled the day,  
 The Powers of Europe sickened where they stood—  
 The Kurds had come—there rose a mist of blood  
 To dim the nameless horrors that beneath held sway.

\* \* \* \* \*

The watchers on the crest look down again  
 Where late the village was but now is not;  
 A thousand gory corpses strew the plain,  
 And black and smoking ruins mark the spot,  
 Upon that beauteous vale a horrid blot,  
 Where Christ's Armenians cried for help, but cried in vain!

Massacred in the Sultan's holy name!  
 Dishonored, mutilated every one—  
 Nay, hold! sweet childhood yet hath power to tame  
 These beasts—their hearts have still some jot of shame,  
 See! scores of infants live, tho' now the butchery's done,

And look! the little ones are gently led  
 (A sight at which the Devil almost weeps)  
 To a clear space that is not swimming red,  
 And is not littered with the staring dead—  
 Apart from murdered kindred thrown in bloody heaps.

The Powers looked on. Quoth Russia, " It is clear  
 These Kurds are slandered in the public press,"  
 (Whereat the Devil gave a sidelong leer),  
 " Some bowels of compassion they possess,  
 I scarcely should have thought it, I confess,  
 Even to the hardest hearts the innocent are dear!"

Her Sisters bowed assent. The Devil smiled.  
 And now the Innocents are in a row  
 All lying on the green sward, child to child,  
 With even heads. Quoth Satan, bending low,  
 " Please give your best attention; this, you know,  
 Is the rare sport I spake of, oh, ye Powers mild."

And now the Bandits, boisterous o'er their joke,  
 Draw off a space, to gallop down the line,  
 And he who at top speed, with sabre stroke,  
 Most heads can sever— Not a Nation spoke,  
 And not a sword leaped forth, oh Christ divine,  
 To avenge the unmatched wrongs of these poor babes of Thine!

*J. W. Bengough*



## THE ARMENIAN ATROCITIES.

BY REV. PRINCIPAL CAVEN.

(Photos by courtesy of E. T. Allen, Oroomiah, Persian Armenia.)



THE boundaries of Armenia have varied at different periods, but, without attempting precision, it may be said to have the Caucasus on the North and the Mountains of Kurdistan on the South, the Caspian Sea on the East and Asia Minor on the West. It is a plateau, 7,000 feet above the level of the sea, while the loftiest peak of Mount Ararat rises to the height of 17,000 feet. The great rivers Euphrates, Tigris, Araxes and Kur pour down their waters—the two former towards the Persian Gulf and the two latter towards the Caspian Sea. Armenia abounds in lakes, the largest of which are Van and Oroomiah. Much of the country is fertile, but its troubled history has prevented good cultivation. The main productions are grain, cotton, grapes and tobacco. Though the valleys are warm enough to ripen the grape, the general elevation of the land implies a severe climate in winter.

Armenia, or part of it, is known in the Bible as Ararat, Minni or Togarmah. The ark rested on the "mountains of Ararat." (*Gen.* 8:4.) Isaiah, predicting the downfall of Babylon, hears "the noise of a multitude in the mountains" (*Ch.* 13:4); and Jeremiah summons against Babylon "the kingdoms of Ararat, Minni and Ashkenaz" (*Ch.* 51:27). After killing their father, the sons of Sennacherib "escaped into the land of Armenia." The name Armenia is first found in a Persian inscription, about 500 B.C. Many suppose it to come from Har-Minni, *i.e.*, the Mountain of Minni; but the derivation is quite uncertain.

According to their own legendary history, in which ancient traditions are curiously combined with biblical lore.

the Armenians are descended from Haik, a son of Togarmah, grandson of Japhet, who fled from the tyranny of Belus Assyria and settled in the country which now, in their language, bears his name. If Togarmah is Armenia, the Armenians in the time of Ezekiel traded with Tyre "in carriage-horses, riding-horses and mules" (*Ch.* 27:14).

Armenia has had a troubled history almost continuously. For brief periods now and then it enjoyed independence or quasi-independence; and it has been under the yoke of Assyria, Macedonia, Parthia, Rome and Persia. As early as the fourteenth century the Kurds began their depredations, and the country suffered from the cruelties of Timour. Since 1604 Armenia has had no separate political existence. It is at present divided between Turkey, Russia and Persia. Of the 4,000,000 or more Armenians, 2,500,000 are in the Turkish Empire, while more than 1,000,000 are under Russia. Armenians are found all around the Levant. In European Turkey there are said to be 400,000, of whom 200,000 are in Constantinople. There are several thousands of this active, trading people in India, and in England and America there are, perhaps, 15,000.

The Armenians have a language of their own, which belongs to the "Iranian branch of the Indo-Germanic family of languages." An admixture of Turkish and Persian has resulted from the conquest of the country. Their literature begins in the fourth century, and is exclusively Christian. After this period much literary activity was developed, and Armenian students were found in the principal European seats of learning. Some important writings, which are lost in the Greek originals, are preserved in Armenian translations. The names of Mesrob (who rendered the Scriptures into

his native tongue), Moses of Chorene, etc., are familiar to students of Church history. In our own day the Armenians, though "peeled and scattered," show considerable literary productiveness, and are a bright and intelligent people.

Christianity was planted in Armenia in the third century. The Armenian Church has, indeed, claimed an earlier origin. The legendary account is that our Lord wrote a letter to Akbar, or Abgar, King of Edessa, to whom also He sent a portrait of Himself, and that the Church was founded in Armenia in A. D. 34. The real founder was Gregory the "Illuminator," a prince of the reigning family and a zealous missionary. The Armenians were included in the unity of the early Church, and took part in the first three general councils; but they declined, for some reason, to receive the decrees of Chalcedon, and thus became separated from the Greek Church, or rather from the Ecumenical body. The imputations of heresy touching the doctrine of the Lord's person made by the Greek and Latin Churches they steadfastly repel. The doctrine, discipline, ritual and polity of the Armenian Church are nearly identical with those of the Greek Church, though from the sixth century it has stood apart. There are the three orders of clergy—bishops, priests and deacons; and three episcopal grades—archbishop, bishop and vartabed or doctor. The patriarch or Catholicos is chief of the hierarchy. The priesthood is hereditary.

The great majority of the people belong to the Armenian Church, though both the Greek and Latin Churches have considerable numbers of adherents. Protestantism is mainly represented by the Missions of the American Board, which have been prosperous, and have also reacted beneficially upon the native Church. The American missionaries have been remarkable for prudence and ability as well as for evangelical zeal.

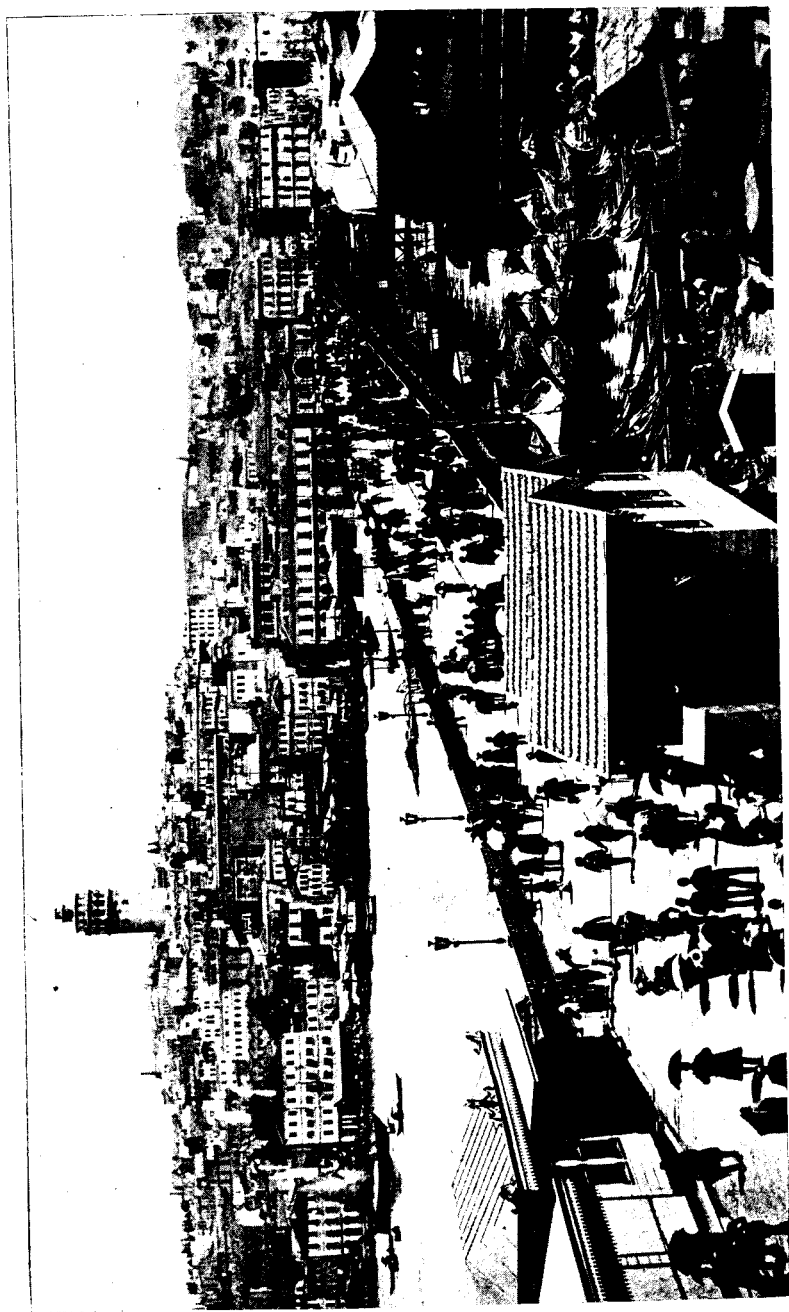
For more than a year the attention of the civilized world has been drawn to Armenia by almost daily reports of the terrible proceedings of Turks and Kurds in that afflicted land. Though Armenian Christians have been suffering from Turkish-Mohammedan oppressions almost

constantly, the injustice and cruelty of the past have been thrown into the shade by recent atrocities.

In 1856 a hattî-sherif was issued by Turkey, guaranteeing religious liberty in the Ottoman Empire; but this famous edict has been a dead letter; for in that very year, and with little intermission ever since, persecution of Christians has been going on with more or less severity. Local outbursts of fanaticism may partly account for the sufferings of Christians, but the evidence is abundant that the Government, instead of protecting its Christian subjects from Kurds and Druses, has been well pleased to see them pillaged and slaughtered. Turkey cannot free herself from complicity in the massacres of Damascus, Lebanon and Cæsarea, any more than she can wash off the guilt of Bulgarian horrors.

It is more than a year since Zekki Pasha, a prominent officer in the Turkish army, began to devastate Armenia. The report came to Europe that thousands of defenceless Armenians, men, women and children, had been killed by Turkish troops and by the marauding Kurds, who were organized by Turkey into cavalry regiments for the express purpose of joining in the bloody work. Many villages were said to be destroyed, and tens of thousands of people left without food or shelter. The report was at first received with an admixture of incredulity. Many influential journals espoused the side of the Turk or became his apologists—averring that the sufferings of the Armenians were much exaggerated, that one side was as blameworthy as the other, and that if some severity was used in chastising a people given to revolution and tumult, we need not expend a great deal of sympathy upon them.

The sources of our first information as to proceedings in Armenia were too reliable to justify much doubt regarding the substantial truth of what came to our ears; but for many months incredulity has been impossible. The accounts received through missionaries, correspondents of newspapers and official investigations by European powers have placed before the eyes of Christendom scenes of horror, hardly to be surpassed in any



CONSTANTINOPLE FROM STAMBOUL.

age. The Turks resident among the Armenians, the Kurds from their neighboring mountains and the regular troops of Turkey have vied with each other in the atrocities perpetrated upon an unoffending people. Murder and pillage have run riot in almost every part of Turkish Armenia. One cannot even approximate with accuracy to the number of those shot, clubbed to death or hacked to pieces. Wholesale massacres have occurred at Trebizond, Guran, Erzerour, Bitlis, Sivas, Sassoun, Zeitoun, Kharpoot and other important places. In some of these massacres several thousands have perished. Hundreds of vil-

manly speaking, it can be prevented at all.

