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DESERET EVENING NEWS.

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SATURDAY MARCH 30 1907 SALT LAKE CITY UTAH

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PART TWO

FIFTY-SIXTH YEAR

The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.

NEW LANDLORD'S HISTORIC NAME

Oliver Cromwell of the "Red Lion" Descendant of the Great Protector.

RESEMBLANCE IS STRIKING.

Does Not Bother Much About Ancestry But Has Emulated His Distinguished Progenitor.

Special Correspondence.
LONDON, March 29.—When a famous old English hostelry changed hands, the other day, considerable interest was aroused by the announcement that the new landlord's name was Oliver Cromwell, and that he claimed to be a lineal descendant of the protector. It was added, moreover, that he bore quite a striking resemblance to a statue of the great man outside Westminster hall, and that all these statements are true.

It is in the ancient town of High Wycombe, Buckinghamshire, about 30 miles out from London, that he has just established himself as landlord of the Red Lion hotel. The building, said to be about 200 years old, stands in the main street of the quaint village, and with a huge red lion over the portico still presents the appearance of a typical old English coaching house.

OWNED BY CARRINGTON.

It is owned by Lord Carrington, and that famous parliamentarian, Benjamin Disraeli, made his first speech from the doorstep of the hotel. It was like most of those which followed it, a famous speech. Disraeli said that his opponent stood on his acres, "but I," said the future prime minister of England, "stand on my head." The crowd cheered the sentiment, but not all of them, for one threw a rotten egg which soiled the speaker's satin vest. Disraeli wiped the contents of the egg from his dress, and threw them on the floor, remarking, "There will my opponent be when the poll is decided." It may be noted, by way of parenthesis, that despite his caustic oratory, Disraeli was defeated in this attempt to gain a seat in parliament as a Radical from High Wycombe.

Oddly enough, the former landlord of the Red Lion—now succeeded by Lord Carrington—also bears a distinguished name, that of Browning, but I do not know that he claims any close connection with the poet's family.

It is for the new proprietor of the "Red Lion" who is now having the limelight of publicity turned upon him because of his likeness in name and features to the great poet. It may be noted, by way of parenthesis, that he does not appear fully to appreciate the interest attaching to his alleged ancestry.

"When I asked him to give me some account of his genealogical tree he remarked: 'I have never bothered myself much about it. Some 30 years ago when Thomas Carlyle was writing his life of Cromwell, he came to me to enquire regarding my pedigree. All I could say definitely was that my grandfather's name was Oliver Cromwell. Of course, he wasn't the great Oliver, but my grandfather's family lived in Surrey—I myself was born in Essex in Surrey, and my mother was the protector's family are said to have settled in Surrey.'

"Some time after Carlyle's note had been received, I received a note from the great historian informing me that I was undoubtedly a lineal descendant of Oliver the great. I never had any genealogical diagram drawn up, and I believe is based principally upon this assurance of Carlyle's. As I say, the matter never bothered me much, for I don't know what advantage it would be to me to prove my descent if it were possible. No, I don't know whether Carlyle mentioned me in his book or not, for I never read it."

EMULATED ANCESTOR.

Whether Oliver Cromwell of High Wycombe is or is not a lineal descendant of that remarkable man who ruled England for five years as protector, he has emulated the deed of his alleged ancestor by disposing of the king's head. At one time the new landlord of the "Red Lion" while in the building trade, was entrusted with the reconstruction of the famous "King's Head" inn near the Guildhall in London. He rebuilt the hostelry; the "King's Head" disappeared and it was said of him by everybody in the old Jewry, that twice in the history of England had Oliver Cromwell disposed of the king's head.

Apart from his latest claim to note, the town of High Wycombe is famous. Its history is a long and interesting one. In the reign of Henry I it was made a free borough, and the town possesses records dating from the thirteenth century. The town was regularly incorporated by charter in the reign of Henry VI, and the charter was confirmed by Elizabeth, James I and Charles II. King John visited the town on several occasions, and did queen Elizabeth. Queen Victoria passed through it as a girl with her mother, the Duchess of Kent, and again went to the town in 1877 to honor the Earl of Beaconsfield.

