

A California Artist in Holland and Belgium and a XVI Century Aubrey Beardsley

FANTWERP it has been said that the desire and love of wealth is the ruling passion. An old monk once wrote that Brussels could boast of noble men, Antwerp of money, Bruges could show the prettiest girls, Louvain was justly proud of her learned men, and the poor town of Ghent could only produce the haliers which marked the humiliations to which her turbulent citizens were so frequently subjected, while the lordship of Malines was chiefly remarkable for the fools which inhabited it. I believe the reputation for unusual simplicity dated from the story that the citizens of Malines once attempted to extinguish the moon shining through their cathedral tower, mistaking the radiance for a fire.

Every town in Holland or Belgium is within a few hours of every other town; therefore the resolve to visit Antwerp or Bruges needs no more deliberation than a sudden irresistible impulse to visit East Oakland or Petaluma, only there is this difference. In California the mighty

avenue of giant elms, remarkable even for this land of stately trees, points the way. Napoleon laid it out and it is quite as suggestive of his taste for magnificence and pomp as the great tomb under the golden dome of the invalides in Paris. It is a road for a king to drive through in a royal chariot. The little rideout, however, bumps along behind an ancient horse with admirable cheerfulness. In the center of the avenue the thick tree trunks rise like the pillars of a Gothic cathedral and the overarching branches meet high above the head; the sunlight is subdued like the light through stained-glass windows, and at either end of the vanishing aisle a faint blue mist rises like incense.

Between the trees, as within a frame, you see constantly changing pictures of Dutch peasant life, in the fresh, keen, early morning air. The women are already bending over their work in the fields or washing at the edge of their garden in the little silver streams. The fields roll away to the distance, an emerald sea, and away in the horizon is the inevitable veil of mist.

A number of sentimental last impressions are rudely broken in upon by the appearance of a woman, who empties into her own particular "little silver stream" a choice collection of potato parings, flax and salad leaves, an "olla podrida" that brings to the mind of the unwilling observer an instantaneous calculation: How many shining silver streams—typhoid fever? How much delicate veiling of blue mist, added to constant exposure and weariness, may amount to chronic malaria?

To reach Dordrecht it is necessary to cross the River Maas. A ferry-boat of the size of a steam launch is provided for foot-passengers and a clean mudsow for the transportation of vehicles. The ferry puffs across, or waggles across, more properly speaking, with the directness of aim and purpose so often to be remarked in the little tin boats and fishes you may have propelled in a basin in early youth. At the end it makes a dash for the landing, such as a drunken man collects himself for a final effort at his own front door. Dordrecht, or Dort, as it is called, looks like a phantom city it is in the early morning, wrapped in mists that the pale sunlight tries vainly to dispel. The windmills stand motionless like great spider-webs and the towers of the Town Hall and the Groote Kerk (the Big Church) look like the masts of ships way out at sea.

It is a curious little town. Under the walls the sea-going vessels come sliding in and huge rafts with timber from German forests come floating down to the feet of the windmills.

The streets run up and down and around the corner and back again, with a piquant irregularity, and are crowded with women in quaint caps and little dogcarts piled high with vegetables and children.

Upon leaving the town the train crosses an immense arm of the sea, which was formed centuries ago by an inundation, to which the Johnstown disaster was nothing. The arduously conquered soil was divided into a hundred islands. Towns and villages were swept away and the loss of life was horrible. It is called the "reed forest." From Dordrecht to Antwerp is a distance to be traversed in less than two hours, but the difference in the character of the two countries is hardly less than may be found between the extreme East and the extreme West of the United States.

Immediately on the Belgian frontier the trees strike for freedom.

No more avenues, forced to march with the precision of regiments of soldiers, sometimes allowed to grow only on two sides, the great branches clipped at the trunk where they threatened to rebel. Instead of the eternal straight lines an insistent little pine forest of young trees struggles away from the train. They stand in ragged groups, their heads together, like whispering children, or they run after each other in twos and threes or stand alone, suking and silent.

