

Cleveland might be deemed a mere coincidence were it not for one fact. When Mr. Harrison was in the White House it was another old New Amsterdam family of ancient pedigree and abundant gold that had the call on executive smiles. The Vanderbilts were generous to his campaign fund, were proud of his friendship and basked in the sunshine of his favor. They were adroit enough, however, to put forward as their representative a man who in his own talent and personality reflected only honor upon them. This man was Chauncey M. Depew, the gifted manager and orator who led the Harrison hosts at Minneapolis and who on countless occasions before and many since has exhibited the strong Vanderbilt preferences for the ex-President.

The country has accordingly the curious spectacle of two successive Presidents of these United States in turn being patronized by and then patronizing the two leading and rival money families of New York. This is a real coincidence that seems to us to be striking. We do not comment upon it, however; we merely invite attention to it.

THE KAISER AND HIS BOAR HUNT.

A German paper sarcastically describes the royal boar hunt of Emperor William as "a mere court display which reflected no credit on the royal huntsman." All the same, it is so admirably significant of the boy emperor's displays generally that one is quite ready to accept even this hostile editor's description of it as being, in spirit at least, fairly reliable. He declares "the boar was deprived of its tusks and muzzled, taken to the scene of the hunt enclosed in a box, and when released the unfortunate animal trotted peacefully away until the emperor overtook and transfixed it with his spear."

This is not the sort of boar hunt we are accustomed to read about in the books. It is with some effort of the imagination that one can call up with any degree of justice, this robust Teutonic sport as it was of old, in the same day that he reads of William's nineteenth century imitation of it. But the fancy would be quite as remarkable that from the reign of this young man could form any sort of estimate of the barbaric institutions of which he, as he now stands before the world, is one of the conspicuous relics. As he gives to this piece of royal foolery the name of "boar hunt," so in the rest of his courtly burlesque is perpetuated the memory simply of the pomp of his lordly progenitors. But there ends the similitude, and there also all that is real of his kingship. His forefathers reigned and governed by virtue of the power they awayed over semi-civilized men. He struts in their royal paraphernalia and plays with their insignia of authority through the sufferance of a conservative civilization. It refrains from brushing him and his playthings aside, not because it does not know his arrogance of power to be utter nonsense in its real operation of government, but because in the whirl of evolution that is surging past, it

cannot at once settle upon a substitute equal to his full desire; and so he and many other unregenerate relics of savagery go on with their ancient capers among people who have entirely outgrown them and the system of government which they attempt to represent.

THE IRON MASK.

Recent explorations among the French archives threaten to have a disappointing effect upon the long treasured mystery as to the identity of the "Man in the Iron Mask." Romance and history have been busy for centuries with the incident, and the books that have been written to solve it would make a small library. Among the more familiar guesses as to the identity of the mysterious prisoner the reader will probably remember the following: That he was the son of Anne of Austria, queen of Louis XIII, and the duke of Buckingham, whose love affairs made some scandal; that he was a twin brother of Louis XIV, born a few hours later, and thus disposed of to avoid the chance of a dispute over the kingdom; that he was the count of Vermandeur, a son of Louis XIV and La Valliere; that he was the duke of Monmouth, son of Charles II of England and Lucy Walters; that he was the duke of Beaufort, a leader in the insurrection of the Fronde; that he was Fouquet, the minister of finance whom Louis replaced by the great genius Colbert; that he was Ercole Matthioli, a secret agent of the duke of Mantua, who divulged a political intrigue of the French monarch; these, and half a dozen other conjectures have been worked out assiduously by students of history. Each and all these theories have been punctured by a reference to chronology and certain well-known and undisturbed historical facts. Any accurate commentator can dispose of them consecutively. That the prisoner could not have been the duke of Monmouth is proved, not by the alleged fact of his beheading in 1685,—for he might have been spared that doom—but by the discovery that the mysterious prisoner began to serve his sentence at least six years before, and it is now believed 16 years before. The case of Matthioli appeared the strongest for a long time, but that too was spoiled by dates, which are insuperable evidences. What has been pretty well proved is that one Saint Mars, commandant at Pignerol, a fortress on the borders of Savoy for 16 years previous, was in 1681 transferred to Exilles, a fort on the frontier of Piedmont, and then brought with him two prisoners, borne in a litter closely guarded; that one of these died before January, 1687, and that the remaining one went with him, with the same care, to the island of Ste. Marguerite, and that when Saint Mars became governor of the Bastille, in 1698, such a prisoner, his face covered with a black velvet mask, fastened by steel springs, accompanied him.

The latest hypothesis, however, is based, as stated, upon discoveries in the archives of the French ministry of war. The *Saturday Review* quotes a letter written in cipher and only now

deciphered, from Louis XIV to Louvois, his minister. In this letter the king orders Louvois to arrest General de Burionde for having raised the siege of Conti without permission, to send him to Pignerol, and to conceal his features under a *oup* or black velvet mask. The order was executed, and the presumption is therefore violent that the "Man in the Iron Mask"—it was a black velvet one with iron springs—was Gen. de Burionde. The story tallies with the known fact that the prisoner made repeated attempts to communicate his name to soldiers, that he was treated with respect by his military jailers, and that Louis XV, who knew the truth of the whole affair, declared it to be a matter of no importance. The difficulty is to discover the king's motive for such a precaution; but he may have feared discontent among his great officers or the soldiery. It must, however, be possible to discover from the lists in the war office whether Gen. de Burionde was recorded as "missing" or "dead" about the right time. Of this there does not at present seem to be any doubt, and the mystery of the affair seems accordingly to have been at last solved.

DISAPPEARING ANIMALS.

With each year the wild animals in the valleys and hills of the Rocky Mountains are growing less in number. Utah is no exception to this rule, and it is now but a question of a few years when the hunter and sportsman will find in our mountains no means of gratifying his desire in seeking game, either among the feathered tribe or the denizens of forest and stream. The efforts of associations for the protection of game, and the operations of law to aid in that object may defer this result, but, unless a radical change takes place, the delay will be only for a short time.

It is interesting, yet to a considerable extent lamentable, to note this diminution in the animal creation in our own locality and in other parts of the earth, owing to the continual warfare made by man on the birds of the air, the beasts of the field, and the creatures that inhabit rivers, lakes and seas. The fiercest animal now stands no chance against the hunter who is provided with improved firearms, and a duel even with the lion, the tiger, or the elephant is hardly more than butchery. The hunter generally prearranges the conditions of the contest, and is quite sure to give himself heavy odds.

Under these attacks of man, sometimes justifiable but more frequently otherwise, the extinction of the most interesting races of animals, except such as are systematically domesticated and preserved for the benefit of man, is constantly proceeding, at times slowly and at others swiftly, but always surely. Many species have ceased already to be in the flesh, and are now known only by their skeletons in museums. In a few years the existence of others will be but a memory.

The Asiatic mammoth, the habitat of which once extended also over Europe, has disappeared since the history of man began on the eastern