THE DESTRUCTIVE MANIA

AT THE BOTTOM OF CRIMES AND STRANGE PASTIMES.

Mischief Mania as Developed in Boys and Monkeys — Wholesale Massacres — Ismael and Port Arthur—Vandalism of Victorious Armies—The Monster Butcheries of the Circus Maximus.

"The North African moor monkeys, or monassos," says a modern traveler, "are frequently seen chained to the post of an Andalusian tavern, a chain and a pet of that sort being as necessary concomitants in civilized regions as a King and a constitution. A rupture of the concatenation creates an alarm as if the chained beast of the Apocalypse had broken loose, and if an unchained monasso gets a five minutes' chance at a kitchen or a parlor he can be relied upon to commit all the havoc a creature of his strength could possibly execute in five times 60 seconds; an instinct bordering on inspiration seems to tell him at the first glance where and how to perpetrate the greatest amount of actual damage in the shortest possible time. In a harbor hotel of Cartagena I saw a specimen whose fandango talents had made him a more than local celebrity. He could waltz on his hind legs for minutes together, and was sometimes released at the request of his admirers, who pitied his constant collisions with the lock of his drag-chain; but on such occasions the landlady used to charge a real extra, for even her presence did not prevent the mono from indulging his ruling passion. Under pretext of returning the caresses of his visitors, he managed to abstract their buttons, upset a flower pot or two, or interrupt his performances to make a grab at a litter of poodle puppies on the veranda. His scar-covered skull proved that the lot of the transgressor is hard, but the depilated condition of his neck was owing to a peculiar trick of his as the posadera explained it. He would hug a post near his couch under the veranda, and, stretching his head back and his tongue out, would twist his neck to and fro as if in the

AGONIES OF STRANGULATION.

During the temporary absence of their mother he once succeeded in deceiving the children by these symptoms of distress. They loosened his chain strap an inch or two, but happily took the precaution to shut the house door and the cellar gate. But they had forgotten the poultry house, and when the lady returned in the evening her 16 hens had been converted into platonic homunculi—'bipeds without feathers and without the power of volitation.' On another occasion he came near setting the house on fire by drenching the cat with the contents of a large coal oil lamp."

Some species of lap dogs have become so gentle that they refuse to kill even mice, though they still retain the carnivorous appetites of their fox-like forefathers. Monkeys, on the other hand, though generally averse to flesh food of any kind, often kill their smaller fellow captives for sheer love of deviltry, and an English missionary who passed several years in Northern Ceylon vouches for the fact that a troop of monkeys caused the death of a child by teasing and biting it until it lost its wits altogether and ran into the thick of the woods, where its tormentors had it completely at their mercy.

A strikingly analogous story came a few weeks ago from Cape Town, where the son of King Lobengula had been intrusted to the care of a Dutch clergyman. The outcry raised about the untoward fate of the boy's father, had caused his guardians to treat him with a great deal of indulgence, so much so, indeed, that the youngster came to consider himself a privileged personage, and one day, in the absence of the pedagogue, commenced to amuse himself with shooting arrows at the hat of his younger playmate, and finally tried to improve the fun by aiming a few inches lower. The first shot grazed the child's shoulder, but the second scored a hit, and the young marksman fairly danced with delight when he saw his arrow stick in the

NECK OF THE LIVING TARGET.

"Why, you crazy kid, what are you bawling about?" he laughed, when his victim ran off shrieking. "Don't you know that we all have to die some day or other!"

And just to "see them drop" Charles IX. of France joined in the fusillade of his Huguenot subjects on the evening of August 24, 1572, though personally the crowned manhunter was not half as much of a fanatic as his pious mother. To "see them drop," a hundred at each volley, Abbas Pasha got his troopers to chase the rebels of Chios and drive them en masse toward a hill, where he had planted a battery of canister guns, and the predecessor of Li Hung Chang arranged a similar circle hunt in a stronghold of

THE TAEPING INSURGENTS.