Why, then, all this butchery of a quiet, intelligent and enterprising people? The Turk informs us that he is subduing rebellion; and, in support of his assertion, points to the fact that in several instances the Armenians have stood for their lives. But what should we think of a people who should not even try to defend their homes against brutal barbarity and lust? The slander of their enemies represents the resistance offered by the Armenians—alas, too ineffectually—as organized rebellion against Turkey. Britons, we think,

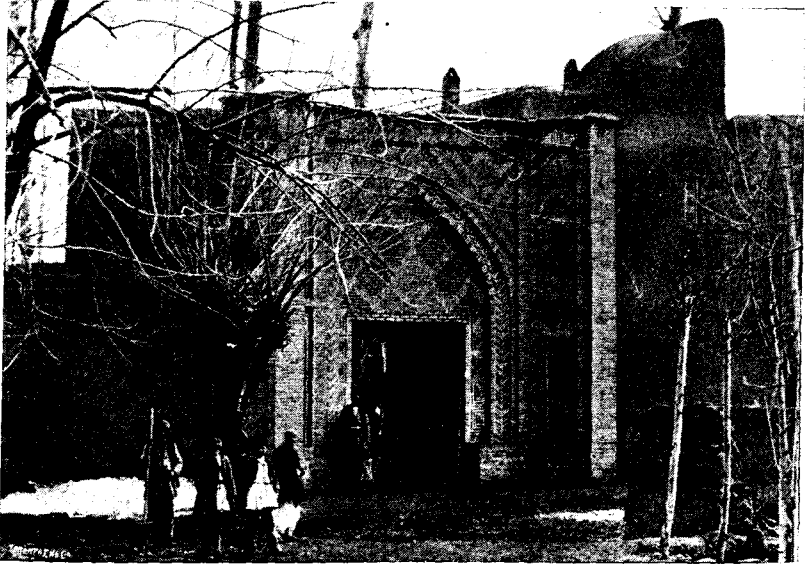


MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA, CONSTANTINOPLE.

lages have been utterly destroyed, and great breadths of country desolated with fire and sword. No place of refuge from the destroyer could be found. Streets were littered with corpses, churches filled with slain, families despatched in their houses, pits filled with victims—often mutilated, sometimes quivering in death. Tens of thousands probably have been slain, and hundreds of thousands are utterly destitute. Last winter many perished from want, but those who shall perish this winter will, it may be feared, be counted by thousands. Nothing but the largest, immediate exercise of charity can prevent this result; if indeed, hu-

manly speaking, it can be prevented at all. should be slow to condemn revolt against such a Government, even should Armenia grasp the sword with all her might.

The explanation of these enduring atrocities, which threaten the extermination of a people, is found in the following things:—(1) Racial hatred. Of this both Turks and Kurds largely partake. They share, in this regard, the instincts of all rude peoples—nay, of all in whom humane sentiments are not developed by true religion. That Turks and Kurds should hate Armenians will not seem wonderful to those who remember that Englishmen used to speak of the French as their "natural enemies," and that a



HOSPITAL GATE, PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE, OROOMIAH,  
(PERSIAN ARMENIA.)



ARMENIAN WOMAN MAKING BUTTER.

great naval hero told his sailors to "hate a Frenchman as they would hate Satan."

(2) The love of plunder is another motive in this case. For centuries the Kurds have been wont to swoop down from their mountains upon the Armenians and carry off their flocks and herds. The present was a special opportunity for securing booty of every kind, especially when the Government would regard all injury done to the Armenians as highly meritorious. But the evidence that the Turks—soldiers and citizens—were not less alert in plundering the Armenians is abundant. These murderers of men and women, old and young, are eager to appropriate what the fire has not consumed.

(3) But religious fanaticism, more than any other cause, must account for the frightful sufferings of Armenia. Mohammedanism always and everywhere hates Christianity with relentless hatred. Its whole history is proof. The sword or tribute is the option given to the conquered by the Koran. Only where the Moslem faith is under strict bonds, as in India, does its temper—even in the present day—seem milder; and in India its behavior rather than its temper is improved. All Mohammedan doctors agree that the apostate from Islam should be put to death; and certainly the religious liberty guaranteed by Turkey to Christians has



ARMENIAN WATER CARRIERS.

proved a delusion. It really appears as if Turkey were aiming at the extermination of Christians in Anatolia. The Kurds, who are Moslems after a sort, have been always encouraged to plunder and kill Armenians, and now the Turkish soldiery are employed in wholesale devastation and massacre. Mohammedanism had fine things to say of itself in the Parliament of Religion, but in its native seats it is a horrid combination of deceit, cruelty and lust.

The sympathies of Europe, and especially of Britain, have gone out strongly towards Armenia, and several of the great Powers have been moved to intervene on its behalf. They have made investigations of the facts. They have addressed strong remonstrances to the Porte. Salisbury, in speeches and despatches, has given powerful expressions to the sentiments of Christendom. Warships of England, France and Russia are lying at the Dardanelles or have passed

into the Bosphorus. But the heartless and cunning Sybarite who rules Turkey only mocks the Powers by issuing pacific orders, which are not meant to be executed; for he well understands that the mutual jealousies of the European Governments make concerted, effective action on their part well nigh hopeless; and he trusts to divide their counsels and play them off against each other. It is, indeed, humiliating, as it is distressing, to see the slaughter of Armenians going on unchecked, while the fleets of Europe are lying idle—under paralysis—close to the place where these horrors are concocted.

What shall the issue be? The utter destruction of Armenia during continued inactivity of the Powers? The Powers acting in concert to bring this carnival of death to an end? One of the Powers being permitted to assume the protectorate of Armenia? No one at present can predict. We can but look up to the



ARMENIAN GIRLS AND MISSIONARY.

righteous and merciful Ruler of nations, and pray that He would arise, as in the days of old, for the protection of the oppressed and defenceless. "If it had not been the Lord, who was on our side... then they had swallowed us up quick, when their wrath was kindled against

us; then the waters had overwhelmed us, the stream had gone over our soul; then the proud waters had gone over our soul...our help is in the name of the Lord who hath made heaven and earth."

*Wm. Caven.*



ARMENIAN WOMEN GRINDING CORN.

## A SEA SONG.

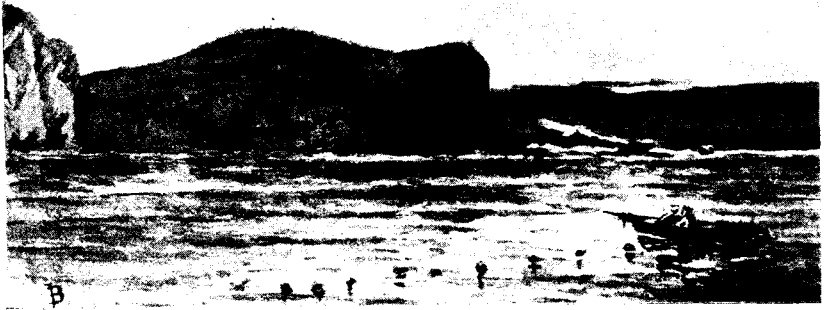
BY BLISS CARMAN.

*Illustrations by J. T. M. Burnside.*

**W**HERE the blue comes down to the brine,  
 And the brine goes up to the blue,  
 It's shine, shine, shine,  
 The whole day through,  
 The whole summer day long, dear.

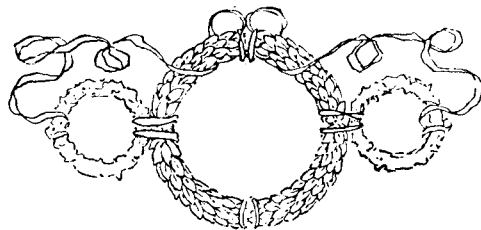


Till the sun like a harbor buoy,  
Is riding afloat in the west,  
And it's joy, joy, joy,  
For the place of his rest,  
The haven of No-more-fear.



Then the stars come out on the sea,  
And dance on the purple floor ;  
Their Master has turned the key  
In the silver door,  
And my heart's delight draws near.

*Bliss Carman.*





# OUTING RECREATION

## RUGBY FOOTBALL IN ONTARIO.

BY ERNEST S. GLASSCO.

**T**O an athletic people like the Anglo-Saxons, who to-day sit at the feet of the ancient Greeks and strive to emulate their feats of strength and daring, the important place occupied by Rugby Football in the sphere of athletic sports, and the prominence which it has earned in the public's esteem, must prove factors of sufficient moment to warrant the introduction of a few remarks

At the beginning of the season it was pretty generally conceded that the finals would lay between Queen's and Osgoode Hall. The former had a team which had played together for two seasons, and might have been expected to have acquired all the inherent advantages with which such an experience is attended.

On the other hand, Osgoode Hall had a



"JUST OVER THE LINE."

PHOTO BY J. R. STEWART.

ament the game which is as old as the Olympian Stadium itself, although at the present moment somewhat out of season.

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The past season was replete with surprises in football circles. To none does this appear more painfully apparent than to the enthusiast who prides himself on his being able to pick the winner at the beginning of a season. The knowing ones were deplorably mistaken for once.

comparatively new team—that is, many of the players who composed it, although able exponents of the game, put on their black and white uniforms for the first time when the season opened. Individually, it was thought that Osgoode's players were the peers of any in the Union, but it was feared by many that their lack of acquaintance with one another's capabilities would leave them weak in team play.

When the Hamilton "Tigers" lined up for the season, it was also seen that new

faces were in abundance. Indeed, preparatory to the start, it was a matter of much speculation as to whether Hamilton would put a team in the senior series at all, so blue was the prospect which presented itself when the inaugural meeting for the season was called. However, the indomitable spirit for which the "Tigers" have long been famous, once more asserted itself, and the enterprise was determined upon. That the effort was worth the attempt has been clearly demonstrated by the plucky fight which the representatives of the Ambitious City put up. The Torontos were not expected to do much, and succeeded admirably in carrying out what was expected of them. The Garnets showed their lack of organization early in the season by the meagre attendance at practice. It was again a noticeable feature last season with them that they played too much of an individual game, instead of trusting to concerted action. Grand-stand-play may be all well enough from a spectator's point of view, but it doesn't win matches, and these are what count at the end of the season.

'Varsity was supposed to have one of the weakest teams in the entire combination. Many of its hitherto most conspicuous players were last season conspicuous by their absence, and others who had graduated to the ranks of Osgoode Hall were found pitted against the team of their *Alma Mater* when the schedule was opened for '95. It was true there were a few good players left, but then it was reflected that the bulk of the team was untried material, and the brilliant work of a few star players usually serves but to draw attention to the imperfect efforts of the many lesser lights, without appreciably affecting the final results. It was confidently expected by everybody that such would be the case in this instance, but everybody was mistaken for once. The wearers of the blue and white surprised their most ardent admirers by their splendid success; in fact, they must have surprised themselves.

By conscientious application and repeated efforts, 'Varsity fought its way steadily to the front, and succeeded in transferring the championship trophy

from the Kingston University to its own classic halls. Verily the Queens are dead; long live the Kings!

The first surprise of the season to be chronicled is the easy defeat of Osgoode by Queen's, at Kingston, by the unexpected score of 21 to 5 points.

After the game of the previous Saturday, in which Osgoode had succeeded in holding the champions down to an even tie—15 all—the Legalites journeyed to the Limestone City confident of victory, their backers speculating only as to the extent of the majority which should be credited to their favorites.

The reason for this over-confidence lay in the fact that certain tried acquisitions had been made to the team of the wearers of the black and white, notable among which was that of the redoubtable James Smellie, while it was known definitely that Queen's would be unable to materially add to the team which represented that College at Toronto on the previous Saturday. Attendant upon these reflections there was much rejoicing in the Osgoode ranks.

At the sound of the whistle, fifteen splendid athletes, in uniforms of black and white, jumped nimbly upon the field—as fine a set of individual players as had appeared on a football field for many a day. The rooters from the Queen City shouted defiance from their elevated position on the grand stand to the stocky team which were to try conclusions with the champions of '92. Loud exclamations were echoed back in response from the supporters of Queen's, while the cadets from the Royal Military College joined in with Osgoode's derisive counter-cheers.

From the outset, however, it was apparent that the splendid combination which Queen's presented must succeed in crushing Osgoode's individual game.

Never was the lack of team play more severely felt by any club than by Osgoode on this occasion. Queen's had their opponents literally bewildered. So far as Osgoode was concerned, at times, nowhere could the ball be located. Try their hardest, the Legalites could not score more than 5 times, while their opponents succeeded in tallying no less



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO RUGBY FOOTBALL TEAM.—CHAMPIONS OF CANADA FOR 1885.

than 24 points. The students of Osgoode Hall returned home a sadder but wiser lot.

Concurrently with these two games, 'Varsity met the Tigers, of Hamilton, in home and home games, and, as already stated, succeeded in defeating them by 3 points on the round.

In the light of after events, the result of this round was most significant, in that it placed 'Varsity in the finals with Queen's, and credited Hamilton with having put up the strongest game of the season against a team which were destined to become the champions of Canada for 1895.

The result of the finals in the O.R.F.U. was the most pronounced surprise of the

thought that 'Varsity would be clearly outclassed by the collegians from Kingston in the final games. The supposed weakness of the Hamilton team, which 'Varsity had so narrowly defeated, lent weight to this hypothesis. Added to this, also, came the dispiriting account of the experience which Osgoode had encountered at the hands of the Limestone City collegians—the reports of daring and sterling football by Curtis, Fox, *et al.* Nobody for a moment believed 'Varsity had the slightest chance.

So generally was this idea shared by players and non-participants alike, that the attendance at the first game in the final round was the smallest seen for years at a championship match, not more



"A SCRUMMAGE."

PHOTO BY J. R. STEWART.

season, making sad havoc as it did of the calculations of those who had given the matter any attention whatever.