The buildings of the town are nearly all very old, but well preserved, and together present a fine picture of a flourishing old English village. Many quaint customs are still observed, among them being the wedding of the mayor upon his inauguration and at the end of his term of office. This custom, which has no attempt to explain, has been observed for more than 200 years back, and all the records of mayoral avoidances have been carefully preserved.

MAYNARD EVANS.



Special Correspondence.

LONDON, March 29.—Russia may claim to have produced two at least of the world's most daring artists. No one will have forgotten Vassil Verestchagin the fearless painter of war who went down with Makaroff's flagship at Port Arthur, and now there comes to light an equally adventurous Russian artist who tells a thrilling story in pictures and graphic words.

In contrast to Verestchagin's work in the heat of battle, Alexander Borisoff, the new celebrity, all but sacrificed his life to paint cold terror and desolation of nature in lands of eternal ice. The results of his desperate ventures are some 300 unique paintings, which he now is exhibiting in London, and which he will take to America next season.

This artist adventurer is of the typical Russian type—broad shouldered and heavily built, his face bearded with fair hair, the high outstanding cheekbones unshaken and the eyes set back beneath a strong, masterful forehead that betokens imagination and intellect. He is just 41 years old.

I persuaded Borisoff to tell me his story, and if the interest of it can be transferred to paper it ought to make good reading.

In the village of Gluboki Ruschel, which means a "deep stream"—in the government of Volodia, at the extreme end of the Russian empire, the artist was born in 1866. He was the son of peasant parents, but, like many another Russian genius, he has risen from the depths to the surface of Russian society, even to the personal patronage of the czar himself.

SENT TO MONASTERY.

When barely 15 years old Borisoff fell ill and his parents sent him to the Solovetsky monastery—according to the peasant custom in northern Russia. Here the boy was attracted by paintings of holy images and he set about copying some of them. When one day the Grand Duke Vladimir visited the monastery he warmly praised the lad's work and later showed his appreciation by gaining admission for him to the Imperial Academy of Fine Arts in St. Petersburg.

"Then," said Borisoff, "the idea which had been so long shaping in my brain took hold of me. My forefathers, I know, used to hunt bears in Spitzbergen, and as a boy I had read all about the arctic. I longed to see and paint the Arctic nights. While still a student—in 1896—my impatience to visit arctic regions led me to embark on a steamer for Murman, which is Russian territory adjoining Norway. From here I made my way further north with a hunting party to Nova Zemlya, an island directly north of Russia. By looking at a map you will see that this island, of which one probably hears little in your country, is about as large as the British Isles put together. Observing the map closely it appears that Nova Zemlya is not exactly an island after all, but two islands separated by a narrow neck of water called the Matotchkin Shar. The southern half of this 'double island' is inhabited mainly by hunters who come over from Russia. The northern portion is practically uninhabited and seldom visited except by the most venturesome hunters."

"Armed with a few canvases, paints and brushes and with a much too small supply of provisions, I set out in company with two Samoyedes to penetrate this region of eternal ice and snow, to sketch and paint the Arctic scenes which explorers had vaguely described as 'wonderfully beautiful.'"

Artist Risked Death for Frozen Scenes.

Alexander Borisoff Nearly Sacrificed His Life to Give the World Truthful Pictures of the Land of Eternal Snow and Ice—Son of Peasant, but Has Patronage of the Czar and Other Royal Personages.

"Curiously enough, I found everything just as I had fancied it in my boyish dreams. Knowledge of the icebergs seemed to be born with me. Vast stretches of glaciers with their yawning chasms of death, huge mountains of ice—I greeted them all like old friends, and became enthusiastic at the thought of taking true pictures of them back to my countrymen."

"My enthusiasm, in fact, held out longer than provisions, and for the sake of my work I pushed on when I should have turned back. Substituting on half rations and enduring the most bitter cold, I sought landscapes—rather ice-scapes—to paint and sketch. I often sat in the open on the ice, with a temperature of 30 degrees below zero, trying to depict on canvas the beautiful desolation about me."

"Sometimes it was impossible to paint. Even the turpentine froze, the paint congealed in lumps, while the hairs of the brushes snapped off like brittle glass. I had to work with swift, energetic strokes, as the rough appearance of some of my pictures bear evidence."

