

THE  
WIDE WORLD  
MAGAZINE



ASTONISHING

PROFESSIONS

THRILLING  
ADVENTURES



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*Who has fulfilled all the conditions of  
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*A. Hutton Brayshaw,*  
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THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE

APRIL, 1901, TO SEPTEMBER, 1901.



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# WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE

AN ILLUSTRATED  
MONTHLY  
OF  
TRUE NARRATIVE

ADVENTURE  
TRAVEL  
CUSTOMS  
AND  
SPORT

“ TRUTH IS  
STRANGER  
THAN  
FICTION ”

VOL. VII.

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APRIL

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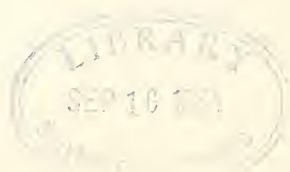
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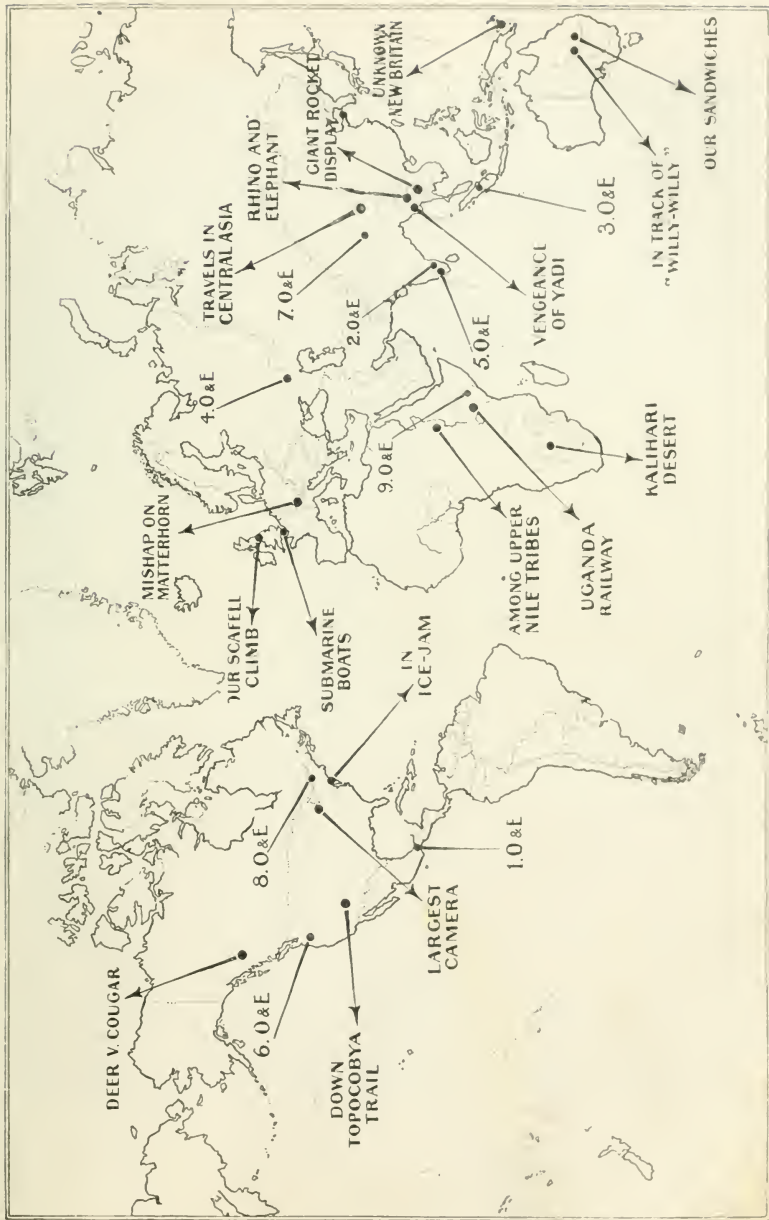
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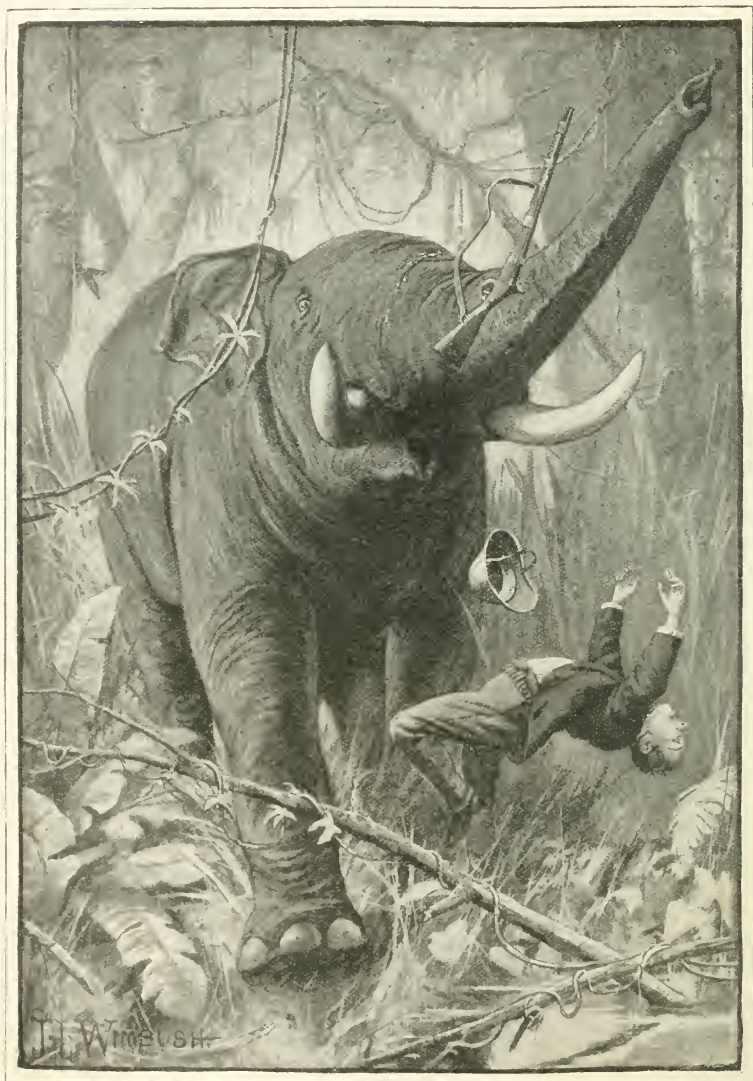


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OUR EUROPEAN CONTINENT, SHOWING THE LOCATIONS OF THE "WILLY-WILLY" AND "ARCTIC"



"NO SOONER HAD I MOVED THAN THE WOUNDED MONSTER CHARGED DOWN UPON ME LIKE A HUGE BLACK AVALANCHE—TRUNK OUT TO FULL LENGTH AND TRUMPETING FURIOUSLY."

(SEE PAGE 5.)

# THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE.

VOL. VII.

APRIL, 1901.

No. 37

## A "Rhino" and an Elephant on the Burma-Siam Border.

BY LIEUT. D. J. MUNRO, R.N., F.R.G.S. (H.M.S. "SKIPIACK.")

Here is a somewhat untouched field for the Shikari. In this narrative a naval officer tells how he first wounded a big "rhino" and apparently lost him. Then came the bull elephant, who was so artful and took full advantage of his opportunities. But Lieut. Munro secured them both.



I was on a fine morning in the middle of February, 1891, that I was aroused by my hunter and told it was time to make a start. I made a good breakfast on bamboo curry,

chupatties, and tea, and by five o'clock we were on the move.

My hunter, Pee Mee, was a tall, gaunt, determined-looking Siamese, close-shaven but for a small black mustache, which, according to the custom of the country, was waxed and pointed. He very seldom spoke, and was dull-looking except when face to face with big game—then he seemed to get electrified. Born and brought up in the jungle, he was simply faultless as a tracker and guide. His sole means of subsistence was by hunting the "rhino" and elephant which teem in the mountain ranges separating Burma from Siam. The horns of an average rhino sell to the Chinese for about a hundred rupees, and the skin and other parts of the body bring a large price from the same source, as the Chinese use them for medicinal purposes. In fact, as Pee Mee quaintly said one day, "Anything that is hard to get is a Chinaman's medicine."

My gun-bearer, a nephew of Pee Mee, was an exact counterpart of his uncle, and was in training to become a hunter.

We had been camped for three days at the foot of a long range of hills, which here form

the boundary between Burma and Siam. The country is covered by an immense forest of trees—so much so that at no time of the day is a "topce" or other head-covering necessary; and, except where a giant of the forest has been levelled by lightning, the sun is never even seen.

We had been hunting the low country for the last few days with little success, and had come to the conclusion that the game had gone higher up. On leaving camp we followed up a small stream, which as we got higher dwindled away to nothing. The hills are quite 2,000 ft. high, and it was hard work, as we had continually to climb up and over immense granite boulders. We at last reached the top and had a rest, and then traced out the source of the stream up which we had come. We found it to be in a marsh on the watershed.

While going along we came on the fresh tracks of a large "rhino": by the freshly-nipped twigs and other indications we came to the con-

clusion that he had just retired for the day's nap somewhere not far off. We followed in the trail, and in about twenty minutes had tracked him into a thick piece of jungle in the centre of the marsh. Creeping forward, we were soon aware of his presence, and also that he was disturbed. We knew this by the quiet "low" which he gave out. I immediately rushed forward and got to within ten yards of his position

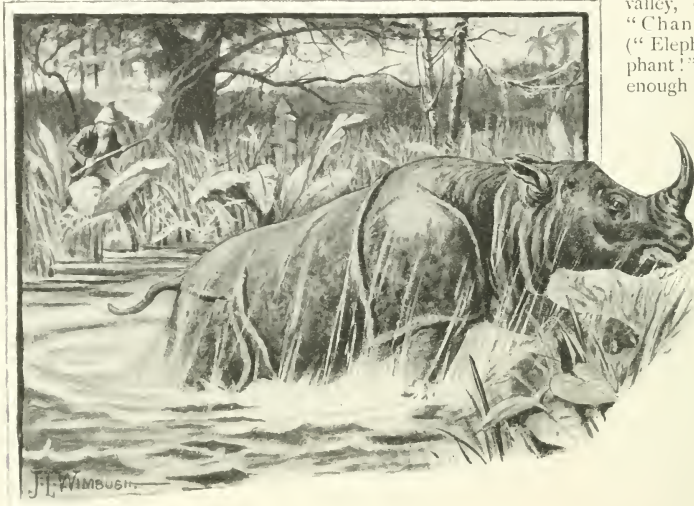


THE AUTHOR, LIEUT. D. J. MUNRO, R.N., F.R.G.S.  
(H.M.S. "SKIPIACK.")

From a Photo. by *Le. Alphonse Co.*

before I could see him. There he was—a huge rhinoceros—standing up in his mud bath, covered with slime. I at once put the contents of my left barrel into his shoulder, which made him rush out with a grunt.

Instead of going clear away, however, he



"I AT ONCE PUT THE CONTENTS OF MY LEFT BARREL INTO HIS SHOULDER, WHICH MADE HIM RUSH OFF WITH A GRUNT."

turned sharp round to the left and stood about twenty yards off, facing me. As I could see he intended to make a charge I thought I would be beforehand, and planted another shot into his chest, well down. This made him furious, and, screaming and snorting, he rushed away down the valley, clearing a road by sheer force of weight through the dense jungle which covered the hill-side. We took off after him, and followed over hill and down dale for many a long mile. We were in hopes of coming up with him in every marsh, as his track was well marked by blood and foam which he had snorted out, showing he was wounded in the lungs. Wounded as he was, his strength must have been tremendous, as he went down some valleys where it was utterly impossible for us to follow except by holding on to the surrounding undergrowth.

We at last traced our quarry into a swamp covered with thick jungle, and as it was now four o'clock and our camp far off we decided that we would have to leave the finishing of him for next day. We started back at a good

round pace, and as our course led right across a range of hills, we took up a narrow valley, densely covered by bamboos. We had not proceeded far when we heard a tremendous noise ahead of breaking bamboos. I was immediately pulled to the ground by Pee Mee,

who pointed up the valley, exclaiming, "Chan, Chan!" ("Elephant, Elephant!"), and sure enough there he

was, a large bull, standing on the side of the left bank, his "ivories" glistening in the fast disappearing sun.

I immediately stalked up the right bank and, when opposite him and about twenty yards off, drew a bead on what I thought would be about the brain, namely, below the projection at the base of his trunk. Candidly, I expected to see him drop, but no such luck was mine. To my surprise, when the smoke cleared away there he stood, eyeing me wickedly. Where the bullet had hit was quite plain by the blood running down, so aiming a little higher up I let drive a second time. This seemed to tickle him up, as he made off up the valley screaming and trumpeting like a steam-engine. I crossed quickly over to the other side of the valley and followed up his tracks.

I had not gone far when a sudden cessation of all noise ahead, such as breaking bamboos, made me look up, and to my dismay there he stood 20ft. off and right above me. There was no time to retreat; no vulnerable spot to fire at. My only way open was to try and dodge to the

right and gain the high bank on the other side. I adopted this plan, but no sooner had I moved to put it into execution than the wounded monster charged down upon me like a huge black avalanche, trunk out to full length and trumpeting furiously.

As to precisely what followed my mind is not or ever will be clear. Something struck me, but I could not say what. I was sent in one direction and my gun in another. I picked myself up, dazed and shaken, but was not able to stand, and crawled around looking for my gun, which I found lying a few yards off, quite uninjured. I was just preparing to crawl down the side of the hill when the sound of a shot came up the valley, and I distinctly heard the thud of a bullet on something hard close by. Pee Mee now joined me, and told me that he had seen the elephant charging down the hill, and had fired at him as he stood in the bed of the stream; also that the wounded brute had made off down the main valley.

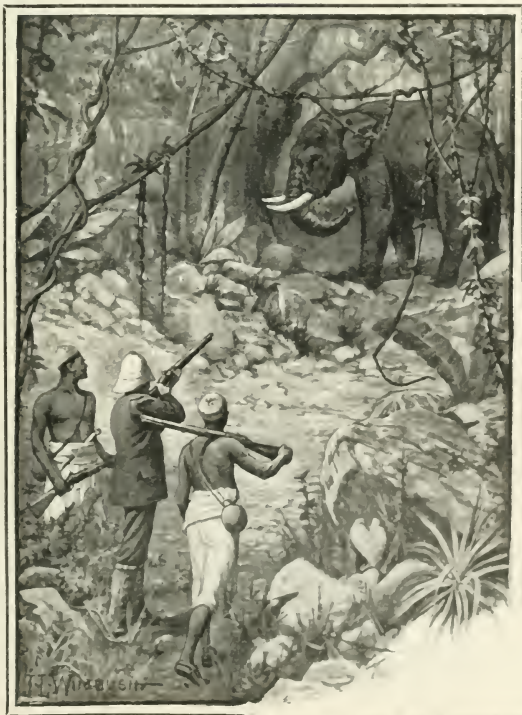
I now found I had been more seriously injured than I had at first imagined. However, as it was still daylight, we followed in his tracks, and at length came up with him, standing on the side of a small hill, broadside on, and waving his trunk in an aimless fashion. We stalked up to within fifteen yards and planted two more bullets into him, behind his shoulder, but with no effect, except to make him walk slowly away. I now found that I had only two cartridges left, and owing to the pain

in my foot it was impossible for me to go any farther and equally impossible for me to walk back to camp. After due consultation Pee Mee and his nephew started back to camp, leaving me behind. I spent a most miserable night alone and wounded in the jungle till eight o'clock next morning, when Pee Mee and the rest of my followers arrived, shifting camp to where I was. I found I had not escaped scatheless by any means, as my left ankle was swollen and black, while there was a nasty bump on the side of my head, and two ribs evidently broken.

After settling down in camp, Pee Mee, his nephew, and two other of my followers started after my late adversaries. They found the "rhino" lying dead in the marsh. He measured 16ft. 6in. in length, and had one horn 13in. long; he belonged to the species commonly called *Rhinoceros Indicus*. As I was quite laid up in camp, on the second day Pee Mee set off after the elephant, and, picking up his tracks, followed him up over the dividing range into Siam. He

was evidently making for some particular spot, or else was bent on joining a herd. Pee Mee followed him for two days, and eventually came upon him, lying exhausted in the bed of a stream about twenty miles from camp. And here Pee Mee dispatched him. His tusks weighed 72lb. each, and were very fine specimens.

I was a tortoise in camp before I could resume hunting again, and my future adventures in that part of the world will have to be left for some other day.



"STANDING ON THE SIDE OF A SMALL HILL." DRAWING BY JOHN R. BROWN, BOSTON.

## A Giant Rocket Display in Siam.

By T. H. LYLE, OF NAN, SIAM (FIRST ASSISTANT HIS MAJESTY'S CONSULAR SERVICE, SIAM).

A peculiar pyrotechnic fête in the North Laos States described by one of our Consular officials, and illustrated with his own photographs. The rockets are quite colossal, measuring in some cases 42ft. from end to end, and being charged with 28lb. of gunpowder. The heads of these immense fireworks are provided with "organ-pipes" so that they may provide music as they rush through the air.



In the upper portion of the Kingdom of Siam, known as the North Laos States, it is customary during the months of April and May to celebrate certain religious festivals with a pyrotechnic display on a most gigantic scale. From the artistic point of view the fireworks used on these occasions cannot rival a "Brock's Benefit" at the Crystal Palace, for they consist merely of rockets. Moreover, strange to say, it is during the daytime and *not* in the darkness of night that they are discharged, otherwise the photographs would of course be impossible. But even the most indifferent Crystal Palace *habitué* would surely be moved to interest by the sight of a rocket measuring 40ft. from end to end!

The rocket-head consists of a large section of bamboo, 8ft. to 10ft. in length, carefully wrapped and re-wrapped with tough grass string to prevent premature bursting. Into such a tube coarse rative powder is loaded, a small amount at a time, and each charge is long and carefully hammered and rammed down until no less than from 20lb. to 30lb. of gunpowder has been pressed home as hard as a rock. Around the head of the rocket, when complete, are fastened a number of joints of bamboo of various sizes and lengths, cut in the form of whistles, and resembling miniature organ-pipes. For these artistic natives arrange that their enormous rockets shall gladden their ears with more or less sweet music as they tear through the air, besides delighting the eyes of a pleasure-loving crowd. The whole struc-

ture of the rocket is decorated with gold, silver, and brightly-coloured papers and flags, and finally placed upon an ornamental bier or stretcher.

On the appointed day from every quarter of the city and from each neighbouring village come picturesque groups of Buddhist priests in yellow robes, and men, women, and children dressed in their brightest colours, each party escorting with drums and gongs the immense rocket to the making of which all have contributed a few coppers or an hour's labour. The rendezvous is a temple and pagoda on the summit of a small hill beyond the city walls, to reach which a mile of dried-up paddy-plain must be traversed. Up to the top of the hill and three times round the temple the rocket is carried, and then down it goes to the foot of the hill to await its turn in the "firing-line."

The first photograph represents the temple on the hill-top, and the group on the left of the picture may be observed carrying a huge rocket shoulder-high.



THE TEMPLE ON THE HILL-TOP—GROUP ON LEFT CARRYING AN IMMENSE ROCKET  
From a Photo.



SHOWING THE UPPER PLATFORM OF THE ROCKET SCAFFOLD, WITH TWO ROCKETS IN POSITION.  
*From a Photo*

At the foot of the hill preparations are made for the discharge of the rocket. A straight, well-seasoned bamboo, varying with the weight and size of the rocket from 20ft. to 40ft. in length, is first of all produced, and then the rocket head is carefully secured to it.

Away out in the rice-plain were two old gnarled tamarind trees growing about 15yds. apart. Using these trees as a framework, two rough scaffolds had been erected. Roughly-made ladders, with steps nearly a yard apart, led to the upper platforms, which were about 35ft. above the ground. These scaffolds were the "rocket-tubes."

In the second photograph reproduced is shown the upper platform of one of these scaffolds, with two rockets in position and fuse attached.

Three or four rockets having been placed in position, with 50ft. to 60ft. of fuse attached to each, a signal was given for the display to commence. On lighting the fuse of a rocket there was a minute's suspense, then suddenly the scaffold and tree were enveloped in a dense cloud of black smoke. With a roar which rivalled that of an express train the rocket appeared to heave itself upwards, and, gathering way, it shot

up at a marvellous speed far into the heavens, as you may see, respectively, in the third and fifth photographs. Mingled with the roar of the gun-powder were a multiplicity of weird, harmonious sounds — shrill whistle and deep, plaintive moan — caused by the air pushing through the "organ-pipes" attached to the rocket-head. The combined effect was extraordinary in the extreme, and could be heard several miles away. Having reached the summit of its course the huge rocket, of course, commenced to fall. Down it came to earth with terrific force head first, fully half a mile distant. At the moment of its contact with the earth



"THE ROCKET SHOTS AT A MARVELLOUS SPEED INTO THE HEAVENS."  
*From a Photo*



HAVING REACHED THE SUMMIT OF ITS COURSE THE [From a] HUGE ROCKET COMMENCED TO FALL." [Photo.

it appeared to stand upright for a second, then the shock of suddenly arrested flight asserted itself, and the rocket-stick—a 40ft. bamboo which required two men to carry it—contorted itself like a whip-lash and crashed into splinters.

Occasionally a rocket fails to ascend owing perhaps to faulty construction or handicapped by its too great weight. Nor is it possible on all occasions to control the course of these amateur thunderbolts. The rocket depicted in the fourth photograph measured 42ft. from head to foot, and was charged with more than two stone-weight of gun-powder! The photo. was taken from a position 20yds. to windward of the base of the scaffold. The roar of the explosion was deafening; and the discharged gun-powder covered all the bystanders with a fine black soot. The monster ascended until it was a mere speck in the heavens. Its ascent was almost perpendicular, and

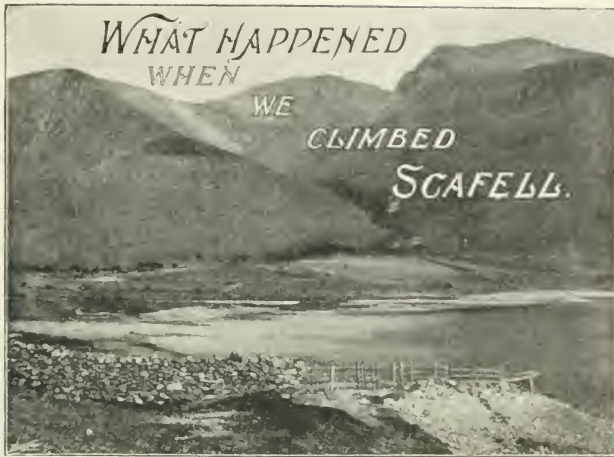
the spectators surrounding the scaffold quickly observed that theirs was not a particularly safe position. Therefore, a general stampede ensued, and the rocket struck the ground within 20yds. of the spot whence it was fired. Accidents, happily, are exceedingly rare, but, needless to remark, when they do happen they are almost invariably fatal.

It would be interesting to learn how far the making of similar rockets would commend itself to our manufacturers of fireworks. A display in the vicinity of a crowded town or in a grazing country would be undoubtedly dangerous to life—both human and animal. But the sea is generally free from the disadvantage of overcrowding, and the discharge seawards would enable spectators to judge of the enormous distances traversed by these "rockets extraordinary."



THE ASCENT OF THE LAST ROCKET, WHICH BEHAVED SO STRANGELY [From a] WHEN IT STRUCK THE EARTH. [Photo.





A HONEYMOON ADVENTURE IN THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT

By MRS. KATHARINE RUBIE.

Mrs. Rubie and her husband set out to climb Scafell, and, on reaching the summit, were enveloped in a cloud of white mist, which blotted out everything. To add to their danger and misery a drenching rain came down. Attempting to descend through knee-deep bog, the unfortunate couple tried to cross a raging mountain torrent, which at once swept them down, apparently to destruction. Mr. Rubie is the well-known and popular head master of the Royal Naval School at Eltham, Kent.



WE had only been married one short week when we met with the following serious adventure in the Lake Country: an

adventure which bade fair to bring our honeymoon to a mysterious and tragic end.

"An adventure in the English Lakes!" I hear THE WIDE WORLD reader scornfully exclaim. "As if anything really interesting could ever happen to anyone in England!" Quite true, there are no buffaloes to test the traveller's racing powers, or craters to swallow up their victims in a fiery furnace, or even a possible cannibal to cast hungry eyes at the passer-by. But if the reader can follow us through the awful trials of that day and night spent in the region

of the grim Scafell Mountain in Cumberland he will join with us in marvelling that two average people with only average health and strength ever survived to tell the tale.

We had made our headquarters at Windermere, but very soon tiring of the madding crowd, and both being lovers of the grand solitude of the mountain district, we decided to move on towards that most awe-inspiring of the English lakes—Wast Water.

My husband, like most public school masters, is a great walker, and can do his thirty to forty miles a day with ease. As for me, I had never attempted more than ten—but what mattered that? In the drier like atmosphere of the perfect honeymoon the bride feels capable



MRS. KATHARINE RUBIE, WITH HUSBAND, ON HONEYMOON ADVENTURE.

From a Photo. by Underwood, Buffalo, N. Y.

of walking her 100 miles a day easily, should the bridegroom desire it! And so we started off—I in a heavy golf cape (for it was early spring) and my husband in the regulation short coat. He was also laden with a bulging knapsack, which was to hold our worldly possessions for three days.

I will pass lightly over the first two days, during which we lived in a blissful state of beautiful sunny weather and exquisite scenery. Each day we covered a moderate and comfortable stretch of country. We got well away from Windermere, through the sleepy little hamlet of Troutbeck, and past many acres of peaceful English meadow land, till at length we found the mountain country close upon us and ended our first day at the head of the Dungeon Ghyll Valley.

Up with the lark next morning, we soon accomplished the four-mile stretch of the Dungeon Ghyll Valley, and then striking off to the left we began to ascend the Rossett Pass. From the Rossett Pass we struck off again to the Sty Head Pass, which dropped us straight down into the grim valley of Wast Water.

Satisfied—perhaps too well satisfied—with ourselves we started the third morning, not quite so early as we might have done, to scale Scafell. To flounder in a bog and get your boots soaked at the very beginning of your day is a little depressing, and then Scafell is rather surprisingly steep if you have never ascended a mountain before. The sun, too, on this occasion seemed scorchingly hot, and that golf cape—oh! it was so heavy. All these were facts which helped the hour to be three instead of one (as we had calculated) when we reached the summit. But what a change we found there! No more complaints of heat now. The snow lay inches deep on the top of the mountain and the wind pierced through us like knives. I hurried on to begin the descent on the other side of the mountain, leaving my husband to admire the view for both of us. I was surprised to find how rocky this side of the mountain was, and still more surprised a minute

later to find myself poised on a narrow ledge of rock with apparently nothing but very white space all round, above, and below, and a driving white mist drenching me to the skin. A sort of monster snow-cloud had come down upon and around us, and though my husband joined me a minute later on hearing my cries we could neither of us see an inch before or behind us. Nor had we the slightest idea in which direction to turn. Inch by inch, however, we crawled on hands and knees along the slippery rocks, not daring to imagine what each change of position might mean; nor do I think we proceeded more than 100yds. during the next hour. The tension, both mental and physical, was fast becoming unbearable; the blinding "snow-drift" not only drenched us to the skin, but also covered the rocks with a shiny, glistening surface that rendered our position more perilous every



"THE SNOWDRIFT COVERED THE ROCKS AND RENDERED OUR POSITION MORE PERILOUS EVERY MOMENT."

moment. Our hands by this time were torn and bleeding with clinging to the sharp rocks, and our clothes were caked with mud and in many places torn to ribbons.

About six the damp, misty cloud lifted, and we saw daylight, or, rather, twilight; for the night clouds were already foregathering and a steady rain increased the darkness. We were still high up on that terrible mountain, and though the prospect stretched before us was one of hopeless dreariness, at least we had the comfort of seeing where we were treading.

The immediate use we made of this advantage

was to leave the cruel, perilous rocks and scramble on to those precipitous "screes" so well known to the English mountaineer. For the benefit of the uninitiated let me explain that these screes consist of vast tracts of loose, fine shale dipping precipitously down the mountain side, not unlike the sides of a slate quarry. The correct, indeed the only, way to descend these screes is to dig the heels well into the loose material, throw the body far back into a reclining posture to prevent being pitched head foremost down the slope, and then trust to Providence and your own weight to shove the soil away beneath your feet and let you gently (or otherwise) slide down to *terra-firma*.

Surely it was the very strength of despair that carried us safely down those screes to the grassy valley beneath! We picked ourselves up, our spirits also rising as we thought we discerned, not very far distant, a bulky object suggestive of human habitation. But now another danger faced us—the valley was swamped and every step threatened to engulf us. Unutterably weary, I began to stumble in the effort to move along, with the result that I sank over my knees in that horrible bog. With infinite difficulty and by means of the end of a stick my husband extricated me from this veritable "Slough of Despond," and the walk, or rather the "wade," was resumed, this time with more caution.

It must have been about eleven o'clock at night when we thought we had reached a resting place. I have known many disappointments both before and since that night, but may we never again experience the awful, the hideous disappointment of that moment. The shelter we had spent hours toiling towards was not a house at all, but one huge solid block of rock! The darkness was Biblical, such as could be "felt," and we actually patted that boulder in various places before we could bring ourselves to believe this new and crushing misfortune. The silence and utter lack of animal life felt as appalling as the darkness. Even the rain seemed to fall silently; and the unceasing "ssh, 'ssh, 'ssh," of the great swollen mountain torrent only emphasized the deadly loneliness. Truly it seemed to us a Valley of the Shadow of Death.

With a supreme effort we started off again and by common consent dragged ourselves up the lower slopes of the mountain range once more, in order to reach less dangerously swampy ground. How far and for how long we stumbled blindly upwards, silently and hand in hand, I do not know; but it seemed to me as if we must have nearly reascended Scafell on its left shoulder.

