

A TRIBUTE TO BRAVE MEN

JULIAN RALPH WRITES OF THE BRITISH ARMY'S OFFICERS.

Are Not Afraid of Death on the Battlefield—Going Out to South Africa to "See the Fun"—Some Johannesburg Refugees.

Julian Ralph, the well-known American author and journalist, is in South Africa as a war correspondent. In a recent letter from Cape Town to The London Daily Mail, he deals mainly with his impressions of the British officer. His letter is as follows:—

On every ship that arrives in Cape Town from London are many British army officers.

Some ships bring a dozen or twenty; others as many as fifty. They are the pick and flower of Englishmen. Most of them are young men, in the late twenties and early thirties, bearing distinguished names, exhibiting the long, slender faces of the British aristocracy, carrying themselves at once like dandies and like athletes.

The one strange thing about them is that nobody is sending them here, and they do not know to what part of the seat of war they are going or what they are going to do. They only know that they could not keep away. They are here to see what they call "the fun." It is a war against bushwhackers, guerillas and sharpshooters, in which a far greater proportion of officers than men are certain to be killed, but that does not matter to them.

THE FIRST ACCOUNTS

of skirmishes they read after they have landed tell of the deaths of officers and the wounding of others. Apparently the manner in which the enemy reveals its presence among the hills out Natal way, is by the dropping of an officer from his saddle or in his tracks as he pushes ahead of his men. What of that? It is part of "the fun" they say.

These fine young fellows have come during their leaves of absence, which have been well-earned in active service, in disagreeable climates, in lonely garrison posts in the Soudan or on the Indian frontier. One who came here with me has given up a billet for which he had long been striving, and which was offered to him just as he had determined to come out here and do a little fighting for variety. Another of my companions on the voyage was starting to make a long projected tour of the world, but this disturbance proved more attractive. A third officer on the same ship arrived in England to see his people, from whom he had long been separated; but he got no further than London, and only stayed four days when he caught the spirit of his comrades and bolted for South Africa. On another ship was a young man with an income of £40,000 a year, who was just about to be married, but instead of taking his bride to St. George's he asked her down to Waterloo to see him off for Durban.

I watched these men on shipboard during seventeen days. They were up at 6 o'clock every morning, running so many dozens of times around the deck in slippers and pyjamas, in order to keep themselves in good condition, then plunging into a cold bath and coming back to the deck again in flannels as fresh and blooming as

NEW-CUT FLOWERS.

All day they read about South Africa in the little libraries they had brought with them, and which they exchanged for other books that other men had brought on board. They were, I say again, the best of Englishmen—wide-awake, well-informed, proud, polished, polite, considerate, and bounding with animal health and high spirits.

The more I saw of them the angrier I got at all I have ever read about the various fanatical people on earth who are celebrated for not being afraid to die—the Soudan Dervishes, I mean, and the stolid Turks and pilfering Albanians, and now, last of all, these wooden-headed Boers. Of some of these we are told that they welcome death, of others that they believe themselves in God's care. And what of these English? Are they afraid to die? Who would say such a thing—or think it for a moment—of these splendid fellows who have led England's ranks against every fanatic on earth, except the Turk? They are as ready to die as any men, and they rank above their foes as towers rise above the lowly grass, because they risk their lives with a full knowledge of what they are doing, and because in risking themselves they risk the most enviable lot of which any man can boast. The incomes, the estates, the wives and sisters, the companions, the sports, the clubs, the comforts and the luxuries with which these men can surround themselves whenever they will are ties which should make life dearer to them than the bare, hard lot of most of the poor wretches whom historians and poets have glorified for not fearing death; every one of whom, I honestly believe, fears it more than these splendid, dashing fellows, who keep on carving empires out of the map to swell

THE SIZE OF ENGLAND.

"Ben to Government House?" I asked one of these men yesterday.

"No," said he, "and I'm not going, I am afraid they might send me some-

where out of the thick of things. I don't want them to know I'm here. I'm going to wherever it's liveliest. I'll be certain to find somebody under whom I have served or with whom I have fought, and so I'll see the best of it."