For two long years defeat had been an unknown quantity to the football fraternity of Queen's University, whereas for a still greater period victory was an undiscoverable measure with the wearers of the blue and white. To critics, there was no apparent reason why fortune—fickle fortune—should be so absurdly erratic in her movements as to upset this order of things—nothing to indicate that she was likely to do so.

After Queen's easy victory over Osgoode Hall, the composition of which team was made up for the most part with the cream of 'Varsity's '94 players, it was

than eight hundred persons being present. Those who were there, however, managed to make themselves heard, and witnessed one of the prettiest games of Rugby seen on a championship field for many a day.

At the appointed time, Referee Ballantyne, accompanied by Umpire McCarthy and touch-line Judges Bayley and Barker, walked upon the field, and the occupants of the grand stand began forthwith that piston-rod movement of their pedal extremities, reserved for such momentous occasions.

Two minutes later, Queen's, looking somewhat *blazé* from their recent struggle with Osgoode of the previous Saturday, essayed forth, followed imme-



PHOTO BY E. S. GLASSCO.

HALF-TIME FINAL GAME.—HAMILTON JUNIOR TIGERS.

WINNERS OF JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP, 1895.

diately by the representatives of 'Varsity.

This was the signal for renewed vigor in the grand stand; and after a little preliminary passing had been indulged in, a prolonged salutation greeted each team as it lined up for the game.

The two captains tossed, and Barr won for 'Varsity, electing to kick east with the sun behind.

The cheers which greeted the appearance of the teams were hushed to silence as the players lined out across the field, and everybody held his breath while Curtis placed the ball for the kick-off. Not a sound was to be heard, not a word escaped the lips of any in that excited assemblage. 'Tis an anxious moment, that which precedes the opening of a championship game.

With actual play came relief to players and onlookers alike, the former dashing into their work pale and eager, the latter cheering indiscriminately at every play. For a moment all was uproar and confusion, and then the crowd settled down to watch the progress of the game.

That prestige which Queen's had earned appeared as though it would be upheld as slowly but surely the ball was worked step by step up the field. A scrimmage, a free kick and a run by Curtis brought the sphere down on 'Varsity's goal line. Belanger, who played a splendid game throughout, saved his citadel repeatedly. Finally, a free kick by Ross, who tried for a goal, placed the ball far in 'Varsity's territory, and Belanger was forced to rouse. First blood for Queen's. Score 1-0.

At this the Kingston contingent rose *en masse* and cheered to the echo, while 'Varsity supporters looked ruinously blue and disconsolate.

Six minutes later, when the trick was repeated, Kingston sympathisers again become jubilant. Score, 2-0 in favor of Queen's.

The tri-color team from the Limestone City now began to suffer from over-confidence, and their play from this forward was loose and careless. They failed to take advantage of several chances to

follow up when long kicks were made, and showed a general disinclination to work of any sort, the immediate result of which was that 'Varsity scored the next point—a rouge on a kick by Counsell—which should never have been made if but ordinary activity had been displayed.

Nevertheless, when half-time was called, the enthusiastic supporters of Queen's went wild with excitement, believing that as 'Varsity had failed to

'Varsity simply had things its own way in this half. Starting off with a rouge which tied the score, the Toronto collegians aggregated eighteen points in this half, while Queen's did not score once.

The deciding point in the game was made when Bradley got over Queen's goal-line for a try which, not being converted, placed the score at 6-2 in favor of 'Varsity. Henceforward Queen's seemed to lose heart, while 'Varsity kept on



'VARSITY'S SCRIMMAGE, 1895.

PHOTO BY BRUCE.

run up a score in the first half, the staying qualities of their favorites would prevent them doing so in the next. They cheered, they shouted their Gaelic yell, they blew tin horns, and made themselves particularly conspicuous by their boisterous enthusiasm.

But a change came over the spirit of their dream with the opening of the second half, when it dawned upon them that their favorites were being outplayed at every point.

scoring in a manner that set the crowd frantic. At every favorable move made by Toronto's collegians—and they were numerous—an undulating sea of blue and white ribbons at once became lashed to the wildest fury and the voice of the crowd was as the roar of thunder.

It would be impossible in a brief paper of this sort to follow minutely every detail of the game but the play which resulted in the obtaining of the final point, is especially worth recording.

Time was almost up when a beautiful run by Counsell, McDougall and Hargraft brought the ball down from Queen's forty to her ten yards line. Barr got the ball from the throw-in and while the wings held back their men, he sprinted across the field right down the line and had turned the end before he was tackled. Kingston, who was at his heels, received the ball and after getting clear of Horsey and Ross got over the line for a try which Elliot converted by a beautiful kick not four feet from the touch-line. Score 19-2 in 'Varsity's favor.

Here it was that the crowd broke loose from all restraint, A wild rush was made for the club house and Capt. Barr hoisted on the shoulders of a lusty few who triumphantly paraded him before the President. After Prof. Loudon had warmly congratulated the man who had done more than anyone else to win the match, Barr was allowed to go. In the excitement which followed Queen's rode off unceremoniously in their 'bus

realizing but too surely that they would never be able to pull off in the second game, the big lead which 'Varsity had obtained in the first.

There is little else of interest to record in the season's doings—nothing but what could be taken as a matter of course.

'Varsity journeyed to Kingston and again met Queen's by whom they were defeated by 12 to 7 points; but as this was not sufficient to offset the score of the previous Saturday the Toronto Collegians were entitled to be styled champions of Ontario for 1895.

Afterwards, at Montreal, by a score of 24 to 5 the wearers of the blue and white demonstrated their right to the championship of Canada by defeating the champions of Quebec.

In the Intermediate series the Lornes defeated the Quebec team at Rosedale or the championship of Canada, while the Hamilton juniors carried off the coveted trophy in their class, beating out every competitor with comparative ease.

*Ernest S. Glasco.*



## THE TRANSVAAL—PAUL KRÜGER'S COUNTRY.

BY JOHN D. PATTERSON.

**L**VER since the discovery in 1885 of the rich veins of gold-bearing quartz in the Witwater Rand, the name of the Transvaal has been so constantly before the reading world that the general location of "Paul Kruger's Country" has become as firmly fixed in its mind as is that of most countries whose history dates back many cycles beyond the time when the great rolling, treeless uplands marked on our

atlases as the South African Republic, was first settled by white people. Gradually its one great city, sprung in a single decade from a few scattered miners' huts, has insinuated itself into our thoughts, until we have been content to know Johannesburg's exact position, and to keep in touch with its wonderful growth, without caring to burden ourselves with a knowledge of the boundaries of the land which gave it birth and of the highways to it.

The scanty ounces of gold panned by the miners of '85 from the easily worked lode of the Rand, sent a swift message—



DRAWN BY F. H. BRIGDEN.

PAUL KRÜGER.

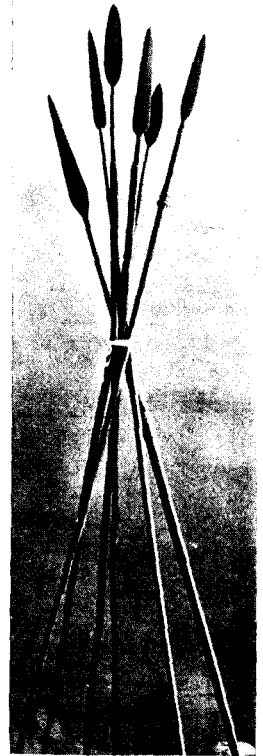
FROM A PHOTO.

*President of the Transvaal Republic.*

at once a challenge and an invitation—to that restless element of the peoples of all nations, who chafing under the restraints and privations too often following close upon the struggle for existence in the old lands, are so easily influenced by the magic word "GOLD," that they will cast every home tie off and gladly accept every difficulty and hardship of distance and climate in the eager rush to the diggings. With the marvellous tales of that marvellous city coming in a thousand ways to us, it has been very pleasant through these brief years to pore over the stock reports of our breakfast papers to find how favorite "Kaffir" shares were going—to learn each week, it seemed, of new mines opened, and of enormous dividends paid to the fortunate holders of shares in established companies. More pleasant still, perhaps, has it been to sit by our evening fires to dream of the fabulous wealth underlying that far-away city, wondering meanwhile the fate of this good fellow or that, who had left us and his other friends, to woo in a country so distant the fickle goddess, "Fortune." How unprepared the many were for the rude awakening flashed through the cable in the first days of 1893—"An attempt to overthrow Paul Krüger's Government—the Transvaal

Boers in arms—English blood flowing." In the earnest seeking for a broader knowledge of the country itself from which the startling rattle of the rifles came, and to which, since then, all eyes are so intently straining, for cace the gold fields are forgotten—hardly even is Johannesburg remembered—but every scrap of news, however meagre, touching the Transvaal or her Boers, is eagerly accepted.

It was the writer's good fortune in January 1895, to make a swift journey across the South African Republic, and he ventures to hope that his readers will not



ZULU ASSEGAIS.



at this time find altogether without interest a simple digest of some notes he made while there regarding the country, its early settlement, its people, their mode of living, and the views they hold touching their present condition, to preserve

Swaziland and the Portuguese territory lying along the Indian Ocean; while on the north and north-west it is divided from Matabeleland and Khama's country by the Limpopo River; on the west it touches British Bechuanaland and Gri-



DRAWN BY FREDERIC W. FALLS.

FROM A PHOTO.

MAJUBA HILL, IN THE DRAKENBURG MOUNTAINS.

which there is not among them a man who would not gladly give all that he has, and his life, if need be.

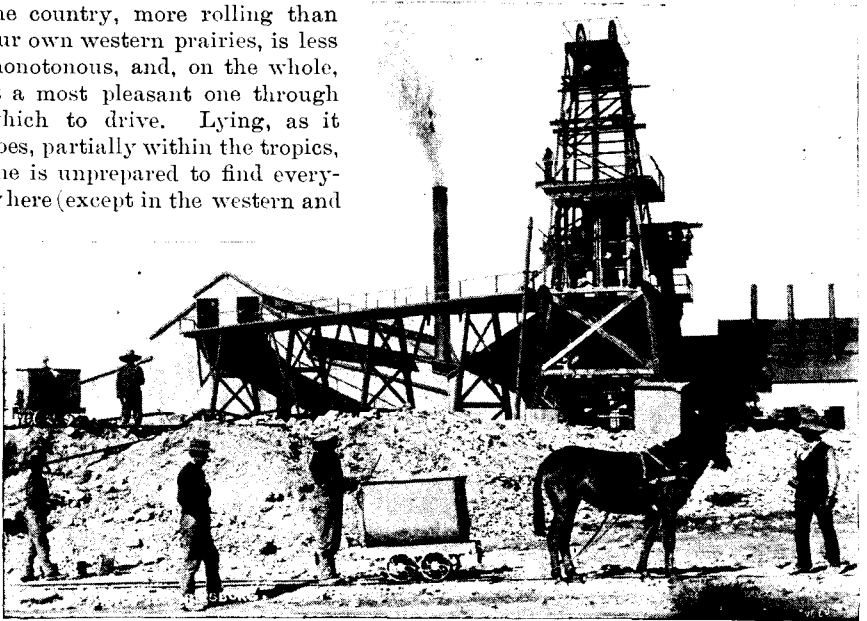
In a very general way, the Transvaal may be described as lying to the north of the Orange Free State, Natal, and Zululand, its eastern boundary being

qualand West. These boundaries inclose upwards of one hundred and twenty thousand square miles; a vast expanse of open country, in many parts well watered and affording abundant pasturage for the cattle of the "Boers," or Dutch farmers, who occupy almost

its entire extent. Except in its northern and extreme southern parts, no forests are encountered, although along the banks of the numerous small streams there is usually found a fringe of mimosas, and similar dwarfed thorny trees. In the great central area the grass land is seldom relieved by the growth even of low bushes. While preserving in its central and western plateau a general elevation of more than three thousand five hundred feet above sea level, the country, more rolling than our own western prairies, is less monotonous, and, on the whole, is a most pleasant one through which to drive. Lying, as it does, partially within the tropics, one is unprepared to find everywhere (except in the western and

and ruling — enslaving even — the Negroes, to whom they were ever ungenerous and unjust, decided to leave the country which through generations had been theirs, and to push north-eastward with their families and cattle to the new country, which had first been visited by a handful of hardy pioneers, and to which they fondly looked as to indeed a "promised land."

But this land, with its wealth of water



SURFACE WORKS OF A GOLD MINE IN JOHANNESBURG.

eastern sections lying close to the rivers) a climate so healthful and so delightfully invigorating. From December until March the days are very warm, although even the mid-day temperatures seldom exceed 95° Fahrenheit, while when evening comes it is invariably cool. The air is at all times dry and pure. Until 1833, the country beyond the Vaal river was practically unknown, except to the treacherous Kaffir tribes by which it was inhabited. For many years previous to that time, the Boers of what is now Cape Colony, had been restive under the growing power of the English settlers, and unable to endure the interference by them in their long-established customs in treating with,

and rich grasses, was not to be had for the asking. Almost from the first, their occupation of the country was resented by the native tribes; fierce battles followed, in one of which 800 of the brave fellows fell, and not until 1840 was the country to the south-east even reasonably safe from tribal invasion. Then, however, the Boers, in a final engagement, utterly broke the spirit of the Zulu chiefs, and took possession of Natal. This soon, however, was relinquished, and with scarcely a protest, to the English, who came around from the Cape by the sea. For a number of years the country was held without any permanent organization, but in 1858 the present Republic was established. New



territory was rapidly absorbed in whatever direction the inclination of the "Trekks" led. Whatever rights the natives had were utterly disregarded; their villages were broken up, and the poor Kaffirs, except those held in semi-slavery, were driven off as ruthlessly as were the prowling beasts threatening their sheep kraals.