Suddenly our progress was stopped by an angry white foaming torrent rushing right across our path and, moreover, in the only direction

it was possible to take. Silently— for our exhaustion was so extreme we had not spoken for hours—my husband walked into the middle of this raging stream, which reached to his waist, and turning held out a hand for me. I knew as I stepped in the almost inevitable result, but I was reduced to such a condition of numbed stupidity

that there was not even the wish left in me to hang back or demur. Mechanically I took my husband's outstretched hand and stepped into the deep, rushing water. The angry roaring foam seemed to burst in our faces, while the full force of the water dashed against my shoulder. We were practically



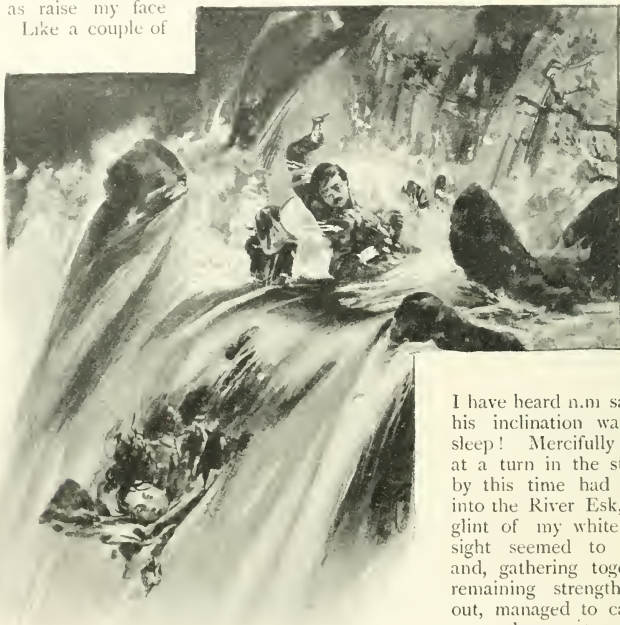
"WITH INFINITE DEVERGENT AND BY MEANS OF A STICK MY HUSBAND EXTRICATED ME."

standing in a waterfall, for the mountain is terribly steep in that part. I can imagine few more dreadful situations. Mercifully for us there was no time to realize the extreme peril of our position, for the next moment I was thrown from my feet and whisked off by the irresistible torrent. The last thing I saw was my husband falling after me, and then I gave all up for lost. The golf cape before mentioned, as if to aid Nature in the drowning process, wrapped its wet folds tightly round my head, so that I could not so much as raise my face from the water. Like a couple of

I believe her journey was smooth and gliding—which made all the difference.

As no human being can stand this rough and bruising treatment *above* the water, let alone *below*, for more than a certain length of time, it was small wonder that I eventually lost consciousness altogether, still falling, falling—always falling!

Meanwhile my husband, thinking I was gone beyond all hope of rescue, allowed the raging torrent to carry him along without a struggle.



"LIKE A COUPLE OF REEDS WE WERE HURLED DOWN THE MOUNTAIN SIDE, BANGED AND SCRAPED AGAINST PROJECTIONS OBSTACLES."

straws we were hurled down the mountain side, banged and scraped against projecting obstacles, dragged round and about, head foremost or feet foremost according to the current of the water; and occasionally we were caught and held up for one moment by a branch or projecting rock—only, however, to be hurried on with greater velocity the next. What a wild career that mountain torrent seemed to take! Would it ever end, and where? Down, down, down! It was something like Alice falling down the well, only

I have heard a man say since that his inclination was to go to sleep! Mercifully for us both, at a turn in the stream, which by this time had widened out into the River Esk, he caught a glint of my white skirt. The sight seemed to rouse him; and, gathering together all his remaining strength, he struck out, managed to catch hold of me as he swept past, and then, with almost supernatural strength, he rolled us both over on to the bank. Of all this, of course, I knew nothing at the time, but lay so stiff on the ground

that he began to think I was dead. How long I lay thus we do not know, but it seemed to me I was slowly willed back to consciousness by my husband's tones of entreaty and command. The joy of finding each other alive and the intense thankfulness we experienced in the next few minutes are too sacred to be written about. Having escaped so miraculously, my husband determined to make a fight for our lives. To sit still in that pitiless rain and cold meant certain death; our one hope lay in keeping

going till morning. So he picked me up, and hour after hour supported me as I crawled, stumbled, and limped along, occasionally even falling in a heap through exhaustion, and at such times begging my husband to leave me there to die in peace. The prolonged agony of that part of the night has haunted me ever since—far more than the imminent peril of drowning or being hurled down the rocks which we had just encountered. But I must not dwell on that weary tramp, or sleep will be a stranger to me to-night.

It must have been about 3 a.m. when we came upon a solitary, deserted barn. It was locked; but, with the force of desperation, my husband burst open the door, and for two hours we lay on the bare cobbles, our bodies numb with cold and our teeth so chattering that we dare not speak lest we should bite our tongues through. But even that never-to-be-forgotten night came to an end.

Morning came at last with dazzling sunlight, and we crawled from our rough shelter with infinite labour. Such a ragged, melancholy, disreputable-looking pair as we were! Hands and faces bleeding and swollen almost out of recognition with wet and exposure: bruised and muddy from head to foot: hats gone,

along with various other garments carried off by the stream: my long hair hanging like seaweed all about me, and the rain still streaming from such clothes as were left on us—it was small wonder that when at last we crawled into the welcome and well-known Woolpack Inn, at the tiny village of Boot—which, after all, was only about one mile distant from the rough outhouse we had sheltered in—my hostess at first declined to receive us.

Naturally, she took us for tramps (and a poor couple at that). However, we soon managed to explain the situation, and then nothing was too good for us. Hot whisky, hot baths, and warm clothes were brought unasked, and she roused the whole household to attend to our comforts and break our twenty-four hours' fast.

Strange to say we both escaped without any thing worse than a severe chill: but the nervous shock we had sustained was so great that for months we dare not so much as refer to our

adventure—even to one another.

All this happened more than five years ago, but even now, whenever nightmare attacks me, it comes in the form of falling, falling, falling down that ruthless mountain torrent, or, even worse, tramping, tramping, tramping through that cold, wet, endless, silent, weary, and terrible black night



THE REV. A. E. RUBE, M.A., HEAD MASTER OF THE ROYAL NAVAL SCHOOL AT FETHAM.

*From a Photo, by Messrs. Bassano & Co.*

### *My Travels in Central Asia.—III.*

BY CAPTAIN H. H. P. DEASY, LATE 16TH QUEEN'S LANCERS.

GOLD MEDALLIST OF THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

We have much pleasure in presenting the third and concluding article of Captain Deasy's series, illustrated with his own remarkable photographs, which he has been induced to write for "The Wide World." Of Captain Deasy's distinction as an explorer there is no need to speak. He has secured the Blue Riband of the traveller—the Gold Medal of the R.G.S. On one occasion to cover twelve miles he had to make a détour of ten and a half marches and cross five passes, one of them 17,000ft. high.



HERE are some bad parts to negotiate in the Hunza Valley, where the "road" here, as in other places, often means a track scarcely possible for anything less sure-footed than experienced hill-climbers and goats. The severity of the weather on the Tughdumbash Pamir was so great in October and November, 1897, that I could not ascend as high as I had wished. There was too much snow and too strong a biting wind for me to be able to erect the theodolite on suitable sites. Twice I camped in a small, waterless valley of great elevation. The result was, however, very satisfactory; but it was not achieved before my fingers were frost-bitten at the highest hill station, about 18,500ft.

Our progress towards the Yarkand River was slow and attended with many dangers. Perhaps one of the most perilous parts was the descent from the Tugadir Pass, which was so frightfully steep that even I, who was now quite accustomed to vile mountain tracks, thought that none of the animals would reach the bottom in safety. Several thousand feet below we could see the blue Yarkand River, winding between utterly barren and most precipitous mountains. The so-called track was so steep that the ponies



A BAD PART OF THE "ROAD" NEAR CULMIT, FROM A] IN HUNZA. [Photo



"SCARCELY POSSIBLE FOR ANYTHING LESS-SURE-FOOTED THAN EXPERIENCED HILL-CLIMBERS FROM A] AND GOATS." [Photo

and donkeys had to be assisted down by the men, but for whose constant care they would have tumbled head-over-heels to instant death below. At another time we came to a vile piece of ground. The track was so steep that it was more a drop than a descent. It was also beset with protruding rocks and strewn with loose stones. We had to work with picks to loosen the smaller rocks, which were rolled over the declivity. We thus slightly improved the track, but even then the greatest care had to be exercised by the Ladakis, who were always equal to the



A HILL SCENERY IN THE TARDIUM AND (PASH) 10,000 FT. — (VERY SEVERE WEATHER)  
From a Photo.

occasion when it was a question of hard work and dangerous places. We had, however, but one mishap. The last donkey of the foremost lot lost his balance, slid, and swept off their feet many of those in front. It was marvellous that only one animal was killed. There was much danger from the loosened stones, and one large block had just begun its descent when it was dexterously intercepted by my plucky orderly, Abdul Karim, who got his right hand badly bruised in doing so. This execrable "shute" was certainly the worst it was my luck to encounter. After ten days' march we arrived at our goal, camping only twelve miles from the spot we were compelled to turn back from, owing to the physical difficulties being insurmountable. The *detour* rendered necessary was only accomplished after marching for ten and a half days, during which we crossed in mid winter five passes, one nearly 17,000ft. high.

Our camp was situated in an open part of the valley of the Yarkand River, where we found plenty of wood and a little coarse grass. After a brief rest we crossed five more passes and once more followed the Yarkand River. For a long distance

it is quite barren, the only living creatures I could find were small lizards. The ice in many places is remarkably transparent, and its surface frequently marked by ripples, like sand when the tide has ebbed. Very often there is only a narrow fringe of ice from both banks, just wide enough to admit of the caravan proceeding in single file. On one occasion, when proceeding up the valley of the Dang-Bash or Tashkurghan River, the caravan had a very narrow escape from drowning. I had allowed the animals to walk on the ice fringe, which was several yards broad, when it suddenly began to crack, and

the weight of the ponies made it sway up and down most alarmingly. I shouted to the men to bring the animals on to the bank wherever possible to do so, and just as the last climbed up in safety a large ice-floe came crashing onwards, and tore up the ice fringe where a few moments before my caravan had been plodding along. Those were a most anxious and exciting few minutes!

In the valley the villagers had never even seen a European: and in one place they shut themselves up in their houses terrified at our

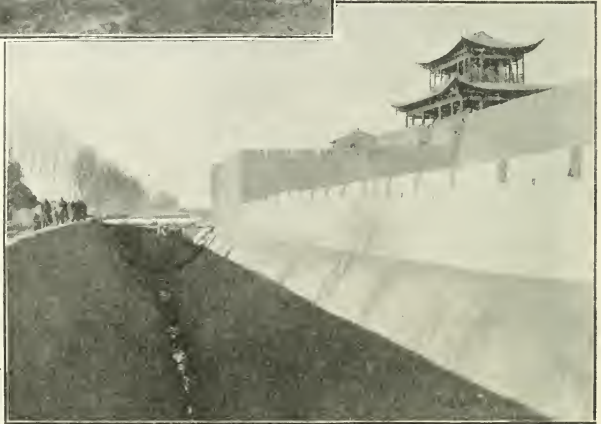


IN THE VALLEY OF THE YARKAND, WHERE IT TOOK TEN DAYS TO COVER THESE MILES.  
From a Photo.



THE ICE BRIDGE OF THE YARKAND RIVER (Photo. From a)

approach. A strange existence must be led by these people. For months in summer they are isolated by river floods. The routes between some of them are so rocky that they are impracticable for ponies. And in winter the deep snow blocks these routes, while the bare mountain walls exclude all sunshine except for a few hours a day.



THE WALL OF YANGHI SHAHR. (From a Photo.)



(From a)

MARKET SCENE AT KASHGAR.

(Photo.)

The oasis of Yarkand, however, is a comparatively fertile region; while at Kashgar local production is insufficient for its requirements. Yet Kashgar does not suffer by comparison. Its bazaar I found to be cleaner, its streets broader, its shops better stocked, and its inhabitants more prosperous-looking than in any other towns of Sin Chiang. Even on days when there was no market long droves of camels testified to a brisk trade, mainly with Russian Turkestan. The formidable mud wall round the

town has been recently rebuilt to a great extent, and with the moat beyond gives it an air of dignity and strength. There was no proper water supply to the town, so men and donkeys were kept busy in bringing the muddy fluid from the Kashgar River.

The Takla Mahn desert, a region extending from Tarim to the Kashgar River, is said to be nothing but a barren waste, and my short excursion into it con-





From a)

TRAVELLING IN THE CLASHAN MOUNTAINS.

1900.

firmed this idea, at least for that portion near Guma.

At Polu we met with much kindness on my return. The villagers, although strictly forbidden to do so, came out to meet me, bringing melons, peaches, and delicious grapes. In fact, so popular there is a British traveller, that when the Beg had forbidden the villagers to assist me under severe penalties on returning from Aksai Chin, the head men consulted together and resolved to disregard his orders. I was anxious to show my appreciation of their valuable services, so I determined to

invite all who had befriended me to a dinner. Flour, ghee, and rice were obtained in the village; then sugar, spices, tea, etc., were bought from a trader who happened to be at Polu, and I had a couple of fat sheep slaughtered. The meal was served in the small courtyard of the house I occupied, and, according to local etiquette, I addressed a few words of welcome to my guests and tasted the appetizing food. The huge portions served out to them rapidly disappeared, washed down with several cups of tea, after which they filed solemnly out. From subsequent remarks



From a)

GETTING READY AFTER AN ENTERTAINING DINNER AT GUMA.

1900.

I have every reason to conclude that the banquet and its motive were duly appreciated.

By the way, one of the most exciting incidents of my journey happened at Polu. One of my men, who had given me no end of trouble for a long period, suddenly rushed away when I told him that he must be punished. He halted into a small room and took up a comfortable position in the corner farthest from the door with his drawn kukery (large Nepalese knife) on his knee and a loaded magazine carbine in his hands. When I poked my head in to ascertain for myself the facts of the case he presented his

carbine at me and announced his intention of shooting me if I advanced any farther.

Not wishing to let him do all the shooting I rushed off for my carbine, which, however, was unloaded. In my haste to load it I used unusual force, the result being that the square-nosed bullet jammed so tightly that it was no easy matter to extricate it. By the time this was done my cool-headed and charming orderly induced the miscreant to put down his carbine, when he was promptly seized. It was solely owing to my orderly's presence of mind that no blood was shed and our skins remained whole.



THE ROUTE THROUGH THE POLU GORGE IS TRULY A MOST DIFFICULT ONE FOR A CARAVAN. *(From a Photo.)*

The route through the Polu Gorge is truly a most difficult one for a caravan. The descent from the At-To Pass at its head, though very steep, is not difficult, but the valley contracted just where we found springs of undrinkable water, and huge mountains towered on either side. The men had to hang on to the tails of the ponies to prevent them from turning somersaults. In one place there were only a few inches between the mountain-side and a huge boulder where the animals had to pass.

Crossing mountain ranges, however, is not always the most difficult task for an expedition like mine; fording rivers has dangers almost as great. The Kiria River is a good example. The mountains on the right bank were almost vertical; the breadth of the river was more than fifty yards, and the bed was rough and

irregular with large stones, which the muddy water rendered invisible. Moreover the current was swift, and at one place there was a sudden slope, so that even the experienced animals had a difficulty in keeping their feet. The sheep were the most difficult to manage, but eventually all crossed in safety, and we had no greater misfortune than the soaking of baggage and clothes.

I think that no view of scenery, whether for extent or variety, can compare with that seen from the hill stations in Aksai Chin. We were surrounded by mountains, low on the horizon, but elsewhere lofty and white with snow. The peaks were visible to great distances. As might be expected, the temperature was very low and it was difficult to keep up one's circulation.

On one of my visits to Yarkand I visited the prison. It was in two portions, one for each sex. That reserved for men consisted of three large rooms and a small courtyard. The rooms were absolutely bare, except one which held a cage for murderers and dangerous criminals. The prisoners were supposed to receive each day  $1\frac{1}{4}$  lb. of flour and 2 lb. of wood, but I was told that they seldom got it, and had to be supported by their friends. By feigning the head gaoler I was permitted to distribute several loaves to each prisoner, for which the poor wretches seemed most grateful. Of the fifty-five incarcerated, three were in irons, heavy rings round their necks being fastened to handcuffs, while their ankles were also fettered. Corporal punishment is inflicted with a thick stick, and the blows rapidly given produce deep



FORDING THE KIRIA RIVER—"EVEN THE EXPERIENCED ANIMALS HAD A DIFFICULTY IN KEEPING THEIR FEET." *(From a Photo.)*



From 7) THE APAMAN WATERFALLS TO THE ARSA (1871)

discoloration. If convicted of minor offences the culprit is loaded with a board (the cangue), about 26in. square and 27lb. in weight, which is worn day and night for a prescribed time. An old offender is sometimes punished by having an iron bar chained to his neck and one leg for life. If a prisoner is to be tortured to death he hangs by the neck a public spectacle till he dies. If the sentence is less severe the supports are gradually withdrawn from under his feet till his toes can only just touch them, and then he is left hanging by the neck to meditate for the time ordained on the hard fate of transgressors—when they get caught.

In districts where crime is prevalent there are two Begg, one of whom attends exclusively to magisterial work. In large towns there are a few "darogas" or police under a Beg. At the gates of towns, too, men are stationed: those at the main gate levy an unauthorized octroi duty; but for the maintenance of those at other gates each householder has to make a small payment.

It should be borne in mind that the Russian Bear is ever travelling and very far-seeing. When recalling his recent movements in Lhasa it is most necessary for the British Indian Government to keep a very careful watch on him in Central Asia, especially in Tibet. In that part of the world Russia cares less for the development of her trade than for the enlargement of her boundaries, and she shows marked antagonism to everything British. Her settled purpose of territorial extension

advances steadily, though without haste. It seems to be her destiny to absorb and re-organize for her own purpose the semi-barbarous nations on her frontiers. Every southward advance of Russia brings her nearer to India, and many Russians do not conceal that the attempt to possess that Empire is their long-cherished desire. While she is strengthening her hold over new lands and reaching forth to seize others she is quietly improving her communications and intriguing for political advantages wherever intrigue is possible, notably in Holy Lhasa, the closed and mysterious capital of Tibet.

Now for a general summary: As regards the geographical results of my journeys it may be of interest to state that the area of country surveyed is about 40,700 square miles, an area equalled by about one and one third that of Ireland. Thanks to Colonel St. G. C. Gore, R.E., Surveyor-General of India, I was assisted by trained topographers belonging to the Survey Department. The heights of some 250 mountains were



From 8) THE APAMAN WATERFALLS TO THE ARSA (1871)

(Photo.)

accurately determined, as also were the longitudes of many important places. I was successful in discovering the true sources of the Khotan River, which are really far removed from the position formerly ascribed to them. The mileage done by caravan was about 6,400 miles reckoning only from Srinagar, a distance nearly equal to that from London to Bombay by sea. The highest of the eighty-six passes crossed was nearly 19,000ft. in altitude. All the geographical work was carefully tested and checked by the Survey Department of India. In order to convey some slight idea of the exceedingly difficult nature of that part of Chinese Turkestan which I eventually succeeded in exploring, after three failures, it should be again stated that in order to make good a direct distance of about twelve statute miles it was necessary to make a *détour* of ten and a half marches, during which five passes were crossed in mid-winter, one being about 17,000ft. high! Several hundreds of photographs were taken, of which a representative selection appears in these articles, and a large collection of interesting botanical specimens was brought home and presented to the British Museum.

The task of surveying Western Tibet and Chinese Turkestan to the extent of some 40,700 miles of country, which was accomplished successfully by Captain H. H. P. Deasy, was naturally fraught with much peril owing to the climatic conditions of the country, the character of the districts traversed, and the hostility of the natives; so that the Founder's Gold Medal of the Royal Geographical Society, which was presented to Captain Deasy last year, was but a fitting recognition of his important and extensive work. Captain Deasy, who is a son of the late Lord

Justice Deasy, is well known in Dublin circles. He left Srinagar in April, 1896, accompanied by a sub-surveyor, an orderly lent by the Indian Government, a collector, and a following of servants. The most important work was done in Western Tibet and in the valley of the Yarkand River, where large tracts of previously unexplored country were surveyed. Though this part of the river had previously been crossed at two points by Europeans the whole course of the river had never been explored, and Captain Deasy's explorations considerably alter existing maps. Besides this, about 250 peaks were triangulated, including the giant Muz-Tagh-Ata, which is calculated to be 24,400ft. high. Some of the difficulties of the journey may be appreciated when we hear that the explorer was twice frost-bitten when surveying in the Pamirs in mid-winter; that in Polu an attempt was made to murder him on his return from the mountains; and that often in climbing (which was sometimes done on the back of a yak) the gradients became so steep that the saddle fell off the animal's back, so that it was necessary to hold on to the beast's tail. With such fascinating material, both from the scientific and the adventurous standpoint, it is hardly surprising to hear that Captain Deasy has written a book, which Mr. Fisher Unwin will publish. In the concluding chapters the author sums up his experiences of the squeezing of the natives by the Chinese, and deals at length with the Civil and military administration in Chinese Turkestan. As might be expected, the book tells over again the old story of predominating Russian power and the corresponding exclusion of other nations, and from this point alone it is entitled to recognition. The work will be illustrated with maps and photographs.



ONE OF CAPTAIN DEASY'S RAREST MEMENTOS—THE FINE HEAD OF A RECORD OVIS AMMON.  
From a Photo.



# OUR SANDWICHES AND WHAT THEY CAUSED US

BY ARTHUR THORNTON.

The story of a peculiar misfortune in the Queensland bush. Two men employed on a sheep-run were called away to a distant point of the property, and took with them in a valise the usual strange medley of requisites, including sandwiches and strychnine—this last for the destruction of the native wild dogs whose depredations among the sheep are a serious concern to Australian stock-owners. The eating of those sandwiches resulted in a weird and terrible scene, in which two lonely men fought for dear life and won.



SOME years ago my comrade Scott and myself were managing a sheep station for the Hon. William A—.

It was called "Wynbah," and was sixty miles from the township of

St. George, in Queensland. The place was on the Mungulala Creek, and was beautiful country in good seasons; but at the time I speak of we had had a long and particularly severe drought, which made it a fearful time of anxiety and privation. Miles away from any civilization; the native blacks troublesome; sheep dying in hundreds for want of grass—I can assure you we were not in an enviable position. But at last the drought broke, welcome rain set in, and we thought our troubles were over. However, such was not the case—as regards ourselves, at any rate, for the country became so flooded that it was impossible for the teams to travel, and so there was no way of getting supplies up.

The railway was opened as far as Dalby, and from there to St. George bullock drays conveyed the goods. We always sent our own bullock dray from Wynbah to St. George for supplies when needed. On the occasion of which I write we heard the drays were stuck at Dalby, waiting for finer weather, for the country there is stiff black soil, and the unmade roads are simply impassable in wet weather. Our own dray then was waiting at St. George for goods that never arrived. The storekeeper there was out of goods himself, and could not even let us have a bag of flour.

If we had only had that we should have been satisfied. It was out of the question, however, and at the time I speak of we had been nearly two months without that precious commodity. Fortunately we had plenty of tea, and so our food consisted of roasted mutton and tea, with neither milk nor sugar.

We were afraid of getting ill on this diet, so we ate thistles, wild carrot tops, or any green plant that was not too nauseous.

Besides the head station we had an out station to manage, "Woolerina," which was about thirty miles away. There were a very large number of sheep on it, which were looked after by two white overseers, with a number of blacks under them.

We kept away from Woolerina as much as we possibly could at this time, for we dreaded going out while there was no flour. Naturally, the men resented being kept on such short commons, but, then, what could we do? We kept sending messages there to say that the flour would arrive soon, and trying to pacify them generally. Notwithstanding this, however, we lived in constant dread of the men mutinying. What should we do in that case? Indeed, but few realize the peril which white men run who are so situated—a handful only among hordes of blacks. Even if we escaped the effects of a general rising there were the sheep. If the natives rose against us they would kill all the sheep they could and drive the rest away where we would be little likely to find them.

However, we had to go out at last, for we heard that a fresh flock of sheep was being sent up, now the drought was over, and we had to make arrangements for their being shepherded. In the meantime we had sent down to St. George to see if any flour could be got, and the messenger came back with 10lb.—the most he could obtain.

Think of it, ye comfortable ones at home! A miserable 10lb. of flour, and yet we hailed it with a delight I can hardly express.

The cook hastened to make some "Johnny cakes" as quickly as possible (flat cakes baked in ashes), and then the rest of the flour was set to rise with yeast, in order to be ready for baking next day. We, indeed, feasted like princes. We dared not, though, let the station hands know we had this pittance of flour, for what was it among so many? Worse than this, if they saw it they might think we had kept a large quantity back for ourselves, and had been eating it all this time while they went without, and so endangered their health.

We decided to make some sandwiches for lunch next day with a little of the precious bread that was left, as we should be out finding a good run for the new flock of sheep. Well, we cut the memorable sandwiches, and I commenced to wrap them in a piece of newspaper.

"Stop!" said Scott, suddenly, "don't use that or they will taste of printers' ink," and as he spoke he threw me a spotlessly clean but very old handkerchief, full of holes.

I folded the toothsome lunch up tenderly, put it in Scott's valise, and then off we started for the out station. You must know that the leather valise of a bushman is strapped in front of him on his saddle, and on an occasion like this it carries, instead of clothes, a very miscellaneous cargo—from a letter or a newspaper intended for a shepherd to tobacco, pain-killer, nails, or even a bottle of strychnine. This last was for poisoning native (or wild) dogs, which made

great havoc amongst the sheep and were a general pest and nuisance.

It was night before we came in sight of Woolerina, where we were welcomed in the usual bush way. There was much barking of dogs, intermingled with the cheery "Halloa" of the black boys. The dim outline of the hut could be seen, and through the cracks of the slabs the faint light of the slush lamp, which was merely a tin pint pot half-filled with clay and half with fat, into which a piece of cloth or rag was stuck as a wick. If it were not for the ever necessary fire the light would have been even dimmer than it was.

After the usual meal of mutton and sugarless tea Scott opened his valise and, in the semi-darkness, put the packet of sandwiches carefully to one side. He then brought the valise to the fire, saying, slowly and with anxiety, "By George, I've broken the bottle of strychnine!"

He took out the various articles and distributed them, then turned the valise inside out over a spread newspaper, shook it over the fire, gave it a bang against the side of the fireplace, and, finally turning it right again, he took it to the dim corner of the hut, and surreptitiously put the sandwiches in and rolled it up.

In the meantime I collected the strychnine in



THE AUTHOR, MR. ARTHUR THORNTON, WHO RELATES THIS NARRATIVE.  
From a Photo, by Charlemont & Co., Sydney, N.S.W.

an empty match-box, and put it up in the wall plate of the hut or in some equally careless place, and then we went to bed. "Bed" is rather an ambiguous term when in a slab bush hut, for it consists of a rough bunk of wood nailed to the wall; and happy is he who gets one with a piece of sacking for a mattress, this being nailed on to the wooden frame. The more usual bunk is fitted with boards nailed on at intervals, and, as may be imagined, it is not the softest of couches. Oh! the way those boards find out the tender places of the body, and the cramped stiffness as one turns and twists in vain for comfort!

As in most things, however, custom at last prevails, and a bushman can sleep as peacefully and comfortably on such a couch as a city exquisite on his down bed, and even more so, for what brings sweeter sleep than an easy conscience and a healthy, outdoor life?

Next morning Scott and I rode off, and after some hours found a good spot for the shepherding of the new flock of sheep. We dismounted, unsaddled, and hobbled our horses out to feed; then we made a fire and boiled the "billy." This done we started on our sandwiches. After a moment Scott called out, "Stop, I believe the sandwiches have strychnine on them!"—a startling suggestion, but one that failed to move me.

"Nonsense," said I, going on eating, "it is the bread that is so sweet. You have forgotten the taste of it."

"No, stop, stop," cried Scott, still more alarmed. "I'm *sure* I see strychnine. Look! look!"

And sure enough, on looking closely, we saw that the bread was covered with the deadly shiny powder. We sprang to our feet, and for a moment could only gaze at each other almost paralyzed with terror. How well we knew the deadly nature of the awful poison.

I was a smoker, but Scott was not. I had about half a fig of tobacco left, and I hastily cut it up as fine as I could and threw it into a pint pot of tea. Then I stirred it about with a stick and we hurriedly swallowed it between us.

A terrible situation indeed! What were we to do? We were miles and miles away from any human being. Alone in the bush, with death staring us in the face, we could look for no help—nothing but a mighty despair. We knew we could not live, for we remembered how unusually strong the poison was, as it had been especially imported from Scotland by Mr. A——, our employer. Strange to say, when we realized this a great calmness came over us; our thoughts became collected, and we began to speak.

"For God's sake, old man," said Scott, "it I die first try and cover my body somehow."

I promised this, and he did the same for me, though in our inmost hearts we knew neither would be capable of doing anything for the other.

"If our bodies are found," I said, presently, "they will say the blacks killed us. Poor wretches, we can't let them be punished for a crime they never committed."

No, we agreed we must try and leave our story behind us. "I have it," cried Scott, as he opened his pocket-book and wrote rapidly the cause of our death. We both signed the sheet. Poor fellow! He *would* put in that his carelessness was the cause of the disaster, and there was no time to argue matters out. Now, the question was, where to put the precious last document?

The native dogs were so bad about there that they would probably destroy anything within their reach, so we hung our saddles on the branch of a tree and put the pocket-book in a pouch on Scott's saddle, hoping that this arrangement would attract attention. But when, ah! when?—And where would we be then?

Only a very few minutes had elapsed since we swallowed the tobacco and tea, and now the nauseous emetic began to act. Oh! the horror and dizziness, and the awful loneliness we felt, for we could not move a yard from each other. Scott started to go away—I think to pray; but I followed, to find him turning back to me. We clung to each other as children might. Our eyes dilated; we were past speech. The overwhelming feeling was the utter, utter loneliness.

I inwardly prayed that we might at least die together. It was terrible to think of the horror if one was left to battle alone with death—death in its most horrible and agonizing form. Not a peaceful, tranquil death on a bed, in a home with loving faces round and loving hands to soothe. No prayers for us, but our own muttered, half-formed words and thoughts, as our very senses glided away from us. I shut my eyes, to open them again and see the ground and waving grass dance up and down, up and down. Would it never keep still? I wondered.

