

BRITISH DIPLOMATISTS.

They Do Not Boast of Being Masters of Diplomacy, But They Are Hard to Beat—An American Describes How they are Trained.

Mr. Edward Wakefield, the well-known American correspondent, writes as follows from London:—

For several centuries the Spaniards had the reputation of being the most skilful diplomatists, and after Spain had fallen to be a third-rate power, the French and Austrians in turn claimed the supremacy in this particular branch of statecraft. In our own time the Russians have the credit of excelling all other nations in dealing with foreign affairs. A Russian diplomatist is supposed to be a happy combination of Machiavelli and Mephistopheles, before whose wily arts mere ordinary astuteness is of no avail. The British have never made any pretension to that kind of superiority. They are rather proud of declaring that diplomacy is "a game they do not understand," and the reputation of stupidity which they have everywhere abroad is not displeasing to them. The fact is, in this, as in many other matters, foreigners are greatly misled by the externals of English character. They mistake self-control for dullness and blunt honesty for simplicity; and they do not realize the tenacity of purpose that is ingrained in the polished, easy-going, open-hearted free-living, but eminently respectable noblemen and gentlemen who represent the Queen abroad.

Looking at the results of all the diplomacy for hundreds of years back, no one can say that the British are inferior to their neighbors. They always get the lion's share of the benefits of every treaty; and very often when they seem to have been outwitted by

SOME BRILLIANT STROKE

of foreign diplomacy they have, in reality, gained an overwhelming advantage which was not foreseen. Their supposed guilelessness is a good deal like that of the Heathen Chinese, with the difference that they are well able to hold by force what they gain by skill. How else has it come about that the territory, trade, and wealth of the British empire have increased, and are constantly increasing, out of all proportion to those of other nations? British diplomatists may be slow and heavy, but that they are successful all history witnesses. That is due in a great measure to the men who are chosen for diplomatic duty, and partly to the system which has prevailed at the British Foreign Office.

No branch of the public service is so highly trained as the diplomatic branch. It is not so much a service as a profession. The men who devote their lives to it are specially educated to it from childhood. In many instances their calling is hereditary. They are ambassadors from generation to generation. Whole families belong to the Foreign Office, just as others are naval families or military families. Take, for example, Sir Edward Malet, British Ambassador at Berlin. He is the son of Sir Alexander Malet, British Minister at Frankfurt, and was born at the British embassy at the Hague in 1837, the year of the Queen's accession. He was educated at Eton and Oxford expressly for a diplomatic career, and when barely seventeen was appointed attaché at Frankfurt. Since then he has gone through every grade of the service at Brussels, Rio de Janeiro, Washington, Lisbon, Constantinople, Paris, Pekin, Athens, Rome, Constantinople again, Egypt, Brussels again, and lastly Berlin.

During these thirty-eight years of continuous service he has held almost every sort of appointment and done almost every sort of work that a diplomat can; and, not being a born fool, but very much the opposite, he has turned his opportunities and experience to good account. All that he does not know about foreign affairs, or about the motives and methods of public men and mankind in general, is not worth learning. It used to be said, when Earl Russell was Minister for Foreign Affairs, that to get into

THE DIPLOMATIC SERVICE

you must be named either Russell or Elliott. Earl Russell's wife was an Elliott, daughter of the Earl of Minto, and it is still a good thing to have either of these names, Sir Edward Malet came as near to it as he could. He married Lady Ermyntrude Russell, daughter of the Duke of Bedford, and cousin of Earl Russell, so that his establishment is a thoroughly typical British diplomatic one.

A more striking case is that of Sir Edward Thornton. He is the son of Sir Edward Thornton, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Portugal. He also was born in a British embassy and entered the service when a mere boy, as attaché at Turin. Then he went, in course of promotion, to Mexico, Buenos Ayres, New Granada, Uruguay, Buenos Ayres again, Rio de Janeiro, Lisbon, where he filled the same post that his father had filled, having succeeded him as Count de Cassilhas in the Portuguese nobility; Washington, St. Petersburg, and finally Constantinople. After forty-four years' unbroken service he retired on his pension and his honors, a quiet, courteous, delightful old gentleman, who never played a trick, but never made a mistake in his life. If he had happened to have a son, that son would doubtless have been at least a secretary of legation by this time.