"Although the supply of provisions became so low that we had to resort to seal meat, I remained in the far north for nearly three months until I had used the last of my 75 canvases. Upon my return to Russia 63 of my best pictures were bought by the National gallery of Moscow."

INCREASED AMBITION.

"This appreciation increased my ambition to penetrate still further north and bring back still better pictures. All the money I had received from the National gallery I put aside toward another expedition. At this time, thanks to the intervention of Count de Witte and I have named a glacier after him in acknowledgment of the kindness)—my work was called to the attention of the czar, and it was arranged that I should go at his majesty's expense—to proceed as far north as possible and bring back as many pictures as I could to show the emperor on canvas a part of his domains which he had never seen."

"In 1900, with the zoologist Timotheev and two Samoyedes, I set out again for the Arctic regions on what proved to be a disastrous expedition. I shall never forget it. Our lives were in imminent danger a dozen times or more. We had to abandon our

ship in a frozen sea and with sledges and canoes to journey for three days across a perilous ice flow. Many times we were adrift on huge blocks of ice and saw ourselves being carried further and further away from the coast. We hoped to reach the coast by the fall of 1900 and to return to a house where we were to find our families. At one time we were forced to drink seal's blood to quench our thirst."

RESCUED BY HUNTERS.

"Finally rescued by Samoyede hunters, I was enabled to bring back some 60 pictures of the regions where I had nearly met my death."

"On this second journey it had been our plan to proceed as far north as possible in the Sea of Kara in our sailing ship, the Mehtia, or Dream. We wanted to distribute our materials and provisions along the extreme northern coast of Nova Zemlya during the fall of 1900 and to return to a house we had built near the western opening of the Matotchkin Shar, and there to spend the winter. In the spring we hoped to make an early start on sledges along the route where we had placed our supplies."

"It was in navigating the Sea of Kara that we encountered our nearly desperate peril. The further north we got the more numerous were icebergs. More than once our small ship was wedged in tight between walls of ice which threatened to crush us. We decided to turn back, but it was too late. Winter was closing in earlier than we expected—it was now the latter part of September—and the broken ice about us was fast becoming an almost solid field."

HAD TO SURRENDER.

"After a two weeks' battle we had to surrender. Nature had captured us, and held us tightly in a vast, drifting field of ice. We were being carried off gradually into regions of certain death. Our only escape lay in abandoning our ship and attempting to regain the coast by journeying across the dreadful sea of ice on foot. Gathering what provisions we could carry, our party of nine, including the five sailors, set out with but little expectation of ever reaching land."

"The first day we made considerable progress across the uneven ice pack, although in places we had to plod through snow up to our waists. On the second day we had nearly reached the

edge of our huge island of ice, and we could see colossal bergs and blocks of ice being driven by wind and current toward us. We collided with an awful smash. Islet after islet broke from our ice field and floated away. Our own ice began to crack and suddenly one of the Samoyedes who was ahead with the dogs and provisions was left on one of these floating islands. He cut the dogs' harness, abandoned the sledges and provisions, and when the huge ice cake was driven against the pack he made a wild jump across to us. The dogs tried to follow suit, but several fell into the chasm and were drowned."

"Huge fissures in the length and breadth of our ice with the sound of cannon, announcing the doom—which was preparing for us. We were adrift and a current was bearing us quicker and quicker towards the south—further and further away from the firm ice. Lacking provisions, we passed hours of agony."

ALL WAITED FOR DEATH.

"We all were silent as if awaiting death and feared to read in each other's eyes and faces our doubts and fears. There seemed not one chance in a hundred of being saved, and yet we still had hope."

"The brave Samoyedes wandered about our floating island in search of seal, while we built a miserable shelter with our skins against the northeast wind and then knelt down to pray for food and drink."

"Our prayer was doubly answered, for soon the Samoyedes came back with two seals. We collected the blood from the wounds and drank it greedily, then devoured the liver and lungs with a good appetite. The brains of the seal have a pleasant taste and we ate these as well."