The trees, too, seemed to be leaning down about to fall on us, when, with a half articulate cry, stiffened muscles, and arms outstretched, I sank back in violent convulsions. I had no power over myself nor could I utter a sound, but I was conscious enough to see Scott bending over me with mute agony on his face. And—was that a hideous crow flying over us?

How long after this it was that I regained control over my limbs I know not. As soon as

I could raise my head I saw poor Scott stretched quivering on the ground, and crawling painfully to him I saw by his eyes that he recognised me. One look at him and down I went again, and I remember nothing for a time.

When I recovered consciousness once more I

"Thank God, old fellow," he muttered: "I believe we shall live after all."

I was brought back to the present by noticing the drawn, pinched look on his white face.

"We have gone a little way with Death," I murmured.



"WITH A HALF ARTICULATE CRY, I SANK BACK IN VIOLENT CONVULSIONS."

saw Scott trying to reach me. The paroxysms went on, and we must have been sometimes conscious and sometimes not. The seizures got shorter and shorter, however, and longer between, till at last we were able to sit up. Every now and then shivers like a galvanic shock went through our bodies. The feeling of uncontrol over ourselves was horrible. Another shiver, and I waited for the next. It did not come.

Oh! the rapture that filled my heart. Were we, then, to live after all? I looked at Scott and recognised hope in his face. But it did not seem possible. How lovely the world seemed all at once, and how sweet was life now hope arose, where hope seemed impossible. I sat gazing far away when I suddenly felt Scott's hand on my shoulder.

"Aye," he answered, "and he has set his mark on us, for you—and I, too, I suppose—have a deathlike look."

Then, wretchedly ill as we felt, we rose up and staggered towards our horses. We felt we must leave that spot—the place we had fought with death. Still, however, we could not bear to be separated even by a few yards. Together we tottered to one horse, caught and saddled him, then the other in the same way, and mounted silently and rode away, still feeling death in the air, though with hope rising stronger and stronger in our hearts. We had not gone very far when we came on some fresh tracks, which we followed, and came up with some drovers, camped for the night with sheep.

We knew the man in charge, who greeted us wonderingly. "Why, what's up with you



tellows? You look positively ghastly. Been starving, I suppose? Get down and have some tucker at once."

"Oh, no," we answered, "we don't want anything to eat. We're tired, that's all dead beat, in fact."

"Well, take a pull at this, anyway; and you

"Truly," said Scott, "I feel as fit as a fiddle."

Strange, but true. Now that the horror was over in the dim land of yesterday we were inclined to make light of the affair. We were able to make a good breakfast, and afterwards our host B—— sat, as he filled his pipe.



"WHY, WHAT'S UP WITH YOU, FELLOW? YOU LOOK ASPIRITLESS, BORNED."

must have my tent to-night. No, you are not turning me out. I'm going to keep watch—those beastly blacks are following us up; they made off with a couple of sheep last night." And so saying the good fellow called to a black boy to take our horses.

How thankfully we went to rest can be supposed. After a strong hand-clasp and a prayer in our hearts we dropped off to sleep.

We woke early next morning surrounded with all the bustle of a camp ready to move, the faint baa-ing of the sheep, an occasional yelp of a dog, and the jabber of the black boys, all sounding like sweetest music in our ears. I pinched myself to see if I were alive.

"By Jove, we have bluffed it, after all," I exclaimed, in amazement.

"Now, boys, what was the matter with you last night? You looked as if you had foot a whole legion of ghosts."

Scott and I smiled grimly.

"Truly," I said, "you are near the mark."

"What? It is true, then, what the sheep herds think and are saying?"

"What do they think?"

"Well, they believe you must have shot some blacks before you reached us last night. The brutes, they deserve it. But I could never bring myself to shoot them in cold blood," he continued, coldly.

"No, we came across no blacks; a fight with them would not have been so terrible as the fight we had."

And then we told him our story.

## Some Curiosities of the Uganda Railway.

BY FREDERICK W. EMETT.

We commend this article to all admirers of the Empire, for it is an endeavour to convey in a popular manner some idea of the dangers and difficulties that beset some of the most important of our Imperial undertakings, such as the Uganda Railway. Mr. Emmett's information is strictly official, and some of the photographs are published for the first time. Think of a railway on which the guard can come to your carriage door and gravely assure you that he will stop the train for a quarter of an hour while you go and shoot a rhinoceros!



O construct a railroad of over 500 miles in length, under the most favourable conditions and in the most highly-civilized country, is not a task to be lightly undertaken; but when a work of such magnitude has to be carried out in the heart of the Dark Continent of Africa the difficulties are well-nigh appalling—and, judging by what has been done or attempted by foreign Governments in their African dependencies, only surmountable by British engineers and under British administration. Such a work has not only been planned and commenced, but will at no distant date become an accomplished fact, and the silence of the shores of the Victoria Nyanza, that great inland sea in the very heart of Africa, will be broken, by the whistle of the locomotive and the bustle inseparable from a great railway terminus.

Every reader of *THE WIDE WORLD* has heard of the Uganda Railway, but it is a matter for speculation as to how many realize what these two words mean.

Well, then, they mean that a wide track has been cut for a distance of 500 miles, or about the same distance as from Euston to Aberdeen, across swamps, through primeval forest, through malarial and tsetse-fly ridden belts, where horses cannot live and man becomes fever-stricken, across high, wind-swept plateaus and round mountains in places almost as steep as the sides

of houses, until the beautiful Nyanza with its wave-lapped shores is reached. The wonders of this line cannot be better summarized than in the words of Sir Harry Johnstone, His Majesty's Commissioner in Uganda, one of our ablest administrators and certainly our most interesting despatch-writer.

"I wonder," he says, "if in England the importance of one aspect of this railway construction has been realized! It means the driving of a wedge of India, two miles broad, right across East Africa, from Mombasa to the Victoria Nyanza. Fifteen thousand coolies, some hundreds of Indian clerks, draughtsmen, mechanics, surveyors, and policemen are implanting the use of the Hindustani language, are carrying the Indian Penal Code, Indian postal system, Indian coinage, Indian clothing, right across these wastes, deserts, forests, and swamps, tenanted hitherto by wild, naked savages or wild beasts. It is one of those strong gouges which civilization employs to



From a Photo. by

THE INSPECTOR GOES HIS ROUNDS IN THE TARU DESERT. [A. C. Gomez, Zanzibar.

rough-hew her ends—a gouge which leaves a great, clean track of good, sprinkled at its edges with items of suffering, little beads of harm and unintentional injuries of atoms. As you roll by so smoothly in a well-appointed carriage you see occasionally from the windows, perhaps twice in three hundred miles, a headless corpse flung on to the grass below the embankment. It is a native who has not yet realized the truth, so frequently told at British railway stations by placard, that 'it is dangerous to walk along the line.' Contrasting the lesser ills, Sir Harry Johnstone says that "the railway has taught the negro the value of honest work and has saved thousands from death by famine. To the hungry people of East Africa dying from the result of three years' drought the railway has brought food and shelter, and the Masai who,

a year ago, were chiefly engaged in raiding and slaughtering are now working as navvies on the line, decently clad for the first time in their lives."

Before proceeding with my more immediate task—the recital of some of the difficulties encountered from wild beasts—it will not be inappropriate to give a few "dry" but useful particulars concerning this line.

It has now been five years under construction, having been commenced in January, 1896, and at the time of writing rail-head is somewhere about the Salt Lake Nakuro, some 460 miles from the coast terminus of Kilindini, at Mombasa, thus leaving a distance of 120 miles to be constructed before the terminus at Port Florence, on the Victoria Nyanza, is reached—probably in another year.

The photograph on the preceding page shows a portion of the line near Mackinnon Road Station, in the Taru Desert. A curious contrast is here shown—a group of naked

Wagata natives, standing complacently at the side of the track watching the inspection trolley, which has just returned from a trip along a section of the line. This vehicle is worked by the Indian coolies, a number of whom are shown in the photograph.

For the first 200 miles the line has had to be constructed through dense forest, and the second picture, taken near Masongolem



HOW THE WORK IS DONE AFTER A PATH HAS BEEN CUT THROUGH THE THICK FOREST.

From a Photo by F. C. Green, Esq., London.

Station, 180 miles from Mombasa, shows the method of working, after a path has been cut through the trees and thorns for the railroad track. Here a gang of coolies are seen engaged in making a cutting, the baskets of earth so removed being used to form the embankment. On some parts of the line the earthwork has been insignificant compared with the dense, thorny jungle and the difficult work of grubbing up and removing stumps from the track.

But, as I said earlier, this great railway line is an accomplished fact for a considerable distance, and in order to show what travelling is like on a Central African railway I will give a few extracts from a letter recently received from a friend who has by this time safely reached his destination in Uganda.

"Last Thursday," he says, "we got a special train to take us up as far as Kikuyu, 340 miles from the coast, where we spent some time encamped beside the railway siding at Kikuyu Road. There was, of course, much to interest

and instruct along the railway route. We have journeyed the 340 miles from Mombasa in about a day and a half. Starting at noon on Thursday we arrived at Kikuyu about midnight on Friday—not a bad speed considering that we have ascended over 6,500ft. on African soil on a single line. The first stage of the journey, to Voi, ninety-five miles, took till midnight to traverse—just twelve hours. But this included, besides various short stoppages on the line, a halt of four hours at a place called Samburu, occasioned by an accident to a train ahead. The country between Mombasa and Voi was fairly interesting. The scenery was pretty ordinary, and reminded one very much of Surrey at times—low thorn bush and scrub in the foreground, with hills behind. A few villages and occasional signs of cultivation appeared at intervals. At Samburu, which is in the waterless Taru Desert, our enforced detention enabled me to go off for a good long walk, mostly along the rails, for fear of missing the train when she should start. I walked on so far, in fact, that I did not hear the warning whistle of the engine, and had to stop the train when it overtook me. I must have wandered ten miles or so, but it was in the late afternoon and was very pleasant. I took my place in the train, and at midnight was awakened with the news that we had reached Voi, a hundred miles up the line, and that a dinner awaited us hard by the station. And, sure enough, a bare 100yds. from this Central African station we found a well-kept, spacious restaurant, where a hot six-course dinner was immediately served at 2½ rupees a head! We had soup, fish, game, mutton, plum-pudding, and fruit. Voi is a large and important station, just like any country station in England. After dinner, contrary to custom, we again entrained, and, traveling all through the night, reached Makindu, another large station, at 9.30 the next morning, just in time to do justice to breakfast, which was ready immediately on the arrival of the train, as at Voi. Makindu, 200 miles from Mombasa, was not even known two years ago, but is now a large Indian settlement—all railway hands, of course. The luxury of dining-cars being at present unknown on the Uganda Railway, we bought at this place cold meat, vegetables, and fruit, and took them on board to eat for the midday meal on the way.

After leaving Makindu we saw a good deal of monotonous desert scenery. Taken as a whole the country through which the line passes is very thinly inhabited. As we sped along we passed a few swamps with long grass, which, we were told, would be the sort of thing we should have to march through later on. The mountains we saw varied in range from 3,000ft. to

over 7,500ft., and included the grand Kilimanjaro range. Numerous Indian encampments, consisting chiefly of breakdown gangs, were scattered along the line. Some of the temporary bridges over which we passed were decidedly shaky, and occasionally have given way under the weight of heavy trains. We were told that we were very fortunate to have escaped accident or breakdown. During the journey I espied two rhinos, some ostriches, two elands, and several wildebeestes and antelope. Thirty miles beyond Makindu we stopped at the station of Simba, which, being interpreted, means 'Lion.' It is in the heart of the lion country, and we saw several very ingenious lion-traps near the station. Two of our party went off for a long tramp while the train was at rest here, forgetting about the lions, and as they did not return till after sunset fears were entertained for their safety. But on their return they assured us that they had not met a specimen of King Leo's tribe or even heard aught of his voice. Another fifteen miles brought us to Kibwezi, situated amid beautiful hills, and I longed for a camera to snap-shot a few of the glorious, verdure-clad ranges. At 9.30 at night we steamed into Nairobi, the railway head-quarters, 330 miles from Mombasa. After an hour's halt for dinner in the vicinity of the station we started off on the last short nine miles to Kikuyu, which was reached at about midnight.

"The nights are very cold and I sleep in a sweater, with blankets and a rug over my bed. Mosquitoes are absent here, but jiggers are abundant. We still have another 150 miles to do by rail—about one day's journey—and then a fortnight's march to the Lake shore, to be followed by ten weary days in native canoes before Uganda is reached. This is a wholesome change from London life, with new experiences every day. I wish you could see me now, bearded, cropped on the head, khaki-clad, with helmet and putties, huge sportsman's boots; for all the world like Tommy in his war-paint. Just take a peep into my tent. It is only 7½ft. square, but very comfortable and airy when the doorway is opened, as it is all day after the sun is up. My camp bedstead is to the left as you enter, with the camp table and chair in the centre. At the back stand my food and clothes boxes, while my camp wash-stand and india-rubber bath occupy the right-hand front corner.

"The rest of the available space is for the reception of any friends who may call—fellow-Europeans looking in for a sly cup of tea; Indian coolies who know a little English, for a friendly chat; Swahili servants and 'boys' to ask me to sing Swahili songs with them; and

Masa, to bid him welcome to their country and to barter fowls, eggs, or fruit. Truly one becomes a new person altogether in Africa, and it is necessary to be prepared to put your hand

with the railway, and the next photograph shows a caravan on its way. The long line of natives, portion in Indian file is clearly depicted in the map-plan. The natives are particularly fond of



10. THE CARAVAN WAS THE SECONDARY METHOD OF TRANSPORTING GOODS TO THE INTERIOR.

FIGURE 10.

to anything, and truly to be all things to all men."

The third photo. is a curious one and shows how in the tsetse-fly belt which extends for some 250 miles from the coast attempts are being made to prevent the enormous mortality among transport animals. As will be seen, the animals are attired in a complete suit which I understand is only partially successful in keeping off

flags and drums, and with the latter keep up a continuous "tum-tumming" as with their hands on their heads they march to and fro from the coast. Not infrequently the tired natives fall out *en route*, and when camp is pitched for the night the drummers do good service in scouring the vicinity for their missing comrades.

Some of the engineering difficulties connected with the construction of the Uganda Railway



11. A CARAVAN ON THE OLD ROAD THAT WAS USED BEFORE THE RAILWAY.

FIGURE 11.

the fatal fly. In the tsetse zone it is quite impossible for horses to live, but by the help of the railway animals are gradually being got up to the healthier districts of the interior.

The old "safari" or caravan road runs parallel

have been very great, and in many places tremendous gradients have to be negotiated. The highest of these summits is that at Mbu, with an altitude of 8,300ft., whence there is a sheer drop of nearly 5,000ft. to the level of Lake Victoria.

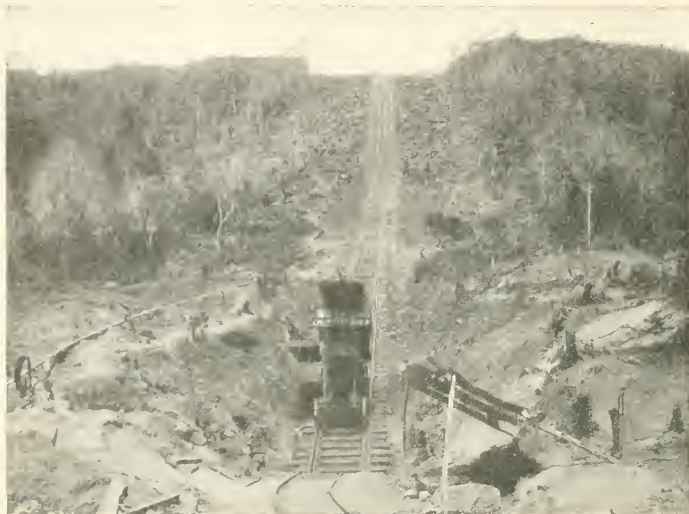


FIGURE 1.—THE SECOND HIGHEST POINT ON THE RAILWAY AND THE TEMPORARY ROPE INCLINE. [Photo.]

The next photograph is a view of the second-highest point on the railway—the Kikuyu escarpment (7,500ft.)—and it also shows a rope incline which has been constructed temporarily so that the completion of the permanent line round the gradient may not be delayed. This temporary line is a most interesting piece of engineering work. In the photograph the "carrier," which is hauled by steel ropes, is just about to ascend to the summit with a loaded truck, which it will deposit on the more level line at the top, the whole being pulled up by a weighted truck coming from the summit, and which is easily discernible in the picture.

A peculiar

interest attaches to the next photograph. Equator Camp is some distance off the railway line, being in reality on the old caravan route, and situated some little way beyond the Eldoma Ravine Station. Although no positive observations have been taken, this is supposed to be the spot where the Equator crosses that part of the country, and the sign announcing the fact was erected by one of the officials. It is in the midst of a vast stretch of desolate and uninhabited country; and with the exception of an occasional passing caravan there is no sign of human life. Close by this notice-board is a clearing, which has been made on the site



THIS INTERESTING NOTICE WAS PUT UP BY ONE OF THE OFFICIALS TO MARK WHERE THE EQUATOR LINE CROSSES THE COUNTRY. [Mr. G. Whitehouse.]

of a camp which has been used probably for hundreds of years by the old ivory traders.

In the letter I have quoted my friend speaks of the quantity of big game he saw from the track; and some of the photographs I have been permitted to reproduce will sufficiently indicate that the Uganda Railway passes through a country that is indeed a paradise for sportsmen. The great stretches of grass land are often literally covered by herds of game, and numbers of the animals approach fearlessly quite close to the trains. Instead of the cows and horses to be seen grazing close to the English railway the traveller on this great Central African line will see zebras, gnus, gazelle, hartebeest, jackals, ostriches, giraffe, and lion within easy distance of the rails. In the earlier days of the railway it was no uncommon thing for the train to be pulled up while the passengers alighted to have a shot at some lion or zebra that had strayed on the track.

The magnificent trophies seen in the accompanying illustration were photographed at

on that section of the railway. These two lions have had a singular record among "man eaters," and during the time they infested the Lower region they undoubtedly killed more natives than any other lions in the country. On one occasion one of these beasts actually attacked a Protectorate official as he was walking along the line. Strolling along in the evening, accompanied by a native soldier, the European was horrified at being suddenly pounced upon by the huge brute. With great possession of mind he lurched out of the way, and the lion only succeeded in scratching him, and then fell upon and killed the soldier. It was only after many nights of tedious waiting that the beast fell to Mr. Patterson's rifle.

It is not often that lions and their struggle figure in Government Blue-books, but in the case of the Uganda Railway they have had to be reckoned with as one of the difficulties encountered by the engineers. Up to the present no fewer than thirty persons more or less connected with the railway have been killed by



THREE MAGNIFICENT TROPHIES BROUGHT TO NAIROBI, BY MR. R. V. PATTERSON, THE LION HUNTER. (FROM THE "LION")

Nairobi, the railway head-quarters, 330 miles from the coast. The group consists of Mr. Spooner, the district engineer; Mr. Patterson, his assistant, with Mr. Spooner's shikari Boma in the centre. The latter—a well-known and fearless Indian hunter—was killed by a lion, which charged the unfortunate man, smashing the bones of his right leg and also mauling his thigh and knee. His wounds were terrible, but it was not until six weeks after the attack that he succumbed. Mr. Patterson is known as one of the best lion-hunters in East Africa—a fact which is amply demonstrated in the picture. He is absolutely without fear, and it was he who killed the two famous man-eating Tsavo lions which for some time terrorized the workmen

lions. In the Christmas Number of THE WORLD a graphic account was given of how the notorious Kinnia man-eater entered a railway carriage and, after a terrible struggle, carried off Mr. Ryall, one of the railway officials. Only a few weeks ago news reached England that this animal, for whose capture a reward of £1000 was offered, had been trapped.

The next photo, reproduced in a soap-box of a lion which was killed on the railway, and for the purpose of making this most striking photograph been propped up on the platform of the chief engineer's carriage. Dr. McCulloch, one of the railway medical officers, is seen kneeling beside the dead brute. In the lower region the big maneless lions are to be found. But it

at Tsavo and Kimaa where the more dangerous animals abound and where the greatest damage has been occasioned. In July last the man-eater already referred to as having caused the death of Mr. Ryall visited Kimaa and terrorized the natives who were sleeping in the station. In the middle of the night their slumbers were disturbed by the angry growling of the beast, who had climbed on to the low, flat roof of the building, and was madly endeavouring to tear off the corrugated-iron sheets. Fortunately for the inmates he did not succeed in this, but on inspection next morning it was found that the sharp edges of the iron sheets were covered with blood from the lion's paws.

The infuriated beast, after vainly endeavouring to effect an entrance through the roof, squatted outside the station door until 6.30 a.m., and on finding that this was not opened for his benefit, retired to a distance and chewed into pieces a number of red and green signal flags. In the lion districts bonas or zerebas 10ft. in height have to be built for the protection of the Indian and native workmen, but there is at least one instance of a lion endeavouring to surmount this obstacle. On this occasion the animal was found dead next day impaled on one of the ticks forming the zereba. This occurred at one of the railway engineer's camps.

As showing how accustomed lions are becoming to the presence of the locomotive, an official who travelled on the Uganda Railway only a few weeks ago told me that between the stations of Simba and Makindu he saw four magnificent animals eating a zebra within 50 yds. of the rails. In the earlier days of the line the train would have been stopped while the passengers alighted to have a shot at the lions, but this is not now permitted.

One of the methods employed for catching lions on the line is to construct a trap of railway sleepers. This is divided into two por-

tions—the outer cage is open at the end, but has a heavy sliding door suspended by telegraph lines. In the inner cage (which is of course closed) a number of Punjabi police spend the night, and when Leo, attracted by the smell of his prospective meal, enters the outer cage, the outer trap-door is lowered and the animal is

captured. But this does not always succeed, and I lately heard of an instance where the lion so far performed his portion of the programme as to enter the outer cage, but managed to escape despite the frantic firing of the Indians in the inner cage, who in their terror had, I suppose, forgotten to lower the trap. It is satisfactory to learn, however,

that the beast was shot by a European a few days later.

The next picture is a photograph of a magnificent tusker which was shot on the eastern side of the Kikuyu escarpment by Doctor Waters, of the Uganda Protectorate Service. While the latter was sitting in camp one day at Fort Smith (Kikuyu Station) with Mr. Hall, the district officer, a native came in with a report that some elephants were just off the line, destroying the native gardens and causing general damage. The two Europeans, together with some other railway officials, at once started in pursuit, and shortly sighted a herd of fine elephants in very thick cover. The great bull in the picture, which fell to Mr. Waters's rifle, measured at least 9ft. 6in. at the shoulders, and his tusks, which were of considerable thickness, weighed 103½lb. By the time the animal was killed it was getting dark, and accordingly the officials returned to camp, leaving a couple of men in charge of the carcass. After dark large numbers of natives collected round the body and, by the aid of huge fires, cooked the flesh and afterwards carried away the bones of the tusker, so that when the Englishmen returned to the spot next morning they found nothing remaining but the head and



A TROUBLESHOOTER ON THE RAILWAY WHO CAME TO A BAD END.

*From a Photo.*



tusks. This is a remarkable fact, seeing that the meat alone must have weighed nearly 60 tons. Occasionally herds of elephants come down to the newly made railway embankments, and by trampling about on the virgin soil in a very short time completely spoil the work.



[From a]

A BULL-BUFFER SHOT TO THE KAFFIR FOREST.

[From a]

On one occasion a herd of fifty elephants came within 50yds. of the camp at Lamuru railway station. The officials, startled by the tremendous noise made by these monsters, turned out, and after driving off the greater portion of the herd came upon seven cows and an enormous bull, which was bringing up the rear. When only 15yds. distant this brute, without the least warning, turned and, with shrill trumpeting, charged Dr. Waters, who was among those in pursuit of the animals. The doctor, seeing that matters were becoming unpleasant, started to run along the narrow track, which was only a yard wide, but tripped and fell. At this critical moment the elephant was not more than half-a-dozen yards off, and the impetus of his charge was so great that he shot right beyond the prostrate form of the doctor, and, wonderful to relate, did not touch him. Scarcely realizing his good fortune, Dr. Waters rose and turned into the bush, where he saw the savage beast eagerly

trying to get his wind. In this, however, he did not succeed, and eventually man, old to upon the cow. The whole affair occupied less than three minutes. In addition to the elephants round Kikuyu there are large herds on the Mau escarpment, where it is extremely probable that

the railway people will have much trouble with them when the line reaches that region.

Hippos and rhinos are also to be met with at various points along the railway. The former, which are perfectly harmless, do not actually encroach on the line, but they are to be seen in large numbers in the Athi River, in Lake Naivasha, Lake Elmenteta, Lake Nakuru, and in the Victoria Nyanza, in fact, along the whole line from Athi River to the Victoria Lake. It is curious as the train runs past Lake Naivasha to see schools of these unwieldy monsters disappearing themselves in the water. On one occasion Dr. Waters managed to shoot and kill two



[From a]

THE GREAT HINDU OF NAIVASHA, THE HINDU OF NAIVASHA, THE HINDU OF NAIVASHA.

[From a]

hippos on Lake Navaisha with two shots, one right and one left.

It is no easy matter to haul the huge carcasses into camp, and the lower photo. on the preceding page shows how, after being got out of the water, the dead hippo is dragged off by scores of excited natives. Rhinos, too, occasionally cause trouble on the railway. One day while running between Makindu and Tsavo stations the train crashed into one of these animals which was walking unconcernedly along the metals. As in the encounter between Stephenson's engine and the "coo," the locomotive came off best, and the unfortunate rhino after getting pushed along the rails was caught, becoming entangled in the cow-catcher, whereupon the engine-driver got down and shot him. On another occasion the train ran into a herd of zebra on the Athi Plains, where these animals congregate in hundreds.

Sir Harry Johnstone, in a recent report, gives a graphic account of the big game to be met

though they had already lost all fear of the rushing, jointed monster with the smoking head. We saw zebras as close as one might see horses grazing in the meadows along an English railway, and gnus were to us as cattle lazily flicking the flies off their haunches. Grant's gazelle and Thomson's gazelle would graze and merely lift their lovely heads as we rattled by. Hartebeestes faced us and shook their horns with mock indignation. Three or four giraffes, even, could be discerned on the sky-line, while pallah and oribi, wart-hog and jackals were things of no account. Ostriches were constantly seen, and I noticed a group of three very handsome males—black, with white plumes—in a dry stream-bed just as we were entering the precincts of Nairobi Station. The whole hour's panorama of this wonderful zoological garden was like a sportsman's dream, but the fact was we had been crossing the Athi Game Reserve, where some two years of strenuously enforced respect for the game



From a Photo. by]

THE RAILWAY-STAFF HOSPITAL AT KIBWEZI.

[A. C. Gomez, Zanzibar.

with on the Uganda Railway, and I cannot do better than give an extract from his despatch.

"From Makindu," he says, "I travelled on through the night towards Nairobi. As the dawn diffused itself over the Athi Plains we saw from the windows of the train a rare and beautiful sight. These immense level stretches of grass land, reduced in the present drought to uniform grey-yellow stubble, were literally covered by herds of game, individuals of which would approach quite close to the line, as

regulations has brought about this wonderful collection of animals, so rapidly growing in confidence of the protection accorded them, that herds of zebra frequently gallop like runaway horses through the stretched-out township of Nairobi."

In the early days of the railway construction the English guards and travellers are said to have done a good deal of indiscriminate shooting. The sum total of their shooting, however, was as nothing compared with the disastrous

organized raids of military officers travelling backwards and forwards to Uganda (and tales are even told of their good-natured desire that the passengers should share in these delights). The train was sometimes brought to a standstill, and the eager-faced guard would look in at a

now always a flying hospital, chiefly consisting of tents, where both medical and surgical cases are treated.

The last photo. of this series shows how one of the steel boats which have been taken out from England in sections is being bolted



A STEEL BOAT, BROUGHT UP IN SECTIONS FROM ENGLAND, BEING BOLTED TOGETHER.  
From a Photo. by Mr. de Winton.

first-class carriage to say: "There is a fine rhino over there, sir, and I will give you a quarter of an hour's stop if you like to go after him." In the interests of game preservation this is now, however, prohibited.

With so enormous a staff as that employed on the railway the medical needs are necessarily great, and in the picture given on the previous page we see the hospital which was established at Kibwezi, about 180 miles from the coast, for sick coolies.

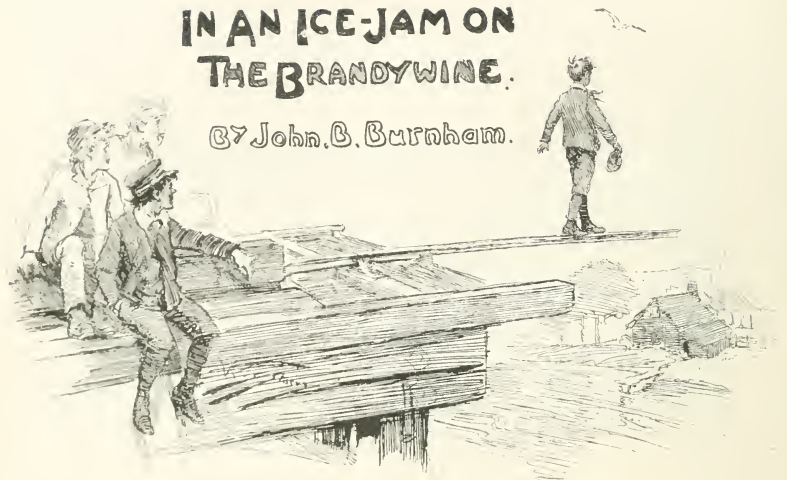
Wherever rail-head happens to be there is

together, preparatory to being placed on the Lake, a portion of which is also shown in the picture.

In concluding this article on some of the wonders of this great African railway it only remains for me to express my indebtedness to those officials of the Uganda Railway Committee who have so courteously supplied me with information and with the interesting photographs, most of which are, I believe, now published for the first time in an English magazine.