And that was the man who told me that out of 100 men with whom he served, 75 are dead already, fifteen of illnesses and sixty of bullet wounds and spear thrusts. It is disgusting to leave these men and turn into any one of the Cape Town hotels to find yourself surrounded by the rich refugees from Johannesburg and to hear them cry like children as they tell you what they will lose if the British do not hurry up and take the Transvaal before the Boers destroy Johannesburg. They actually cry in their plates at dinner, and half-strange themselves, sobbing as they drink their whiskey at bed time. The Mount Nelson, the Queen's, and the Grand Hotels are all full of these merchants and millionaires, faring on the fat of the land, idle, loafing, all of every day and discussing what per cent, of their losses the British Government will pay when they put in their claims at the end of the war.

MANY LONG FACES.

Some come here as clerks, some as laborers in the mines, and some are merchants who brought £10 worth of goods out from Birmingham a dozen years ago. They tell you that they have left £100,000 worth, or £20,000 worth of goods in their shop, and that altogether £25,000,000 is in danger of destruction in Johannesburg.

"Oh!" one has just been saying to me: "I can't tell how much I shall lose by dispeezness. I speak mit much feeling, my fren. Bless excoose me grying. Vot do you dink? Do you dink I can git back dirty-dree per cent. of vot I lose from de British Government? Oh, Got, den I lose £6,000—ain'd it derrible?"

They are pulling their long faces all over the place and shedding their tears wherever you meet them. It is enough to make a statue ill to have to hear and see them and move among them. Why don't they fight? The war has jeopardised their property, and they have a keener interest in it than any Tommy or any officer now at the front. How can they see the cream and flower of England's manhood rushing down here to spill its precious blood for them and never feel a blush of shame or a pang of any emotion except grief over losses which will still leave many of them rich?

Really, Cape Town is a wonderful place. It is worth the journey to see the streets blocked by able young men and the hotels crowded by rich refugees, while each night's train takes out the fearless gentlemen who are deliberately risking not only their lives but more of worldly advantage than can ever come to these skulkers who cling to the shelter of England's guns and weep while they wait for men to die that they may rush up to the British Treasury with their claims.

If the exhibition these refugees are making in Cape Town were as important as it is conspicuous, one would think the Englishmen in charge here would drop the contest where it is and go home in disgust. But it is only a phase of a side issue, quite apart from the principal at stake.

LITTLE CIVILITIES.

If, as the old saying has it, civility costs nothing, it certainly gains much, both in the way of liking and of kindness; therefore, it seems a great pity that so many people dispense with it in small matters of daily life. There are, no doubt, very few people who are actually and actively rude and uncivil, but there are, on the other hand, many who are, if we may use the term, passively impolite. They do not, that is, commit a downright rudeness but they omit a vast number of little civilities.

If it is manners that "maketh man," it is most certainly woman who both makes and mars men's manners, for there is no man, however rough and uncouth in manner, who is not influenced, and to some degree softened, by contact with a courteous and gracious mannered woman.

BIG NAMES OF HISTORY.

THEY ARE ENROLLED IN QUEEN VICTORIA'S AUTOGRAPH BOOK.

Signatures of Sovereigns Who Have Visited Windsor Castle—The Queen's Grandchildren Have a Queer Name for the Volume.

Among the most valued treasures of a personal character belonging to Queen Victoria is an autograph book, on the pages of which are signed the names of all those distinguished personages who have been her guests at Balmoral, Osborne, Buckingham palace, and more particularly at Windsor, during the sixty-three years that she has occupied the throne of Great Britain. To those who are aware of the existence of this volume of autographs the visit paid recently by Emperor William to his venerable grandmother, appeals perhaps the more strongly, because they know that he as well as his escort will not have been permitted to leave the historic castle on the banks of the Thames without having once more inscribed their names and the date of their sojourn in that book, which, more perhaps than any other thing comprised in so small a compass, shows the march of time and the progress of history. For a perusal of this volume serves to demonstrate above everything else the extent to which England's sovereign has outlived her contemporaries. It calls forth memories of dynasties that have been overthrown and kingdoms that have disappeared, and seems to evoke the specters of a great throng of rulers and of celebrated statesmen, all now in their graves, not a few of whom have met with terrible deaths at the hands of assassins.