El Cid, the Joshua of Spain, depopulated whole districts of the Moorish border, conducting the campaigns on the principle of letting no man escape, and taking it for granted that every unbeliever was guilty of the unpardonable sin. In private life he appears to have been quite an easy-going fellow, and probably did not find it necessary to use theological arguments in order to stimulate the manslaughter instinct of his soldiers. How readily that instinct will re-assert itself, even in civilized nations, has been abundantly proved by the military history of the last 200 years, from the scenes at Malplaquet to the slaughter of South California Indians by the first Anglo-American settlers. Every unprejudiced traveler agrees that the Russian mujik is not at heart a savage creature, but apt to hide a good deal of good-nature and maudlin sentimentality under his shaggy coat. His attachment to his creed is perhaps more sincere that that of any other rustic devotee of modern Europe, yet after the capture of Ismael an army of these sanctified bears raged with all the pitiless ferocity of their Scythian ancestors till the male adults of a city of 48,000 inhabitants had actually perished, besides 5,700 women and 10,000 children—December 23, 1790. General Suwaroff's first account of his conquest quietly ignored these horrors, but on the fact leaking out he pleaded his inability to restrain the troops that had forced their way through the breach ahead of the staff officers, and added, that, after the massacre had once been initiated he might just as well have tried to moderate the destructive fury of a pack of hounds

TEARING A CRIPPLED WOLF.

The conqueror of Port Arthur might probably plead a similar excuse, since even Napoleon, after the battle of Friedland, found it difficult to prevent his soldiers from finishing their day's work by a general massacre of the retreating Russians, whose sovereign the victor still hoped to conciliate.

Jean Jacques Rousseau in his comments upon the childish love of gratuitous mischief, remarks that "destruction is so much easier than construction, and children, like animals, naturally prefer the least difficult mode of exerting their prowess, a method which, besides, leads to quicker and more striking results." "I cannot do what Japhet does," argues our black brother, "but I can do more: I can undo it"—"the white man furnishes the brains and the red man knocks them out," as that Seminole Chieftain expressed it.

That passion for havoc has left its marks all along the shores of the Mediterranean and from Troy to the valley of the Indus. Pompey the Great alone demolished 200 cities, Alaric the Goth about 100 and King Attila, if we may believe his biographers, at least 3,000. Khaled, the "Sword of Allah," boasted of having left no unruined church in the track of his victorious expeditions, and the Vandals were unfortunately not the only savages who took a special delight in destroying works of art. Nearly all the statues in the museums of Southern Europe were resurrected from rubbish heaps. Clemens Alexandrinus mentions, without comment, the zeal of converted Magistrates who made it a point of honor to clean their cities from every

VESTIGE OF PAGAN ART,

and encouraged mobs of expurgators who went from house to house, smashing idols, burning pictures and whitewashing frescoes. The monks of the early centuries of the Latin Church celebrated autos-da-fe of pagan books which could now be sold for their weights in ten-dollar banknotes, and the preservation of a few classics is due less to the tolerance of subsequent generations than to the growing scarcity of writing paper. Rather than go to the trouble of manufacturing parchment of their own, the convent scribes holystoned the manuscripts of heathen authors and with a view to further supplies of that sort kept a stock of unscraped literature, which the subsequent dawn of rationalism saved from destruction. Gibbons denies the cremation of the Alexandrine Library in the baths of the Moslem fanatics, but the outrage is by no means intrinsically improbable. Like their trinitarian rivals, the Mohammedan bigots of the seventh century were proud of their ignorance and glorified in a chance to knock out the brain products of infidel scholars, and between cowled and turbanned zealots the secular libraries of the Roman Empire had only a slender chance of escape, about 95 per cent. of their once so-called immortal contents being now lost forever.