The houses in the little villages are painted white, and are gay with vegetable gardens. The sky is a candid blue, and a few astonished clouds that have most apparently lost their way are traveling back as fast as they may to Holland.

The train flies through the pleasant country, that is like pleasant countries all the world over, a little like France, even a little like California.

And suddenly here is Antwerp in the distance, and in another moment the station is reached and you are driving through the streets. Any town of which you have read much, which plays at once a romantic and heroic part in the history of the past, which forms a background for tragedies and operas, must be for an instant a disillusionment. Everything modern is more or less out of place; even in the Great square, the Place Verte, you look in vain for the dark, rich, old Flemish houses, for that background of terrible splendor against which the Spaniards of the tyrants, the horrors of the Inquisition, the struggles for freedom have been so appropriately and picturesquely depicted.

The sunny square is alive with idlers. The carriages that line it have each a driver, who cracks his whip and his joke with equal facility. American girls, with pretty faces, and a Baedeker, most visible, go chattering into the postoffice or cross the square to the street called "The Shoe Market" to invest in expensive little Antwerp toys, miniature milk cans and wooden shoes. The statue of Rubens, in the center of the square, is covered with leaves, but is not wanting in the dignity which made the most remarkable painter of his time an equally distinguished statesman and diplomatist. In one corner of the square rises the big, black weather-stained front of the Cathedral of Notre Dame.

In the museum, which is full of interesting things, we find the sketches for these and other pictures. Rubens is king, but hardly less remarkable are the examples of the work of other men—Van Dyck, in his early period, like Rubens in sober moments; Franz Hals, in wonderful portraits, with such overwhelming force and power that the pictures near them seem made of paper and painted with water. Only one portrait stands the comparison. It is that of Simon de Vos, painted by himself. The figure of the painter stands against a dull green background, in velvet of brownish black, one long, fine hand holding a roll of paper, the white of the frill around the neck and wrists of a rich subdued tone, and the face, that under a shower of black hair, looks straight out of the canvas, wears an expression of such smiling mockery that is almost like a personal affront. The eyes follow the observer with intolerable superciliousness, an insolent gaiety, at once patronizing and contemptuous. And the maddening ease with which it is painted does not lessen the astonishment of the simplicity of the surroundings, even the lettering of the inscription which informs us that he

has lived in poverty, but introduces himself to every one with a blessing upon them, down to the last day—a blessing which this particular observer accepts with some resentment.

A Quintin Massys leads us to the time-worn conclusion that there is nothing new under the sun. He is a sixteenth century Aubrey Beardsley. The daughter of Herodias is a part of an altar-piece. She is in a dress of heavy brocade, with a rich pattern; her pale little head, with red hair and redder flowers, under a transparent veil, is finely and firmly drawn against a flat, dark background, in which a whole scene takes place, as in a tapestry. The curious position, the strange expression of the face, that is almost alive with an animation that is far more wonderful than horror, convinces us that the sixteenth century draughtsman is still the superior of his modern imitator, who might with advantage imitate not only the quaintness and the archaic simplicity of his ancestor but a little of the beauty and a great deal of the reserve of these old pictures.

One of the oldest buildings in Antwerp and by far the most interesting is the Museum Plantin-Moretus, established in the house of Christopher Plantin, the painter, who set up his printing office in 1555. After the



Portrait of a Flemish Woman of the XVI Century.

resolve to travel need not be communicated to all the neighbors, nor does it awaken in their minds any overwhelming anguish of interest. To leave a town in Holland in order to cross the border into Belgium is a grave matter; to leave a little village for the same purpose is to become a public character.

A little ramshackle carriage, with flapping tarpaulin blinds, stops before the door. It is called the "rideout." The postman, Jan de Ziouw, knocks on the door and opens it, shouting in Dutch that it is time to leave. This is the signal for the gathering of the clans, and the departure is accomplished only after innumerable handshakes and nods of the head and repeated good wishes for a safe journey. The children follow the rideout as long as possible, clattering over the stones with their wooden shoes and giving vent to their excitement in east-splitting yells. Oh! the tender charms of childhood!