# IN AN ICE-JAM ON THE BRANDYWINE.

By John C. Burnham.



The story of a boyish escapade. The lads ventured on the swollen river just after it had demolished a railway bridge and was full of floating trees, ice-masses, and other debris. It was an exciting moment when the light little boat was hastening to destruction over the fall with its scared occupants, who, however, turned to good account their intimate knowledge of the river.



IN 1884 the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company began the construction a railroad bridge across the Brandywine River in the outskirts of Wilmington, Delaware. It was a massive affair of steel resting on stone abutments 80ft. in height, which, added to the 30ft. of truss, made the bridge 110ft. above the water at its ordinary level. We boys, Seymour Stone, Frank Garrett, John Bird, and I, whose ages ranged from twelve to fifteen, used to spend much of our time in the neighbourhood. John Bird (who is my cousin) and I had boats at Kilpatrick's, less than a stone's throw below; and the bridge itself, as the work progressed, was an object of never-failing interest.

When the workmen were off duty we had exciting times climbing in and out among the girders and risking our necks as only boys can. To cap the climax, one Sunday after church we all in turn walked out on a single rail of the track which projected beyond the end of the bridge

into space; and there, 100ft. and more above the rocks and channel below, we slowly turned on that narrow edge which afforded us less than three inches of foothold, and made our way back to the planked cross-ties of the completed structure.

This was before the centre span was begun. To support this a temporary "false-work" of timber was built up from the bed of the stream, and on this the workmen laboured, setting up and riveting the various parts. Winter came before the work was finished, and we skated on the clear, blue ice backwards and forwards under the bridge, and discussed among ourselves what would happen if a freshet came and the ice went out with a rush. Apparently the bridge-builders underrated the possibilities of the river for harm, for they worked along in a leisurely way, riveting the great metal skeleton together piece by piece, till finally the span was complete, and needed only a few more bolts at one end to be self-supporting, when the timber framework would be knocked away from below.

The few bolts were never put in place, however. A heavy rain following after several snowstorms raised the Brandywine above its banks in a very short interval of time. The ice broke up and lodged against the timbers, backing up the water behind with momentarily increasing pressure, till at midnight, with a roar that was heard high above the storm by residents in the upper part of the city, the false work gave way and the bridge fell.

The following morning we boys were early on the scene, in a pelting rain, to view the wreck. The clear-cut opening between the abutments on either bank, with a few twisted and torn girders at one side, was awesome as indicative of the force of the water which had made such a breach; but, aside from the fact that the wood and steel were gone, there was little of a spectacular nature to be seen. The bridge materials had completely disappeared, swept away by the water or covered under the sullen flood.

Just below the railroad bridge the Brandywine is spanned by a frail swaying foot-bridge supported by wire cables. Ordinarily this bridge is 15ft. above the level of the stream, but now, standing on it, I saw a man touch the water with his umbrella. Why this bridge was not carried away when the larger structure fell has always been a puzzling question. Its lightness and elasticity no doubt helped it to survive the gorge of timbers which passed under.

Four of the boys eventually found their way to Kilpatrick's, and sitting on overturned boats discussed the situation. There was a half-suppressed tingle of elation in our veins. The old stream had outdone itself, and since the bridge had to go we were glad we were on the spot to see some of the effects—even though we had missed the crowning act when the huge span fell.

Big things were the order of the day. A reckless spirit was engendered by the rampant waters. We knew our old playfellow, the river, so well from bathing and fishing excursions that

even now we did not start in awe at it, and therefore the idea came into our heads to launch a boat and have a tussle with the flood.

The bank opposite was submerged from Rattlesnake Creek down to the dam and beyond, and it seemed a fine idea to row in and get among the trees, and examine the flotsam that had lodged against them.

John Bird and I were to have the first chance. We carried my 13ft launch down to the water, and finding that she did not leak very badly we pushed out from the shore. John had a paddle in the stern and I was at the oars. As we swung clear of the eddy at the landing Seymour Stone shouted a warning that the ice was beginning to run again.

"There's been a jam somewhere up the creek, fellows," he called out. "I believe it's breaking up."

We did not heed his warning, however, and soon found we had all we could do to handle our light launch in the conflicting swirls of the torrent, which wrenched the boat hither and thither despite our

efforts to keep a direct course.

Above our position the Brandywine curves to the right among the hills, and we could only see a few hundred yards up-stream. We were beyond the centre of the stream before a good view could be had, and then I noticed the expression of my cousin's face suddenly change, and though my back was turned in the direction he looked I knew instinctively that something was wrong.

"The jam has broken," he said, "shall we keep on?"

"Can we get across?" I asked.

"I don't know, but it's nearer to that bank than to go back, and if we can't overtake the trees we are safe."

It seemed a mighty short fraction of time after that before the ice struck us. When it did we were within ten yards of the line of trees, but the distance might as well have been a thousand. The ice closed in around us, a



THE SCENE IN JOHN L. SHERMAN'S BOAT.

close-packed mass of grinding cakes several feet in diameter and twelve inches thick, and they held the little boat in a vice-like grip. We saw the trees rush by as we bobbed along at the speed of a trolley-car, and saw men running along the hill side at the water's edge trying to keep up with us, but falling rapidly behind. Three hundred yards below was the dam that supplied power to the old revolutionary mills a mile farther down. We could hear the roar of the water pouring over it and see the

throttled water. His last words gave me a half-formulated idea that I might yet save the boat, to which I was very much attached, and for an instant I waited, endeavouring with an oar to turn her bow on with the current, thinking that if I could do this I would risk going over the dam.



THE ICE CORKER IS AMONG US—A CLOSE-PACKED MASS OF GRINDING CAKES SEVERAL FEET IN DIAMETER.

misty vapour above. It was only a 4ft. drop, but the wave where the surge rebounded from the rocks below was a terror; and, realizing that it meant death to be caught in it, we made a last desperate effort to force the boat through the ice.

A foot, perhaps, was gained, and then a rowlock broke, and I fell backward on the bottom of the boat, half-stunned.

My cousin stuck to his post wielding his paddle. He was perfectly cool, and asked if I thought we could shoot the dam with the boat. After a while I told him no: that our course was to swim. Acting on my advice he scrambled to the bow of the boat, and without hesitation plunged into the surging, ice-

My efforts were unavailing, however, and I, too, ran to the bow of the boat and sprang into the current. To a certain extent I had lost my presence of mind and, forgetting the nature of the surface, I attempted to dive. Realizing at the last moment, however, that I might not be able to come up again if I once got below the ice, I changed my course and fell flat across two ice-cakes, which turned up on edge and let me through.

I caught a glimpse of my cousin already at the edge of the trees, and after that my energies were entirely taken up climbing over the ice-cakes and keeping my head above the icy surface. It was impossible to swim with a

breast-stroke. Progress could only be made by pressing down the ice in front and getting into the opening before the surrounding ice crowded in and closed it. It was terribly fatiguing work, and was aggravated by the weight of my heavy winter clothing. My breath came in suffocating gasps, and the trees, only a few yards away now, were blurred and indistinct.

Suddenly I became aware that the current which had been aiding me in my struggle had changed, and that I was being drawn back into the stream. I turned my head and saw just below a stationary piece of timber against which the ice was grinding. This I knew to be a part of the head-gate which at ordinary stages of the river gauges the flow of water into the mill race. Another moment and I should be drawn over the dam. The certainty of this dreaded event revived me to superhuman effort, and as I was swept past the gate on the outer side I

raised my body to the water and, grasping with my right arm, caught the splintered, sharp edge of the roughly-sawn timber with a grip of desperation, and was braked into safety in the dark current behind with a suddenness that nearly wrenched my arm from its socket.

I stood there for a moment on the platform behind the head-gate, and saw the heavy ice over the dam. What moment made me very thankful that neither my anxiety nor I was in it. The instant the head passed over the gate it was overturned and, caught by the mass of back-water, was thrown to under the dam, while the ice masses crushed down on top of it with the force of a battering ram, shattering the craft from stem to stern, battering and battering it out of all shape.

My cousin was safe out of the jaws of us, but he still had quite a distance to wade through water up to his axpits to reach my boat. I had a shorter distance to traverse, wading along the crest of a wing of the dam, and reached the mill-side where our friends had assembled just ahead of him. Our hands and wrists were raw from the stinging of the ice, and so numb that I felt no pain when, swinging my arms round to restore circulation, my hand came in contact with a rifle barrel, in a by-stander's hand, with such force as almost to knock it from his grasp. Fortunately my uncle's horse was close at hand, and once there, with his drinks inside and his blanket out, we felt none the worse for our escapade.

My cousin and I had other such mishaps, and had I recall, if I am not mistaken, of eight spills combined when it was necessary to swim to avoid death by drowning. Later on, however, the experience proved very valuable to me, as in navigating the rapids of the Upper Yukon in Arzo, Canada, in the year 1897, and in other similar adventures.



THE SCENE AT THE HEAD-GATE, SHOWING THE POSITION OF THE HEAD-GATE AND THE POSITION OF THE ICE JAM.

# The Largest Camera in the World.

By DAY ALLEN WILLEY (OF BALTIMORE).

It was "built" by the official photographer of the Chicago and Alton Railroad Company, and weighs, loaded, 1,400lb. A "crew" of from fifteen to twenty men work it, and it takes a picture 8ft. long. At the last minute a man goes inside the giant camera to dust the plate; but the photographs will convey quite an adequate description of this photographic monster and its "crew."



HAT is probably the largest portable camera in the world is owned by the Chicago and Alton Railroad Co. of Chicago, Ill. The instrument, shown in the photographs reproduced, makes nearly a carload when being transported, and requires from fifteen to twenty men to get it into position ready to take a picture. At the Paris Exposition there was shown a photograph taken on a single negative, measuring 8ft. in length and 4½ft. in width - the largest view of its kind ever made. This was the work of the colossal camera referred to. It represented a passenger train, and the photograph shown was a print from the negative without any retouching whatever.

The instrument was designed by Mr. George R. Lawrence, a photographer of Chicago; and to construct and complete it required two and a half months. Its general plan is that of an ordinary bellows camera; but many portions have to be strengthened on account of the enormous size and weight. It is finished throughout in natural cherry wood.

The bellows is made of an outside covering of heavy rubber, each fold being stiffened by a piece of veneered whitewood one-fourth of an inch thick. Then the bellows is lined inside with heavy black canvas and an additional lining of thin black opaque material, thereby making it doubly light-proof. In the construction of this mammoth bellows over forty gallons of cement, two bolts of wide rubber cloth, and

500ft. of ¼in. whitewood were used. The bellows is divided into four sections, and between each section is a supporting framework mounted on small wheels, which run on a steel track. The bed upon which the bellows is shortened or lengthened in securing proper focus is made of beams of cherry wood, each 2in. thick and 6in. wide. When stretched to the utmost the bellows is 20ft. in length.



From a

THE ACTUAL CONSTRUCTION OF THE GIANT CAMERA AT CHICAGO.

[Photo.

One of the most difficult features of the work of construction was to secure lenses of the proper angle and focus for the photographic giant. It contains two, claimed to be the largest photographic lenses ever made. One is of the Zeiss pattern, with a focus of 5½ft., while the other is what is known as a telescopic rectilinear lens of 10ft. equivalent focus. The first lens is used for objects a comparatively short distance away, while the telescopic lens is of course used for distant views.

The plates for the camera were constructed from special patterns and at a very large expense, owing to the care necessary in pre-





From a)

THE LARGEST CAMERA IN THE WORLD

From a)

paring and spreading the solution upon their huge faces. The camera is large enough to contain two plates, which are placed in the holder; this latter is made of wood, fastened to a light steel framework. Some idea of the difficulty experienced in making these plates can be obtained when it is stated that each weighs over 100 lb. To regulate the lenses to a proper focus a special apparatus was designed by Mr. Lawrence. It consists of two focusing screens or a double view-finder made of semi-transparent celluloid, upon which the image of the object to be photographed appears as on

the ordinary ground glass. The view-finder is geared to two portions of the camera, and slides on a small track divided into inches. As the wings of the screen approach each other the focus is focused at that distance. The camera is 100 ft. long, 10 ft. high, and 10 ft. wide, and is capable of carrying the weight of two or three times its own weight. In working the camera, it is first loaded in the dark room, specially provided for the purpose. The plates, being held in the metal sliding rollers, the coverings of the holder are closed, making it light-proof. The plate covers are curtains made of black cloth covered with a compound, intended to reflect away the light. By pulling a button on the outside of the giant camera a curtain can be pulled in, inside exposing the plate, while another tooth of the button will unroll the curtain and cover the plate completely. It works on the same principle as the string-roller in a window curtain



From a)

THE LARGEST CAMERA IN THE WORLD

From a)



*From a*

CARRYING THE GREAT CAMERA INTO POSITION FOR A PICTURE.

*[Photo.*

The camera is then placed upon the special train which is waiting to receive it. When it reaches the locality where the picture is to be taken the monster is unloaded—and here the difficult work really begins. The photographer makes his calculations with the finder and then the camera is carried into position. But great care has to be taken in pulling out the bellows to see that it is at the right distance indicated by the finder and that the lens is at the proper height. During the entire process the camera with its support may be lifted by its large “crew” into twenty different positions before the operator secures a satisfactory point of view. Hardly a hand-camera!

The next operation is that of dusting the plate, for it is impossible to make the case dirt proof. The back of the camera has actually room enough to allow a man to go inside and turn around without difficulty. The back has a regular door working on hinges. This is opened, and the operator passes inside with a

large camel's hair duster. The door is then closed, but it is necessary to have light on the plate to note any particles of dirt. To furnish light a cap of ruby glass is placed over the lens. One of the covers in the plate-holder is then withdrawn and, thus exposed to the red light, the photographer can dust the plate thoroughly. Replacing the cover, he knocks on the back door and is let out. As the instrument is almost airtight, dusting is not a very pleasant task. The next step is taking the photograph. The ruby cap is replaced by one of black leather, which excludes the light. The curtain is rolled, and the operator calculates the time for the exposure.



*From a*

THE CREW COMMENCE TO SET UP THE CAMERA ON ITS PLATFORM.

*[Photo.*



From a

THE LARGEST CAMERA IN THE WORLD

L. H. BROWN

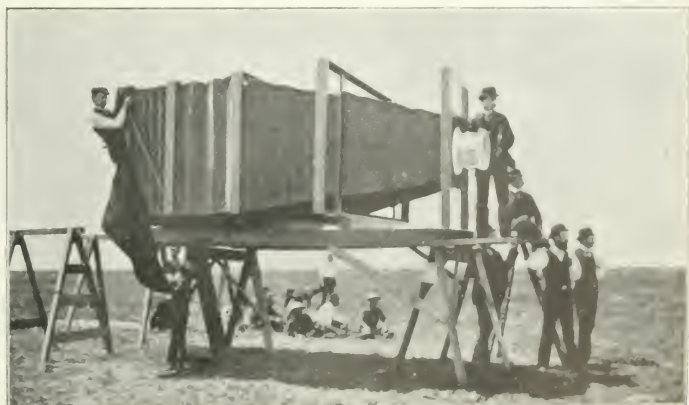
Owing to the great size of the lenses about 2½ min. are required in a strong sunlight to expose thoroughly a colour or isochromatic plate, while about 30 sec. are required for an ordinary plate. The photographer takes one last look at the view-finder and the position of the big camera, glancing at the sun to see if there is a possibility of any clouds obscuring it during the exposure, and at length, when satisfied, he removes the cap in the ordinary manner. At a signal from him

the man who has been operating the plate curtain slips it back in position, while he replaces the cap. If it is desired to take another view, the back of the camera is opened, the holder taken out and reversed, and the process repeated. Then the camera is removed to the special train and taken back to the city. As may be imagined, the

development of plates of this immense size requires two or three special photographers and a regular laboratory has been constructed by the owner of the camera, especially for the developing and printing of its work.

The idea of building this camera originated with the Paris Exposition. The Chicago and Alton Company wished to exhibit some views of special

trains which had recently been completed. It was found that no camera in Chicago was large enough to take views showing the decorations and other details of the different cars, so the company's official photographer was given carte blanche to have a giant instrument "built" for the purpose. He was several months in preparing designs, as nothing of the kind has ever been constructed in the United States on such a large scale. With the plate-holder loaded the camera weighs 1,425 lb.



From a THE ACTUAL EXPOSURE OF THE PLATE. THE MAN TO THE RIGHT HAS JUST TAKEN OFF THE CAP OF THE

## A Summer Among the Upper Nile Tribes.—II.

By BREVET-MAJOR R. G. T. BRIGHT, RIFLE BRIGADE.

The second instalment of the narrative of an important expedition headed by Majors Austin and Bright. Much of the country explored was absolutely virgin ground, and the author also visited Fashoda and inspected Colonel Marchand's now historical "vegetable garden." The snap-shots accompanying Major Bright's article will be found exceptionally interesting—as, for example, the one showing the natives in the river praying for protection against the oncoming steamer, to them an impossible monster.



THIS HUT WAS CALLED "GOVERNMENT HOUSE," AND WAS OCCUPIED BY MAJORS BRIGHT AND AUSTIN. [Photo.]



N Major Austin's recovery we went to pay a visit to a very friendly chief, and found the little residence shown in the above picture already built for our accommodation. It was furnished with two curious stools, which were cut out of solid pieces of wood. After he had received us our friend came to the hut for a chat; it was a broiling hot day, and we were rather dismayed to find a fire burning brightly in the middle of the hut. There was no chimney, and so, as the smoke went where it listed, most of it generally found its way into one's eyes. We had a very cosy chat round that fire, but considering that the temperature in the sun was too high to be pleasant, in that hut and by that fire it was almost infernal.

Previous to our host's departure he very politely asked leave to go; he had already stayed far too long. If the worthy old gentleman enjoyed himself as much as we suffered from the heat he ought to have been very happy indeed.

Colonel Marchand after he evacuated Fashoda returned home to France through Abyssinia, thus having traversed Africa from west to east. The hut in the next picture is where he lived with his officers at Goré, where, we heard, several of the Frenchmen were very ill. They had gone through the greatest hardships for over two years, and it is not to be wondered at that,

after the extreme heat and unhealthiness of the plains, a reaction would set in when they reached the comparative cool of the mountains, and that they would suffer from their noble devotion to duty. That they did their duty nobly and well there is no doubt. Close by is the grave of a French officer, Monsieur Chochette by name. He lies in the Abyssinian churchyard, and over his resting-place is built a small hut, surmounted by a wooden cross. Outside the hut in the photograph is seen our ammunition, which was guarded day and night by a party of Soudanese soldiers. The natives, although honest in most things, could not resist, if they had a chance, the temptation of stealing cartridges.

This country was remarkably well cultivated. Just before the rains were expected the grass was burnt, and the women, as is shown in the next picture, commenced to hoe up the ground. When at work they wore a goatskin tied round their waist, and in this cool and airy costume they turned the soil with rapid and vigorous strokes of their roughly-made iron hoes. The previous rains had been very slight, and now the poor people were in danger of a famine if the rains again failed. As we passed them diligently working we wished them luck, and I believe they had it, for later on we found an



MARCHAND'S HOUSE AT GORÉ, WHERE THE TWO OFFICERS STAYED SOME TIME. [From a Photo.]



TWO GALLA WOMEN SEEDING THREE HUNDRED.  
From a Photo.

abundance of water in the plains, so there must have been heavy rains in the high country.

On reaching the rapids Colonel Marchand had to abandon his steam launch *Faidherb* on an island in the River Baro. The *Faidherb* was a beautiful little aluminium steamer, about 60ft. from stem to stern. Some time after she was left by the French the Abyssinians took out her boilers and, cutting her shell in half, actually carried her bodily up the mountainous tracks into their country. This photograph shows half of the boat and the arrangements made for transporting it, which were simple and effective. Pieces of wood were laid underneath and firmly secured to the sides

with twisted reeds, so to speak, in the future. The huge load was then piled by over a hundred natives, the pieces of wood resting on their heads, and with a man in front leading the mass of human beings, moved slowly along. Looking out beside an enormous waterfall from the mountain which we were on the bank of the stream—

At a certain point the water fell. They are, as a rule, mounted on horses or excellent little mules, which are so constructed that they can be ridden



A MAN WITH HIS PACK ANIMAL, WITH HIS BOW AND ARROW.  
From a Photo.



From a Photo. HALF OF 'FAIDHERB' BOAT, THE 'Faidherb' BOAT FOR TRANSPORTING.

where it would be quite unsafe to trust a horse. The man with his mule in this photograph had under some hundreds of miles with a letter from Mevsek for Major Austin. The letter was written in Arabic, as his Abyssinian language is called, and as at that time we had no one who could read it, the



[From a] BEING FOOD FROM THE NATIVES—AN IMPORTANT EPISODE EN ROUTE. [Photo.

letter was rather wasted on us. Later on we had the letter translated, and the friendly tone and offers of help it contained caused us much gratification. The mule saddle is made of wood with a high peak and cantel, and is for a European a most uncomfortable seat. The stirrup-irons are very small, and are only used to rest the big toe in.

As the food we had carried with us from Omdurman was by this time running short we halted for a few days among a very friendly tribe of natives and opened a market, which is shown in this snap-shot. Here, all day long, sat some of our non-commissioned officers, and in exchange for beads bought flour and grain from the natives. For a small handful of beads from one to two pounds of flour could be obtained; chickens cost two or three strings; while goats and sheep had to be purchased with brass wire. Much laughter and talking took place, as is usual when the fair sex are engaged in buying or selling. The damsels brought their

small wooden vessels full of flour, and after an amount of haggling that would have done credit to a London hawker the bargain was concluded, and the young lady tripped off with many a side-long glance at the handsome young Soudanese soldiers, only to return a few minutes later from her father's hut with her vessel replenished with food.

By this process in a few days we had as much flour as could be carried by our transport animals, and leaving these friendly

natives the caravan started on its march again.

Guides had been procured on the agreement that they were to be rewarded with a cow after they had led the party to the next native settlements. The morning before we started we were rather surprised to hear that, instead of the promised cow, the guides would prefer to have two goats; their reason being this: that if they were the proud possessors of a cow, a more powerful neighbour would very soon relieve them of the trouble

of looking after her, so they would prefer to have two goats and live in peace. This was readily agreed to.

Crossing a river generally took nearly a whole day. The Berthon boat had to be put together, and then a large rope was stretched across the stream, and an impromptu ferry was made, as is shown in the photograph. The strength of the current of the River Gelo (the stream in question) can be imagined by looking at the way the rope is giving to the weight of the boat. This river was in heavy flood, and not only had all the loads to be carried across in the boat, but as the stream was too swift for the animals to swim across safely they had to be tied with ropes round their necks and under their lower jaws and held by men in the boat, and so dragged to the opposite bank.

The Nuers are a powerful people, numbering, it is supposed, several millions. They owe allegiance to their Emperor, Yohi. In the



[From a] CROSSING THE RIVER GELO IN THE COLLAPSIBLE BERTHON BOAT. [Photo.



IN THE MIDDLE IS THE SON OF YOLI,  
EMPEROR OF ALL THE NUBES.  
From a Photo.

centre of the group here shown is Yoli's son, while on each side are two warriors. This young gentleman was kind enough to say that if his people could only find the natives who had guided us to their villages they would cut them up into little pieces. As we had found our own way, the guides having run away several days before, there was nothing more to be said about the matter. This people gave us several men to show us the way to Nasser, where there is an Egyptian fort.

We reached Nasser at the end of May. In the picture a barge is seen lying along side the fort. The walls of the fort are made of mud, and inside are the stores, houses and the Egyptian officers' quarters. Taha Effendi Ahmed, a captain in the Egyptian army, was in command; he did all in his power to assist us in every way. As the river had been very low, and no steamer had been to Nasser for some months, the garrison was as pleased as we were when early one morning, the *Ankeh*, which had been sent to look for us, arrived and tied up to the bank. By the evening we were on board, and early next morning were under way up the river to pick up



MR. ROUTLEDGE, THE GUIDE IN THE "ANKEH" BOAT, AND SEVERAL MEN OF THE NUBES. (1906.)



From a] FORT NASSER, WHERE THE "ANKEH" ARRIVED TO RESCUE THE TWO OFFICERS. (1906.)

a lot of stores we had been compelled to abandon on account of heavy losses by death of transport animals.

The *Ankeh* was in charge of Mr. Routledge, an English engineer. He is seen in this group with his crew of Berberines and Soudanese. He is holding by its tail a puff adder, which was lying coiled up near his feet and which he very nearly picked up alive, thinking it was a native basket.



THESE NATIVES WERE SNAP-SHOOTED WHILE PRAYING FOR PROTECTION ON THE APPROACH OF THAT SLUGGISH MONSTER, THE STEAMER.

Mr. Routledge was as keen a sportsman as anyone could wish to meet. Directly the steamer was tied up he was off with his gun or rifle, and seldom returned without having had some sport; in addition to this he was an excellent man at his work, his ship being worked so well that it was a pleasure to be on board her. Some of his bags were rather mixed, it is true. I think one of his afternoon shoots would take some beating—it consisted of a male, female, and young monkey, one snake, a pigeon, and a dove. The pigeon and the dove both unfortunately stuck and remained in the trees where they were shot. Another day the only sport he had had, he told us, was that he had shot the leg off a goose!

The natives were rather frightened at the sight of the steamer, and often would squat down and wave their hands up and down, as is shown in the above photograph. This is the way they implore the Supreme Being in whom they believe. They have no form of worship, but when they are frightened or in grief they will sit down and move their hands up and down. These natives are superstitious and also very nervous at night. Nothing will tempt them out of their huts after dark, as they believe that then all the ghosts

of the departed are walking about.

Canoes on this river are made by hollowing out a tree and shaping the outside into the form of a boat. The river was very low when the next photo. was taken. It depicts a native baling out the water from his canoe with a gourd. The natives spear numbers of fish from these boats; one man sits in the fore-

part of the canoe, and is paddled slowly along near the bank by another man sitting in the stern. The man in front is armed with a long, sharp spear, which he keeps on driving into the reeds at the water's edge, and very often manages to secure a fish in this way. The spears are made of long, light pieces of wood, the end of which is neatly fitted in the leg-bone of a giraffe, sharpened off to a point.

Wood is entirely used on the river steamers as fuel. When a suitable spot where trees are growing near the water's edge is reached the steamer is anchored to the bank and a party of men sent on shore to cut down trees and trim them into suitable lengths for the steamer's furnaces. These pieces are then stacked in heaps, as is shown in the next illustration. The disagreeable part about handling wood in this



From a

A CANOE ON THE SOBAT RIVER.

[Photo.



country is the danger of being bitten by scorpions. Very often, indeed, we had men stung. The sting is very painful, and generally made the sufferer unwell for a day or two. When as much wood as the steamer could carry had been cut and stacked it had to be carried on board and then stowed in the holds.

The next snap-shot shows the pieces of wood being passed on board. A long line of men was formed, and in some cases (when the steamer was near the stacks of wood and there was a sufficient number of workers) two or more lines were made, and the wood passed from hand to hand till it reached the steamer. The men sang and clapped their hands to keep time, so that very quickly the wood was got on board. The picture shows the front view of the line, as every now and again the whole row



[Photo.]

SOME OF THE CUT AND STACKS FOR THE STEAMER.

[Photo.]

away in many places. The train we were to travel slowly and carefully, and as we went along a large party of men repaired the permanent way. When we reached the "wash-out" shown in the photograph our progress was

effectually barred and the train returned to where it had started from. In a few days, however, we were taken down the river in a steamer and put into a train on the right side of the floods. We then soon reached Cairo, finally arriving in England, having been absent from home for just on ten months.



FRONT VIEW OF SOLDIERS AND SAHORS PASSING FROM A] WOOD FUEL ON TO STEAMER. [Photo.]

would turn completely round so as to give their arms a little rest and change.

Omdurman was again reached after an absence of about seven months. Here the soldiers returned to their regiment and the transport drivers were paid off. The remaining animals were sold and the whole expedition broken up. Major Austin and I started on our return journey to England. We were delayed several days on the railway on account of heavy rains having washed the lines

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[Photo.]

THE WASHED-OUT RAILWAY OFFERING DIFFICULTY WITH HEAVY RAINS—24

[Photo.]

# Travelling Under the Sea.

## ALL ABOUT SUBMARINE WARSHIPS.

BY MAJOR C. FIELD, R.M.L.I.

This officer has prepared a number of interesting sketches of all the chief submarine warships, and he deals with each one in turn, describing it in detail and giving much miscellaneous information, anecdotes, etc.



It is a rather curious reflection that although for some centuries the construction of the peculiar class of vessel known as the "submarine boat" has been contemplated, and even carried out by various inventors—latterly with some frequency—yet not one of the many built has ever attracted so much general attention as the marvellous craft which had its inception in the fertile brain of Jules Verne, the French novelist, and its existence merely between the covers of "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea."

Yet for all that these quaint, fish-like craft have had equally interesting peculiarities, and in some cases—not very many it is true—have gone through thrilling adventures.

Except in one or two of the later submarine vessels the design of the inventor has been to produce a little war-vessel, which should be able to approach the big fighting ships of an enemy secretly and securely, and then destroy them by means of an explosive charge.

The idea of damaging an enemy's vessel by an under-water attack is very ancient. Aristotle and Pliny had some hazy ideas about the employment of divers for this purpose, who were to be supplied with air by means of tubes. This was again suggested by Friar Bacon, and is also referred to in a book on naval and military matters published in Paris in the sixteenth century.

The earliest submarine boat which was built in this country is supposed to have been one in which the pedantic James I. believed in to such an extent that he risked his Royal person in an experimental descent in her. This story, judging by what one has read elsewhere of the monarch's peculiarities, does not seem to bear the impress of truth, yet it is quite probable that such a boat was built. It was the invention of an ingenious Dutchman hailing from Alkmaar,

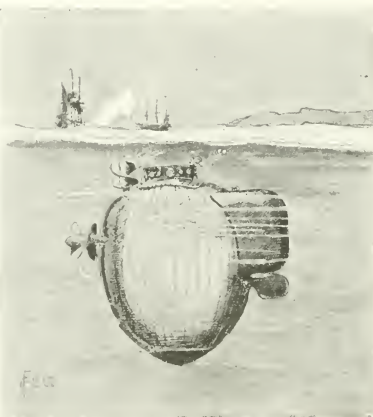
Cornelius van Drebbel by name, who was appointed engineer to the King, to whom he is said to have presented "a rare instrument of perpetual motion"—"like a perpetual almanac." His boat was designed to contain a dozen rowers besides a number of passengers. Over in Amsterdam, a few years later, a Frenchman built another of these boats no less than 60ft. long.