The same story might be repeated over and over again about scores of other British diplomatists, the same story of birth, training, and lifelong service. Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, recently appointed Ambassador to Rome, was born at Malta, and entered the Foreign Office when he was ten years old! He got his appointment through the influence of his mother, Lady Georgina Walpole, daughter of the Earl of Oxford, the Walpoles being a notable diplomatic family. And so it goes on. In the first instance the appointments are made by sheer favoritism; but after that the young men are sifted and sorted according to the staff that is in them, and in the higher grades promotion goes by merit alone.

The rule is that no one is admitted into the diplomatic service except gentlemen by birth and education. They need not have noble blood, but it is considered all the better if they have. They have not time to get much book learning, but they generally go to Eton or Harrow and then for a year or two to Oxford or Cambridge. Even Sir Drummond Wolff, the ten-year-old diplomatist, went to Rugby for a little while. The ignorance of these suckling Ambassadors is a standing joke, but somehow it does not seem to make any difference in the long run. Those with influential friends go into the Foreign Office and get some special

training before going abroad: but most of them are sent straight to some foreign capital as unpaid attachés to the Minister. They must have an income of their own of at least \$2,000 a year, and they must not get into debt.

That rule is very strict. There is a story told of a Minister for Foreign Affairs who had a son in the diplomatic service, a very promising young man, but given to habits of extravagance. One day a tradesman waited on the Minister and told him he had a heavy bill against his son, of which he could not get payment, and he begged his Lordship to settle it. The Minister replied: "You know the rule against gentlemen in the diplomatic service getting into debt. You had no business to give my son credit for this large sum, but if you press him for it he is bound to pay you or to leave the service. Good morning." The tradesman sued the attaché and got judgment. The father paid the bill and costs, and the young man was retired in the next Gazette.

The object, of course, is to keep up the tone and the high name of the British diplomatic service, which is respected for its decorum all over the world.

THE YOUNG OFFICIALS

are taught from the very beginning that their first duty is to be gentlemen, and no conduct unbecoming a gentleman is ever overlooked, no matter how powerful the offender's family may be. Quite recently, a young Walpole, nephew and heir of the Earl of Oxford, was compelled to retire because he was sued for breach of promise by a German governess at Constantinople. The evidence showed that the poor boy had treated her very generously, far beyond his means, indeed, and the case completely broke down as the breach of promise. But he had become the subject of a public scandal, and, therefore, he must leave the service and forfeit his career.

A much sadder case was that of a nephew of the Duke of Wellington, a most brilliant man, who had performed valuable diplomatic services and was on the high road to fame and fortune. He, too, got into an ugly scrape about a woman, and she, to spite him, made it public. The Foreign Office could hardly spare him, and if his family had made an effort the affair might have been smoothed over. But noblesse oblige. Neither he nor his family made any appeal, and he left the service a ruined man. Hundreds of similar instances might be quoted, all showing the pride of class and the high standard of conduct which are encouraged and enforced in the diplomatic service. It may truly be said of it that many are called, but few are chosen.

After serving for some years at his own expense—that is \$2,000 a year at least—the attaché gets a paid appointment, but the pay is very small, hardly enough to keep him in cigars and gloves. He is expected to be in the very pink of fashion in every respect. At the embassy he is a sort of tame cat. He comes and goes as if he belonged to the family, devotes himself to the Ambassador's wife, dances with the daughters, plays with the children, and makes himself pleasant to the servants. In society he is everything to everybody, especially to ladies. In short, he is acquiring knowledge of the world and of human nature—learning self-control, penetration, tact, picking up the rudiments of his profession.

The Ambassadors treat these youngsters with great cordiality. They make intimate friends of them in the household as well as in the office, after the easy manner of the upper classes in England. But they

WATCH THEM CLOSELY

all the time and make full reports about them to the Foreign Office. Thus the Under Secretary in Whitehall knows just where to lay his hands on a young man who is fit to bear responsibility at a moment's notice. He has a short time to prepare for a particular post, and is always placed under the best possible guidance, and afforded every reasonable facility and assistance. That is the critical moment in his career. If he discharges his first duty well, his future is assured.

In all the responsible diplomatic offices the men are paid liberally and treated handsomely in every way. Of course, many of them are rich men, who spend a great deal more than they receive, and distribute their salary among their subordinates; but others are not, and the rule of the department is to give every gentleman representing the Queen a comfortably independent position. The salary of a second Secretary of Legation is \$3,000 a year, and in the grades above that it goes from \$4,000 to \$25,000. All the Ambassadors have \$25,000 a year, a fine house, servants, and an allowance for furniture. When Lord Dufferin was moved from Rome to Paris the other day he received \$15,000 for expenses. There was some discussion when the vote came before Parliament, but the Government defended it strongly and it passed. The British public like the country to be handsomely represented, and there are no more popular class of officials than the Ambassadors.