The road to Dordrecht is beautiful. It is autumnal September, but the landscape has the soft freshness of early spring in California. An



"The Daughter of Herodias," by Quentin Massys, the XVI Century Aubrey Beardsley.

ing to make my rounds and examine the posts. Would you like to come with me? Perhaps we will discover something."

All readily assented. Not wishing to part from good company, and being besides devoured with curiosity, I said I would go.

We passed through a lonely gorge and began mounting a steep incline. We now distinctly saw the chain of sentries on the picket line. We kept to the bush in the shadow to escape observation, and, in fact, we approached unobserved. Presently it became plainly evident that a sentinel seated upon a knoll was asleep. We had come within a hundred paces of him, when suddenly, from behind a bush, darted a huge black dog with a white star on its forehead. Oh, horror! It was the Caro of Nedewitchef. I positively recognized it. The dog rushed up to the sleeping sentry and tugged at his leg.

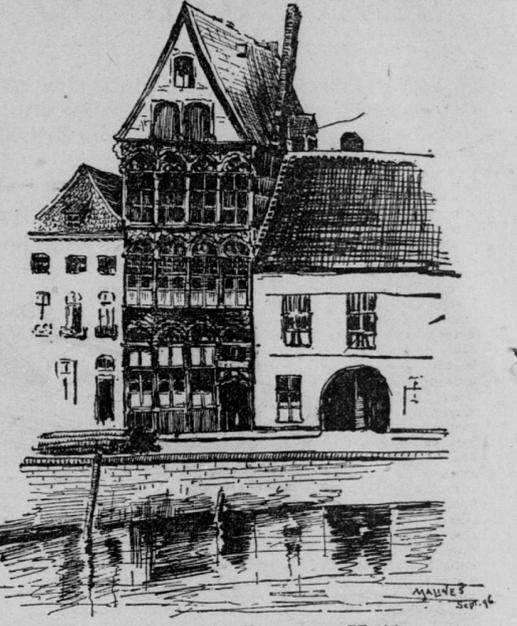
I was following the scene with intense concentration of attention and a shuddering heart when at my very ear there came the crack of a pistol shot. I started at the unexpected explosion. Major T. had fired at the dog. At the same instant the culprit soldier dropped to the ground.

We all sprang toward him. The major was the first to alight from his horse; but he had hardly begun to lift the body when a heartrending shriek burst from his lips and he fell senseless upon the corpse.

The truth became instantly known—a father had killed his own son. The boy had just joined the regiment as a volunteer and had been sent out on picket duty. Owing to a terrible mischance he had met his death by the hand of his own father.

After this tragedy Caro was seen no more.

A. J. J.



A Quaint Old House in Picturesque Mechlin.

middle of the seventeenth century they printed only mass and prayer books.

Something of the charm and interest which is attached to Nuremberg, to Bruges, to Verona and to all old cities is re-enlivened before we leave Antwerp, in spite of its well-swept modern streets and boulevard with trees and residences of conventional staidness. There are old streets and old buildings; the prison of the riotous, gay and devil-may-care tavern painter Jan Steen; the funny little old church at the port; the port itself. If the vessels of every nation do not fill the wide bay formed by the Scheldt, as in the days when Antwerp rivaled Venice for its wealth and prosperity, at least the scene is one of great animation.

After Antwerp Mechlin, or Malines, seems dreary and dead. Empty streets, empty squares, around the churches crowds of ragged children, who strike out rudely if you refuse them alms. The children are everywhere, they swing on iron chains in the great empty marketplace, where a meager fair, a sale of decrepit furniture and ragged clothes and broken pottery attracts a few curious spectators.

VAN DYCK BROWN.

A Phantom Dog and a Major's Son

Translated from the Russian.

During the war of the Caucasus I was serving in one of the regiments sent against the mountaineers. At that time a young officer from the Imperial Guard Nedewitchef was transferred to our regiment. He was remarkably handsome, with the figure of a Hercules, and would have become a general favorite were it not for his shyness and extraordinary misanthropy. Sulky and unsocial in disposition, his only affection seemed centered on an enormous black dog with a white star upon its forehead, called Caro.