But, after all, still more baneful vandalism was the destruction of sacred groves and of orchard plantations that supported the cities of Moorish Spain. In the campaign of King Ferdinand (the conqueror of Granada) alone thousands of square miles were thus devastated and have remained in a state of desolation ever since. The southern half of the once garden-like peninsula is now covered with deserts almost as hopeless as those of Northern Africa, and the consequent droughts threaten to

DEFY THE PRAYER-CURE.

It is easier to fell a tree than to replant it, and easier to burn a book than to refute its arguments; but the favorite pastime of destruction maniacs remains the demolition of a living organism, with its miracles of structural contrivances. Beast fights, battues and perforce hunts tend to crowd out every other form of amusement where the predilection of the masses get a chance to assert themselves. Pliny's account of the arena-sports during the golden age of Imperial Rome far exceed the marvels of the Arabian Nights and fabled Whalhalla, where our forefathers hoped to get their fill of killing and carousing. The circus managers of Caligula treated the public to a massacre of 400 bears, those of Nero to a finish fight of 300 tigers with bulls and elephants, and at the dedication of the Colosseum 5,000 wild animals were slain in one day.

The capture of those brutes must have kept an army of hunters busy, for all through the second and third century the roar of the arena resounded from noon till night about 20 days of each month, and often for 100 successive days, as after Trajan returned from the Dacian campaign.

If a resurrected sporting reporter of those times could see the enthusiasm of a Spanish mob in a one-horse bull-ring, he would, indeed, be tempted to indorse Leigh Hunt's complaint that "pagan Rome ate the cream off this world and left us the wretched clabber." but in stress of circumstances the arena-instinct will makeshift to gratify itself even with pettier expedients, and the favorite sports of the French metropolis just now is the baiting of wharf rats in a 15-by-20-feet wire cage.

One or the Other.

Blimmer—Just see that covered carriage down there meandering along over the street.

Glimmer—Hum! The driver must be either a drunken man or a sober woman.

What a Baby Can Do.

Friend—I don't understand why you and your husband should have separated so soon.

Mrs. Aftermath—It was all owing to the baby's temper.

Mercy on us! How could that be?

We couldn't agree as to which one of us the baby took after.

Colonel—"Are you one of the 'advanced' women, Miss Passe?" Miss P. (haughtily)—"Indeed I am not. I was only 23 last birthday."

THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR.

BRITAIN'S IMPREGNABLE FORTRESS IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

Vivid Impression of Its Charms—British Force on the Rock—It is a Mile Long and At Its Highest Point a Little Over One Thousand Four Hundred Feet High.

There is something pathetic in a spectacle of a great city held permanently by a foreigner, as Gibraltar is by the British and Algiers by the French, writes a correspondent. I wonder how the Spanish feel when they see the red cross of St. George flying over the ramparts of the rock. And is there spirit enough left in the lazy Algerines, do you suppose, to resent the Frenchifying of their ancient stronghold? Probably it is better for the world that the key of the Mediterranean should be in the hands of the English than those of the Spanish. And there is no doubt that Algeria is a thousand-fold better off under French rule than it ever was under the domination of the sea robbers, who not only preyed on the commerce of the world, but upon each other.

The Rock lies very near north and south, its east face overlooking the Mediterranean, and the so-called neutral ground which lies between it and the Spanish mainland. The Rock is about a mile long, and is a little over 1,400 feet high at its loftiest eminence—a knife-like ridge, where the edge looks as if it had been crumbled away by the action of the elements. Of course, everybody has heard all about the rocky galleries that have been burrowed in the rock, with occasional

OPENINGS FOR CANNON,

and those cannon can be trained upon anything on sea or land, at every point of the compass in the vast circle commanded by this mightiest fortress in the world.