Through the few years immediately succeeding the formation of the Volkraad the country was happily free from serious trouble with the Blacks. To the Negroes however, the Boers continued to be so cruelly unjust that serious uprising and border wars again commenced just at a time when unfortunately the infant Republic was sadly harrassed by her own internal troubles. The Government was far from united, the different sections of the Boers being unable, it would seem, to elect from among their number a President and Parliament (the Volkraad) acceptable alike to all the people. In a dispute with Portugal an arbitration, in which the French President was umpire, followed, when her eastern boundary was fixed, and shortly afterwards her south-

western limit was amicably settled in negotiations carried on for England by the then Governor of Natal. This was in 1871, and for four years following, through the continued disaffection of some sections of her own people, and because of her lingering and far from successful wars with the different native tribes, with no resources and no army footing, she was unable to do more than echo the cry of protest wrung from the hearts of her whole people, when, in 1877, a proclamation was issued, annexing the Transvaal as a British possession and appointing over it a British administrator.

It is true the little Republic was all but tottering; it is true her exchequer was bordering on bankruptcy, but it is true as well that she was dear to the hearts of her children—a sturdy white race sprung from good Holland and German protestants forefathers—who valued above all things else her liberty. Despoiled of their nation, their flag dishonored, British soldiers garrisoned in their capital and over-run, as their country commenced to be, by a reckless and irresponsible horde of prospectors

and adventurers who abused the hospitality of the Boer homes, which they accepted rather as a right than a kindness generously extended to strangers in a strange land, it is hardly to be wondered at that the Boers rose to a man, before six years had gone, to demand the restoration of their country, and to place again before the nations of the world the flag they loved.

The story of the fight will never be forgotten. Against picked English soldiers officered by men of known valor and military genius, these farmer patriots in three stubbornly fought battles, in the last month of '80 and the first months of '81, secured again for themselves their independence under conditions which England, not through any fear that she could not wipe out by weight of arms the stain of disaster to her forces in the final engagement at Majuba Hill, on the 27th day of February, 1881, but through her broad spirit of justice, was willing to grant, and the untrained citizen warriors were willing to accept. It was impossible that the Boers should not rejoice in their great victory, and in the restoration to them of their country, and if in the years that followed they were arrogant, and at times all but intolerably insolent in flaunting in the face of the Uitlanders their independence, it is not to be forgotten that they were generous to our soldiers in defeat. They nursed our sick; the wounded were as tenderly cared for, as the limited and primitive resources at hand would admit. In modern times no instance has occurred in which in defeat an enemy was treated with more generous and humane consideration. When the truce sounded these simple people were as gentle to the fallen and to their prisoners, as in battle they had been relentless.

Perhaps you might wish to follow these men as they quietly disperse on the conclusion of hostilities, to their homes thinly scattered from its southern border across their once more recognized Republic. Be assured you would be kindly treated; the best each home afforded of food and shelter would be yours for the asking. You would find the people simple, brave and primitive in

the extreme. While not intentionally unsociable the Dutch Boer seems to have deeply implanted in him a love for freedom from restraint. Room he must have; not hundreds of acres only must stretch away from his house, placed under the shelter of some convenient "kopje", but thousands of acres must be his alone for the peaceful grazing of his ever-increasing flocks and herds.

While without question large areas of the country are suitable for the purposes of agriculture, the planting of cereals beyond what suffices for the maintenance of the individual Boer and his dependent Kaffirs, has hardly been attempted, except in the Rustenburg district immediately to the west of Pretoria. In this section lies the most fertile and best watered land in all the Transvaal. Wheat of fine quality, corn, tobacco, vegetables and fruit may be grown. In the section lying between the tropic of Capricorn and the Limpopo, coffee, cotton, and spices may be produced in great abundance. The climate of the lower levels along the river is, however, particularly fatal, not to white people only but to cattle and horses as well. But little, comparatively, of the sections referred to has been brought under cultivation, for the tendency of the people is not towards agriculture. They seem to dread the encroachment of the plow, almost as much as they would that of an armed enemy.

Isolated as they are even from each other, the average Boer loves to swallow his coffee, and be off on his good pony at day-break to ride among his cattle, and to see that his sheep are led to the choicest grazing. Pheasants and partridges may scurry away at his approach unheeded; his dog, a long limbed mongrel nondescript, always his companion, will rush heedless of all commands after the hare or tiny buck that is sure to spring in alarm from some scanty cover, but whose legs in the end will save them, for the Boer seldom goes armed over his pastures, and his cur is neither a match in cunning for the hare nor in fleetness for the antelope. After the mid-day meal he will sleep away the trying hours until the sun has long past the zenith; by three

o'clock he is in the saddle again to learn how it has fared since morning with his cattle, nor will he think his day's work done until his flocks, to the last straying lamb, are safe within the kraal for the night. His life at home is not more complex than it is through the hours when he ambles his pony quietly among his peaceful herds. His house with its rugged walls of sun-baked brick or stones from the bed of some near stream, enclosing more often than not a single room, provides for him and for his family a shelter which, though it may leave much in every way to be desired, is as good as that which his neighbor some miles away possesses, and in this he is content. His women spin the yarn and weave the cloth from which they make his clothing.

Once or twice each year in the shooting season the men for miles around gather for a general hunt. This is almost their only amusement. In the first years of their occupancy of the country buffaloes, giraffes, zebras and herds of the different antelopes grazed in millions over the veld. The larger and fiercer animals existed in such numbers as to be a constant menace, both to the people and to their flocks. Gradually the elephants and buffaloes have been driven beyond the Limpopo, and the lions from the hills, though here and there in rocky kloofs leopards still linger. The antelopes have been ruthlessly slaughtered, but even yet, away from the towns and railways, they remain in such numbers as to afford what seems magnificent sport for hunters who were not in the country in earlier years.

Your Boer host is never happier than when over his pipe and coffee, he tells you the stirring tales of his hunting exploits in the old days. The boys and women shot the small bucks then, while the men took their rifles and their lives in their hands to track to his lair and give battle to some prowling marauder that had the night before gone off with a bullock. Cool in every emergency they were wonderfully skilled as well in the use of their rifles, and they had good need to be, for could they not with their unerring bullets end in mid air the career of a lion that had suddenly sprung upon

them, some one else would have to go out to avenge the death of the next missing bullock. It is hard to understand how these men could be efficient marksmen in the days when the old smooth single barreled guns with their huge bore and barrels six and even seven feet long, were their only weapons. To-day they are armed with the best modern rifles, their marvellous skill in the use of which is well known the world over, but they love to point to the old long guns that still stand in the corner of each house for they have a history, and more delightful associations are lingering about them than their modern weapons will ever have.

Until within a very few years the education of the children in the Transvaal was almost entirely neglected. The villages throughout the Republic are very few, and in the country districts the homes were so far apart from one another that school houses hardly existed. Their absence even now is painfully apparent, but the wealth accruing to the Boers through the development of the resources of their country by the foreigners is beginning to have its effect, and a hopeful feature of the situation at the present time is the efforts the people, to whom even moderate wealth has come, are making to have their children educated. The younger generation, in view of the modern developments with which they cannot but at times be in touch, are not content to live in the primitive way in which for generations their fathers lived. Within a very few years a marked improvement in the condition of their homes and their surroundings will inevitably take place. Although despising, as in their inmost souls they do, the English people, these younger men make every effort to acquire their language.

During the period 1875-1881, when the Transvaal, annexed as a British possession, was garrisoned by British soldiers, prospectors and adventurers of every kind swarmed over the length and breadth of the country. This was only the logical outcome, however, of the discovery in 1874 of the gold fields in the Lydenburg district, upon the extreme eastern frontier, and of smaller though

equally rich deposits in more inland sections; but even this inrush of a so mixed multitude had but little effect upon the Transvaal as a whole, upon the administration of its affairs, or upon the lives of its people.

Years yet intervened before the discovery was made of the apparently inexhaustible gold reefs in the Wit-water Rand. The first announcement was discredited; the glowing reports which followed were supposed to be exaggerations so gross that men who were inclined to accept the early despatches became at once utterly skeptical as to the existence even, of new fields at all worthy their notice. But the reef did exist, and so far surpassed in extent and richness even the fondest dreams of its discoverers, that a rush unparalleled in the history of any mining country at once set in. From all countries the fortune-seekers came; though by far the greater number were from England, or, at least, were English-speaking people. Soon it became apparent that English capital was as predominant as was the English tongue. To follow the development of the mines along the Rand, and the building of a great city in the face of difficulties that appeared to be all but insurmountable, has been like the reading of some weird fairy tale.

At the end of a long sea voyage, for the mail boats in 1836 were not the swift, luxuriously-appointed steamers of to-day, the people landing in hundreds from each ship arriving at Port Natal from west or east, found themselves almost four hundred miles from the gold fields. The Natal Government Railway then traversed but a small portion of the distance, and from its terminus a long journey through a broken country but sparsely settled, and over roads that were little more than trails, had to be undertaken either on foot or by the coaches—by courtesy so called—that made at intervals what was then considered good time, from the coast to the mines at the Rand. Enormous prices were paid for provisions and for transportation. The Boers, who until then, had been content with the meagre resources the sales of wool and hides afforded them, gradually awakened to the fact that in their cattle they

possessed undreamed of wealth. Soon the arriving cargo steamers brought out the machinery for the first small reduction plants. This had to be dragged slowly over the difficult miles upon clumsy ox-wagons, together with the materials of all kinds for the working of the mines, for the buildings which had to be erected, as well as for the food supply of the fast increasing population.

The Boers were masters of the situation; their cattle and their services were in demand, and at such prices as they chose to ask. Four or five tons at the most would the lumbering wagons carry, and to draw even this load no less than twenty cattle were required. The travelling was invariably done by night. Through the daylight hours the cattle grazed by the roadside, while the "transport riders," as the travelling Boers were called, slept in the shade of the wagons. Until the border of the Transvaal was reached, the journey, in spite of its difficulties of an almost continuous ascent, must have been full of interest to even the most unobservant, while to the favored ones to whom nature particularly reveals herself, the semi-tropical foliage, the beautiful birds and the glorious landscape, must have made the country through which they travelled seem all but an earthly paradise. Doubtless in the early days Johannesburg in her swift growth, lacked none of the effects produced by the temporary buildings of the mining towns of the rest of the world. But in the splendid modern city—the Johannesburg in which the writer stood a year ago—it seemed not possible that her fine streets and sidewalks, her blocks of magnificent buildings, her spacious dwellings, embowered in trees and set in well-kept gardens, and enjoying, not the conveniences only, but every luxury as well, of modern homes in older lands, could have sprung in ten short years from a bleak and semi-barren Transvaal hill-side.

In the central part of the city, the temporary structures, "ironclads," as they were called, have been entirely superseded by permanent brick buildings. No written description can more than faintly impress this marvellous city on the minds of people who have not

walked along her streets. At the time of the writer's visit, her first railway had not been eighteen months completed, but the ponderous machinery for the working of the scores of mines extending thirty miles and more along the Rand, and the very materials from which the city was built, had crept slowly with the transport riders in from the sea.

Indeed, "GOLD" there is king, whoever may be president.

At the present time the Rand rejoices in a first-class railroad service from every part in South-west or South-east Africa—from Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, East London, Port Natal and Delagoa Bay—and in an excellent suburban service from the city to the adjacent mines. The journey from London to Johannesburg, a thousand miles and more up country from Cape Town, can be made comfortably in fifteen days.

The shafts of some of the best known works in the Rand are within a few blocks of the busiest part of the city. They are equipped with the most modern machinery and appliances the manufacturing centres of the world can supply; England, the United States, Germany and France have vied with each other to produce the best machinery for the reduction of the ore; but the stamping process, for years the all but universal method employed in the mining centres of the United States has precedence over all other systems which have been invented. On certain days each week the managers of the mines generously allow strangers to go into the works below the surface, a courtesy which is appreciated by all visitors to the city.

On account of the soft formation of the main reef, and of the hanging and foot walls as well, the mines are easily worked. The labor is principally done by Zulu Kaffirs, twenty thousand or more of whom are on the Rand, in addition to the white population. They work well, and as they deserve to be, are well paid. The mines are only operated through the day, but the stamping mills run throughout the night as well. The Blacks are a much less unruly element than is apt to be imagined; but few of them are seen on the streets in the daylight hours, and at 8 o'clock p.m., all

Kaffirs must be in their "quarters," else they are liable to arrest. In the early evening they may be seen about the streets, though they are not allowed upon the sidewalks.