The visits paid by foreign rulers and by foreign statesmen to her majesty possess, thanks to her absolute and supreme control of England's foreign policy far more importance than one might be disposed to accord to them at first sight. For the stay at Windsor of nearly every continental monarch has been followed by political consequences. The course of history, indeed, may be said to have been largely influenced by these visits which the queen receives from her brother and sister sovereigns. And it is this that renders her book of autographs so exceptionally interesting.

MILESTONES OF HISTORY.

The autographs may be regarded as bearing a certain analogy to milestones, since they mark so many different epochs. What more remarkable, for instance, than the changes which have fallen to the share of the reigning house of Prussia during the near sixty years intervening between the visit of King Frederick William IV. to attend the baptism of the prince of Wales, and the stay of Emperor William at Windsor? At the time when this king was a guest of Queen Victoria, Prussia was in every sense of the word a second rate power. Frederick William, in fact, was almost abject in his subserviency to the German emperor at Vienna, and to his brother-in-law, Czar Nicholas I. As far as the Imperial house of Hapsburg was concerned, he seemed to be unable to forget that his ancestors had until within a little more than a hundred years held the position of cupbearer to the Emperors at Vienna, and been compelled to stand at state banquets behind the imperial chair, doing duty, if not as a menial, at any rate as a mere vassal. As for his attitude toward Russia he permitted himself to be bullied and browbeaten to such an extent by the czar that he did not venture to take any step, even in his

own dominions, without the sanction of his imperious brother-in-law. So great was the contempt in which Prussia was held at the time of the congress of great powers held in Paris at the conclusion of the Crimean war, King Frederick William's plenipotentiaries were not admitted to the meeting, on the ground that Prussia was not a power of sufficient importance to warrant her receiving any such privilege.

King Frederick William was at the outset of his reign when he visited Queen Victoria at Windsor in 1842. Six years later he was a prisoner in the hands of the people of his capital and forced to pay homage to the dead bodies of the men, women and children who had been shot down by his troops. And during that time his brother, William, who eventually succeeded him on the throne, was obliged to flee for his life, to England, where he in his turn, enjoyed for a time the hospitality of Queen Victoria and wrote his name in her autograph book. The closing years of the reign of King Frederick William IV. were darkened by insanity of the most violent description. William became first King of Prussia, and then, after 1870, German emperor, appropriating at Versailles a dignity which had been for centuries the most highly-prized possession of the house of Hapsburg.

"UNSER FRITZ."

Emperor William's successor was that "Unser Fritz," who was of all Queen Victoria's sons-in-law, the one she loved best, and many were the visits which he paid to her at Balmoral and at Windsor, one sojourn at the latter place being, however, suddenly interrupted by a violent tiff between his wife, the now widowed Empress Frederick, and her august mother, on the subject of the latter's crochety, cranky, and terribly surly Highland gillie, John Brown.

Emperor William II. who now visits his grandmother at Windsor for the second time since his accession to the throne is, therefore, the fourth ruler of Prussia whom she welcomes beneath her roof tree, and she greets him no longer as the sovereign of a second or even third-rate state, but as the head of the greatest military power on the face of the globe, whose friendship England is glad to secure at the present juncture, and who holds to a great extent at the present moment the balance of power in the Old World, his understanding with Great Britain resulting in a combination so mighty as to put an end to all the projects which had been entertained of a continental union against England. Truly, Prussia, has undergone many and amazing vicissitudes during the period that has intervened between King Frederick William's visit to Windsor in 1842, and the stay there last week by his grand nephew, NAPOLEON'S MEMORABLE VISIT.