One can creep out of an embrasure here and there, and gaze fearfully down upon the wrinkled and shining sea, and the ragged city below, which looks like a huddle of children's toy houses; and far off to the northward one sees the solitary Spanish peak on which the Queen Chair looms like a crag against the sky. On that lonely tower, it is said, the Queen of Spain will sit and see the British flag come down from the Rock. Well, she will wait a good while for that sight. There is no Queen of Spain now, and nobody knows what will happen after the boy King shall have been gathered to his fathers.

There is no denying the fact that the stranger's view of Gibraltar is impressive. Everywhere guns; everywhere forts, curtains, bastions and orillons, everywhere red-coats and "the meteor flag of England." Shops, houses and hotels are built in and among the most tremendous fortifications. One gets the idea that this is a vast fortified camp into which the arts of peace were admitted for a time on sufferance.

Should war come or danger approach all these would be swept out as useless rubbish, and the vast works would be

STRIPPED FOR BATTLE.

There is a frowning sea-wall around the the base of the Rock. Inside of this are water-batteries. Beautiful gardens, rich in bloom, adorn the residential streets. Over the foliage and the color black muzzles of war-dogs lick their feverish lips in the embrasures. You cannot enter the town without a military pass; and if you do not get out of the gates before evening-gunfire, the hour of which is daily announced, you are a prisoner for the night. Nevertheless, the whole show impressed me as something theatrical. There is a wonderful exhibition here of England's military greatness. Five thousand men are in garrison, and supplies of rations and drinking water to last an army through years of siege are stored up in the inner recesses of the Rock. Gibraltar is impregnable. That is the word that has gone out among the nations ever since the British flag was hoisted here in the beginning of the eighteenth century. Nobody will ever question the verity of that word. Tradition suffices for the rest. The guns and the ammunition are antiquated. There is not a piece of artillery on the place that is less than twenty years old. Here and there a few showpieces—One-hundred-ton guns—do duty as samples of engines of war; but in the galleries are no breech-loaders, no machines guns—nothing but

ORDINANCE OF OBSOLETE PATTERN.

England is fully up to the times in all matters relating to offensive and defensive war material. Gibraltar is not. The word of impregnability has gone out. A fleet of the finest modern war ships has its rendezvous here. That is enough, and may it be a long, long day before nations shall again resort to the arbitration of the longest cannon and the strongest armor in settlement of their disputes.

The appearance of the exterior of the Rock is softened by the herbage that covers much of its surface. Although the wall of rock rises sheer and perpendicular in many places, there are ledges where grow a variety of semi-tropical plants and vines, and along some of the terraces there are little groups of wild olive, pepper trees, and a berry-bearing bush, which the French residents strip of fruit for the manufacture of absinthe. Beautiful, too, are the dark-green and polished leaves of the acanthus, whose convolutions, it is said, gave the idea of the Corinthian capital to the old Greek artist. While we were wandering through one of the opening galleries of the rock, the red-coated Tommy Atkins who was our guide stopped and gazed curiously up the precipitous height. Inquired of concerning his solitude, he said: "I was looking to see if there was any h'apes in sight, Sir." There were

NO APES IN VIEW,

however, but there are hundreds of them living among the inaccessible crags and fissures of the rock. They are usually as large as a boy of ten or twelve years, and weigh some seventy pounds when full grown. Their lives are insured; it is "bad form" to shoot an ape, and the soldiers place food where the creatures can find it. But they are sometimes dangerous, for they roll about the loose stones, which may drop on unsuspecting passengers below. "An Hamerican lady was just missed, Sir," said our Tommy Atkins, "by one of them blarsted stones, and it weighed at least fourteen pound, Sir."

The population of Gibraltar is quite as unique in its way as the rocky fortifications. There one gets his first glimpse of the Oriental man. Moors, Arabs, Turks, Berbers, Nubians, Jews, Spanish, Maltese, and English, each clad in his own proper garb, crowd the narrow thoroughfares and make a picturesque panorama of life. The swarthy Moors stalk fiercely through the crowd. They are the haughty and unconquered ones. Up on the ragged height is a tall, castellated tower, mellow with the tints of time, built by the Moors in the days of their occupation,

ELEVEN CENTURIES AGO.