But the credit (if credit there be in designing such an underhand and insidious weapon of warfare as a submarine boat) of producing a really practical craft of this nature undoubtedly belongs to the United States of America, a country whose climate seems most favourable to the growth of "inventive genius."

It was soon after the War of Independence had broken out that one of our rebellious colonists, David Bushnell by name, constructed several submarine boats, which were known as "American turtles," probably on account of their form, which resembled two turtle-shells joined together at the edges.

Our first illustration shows an early production of this inventor. It was constructed of oak staves, strengthened by iron bands, and the "crew" of one man entered it through a kind of man-hole in the top, which was closed by a brass cover provided with glass scuttles, through which he could see on all sides. The operator sat perched on a seat in the very middle of the vessel, his head in the raised cover, the tiller under his left arm, and the handles for turning the two propellers, or "oars," as the inventor called them, just in front of him.

Behind him, and on the outside of the vessel, was attached, knapsack-like, a heavy wooden case, containing a charge of powder, which, according to various accounts, was either 130lb., 150lb., or 200lb. in weight. This was connected by a short line to a sharp



DAVID BUSHNELL'S DIVING-BOAT.

screw which protruded from the top of the vessel just abait the upper propeller. The programme of attack was for the "turtle" to be brought below one of our men-of-war, the screw screwed into her timbers from within the vessel, and the powder charge released. This would then rise into contact with the doomed ship, the "turtle" would retire to a safe distance and then discharge the torpedo by means of a long line connected with the trigger of a gun lock placed within it. Sufficient air was contained to last for thirty minutes, and a very short visit to the surface would replenish the stock by means of specially contrived valves and an air-pump.

One of these curious craft very nearly succeeded in destroying the *Eagle*, a British ship of sixty-four guns.

A big expedition from England had just arrived off New York. It consisted of thirty-seven men-of-war and no fewer than 400 transports, and anchored just inside Sandy Hook. Here was a splendid opportunity for testing the new invention. A "turtle," manned by a Sergeant Lee, was accordingly towed to the scene of action by a number of whale-boats under cover of the darkness, and on reaching the neighbourhood of the fleet was left to carry out its manoeuvres. Favoured by the obscurity, Sergeant Lee was undiscovered, while he could not well help coming across some one out of so large an assemblage of ships. He at last came in contact with the *Eagle*, and set to work to fasten his torpedo to her. But, fortunately for the unsuspecting English crew, he strove in vain, for he had struck some of the iron bands strengthening her rudder fastenings. When he discovered this he tried to find a softer spot, but in so doing got swept away by the tide. At length he had to come to the surface to get fresh air. Dawn was beginning to creep dimly up in the east, and he thought that he might as well remove from a position which promised considerable peril. So he made slowly off, heaving round at his propeller, till he arrived near Governor's Island, the top of the "turtle" just showing above water. Suddenly the click of oars in the rowlocks penetrated his brazen hatchway, and he caught a glimpse of a big British guard-boat pulling hard for him. We can well imagine the eagerness of the seamen to capture

one of the abhorred "turtles," torpedoes were at that date being considered unfair and only suited to pirates. But the Yankee contrived to escape. Tattling up his torpedo, he soon also exploded it, and made off in the confusion and smoke, probably diving out of sight.

At the beginning of the present century another American, Robert Fulton—who also produced the first steam fugate and a variety of torpedoes—brought out a submarine boat. His plans were, without doubt, based on those of Bushnell, but, though he built two or three boats, he could get no one to take them up. He came with his invention to England to no purpose, for it was not a machine to be encouraged by the premier naval power, and in France he met with no better luck, though his demonstrations were very successful. Admiral Dérès, to whom he submitted his boat, remarked that it was "comme tout les Algériens et des corsaires." Subsequently, two or three others were built after his plans, one of which, under the command of a certain Johnson, a noted smuggler, was to have formed the means of Napoleon's escape from St. Helena, had not his death put an end to the project. Another somewhat notable boat was designed in 1832 by M. Montgery, a French naval officer, and yet another was the invention of Mr. Scott Russell, and was experimented with about the time of the Crimean War.

Bauer, a German inventor, carried out several rather successful experiments about this period with a "submarine," which he called the "Marine Devil," but although several European Governments considered the invention it was adopted by none.

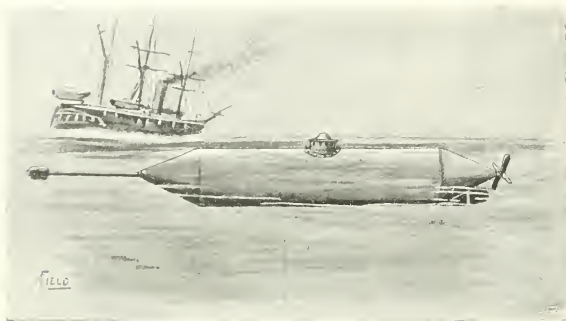
Our next illustration depicts an American invention which was brought to this country by a Mr. Delany, of Chicago, in 1851. It had been designed in 1851 by a Mr. Philips, who resided at Michigan, and was earlier his original boat



(PHILIPS' BOAT), SERVICE GOV'T. MAPS, PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE AUTHOR.

enlarged and improved or a new model. It was 60ft. long and 7ft. 6in. in diameter, and fitted with a species of thimble, the object of which was to allow it to withdraw without injury in case it ran into anything. The following are a few of the qualities the inventor claimed for his boat. He had, he said, stayed under water four hours, and there sawed off timbers 1 1/2 in. square; it could lay out and fire torpedoes, bore holes in ships' bottoms, survey an enemy's harbour, come to the surface and fire a gun carried forward, and sink to re-load, and finally seek for pearls and treasures in the depths of the sea. Probably, the boat could seek better than it could find.

The picture next reproduced is of more than



THE ILL-FATED BOAT THAT SANK THE "HOUSATONIC."

ordinary interest, as it is a portrait of the unfortunate boat that sank the *Housatonic* in the American Civil War and met her own fate simultaneously. This was a regular "coffin ship," for, besides the final catastrophe in which she figured, she had previously drowned three other crews, only four men out of the thirty men who composed their aggregate escaping with their lives. She was built by the Confederates for the purpose of destroying the Federal squadron blockading Charleston, and was of elliptical section, 50ft. long, and propelled by hand-turned cranks on the screw shaft. Eight men were employed on this duty, and one acted as steersman. She was armed with a torpedo affixed to a 15ft. spar. It was on the evening of the 17th February, 1864, that she started on her last trip. The crew, probably influenced by the fate of their predecessors, refused to have the hatch fastened down, so that the attack was necessarily made at the surface, the top of the boat being just awash. We can

imagine the swaying bodies of the eight doomed men as they hove round at the cranks in the interior of the hollow iron cylinder, now and again turning their heads towards the round patch of night sky that was all they could see of the outside world, and all they ever would see; the occasional rattle of the steering-gear, and the continual lap of the water round the coamings of the little hatch.

At about a quarter to nine the officer of the watch on board the *Housatonic* sighted the top of the boat about 100yds. off, slipped his cables and went astern. But he was too late. Before the crew, who had been alarmed, could reach the deck, the torpedo had struck her. There was a mighty concussion, a cataract of water. The man-of-war heaved her bows out of the water, and then sank stern fore most. The greater part of the crew were saved by boats from the other ships. As for the *David* or submarine boat, it was indeed a case of "the engineer hoist with his own petard." The mighty wave upheaved by the explosion swept over her and swamped her, drowning her crew like rats in a trap. It was not until after the war that she was discovered by divers, lying roof-t from her victim, or, according to other accounts, sticking fast in the hole she had made in the *Housatonic*.

This picture shows *Le Plongeur*, a submarine vessel invented by Admiral Bourgeois, of the French navy, and experimented with in 1863. As in most cases, the reports of her trials seem most satisfactory, but she never got beyond this stage. The vessel itself was in the shape of a cigar with a flattened top, hollowed in the centre to hold a lifeboat. She was propelled by an 80 h.p. air engine, and maintained her depth by



THE FRENCH "LE PLONGEUR," WHICH NEVER GOT BEYOND THE TRIAL STAGE.

horizontal rudders and filling or emptying reservoirs of water.

The illustration that follows depicts a boat that attracted some attention in 1881. She was built and launched on the Hudson in that year, and if her trials did not demonstrate her suitability for warfare, they at least had the merit of showing what things a submarine boat could *not* hope to do. Shortly, these were that steering a direct course under water was impossible, that no particular point in a ship's hull could be made out, and that a ship in motion would be very dangerous to approach when submerged. A certain amount of secrecy enveloped this boat, so that a baffled reporter christened her "The Fenian Ram," by which name she has since been referred to.

In the vessel shown below we come to a boat that, if judged from the practical standpoint of the numbers ordered from the inventor by different nations, must be considered the most successful of all submarine vessels before or since. This is the *Goubet*, so called after its inventor, sometimes also termed the "Fish-boat." Its first appearance dates from 1881, and so impressed was the Russian Government with its performances that, it is said, they ordered fifty in Paris, and also the mechanism for 250 others. The complete boats were delivered in 1883. Whether this story is true it is impossible to say, but it may be remarked that no mention of these boats appears in the Austrian "Marine Almanack" for the present year, a publication usually considered to be particularly well-informed on these matters. The earlier *Goubets* were 18ft. long and 6ft. in diameter, and were said to be cast in one piece of bronze. They were kept upright by a mass of lead affixed to the keel, which could, on an emergency, be instantly cast off from the inside, thus bringing the boat at once to the surface. Except in the smaller and

first constructed boats, which were propelled by means of a screw actuated by treadle, electricity was employed as the motive power. Here is an account of a trial that took place some time back at Cherbourg: "The *Goubet* sank slowly

in the water at the exact place fixed upon, and moved just beneath the surface with perfect precision to where five torpedoes were anchored side by side. At this point the vessel passed promptly under the boats and then returned to her original moorings." In a second series she was successful in

cutting five buoys from their moorings placed at different parts of the basin where the experiment took place. Two of the latest of these boats have been recently purchased by the Brazilian Government. They each measure 26ft. or a little more in length and nearly 6ft. in diameter. They are of peculiar construction, being built of wide rings or cylindrical parts, cast in bronze, with interior flanges, by which they are bolted together. They have a special telescopic arrangement which can be sent up to the surface to reconnoitre, and are fitted to carry and discharge two Whitehead torpedoes, instead of the floating torpedoes, provided with a ring of spikes, which were to be loosed beneath an enemy (just as was Bushnell's a century previous), that were placed on the earlier *Goubets*.

The drawing at the top of the following page



"THE FENIAN RAM."



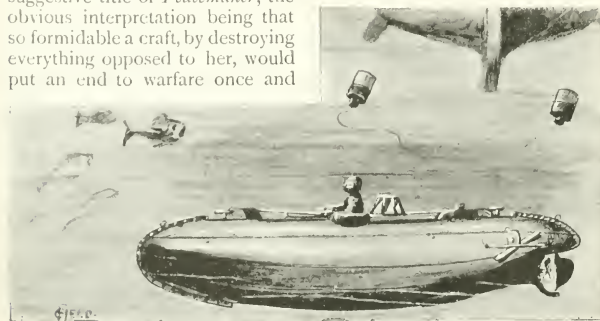
THE "GOUBET" FISHBOAT REEMERGING AT THE SURFACE.



THE "GYMNOTE" (AS ORIGINALLY CONSTRUCTED) RISING TO THE SURFACE.

illustrates another French submarine craft that came out about the same period, the *Gymnote*, the invention of M. Gustave Zédé, who has since launched a larger type which bears his name. The *Gymnote* is a spindle-shaped vessel, 59ft. in length, and with a displacement of thirty tons. She also is propelled by means of electricity, and is said to travel at ten knots when on the surface, but less when submerged. Her trials have been extensive, but not particularly satisfactory, although she has been altered and improved upon again and again. At the present time she is provided with a species of raised deck and conning tower amidships, and has a long telescopic tube by means of which an arrangement of mirrors is raised to the surface in order to take observations when submerged.

The illustration next reproduced introduces us to a very peculiar boat which was invented by Professor Tuck, of New York, about 1885, and which received from him the suggestive title of *Peacemaker*, the obvious interpretation being that so formidable a craft, by destroying everything opposed to her, would put an end to warfare once and



TUCK'S "PEACEMAKER" (FIRST TYPE) PLACING HER TORPEDOES.

for ever. So far she has not done so. Her trials are said—as is almost invariably the case—to have been promising, but she has left no mark in the history of naval architecture. She was built of iron and steel, was 30ft. long, 7ft. 6in. wide, and 6ft. deep. Her propeller was

driven by a 16 horse-power Westinghouse engine, steam being generated by a solution of caustic potash which took the place of a furnace. Her method of attack was to be the time-honoured one patronized by Bushnell, with the addition of powerful magnets affixed to the torpedoes to draw them to an enemy's ship when released below her. In the first type the steersman was placed in a species of well amidships, and clad in a diver's suit. Afterwards this system was replaced by a central dome from which the boat could be directed, with a long-armed waterproof glove on either side, so that the pilot could manipulate his torpedoes from within the vessel.



NORDENFELDT'S SUBMARINE BOAT—SECOND TYPE.

The accompanying picture shows one of three types invented by Nordenfeldt, of machine-gun fame, who at one time turned his attention to the construction of submarine war-vessels, and with considerable success. His earliest boat was 64ft. long, and was tried at Landskrona with good results. Soon after he built two others to the order of the Turkish Government. These were 160-ton vessels, 100ft. in length, with a beam of 12ft. In these, as in others of his design, the special characteristic is the use of steam for propulsion and of vertical screws for the purpose of sinking to the required depth. This system

gives a great margin of security, for the boat will only stay below while they are working. The following is a description of an interesting trial that one of these boats underwent off Seraglio Point:—

"Being directed to attack a steamer lying off the Scutari shore, as a surface boat, she darted across the current. End on, very little was seen of her, and the eye once removed, she was not very easily discovered again in spite of the direction being known, on account of the absence

big fish spouting. After this she made a submerged run against the same target. Soon target was little to be seen of her but the hullplate dome, and having turned towards the enemy it was difficult to keep her in view. Suddenly she was lost sight of, to appear, however, shortly afterwards, rounding the bows of the vessel from the other side."

Nordenfeldt afterwards built a still larger boat at Barrow in Furness, which was 122 ft



NORDENFELDT'S BOAT (IMPROVED TYPE) AT THE SURFACE

of smoke and the light colour of the outside painting. She seemed to divide the water like a plough, throwing up a bank on either side, thus forming a furrow in which she would have run completely out of view but for the small chimney kept in place when on the surface for the maintenance of combustion. As she neared the vessel two jets of water were suddenly thrown upwards, to fall in showers of spray. The tube doors being thrown open for the release of her Whiteheads, the water rushing in forced out the air through the vent-

long. She was constructed of steel, her upper part being an inch thick, which at an average position could have hardly been penetrated by any of the machine guns of her day. Her crew consisted of captain, mate, two sailmen, engineer, assistant, two firemen, and a cook. When about to descend her furnaces were hermetically sealed, funnels drawn down and closed in, when enough steam was left to carry her twenty knots. The air in the boat was sufficient to last her crew for six hours.

Our next illustration shows a queer-looking



THE WADDINGTON BOAT SURFACE

holes at the rear, with the above described effect. At that moment she looked more like a whale than ever, and might easily have been taken by the most knowing Greenlander for a

craft which a Mr. J. E. Waddington patented as an "electrical submarine vessel." She was tested at Liverpool in 1888 before the representatives of several foreign Powers. Like



THE PERAL BOAT AT THE SURFACE—STILL ON THE SPANISH NAVY LIST.

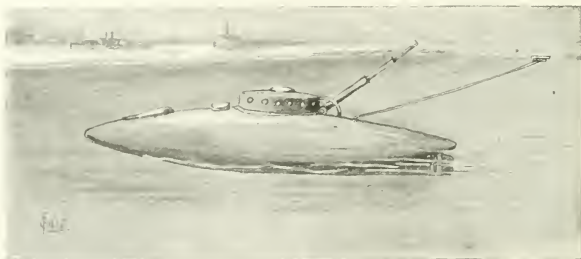
Nordenfeldt's boats, she was provided with vertical screws for immersion, but had no very distinctive peculiarities.

We now come to the picture of a submarine war-vessel the invention of Lieut. Peral, a Spanish naval officer. When first introduced about the year 1890, Spain and her friends went into ecstasies over it, fondly hoping that it would provide the kingdom with a cheap substitute for a fleet, and perhaps restore her to her old position among the Powers. This is how it struck the writer in a naval journal published at Buenos Ayres: "A cordon of submarine boats in the Straits of Gibraltar, protected by the fortresses and military ports which Spain possesses on either coast; another cordon at the mouth of the Isthmus of Suez; another at Panama protected by the Antilles, ready to bar

odious supervision over feeble races. Let them recognise that Spain, like the Phoenix, rises again from its historical ashes, and beware of provoking the lion, which seemed to slumber after its last terrible conflicts of Trafalgar and the War of Independence; for beneath the castle over which this lion mounts guard arise submarine vessels which, like the gods of fable, control the elements at their will, and launch from the depths of

ocean bolts which demolish the most invulnerable ships, in which Mars even would deem himself secure." Peral's boat was built in the arsenal of La Carracca, and was 50ft. long and of the usual cigar shape. In the centre of the vessel rises a conning-tower of curious shape, and here the captain takes his stand, and is enabled to look on all sides by a series of glasses and reflectors, while he can also turn an electric ray in any direction. She is still on the Spanish Navy List, and credited with a speed of ten knots.

The next illustration depicts a boat in whose design the necessity of constant communication with the surface of the water is frankly admitted and provided for. It is patented by Messrs. Freese and Gawn, of Ohio. Not differing very greatly in appearance from several



MESSRS. FREESE AND GAWN'S BOAT.

the passage through these keys of the ocean in case of warlike conflagration, will certainly give absolute supremacy to old Spain, who will impress her law upon all nations" (a cheerful prospect, judging by the former state of Cuba), "humiliating the haughtiness and pride which are wont to swagger under the mask of a hypocritical humanity, and as insidious meddlers, to extend their dominions, increase their influence and an

others of the genus, she is fitted with a long tube supported on jointed pinion bearings, and provided with mirrors so that the steersman can constantly keep his objective in view, while a long, flexible tube terminating in a cork float provides a constant supply of fresh air. The inner end of this tube is coiled on a reel, having a pump in connection with it that forces the air into all parts of the vessel.



It is a far cry from Ohio to Australia, but thither it is necessary to go for the inventor of the boat which forms our next illustration. According to an account of this boat which was published in 1894, its designer is a Mr. Seymour Allen, of Sydney, who claims for his boat that it is capable of travelling as quickly below water as on the surface. This, if true, is very remarkable, as in every other boat the speed when submerged has invariably fallen tremendously. A model was tried in the presence of Lord Hopetoun, then Governor of Victoria, and Admiral Bowden Smith, Naval Commander-in-Chief in Australia at that time, and seems to have impressed the latter with its capabilities, as he is reported to



MR. SEYMOUR ALLEN'S SUBMERSIBLE BOAT.

ventors to submit designs. Out of the plans of a number of competitors they selected those sent in by Messrs. Baker and Holland, respectively, and finally decided to use those of the latter.

This picture gives a view of the unsuccessful *Baker* boat, which may therefore be dismissed in a few lines. As will be seen by the sketch, it is much broader vertically than is usual in proportion to its length. Horizontally, however, her beam is only about half this width. She has a steam engine somewhat similar to those in the Nordenfjeldts boats, and is propelled by screws fixed in a species of revolving bracket on either beam, so that they can be turned into a vertical position to raise or depress the vessel. A torpedo-tube is placed forward just above the point of the boat.

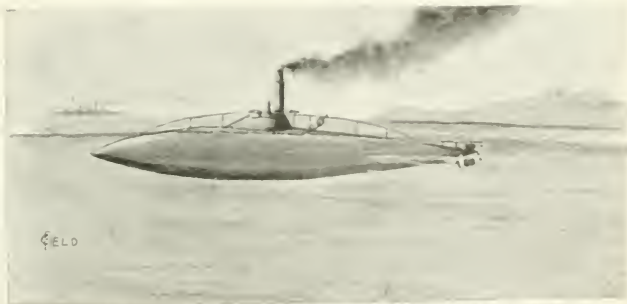


THE UNSUCCESSFUL "BAKER" BOAT.

have said that if the real vessel could do what the model did, it would revolutionize warfare afloat. It was to be driven by electricity, to carry torpedoes both fore and aft, and to be capable of remaining below for three days at a stretch.

The naval authorities of the United States have always had somewhat of a banking after a submarine boat, and accordingly, in 1893, they set aside a sum of money for the construction of an experimental craft of the kind, for which they invited in-

The following illustration shows Holland's winning design as she will appear when completed for sea. She is 85 ft. long, and will have a total



WINNING DESIGN OF HOLLAND'S BOAT FOR THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT.

displacement of 168 tons. Her guaranteed speed at the surface is to be fifteen knots, awash fourteen, and totally submerged eight. She is essentially a steam boat, being intended to be propelled by three screws, each provided with a separate set of triple expansion engines. Steam will be raised by means of oil fuel. When the boat is to dive the funnel will be drawn down by a small electric motor provided for the purpose, and the aperture will be closed by a massive sliding cover. At the same time the supply of oil will be cut off from the furnaces, and water taken into the ballast tanks to sink the vessel. Her equipment for offensive purposes consists



HOLLAND'S LATER DESIGN, BUILT AND FINISHED BY HIMSELF.

of two impulse tubes for Whitehead torpedoes, which are situated in the bows, and until the moment for diving arrives the captain will be able to con the boat in safety from the little armoured turret, which, together with the breast-work surrounding it and the funnel, is of thick steel and impervious to the smaller class of projectiles even should the enemy succeed in placing a hit on such a small target.

The progress made with the boat described above has been so slow that the inventor has had time to design and to complete a smaller and improved submarine boat which has recently been through a series of trials, reported on as most successful, in New York Harbour. Here is a picture of this formidable little craft as she will appear discharging an "aerial torpedo" from the pneumatic gun in her bows. This vessel is only 55ft. long and of seventy-five tons displacement, so that she is only about one-half the size of the former and at present unfinished boat, to which she presents many marked differences. In the first place

she does not rely on steam for propulsion, but is driven when on the surface by a small gas engine, and when below it by a motor supplied from a set of storage batteries carried on board. Both actuate the same screw and shaft. In the matter of offensive power the improved *Holland* is much more heavily provided than the former boat. In her bow, in a line with her central axis, she carries a single Whitehead torpedo-tube instead of the double one in the other, but in addition she has above it what the inventor calls an "aerial torpedo-gun." This is a tube sloping upwards at an angle of about 45deg., from which a shell containing 100lb. of gun-cotton can be hurled to the distance of 500yds. by means of compressed air. Aft is a somewhat similar gun just over the rudder, which fires its shell or torpedo for 200yds. under water. The mouths of these cannon are, of course, provided with watertight sliding covers. The idea is to advance in the "awash" position to about 500yds. from the enemy, fire the aerial torpedo at her, sink, and use the Whitehead. If it misses, to pass under her and

fire the stern torpedo-gun.

"Very like a whale" may well be remarked on looking at the next picture, which represents a boat (Dobson's) designed though as yet not constructed. It is an American idea which seems to be an attempt to combine the best qualities of the *Baker* and *Holland* boats. Like the former, its breadth is less than its height, while the propellers are exactly on the same system. The funnel, air tube, and conning-tower, on the other hand, remind one of the *Holland*.



DOBSON'S PROPOSED SUBMARINE.



THE "APOSTOLOFF," WHICH MAY BE SAID TO BE THE LATEST MODEL

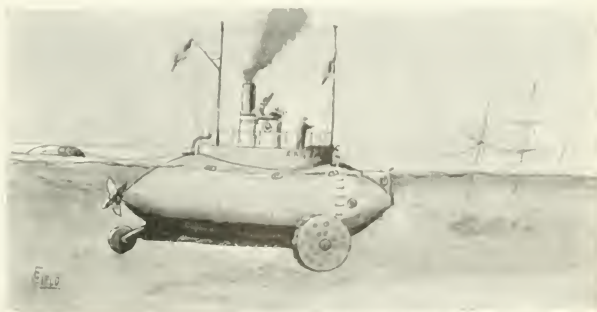
Our next illustration is a sketch of a very recent project, the *Apostoloff* submarine boat, and a weird and wonderful object it would seem to present. Instead of being driven along by a screw propeller, as are all other submarine vessels, this remarkable boat may be said to be its own propeller, as three-quarters of its length—so far as the outside goes—is a gigantic screw. This outer shell revolves on a central spindle, and within and at the stern is the fixed portion which is to carry passengers, for this craft, be it said, is intended for paths of peace rather than, as is usually the case with submarine boats, for those of war. The sanguine inventor expects that his boat will bring London within twenty-eight hours of New York. Dozens of other designs in submarine war-vessels might be quoted and illustrated did space permit, many of which have been actually constructed, though most of them have now found their way to the scrap-heap. The Hotchkiss and Berkeley, the Ictineo, the Campbell-Ash, the Drzewiecki, the D'Allest, the Piatti del Pozzo, and the Romazzotti are only a few of them that may be quoted. But the limits of a magazine article are circumscribed, and we will leave these war-like submarine craft to glance at two others that are intended for peaceful business, being specially designed for working at the bottom of the sea in recovering treasure and valuables from sunken ships, and other operations usually carried out by means of divers and diving-bells.

The accompanying illustration depicts the *Argonaut*, which is the invention of Mr. Simon Lake, of Baltimore, and is intended to proceed by sea to the scene of a wreck, where it would sink, and by means of its wheels move to a suitable position. A diver

would then emerge by a specially contrived hatch, collect the specie or whatever is to be salvaged, and hoist it by means of a crane, which can be slipped on the fore part of the boat, into cigar-shaped freight boxes, which will ascend and descend with the *Argonaut*. When filled these hatches will be closed, the water forced out by means of compressed air, and the freight hoist will rise to the

surface ready to be taken in tow. The boat is strongly built and divided into four compartments, is 36ft long with a diameter of 6ft, and is provided with a double set of propelling engines. One, a gasoline engine, is for use when at the surface; the other, a dynamo, for use below water. There is another dynamo which, by means of cogged gearing, causes the wheels to revolve and so moves the boat along the bottom of the sea, if it is sufficiently firm and even. Air is obtained through the hollow masts when near the surface; in deeper water, through a long rubber tube terminating in a float, while at great depths everything is hermetically sealed, and air drawn from storage tanks provided for the purpose.

Our final drawing, shown on the next page, illustrates the other craft of this species known as the "Pozzo Submarine Worker." Only by courtesy can she be called a "boat." Still, while there are circular ships afloat, why should we not have globular ships below water? It is the invention of M. Piatti del Pozzo, and has been lately experimented with in France. The principal advantage claimed for it is that by its means work at wrecks, reefs, etc., can be carried on at depths far beyond those at which it is possible for a diver to work on account of the pressure of



THE "ARGONAUT"—WHEELED STEAM RESCUER

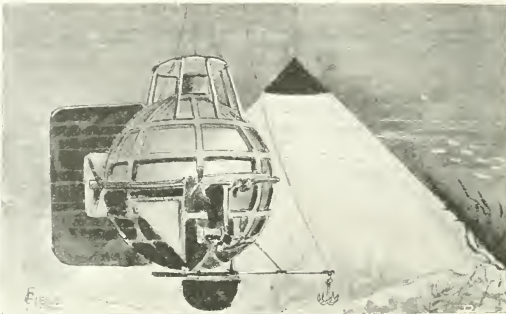
the water. The machine or "boat" consists of a heavy globe, made of cast iron, 23 $\frac{1}{4}$  in. thick, and further strengthened by cross-ribs on the outside. Complete, it weighs no less than six tons, and is moved by three screws actuated by electricity. By these and a very large rudder the *Pozzo* can be turned about freely in any direction. The crew, who enter by a trap-door in the top, are enabled to see by the aid of a specially-constructed window at the side and an electric light suspended from the ship to which the machine is attached. Heavy cases of ballast are used to sink the "worker," which in case of necessity can be released from the inside, on which it will come at once to the surface. Round the lower part of the exterior are arranged a series

of grappling-irons and hooks, which are worked from within, and so perform as far as possible the functions of a diver's hands.

In the case of these last-noticed submarine boats it is quite possible that their use may be recognised to be of advantage and that their numbers may increase, but in the case of the others which are and have been designed for the purposes of war it is very doubtful if such vessels will ever attain a position of importance in the naval armaments of any nation. Perhaps something after the style of the *Holland* boat, keeping principally at the surface and only exposing a small and well-protected target and making short dives on emergencies, may be perfected, and be found formidable to ships at anchor. As for the submarine boat proper, there are many reasons why she should never be a success however well designed. In the first place, it has now been recognised that to steer any distance in a straight course below water is all but impossible; and, secondly, speed is very slow. This is inevitable, seeing that for a given displacement the frictional resistance offered by the water which surrounds a submerged vessel on all sides is naturally two or three times greater than when only a portion is in the water, as in the case of an ordinary ship. Thirdly, it is considered by experts that the explosion of a torpedo would crush and destroy a submerged vessel at a far greater dis-

tance than would be the case if floating on the water. As the submarine torpedo craft must necessarily approach almost alongside her target if she wishes to make sure of striking with her projectile, it is quite on the cards that she would "kill two birds with one stone," she herself being one of them. As a recent writer in a French journal remarks, a submarine boat is both blind and deaf. She cannot manoeuvre so quickly and certainly as does a ship at the

surface, and the fact that when at a very short distance below the surface even the report of a gun at quite a moderate way off cannot be heard proves that the steersman in a submarine vessel must trust neither to eye nor ear, but only to the needle of his compass. And this, inclosed as it is in a narrow iron vessel full of elec-



THE "POZZO" SUBMARINE WORKER.

trical machinery, stands a very good chance of having its accuracy sadly impaired. But in spite of all these manifest disadvantages France has recently made a bold step and taken in hand something like a dozen submarine boats, a number of which will shortly be in commission. The *Narval* may be taken as a type of these. This vessel, unlike the generality of these craft, has a flat deck and bottom. When at the surface she is not unlike an ordinary torpedo-boat in appearance. She has a displacement of 106 tons, is 111 ft. long, and when above water is propelled by steam at the rate of twelve knots an hour. When submerged her screws are driven by electricity, and her extreme speed does not then exceed eight knots.