Johannesburg is less proud only of her marvellous growth than she is of the gold her tributary mines have yielded. In 1887, not more than 85,000 ounces were mined, while for nine years upwards of nine million ounces stand to her credit, representing a total value in round numbers of \$175,000,000. Unprecedented as the amazing growth of the mining industries has been, it is estimated that the Rand mines will still yield gold to the value of £700,000,000, or upwards of \$3,400,000,000, before they are exhausted.

The effect of the production of the vast wealth already yielded could not but have a marked influence upon the Transvaal. Of her 85,000 white people, 70,000 are Uitlanders (foreigners), the great majority of whom are English-speaking people. Their interests are not confined to the mines alone, as they own fully one-half the land in the entire country, and are the soul of every enterprise apart from that of cattle grazing.

Pretoria, a sleepy town, thirty-two miles from Johannesburg, is the capital of the Transvaal, where the administration of the country's affairs is practically as much in the hands of the Dutch Boers as it was before the enterprise and capital of the foreigners developed the resources of their country. The government buildings are commodious and well planned; many fine residences with their well-kept gardens and tempting orchards adorn the little city. She is fortunate in her pleasant situation, and in her abundant supply of pure water, a luxury which in South Africa can scarcely be over-estimated. Although so near Johannesburg, Pretoria is 1,200 feet lower than her sister city, and her luxurious foliage and gay flowers are a pleasant contrast to the modest shade of the blue-gum trees about the homes of the larger city in the Rand.

The Government, through the levying of taxes in every conceivable way upon the Uitlanders, and through the collection of high duties upon all goods entering the country, have not only recovered

from their all but bankruptcy of 1875, but have been enabled to place themselves on a sound financial footing. "The foreigners" have built her railroads and her cities, but they have had no voice in the administration of her affairs. At first the floating population did not feel the burden of complete non-citizenship and its consequences to them.

Among the 40,000 white people of Johannesburg, not more than 300 are entitled to vote, and quite one-half of these are native Dutchmen. At the present time, a fourteen years' residence is necessary before one may become a citizen. Even the children of the foreigners, although born in the country, are in the eyes of the existing laws, as foreign as their parents. Each effort made by the colonists to obtain recognition in the land of their adoption has been indignantly resented by the *Volkraad*. Everything has been done to make them feel that they are, in the fullest sense, strangers—that they are in the country simply upon tolerance, and that they are not, and cannot be, recognized in any sense as citizens. Even suitable schools are denied their children.

For many months the population, other than Boer, has been trying to find some way of bringing about conditions under which their rights would be respected, and the affairs of the country in which they had so much at stake, conducted more in accord with the requirements of the masses that now must be recognized as her representative inhabitants. Unfortunately, what should have been the resort only when all other efforts failed, has been the first active demonstration of their discontent.

The invasion of the country by the Chartered Company's troops under Jameson, met with the reception and mortifying results which must have been foreseen by men calm enough to quietly review the situation. That the Government was aware of the contemplated uprising in the Rand, there is no room to doubt, and subsequent results have clearly shown that she was prepared to put down with a strong hand the first demonstration that should threaten her safety. Had the evidently matured plans of the people of the Rand

been carried out—had they gone under arms to meet the plucky band of raiders, even had they actually joined forces with them, there would almost inevitably have been only a greater disaster and a more deplorable loss of English blood to record. The 700 raiders accustomed to the country and to the tactics of the Boers would have been worth more in an engagement with them than 7,000 Rand recruits who would have been picked off at long range by the unerring rifles of the Boers, while a puff of smoke here and there would alone mark the position of their enemy. There would have been no chance for an open battle.

The exodus of a large body of men from the city to give battle to the Transvaal forces would have left Johannesburg at the mercy of the different detached bodies of the enemy, and with the city in confusion, the Blacks would have been a further menace to her safety. To cut off her railroad communications would quickly bring starvation to the Rand. The Free State Boers in sympathy doubtless with their brothers in the adjoining Republic would have interrupted communications through their territory, while supplies and reinforcements sent up from the coast would have had to cross the different Drakenburg passes which Joubert, who in the engagement at Laing's Neck and Majuba Hill led the Boers to victory, and who is still at the head of their forces, could have made impregnable, or where he could at least have held a strong opposing force in check until terms favorable to the Transvaal Government had been secured.

It is a matter to be grateful for by all the world that probably no further loss of life will result through the lamentable mistake of the recent raid, which can only be looked upon as the reckless escapade of a band of freebooters too willing to assume a burden which was not fitted to their shoulders. Their plucky march, and their battle stubbornly fought against odds so overwhelming, while a cartridge was left in their boxes, and for a cause which was not and could not be their own, will make the memory of the brave men who



fell, dear to all English people. If they were wrong, at least they were gloriously brave, and if through their action the Volkraad is brought to see the necessity of giving just representation and an acknowledgement of their rights to the people to whom she has opened her borders, their folly will be forgiven them, nor will they be forgotten. With the addition yearly of many thousands of strangers to her population, it is to be hoped that the necessity will suggest itself to the Volkraad of making laws just alike to the Uitlanders and to them-

selves. The development of the Transvaal is only in its infancy, but the tide of advance is too strongly set to be turned back, and it will flow on either under their influence and direction or in spite of any opposition they may make. An illiberal policy, much less an unjust oppression, will not longer be tolerated by the colonists who have gone thither from countries where justice to all men was the acknowledged principle underlying the safety of the State and the liberty of the people.

*J. D. Patterson.*



## HER PORTRAIT.

**A** LITTLE child she stood that far-off day,  
 When Love, the master painter, took his brush,  
 And on the walls of mem'ry dull and gray  
 Traced tender eyes, wide brow, and changing blush,  
 The gladness and the youth, the bending head,  
 All covered over with its curls of gold,  
 The dimpled arms, the two hands filled with bread  
 To feed the little sparrows brown and bold,  
 That fluttered to her feet. It hangs there still  
 Just as 'twas painted on that far-off day,  
 Nor faded is the blush upon the cheek,  
 The sweet lips hold their smiling, and can thrill,  
 And still her eyes, so tender and so meek,  
 Light up the walls of mem'ry dull and grey.

*Jean Blewett.*



# JOKOSERIA

BY  
J. W. BINGOUGH.



WHEN Alec Smart does something phenomenal in the school-yard at recess—such as knocking out four marbles at oneshot—the cynic at the ring-side greets him with a reserved applause which ends in "I'll bet you can't do that again!" And Alec, pushing back his cap and bracing himself for a supreme effort, hunkers down and—misses! Such is the fate ordinarily of lads of larger growth who play at literature. When the critics have duly acknowledged a triumph, the praise seems to proceed on the assumption that the book is a finality for that man and in that line. And if the author, flushed with success and anxious to convince the world that masterpieces are entirely natural with him, ventures upon a sequel, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he shoots wide of the mark. The exception proves the rule, and the name of the exceptional lad who is responsible for this vein of thought at the moment is "Ian Maclaren." When it was announced that the creator of Drumtochty was preparing an additional series of sketches—



and, as it was prudently added, a final series—we all felt somewhat disturbed.

The *Brier Bush* was such a clean, pretty, incomparable four-shot! We trembled apprehensively when he hunkered down—

albeit in no spirit of self-conceit, for "Ian Maclaren" is a genuinely modest man and undertook his second task only because there was much pressure brought to bear upon him to that end—but he did it! *The Days of Auld Lang Syne* is, if possible, better than *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*, and it leaves the impression with us that this "lad o' pairts" could go on producing these superb things indefinitely. But he did not live for years in Drumtochty for nothing—he knows when to quit beautifully and gracefully.

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"Ian Maclaren" has had high praise from the highest quarters, and no words of mine could add any distinction to his laurel wreath. I will, therefore, attempt nothing in the way of a review of his latest book beyond thanking God and John Watson for it, and the glorious

antiseptic work it will do in the literary world. There is a better chance for critical renown if I succeed in finding a blemish in the work, for I will, perhaps, be the only reviewer who has been keen enough to detect one! And I really think I *can* point out an error of art which the author has fallen into more than once in the course of these sketches. My discovery is at least greater in its way than that of the eminent *savant* who startled the world on the subject of a heretofore unknown Greek accent—and enjoyed his triumph and distinction until

a rival *savant* by microscopical demonstration proved that the mark in question was a fly-speck. "Ian Maclaren" has erred in the matter of an apostrophe, and has done it over and over again. And an apostrophe in the circumstances is not to be sneezed at. Let me come to particulars, and (with not the slightest trace of fiendish glee, I beg you to believe) prove my case. It is when our author quotes letters in the course of his narrative, such, for example, as the letters from "Jamie Soutar" which "Chairlie" sat down in the shelter of the pines to read, and which were "almost worn away with handling." These epistles are written in broad Scotch, which in itself is questionable art, for Jamie Soutar was a well-read man, and would scarcely use a dialect in his correspondence. If he did use the Doric, it would certainly be done naturally, and without the conscious attention to scholarly detail we here find indicated by the use of the apostrophe. Would he be likely to write: "A'm verra sober noo, an' canna rise," etc., thereby implying that he deliberately left the *d* off the word "and," although he knew it should be there in "good English"? Would he write "ca'd" for "called," "o'" for "of," "wi'" for "with" etc.? He would *speak* in this way, no doubt, and an artistic writer, quoting his utterances, would write the words in this form to indicate the pronunciation, but would Soutar himself *write* broad Scotch, and if he did would he mark it in this punctilious fashion? I think not.

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I have a right, of course, to give myself airs as a great critic of literary art over this discovery of a spot on the sun, but I don't intend to do it. Yet I cannot allow it to be waived aside as a mere trifle. In its way it is a serious "break" for "Ian Maclaren" to have made. It is an error of the same quality as that committed by the young New York lady-elocutionist who, having to recite a poem descriptive



of a horse-race, insisted on appearing in the costume of a jockey, although the jockey in the case was not supposed to be the speaker. The costume, it may be mentioned, was very fetching, so we may perhaps overlook the anachronism in the case of the fair reader, who, I understand, had really a very fine figure. I do not see that there is a sufficient excuse in the case of "Ian Maclaren," and so must hold him convicted of bad art in these instances. I don't think he will feel hurt when he gets his copy of MASSEY'S and reads this, however. He is a man of fine sense, and it must be refreshing to his spirit to come upon a bit of criticism that is not in the nature of eulogy.

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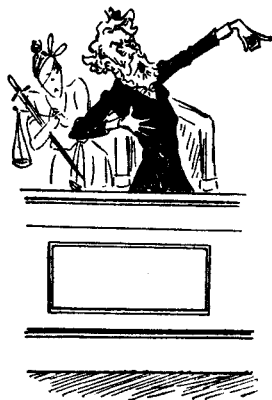
Speaking of Scotchmen, I take the opportunity of saying that I think very highly of Mr. Geo. W. Ross. This statement will be gratifying to the honorable gentleman, I trust, especially when I add, as I safely may, that my feeling toward him is shared by several thousands of other Canadians. I am not now speaking of Mr. Ross in his political capacity; I am considering him as a man, a Canadian and maker of rattling good speeches on all auspicious occasions. When I use the word rattling in this connection, I mean it in its popular, complimentary sense, and not as implying any looseness of ideas, for one of Mr. Ross' strong points, to my mind, is the clearness and force of his thinking. We have a number of excellent speakers who have nothing to say, and say it very prettily. Mr. Ross is not of this grade. He is a purposeful orator, and he reaches his purpose by an unctuous, whirlwindy style of oratory that is enjoyed by his listeners because the speaker is enjoying his task.

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Once more, speaking of Scotchmen, I suffered something in the way of a sur-



prise on a recent visit to New York. Oneshowery Sunday morning, I wended my way to the "Scotch Presbyterian Church," which happened to be in the vicinity of my temporary home. I may mention, by way of apology to any New Yorkers who see these lines, that I had only been in the city half a week and had not quite outgrown my Canadian habit of going to church. The empty pews in the fine edifice seemed to indicate quite plainly that the natives have got well beyond any such amiable weakness, though in fairness I ought to state that the minister assured me there would have been a better congregation if the weather had been fine, and he ought to know. The thing that shocked me most, however, was that this "Scotch" Presbyterian church contained no Scotchmen. Or, as a member of the congregation said to me afterwards, "Nane tae speak o', foreby masel an' twa-ree ithers"—only *he* didn't speak half so Scotchy as this. There was not the slightest suggestion of a burr on the minister's tongue, and not the remotest air of Drumtochty to be detected anywhere in the service or the people. This I call little short of a cruel imposition upon the stranger, in a church that does business under such a title.