"There was nothing for us to do but spend the night on the floating ice. Our sleeping sacks were getting worn and falling into shreds and the rotten leather smelt like a putrid corpse. As we crawled into them the thought crossed our minds that they would be our winding sheets."

"We passed a terrible night, but were favored with a fine calm morning and found ourselves floating slowly toward what appeared to be a field of firm ice. This might be our salvation if we came close enough to get across and we prepared to try this by pressing on with

our things to the edge of our floating ice. We did touch with a tremendous crash which sent portions of our ice into enormous blocks. Luckily we were driven into bay and came close enough to jump across."

SAVED AT LAST.

"Were we saved? It seemed so, but the thought that we were on stationary ice was a bitter illusion. We were still being carried to the south, but to the west we could see land. Buoyed up by this we walked and prayed while the ice cracked and crumbled under our feet. In the morning the Samoyede started us all by shouting that he could smell the smoke of a 'Chumuk'—a Samoyede hut made of reindeer skin. True enough, for scanning the coast with our glasses, we could see the hut. We fell on our knees and thanked our God and then shouted and waved in hope of attracting the natives' attention. They answered us and we could see five of them hastening down to the coast with a little boat. It seemed an age as we while they were making for our rescue, and suddenly a fog drifted in and cut off our view of land. In dead silence we waited and prayed while the ice bore us slowly along. At last a voice in the mist! They had reached our floating ice! We were saved!"

"After two weeks spent in the hope of our rescue, we proceeded to our house near the Matotchkin Shar for the remainder of the winter."

EXCURSION NORTH.

"Early in the spring we made an excursion to the north with dogs along the route where we had left materials. The expedition occupied 106 days. In the face of most bitter weather I kept busily at work, and during the journey I painted nearly 80 pictures of glaciers, icebergs, mountains and fields of ice and the color effects of the fantastic and weird Arctic nights."

"One morning I left the encampment on the shore and went some distance inland, intending to paint some views of a huge glacier which could be easily seen shining like silver in the brilliant rays of the sun."

"I had barely finished making the rough sketch when a shuffling and a deep-breathing noise attracted my attention. Glancing round I saw a white bear the huge shaggy white body of a polar bear within 10 feet of my back. The bear saw me turn—his paw was uplifted, then I recovered my presence of mind, and springing quickly away, I snatched up my rifle and shouted loudly, 'Oshkai! Oshkai!' with the hope that the bear would be scared away."

"Then dropping on one knee I fired. Bruin received the bullet, but it only caused him to give an angry roar, and he started to come toward me."

"I fired again; this time the shot was more effective. It stopped his progress, but did not prove fatal. Then three shots rang out from behind an icy bowlder, for my companions had heard the firing and had come to my help."

SENT FOR BY CZAR.

"When I returned home late in the summer the czar sent for me. He took a keen delight in my work and asked to have my pictures exhibited in the White Salon of the winter palace. His majesty commissioned me to paint three for him—the photograph of one of these, 'The Cemetery,' I have given you."

This picture, reproduced here, presents the relics of a crew of Russian hunters who harbored on the island of Nova Zemlya during a particularly severe winter—eternal night and frightful cold. The awful Polar disease, scurvy, broke out, and one after another the hunters died and were buried by their companions, and a cross set on the tomb. The last hunter was devoured by a white fox and his bones scattered."

It is at the special request of the czar that Mr. Borisoff now is exhibiting his pictures in the great cities of the world. In Berlin they have been admired by the German emperor, and in Munich the prince regent came to the gallery."

"Next year," the artist adds, "I shall take them to America, but by that time I shall have added to my collection, for I intend to visit the far north again this summer. On this trip I shall confine myself to Lapland and the Samoyede country. I shall not paint the landscapes so much as the people and their lives."

CHARLES CRANE.

AMERICAN DRINKS AT BUCKINGHAM

King Edward Secures Yankee Expert to Make His "Highballs" and "Cocktails."

BREEZY COURT HAPPENINGS.