Whatever the future may reveal as to the capabilities of this under-water squadron, the French, so far, are determined to be pleased with it, and prophesy great deeds that are to be done by it in their next naval war. A clamour has been raised that our Government should follow suit. But a "submarine" is not to be fought and vanquished by another "submarine." If these craft are really as formidable as some people make out some other means of defence must be provided against them. Their extreme susceptibility to damage from the concussion of a subaqueous explosion is their weak point. In this direction inventors should seek for a means of attacking them.

## The Vengeance of Yadi "The Rememberer."

BY LIEUTENANT W. WOOD, DEPUTY ASSISTANT COMMISSARIAT (LATE) MALHAW COMMISSARIAT  
TRANSPORT DEPARTMENT.

Yadi was a commissariat and transport elephant, and the tragedies related herein are some of those inexplicable things which one encounters in the East. Yadi was a delightful creature, and could be left to mind a baby; but, like all elephants, he had a very long memory for a grievance. It is no wonder that the terrible occurrence near the new railway embankment should have made so deep an impression upon the author.

**S**HORTLY before the advance of our forces into Upper Burma and the annexation to the Crown of that kingdom I was stationed in Toungoo, at that time the most advanced post on our North-Eastern frontier.

I had, some years previously, joined the Indian Army Commissariat Transport Department, and in Cannanore and Mallapooram, on the West Coast of India, had had considerable experience with elephants. At Mallapooram, though then only an acting Commissariat-Sergeant, I had been placed in sole charge of the commissariat and transport duties of the station, and on my establishment I had eleven magnificent elephants. I simply doted on these superb animals, and spent all my spare time in their lines, studying their actions, peculiarities, and sicknesses. I soon became as well known and liked among the animals as their own attendants.

One elephant in particular I was especially fond of—a noble-looking beast standing over roft in height, with a pair of splendid tusks. His strength was enormous, yet withal he was as gentle as a lamb and as intelligent as a human being. I have played with him for hours; he would curl the tip of his trunk round, so as to form a seat as if to entice me to sit on it, which I would, when he would gently raise me, keeping a most adroit balance until I was perched on his back. The mahouts would leave without fear their infants in his charge. He would cradle a child in his trunk, and keep it swinging so easily and gently that the most fractious baby would soon be sound asleep.

If there were any heavy lifting or hard work

about Yadi was always in requisition, and would go about it like a Royal Engineer. His knowledge of balance, pivot, and fulcrum was absolutely wonderful, as also was his judgment of height and length. Yadi ("Rememberer") was the name he answered to, though that recorded in his long roll of history was *Rainy Day*. Yadi, however, he had always been dubbed by all who knew him and had experience of his marvellous memory. His record showed that he had been purchased in Burma many years before

the exact date of the transaction was not known, but in the "remark" column appeared the notice that he was supposed to have killed a man in his previous Government days. At the same time Yadi's conduct throughout his Government service had been so exemplary that this remark was generally considered a gross libel.

The exigencies of military service removed me back to regimental duties for some time, and then, when I had permanently rejoined the commissariat staff, there followed several changes of station before I found myself at Toungoo, in Burma, and once more in charge of a number of elephants, among which I was delighted to find my old friend Yadi. There had

been some reorganization of the transport centres, and in the juggle Yadi, among a number of other elephants, had been reallocated to Burma. The old Indian elephant attendants have a great aversion to Burma, and Yadi's former attendants had refused to accompany him there, so I found him with fresh attendants very inferior. I must say, to my old friends. Without doubt, Yadi recognised me immediately he saw me; he was in the sick lines at the time, being doctored by a native vet. who, however, knew



THE AUTHOR, LIEUT. W. WOOD, MALHAW COMMISSARIAT, WHEN YADI WAS IN HIS CARE.  
From a Photo. by H. Tubbitt. Three decades.

nothing whatever about him. The poor fellow put out his trunk, caressed me all over, and performed his old trick of hoisting me on to his back. I was surprised to find that none of the attendants had a good word for him; they said he was sulky and irritable. He was much thinner and did not seem at all well. I at once recognised that he had fallen into bad hands, and in the course of time I succeeded in getting from Rangoon a good Madras mahout, with the result that after a little while Yadi regained his natural health though he never quite got back his old sweetness of temper, which had been his great characteristic for so many years in India.

In 1885 the Burma War broke out, and hurried preparations were made for the invasion of King Theebaw's territories. While the main force was being dispatched up the River Irawaddy to Mandalay another force was organized at Toungoo which made its way over the frontier right into the heart of Theebaw's country. To this latter force I was attached for victualling duties, while all the available transport was made over to a regimental officer, assisted by some regimental non-coms. Well, we started, and, the commissariat being sadly undermanned as regards *personnel*, the brunt of the work fell on me. What with marching all day and working all night I soon became very much weakened; and when, after five or six days and nights of this, cholera broke out among the troops, I was one of the first knocked over by it. I found myself one day lying helpless in a rough shed, one of eight, which were all that remained of twenty-eight cases that had occurred one night at Ayala, about a day's march over the frontier. The other twenty had all succumbed and been buried in one grave. I made a slow recovery, and was

eventually invalided back to Toungoo, whence a month later I was packed off again to the front and rejoined the column at Nyingan, now called Pinyinmanah.

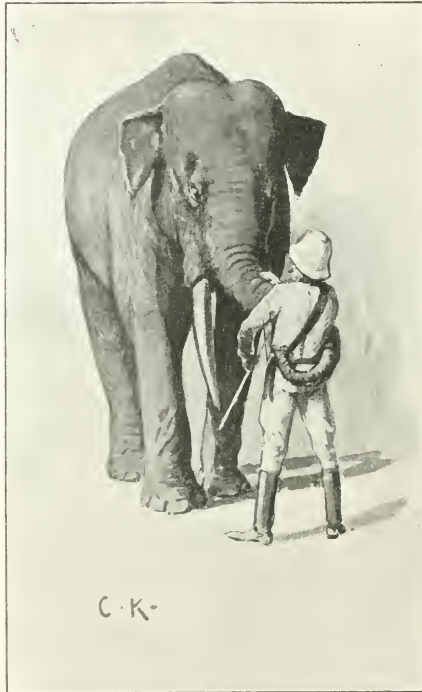
Soon after rejoining the column I was pushed on to Yemethen, which became the centre of operations throughout the South-Eastern districts of Upper Burma for the next two years, and where some of the toughest marching and hardest fighting of the whole campaign took place.

Shortly after reaching Yemethen my services were placed at the disposal of the transport section, and I was given subordinate charge of all the transport duties in the district. I had attained then to warrant rank, and was allowed free scope to come and go as I liked in furtherance of the work of obtaining transport for the carrying out of the numerous movements and expeditions.

The summer of 1886 had been an excessively hard time on all alike, but when the rains came on we were practically besieged, for the country around was all swamp, such as no vehicle or small pack animal could possibly get through. Then, besides, there were

hordes of Dacoits all round us, right up to the very walls of our entrenchments; and there we stagnated, utterly helpless, as we could not move out against them. Elephants were the only animals of any use, and of these we had but a few, so we settled down for the rains with nothing to do but feel miserable.

Among the few elephants that had been spared us was the great and lovable Yadi, but he had been so hard worked for months that soon after his arrival he was quite knocked up with a huge abscess in his head. The Indian mahout I had obtained for him at Toungoo had been moved elsewhere, and he had now two Burmans attending him, whose services Yadi by



"THE POOR OLD FELLOW PUT OUT HIS TRUNK AND CARESSSED ME ALL OVER."

no means appreciated. The *sahab*, or native vet., whom I had on my establishment was very inefficient and was afraid of Yadi, so I undertook to doctor the suffering monster myself. After making a deep incision into the abscess and probing it, I found it much deeper seated than I had imagined. In my rambles about I had once met an old Burman, who told me that in the Kallar bazaar, a part of the town allotted to natives of foreign religion, there lived an extremely old Zairbadi (a Mohammedan of mixed Indian and Burmese descent) who was a great elephant-doctor, and who, in his time, had been a large owner of and dealer in elephants. I therefore sought out this man and, after a deal of persuasion, induced him to come and have a look at Yadi. The old man, however, was so feeble that he had to be carried over to the sick lines.

To my extreme astonishment, immediately he set eyes on Yadi he doubled up with abject fear and pleaded to be removed at once to a place of safety. Nor could any inducement make him go near the animal. Yadi himself looked calmly on, and it really seemed as if the old elephant was laughing up his sleeve (or up his trunk) at some huge joke in process. The terrified Zairbadi was taken back to his house in the bazaar, and I continued to treat Yadi with such local means as I had. I was greatly piqued at the old Zairbadi's refusal to face the sick elephant, and was all impatience to know the reason why; so at the earliest opportunity I interviewed the old man again, when he revealed to me the following extraordinary details:—

He himself was the merchant from whom a Government agent had purchased Yadi, years and years ago, in Moulmein. He had sold the elephant cheap owing to the animal having one day deliberately crushed to death a man in one

of the timber yards at Moulmein. That Yadi was the animal he had sold he was quite positive, and as proof he told me to look in Yadi's mouth, where on the first grinder I would find carved the rough outline of a peacock. This I afterwards did, and found, sure enough, the faint engraving, nearly worn out, it is true, but still distinct enough to make doubt utterly impossible.

The more ancient history of the elephant right back to and beyond the date of its birth, the old man also related to me, with its attendant incidents.

At one time there lived in Moulmein two Burmans, Moung Posa and Moung Ket by name, both wealthy timber merchants and both deeply enamoured of a Zairbadi girl, who, I gathered, was the daughter of the old man relating the history. For generations the two families had been on bad terms, and this rivalry in love only



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made the feeling worse. Naturally, then, when Moug Posa succeeded in winning the girl Moug Ket simply went mad with rage, and one night forced his way into his rival's house, armed with a murderous *dah*. He made a terrific onslaught on the occupants and succeeded in inflicting some terrible wounds on Moug Posa, but, loosing hold of the *dah*, the girl secured it and making a slash at the assailant severed his jugular. Moug Ket rapidly succumbed, but before he died he asserted that in death his soul would enter into the body of an elephant which would be wily and wise only to one end—the extermination of all offspring of the victorious Moug Posa. The same hour that Moug Ket died Yadi the Rememberer was born in a breeding stud near by which was owned by the Zairbadi.

The Burmans believe that, in death, their souls enter some animal unless by their holy living they have attained to Nirvana (extinction). Accordingly, it was fully believed by the Burmans that Moug Ket's soul had taken possession of the young elephant, which was duly guarded and trained until it was full grown. Moug Posa did not survive to enjoy the fruits of his victory, and he eventually died of the wounds inflicted on him by Moug Ket. A posthumous son was, however, born to him, who succeeded to his father's property and business and in course of time married, in his turn, and had only one son.

One day while the son of the first Moug Posa was at one of his wharves surveying a recent purchase of timber, an elephant, working near stacking the logs, quietly wheeled round, seized him by the legs, and "bashed" the life out of the body, finishing up by crushing it to a jelly beneath its feet. The Zairbadi owner always feared the elephant after that, and never rested until it was sold and taken out of the country. This animal was Yadi, the young elephant born at the time of Moug Ket's death.

The old Zairbadi did not confess to me that he was the father of the girl, but he at least admitted as much in his praying me to remove Yadi from Yemethen, as he feared that the revenge of the transmigrated soul would fall on him as well, owing to his having influenced the girl to accept Moug Posa in preference to Moug Ket.

Now comes the strange part of this record. I steadily doctored Yadi's abscess, which took several months to clear and heal, and by that time the rains had ceased, and vigorous expeditions after Dacoits were once more the order of the day. We had a long, hard time of it during 1887, until the approach of the wet season

again; but by this time the back of the rebellion had been broken and the country was comparatively safe to get about again without escorts. The Burman State railway department were busy extending the line from Toungoo to Mandalay, and Yemethen had been made one of the head centres of the construction officials. Many contractors and merchants found their way to Yemethen in pursuance of their trade in supplying timber, etc., for the railway.

One day I had been to Pwebwe, an outlying post where we had a number of transport animals located. There had been some heavy rain and the channels were rather swollen, so I took Yadi to ride on. I had finished my duty and was returning, and had nearly reached home. We were swinging along by the side of the new railway embankment, dotted here and there with rough huts for the shelter of the coolies, several gangs of which we had passed, but Yadi took no notice of them, continuing to swing along at his usual six miles an hour. In front of us was a Burman with a small following trailing along behind him, after the usual way of the Eastern officials. Yadi took the outside track, passed one by one the string of followers, until he was somewhat in advance of the leading figure. Then, before I realized what the monstrous elephant was about, he suddenly swerved round and with his trunk seized by the legs the luckless Burman, whose brains he dashed out in an instant, crashing the man's head and body on to the ground with one terrific stroke.

This done, Yadi quietly tucked the body beneath his feet; there was an awful "scrunch," and he passed on. For a moment everyone was horror-stricken. As for me, as soon as I could move I simply flew off the huge creature's back, scrambling down by his tail. As I did so—and pay attention to this, for it is remarkable—the animal actually stopped and held out his hind leg to ease me down! It seemed as if he wanted to say, "Oh, I beg your pardon. I had a little business to attend to and forgot for a moment that you wanted me to help you down as usual!"

I shouted to the mahout to take the elephant to the lines and securely chain him up, but Yadi did not go far. He merely traversed about 100yds., then fell all of a heap, and was dead before I reached the spot. The whole of this horrifying and dramatic spectacle was over in a minute or two.

On inquiry as to who the Burman was that had been so suddenly mangled to death I was told that he was a timber contractor from Moulmein, named Moug Posa, whose father had also been killed by an elephant in a similar manner many years ago!



I had a *post-mortem* examination held on Yadi's carcass, and found that the cause of death was the roots of the old abscess in the head, which had penetrated to the brain. After removing the ivory I gave permission to the

By the evening nothing was left of Yadi but a heap of white bones scraped clean of the smallest particle of flesh.

The old Zorbooh, on hearing the fate of the grandson of old Moung Posa, and of the end of



"WITH HIS TRUNK BE SEIZED BY THE END OF THE CHAIN."

crowd of onlooking Burmans to divide the flesh among themselves, when they instantly fell to stripping the flesh off the bones, and for two hours a swarm of Burmans—men, women, and children—were struggling and fighting *inside* as well as outside the carcass for some of the flesh.

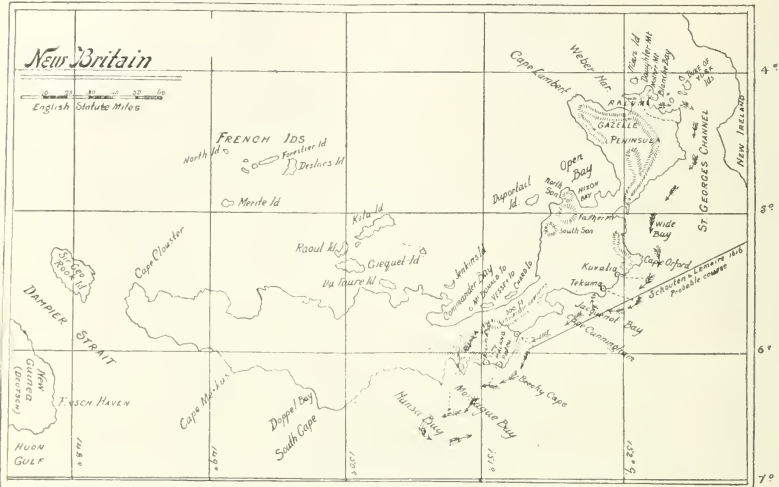
Yadi, fervently gave thanks to Allah that he had escaped the revenge of Moung Ket.

From that day to this, though I have often had elephants under my charge, I never cared to handle one of them again, and have never since been on the back of one.

## In Unknown New Britain.

By JAS. T. O'MALLEY, OF MAULAPAO, NEW BRITAIN.

The facts and descriptions embodied in the following narrative are those of a dangerous and exciting journey made by a young man, Mr. E. H. Coe, of Ralum, New Britain, to one of the hitherto unknown parts of that remote and savage island of the Bismarck Archipelago. As this is the first time a description of the savages of this part of New Britain has been given, and also the first occasion on record that the natives have had intercourse with a civilized human being, the narrative is one of special interest.



SPECIALLY DRAWN CHART SHOWING MR. COE'S COURSE FROM RALUM.



UCH interest was felt by the white settlers of the Island of New Britain in the Western Pacific, in May last, when it became known that a journey was to be made to hitherto unknown parts of the island, with the intention of forming friendly relations with the natives, who on many occasions in the past had proved unapproachable; and, if successful, the subsequent establishment of a trading depot in their midst was to be attempted. This perilous undertaking was allotted to Mr. E. H. Coe, a young but experienced settler, who left Ralum on May 23rd. With a view to possible exciting adventures and interesting discoveries (it is practically impossible to escape either in New Britain), I made

arrangements with the young explorer to keep a record of his journey; and it is from that record that I now present to the readers of THE WIDE WORLD the story of the explorer's marvellous escape from the cannibals whom he, with great courage, went among. The record was received by me in the form of a letter, part of which I now give *verbatim*.



MR. E. H. COE, OF RALUM, NEW BRITAIN, WHO MADE THIS ADVENTUROUS JOURNEY.  
*From a Photo. by James T. O'Malley.*

You will remember that I left Ralum on the 23rd of May in the ketch *Mayflower*, on board which, beside myself, were the master (Captain McKensie), a diver with his tender, and a crew of thirteen boys, principally Solomon Islands and New Ireland natives; and the object of our voyage was a prospecting trip to the unknown

parts of New Britain that lay along the coast line.

The course we steered was down St. George's Channel; and after being four days out we rounded Cape Orford, having passed Wide Bay without endeavouring to effect a landing, as the country thereabout does not show indications of cocoa-nut production, and therefore from a business point of view I would only lose time by landing. On the fifth day we were becalmed, and the vessel being near the shore I took the dinghy, and with five boys as crew went ashore to ascertain the class of native inhabiting this part of the coast, as, judging from the volumes of smoke that could be seen rising from the bush, the place must have been thickly populated. On approaching close to the shore I met with disappointment in not being able to land, as there was a heavy surf breaking over the beach, so I had to remain outside. Assembled on the beach were sixty or seventy men, women, and children, who appeared to show great interest in us as we approached, and having perforce to remain away from the beach I tried my utmost to induce some of them to swim off to the boat, but they were either shy or scared at the unusual spectacle, and not one of them would budge an inch.

At last an idea struck me. I secured a piece of red cloth out of the trade goods I had on board the boat and waved it aloft at them. The sight of that piece of cloth acted like magic, for nine of the men, throwing all fear to the winds, burst away from the crowd, and casting themselves into the sea struck out powerfully and soon reached the boat. I was astonished when they came alongside to find that they had their shields with them, which they offered in exchange for the red cloth.

These natives are similar in colour to the natives of the Gazelle Peninsula, but, unlike those natives, they do not cultivate beards, but all wear moustaches. Another notice-

able feature among them is that, whereas the natives round the white settlements are absolutely naked, these natives all have some sort of clothing. The men wear a covering made of bark, in the same fashion that the New Guinea native adopts. The women, on the other hand, wear leaves and ferns, but leave the lips and sides of the legs quite bare, much in the same way as the women of Banks (Solomon Islands). The New Britain women, however, wear fully ten times as many ferns, therefore their bodies are not so bare as those of the Banks women.

Very few of these natives wear the hair long, the majority seeming to prefer a close crop, but lime is used. They also chew betel nut, like the inhabitants of the north, and, in fact, they very much resemble them, with the exception of the few instances I have quoted. Their weapons are stone axes, wooden clubs, spears, and slings. Taken on the whole they proved very friendly, so after staying a while with them bargaining for their weapons I left and returned to the vessel. Of course you will understand that a man can find out very little of a people in a few hours, especially when he has to make himself understood by signs. They do not understand one word of the dialect of the Ralum natives, but I have no doubt that they are as ardent cannibals as our Ralum friends.

We sailed farther on and I landed some men, but found the natives much the same as those described, so we proceeded farther down the coast.

For three days we crept along the coast, every hour getting nearer and nearer to the dangerous



FIG. 1. A NATIVE OFFERING TO THE WHITE MEN'S SHIELD. (SEE PAGE 67.) THE NATIVES OFFERED IN EXCHANGE FOR THE RED CLOTH.

regions. The whole coast appears to be densely populated, judging from the smoke rising round about in the mountains; but there were very few villages on the beach.

On the evening of the seventh day I took a boat and five boys and rowed ashore to have a look at a fine stream of water which we could discern from the ship's deck; the vessel being under sail all the time, as there was no anchorage here. When I arrived on shore there were no signs whatever of habitation, so we felt safe in having a bathe in the beautiful clear stream, which seemed to run a considerable way inland. We then left, pulling along close inshore, in

evidently made during the night. We "cooeyed" and yelled at the top of our voices, but received no answer, and after waiting for about fifteen minutes we started to pull leisurely along the shore.

We had not proceeded far when we were surprised to hear yells from the spot we had left; and, turning round, I was astonished to see seven strapping big natives with long spears, dancing on the beach, and at intervals driving their spears into our footmarks in the sand, accompanying each thrust with a yell. I at once turned the boat round, but as soon as they saw the move they bolted off to the bush in spite of all our efforts to recall them.

Proceeding on our way for a little over a mile we opened out a splendid little bay, and at once saw some natives sporting in the water. We pulled up to them as quietly as possible, fearing they would run away if they saw us coming, and had got within a hundred yards when they caught sight of us, and, giving vent to a horrified series of screams, they leapt from the water and sped away into the dense bush. We landed and gave chase, but without success.

As we were returning we came across a hut with provisions and water in it; so I came to the conclusion that it must have been a picnicking party from the bush whom we had so rudely disturbed. The party evidently consisted of three men, four women, and eight children.

In the hut we found shell-fish, shrimps, fish, lizards, pork, taro, and nuts—all on the fire roasting; so, my crew as well as myself feeling hungry, we sat down and did full justice to the good things so opportunely provided.

We did not forget our caterers, for we left them the lizards, not feeling disposed to partake of this delicacy. I only wish you could have taken a snap-shot of our little dinner party, in a land that had never before been trodden by a civilized man, and in all probability a host of lurking cannibals looking on. I did not think of the dangers at the time, but now, sitting here



HOW THE "GENTLE" SEX FEAST IN SAVAGE NEW BRITAIN.  
From a Photo. by James T. O'Malley.

order to ascertain if there were any natives living on the coast here; but our efforts were fruitless, as we did not see a sign of any living person or of a village, so once more returned on board.

The next day, the vessel being in the same position and I far from satisfied with the previous day's investigations, and moreover feeling convinced that the place must be populated as the rising smoke indicated, I again went ashore. We landed on the beach in the same place, and in walking along the beach saw a great many fresh footmarks in the sand,

quietly to my calm, it comes to my mind what a foolhardy fellow I was. At the conclusion of our feast we rowed along the shore for about four miles, but saw nothing worth relating.

Next day, when some eighteen miles farther down the coast, seeing a great concourse of natives assembled on the beach, I ordered the boat to be lowered and proceeded shorewards, having five boys as crew. As I drew near to the beach I observed that the natives, who were fully armed with spears and shields, were beginning to move about in an uneasy fashion, and as the boat drew closer to the shore they fled precipitately to the bush. I ran the boat on the beach and landed, taking two boys from the boat, the other three remaining in her, so that if I had to make a speedy retreat the boat would be in readiness. I took with me two Winchester rifles, one each for myself and one of the boys, whilst the second carried a large butcher's knife. I had most unfortunately left my revolver on board the ship, and therefore had to carry a rifle.

On looking round I discovered two villages, but in reality I think they form but one, as only a hundred yards separated them. They were both situated on an elevation about 90ft. high, the paths leading up to them being so steep as to be almost inaccessible. We ascended the steep incline, and reached the top very much out of breath, and felt quite disappointed to find the village deserted. However, I made the best of the situation by an exploration of their houses, which are built in exactly the same style as the houses round about Kalum, with the small, low doorway at each end.

Inside the houses I found a grim display of trophies in the shape of innumerable human skulls, pigs' lower jaws, large fish skulls, spears with the ends decorated with human bones, and stone axes. There was every indication to show that the pigs also had the right of habitation, and the houses were one and all in a terribly filthy condition. Their beds are built up like a ship's bunks, out of bamboo, but in the majority of the huts I think the inmates were content to sleep with the pigs on the ground.

While still engaged examining the contents of the houses we were suddenly startled to hear a terrible uproar on the beach directly in front of the village. This sound quickly brought us to the open, and the horrible yelling and shouting below clearly proved that the savages had returned in great numbers, and were waiting at the entrances of the only two roads by which we could regain the beach and our boat, watching for our return to spear or club us to death.

The trap set for me by these demons was with-

out doubt a model of strategy, for now I felt undoubtedly the meaning of their rapid retreat and the deserted villages; and although I felt almost sure that my hour had come, I could not help admiring the ingenuity of the savages who had led me into this death-trap. I could not possibly see the boat from where we were, but by shouting I managed to make myself heard by the five boys in the boat. I called out at the top of my voice, asking whether there were many natives waiting on the beach, and the answer I received was far from reassuring.

"Two fellow matua (red) be fall up / long kanaka; plenty too much spear; plenty too much stone!"

Here was a dilemma, if you like, composed on the top of a hill, with the only two exits to safety blocked up by hundreds of bloodthirsty cannibals, hooting and yelling, probably in joyful anticipation of the great feast our unfortunate bodies would afford them in a few minutes.

I looked at my two boys, and the pleading look in their eyes nerved me to desperation, and I swore far down in my heart that I would do my best to extricate them from the awful trap which I had unintentionally led them into.

Safety lay in our boat, but whether we would ever reach that goal was a question. The attempt had to be made quickly, however, as it was much better to face them on the open beach than to fight them in the bush. I decided not to descend by the path by which I had reached the village, but to try the other, so I thought it possible that the natives might expect me to return by the one I had first used, and therefore might not keep such a sharp look-out on the second path. In this my surmise proved correct.

Instructing the two boys to follow me I began to descend, not directly in the path, but keeping to the side; and I think my story that I did so for the natives who were watching for us below looked straight up the pathway. Had they seen us, of course they would have rushed on in the bush and cut short our line of life forthwith. As we crept slowly along through the undergrowth we could plainly see a crowd of savages hideously painted watching the road. They numbered between fifty and sixty, and were armed with shields, spears, and clubs; but fortunately for us their interest seemed to be centred more on the other path, and as we were enabled to creep quite close to them without being observed. I whispered to the boy who held the other rifle that he was not to fire until I did so, and then to fire over their heads in order to frighten them, as I did not want any



"INSTRUCTING THE TWO BOYS TO FOLLOW ME I BEGAN TO DESCEND."

blood shed if it could possibly be avoided; but on the other hand if he saw that the shots did not scare them, then he was to shoot as many as he could.

As for myself, I am not a brave man by any means, but still fear and I did not know one another at that moment, and I had a horrible longing to shoot these treacherous wretches down. However, I thank God that it did not come to that in this case.

I instructed my boys that I was about to rush out into the midst of the waiting natives, in the hope of breaking through the crowd, and that they were to follow me; so, after taking breath, we all three bounded from the bush right into the middle of them, and so great was their surprise that they broke and fled in all directions, leaving us an opening to the sea, of which we immediately took advantage; and before the savages had recovered from the surprise we were out on the open beach, with the sea to our backs and the natives in front of us.

I felt much safer now, as I had no fear of an attack from the rear, and as I glanced towards the boat I saw one of the boys standing up in her, covering the natives with his rifle, whilst the other two rowed towards us. Meanwhile the natives had recovered from their scare and were making towards us, so I stood still with my boys

one on each side awaiting them. When they came to within forty yards of us they halted, I suppose through not being sure whether I was a ghost or a human, never having seen the like before. I called out to them, "Ken! Ken!" which word signified peace at the village I had previously visited farther up the coast. They seemed to understand, at least some of them did, for they threw their spears away, but the others made a rush upon us. I do not know to this day how I felt exactly at that moment, but of one thing I am sure, and that is, if those cannibals had not halted when I fired two shots amongst their legs, I would have shot down as many as I possibly could, for I was determined to sell my life dearly.

When I fired the natives stopped their rush, and then the crowd ran back with two exceptions—two magnificent looking savages they were, as they stood there, facing with splendid courage what must have appeared to them something quite supernatural. They advanced to within twenty yards of us, I covering them all the time with my Winchester; then they stopped, one to poise his spear while the other was getting his sling in motion. I thereupon thought it high time to do something; so I took aim and fired between the legs of one of them. The effect was magical, for the bullet struck a large stone on which he had placed one foot, shaking it and sending pieces of stone all about him and against his legs. He did not wait to throw the spear or anything else, but took to his heels and rejoined his comrades in very short time.

The other native, at the report of the rifle, let fall his sling stone and stooped down to examine the spot where the bullet had struck, and where his brother champion had stood a few moments before. Apparently not being satisfied with what he saw, he stood up and was preparing to fix another stone in his sling, when I fired again, as I had done at his mate, aiming between his legs. The bullet, however, must have hit him, for he gave a bound in the air, and then, giving vent to a yell of pain, he made off.

Of course, all this happened in much less time than it takes to relate, and during the time I was attending to the two savages the others, to the number of fully 100, were running up and down shouting and yelling, shaking their spears and gesticulating, but did not seem inclined to come any nearer to the wonderful weapon that made such a noise and spat out fire at them. They contented themselves with watching how their champions fared, but not

one of them seemed eager to come to their assistance, although a few minutes before the whole crowd had been eager enough to massacre us. In all probability the reports of the guns and the flash had aroused their superstitions, and thinking we were beings of a supernatural order they thought it best to leave us alone; and a good thing for us that they did so.