Even in its degradation as a common jail it has an indescribable grace and dignity. It is the Moor still, and the uneasy population that frets around its immovable base may well look up and admire the art and skill that have conquered time.

North of the Rock is the Neutral Ground a bit of level, marshy land, something like an isthmus, a half mile square, which connects the vast fortress and its town with the mainland. On the British end of the Neutral Ground is a moat, crossed by a solid roadway. But that broad and peaceful-looking road is undermined, and in case of war, an explosion undergound would blow up the thoroughfare, and make the moat a complete line. Red-coated sentinels pace the border at one side of the Neutral Ground. Scarcely a stone's throw away, to the northward, is a line of stone and adobe sentry-boxes with domed tops, stretching out of sight to the west. These mark the daily beat of the Spanish sentinels. Their uniforms are dark green, and the officers wear a queer black hat, with a wide rim in front and a flap folded over the top from behind. These two lines of soldiers have been watching each other for nearly two hundred years. When you have crossed the Neutral Ground and have been driven into the shabby old Spanish town at its upper end, you realize that you are in a land that is 200 years behind the age. This is Spain. Here is a hoar and unrepaired antiquity, a land of beggars, loungers, bull rings, semi-barbaric crudeness of color, and a shabbiness beyond description. This is what one would see in Gibraltar if the flag over it were that of Spain.

BURNS' HIGHLAND MARY.

A Statue to Be Erected in Her Honor on the Firth of Clyde.

To crown all other crowns of honor and praises which his countrymen have never tired of casting at the feet of Robert Burns, there is to be a statue of Highland Mary erected on the Firth of Clyde, on the rocks in front of the ruins of the ancient stronghold known as Dunoon Castle. The place is the most appropriate that could be chosen, as it is not far distant from the farmhouse of Auchamore, where Mary Campbell was born, and will afford a commanding position for the statue, so that it cannot fail to be seen from the river. The artist who is to execute the work is the

Scottish sculptor, Mr. D. W. Stevenson, R.S.A., Edinburgh, whose design we reproduce. The details of the costume have been chiefly taken from the works of David Allan, an artist contemporary with Highland Mary, and well known for his illustrations of Scottish life. The statue is intended to be unveiled on the centenary of the poet's deathday, July 21, 1896. There be some who do not consider Burns' verses To Mary in Heaven among his best and even place them far below his best—among the least happy and memorable productions of his pen. But the story of his love for Highland Mary does not now rest on his verses to immortalize it as one of the most pathetic episodes of his ill-regulated and tragic life. It is the man, rather than the poet, you think of at the mention of the name of Mary Campbell, and of the love she kindled in the most passionate, most noble heart that ever killed a poet.

Greek Met Greek.

Wife—Here is an item in the paper about a druggist who failed in business and can't pay his bills.

Husband—Hum! Very strange! But perhaps his water-pipes burst.

At the hairdresser's.—A barber, after applying a sticking plaster to a gash made with the razor, prepared, nothing daunted, to continue the operation. Customer—"I only fight up to first blood. The duel is at an end; let us shake hands."

LONDON TRAMWAYS.

The World's Metropolis is Behind Nearly Every Great City in its Means of Locomotion.

The progressives appear to think that because Huddersfield, Glasgow, and Leeds (we know of no other cases in Great Britain) work their own trams, therefore London should do the same; but the magnitude of London makes its case exceptional. Moreover, so long as companies and responsible individuals are forthcoming, willing to lease the lines, that course is certain in the end to be the most profitable to the ratepayer. The Edinburgh Corporation, for example, has lately acquired its tramways and leased them to a company at a rent equivalent to 7 per cent. on the arbitration price paid for the undertaking, thus securing a clear profit at 4 per cent.