There are some instances where the pay and allowances of a British Ambassador, liberal as they are, do not nearly meet the claims on his purse, if he is one who interprets his duty in a spirit of magnificence. Some years ago Lord Augustus Loftus, a noted diplomatist, sought the protection of the Bankruptcy Court. It came out that he had ruined himself when Ambassador at St. Petersburg by the splendor of his hospitality, and, though the Government to assist him had made him Governor of New South Wales, where he had got \$50,000 a year for six years, he had been unable to pull up arrears. He was a grand old fellow, and there was much sympathy with him. His family, who are fairly wealthy, satisfied his creditors, and arrangements were made by which he has his pension of \$7,500 intact for life. That, perhaps, was an extreme case, but it may be said generally that if an Ambassador does not spend more than his salary he deems it a point of honor not to make anything out of it. Honor, in fact, is the foundation of the whole service. To be a Grand Cross of the Bath and a Privy Councillor to be received by the Queen as a trusted friend—above all, have sole charge of "British interests" in the country where he serves—these are the objects and reward of a British diplomatist. His crowning glory is to perform such a service that when he comes home to die after half a century or more of exile, anxiety, and labor, he may rest his bones under a slab of stone in the nave of Westminster Abbey.

Mrs. G. M. Young, 1 Sully Street, Grove Street, Liverpool, Eng., writes that the contents of one bottle of St. Jacobs Oil cured her of lumbago after she had given up all hopes of ever being better.

DISCOVERIES BY EMIN PASHA.

Authentic News of His Doings During Fifteen Months.

While all sorts of rumors have been afloat about Emin Pasha, and he has been repeatedly reported to have succumbed to his hardships, news comes at last from a perfectly authentic source that he has made some extremely interesting geographical discoveries. This news comes from Dr. Stuhlmann, who was Emin's comrade on his journey and who has written to his father in Germany a brief report of Emin's discoveries. His letter is published in Petermann's Mitteilungen, and has also been reproduced in Le Mouvement Geographique, together with a map showing the discoveries.

He has in fact, completed the exploration of that long mysterious lake, Mutan Nzige, or, as Stanley renamed it on his last trip, Lake Albert Edward. Stanley explored the north and east coasts of the lake, but its western and southern shores remained undefined. It was, therefore, not known how far it extended in those directions. This is the problem which Emin has solved. Stuhlmann says Emin set out without any intention whatever to return to his old province, but his idea was merely to make a geographical investigation of the border land between the British and German spheres especially with a view to fixing the position of the southern end of Lake Albert Edward.

He started on March 22 last year, and crossing Stanley's route went into the unknown districts to the west until he reached the southern coast of the lake at the beginning of May. He skirted the southern shores, continued his march in a northerly direction along the west coast, discovered ranges of mountains west of the lake, one of which Dr. Stuhlmann ascended to a height of about 14,000 feet, and finally reached the west shore of Albert Nyanza, where he found quite a large number of his former followers living at Kavalli, the big native town near the southwest corner of the lake, which was the objective point of Stanley when he made his terrible march through the dense primeval forest. Emin learned from his former comrades interesting details as to the melancholy fate of his province, which seems to have fallen into a chaotic condition.

Out of this band 182 Soudanese who had served him in Equatoria joined his expedition, and kept on with Emin along his northern route west of Albert Nyanza, as far as the Ituri River, which is the upper part of the Aruwimi tributary of the Congo. Emin had not the slightest intention of crossing over to Wadelai, but he seemed to have some idea of marching west through the forests, through he did not communicate to Dr. Stuhlmann his ultimate intentions.

Whatever his purpose was it was defeated through lack of provisions and the impossibility of securing carriers in districts scourged by slave hunters. He was compelled to turn south again, and began the homeward journey on Sept. 30, following almost exactly the route he had traversed on the outward march. The expedition suffered severely from disease, inadequate food supplies, and the hostility of the natives, and Emin himself fell ill and nearly lost his eyesight.

Finally the expedition was attacked by small-pox, and it was found necessary to divide the party. On Dec. 10 Dr. Stuhlmann went on in advance with those who were best able to travel. When about two-thirds of the way to Bukoba, the German post on the west coast of Victoria Nyanza, he waited a few days for Emin to overtake him, but, hearing no tidings of him up to Jan. 13, he went on his way to Bukoba, where he arrived on Feb. 15.