When the wounded man had rejoined the crowd I fired several shots over their heads and close to them, in order to complete the rout, and this plan succeeded most effectually. My two boys, Misic and Guam, now seeing that we were masters of the situation, wanted to shoot the natives, and freely expressed the opinion that I was no good because I would not consent to their proposal. But as I had no such murderous inclinations, and had been sent out to try and make friends with the natives and not to kill them, I strictly forbade the boys to fire on the retreating men.

After chasing the natives along the beach for a couple of hundred yards I returned to the boat, which only a few minutes before I thought I should never regain, and continued to follow up the savages, who were making for a village about four miles farther on. They stopped in front of the village, and many others joined them, increasing the number to fully 200 men, so I deemed it expedient not to land, but to try and come to a peace settlement from the boat.

I forgot to mention that all the natives wore funny head-dresses made from parrots' feathers, and, with their bodies gorgeously painted, they presented a most imposing sight. They all stood about sixty yards from the edge of the beach, and when I came opposite them with the boat, to my unbounded surprise there came out from among them an old man, holding in

his hands two cocoa-nuts<sup>1</sup> which he held out towards me, proposing me at the same time to meet him full-way on the beach. Seeing this I pulled down on, and then, as he still motioned me to approach, I ran the boat on the beach, and instructing the boys to shoot the natives down if they showed the slightest sign of treachery, I sprang ashore. I was quite unarmed, for I could not take my Winchester, as when I took hold of it the natives made a move as if they were going to run away, therefore my only alternative was to go unarmed if I wished to make peace.

My crew, however, did not at all relish this action, and pleaded earnestly for me to remain in the boat.

"Master, all he gammon you!" was their continuous warning, but I would not listen to their protests, and I started to walk towards the crowd. I came up to where the old man stood with the cocoa-nuts, but he did not wait to receive me, for, throwing the nuts on the ground, he bolted, and, in spite of all my coaxing, he would not return to receive a knife in exchange.

I was not courageous enough to advance to the crowd and deliver the knife, for I think it would have been simply suicide had I done so, so, not being as yet tired of life, I left the knife where the old man had left the nuts, and, seeing

<sup>1</sup> Cocoa-nuts I observed in the other village, near the mouth of a peace-offering, so I presume it was the same in this village.



Presenting the nuts to the natives on the beach.

the latter, retired towards the boat. My retreat was only just in time, for the natives made a rush for the knife and a big uproar ensued over its possession. Goodness knows how far they would have gone if I had remained there close to them. I jumped into the boat and held up some red cloth to them, and immediately our fighting affair was forgotten; for, throwing away their spears, they swarmed out to the boat, offering their shields in exchange for cloth. This, then, was the way I made friends with the Kilimaso natives, for that was the name they called their village. The names of the two other villages, in which I had so nearly brought my young life to a close, were Patou and Malana.

After trading with them for a while I pulled off, and was starting down the coast; but when the natives saw the direction I was taking they called me back again, and by the signs and gesticulations they made I understood that they were warning me not to proceed along the coast but to return to the ship. By signs I asked the reason of their warning, and then one fellow stepped forward and, shaking his head vigorously, made signs of throat cutting and throwing a spear, finishing up the display by a brilliant illustration of eating, pointing first to myself, then to his mouth, and then along the coast, his teeth clashing together all the time with startling ferocity. This display was painfully intelligible, and the probabilities of a warm reception farther up the coast were made manifest thereby.

It was quite remarkable the wonderful effect a little friendliness had on these natives, for here were they, who only a few minutes before were so anxious to secure my head as a prize, earnestly warning me against natives farther along, who were quite prepared, if they only got the chance, either

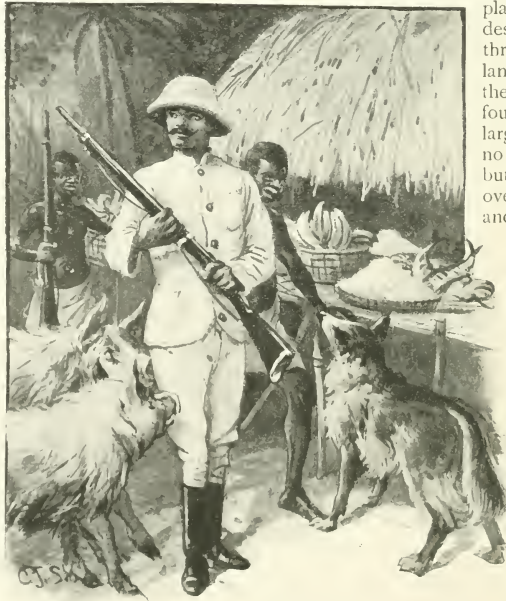
to cut my throat or spear me and finish up the job by eating me.

However, I took no notice of their warnings, for I felt rather confident after my successful escape of a few hours previously, so I continued on my way towards Montague Bay, and for fully a mile the natives followed on the beach frantically endeavouring to dissuade us from proceeding farther, shouting and waving us back all the time; but when they saw that we were determined to go on they all clustered together and waved their hands at us, in all probability wishing us "good-bye."

When we had pulled about another four miles we rounded into Montague Bay, and soon the Ruaka village which I had been so much warned against came into view. I arrived at the village a little after 3 p.m., and found it situated on the banks of a fairly large river, the background being a range of hills some 300ft. high.

We pulled into the river, but found no signs of life whatever; the place seemed quite deserted, so taking three boys with me I landed and entered the village, which I found to be a very large one. There was no sign of natives, but the place was overrun with pigs and dogs, the latter very much resembling the Australian dingo, and outside the houses on large bamboo tables was spread a wonderful array of foods, including scraped cocoa-nut, taro, jams, bananas, and fish, all in readiness for cooking. I should say they were having a big feast of some kind, as there was sufficient food to feed fully two hundred persons.

On entering the houses I found them quite bare, having been stripped of everything movable; so I concluded that the savages had seen us coming and moved away everything.



"THERE WAS NO SIGN OF NATIVES, BUT THE PLACE WAS OVERRUN WITH PIGS AND DOGS."



I knew that if I did not regain my boat speedily I would, in all likelihood, find myself in a similar trap to that which I had already experienced; so I gave the order to retreat, and reached the boat without mishap.

I entered the boat first, and just as I sat down I saw two natives emerge from the bush on the opposite bank of the stream, so I called out to them, signalling for them to cross the water, which they refused to do.

After they had spoken together for a second or two they motioned for me to come across to them, so I instantly ordered the three boys into the boat and began to cross over. I had not proceeded far when these two fellows began to yell out at the top of their voices, "Kuo! Kuo! Ku! Ku! Kuo!" and almost immediately they were answered from the hill with the same cry by hundreds of voices, and within twenty or thirty seconds stones, sticks, and spears were flying all round us, many of them striking the boat, but doing no damage worth mentioning. One of the boys had a very narrow escape from

with dodging spears and stones, besides trying to get our boat out into mid stream, we were kept fully occupied.

The natives on seeing us retire swarmed out of the bush and vociferated right down to the water's edge, our boat then being within spear throw of them.

I now ordered the boys to fire over the heads of the natives, to see if we could not frighten them, as we had done the Kilimaso tribe, but in this case it was of no use, as the savages were not a bit scared, for as soon as we fired our volley the whole assemblage ducked their heads and made a rush for the boat.

I had no time for any parley, so ordered the boys to shoot at them before they could throw their spears. The savage who led the rush was a powerfully-built man, standing about 6ft. 3in. in height. He made straight for me with his long spear poised for throwing, while with his left hand he held a big shield. I had no eyes for anybody else but this huge fellow, who I could see was determined to get me if he could.



"TAKING CAREFUL AIM. I ALLOWED HIM TO COME WITHIN TWENTY-FIVE YARDS OF THE BOAT."

being hit by a big stone, which passed his head, just grazing it. I had no time to look round to see if any of my boys were hurt, for it took me all my time to dodge the stones and spears, and I often wonder since how it was that we all escaped uninjured, for there must have been considerably over a hundred natives firing at us.

I can assure you we were not idle, for what  
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So taking careful aim, I allowed him to come within twenty-five yards of the boat, when he stretched back his arm in the act of throwing the spear. I am firmly convinced that had that spear left that man's hand, with the full force of his powerful muscles, there would be no one writing these lines.

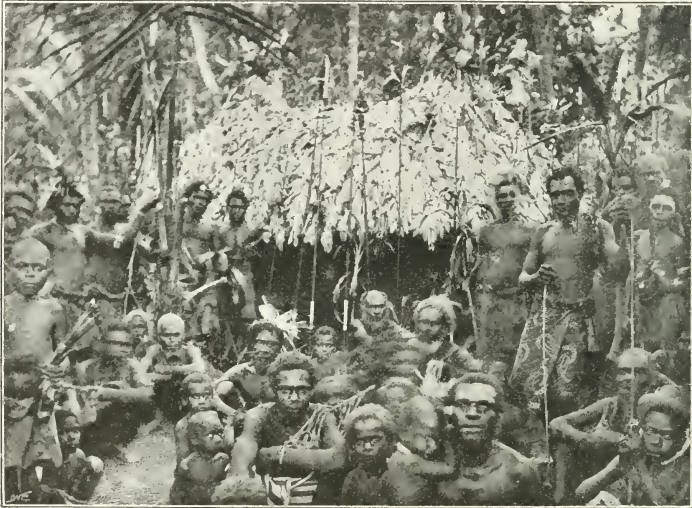
It was either his life or mine, for, being so close to me, he could not possibly miss piercing

my body with his long spear, so, just as his arm swept back, I fired straight for his heart, and he fell, checking the forward motion of the spear, which fell half-way between himself and the boat. The boys also had fired into the natives, but did no damage, so that my shot was the saving of the party. The moment they saw their chief fall they stopped, then turned and made off for the bush.

In one sense I was pleased that no more lives had been taken, but I was also indignant with my boys, who had so miserably failed with their

away his spear and shield, and entering the boat pulled away, but had not gone very far when we saw the natives come from the bush and carry the body away.

I think that the Ruaka village will not be so ready to attack me the next time I go there; but it was a close shave this time, for had the two natives on the beach given the signal whilst I was in the village I would surely have been massacred and afterwards eaten, for I saw ample evidence to convince me that the Ruaka people are cannibals. Over the door on the inside of



THIS PHOTOGRAPH WILL GIVE YOU AN ADMIRABLE IDEA OF THE SAVAGES INHABITING THE INTERIOR OF NEW BRITAIN.  
From a Photo. by James E. O'Malley.

rifles when it came to a pinch, which clearly shows how little a man can depend on these boys in time of danger.

We waited for some time to see if the natives would come back, but in vain; so I then went on shore again to have a look at the man I had shot. I found him quite dead, the bullet having penetrated the shield and passed clean through his heart, coming out on his right side. I took

one house I counted fifty-two human lower jaws—in fact, all the houses are ornamented with skulls and jaws.

On Mr. Coe's return to Ralum he placed the facts of the case before the German Imperial judge, Dr. Schney, who completely exonerated him from all blame, and justified his action in killing the Ruaka chief.

## Down the Topocobya Trail.

BY GEORGE WHEATON JAMES.

The author is, perhaps, the greatest living authority on the peoples and places of Arizona and New Mexico. In the passage of a terribly difficult "trail," here described, an exciting experience occurred to one of Mr. James's lady companions. The photographs convey a striking idea of the almost impossible country traversed.



AMERICANS are just awakening to the fascination and interest which Arizona and New Mexico possess. To most people they have hitherto been an utter *terra incognita*. For many years, however, I have been exploring and photographing the deserts, mountains, canyons, and *mesas* of these wild territories; visiting, living with, and studying their Indians, and seeking to solve some of the many problems—ethnologic, geologic, and antiquarian—which these regions present.

Few places or people have interested me more than the Havasupai Indians who dwell in Cataract Canyon, one of the tributaries of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River—the most stupendous waterway of the world.

No nation on earth has a more grand and picturesque national home. The stream of the Blue water (Havasupai) is so fringed with willows—flourishing, luscious, and vigorous, which present so striking a contrast to the red of the Canyon walls, as immediately to suggest the poetic name applied to them by Lieutenant Frank H. Cushing, "the Nation of the Willows."

When he visited them the Indians showed him there were but two methods of entrance and exit to their Canyon home, viz., by the trails known as the Wallapai and the Moho. The existence of other trails was a national secret, yet, when I was taken to them nearly a dozen years ago, it was down a third trail, the Topocobya. Since then I have been guided by various of my Indian brothers to each or ten



THE EASY ON THE WALLPAI TRAIL—DESCENDED BY A CUSTOMER MAN, TO CATHLAMET.

Phot. by George W. Eaton.

other trails, all of them so cunningly engineered and the approaches to them so marvellously hidden, that it would take more than an ordinary expert to find them.

And what trails they are, to be sure! Even the Moki and Wallapai trails and the later-discovered Topocobya are dreadful for a city-bred man to contemplate. For the most part they are mere scratches on the face of perpendicular cliffs, a thousand or more feet high; "scarey" sliding shelves, too, where a misstep

the patient, sturdy, plucky, and wise little burros, or donkeys—for there are no hotels or restaurants in Havasu Canyon. The sandy soil of the Canyon provides our beds and "canned" goods the staple of our diet, helped out with corn, peaches, squash-melons, and the like got from the Indians if we arrive at the right season.

Did you ever see a load packed upon a burro? Bring out the kyaxes—rawhide boxes that hang from the pack-saddle on each side of the burro. Load these with heavy canned goods.



*From a Photo. by*

AT THE FOOT OF THE WALLAPAI TRAIL.

*[George Wharton James.]*

of horse or man means a fall of several hundred feet. Or, again, solid stone stairways 10ft., 20ft., or 50ft. high, overlooking yawning abysses which make one faint with dread. And yet, all of these are so skilfully constructed as to command the highest admiration for the Indian engineers. Up and down these awful places they fearlessly ride. And up and down them we must walk, or slip, or slide, leading our horses or letting them go on ahead, our provisions and bedding packed on the backs of

Pile above them bedding, grain for horses, cameras, plates, and whatever else is needed. Cover the whole with heavy and strong canvas, and now put on a "hitch" or "tie" that will bear the joggling, jolting, and tipping backwards as the burro climbs up, or the tilting forwards as he descends, and the swinging sideways that such a load must encounter on such an awful trip. The chief hitch is the "diamond," and in the accompanying photograph you see the packs ready for the final tug. Bracing one foot



"THE 'DIAMOND HITCH' IS THE TEST OF A PACKER'S SKILL."  
From a Photo. by George Wharton James.

on the pack or the burro, whichever suits him best, he gives the final pull. The diamond hitch is the test of a "packer's" skill and the aim of every tenderfoot in his first "wild and woolly Western" experiences.

And what excitement we have had going down the trails, in the daytime and at night—packs twisting; burros and mules kicking and obstreperous; horses slipping and falling; men swearing; women screaming; and Indians apparently calmly and indifferently looking on, but all the while chuckling and secretly laughing whenever your attention was called elsewhere!

And what terror I had once when caught at the foot of that trail late in the day. Night's black pall was just falling over us—two ladies and three men. I had to send the two men on to the spring where we had *cachéd* provisions on our way down, and thus was left alone with the ladies—my daughter and a Mrs. Long.

The only place I was seriously afraid of was where the trail in its ascent ran south to a certain point under a majestic cliff several hundred feet high, then turned east and ascended by three very awkward steps to a higher level, and, finally, turned back to the north. The horror of it was that, at the base of the stone stairway, there was a short piece of sliding talus and then a drop down into the deepest depths. Hence, should a horse miss his footing on the steps he and his rider would probably be precipitated into that awful abyss and dashed to pieces on the rocks beneath.

When I thought of the place I was upon the choice of the two horns of a dilemma. It was, *deus ex machina*. Should I warn the ladies and then make them steady, or should I let them go on unassistedly and risk that dreadful stairway? I knew that if they had fortifort enough to give the horses their heads and allow them to travel in their own way there would be little, if any, danger. But would they do it? I told them to let their bridles hang loose and determined to risk it. By the time it was dark—horribly dark. The great cliffs on each side and before us cast shadows that were appalling to their blackness. I could

not see more than the barest suggestion of my horse's head. My daughter followed me and Mrs. Long brought up the rear. Slowly we approached the dangerous place. As I rode on that lower shelf I could literally *feel* that yawning blackness on my right. Step by step we approached the wall of dense darkness before us. Then the turn to the left was made. I counted one, two, three, and the steps were mounted and my horse and I sat on the shelf above. Twenty more paces, and I was where the trail widened out, waiting for my daughter. Breathlessly I followed her horse's movements, and my excited imagination seemed to see the animal's steps one after another as he safely made the ascent, and when she halted by my side I breathed a fervent, even though inaudible, "Thank God!" Now we both waited for Mrs. Long. I could hear the deep breathing of her horse, and wondered whether she would let his bridle hang.

Step by step they approached the wall. Up one step, on the second, four feet on the third. Then—horror of horrors!—the animal's feet slipped on the treacherous rocks and down he fell. A groan from Mrs. Long told me that she had fallen from his back. Where and how? Would he roll over and kill her? Would she, in her semi-insensibility, fall off the steps into that yawning blackness? And with a new terror at my heart I wanted to hear the sound I dreaded above all others to hear. To



From a Photo. by

THE DANGEROUS STEPS WHERE MRS. LONG'S HORSE SLIPPED AND FELL.

[F. H. Maude.

my intense relief, however, I heard instead a deep sigh.

But I had not been idly waiting during this time. The moment the horse fell I sprang from my horse and, handing the bridle to my daughter, bade her remain there while I returned to help Mrs. Long.

In the meantime new fears suggested themselves. What was the horse doing? Stumbling to his feet? Would he tread on her? When he reached the upper shelf would he stand still? Would he run over me or force me off the trail? He settled all these questions by nearly doing the latter as he dashed by me, where, striking the horses ahead, he scared them, and all three wildly dashed up the trail for the top, leaving my poor daughter dazed and helpless where they rushed by her.

I found Mrs. Long on the steps, her body in the safest position she could possibly have fallen into. Her feet were on the lowest step and her head on the top one. Lifting her in my arms I carried her to my daughter, where she soon recovered from her swoon, and, finding no bones broken, we slowly and by short stages wended our laborious way to the head of the trail, where the ladies said they would remain while I went in search of the runaway horses. It was slow work. Mrs. Long was so shaken and bruised that she could take

only a few steps at a time, and to accomplish these she had to be sustained. It was with a deep sigh of relief that my thankfulness was expressed when we reached the top of the trail. But even now our difficulties were by no means over. Our waggon, with all our camp equipments, was over two miles away, and it was pitch dark. The horses that my comrades Nellis and Symons were bringing were heavily laden, and we had no saddle. Even had there been one, Mrs. Long was incapable in her present condition of sitting upon a horse alone. We were, indeed, in a serious plight! I felt I must follow the horses, as without them we could not get back to the railroad, and yet I felt it was brutal to leave my timid and shrinking daughter with a possibly seriously injured woman alone in the darkness, and in a locality where the wild howls of coyotes and other night animals were constantly heard. I could only do what I thought was best, and then the brave women, without a word of selfish murmur or complaint, both urged me to follow the horses, while they promised to sit content on the rocks and await the coming of the men. With a prayer for their protection I plodded along in the darkness, running where I knew the trail was reasonably safe, and crawling in one or two places where the memories of former rides along sides of

yawning chasms made me somewhat uncomfortable.

Occasionally I stood and listened, ready to return if the ladies called for me, and hoping also that I might hear the horses. Soon I was satisfied that they were not far ahead, and after a while I heard them stop for a little, when I knew that they had found grass. But the moment they heard me they were off again, and a half-dozen or more attempts to steal upon them soon satisfied me that it was a hopeless task to endeavour to catch them unless I climbed up the steep sides of the canyon. For even though we were out of the steepest part we were still in a place where the talus on either side was more precipitous than I cared to venture in the night-time. So, relinquishing the chase, I returned to the ladies. It was not long before Symons and Nellis also appeared. And then began our work, in the dark, over the longest, dreariest, and most discouraging two miles of trail it has ever been my misfortune to travel. Those two miles stretched out interminably. The darkness got blacker, as if completely to bury us from the sight of Heaven. And it did, indeed, seem as if we were forsaken of all the good powers of the universe. I was the only one who knew anything about the trail, so I wearily plodded ahead, feeling for the narrow-trodden path with my feet, and occasionally lighting a match to see that we were all right. My daughter followed, leading one of the horses, then came Symons, half carrying Mrs. Long, and the procession was closed by Nellis and the other horse. It seemed to me the hours lengthened into weeks of darkness before we reached the waggon. With what joy we gained the crest of the short but steep hill on which our waggon stood few can understand. A fire was soon lit, provisions cooked, and around the camp-fire we ate and drank all we needed. Though completely unnerved by her fall and quite wearied out we were now assured that Mrs. Long had



THE THREAT OF THE FUTURE TOPOCOYEA TRAIL.  
*From a Photo by G. H. Ward.*

received no serious injury, and this made our hearts light. But, oh! how weary we all were! Almost too weary, even after our refreshing meal and stimulating coffee, to stretch out our blankets and crawl in between them.

But poor Nellis! Even this enjoyment was denied him. Throwing a saddle over one of the horses, he followed the trail. But had escaped, and we were quite willing to be awakened out of our sound repose by his return just before dawn with the untamed animals.

Two days later we were at the railroad and on our way to visit Ayama, the city of cliffs, and in the excitement of the strange scenes there witnessed the adventures of Topocoyea Trail were almost forgotten.

## How the Black-Tailed Deer Fought the Cougar.

BY ALBERT B. JONES, OF GRAND FORKS, B.C.

The cougar is the mountain lion of North America. The hunters watched the combat for a very long time, and one of them here describes every round in this exciting battle for life or death in the backwoods. The photograph which the author had specially prepared on the very place of the conflict, and which conveys so realistic an idea of the scene, shows the identical cougar (of course dead) and another buck of precisely the same build as the conqueror, who was allowed to go in peace.



WE had been camped for several days on the bank of the North Fork of Kettle River, about eighteen miles above Grand Forks, in British Columbia, each day adding to our list of trophies. Many noble specimens of black-tailed deer adorned the trees by our camp, bearing evidence of the abundance of game in this district.

On the morning of the 24th of November last my companion, Mr. John Sells, and I started out before daylight, our intention being to reach by break of day the rough, broken, and precipitous canyons, with the "table benches" close to the top of the highest peaks, which seemed to be the favourite resort of the species of deer mentioned above.

During the night about two inches of snow had fallen, making what hunters call good "tracking snow"; and the morning dawned clear and bright, so that it was comparatively easy to follow the game. It was an ideal day, and we entered into the spirit of the hunt with a zest worthy of the noble sport.

We were about three-quarters of a mile from the foot of the mountains, and our way led through an open wooded country amid tall pines and firs, whose swaying tops rose many hundreds of feet above us.

We had not proceeded far before we struck a fresh buck track, and knowing he could not be far ahead we hurried along, expecting to get a shot at him before he reached the mountain. To our surprise, however, just as we arrived at the foot of one of the small hills we heard a roar somewhat resembling that of a mad bull, apparently not very far ahead of us. But anger did not form the only element in that roar; it seemed to be anger mingled with surprise; therefore, curious to ascertain the cause, we rushed up as quickly as possible. On reaching the crest of the hill and looking over an unusual spectacle met our astonished gaze. A five-pointed, black-tailed buck was engaged in deadly combat with a cougar or mountain lion. The buck was

a magnificent specimen, and would weigh, I should judge, over 230lb. The cougar, on the other hand, was a medium-sized feline, about 125lb., and seemed possessed in large measure of the strength, agility, and ferocity peculiar to its kind. Each fought as if determined to kill his antagonist or die in the attempt.

My first impulse was to shoot the cougar on the spot, and I jerked my rifle to my face, but my companion noticing the action, and probably in the spirit of fair play, laid a detaining hand on my arm, saying that we had better let them fight it out.

The cougar evidently had begun the attack and sprung upon the buck unawares. The marks of his teeth and claws were plainly to be seen on the neck and shoulders of the buck, and blood was oozing from every wound. Now the cougar was evidently trying to fasten on to



"HE CAUGHT HIM WITH HIS HORNS AND TOSSED HIM A DISTANCE OF EIGHT OR TEN FEET."



the neck of the deer, but was met at every turn, either by his horns or front feet, and the utmost the savage brute could do was to scratch his brave antagonist in the face with his powerful claws. If he could have secured a hold in the neck of the buck with his claws he would have gained an advantage which would certainly have led to speedy and final victory. The battle went on, round by round, before the fascinated human spectators. After considerable fencing the buck dealt the cougar a blow right on the back of the head with his horns, one of the points penetrating to the bone. The force of the blow knocked the cougar to the ground, and quick as lightning, before he could regain his feet, the buck was upon him again. Catching him this time in the flank, he tore his hide and

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A black-tailed deer (buck) and a cougar in a wooded area. The buck is on the left, and the cougar is on the right, appearing to be in a struggle or a defensive posture. The scene is filled with bare tree branches and dense foliage.

flesh a strip about 4 in. long. One point catching higher up went part way through the cougar's body, and then, as if disposing of the whole matter, he caught him with his horns and tossed him a distance of 8 ft. or 10 ft. a superb display of strength and dexterity. But, like the proverbial cat, the cougar landed on his feet, and nothing daunted turned and faced his foe again, eager as ever for the fray.

At this stage blood was streaming from a dozen wounds. With froth dropping from his mouth and eyes glaring, he presented a truly terrific and formidable appearance, and a stronger and braver animal than his present combatant might have quaked before him. The buck, however, instead of breaking and running, as he might easily have done, faced him, blood flowing from the wounds on his face, side, and back, and yet with hair bristling forward, as if fully conscious of his reserve of strength and the victory he had achieved in the first round.

The cougar now approached more cautiously than before, with his body swaying back and forth and his tail stuck out as though making ready to spring. As they came closer the cougar sprang like lightning, again trying to fasten on the buck's neck or shoulder. But in this he was foiled, for the deer caught him on his horns and forced him back, but not until the cougar had dealt him some ugly scratches, for wherever his claws caught they seemed to cut like a knife. The cougar would jump sideways to avoid the horns or feet of his opponent, but just as quickly the buck would turn and present a bold front, either his horns or feet being ever ready to meet the swiftly-moving cougar.

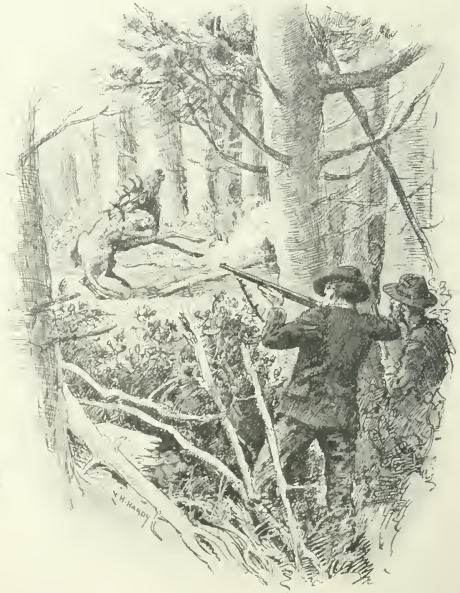
After a time, however, the huge cat did succeed in catching the shoulder of the deer with the claws of his fore feet, and swinging on to the buck's side caught him again with his teeth on the right shoulder and on the flank with his hind feet, so that for a moment it appeared as if he were going to be master of the situation, for if he could succeed in reaching the throat of the buck the struggle would be very short indeed.

But the buck was not to be caught thus. He threw his head back and prod him backwards with his horns, and on examination afterwards we found that one of the points had actually gone through the cougar's liver! It was now growing apparent that the cougar was fast losing strength from loss of blood and the blows he had received, and the buck had plainly won the day; so, unable to restrain myself any longer, I raised my trusty 38'56 Winchester rifle to my face and sent a bullet

through the cougar's heart. He instantly relaxed his hold and fell to the ground dead.

The buck, now for the first time aware of our presence, seemed startled and surprised, yet for several seconds did not move. He was panting for breath after his exertions, but not at all daunted. We agreed that any animal who would make such a noble fight had well earned his liberty, and he was allowed to strike away unmolested, conqueror in one of the greatest fights ever witnessed by hunters. We have had large and varied experience in California and all the North-Western States and British Columbia in hunting large game, yet neither of us in all our experience ever witnessed anything so thrilling as the combat between the buck and the cougar.

The cougar as he lay dead measured 8 ft. 3 in. in length, and when skinned we found the hide was all bloodshot from the blows he had received. We counted sixteen holes in the top part of his head and neck where the points of the horns had penetrated, and six holes in his side and flank. My unerring aim had only saved him the agony of a few hours' torture, when death would certainly have relieved his sufferings.



"I RAISED MY TRUSTY WINCHESTER AND SENT A BULLET THROUGH THE COUGAR'S HEART."

## In the Track of the "Willy-Willy."

By DAVID McDONALD, OF MARGRAVE EXPLORING AND PROSPECTING PARTY, ROYAL N. S. W.

The following narrative of three adventurous cycling Britons in search of fortune in the terrible Australian "Never-Never" country describes the sufferings entailed by a lack of water and the sudden approach of a "Willy-Willy," or sand-storm, which, however, indirectly led to the finding of a very extensive deposit of opal in the rough.

The following letter (reproduced by permission) and its annexed map, were sent to the present double issue.

November 24th, 1900. "The Argonaut," Sydney, New South Wales.

The Editor of THE WILD WESTERN MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR, - I send with this an account, drawing of our expedition on the "Land of the Never-Never." The party has practically prospected all Australia, going over nearly unbroken ground and crossing mountains from north to south, crossed by white men. The narrative is somewhat terse, but every word is true, and the Hon. Member of Parliament can verify it as regards places passed and towns reached, as well as observations, by our party. My friend, the James Michae, B.Sc., is well known in Britain as a naturalist and mineralogist. Mr. Pringle, also, is a naturalist and mineralogist; Mr. Rod is a Pathology Sec. and a mineralogist; and I (David) am a geologist.



THE "WILLY-WILLY" SAND-STORM. PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE "WILLY-WILLY" PARTY. (SEE PAGE 100.)

country in our last travels. I discovered the best place for the last day's rest, and so on.