Once our regiment had to move against a Circassian village that was in revolt. The Circassians defended their position with desperate bravery, but through superior numbers we disposed of them easily. The soldiers, driven to frenzy by the stubborn resistance of the enemy, killed every one they met. Nedewitchef commanded a company and was in front of everybody. Near a mud hut I met him face to face, and I was thunderstruck. His magnificent face was all distorted by an expression of brutal cruelty; his eyes were bloodshot and wandering like those of a maniac in a fit of fury. He was literally chopping an old man to pieces with his sword. I was shocked at such a display of useless ferocity and hurried forward to stop him. But before I had reached him the door of the hut flew open and a woman, with a cry which made my blood run cold, rushed out of it and flung herself upon the corpse of the old man. At this sight Nedewitchef sprang backward as if he had been stung himself and trembled violently. I looked at the woman and could hardly suppress a cry of surprise. Heavens, what a gorgeous beauty was there! With her lovely face, pale as death itself, uplifted toward us, her magnificent black eyes full of nameless terror and mortal hatred were phosphorescent, flaming like two burning coals as she fixed them upon us. Nedewitchef stared at her like one fascinated and it was with an effort that coming out of his stupor he gave the orders to beat the rappel in order to put a stop to useless bloodshed.

I did not see Nedewitchef again for several days, and only learned accidentally from his orderly that the same young woman, two days later, had come to his tent, thrown herself at his feet, and pouring her whole soul into her tale had confessed an ardent love for him. She declared that, according to the Circassian custom, his courage had made her his slave and that she wanted to be his wife. Remembering well her look of hatred I did not at first believe, but had to yield at last to the evidence.

After the submission of the village we encamped there a considerable length of time. One afternoon, calling my dog, I took a gun and went out for a stroll in the wild vineyards. I had no intention to hunt, but simply to take a walk and watch the splendid sunset from the top of All-Dag. Having gone two or three miles by a narrow path which wound up to the mountain top I entered a small thicket, drowned with sunlight and burning like a jewel set with gold, rubies and diamonds.

Under a group of tall trees, lying lazily on a patch of green moss, I saw Nedewitchef; the black-eyed beauty was sitting next him playing with his hair, and asleep at the foot of his master was the faithful dog. Unwilling to break their tale, I passed unperceived by them and began climbing higher up. While crossing a thick vineyard I suddenly came upon three Circassians who, perceiving me, rapidly disappeared, though not quickly enough to prevent my seeing that they were armed to the teeth. Supposing them to be runaways from the conquered village I passed on without paying them much

attention. Charmed by the pleasant evening I wandered about till night and returned home very late and tired out. Passing through the camp toward my tent I at once perceived that something unusual had happened. Armed horsemen rapidly brushed by me. The division adjutant was galloping furiously in my direction.

Curious to know what had happened I went straight to the crowd. I had hardly approached it when I saw it was Nedewitchef's tent, and a horrid premonition, which soon became a fearful reality, got hold of me at once. The first object I saw was a mass of hacked and bleeding flesh lying on the iron bedstead. It was Nedewitchef. He had been literally chopped to pieces with yatagans and daggers. At the foot of the bed Caro, also bleeding, was stretched, looking at his master's remains with such a human expression of pity, despair and affection mingled that it brought a gush of hot tears to my eyes.

Then it was that I learned the following: Soon after sunset Caro, furiously barking, ran into the camp. It was immediately noticed that his muzzle was bleeding. The intelligent dog, getting hold of the soldiers' coats, seemed to invite them to follow him, which was immediately understood, and a party was sent with him up the mountain. Caro ran before the men, showing them the way, till at last he brought them to a group of trees where they found Nedewitchef's mangled body. A pool of blood was found at quite a distance from the murdered man, for which no one could account, till pieces of coarse clothing disclosed the fact that Caro had had his battle also with one of the murderers and had come out best in the fight; the latter accounting also for his bleeding muzzle. The black beauty had disappeared—she was revenged.