A very important state visit and certainly one pregnant with great political consequences was that of Emperor Napoleon III. and Empress Eugenie to Queen Victoria, at Windsor Castle at the time of the Crimean War. It may be said to have constituted the first actual recognition of the emperor, and, above all, of the empress, by any of the reigning families of Europe. Napoleon had until that time been regarded as a mere successful conspirator who prior to his seizure of the French throne had been a disreputable chevalier d'industrie; while the empress was looked upon as an adventuress, concerning whose antecedents the most scandalous stories were current. Indeed the wars of 1855 and of 1859, which resulted so disastrously to both Russia and Austria, were largely brought about by the contemptuous manner in which the courts of St. Petersburg and of Vienna rejected all advances made to them by Napoleon and Empress Eugenie. Queen Victoria was then, as now, renowned for her strictness on the score of the character of all the women whom she consented to admit to her presence, and her action therefore in inviting not merely Napoleon, but likewise, his consort, to Windsor, where she treated them with the utmost distinction and regard, went so far, to improve the status and prestige of the imperial couple both in the continental courts and even in France, that neither of them ever forgot the kindness of Victoria in the matter. Indeed, as long as he remained on the

throne, the emperor continued the warm and loyal friend of the English people.

Napoleon was not the only French monarch whom the Queen had the opportunity of welcoming at Windsor. In her visitor's books is likewise to be found the name of King Louis Philippe, who stayed with her once while still ruler of France, and then several times after he had been dethroned and was in exile.

A POPE AND FOUR CZARS.

The name of the present pope, while still papal nuncio to the Brussels court, as well as of no less than four czars of Russia are to be found in Victoria's autograph book. The first is that of Emperor Nicholas I., who suddenly arrived without warning in England to visit the queen in 1844. To this day the object of his trip remains more or less of a state secret. But it is generally believed that he came for the purpose of discovering how the ground lay in connection with his designs upon Constantinople, and that he quitted Windsor more or less disappointed by the failure of his mission. The impression that he created upon the queen does not seem to have been altogether agreeable. At any rate, her published diary leads to that inference. His son and successor came to Windsor thirty years later, shortly after the marriage of his only daughter to Queen Victoria's second son, Alexander III. was a frequent visitor to Windsor and likewise to Osborne before he ascended the throne, while the present autocrat of Russia, a grandson by marriage of the queen, has visited her once at Balmoral since he became emperor, but spent whole months at Windsor while he was courting the lovely princess, now his wife. It is to the affectionate relations then established between young Nicholas and the venerable queen that is largely due the maintenance of peace between Russia and Great Britain—two countries which find themselves in rivalry and opposition in nearly every quarter of the globe.

MEMORIES OF TRAGEDIES EVOKED.

One of the most dramatic things about this book of the queen's is the fact that so many of the personages who have signed their names therein have met their death through violence. Indeed, many are the grim tragedies that are called to mind when one peruses its pages. Taking them at hazard, there is that, to the queen, least welcome of all the guests whom she ever entertained at Windsor, namely, Nasr-Eddeen-Shah, the ruler of Persia, who was shot down only a few years ago by a religious fanatic. Then there was the late Sultan, Abdul Aziz, who stayed at the castle in 1867, who was done to death nine years later in his palace at Constantinople with a pair of long, sharp, concave-bladed Oriental scissiors. Czar Alexander II. had the entire lower portion of his body blown to pieces by nihilist bombs in 1881, while Empress Elizabeth of Austria was stabbed to the heart at Geneva, but a little more than a year ago. She had often visited the queen, and in spite of everything, asserted to the contrary, was on terms of warm friendship and continuous correspondence with her. The young Prince Imperial of France was killed by the Zulus, in South Africa while wearing the queen's livery as one of the officers of her army. He was one of her special favorites and might have become her son-in-law had he lived.

SECURE.

Dear me, said Master Fox, aren't you afraid your mother will give it to you for bein' out so late?

Naw! said the little Bear; she's just begun hibernatin', an' won't wake up for three months yet.

WASTED AMMUNITION.

Marguerite.—Some men are awfully stupid.