Royalty Also Likes Other Seductive Transatlantic Beverages—Exclusive Stories.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, March 29.—Americans who have attended the recent courts of their majesties have been vastly pleased to find that the king has added to his menage at Buckingham palace an expert concocter of cocktails and other seductive American mixed drinks. That he is a genuine artist in his line I am assured by a New Yorker who, to use his own phrase, has "sampled the goods." The king himself has not dared for years to imbibe mixed drinks of any kind, and cocktails, whose acquaintance he first made when he visited America long years ago, must remain for him merely a memory. The innovation therefore affords the prospect of King Edward's desire to leave nothing of amity between the two countries. And as a man of the world he knows that the right sort of drinks are great promoters of friendly feeling.

But it is not alone to the convivial tastes of his transatlantic guests that he appeals. On the buffet table of Buckingham palace on court nights are now always to be found many favorite disreputable American dishes. The American debauchee may revel in less than ideal fare, but he will find it served in the most palatial surroundings. And even on the bleakest March night she who at a palace function she can obtain the best drinks so dear to her heart.

NO USE FOR TITLE.

Lady Grey-Egerton, whose marriage to Sir Philip Grey-Egerton proved a failure, has no further use for her title, which, according to her usage, she might still retain, now that she has married a fellow countryman. Henceforth she will be plain Mrs. Richard McCreery. "I never want to hear the name Lady Grey-Egerton again," she said to one of her intimates on the day of her remarriage. "The very memory of my first marriage is a pain. I have endeavored to rectify the mistake of my life by taking for my second husband an American and to share his name is to remind me of my first."

Two years have elapsed since she divorced Sir Philip, but in the interval she really seems to have grown younger and is a remarkably handsome woman. At one time she was quite a favorite with royals, but she has never sought their favors, and "Tut-tut!" she has often been heard to exclaim, "detestable!"

TO WED IRISH GIRL.

Just after sending you my last letter in which I mentioned the fact of Isaac Bell's gorgeous hunt ball in Galway, I heard of his engagement to a pretty Irish girl, Miss de Stacpole, and a member of an old and popular Galway family. Mr. Bell is a descendant of James Gordon Bennett. He is reputed to be very rich, with prospects of inheriting a much larger fortune some day from his uncle. Therefore, the match is a marriage with marriageable daughters have long had an eye on him. Ireland rejoices that it is an Irish lass who has captured the prince. The wedding is to take place soon in Galway, and will be a great event. I hear that Mr. Bennett will give his nephew a magnificent wedding present.

PROUD OF HIS MINIATURES.

Of all the art possessions of J. Pierpont Morgan he is proudest of his miniatures. In order to proclaim their beauty and their fame to all his friends he is having them reproduced in colors in a sumptuous book, the cost of each copy being \$100. But the public are to see nothing of the gorgeous volume. The publisher is bound over to print but one edition of about one hundred copies which will be distributed as gifts among Mr. Morgan's own friends."

The great financier prides himself on possessing the finest and most rare miniature collection of miniatures in the world. It is especially rich in specimens of Cowsey's, Cooper's and Hilliard's works."

I hear the king has asked for a copy of the book about to be published and Mr. Morgan has replied that he will be delighted to forward his majesty an advance copy.

CARRYING ALL BEFORE.

A friend who has just arrived from Berlin tells me that Mr. and Mrs. Charlesman Tower are in all before them there. Charlesman Tower is, of course, the American ambassador and his wife is not only the leader of the American colony but is a favorite of the emperor and empress and is equally popular with the younger members of the imperial family. They are immensely rich, and their palace which is close by the Reichstag is a magnificent one, quite one of the finest in the city. Attention from the Kaiser means much for her as one of the most respected and courted of royals and all Berlin is talking of the way in which she has taken up the wife of the American ambassador."

Mrs. Charlesman Tower is a magnificent dresser. Her jewels consist of those of the Kaiser which is not saying as much as it would seem for her imperial majesty is not a great lover of jewels and even the German state jewels are very poor when compared with those of other European powers. But many of Mrs. Tower's emeralds are not to be matched in Europe, and the famous one in the collection of Mrs. David Beatty which was the envy of everyone in London when she wore it at a state ball."

AMERICANS EXPECTED.

According to present arrangements the American ambassador to Berlin and his wife are expected to be here on a short visit in June. Their advent is looked forward to with much interest. It is said he never goes anywhere without setting a fashion and we are