It will be remembered that Stanley on his southward journey, discovered the Mfumbiro Mountain, a very high peak, and that later the English and German authorities, in fixing the boundaries between their possessions, made the line deflect to the north to pass around the northern part of the big mountain. Stuhlmann says that this mountain lies to the west of the 30th meridian, and consequently is not in the territory divided between the Germans and British, but lies wholly within the Congo State.

To the west of Mfumbiro Emin discovered a magnificent chain of six volcanic peaks. One of them is almost precipitous and attains a height of between 13,000 and 14,000 feet. It is called by the natives Kissigali. Another, the most western of the range, whose name is Birungo, is still in a condition of eruption, and is the only active volcano that has yet been found in equatorial Africa. It was smoking mildly when Emin saw it. The country approaching Lake Albert Edward and up its west coast was very mountainous. Lofty hills followed the shore line, rising to a height of 6,000 and 7,000 feet. The lake therefore seems to be entirely surrounded by mountains. They are wooded to their summits, and even the precipitous portions are covered with verdure. On the lower slopes myriads of parrots and chimpanzees were found.

A river empties into the southern end of the lake. It has a width of about 175 feet, comes from the territory Ruanda, is known as the Rutshurra, and is undoubtedly one of the ultimate sources of the Nile. The Pororo and the Butumbi, two very populous tribes, were found by Emin on his northern journey. The greater part of the country south of the lake is very undulating and is covered with tall grass, but forests are sparse. The geological formation is chiefly granitic and schistose.

Dr. Stuhlmann writes that the geographical results were highly satisfactory, as Emin had with him scientific instruments and made the most careful observations to ascertain his geographical position and other facts. His heights were measured by the aneroid barometer.

It has fallen to Emin, therefore, to solve one of the last remaining problems connected with the Nile. When Stanley first visited the African lake regions he reached the precipitous shores of the unknown lake, which has now been explored. He saw only so much of it as he could determine through his glass from a single point on the coast.

At the northern end of the lake he placed on his map a considerable area which was supposed to be an island, but which proved to be a large peninsula, jutting into the lake. He did not know whether the lake was connected with the Nile or Congo systems, and geographers were soon busy themselves with this problem.

About the same time Mason, while exploring Albert Nyanza, found a big river flowing into its southern end which he named, on account of its color, the Red River. This was a most important discovery, for geographers had about decided that Albert

Nyanza was merely a back-water of the Nile—a deep trough into which the Nile had poured and after filling it had resumed its journey north. This hypothesis was based upon the explorations of Gessi Pasha, who circumnavigated Albert Nyanza and reported that he had been unable to find any tributaries.

Mason proved, however, that an important tributary did enter the lake from the south. The question now was whether this river carried the waters of the lake which Stanley had seen to Albert Nyanza and the Nile. A number of geographers argued that Muta Nzige probably had no connection with the Nile system, but was more likely to empty its waters into the Congo.

This question was set at rest by Stanley on his last journey, who found that the river which Mason called the Red River, and to which Stanley gave its native name, Semliki, two lakes and Muta Nzige or Albert Nyanza, is, therefore, part of the Nile system.

Emin has now proved that the lake is hardly as large as Albert Nyanza, though it has nearly twice the width of that lake. He has defined its southern tributaries. It does not extend further south than 1° 30' S. Lat. Its western coast, roughly speaking, extends almost northwest and southeast. Two large peninsulas indent its northern shores.

The detailed reports of these explorations have not yet been received. They will doubtless prove of the highest geographical interest.

Whether Emin is dead or alive, the laurel will be given him of finally having settled the conundrums that have related to one of the most discussed and disputed of African lakes.

UP THE EIGER BY RAIL.

Talk of Building a Railroad Up a Fine Swiss Mountain.

There has been a project on foot to build a railroad up the Jungfrau. The project has not yet advanced very far, though the plans are all prepared. The Jungfrau has a neighbor known as the Eiger, which, though not quite so tall as the more famous mountain a little southwest of it, in southern Switzerland, is said to afford a view which in range and splendor is almost, if not quite, equal to the view from the Jungfrau. There is now a prospect that the Eiger will have a railroad to the summit sooner than the Jungfrau itself.

The Wengern-Alp Railroad is a line now building that will join two mountain towns and skirt around the northern base of the Eiger. A while ago some Swiss engineers made application to the Bundesrath for a concession for a railroad from the Wengern-Alp line to the top of Eiger. Their project is now under consideration and is being supported by the Government Council of Berne.