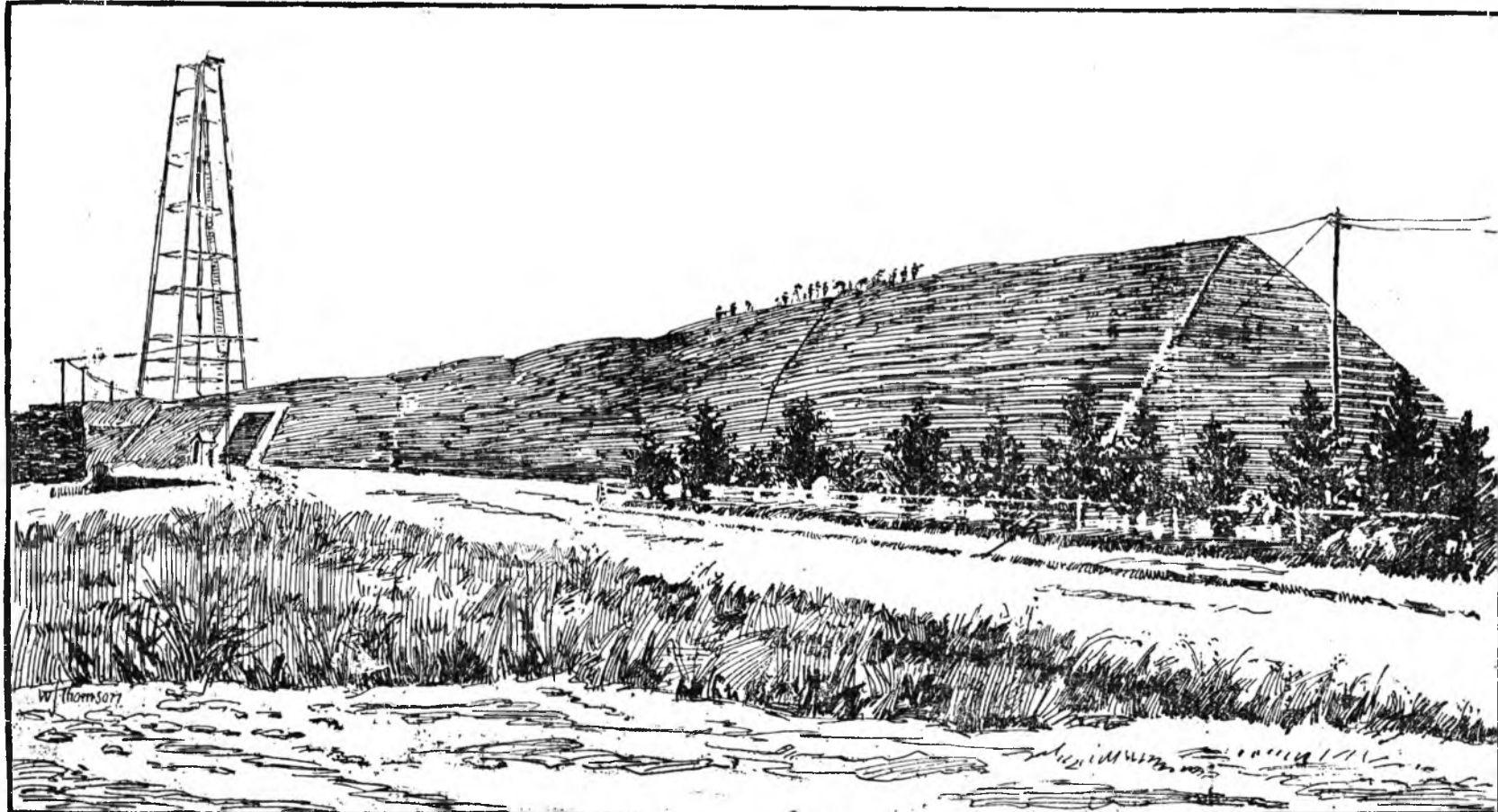
Amy.—Who, for instance?

Marguerite.—Well, there's Harry. I remarked that I just doted on diamonds, and he simply said he did too.

AFTER THE HUNTING SEASON.

First Farmer.—And you didn't have a single cow shot?

Second Farmer.—No; I disguised all my cows as deer.



THE PRINCIPAL FORTRESS OF JOHANNESBURG.