There are about 136 miles of tramway in London, while the actual capital expended in construction, plant, and horses, has been, according to the returns made to the Board of Trade, £3,818,038. Nothwithstanding these seemingly large figures, London is behind nearly every great city in its means of locomotion. It has been calculated that in Paris, for example, there is a mile of tramway for every 16,000 persons, while in London there is only one for every 31,000, and the time is at hand when not only must the lines be doubled in extent, but electric motor power must be substituted for horse power. The suburbs of London must also, like those of Paris, be connected with the metropolis by a proper train system, if further congestion of population in the central districts is to be avoided. Is the London County Council of the future not only to work the existing 136 miles of tramway, but construct and work the new lines referred to?

The question must be settled now, or those who have been concerned in this large enterprise, and who, if encouraged, will undertake the work, will be driven from the field; and the Council, whether the ratepayers like it or not, may be forced into doing the work itself. The question is complicated by the fact that Parliament would never authorize the London County Council to construct tramways outside the county without the consent of the suburban authorities, and if each of those authorities is to have the like power of working, much confusion will ensue.

Meanwhile it is a sad reflection that tramway construction is at a standstill, and unless the policy of the Council is reversed, or Parliament intervenes and rewrites the Tramway act on lines which will encourage further enterprise in this direction, London may have to wait years for the much-needed extension of this means of locomotion.

FIGHTING THE HILL TRIBES.

A Picture of the Barbarities of the Indian Hill Tribes.

To be a few minutes too late is to incur total failure in the expedition, since the wary foes, in full flight to their own stronghold, can well outstrip their pursuers. Are they in time, an ambush is formed, and as the wild men, bloody and exultant, dragging along their captives, approach, they are received with the fire of rifles, followed by a rapid rush; the kookri or curved knife is at work, but none of the savages will stand to fight. Most get away into the dense jungle, some fall dead, and the captives, mostly women and children, are left trembling and crouching on the field.

The sun is now shooting his gilded rays upon the trees that crown the mountain summit; the white mist is rising out of the valleys, and the bulbuls, heedless of the scene of carage, prune their feathers and chirp their opening notes upon the mossy boughs. After a rest and a wash in the nearest stream, the officer and his men, with the spoils of war, start off to the site of the previous night's foul work. A long climb up the neighboring mountain, sometimes by the bed of some impetuous torrent, painfully slipping over its waterworn rocks and grasping for support at the gnarled roots of hanging creepers that almost concealed its course, or forcing their way through bamboo thicket, the party comes upon the smoldering embers of the bamboo huts and stockade of the village which has been plundered.

Pools of blood here and there redden the ground, still fed by the trickling veins of headless corpses. Slaughtered babes even lie among the slain, and those few of the living who managed to secrete themselves in the forest during the assault are crouched among the burning ruins with their heads buried in their hands or sending up a wail to the unknown god. There is nothing for the police officer to do but to release the captives and enlist the aid of a friendly tribe for rebuilding the village. The dead must be forgotten. Vengeance must stand over until Government can send a military expedition into these hill tracts to settle the account of several years' outrages.

Queer Things in Surnames.

A young soldier in the French army, who lately volunteered in the service, rejoices in the distinction of having what would appear to be one of the oldest names on record. The unlucky lad is named Adolph Maximilian E.F.G., these three letters of the alphabet being all he can boast of as a surname. The recruiting sergeant severely reprimanded the young volunteer for disrespectful joking when he spelled out his abbreviated patronymic, and was only convinced that the appellation was bona fide when the lad showed him his papers. It seems, however, that there are queerer names than E.F.G. For instance, a wine merchant living in the suburbs of Paris is called Monsieur O. The name, by the way, is met with in Normandy, where a family was once known who bore the name of d'O, with the title of marquis. A member of the family, Francis d'O, was superintendent of finance under Henry III. of France. One-letter patronymics, however, are not so uncommon as might be supposed. There are said to be five persons in Paris whose names are of this abbreviated type.