Several of the officers tried to keep Caro, but he would live with none. He had got very much attached to the soldiers, who all dotted on him. Several months later the poor animal was killed in his turn by a mounted Circassian, who blew his brains out and disappeared. The soldiers buried the dog, and many there were among them who shed tears, but no one laughed at their emotion.

Eighteen years rolled away; war was declared with Turkey, and I, as an old Caucasian officer, well acquainted with the seat of war, was ordered off to Armenia. The Turks were in a minority, and, evidently feeling afraid, they remained idle. We also had to be inactive, and quietly awaiting developments encamped at Kizil-Tapa, in front of the Aladgin Heights, on which the Turks had entrenched themselves. Camp discipline was not very rigorous at first, but after the unfortunate battle of Kizil-Tapa, which we lost, the most trifling breach in regulations was often punished with death.

After awhile I heard people talking of the mysterious apparition of a dog named Caro, who was adored by the old soldiers. Once when I went to see our colonel on business I heard an officer mentioning Caro, when Major T., addressing an artilleryman, remarked:

"I must be some trick of the soldiers."

"What does all this mean?" I asked the major, extremely interested.

"Is it possible that you should not have heard the foolish story told about a dog named Caro?" he asked me, full of surprise. And upon receiving my assurance that I had not, he explained as follows:

"Before our disastrous loss of Kizil-Tapa the soldiers had been allowed many unpardonable liberties. Very often the officers on duty had seen the sentries and patrols asleep. But notwithstanding all their endeavors it had been impossible to

Encounters With Forest Monsters

A striking looking man, wearing a heavy dark beard and with dark eyes, arrived here a week or two ago on the steamer China and took up his quarters at the Occidental. He was attired in a dark blue suit, while on his head was a white soft hat. These, combined with his negligent, careless tie and other features of garb, betokened possible experiences in the wilds. It was soon revealed that this was true. Packed away in his rooms were several guns, some skins of wild animals, several hunting suits and other paraphernalia used in forays in the mountains and jungles.

The man was Lieutenant Joseph Polo of Paris, a noted sportsman and traveler, who has, like his famous namesake, Marco Polo, been exploring remote portions of the world. While abroad he has participated in many hunting expeditions. He has gone in quest of the biggest game to be found in the Orient. He visited many different sections, his trip extending through different countries for over a year. He had much good fortune on his hunting trip, and is congratulating himself on the enjoyment he has had.

While abroad he has visited India, Burma, Java, Cochinchina, Cambodia and Tonquin. In some of these countries he spent considerable time, but was longer in Cochinchina and Cambodia and Tonquin than any other countries. He ascended the famous Red River in Tonquin

and had some interesting experiences among the natives.

In Cochinchina he spent several months. His time there was devoted to hunting for the peculiar deer indigenous to that country. He also visited the forests and hunted for the extraordinarily beautiful leopards that abound there. In Cambodia he also hunted for this game, and for many other varieties. Cambodia, it he says, is a magnificent game country. It abounds in big game of nearly all kinds, and is, according to Lieutenant Polo, the paradise of sportsmen. In Tonquin, where he met many friends from France, he also hunted for leopards, as well as tigers. It was with the tigers he had his most exciting experiences. The lieutenant told about these yesterday.

"I suppose it falls to the lot of few hunters," he said, "to have the rare season of enjoyment which I have for over a year past experienced. In nearly all the countries I have visited—at least where I remained any length of time—I went on hunting forays. But it was in Cochinchina, Cambodia and Tonquin that I enjoyed myself the most. There the wild game abounds in profusion.

"Cambodia, which is a very beautiful country, with flowing rivers and picturesque scenery, is a great country for tigers; they are very big and powerful, though I cannot say their skins are always the best. But when it comes to size, strength and agility they beat any tigers that I have ever seen.

"In company with several friends of mine we went after these tigers. We were armed mainly with fine express rifles. There were some other guns used that were supposed not to possess any particular merit. They were all, however, useful in these experiences; for they were thrilling, and required not only great vigilance at times, but a promptness of action only necessary in a wilderness where vicious animals abound.