It is said in favor of this project that the tunnels which would have to be dug, as the road wound back and forth up the side of the mountain, would not be nearly so long as the tunnels proposed for the Jungfrau Railroad. The cost of construction will be far less, and the view all along the journey, it is said, will be remarkably fine. The top of the Jungfrau, besides, is so sharp that in order to build a railroad station there it would be absolutely necessary to make an artificial plateau, and this expense would be obviated on the summit of the Eiger. The top of the Jungfrau also is often bathed in clouds, while the lower summit of the Eiger is usually free from this obstacle, which tourists view with such vexation. It is likely, therefore, that the Eiger project will be carried out sooner than the Jungfrau scheme.

How to Catch Fish.

Frederick Turner, an old-time hunter, now lives in a section of country where trout fishing, deer and bear hunting are part of the education of the inhabitants. He owes his success not only to his courage and love for his business, but in a great degree to his ingenuity. How it happened that when other fishermen failed to catch trout he always turned up in camp with a long string of speckled beauties was, for a long time, an aggravation to the parties under his leadership, but a few days ago he, in a burst of generous confidence, gave up his secret to one of the party. He said that for a long time he had tried all kinds of experiments and plans to get the upper hand of the timid beauties, but failed, until, one day, about two years ago, when he accidentally picked up a broken piece of reed pole, in one end of which one of his boys had fixed a piece of glass. Thrusting the end of the pole carelessly and thoughtlessly into the creek, he placed his eye close to the upper end, which reached a couple of feet above the water. To his astonishment he found that he could see quite a distance into the water almost as plainly as he could see objects on the land with his naked eye. That fact threw him into a train of thought out of which he evolved an instrument with which he could get trout in any pool, although the fish might be at the bottom and refuse to bite. He got a piece of reed about seven feet long, and on the lower end, after he had burned out the pith and joints perfectly smooth, he fixed a round piece of glass, fastening it by a cement to the edges of the pole. Along the outside of his pole he attached through small rings, a slender steel rod with a barbed point. With his pole under water and his eye at the upper end he had no difficulty in locating his game, and by very slowly and quietly getting its range he would, when the point of his submarine telescope was within a few inches or a foot of the fish, let loose a small but strong spring at the upper end of the spear, driving the spear into the fish and securing its past escape. Frederick says it's a sure thing, and all that it requires is a good eye and a cool head.

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Carrier Pigeons in Europe.

Englishmen, it appears, enjoy in France a curious privilege, which is rigidly withheld from Germans and Belgians. It is that of flying carrier pigeons. This, however, as explained by Mr. Tegetmeier in his curious lecture on this subject, published in "The Journal of the United Service Institution," is on the strict condition that both the birds and the senders are English. In Belgium alone, according to this authority, there are 600,000 racing birds, which in case of a war would be put at the disposal of the government, and everyone of these is a trained bird. They used, it is stated, to train them over the south of France, but that is now interdicted, and no birds from Belgium or Germany are allowed to be trained in France. The fear, of course, is that in the event of a war trained pigeons would be smuggled into the interior, and thus information could be carried out. Mr. Tegetmeier sees no difficulty in establishing "pigeon lofts" for military purposes. There is a military pigeon loft at Rome, another at the Island of Madalena, another at Cagliari, and they practice on what is called the Cagliari, Napoli line. The distance between these two places is 294 miles. They throw the birds from ships, and they have, we are assured, been known to do a distance of as much as 287 miles over the sea at about thirty-one miles an hour.

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Monkeys in Hindustan.

Indian shops have no doors nor windows but are like large cupboards, open to the street, in which food grains and other articles are exposed for sale; and in towns where Hindus preponderate and a busy current of trade has not swept the streets, bulls, calves, parakeets, sparrows, and monkeys take toll, which the dealer would fain prevent, but that he is few and fat, while the depredators are many and active. A stout grocer nodding among his store baskets, while a monkey, intently watching the sleeper's face, rapidly stuffs his cheek-pouches with grain, is a common sight, as well as a comical one.

Of late years the tradesmen, who form the bulk of the members of our municipalities, have felt that there are too many Hanumans abroad and have ventured on proceedings that would not have been tolerated in the days of complete Brahmanical ascendancy. Numbers of the marauders have been caught, caged, and dispatched on bullock carts to places many miles distant. There they have been let loose, but as the empty carts returned, the monkeys, quick to perceive and defeat the plan of their enemies, bounded gaily alongside and trooped in through the city gates with the air of a holiday party returning from a picnic.—[Beast and Man in India—J. L. Kipling.]

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