

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The Lord Mayor has received from Marlborough House a copy of the following telegram from Lord Hampden, the Governor of New South Wales, to Mr. Chamberlain:—

"I am asked to inform you that New South Wales, Victorian, and Queensland pastoralists intend to contribute equivalent 20,000 sheep, beef and mutton, in answer to Princess of Wales' appeal for feasting poor of Great Britain in connection with her Majesty's Jubilee celebration, and suggest to me fifth amount to be donated for Scotland, one fifth for Ireland, and three fifths England. Will be available in London, about June 1st."

Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales has expressed her very high appreciation of the gift, and desires that the wishes of the donors should, if possible, be carried out.

A Book of the Week.

"THE MATABELE CAMPAIGN."

As a sequel to Miss Olive Schreiner's "Trooper Peter Halkett," this book makes very interesting reading.

In style, it presents the most curious contrast to her esoteric emotionalism; for it is the chronicle of a man who belongs most emphatically to that class of Englishman whom Mr. Labouchère is so anxious to get rid of—the "Empire-maker," pure and simple.

Given large tracts of fertile country, inhabited only by tribes of blood-thirsty savages, incapable of developing the resources of their land, incapable of anything but fighting and marauding; given also a nation of vast power, most prolific, continually overflowing its borders, unable to find within itself field enough for the restless energy of its sons—given these two factors in the race problem, Colonel Baden-Powell seems to think it only natural that the able race should become the conquering race, and that the savages should henceforth "take a back seat" in the administration of the land in which they live.

It is curious how different is the account of the man who went out with the troops from the account Miss Schreiner gives (I hear by-the-way, that she never was in Mashonaland at all.) Instead of the overwhelming force of invaders, with their up-to-date equipment, sallying forth to burn the kraals of unarmed, defenceless natives, we hear of "Grey's Scouts," two hundred and fifty in number, charging a force of twelve hundred Matabele, who were armed with Martini-Henrys, Lee-Metfords, and Winchesters. We hear of the native women and children everywhere taken into camp, fed, and clothed; one of the prettiest pictures is the delight of a small prisoner in his new shirt, and the contents of a pot of jam! Thirty thousand well-armed savages, in wild revolt, in a land full of English women and children, peaceful settlers,

who were murdered in cold blood, is a situation which calls for unequivocal treatment. It was necessary to convince these fanatics that their prophets were lying prophets, and that the white men meant to put a stop to treachery and murder. That the rising was fomented by the fact that the Chartered Company were not angels, nor their administration faultless, is doubtless true; it is also true that, in some cases, the natives had been unfairly dealt with. But evidently Colonel Baden-Powell sees in these facts no reason for allowing the Matabele to get the upper hand. At no time in the whole campaign were there more than five thousand troops in the country, against the thirty thousand of the savages; which can scarcely be described as an unnecessary superiority in numbers.

The sketch of Cecil Rhodes is very amusing and vivid, quite non-political and sincere. Certainly, whatever his faults—and the present writer holds no brief for him—he is a man who knows how to bear reverses.

"Rhodes had asked us to stay at his beautiful old place at Cape Town, Groot Schur, but when he met us this morning he said, 'I am sorry to find that I shall not be able to give you accommodation at my house. It has been burnt to the ground. It is a great pity, because there were some old things there that could not be replaced. I liked my house. Providence has not been kind to me this year. What with Jameson's raid, rinderpest, rebellion, famine, and now my house burnt, I feel rather like Job, but, thank God, I haven't had sores yet. Still, there remains some of the year, and there is yet a chance for me to develop some totally new kind of boil. That would be the height of evils, to have a boil called after one. Fancy being the inventor of the Rhodes' boil!' And then he sent a telegram: 'Having heard indirectly that my house has been burnt, please put up tents in the garden, as I don't want to live in a hotel!'"

G. M. R.

Bookland.

It's wiser being good than bad,
It's safer being meek than fierce;
It's fitter being sane than mad.
My own hope is, a sun will pierce
The thickest cloud earth even stretched;
That, after Last, returns the First,
Though a wide compass round be fetched;
That what began best, can't end worst,
Nor what God blessed once, prove accurst.

ROBERT BROWNING.

A book by Professor Ramsay, on Turkey, will attract attention, especially just now. He has written his "Impressions of Turkey," and Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton will publish them next week. "I have tried," he says, "to record frankly the impressions left on my mind during the wanderings of twelve years, and the studies of seventeen years." Dr. Ramsay's researches in Asiatic Turkey are familiar, but here is concerned with the people, from the peasants to the pashas. It will probably be found that he has a good deal higher an opinion of the former than of the latter.

* "The Matabele Campaign," by Colonel Baden-Powell. (Methuen & Co.)

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