"To get these wild animals in Cambodia we organized a large party, being made up of a number of the most experienced tiger-hunters, and we had with us a retinue of natives who beat gongs and rang bells and made all kinds of queer noises in order to drive the tigers from their lair. We invaded the forests, we did not seek for the tigers in the open, for in Cambodia they are most numerous in the thick woods.

"When we had selected what we considered a rendezvous of the wild beasts, we surrounded it with the native gong-beaters and bell-ringers. We had previously taken the precaution to erect a high scaffold, or platform, and on this we, who proposed to shoot the tigers, took up our position. If it were at night, we had blazing fires to light the forests.

"We were very successful in our endeavors and before we had got through we succeeded in killing no less than seven tigers. Besides these we killed a large number of leopards. When the natives on the outskirts raised their cries and sounded their bells and gongs, the animals whatever they were fled toward us, and then all we had to do was to exert our utmost skill in bringing them down. Some of the animals, especially the tigers, were very fierce, and had we thrown ourselves needlessly before them we would have had some personal encounters that might have resulted in death.

"As it was, nothing of this kind happened, but I may say that it is certainly a very vivid experience that one has, especially if it be at night, when among the soothing of the branches and perhaps amid the occasional falling of rain you hear at first the weird sounds of the bells and gongs, the far-away shouts of the natives, and then presently see the

dark forms and glistening eyes of the forest monsters bounding toward you. It is a time of feverish excitement and a time for being cool as well, for without being cool it is not to be expected that you can make a center shot. When you have shot you are pretty apt to know whether the wound you have made has been so savage as to cause fatality. The shrieks of these animals, combined with their rage, add a weird and fearful grandeur to the darkness of the forest.

"This kind of experience I had over and over again. It is something to be remembered, and somehow a man thinks more of himself from having gone through these experiences, but what I have told you is only a part of the experience of the tiger-hunter and leopard-killer in a country like Cambodia. When daylight appears, if you have been firing by aid of the sidelights of a campfire, you are enabled to pursue your game that has been wounded and fled for some distance away. This is done of course by following the trails of blood, and when you follow these trails, especially if you are proceeding through a thicket, you must be very alert.

"Your gun must be in a position to be immediately used, for there is no animal that is more apt to be revenged at such a time than these powerful animals of the cat kind that probably for hours have suffered from ugly gunshot wounds. If they are not seriously weakened they will fight, and they will fight with an alacrity and vigor that are simply astonishing to a man who has not had similar experiences with them. It is like a battle with a grizzly to come in contact with them. The wounded animals seem to make a more desperate fight than those who have not been wounded at all. They are endowed with phenomenal strength, and their remarkable quickness make them frightful combatants at short range.

"The only way to do, at the instant you catch sight of your wounded animal and can see that he has any life remaining in him, is to pour forth a volley of lead. If you don't do so, or if by chance you are so nervous as to miss your animal, he will fly to the fore and make it so interesting for you that you may never again participate in a tiger hunt.

"Luckily for us we succeeded in killing all the wounded tigers as well as the leopards that we came upon. Their skins we took and preserved, and they will ever remain so long as they last with us as mementos of our experiences in the Cambodian woods.

"But I have omitted to speak of some other kinds of game in whose quest we enjoyed ourselves also very much; the species of danger, it is true, was gone in some instances, but skill was required nevertheless. I refer for one thing to the peculiar little brown deer indigenous to the hills of fair Cambodia. All deer you know differ a little in different countries, and a man who will pick up a textbook on zoology will soon ascertain that in North America there are a great many different species of deer. The noble buck which Daniel Boone killed in the Kentucky forest is different from the deer that is to be found in the Sierra Nevada. Likewise again, these are different from the deer in Southern Mexico and Central America. The Cambodia deer, with their beautiful brown color, sometimes shading to a dapple, and with their magnificent antlers, are a sight to see."

Birds are able to work at a higher rate than any other animal—that is, they can develop more energy in proportion to weight by working at a higher temperature, and this necessitates a warm coating of feathers as protection from the cold atmosphere.



"OH, HORROR! IT WAS THE CARO OF NEDEWITCHEF!"