It was during this short visit that, along with all Gotham, I was interested in a striking exhibition of what may be called Spectacular American Justice. I do not know that such incidents are common in the States, but it is certain

that anything of the kind would be utterly impossible on British territory. Mr. Recorder Goff was the star actor of the episode, and had the satisfaction of achieving more emphatic newspaper notice than he got even as prosecuting attorney before the Lexow Committee. A man had been tried in his court for a serious offence and convicted, chiefly on the testimony of a woman. He was duly remanded for sentence, and upon the appointed day the Recorder took his seat on the bench and ordered the culprit to be brought in. Trembling in anticipation of a severe sentence—twenty years, everybody supposed—the wretched man stood facing the judge. His attorney arose and moved for a new trial, stating reasons in full. "Refused!" promptly replied the Recorder. "Is that all?" The attorney pleaded certain extenuations and prayed for a moderate sentence. "Is that all?" repeated the stern-faced judge, laconically. That was all. Then his Honor turned to the prisoner, and proceeded to figuratively flay him in scathing words, telling him that, apart from the case which had been tried, he had evidence in his possession in the shape of affidavits, to prove that he was one of the vilest criminals in the world. The prisoner's nerve gave way and he collapsed in an agony of tears and apprehension. Then came the dread climax. "You are discharged!" The crowded courtroom was utterly stunned; the prisoner was literally paralyzed. "Since the jury returned their verdict," went on the Recorder, "I have received a confession from the principal witness, testifying that upon the trial she perjured herself, and that you are, in this case at least, innocent!" The witness in question was then ordered into custody on a charge of perjury, and the prisoner was liberated from custody and detained as a witness against her. Did any Bowery dramatist ever venture on such a "situation"? Fancy Judge Ferguson working up such a melodramatic climax!

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There is an adage to the effect that one half the world does not know how the other half lives. Nor how the other half dies, the adage-maker might have added, though he covered the ground to



some extent when he uttered that other profound saying:—"the ruling passion is strong in death." In most cases, one may well believe, the King of Terrors conquers even the ruling passion if that has to do merely with earthly employment, but there are exceptions. A few weeks ago a great man died in the States. He was the originator of the "Living Picture" idea, which has been such a feature at the theatres. He was just on the eve of achieving the crowning triumph of his life, an improvement on the Living Picture scheme, by which a series of tableaux, made up chiefly of scantily-attired females, would be shown in the form of a moving panorama. Though in the last stages of consumption this queer mortal spent whole days and nights at Koster & Bial's music hall, perfecting his arrangements, but just one day before the "first night," for which he had planned, thought, dreamed and worked, he had to take to his bed and pass away from the present life. To his last conscious moment, we are informed, his whole mind was given to this spectacular invention, his "grand life-work!" This has pathos in it, but one cannot help feeling that there were other things quite as worthy of a man's last moments.

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My commission from the Editor is to deal with the lighter topics in a light way, and I begin to suspect that all this is not so feathery as it ought to be. Perhaps it will reduce the weight a trifle if I throw a little story into the scale just here. Dan Beard, who is a capital *raconteur* as well as an accomplished pen-and-ink artist, tells it with gusto, and makes himself the victim of it. He alleges that on a certain occasion he was in the establishment of Messrs. Solomon & Isaacs, purchasing some drawing material, his wants being urbanely attended to by Mr. Isaacs on the second

floor. Enter a young lady with an engaging smile and a small note-book. "Are you Mr. Isaacs?" "Dot's my name," replied the merchant, politely, "vat is your peesness?" "Our church is going to have a bazaar—" she began, but Mr. Isaacs in a courtly manner dismissed the subject and the emissary on the ground that he was not a Christian. Then he turned to his visitor. "Mr Peart, do you know vy dose beeples always vill come here inderrupping my peesness like dot?" "No," replied Dan, sympathetically, "I don't know." "Vell," explained Isaacs, with appropriate gesticulation, "dot Solomon on der groundt floor he sends 'em up; he tinks dot's a good yoke—I don't tink it's some yoke for me, at all." And "peesness" was again resumed, to be interrupted a moment later by the entry of a spruce-looking chap, carrying a big book, who began—"Mr. Isaacs, I believe? I have here, sir, the Life of General Grant—" "I don' vant it" broke in Mr. Isaacs, "I don' vote for Cheneral Grand ven he's alife, und I don' vant hees book ven he is deadt. Go right avay—you are inderrupping my peesness!"—and the spruce young man was dismissed without any superfluous show of politeness. "Mr Peart," said Isaacs, turning once more to his customer, with a look of pathetic tiredness, "do you know vy all dose beeples come up here inderrupping my peesness dis vay?" "No, Mr. Isaacs, how is it?" again replied Dan with deference. "Vell, dot Solomon on der groundt floor he sends 'em up—he tinks it's a good—" and the explanation was broken by the appearance of another visitor, who began to explain that he was the agent of the Children's Aid Society, but was summarily requested to retire with no politeness whatever in the request. The look of pathos was still more marked on poor Mr. Isaacs' face when he turned and said, "Mr. Peart, do you know vy all dose beeples come up here all der time inderrupping my peesness like dot?" "No," said Mr. Beard, with every desire to give the persecuted man full scope. "Den you mus' be big fool—I tol' you terwice!" and Isaacs bent upon him a look of withering scorn.



### THE GIANT'S SWORD.

MR. BULL.—Yes, my lads, the old sword is in first-rate condition, and I'm ready to thrash you if you insist upon it; but for my part I much prefer our present relations, which are more becoming to Christian Powers and more edifying to the world.

# The Literary Kingdom.

A PROPHEET is not without honor save in his own country and among his own people. From Dutchland comes a report that Maarten Maarten's delightful stories are there repudiated as travesties upon place and people. This is exactly what one would expect to hear, and aptly recalls the reception accorded "Old Creole Days," in the pages whereof Geo. Cable describes scenes familiar to him from early childhood. Until the advent of these exquisite miniatures of New Orleans, to the outside world that ancient city figured largely as a place where the timid tourist encountered chances of sudden death in infinite variety. There were the emanations from undrained streets, the sudden chill in damp and draughty houses, the assassin's knife, and always yellow fever galore. There was also a glory of moonlight and a greater glory of sunlight, a tropical wealth of flowers and of bird-song, a domestic luxury seldom known in the prosaic Northland, a social habit of gracious courtesy common to master and man, and a mental attitude which, if not always accurate, would never be classed with the dull and the uninteresting. Of this fairer side of life in the old French city Cable not only gave a true reflection, but with poetic insight and felicitous expression so clothed his subject that all the reading world exclaimed upon its beauty. Travellers from New Orleans found themselves invested with charm and interest which their personality unaided could have scarcely awakened. Not just the rose, but having lived within its shadow, to them was attributed a breath of its fragrance. They, also, wore a segment of that halo which Cable wreathed about the city of their birth. But, home returned, eager to pay tribute to the man whose written word had been as a talisman in their

wanderings, they find all Creole town in a ferment of indignation. Cable, forsooth, had misrepresented the friends of his youth, had travestied their ancestors and their most sacred institutions, had made himself anathema to them and to their children's children.

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AND now the Presbyterians of the orthodox South are complaining of the subtle poison of humanitarianism found lurking in Ian Maclaren's Drumtochty stories. There is the good physician Dr. Maclure, kind of heart and noble of character but not "a professor of religion nor even an attendant at church." Then the honest and faithful postman who risks and loses his life to save a widow's child is, between times and off duty, a sorry drunkard—his one regret about his dead brother, also intemperate, is that he refused an invitation to drink with him on the night he died. But the worst example of all is found in the story of the girl, Lily Grant, whose dying hours are made happy by the deception practised upon her by the sympathetic Jamie Soutar. The great grief of the dying girl has been the apparent neglect of her mistress whom she had served so well. Jamie disposes of this source of unhappiness in the only way that seems open to him. He tells Lily Grant that her mistress had actually been twice a day at the hospital to inquire about her. He also produced twenty pounds in gold, drawn from his small savings in the home bank, and represents it as her mistress's gift. "Here we have," says the *Southwestern Presbyterian*, "the very doctrine unblushingly taught by Jesuit casuists, that one may steal or lie for the greater glory of God."

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COMMENTING upon this fearsome accusation against the author of *Wielum*

Maclure, another Southern writer, evidently a woman with a grievance, says: "If Ian Maclaren has really apprenticed himself to the 'poisoning', it is to be hoped that he will try his hand on the elders of his own church, and, if needs be, go through the assortment, so as to be sure of getting the right man. Some years ago I found myself temporarily domiciled near his church in Sefton, a suburb of Liverpool. Having been brought up 'after the most straitest sect'—a Presbyterian—I elected to begin my first Sabbath in the mother country by attending morning service at my own church. Desiring to secure a seat well to the front, I started early, and, after a short walk, entered the vestibule of the church and stood in the presence of two men, presumably the caretaker and an elder. Through the open door I caught a glimpse of what appeared to be a vast ecclesiastical bleaching ground. Narrow ledges, or book-shelves, extended along the backs of the pews, and were covered with long stretches of snowy linen, which had certainly been most beautifully laundried. All unaccustomed as the sight was to stranger eyes, a second glance at the expanse of spotless purity could bring but one suggestion, the sacrament of communion. Deeply thankful that my first Sabbath abroad was to allow me such a privilege, I turned to the elder and asked, 'Could you kindly give me a seat in the centre of the church and well to the front?' He answered my question by asking another: 'Where's your caird?' Glancing at him in mute surprise, he continued, 'Your communion caird?' and held up to my inspection a bit of pasteboard made sacred by the words, 'Do this in remembrance of Me.' 'Oh,' I said, 'I have none.' 'Where do you live?' came in short order. 'In, in New Orleans,' I gasped, beginning to feel like a ticket-of-leave, or, at best, a play-actress. 'Huh,' he grunted (was the grunt prophetic?), in South Ameriky.' 'No,' I answered, decidedly, 'not in South America, but in the Southern States of America.' 'Ay, its all one,' was the erudite rejoinder. Then: 'Well, er, where are your lines?' Vague thoughts of 'marriage lines' chased

through my brain, and I asked, 'Is this a service for married women only?' 'Na, na,' came quickly, 'it's no a sairvice for marriet women only. But they can coom too,' he added, magnanimously. 'But did you no bring your lines, your certeficate of membership in the church in Sooth Ameriky?' Ignoring the insult at the close of the sentence, I meekly confessed that I did not. In fact, coming from a continent where a woman's word, although not a matter of face-value, was as readily accepted as a man's affidavit, it never occurred to me to start on my travels with certificates of any description attached to my person. He surveyed his boots. I made a move to the outer door. He looked up desperately, evidently prepared to assume the awful responsibility of admitting me to the ranks of the 'elect.' But reaction had come. Southern pride and memories of Southern chivalry were hot within me, and, with chin well up and eyes in a mist at what I considered an undeserved indignity, I passed out to the sanctuary of blue skies and freshening breezes. Since the coming of Posty and Jamie Soutar and Wielum Maclure, I now understand how Owen Meredith declares remorse more endurable than regret. My haunting regret is the lost opportunity of hanging that elder with his own red tape, twisting him into an *Arc de Triomphe*, and marching under him to hear Ian Maclaren preach."

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THOSE who desire to talk learnedly of localities mentioned in the increasingly popular literature of the kailyard will be interested in knowing that "Drumshough" is pronounced with a positively explosive emphasis on the second syllable. Aim to have it resemble as closely as possible the pronunciation of a sneeze, the accepted form of which is usually ker-choo! There can be no question as to the authority of this statement which comes from a Scotchman who once lived near—deep breath—*Drumshough*!!

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DISCREPANCY between the acknowledged and the actual age of the heroine occurs as frequently in fiction as in real life. Ever since Shakespeare trans-



planted Juliet, at the tender age of fourteen, from the maturing warmth of Italy to the repressing chill of fog-bound England, the English-speaking world has demanded a heroine young in years but endowed with an extraordinary discrimination in social tactics and an ability to use this insight to the utmost possible advantage. That this incongruous mingling of youth and maturity constituted a flagrant display of bad art, subjecting the author to the charge of faulty delineation of character, in nowise disturbed the reading public. Rather the author, who lived by the public, felt that if he made his heroine, with cultured mind and heart, the fitting age for a woman so endowed, he would be exclaimed upon for giving an old maid, a superannuated fascinator, for his ideal. Shakespeare was usually very cautious in mentioning the age of any of his characters, evidently believing that a man is as old as he feels, a woman as old as she looks. With the exception of Juliet and a few subordinate figures, such as Pardita, Anne Page and Hero, who were young girls in their teens, his other women were in full splendor of mental and physical maturity. After Shakespeare followed a long line of romanticists leading impossible little-girl heroines on the stage. Fielding was too great an artist to submit to the popular idea, and Balzac followed in his foot-steps. All Scott's heroines were thirty years old if a day, but with plaintive submission to public dictum Sir Walter meekly subscribed them seventeen. Rebecca, the Jewess, remains with us a beautiful, sad-eyed woman with none of the hesitations of girlhood. Di Vernon, the brilliant woman of splendid poise and purpose, had no trace of the ingenuousness of budding eighteen. Thackeray's women were all past twenty-five when the storm and stress of their lives begin and the true bent of their character is shown. Dickens' ideal woman never gives one the idea of youthfulness as exemplified in the boarding-school girl. But it remained for the women writers to depict heroines as fearfully and wonderfully made at an age when, in reality, "the nursery still lisps out in all they utter."

George Eliot fell in with the common

error. The portrayal of her two great achievements, Dorothea and Gwendolen, aged respectively nineteen and twenty-one, would not have been amiss for women of the world at thirty and thirty-five. Charlotte Brontë, who describes Jane Eyre as a clever, self-contained young woman somewhat past thirty, informs us that she is, however, just nineteen, and devotes the greater part of the story to testifying to the marvelous tact with which this school-girl manages her wary and much-sophisticated admirer, Mr. Rochester. Mrs. Ward has been one of the first to move in the right direction. Catherine was twenty-six when she first met that wavering apostle, Robert Elsmere. Although the modern spirit has crept into modern fiction, a writer as up-to-date as Mme. Sara Grand has not escaped the thrall of custom. That a girl at Evande's age, brought up as she had been, could have determined upon and carried out the course of action described, is altogether unlikely. In America the heroine's age is largely a matter of locality and fluctuates accordingly. Bret Harte gives the heroine of Western frontier life at fourteen and fifteen, while in New England fifty appears to be quite the correct age. Cable has the New Orleans beauty sweetest and most captivating at the old conventional eighteen. Miss Murfree depicts her women of the Tennessee Mountains as battered and wrinkled at thirty, while in New York the heroine of that age is regarded as the veritable end-of-the-century plant, the perfected blossom of wealth and culture.

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SOME of the French celebrities have been giving the favorite authors of their childhood very much after the manner of our interviews at home with great men on "books which have most influenced me." Paul Bourget says that his favorite authors during his childhood were Walter Scott and Shakespeare, with whom he made acquaintance through sitting on them, in a literal, not a figurative, sense. When he was a little chap his mother used to put two big volumes on his chair at meal times to bring him to a level with the table. The future Academician's literary curiosity,

even at that early age, was too great to let him come in contact with books in any sort of way without looking into them, and he finished by knowing Scott and Shakespeare almost by heart. Coquelin *ainé* grew up with the dramas of Molière and Dumas as literary pabulum, of which he preferred Dumas, because what appealed to him then and has always appealed to him was action in a piece. Gérôme has three favorite books which never leave him—the Bible, the Iliad, and the Essays of that wise old gossip, Montaigne, for whom his first literary enthusiasm was so great that he not only read him himself, but distributed him among his friends, like tracts. Puris de Chavannes admires Eugene Sue, Victor Hugo and Lamartine. Victorien Sardou is a man of one author, one he reads and re-reads with delight, Balzac.

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ON the last day of 1895 Queen Victoria appointed Alfred Austin Poet Laureate. The office had been vacant since the death of Tennyson and this recent appointment has not, as far as we know, evoked any demonstrations of violent enthusiasm in any part of the English speaking world. In this country the poet Stedman says: "Since we can not have Swinburne or Morris, or, as a courtly and exquisite minstrel, Austin Dobson, I suppose Mr. Austin will make a good substitute during what may be called an interregnum. Perhaps the touch of the laurel may inspire him to be much more than that. The appointment shows an official respect for English traditions. I am a very radical American, but if I were born in England I would cherish loyalty to her ivied institutions, certainly to those which transmit the reverence for poetry and learning."—Across the water the *Saturday Review* says; "Mr. Matthew Arnold, who nicknamed our middle class the Philistines, nicknamed scarcely less happily our aristocracy the Barbarians. One of the ablest of our Barbarians has just given us an object-lesson of the danger of permitting Barbarian patronage of literature. Mr. Austin is a graceful and cultivated versifier, with good

sense, moderation and balance; but not even Lord Salisbury, though he has made him the Laureate, could make him a poet at all."

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LOVERS of our poet-philosopher may learn with interest that in "Impressions and Memories," recently published in London, the author, James Ashcroft Noble, classes Oliver Wendell Holmes with writers "whose books, dear as they are in themselves, as simple literature and nothing more, are dearer still in virtue of the human individuality which they constantly and delightfully reveal. They are books the pages of which are not mere paper and ink; they pulsate with human heart-throbs; they shake with human laughter; they are wet and salt with human tears."

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THE poems of Mrs. S. F. Harrison, better known to many as *Seranus*, will, we believe, be re-issued this season by Hart & Riddell, Toronto.

Mr. E. C. Stedman pays a high tribute to Mrs. Harrison's poetic powers by including copious extracts from "Pine, Rose, and Fleur de Lis" in his "Victorian Anthology." The London *Spectator* and *Saturday Review*, the Edinburgh *Scotsman*, the New York *Nation*, the Boston *Literary World* have all united in proclaiming this work to be one of the most valuable, picturesque and thoughtful books of verse which have appeared for a long time.

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"ZEROLA OF NAZARETH," by Louie Barron, is the latest oriental romance. The story is like October weather as that is said to be in Palestine, a mixture of sunshine and storm—and one never knows what is going to happen in the next chapter. The tale is slightly suggestive of "Ben-Hur," although in plot, character and action it appears to us as entirely original. The heroine is a young Jewess, one of those olive beauties for which Egypt and Syria are famous, who takes a prominent part in some of the most dramatic events known in the history of the first century in Jerusalem and Rome.

# SOME ST. VALENTINE'S DAYS



"JUST  
WAIT  
TILL  
JIMMIE  
WATKINS  
GETS  
THIS"



PICTURE OF AN  
OLD  
FOOL



Waiting for  
the  
Postman



He, "Would'nt one have done  
just as well?"



"TAILOR  
SAYS IF  
I DONT PAY  
UP BY THE 14<sup>TH</sup> HE'LL"

"Take me, oh  
take me, Dinah  
mine,  
Accep' me as  
youah  
Valentine"



JELOUS



**T**HE anniversary of the martyrdom of good St. Valentine, who suffered under Claudius, is with us again, though little remembered now. How the giving of cards and presents came to be associated with this young and handsome Saint, is difficult to conceive, unless we agree that it is a survival of a heathen festival of Juno which was celebrated on that date. And when the custom was, for the youths and maidens of Rome to gather together before the Temple, and the latter there to place their names written on a slip of paper into a large bowl, from which the former afterwards drew in turns. The maiden whose name was drawn by any youth was his sweetheart for the time being. In later centuries the rule became, that, whoever first greeted the lady of his choice on that auspicious morning, should have her for his valentine for the remainder of the year, and it was customary to make to her sundry presents, as tokens of love or admiration. Then we all remember how the Fair Maid of Perth, on that Valentine's Day so long ago, saluted the stout armourer, thus choosing him as her Valentine, as the custom went in Scotland. And that delightful old gossip, Pepys, who tells us with all gravity, how that he presented his Valentine with "a pair of green silk stockings, garters and shoe-strings and two pair of jessimy gloves."

All this, however, has become a thing of the past. The day has gone by when the postman, Cupid's own envoy, came laden with missives containing either verses recording the writer's deep devotion, or some resplendent card of greater beauty but less value. In our grandmother's time, valentines were a work of much labor and time on the sender's part, and were accordingly

treasured as such. What courtly compliments, what raptured allusions to their various charms and fascinations did they contain, and the boyish scrawl about "roses red and violets blue," shyly pushed under the door of the house where dwelt the pretty little school-girl he so secretly admired. And the smiles and pretty blushes that greeted them, and the girlish importance of the damsel who had been most favored by the youthful swains. Why, then, has this pretty, kindly custom fallen into disuse? Were our grandmothers and mothers more appreciated, or did the increasing costliness of the factory-made valentine kill it? Or is it only in accordance with the growing spirit of indifference and matter-of-factness among men in our age? Whatever the reason may be, it seems a great pity that it should be so. We will hope that ever-changing fashion may revive the old-time valentine with all its tender history and romance, and that, in the near future.

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It may be of interest to our women readers to note the order in which University education has been granted to women in various countries. In the United States, Ingham University for Women was opened in 1835, followed by Mount Holyoke in 1837, and Vassar in 1865.

In Switzerland, Zurich University opened its doors to women in 1868, and they enjoy equal rights and privileges with the new students. In France, from 1866 to 1882, 109 academic degrees have been conferred upon women, and about 80 Lyceums, or High Schools, for girls opened. In England, in the year 1869, a house was rented near Cambridge, and some of the foremost professors offered their services to the six girl students then

in attendance. Thus began Girton, which was established as a college in 1872.

In Sweden, in 1870 and 1873, degrees were for the first time conferred on women, and in Denmark in 1875. Women there can take all degrees but that of D.D. In Russia, as early as 1837, women petitioned for admission to universities, but were refused. The professors of St. Petersburg University, however, gave public lectures in such a way that they formed complete courses, and the women were thus able to prepare for their examinations. In 1878, Minister Tolstoi yielded, and permitted courses for women in the universities, and to-day we hear of them being appointed as members of School Boards, Inspectors and Superintendents of Poor Houses.

In Holland, the first woman student was not enrolled till 1880, although there has never been an embargo to their entrance. Belgium in 1880. In 1882, after much opposition, Miss Cecile Thoresen was admitted to the University of Norway. Of Spain and Portugal it is said that there is no law prohibiting the entrance of women to the universities. Few, however, have availed themselves of the privilege, and those few are chiefly medical students.

Germany and Austria refuse to recognize women students. But Hungary more than makes up for their unkindness. She has opened the doors of the University of Buda-Pesth to them without stipulation, declaring them eligible for professorships. And as medical diplomas granted in Hungary are valid in Austria, the girl student will be thus able to outwit the surly Austrian professors.

The University of Wales is equally liberal, announcing that in future women shall be eligible equally with men to any degree allowed by their charter, as well as to any office.

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In that far off and little known country, Northern Tibet, the women-kind have enjoyed quite unusual privileges, and have had no need to sigh for

Woman Suffrage and Equal Rights, because they have them in a most liberal sense, being as a point of fact the Better Half. Physically, they are much the men's superior; many of them possess pretty hazel eyes and wavy hair, but their rosy cheeks they keep religiously hidden under a thick coating of black paste, which they wash off only on occasions of festivals. No buying or selling is done without their consent, and in many parts polyandry not polygamy prevails. History records that one of the Eastern Principalities in the 7th century, was ruled by a woman, and that the men were allowed neither say nor part in the affairs of the Government, all they were considered useful for, was to fight or till the ground. Truly, then, woman had her triumph and her day.

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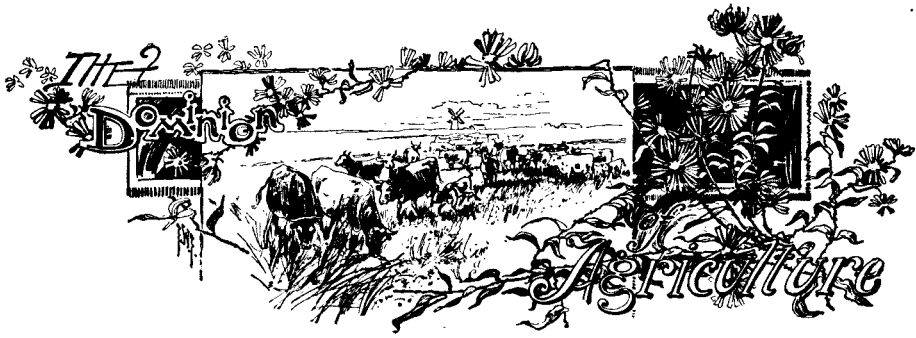
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THAT the ability and thoroughness of women-workers is appreciated and recognised, is shown by the fact, that the vestry of St. Pancras, London, England, has decided to appoint, a lady actually as Sanitary Inspector. It seems a strange office for a lady to hold, but the vestry must consider that she is competent and fitted for it, to have nominated her. So, may she flourish and succeed in her new work, and add another surprise to the list of woman's achievements.

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How many, I wonder, are aware of the origin of that special female prerogative belonging to the Leap Year? We are informed that by an Act of the Scottish Parliament, passed during the reign of her blessed Majesty—Margaret—“Every maiden of both high and low degree shall have liberty to speak to the man she likes.” And mark this, all ye bachelors of the year 1896: “If he refuses to take her to be his wife, he shall be mulct in the sum of £100, or less, as his estate may be, except and always if he can make it appear that he is betrothed to another woman, then he shall be free.”



**B** RITISH landlords evidently perceive that the collapse of their ancient land system is near at hand. While their income on paper runs into princely figures, the amount coming to them, after settlements and mortgages have been provided for, is, in many cases, too small to enable them to pay their way, rents having declined with the price of farm produce. In old days, when they were supreme in Parliament, they kept up the price of wheat by artificial means. In 1388 they voted themselves an export bounty. England, at that period, grew more than she could consume, and the bounty, Adam Smith tells us, "was an expedient to raise it to the high price at which it had frequently been sold in the times of Charles the First and Second." Roughly speaking, the bounty was continued in force until the Corn Laws were adopted, that is to say, till the landlords, finding they could no longer export, resolved to bolster rents by imposing import duties. The bounty ran away with a good deal of public money; from 1741 to 1750 it absorbed over a million and a half pounds, and in the single year of 1749 amounted to £325,000. But the worst of it was that it made bread dear even in years of plenty. "In plentiful years," says Adam Smith, "by occasioning an extraordinary exportation, the bounty necessarily raises the price of corn above what it otherwise would be." In years of scarcity it was usually suspended, but "by the extraordinary exportation which it occasions in years of plenty, it must frequently hinder the plenty of one year from compensating the scarcity of another." The Corn Laws also plucked the consumer, but, like the

bounty, they kept up rents, and the landlords did not look beyond that.

Mr. James Lowther, in behalf of the territorial aristocracy, is agitating for the revival of the Corn Laws in some shape, but Lord Salisbury says flatly that the thing is impossible. The "anthem of the poor," directed against the "small loaf" of the Corn Laws, had a revolutionary ring:

"When wilt Thou save the people,  
O God of Merey, when?  
Not kings and lords, but nations,  
Not thrones and crowns, but men!"

As Lord Salisbury virtually put it, what would happen now if the masses, vastly more powerful numerically and politically than in the period of the Anti-Corn Law league, were asked to return to the "small loaf," in order that a semi-feudal land system, which has lodged the soil of the Three Kingdoms in the hands of a few thousand persons, might be preserved? Mr. Lowther and his friends allege that they do not want Parliament to restore the Corn Laws for the aristocracy alone; if, they say, colonial wheat and other produce were admitted free, as now, while imports from foreign countries were taxed, the world-wide British family would be consolidated. But this attempt to secure higher rents for the landlord by pretending to legislate for the good of the Empire, does not meet with much favor. In 1891, the value of the food imported from foreign countries and colonies together, though chiefly from the former, exceeded £100,000,000 sterling. To tax the foreign supply would undoubtedly be a good thing for the home landlord and colonial farmer, but the British people are firmly per-

sueded that they would have to pay through the nose for it; furthermore, that the obstruction to imports from such foreign customers as the United States, the Argentine and Russia would diminish the export of British labor stored, so to speak, in manufactured goods. We are not arguing the case one way or the other, but merely stating the popular British view.

At the beginning of the present century the price of wheat in England was 155 shillings per quarter of eight bushels. Lately it has touched as low as 20 shillings. The landlord has certainly reason to complain, but the consumer, who outnumbers him five hundred to one, has none. Apart from the question of cheap food and cheap raw material, a vital one for a manufacturing community, there is a growing demand in England for land reform of a drastic kind, and it is obvious that with present prices the landlords will be starved into capitulating. Free trade in land, as Cobden said, is the corollary of free trade in the products of land. Most of the reformers favor the creation of small owners such as exist in France, and as once, under the name of yeomen, existed to some extent in England. That is wholly impossible while primogeniture and entail, the law of settlements and the heavy cost of transfer, lock up most of the soil in the possession of a few and hinder its thorough cultivation by that few. The Canadian reader who wishes to learn something about the English land laws, and the evils to which they have given birth, cannot do better than send ten cents to Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., London, for a copy of Mr. W. E. Baxter's "Our Land Laws of the Past."

Here in Canada, the fall in the price of wheat has not been nearly so great as in England. When France owned the colony the price varied little except in years of scarcity. Wheat was employed as currency along with beaver skins, and was usually legal tender at the rate of four livres, 80 cents, per bushel. In the spring of 1660, when there was almost a famine, it went up to eight livres. For 1729-57, the average price was below four livres. During the war, which ended in England's taking possession, the price

was very high indeed; in fact, scarcely any food could be got except at the royal warehouses, and that precious rascal, Bigot, manipulated the supply to enrich himself and his *entourage*. In 1766-93, the price averaged 5 livres 9 sols, or \$1.09; from 1793 to 1816, owing to the Napoleonic wars, \$1.70; from 1816 to 1851, \$1.30, or thereabouts. These were the prices at Quebec. During the Crimean war, 1854-56, farmers in Upper Canada got \$2 and over. In 1870-74, the price averaged \$1.28; in 1877, it went up to \$1.41. That was the last fat year. It has tumbled since to 70 cents in 1894.

The effect has been to throw a great deal of land in the older provinces out of wheat cultivation. The selling value of farm land has fallen and the growth of the rural population been checked, together with that of the small towns dependent on the farmer. Dairying and stock raising are taking the place of wheat, and, in order to make the change, farmers have been obliged to contract mortgage debts. Fortunately, the interest on loanable capital has been much reduced; the old days when the loan companies got as high as 12 or 15 per cent. under the deceptive instalment plan, and had power to charge so much per cent. per month on arrears, are gone, never to return. The low price of wheat and products generally has necessarily retarded settlement in the North-West, where we had spent a vast sum in making preparations for the reception of population. In some instances the rush of people from country to town has produced real estate booms, which, in turn, have annihilated a good deal of actual, and more imagined, capital. The home market for manufacturers has been impoverished, railroad traffic diminished, and commerce of all kinds affected injuriously. Wheat, cattle and cheese are the real counters with which the Ontario farmer pays his taxes, municipal and federal, and the drop in values makes it harder for him to contribute than formerly. He has also less to spend at the store. The price of everything he has to buy has been reduced, but the diminution of his purchasing power has been greater in proportion, so that the merchant and manufacturer are not only

getting lower profits, but are obliged to be content with a smaller volume of business. The Government finances have suffered accordingly. The expectations about the North-West were such that in 1882 the Finance Minister calculated on being able to reduce the public debt to \$100,000,000 within ten years, and on having a superabundant revenue with which to carry on public works thereafter. As it is, the net debt is now \$250,000,000, and there have been deficits lately. It is necessary alike for Government and for people to brace themselves for a long period of economical living.

In 1802 over a million bushels of wheat and 28,000 barrels of flour were exported from Quebec. No doubt some of it was from the United States. The average exportation from 1800 to 1824 was 193,000 bushels and 23,000 barrels. In 1825 Canadian wheat was admitted into England at a lower rate of duty than foreign. The so-called Colonial Policy, whereby colonial products received preferential treatment in the markets of the Mother Country while British manufactures received like treatment in colonial markets, was then fairly established. But the letters of Mr. Gamble and other Upper Canadians to Earl Grey twenty years later show that the arrangement did not work to the satisfaction of

Canadians, who even at that day desired to have factories of their own. We know from their speeches in Parliament that it was denounced by English free traders as a bad thing for the Mother Country. Notwithstanding Mr. Lowther's agitation, it is hardly likely that modern democratic England will go back to a system which the England of fifty years ago grew tired of and repealed. The Canadian farmer, in short must look to himself and himself alone for salvation. The depression afflicting him afflicts farmers everywhere. In Ontario, with its fertile soil and thrifty people, the state of affairs is not so bad as in many other agricultural countries. The depreciation in the value of land is less, for example, than in the rural parts of New York and, of course, much less than in those of New England. Economy, patience and the application of scientific methods, which we are glad to see the Patrons inculcating, are the only means of affording the farmer relief. There are no sovereign remedies or lightning cure-alls for the ailment. It has its origin in the new conditions created by modern science, and till the world has adjusted itself to them a permanent revival cannot be looked for, let quacks say what they will.

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### TO WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL.

**I**N liquid majesty the long lakes lay,  
 And throbb'd with slow susurrus to and fro;  
 And mystic murmurs and strange voices slow  
 Rose inarticulate from wave and bay.  
 With voiceless voices thus from day to day  
 The long lakes laughed or wept, yet none might know  
 The wondrous secrets that lay hid below  
 The breaker's thunder, or the hissing spray.

Till One arose, and with fine tuned ear  
 Heard sounds by mortals all unheard before;  
 And lingering long on cape, or crag, or shore,  
 Where, rolling up, the chiming water breaks,  
 He caught the meaning of their voices clear,  
 And sang the secrets of Canadian Lakes.

*Frank L. Pollock.*



# EDITORIAL NOTES



THE news of the untimely death of Prince Henry of Battenburg from swamp fever, contracted among the malarious fens of the African gold coast, cast a gloom over the whole Do-

minion. While there are few citizens of the Empire more loyal to the British Crown than Canadians, the people of this country, nevertheless, have an especially soft spot in their hearts for soldier princes like the late husband of Her Majesty's youngest daughter.

There is something extremely pathetic in the story of the tragic end of a man who, for the sake of the country in which he has made his home, forgoes the many luxuries and pleasures with which life at an Imperial Court is inseparable, to undergo the hardships and privations of a campaign in a country so infested with diseases as the gold coast of South Africa. In this unromantic age one cannot point to many instances of bravery and self-denial of this kind on the part of princes and members of royalty, and it appears particularly distressing that when such efforts of practical aid to the State as those which marked the last acts of the life of the gallant Prince are made, they should be terminated so abruptly.

The Ashanti expedition which the late Prince Henry joined, was undertaken to suppress an uprising of the Ashantis under their King, Prempeh, who had opposed the placing of a British Resident at Coomassie, the capital. The country through which the expedition had to pass is, in many places, dense with swamp and marsh, and has long been noted for its malignant fevers.

The British were within thirty miles of their destination when Prince Henry took ill. He was at once sent back to the coast with all possible despatch,

where, his condition becoming alarming, the cruiser *Blonde* was ordered to convey the sick Prince to the island of Maderia in the hope that a sea voyage would be found beneficial; but he died on board before the island was reached. One of the last requests of Prince Henry was that he should be allowed to remain at Sierra Leone until news had been received of the success of the British expedition, and it was with some difficulty that he was persuaded by his medical advisers to relinquish the idea. His life was given for England and Britain's cause, but if we mistake not, Prince Henry of Battenburg will, by the last acts of his life, apart from all other virtues, live long in the memory of the ever grateful English people.

The late Prince was born at Milan, on October 5, 1858. He was a colonel in the British Volunteers, an honorary colonel in the Bulgarian Infantry, a Knight of the Garter, and, by Royal letter patent, had the right to be addressed *Royal Highness*. He married Princess Beatrice of England, youngest daughter of the Queen, at Osborne, on July 23, 1885. She was born in 1857. The Prince and Princess Henry of Battenburg have four children.

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That the events of the past month in the diplomatic world have been extremely momentous, must be generally admitted.

The New Year was ushered in with rumblings of distant thunder in the far East—with the Kurdish plague of fire and sword and barbarism.

The widespread consternation felt by civilized nations at the fiendish atrocities being perpetrated in Armenia, was interrupted, however, by President Cleveland's bellicose manifesto concerning the Venezuelan boundary dispute, which, in turn, has been eclipsed by the excitement consequent upon Dr. Jameson's raid in the Transvaal and the stand taken by Germany respecting that affair,

While this is being penned, word comes to us of a well-founded report which is being given credence in London, affirming that a Russo-Turkish alliance has been formed, the significance and far-reaching effect of which must be obvious to everybody.

Where will this all end? What may we expect the outcome of this enmity toward England to be?

In regard to the latest phase of the case; if *an understanding* has been arrived at between autocratic Russia and Mohammedan Turkey which relegates to the former special privileges denied other European powers, the war cloud would seem to hang ominously low.

For many years it has been a cardinal principal with British statesmen, and a policy laid down and strictly adhered to by Conservative and Liberal governments alike, that the integrity of the Ottoman Empire is imperative to the safety of British possessions in the East.

Time and again has Great Britain insisted on the policy of non-interference by Russia in Turkish affairs. Repeatedly has the Russian Government been notified that the occupation of territory not belonging to it would prove a *casus belli*.

That doctrine must be adhered to still. England cannot back down at this late day, even though Russia should imagine her isolated and alone. To recognize such a treaty would be to disregard the principles which British statesmen in the past have been prepared to uphold to the end.

It is essential to the safety of Her Majesty's Indian possessions that a policy of non-interference be followed.

Russian domination at Constantinople and Russian control of the Dardanelles and Black Sea would mean that the Government of the Czars had obtained that for which it has been striving since the days of Peter the Great,—a Mediterranean seaboard.

This, the British have been taught to believe, would be a menace to the Empire.

From an impregnable position at the Dardanelles, Russia could, at will, harass British trade and interests in the Mediterranean while holding in perfect secu-

urity, by the command of the Strait of the Bosphorus, her own seaports on the Black Sea. The absorption of Turkey would rapidly follow and Russian aspirations having been realized in Europe, the Czar could then turn his undivided attention to the subjugation of India, which country was part of the great continental empire planned by the ambitious shipbuilding Peter.

It may be that Russia is acting in this with the concurrence of the other powers of Europe, in which event it would seem to require the most skilful diplomacy on the part of England to checkmate the play.

The existence of such a treaty is a possibility but hardly a probability, nevertheless, taken in conjunction with the many other threatenings and forebodings the rumor is an uncanny one.

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At this *fin de siècle* time the thought comes to us that with the rapidly advancing and near at hand twentieth century, the telegraph and telephone systems are likely to supercede the postal-mail service of the present day. This brings up the question as to whether these systems should not be under Governmental control. Every civilized country, with the exception of ours, has long since made the telegraph a part of the postal service; and in all it has worked satisfactory. The rates in Great Britain and Ireland are, like postage, uniform for all distances, and are two cents per word. In France and Belgium the rate is under ten cents for ten words between any two points. In Germany the rate is a trifle less than two cents per word, and in Austria one cent per word. No department of the Post-Office in any of these countries pays better than the telegraph. And in some countries the telephone, too, has been added. It is very certain that the telegraph and telephone as parts of our postal service would wonderfully improve the means of intercourse. A very cheap uniform rate—say five cents per message, should be made. This would pay a handsome revenue to the Government. Is it not time Canada made a move in this direction?