The party were all on their feet, but the only possible method of being caught in the storm, and before we are pulled to pieces, whereby our lives are in jeopardy, and some hopes connected therewith, are thus by the wind, which is pulled in, little by little, and in some cases, while the wind is blowing, about the feet and the feet.

We had left the last supply of water, and had to go two days before, having no supply of the precious fluid as we expected to find it in the "Grey Range."

"ON F give in, boys, we've come out of us bad before."

A faint murmur from Rod was



the only reply, for with parched and blistered throats talking is painful.

"A hae ma doots, this time," was all Rod said; but it represented our thoughts exactly.

We were a prospecting party and had penetrated out on the desert where but few, if any, had ever been. And



THE "WILLY-WILLY" SAND-STORM. PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE "WILLY-WILLY" PARTY. (SEE PAGE 100.)

one day. The scorching heat, however, had played havoc with our tyres, and thus the first day found us only forty miles distant from the Ranges behind us.

Starting before sunrise next morning, and by riding on the rims—for the heat made repairing impossible—we had covered another forty miles by night, but then our water gave out.

We overhauled our tyres during the night, and expecting to make the "Cooper" at any moment had cycled on all day over the burnt ironstone desert, enduring a temperature of 130 deg. Our throats were parched, our bones sore, and our stomachs empty, while the madness of despair was brought on by the agonizing, human-like cries of some crow that had followed us since noon.

We knew what their presence meant, and it needed not our Chief's words to make us keep going, for the moment our strength failed we would become a living, helpless feast for the carrion birds that followed us with such hideous persistence.

Suddenly our Chief again broke the silence.

"I see water, boys," he said, his voice sounding as if the words were cut from his throat.

"Where?" our three cracked voices croaked.

"Straight ahead: you ought to see it, Ro L."

"I'm frightened to look for fear it's another optical delusion," was the reply.

"Hooray! A see it, noo." Then, suddenly, "I see it, too: come on, boys: it was just in line where de sun will set," cried Fred, who is of German extraction.

I myself was the last to see the welcome sight, and by that time my companions were pulling me forward with strength born of the "Hope that springs eternal," and in a few minutes we were pouring the oxo-hydro and carbonaceous compound down our throats in quart "billy"-fuls, regardless alike of the danger of doing so in our condition and of the state of the water itself, which was simply—well, it would not be nice for me to describe the stuff. But it was only a small water-hole. Where the "Cooper" was we did not know.

"All no be hungry if a drink ony mair o'

that stuff," said Rod: while Fred busied himself killing some snakes that had tumbled in and evidently intended to say.

I started to cook a "damper" (a compound of flour, water, and Gibgi ashes), while Rod gathered all the scrub near in preparation for a big blaze: for although through the day the Australian desert is like a furnace, at night, owing to the rapid condensation, one actually freezes on it.

I had just finished my cooking operations at sundown, and as I held the billy on the fire to boil off some of the still moving germs of life from our tea, I could not help noticing the weird effect of the firelight on our machines. The flickering flames cast alternately light and shadow upon the glistening spokes: and the fantastic, exaggerated images which were projected upon the desert when Rod or Fred crossed through the fire-lit space made a fearful picture of demons and their monster flying steeds.

A dingo's dismal howl broke the desert stillness, and I could see that even the unemotional Fred noticed it, and was thinking of what might have been our fate had we not struck the water-hole.

"Supper's ready," I called, and seizing the tomahawk I broke the damper into four pieces, which I handed round, and straightway attacked

my own piece with an energy that threatened it with speedy destruction.

"What date is this?" said our Chief, suddenly, laying down his bit of "hard-tack."

"The 7th of October, I think," I replied.

"Then it's exactly seventeen months since we left London in the *Himalaya*."

"And dat fortune still looks for us," added Fred.

I was silent, for I remembered well what had caused me to leave England to seek a fortune—but that's of no interest. I am twenty-two years of age now, and probably my age will indicate the reason to most people.

We had been exploring and prospecting throughout all Australia, and I am safe in asserting that there is no one in the "Back-Blocks" but what has heard of us and our



"FRED" AT HOME ("MR. FREDERIC HOODHOUSEN IS A FROM A FAMOUS MEREALDGE"). [Photo.]

original methods of going where it was impossible for others to go. This time we were trying to cross through Queensland to the "Macdonald Ranges" in South Australia in search of some supposed opal formations which were said to exist beyond the "Cooper," but we

luck noo, for di ye no ken a speeder aye bring luck too a Scotchman?"

"It might be a sort of luck, Rod," I replied, "but to die just now is hardly my idea of luck."

"Th, mon, wad the beggar hae kilt me? A a think a'll awa to bed then, lads, an'



From a

THE "CHIEF" AT BIRBE AND WY BEEG

Photo

had not as yet met with anything other than persistent disappointment.

The Chief rose to take some observations as to our whereabouts, and Rod stretched our blankets on the sand.

"Look, what vas dis?" called out Frederic, assisting a huge centipede into the fire.

"Be careful, Fred," I said: "that is a centipede, and its bite feels as though a piece of red-hot coal had dropped on you. Steady! there's one on your arm! Don't touch it! Wait!" But the roar which followed showed that the centipede at least did not wait.

"Ach! mein Gott! What a forsaken country," cried the victim, rubbing his wrist energetically.

"Am wi' ye there; but could ye no let the pur insect alane? for it's got to bide in this country."

"Insect vos you say, Scotty. Ah! dere's some insect on *you* now."

Rod turned to coolly examine it, but I sprang forward and spoiled his investigation, for it was the dreaded "Brisbane spider," whose bite causes not only death but insanity.

"Whit's wrang wi' ye, mon? V'ive spilet oor

see if a can dream o' onything guid," and, so saying, Rod rolled himself up in his corner of the blankets.

"We have been running to the 'Sundown' too much, Dave," said the Chief to me. "I find that we are about three points north of our course, and consequently are in the big bend just now. However, we can bear to the south to-morrow. Halloa! what's this?"

"Come oot, ye insect! Haund me the tomy hawk, Fred, quick! Ah, wad ye?" and Mac got up from his bed, grasping one end of a wriggling 6ft. snake. "Com' on, Fred, gi' us a haun: pit that stick doon there! Noo, yi sausage, tak' that, for coming into ma hoose without being asked," and he applied the cutting edge of our most serviceable weapon to the creature's head.

There seemed to be a great many reptiles about the place, the water, of course, being the attraction, but I had long since ceased to trouble about their presence, although I could never repress a shudder if at any time their bony, clammy scales touched my skin.

The night was very dark, and, strange to say, did not get cold as it generally did after sundown. The natural inhabitants of the desert,

too, seemed to be very active, and the weird howls of the dingoes joined in the eerie hoot of the desert owl.

"I am afraid there's some climatic change approaching, Dave," said our Chief, as Fred rolled himself up alongside Rod. "Great Scot! look at those ants. Wake up, lads, quick! Look out, Dave, there's another centipede on your arm, and, heavens! see that snake twisting in the fire."

We all jumped up in alarm, and saw that the Chief had good reason to be excited, for everywhere within the zone of the firelight the ground was covered with crawling, wriggling, and

yer leg," he continued: "it bites waur than a 'jumper.'"

Fred's reply was expressive, but not polite.

That night was the most uncomfortable one I have ever experienced. All the pests in existence among them hundreds of which I had never before heard made our bodies their playground, and crawled into our eyes, noses, and ears, causing us to suffer all the inflictions of a little Hades. Before sunrise we had filled our water-bags, and when daylight gave place to the stars we started off due west, aiming once more for the elusive "Cooper."

The heat at first was very great and the air



From a

THE "HILL" CAMP, 1890, BY A. J. HUNTER.

[Photo.]

jumping objects, and the smell of burning bodies was too powerful to be ignored.

"Quick, lads! clear away from the water-hole," cried the Chief, and, shaking all sorts of nameless reptiles and animals from the blankets, we speedily obeyed.

"They things aye gang about when there's a change in the weather coming," said Rod, as he once more prepared to sleep about a hundred yards away from the water hole.

"But how can de weder change here?" said Fred; "der has been no rain for seven years, an'—ou! Ach—"

"Dinna swear, or, if you maun dae it, dae it in German," said Rod. "But hurry up an' tramp on that 'bulldog' that's crawling up

stiffing, making it very difficult to breathe. About 9 a.m. the sun became dimmed, and a thick dancing haze spread itself over the desert.

I looked back at our camp, and to my terror could see through the mist something that looked like a mighty black wall coming very swiftly after us. At the same time a low, muffled sound like that of a gentle breeze among rigging made itself heard, and the want of air became almost unbearable. The sound almost instantaneously swelled into a roar, like mighty waves breaking on a rocky shore, and next moment a thunderous, discordant noise, entirely indescribable, reverberated through the darkening atmosphere.

"Lie down flat," someone shouted, and I

obeyed involuntarily, for a shower of stones, sand, debris, and I know not what besides struck me everywhere, knocking me from my machine. I lay where I fell, only conscious that it was now pitch dark and that I was choking. Overhead a continuous, whirling, solid mass of stones was flying, depositing meanwhile a shower of fine sand over me which threatened to bury me alive. A fearful thirst now assailed me. My tongue began to swell in my mouth and my skin felt like bursting. I endeavoured to raise myself, but a terrific shower of iron-stone pebbles penetrated through my clothes, and a piece of flying brushwood struck me on the head and sent me back again. Madly I tore at my shirt-neck gasping for air, for the rift, space between the ground and the base of the cyclone was apparently a complete vacuum. It could only have been but a minute, although it seemed like hours, until the pressure around me became less, and, staggering to my feet, I saw the awful vortex swirling on in the centre of a huge cloud of sand and leaves which it had drawn around it. I struggled to the almost buried car and moistened my throat with water; then I looked round for my companions. Rod was there, just getting up, and there was Fred also, but where was the Chief?

"That 'willy-willy' has made an awfu mess o' you, Dave," said Rod. "Did ye no lie down afore it struck ye?"

It was true: I seemed to have suffered more than the others. My clothes, for example, were in rags, and the blood congealing with the sand and dust formed a thick paste all over my face. We could not afford the water to wash our selves, and so simply gargled our throats, wondering meanwhile where the Chief had gone to.

Rod sent a stentorian "cooey" over the desert, but no answer came, and as the sun now came forth again it was evident that, beyond ourselves, a dead kangaroo and an emu, just alive, were all that the storm had left in its wake.

A great fear struck us simultaneously.

"Mein Gott. He's carried away in de willy-willy," said Fred, voicing the fear of all the rest.

"Here, len meyer kuife, Dave, taie cut out ma machine, an' a'll chase him. Ye see he's been our licht taie staun against it himself, an' we didna tie on his machine this mornning. 'Ta-ta, lads, a'm off."

"Rod," I roared. "Stop! Where are you going?"

"Efter Mr. James: whar else wad a be gainn?"

"Come back here, at once, Rod."

"A'll see ye hanged first: a'll no come back without the Chief."

"Rod! Rod! listen to reason, will you, for a moment? You can't follow him—there's no track, and the sun is behind you; I'll go after him, for I can steer by the shadow the sun will cast."

"An' can a no' dae onything that you can? Ma mon, a've been wi' him langer than you, an' a'm gainn taie be wi' him in perdition taie, if need be."

"That's all right, Rod, but the Chief has not gone that far, and if you and Fred would only follow my tracks with the car and water we could catch him in no time."

"Dat's right, Scotty. Dave says true: come on, and we'll vas dere faster as him. And as Fred spoke he pulled the car from the sand and lifted his eye."

Rod's lips moved, and I knew that he intended that I should have to travel fast indeed to keep in front of them, even with the loaded car.

"Good bye, lads," I shouted. "Rod, if we don't happen to meet agam, will ye tell—"

"Na, a'll no: for a the devils'll no tak' me out o' this fearful kintry without ye baith."

"Me, too, Scotty: you speak for me exactly," cried Fred; and not caring that my face should be seen I jumped on my machine and started off in the track of the whirling sand-storm. I got into the centre of where the whirlwind had been, and noting the shadow cast by the now shining sun, and keeping it always in the same position, I flew over the desert at more than record speed.

Looking back for a moment I saw my two companions tearing after me, the light car raising a dust behind it as if it were a second tornado in itself. My cyclometer ticked off the miles with incredible rapidity, and I soon noticed that the country around me was changing.

Great holes appeared on every side and the surface of the desert became quite black. Stumbling, staggering, and bumping I rode over everything, careless of what might befall me and ever keeping in the wake of the "willy-willy." The ground seemed to be split by volcanic action into innumerable crevices, from 18 in. to 4ft. wide. I could not see the bottom of them, nor did I care how deep they were. At times I saw the mark of a tyre on the broken edge of some of the holes, and therefore knew that the Chief was still in front.

Onwards I forced the machine until the front wheel buckled under me in jumping a hole. Hastily straightening it on my knee, I mounted again and next instant went flying through the air like a bird and fell with a terrific crash into the bed of a creek. The spokes fell from my

wheels, the forks broke, and my tyres split open, but I was unhurt, and cared not for the damage done, for even as I had fallen I had seen a figure and caught the glitter of spokes in the sunlight.

"Halloa, Dave, you're not going any farther, I hope?" the figure cried.

"I fear I can't," I replied, gazing ruefully at my bicycle, "unless you can teach me how to utilize the next cyclone you have done this one."

romance. Why, there must be a fortune on the surface there."

"Yes, I suppose so; and there's good water in another 'Ana' branch over there; so we can work here as long as our stores hold out, and then go and see if certain ones at home think any. Halloa! what's up?"

"Haud on, Fred! there's a gully here. Jerusalem! A see them."

"Easy, Rod," I called out, but the momentum



SCOTLAND! ABOUT 4,000 MILES FROM ANYWHERE (A DAILY OCCURRENCE—THE AUTHOR GENERALLY ATTENDED TO RETAINS)  
*From a Photo.*

"Oh, I had no voice in the affair at all; it simply carried me along until the law of gravitation interfered, and then it quietly dropped me here. But, great Scot! what's the matter with your face?"

"Only the effects of a sand-storm; but are you not hurt?"

"Nothing to speak of. I suppose the sand bath has skinned me, but I'll not complain, for truly 'Tis an ill wind that blows no one any good.' But are the others all right?"

"They were when I left, but I really cannot see where the good in this storm comes in. It has smashed my bicycle, half-killed me, and Heaven alone knows if Rod and Fred are not now exploring the interior of the earth instead of the interior of Australia."

"Oh, you needn't fear for them, Dave. I know them of old. But look closely at those boulders there."

"Why, that's opal running through them!" I exclaimed, picking up a piece of brown iron stone.

"Yes, and there's tons of it, too, I fancy, for the finding of which we are indebted to the storm."

"Well, I'm beat, Jim," I said, in tones of hushed astonishment; "this is better than any

was too great, and in a confused mass of wheels, water-bags, and flour sacks they fell and rolled over at our feet.

"Git up, Kaiser; d'ye think a'm a bed?" roared Rod, struggling from under Fred; and when we got them out from among the spokes we found that, notwithstanding that the pedal had cut deep into Rod's leg and that the car-shaft had pierced Fred's back, the only complaint was from Rod, who said:

"Whit am a tac dae noo wi that hole in ma Sunday trousers?"

We camped near by, among some timber, and repaired our machines as best we could. Next day we set to work, and soon saw that there was a great amount of opal in the place, although it required a good deal of working for.

Our Chief has now gone home to Great Britain for a time, and I have every reason to hope that all of us will soon be there too. Meanwhile, if any reader of this should chance to be in the Back Blocks anywhere, let him inquire for "Macrae's Prospecting Party," and he shall at least be made welcome to share whatever our camp affords; and if he is a poor, weary, world-wanderer like ourselves, he will get as much opal in the rough as he can carry away.



# A MISHAP ON THE MATTERHORN

BY  
ERNEST ELLIOT STOCK.

Here is a typical climbing narrative which conveys to the non-climber an accurate picture of the joys and toil of this fascinating pastime. This account is the more interesting to the general reader in that it relates how a serious accident happened—one of those mountaineering mishaps that have accounted for so many deaths in the Alps.



THE first fortnight in July of the year 1895 saw our glorious three weeks' scramble drawing to a close; and barked shins, torn fingers, sun-blistered faces, and generally battered appearances gave silent testimony to the toll we had taken of the Zermatt peaks and they of us.

Later in the year such wrecks as we presented would be common, every-day objects in the village, and calling for no remark, but early in the season it requires no small amount of pluck to descend late upon *table d'hôte*, with faces the colour of an ancient beetroot—and far more offensive to look at—to meet the glare of the dowager and the amused toleration of the thicker-skinned in their acquaintance with sun and snow. We had, however, braved these inconveniences in response to the calls of a mountain appetite, though my sister, who had joined me this year, was as ever by far the greater sufferer, and should long ago have been awarded the Victoria Cross.

The weather had been intermittently kind to us during this year's scrambling, and the day before had seen us upon the Dufour Spitze of the Monte Rosa, where we had been treated to a most exquisite view. We arrived on the summit at 7 a.m. above a rolling sea of mist, pierced by our own lofty neighbours and a few of the Oberland peaks. After a chilly rest of a quarter of an hour the mist cleared, giving us a sight of the Austrian Tyrol, as well as most of the giants of the Oberland and the Valais, and of the sun-sparkle on Milan Cathedral some seventy miles away to the south-east.

We found that only the last two or three hundred feet of the rock-*arrête* on the Spitze could in any way be called a climb; and even these are not by any means formidable unless badly ice-glazed or swept by a high wind. The *arrête* is an absolutely exposed saw-

edge, so that in the latter case an upright position upon it is impossible. We had previously left a representative of the Fatherland, with two Oberland guides, comfortably tucked into the Sattel on breakfast bent (the last few hundred feet certainly do look forbidding from this friendly resting-place), and we were informed by the Herr that he would tackle the rest of the climb upon a full stomach. But when, upon our return, we found him still hard at it, we concluded there must be something very captivating about sardines and cognac, or something dour about the *arrête*, so we left him to decide between them. His decision was soon made, for we had barely got a thousand feet below him when three little black figures appeared against the snow and started their descent in solemn order. Our shouts were received in stony silence, so we left the party to its meditations and the extremely soft descent we were ourselves making, and ploughed our way down to the Beautemps hut, over the Gorner Glacier to Zermatt, feeling we had done a good day's work.

The weather now became very doubtful, but



THE "SATTEL," MOUNT ROSA (14,600 FEET). CHAMONIX TO ZERMATT.  
[Photo.]

as only a few days remained to us, our little party, composed of my sister, Mr. E. S. Grogan (whose name has just become world-famous as the first man to make the traverse of Africa from south to north), another Cambridge man, Mr. Broadbent, and myself, foregathered for an attack upon the east face of the Matterhorn. We had been forestalled in our ambition of a first ascent that year by two Englishmen, Messrs. M. J. Davidson and M. F. C. Woodbridge, who had arrived back in the village upon the same day as ourselves, and in an exhausted condition owing to the bad state of the peak. Our dalliance with the Rosa had therefore cost us our ambition and some weeks of waiting.

But, first ascent or not, we were determined to see the summit before returning to England, so, though the wind had begun to chop and change in an unpleasant manner, we decided to make the attempt, and started in detachments for the Schwarz See Hotel, leaving our guides, the brothers Peter-Anton and Alois Biner, Peter Perrin, and Zummermatter, to pick us up later in the day. Here we collected provisions and fuel, and reached the lower hut at 8 p.m., to find the interior extremely uninviting. Snow had found its way in everywhere, and where no snow lay there were pools of water. The place was pervaded by a beautiful atmosphere of damp straw and blankets that would have terrified a rheumatic subject. But coats came off to the trouble, and we soon had things more comfortable and shipshape. A fire was lit in the stove, and with the grateful warmth of this and soup and a well-drawing pipe we felt indisposed to change places with a single soul in the Monte Rosa Hotel that night, or incidentally with any of the crowned heads of Europe! Some even endeavoured to snatch an hour or two's sleep, and would no doubt have managed this had it not been for the damp blankets and the enterprise of a brigade of the "Liliputian army," which seems to invade every club hut, at no matter what altitude or atmosphere.

The guides called us about 2 a.m., and we roped up under a brilliant moon, making our start in two parties, the one following close upon the other.

An hour's going, however, told us that we had our work cut out. The snow was in a wretched state; added to this the moon soon gave out altogether. The Grand Couloir had given us a lot of trouble, and things generally looked so extremely doubtful that we now crouched bunched together under an overhanging rock, waiting, Micawber-like, for something to turn up. We had not long to wait, for, almost without warning, a thunder-storm, accompanied

by snow and half a gale of wind, swept round from the Italian side and down upon us, sending us scurrying down again with our tails between our legs to collect our impedimenta at the hut, and make for the Schwarz See in a toy blizzard.

The following day broke but little better, though a snow-fight—Amateurs *v.* Guides—relieved our feelings somewhat. But the weather had us in its grip, and we descended to Zermatt to solid comforts and the ragging of the weather-wise.

At the end of a couple of days of heel-kicking and star-gazing an improvement was manifest; so to give the weather no idea of our intentions we stole again quietly to the Schwarz See, leaving Mr. Grogan to explore a pet traverse of his upon the Riffel Horn and to join us in the evening. We found almost the sole occupant of the hotel a Yankee of the Yankees. His narrative was briefly as follows: He had arrived in Zermatt from Chamounix the day before, and had engaged two guides, about whom he apparently knew nothing—though, fortunately, as it proved, they were good ones, Joseph Biner and Felix Julien—and upon the strength of having scaled some peak with an unpronounceable name in, I believe, the Rockies, and a trot up and down Mont Blanc (Mount Blank he called it!), he was about to risk his own and, what was more important, his guides' necks upon the Matterhorn that night; the avowed purpose being to qualify for a climbing club in the U.S.A.! Nor were what looked like black alpaca cloth and boots much pointed and sufficiently solid to combat a muddy road quite the outfit for nine hours or more upon the north-east ridge; and I could not help thinking of poor Borchhardt who in 1886 (my first year's acquaintance with Zermatt), and upon the same peak, had lost his life in a measure owing to his deficiency in clothing.

We were upon the point of starting for the Höruli hut again when our kind hostess, Miss Seiler, endeavoured to dissuade my sister from making a second attempt. She had only two years before lost a younger brother upon the Italian side of the Matterhorn, and had a dread of the peak in consequence. We had some difficulty in persuading her that there could be but little risk for my sister, with good guides who well knew her capacity. So with our American acquaintance we struck out for the lower hut, finding the snowfall had made our route a perfect marsh; so much so, in fact, that the "mod" quite got upon "America's" nerves.

However, despite the two intervening days of ill weather, we found the hut much as we had left it, and proceeded to shake down for an

hour or two to wait for the moon. She turned up to time, and roping up in sleepy silence we moved out on to the snow; our experience in the Grand Couloir making our start an hour earlier. "America" had already disappeared, but a point of light some distance up the face told of his whereabouts. Perrin led our party, and took us, with only one change of leaders, in almost absolute silence and at a great pace, up to the Old Cabane. This but we found to be quite unusable; snow had entered through the battered door and made a solid block of ice almost to the roof. The ledge, too, upon which the hut stands is little more inviting as a resting-place than the open ridge, so that our halt here was just long enough to stack our ruck-sacs in a safe place and pass round the chocolate and prunes we carried in our pockets, then upward again.

I need not enter upon what would be a poor effort at description of so well-known a climb as that on the east face of the Matterhorn. Dozens do it yearly, given good weather. I have even heard a well-known climber give it as his opinion that at the season's height one may dispense with guides upon this side of the peak, and follow the sardine-tin spoor to the summit. This may be labelled a joke, and from our point of view at any rate it would have been of small benefit under 4 in. to 5 in. of fresh snow. I will merely note therefore that with the exception of the crossing of a portion of the Moseley Platte we hugged the north-east ridge with only slight deviations to the shoulder, making a halt upon this for a few breaths and a minute breakfast.

The sun had now risen and bathed the sheer eastern wall of our final climb in a rosy glow that was delightfully warming to our frozen souls. The hour before sunrise in the high Alps, with anything of a wind blowing, smacks of the Arctic regions; and woe to the wight who, upon the strength of a good circulation and a less embarrassed scramble, thinks he may shed a skin or two at the last hut. One or two

of our party so thought fit to do, and suffered thereby. We found the ropes above the shoulder quite buried by the recent snowfall, and proceeded to unearth them for the benefit of those who were not too proud to accept their kindly assistance. Up the last few hundred feet we swarmed like a troop of monkeys and reached the summit between half past eight and nine o'clock, to find a nasty cornice overhanging the Italian side, which rather cramped our large party, and we had to sit in an extended line well within it, passing our portable luxuries from one end to the other. The guides were one and all delighted with my sister's going powers, and she received a small ovation and a hearty handshake from each.

Our time from the Old Cabane had been very poor indeed, but the state of the peak from there to the shoulder had been dire, and had raised many forcible remarks in *patois*. Coupled with this "America" had been at best but a slow-goer, obliging us to keep close to him, as much for his sake as our own. Earlier in the climb he had been a perfect "Spirit of the Avalanche," and for two hours we had gone in fear and trembling.

A quarter of an hour's rest we found ample for an appreciation of our surroundings, and we descended to the shoulder again with "America" well in the van, the guides deciding that it would be better and safer to make one party of the two. Owing to our late descent the snow on the shoulder lay very soft, and we ploughed through it knee-deep, but a few minutes brought us to more comfortable going close to the ridge.

The Moseley Platte again monopolized our attention, and very close attention too, for just below the shoulder we had heard the stones rattling off it at intervals, and had unpleasant anticipations of what might be in store for us. Unfortunately they were fully realized in a most untoward manner and only a few minutes later. This particular portion of the east face has been called after an Englishman named Moseley, who was killed upon it by a falling stone many years



ON THE SUMMIT OF THE MATTERHORN. (THE AUTHOR AND PETER LINER). (Photo From a)

ago, and it is an ice-slope lying at an acute angle, with rock jutting through it here and there. During our climb it was plentifully sprinkled with little patches of loose stones fallen from the summit and shoulder and caught by the snow that lay on the ice, to be later sent hurling down by the sun's action.

We had been working slowly, and at a slight zig-zag, down this for some 150ft., only one member of the party moving at a time, and keeping carefully within the steps cut by the leader, when suddenly a flat stone, some six inches across, became detached from a small pile either to the side of or directly behind me—possibly loosened by our passage or picked up by the rope as it tautened between myself and Peter Biner, who came next. Peter's cry of warning was echoed by his brother at the tail of the party, and I half-turned to see it slipping past on the right.

Reaching out with my axe I endeavoured to stop it, but its impetus had become too great. Getting upon its edge it rolled and struck a small rock: then jumped some 20ft. down the ice-slope, narrowly missing Perrin and "America," and struck again upon a larger and flatter rock, when, amidst a flight of smaller stones, it bounded outwards and downwards, striking the leading guide, Joseph Biner, full and square upon the head. He fell as though he had been shot, dragging "America" after him amidst a perfect shower of snow and stones. Julien, who came third, with the greatest presence of mind drove his ice-axe hard and deep into the ice, took a turn round it with his left arm and, though dragged violently from his steps, to our intense relief held on.

But we were in an awkward plight. Poor

Joseph half-lay, half-hung, without movement, at the end of some 30ft. of rope, bleeding copiously from a deep gash in the head and another across the forehead caused by his fall; "America" clung to a small rock projecting from the snow, beat-

ing a tattoo with his boots on the ice and wailing dismally; Julien held the two by favour of his ice-axe and firmly planted feet only. For a space no one moved, excepting to get such anchorage as was possible upon the spur of the moment, each expecting a rope-jerk, the forerunner of a swift and battered end in the ice-fall of the Furgg Glacier thousands of feet below.

The guides for a time seemed utterly stunned by the catastrophe, and to all suggestions could only reply with muttered prayers and exclamations. So exasperating did this become at last, with the thought of the man below bleeding to death, if not dead already, that Mr. Grogan, who had vainly been endeavouring to bring the guides to a sense of the position, quietly slipped the rope, and, amid a storm of protest from them, traversed out some distance to avoid a patch of loose stones, and descended inwards again, cutting his steps as he went, till he reached a spot immediately below the wounded man. Poor Joseph hung with his head buried in a patch of snow, and in an extremely awkward position to reach from above. Mr. Grogan, however, refused to be daunted by the difficulties, and we were treated to a fine piece of ice-craft during his descent.

He found the man breathing, but insensible, so he cut a seat in the sloping ice, placed him in it, and bandaged his head with all the handkerchiefs he could collect, putting a finishing touch by cramming his own sombrero well down over all. This latter very soon became



"HE FELL AS THOUGH HE HAD BEEN SHOT, DRAGGING 'AMERICA' AFTER HIM, AMID A SHOWER OF SNOW AND STONES."



THE MATTERHORN FROM NEAR THE BUFFEL ALP—THE CROSS MARKS THE SCENE OF THE ACCIDENT. [Photo From a]

order with their backs to the Old Cabane; and that the day might lose nothing in the way of ill luck a careless foot sent my sister's ice-axe spinning off the ledge to join the fatal brick.

The remainder of our descent to the great snow couloir had to be taken very slowly and carefully, but once upon the snow again we quickened our pace and plunged and stumbled along in the tracks of our predecessors. We reached the lower hut to find Joseph muffled up in blankets and looking like a ghost in the twilight, though able to give his not very lucid impressions of the accident.

"America" (I hope he will forgive me for the pseudonym) disappeared from our sight and knowledge from this moment. His descent had been one of collapse, and had, I'm afraid, partaken much of the nature of Joseph's, though it could scarcely be wondered at, seeing the dreadful ten minutes he must have passed.

Darkness had now come down upon us, and we were obliged to leave the sufferer in the hands of two of his comrades, together with all our remaining provisions and what few comforts we could scrape together, and make for the Schwarz See with the help of a lantern to telephone for medical aid and arrange for his removal. This was accomplished, palanquin fashion, on the following day, and Zermatt turned out eager for news of the accident, which had, of course, been greatly exaggerated.

The doctor's examination showed that the skull had been slightly fractured—though, curiously enough, the more serious wound was that to the forehead caused by the fall on the ice-slope. Joseph Biner has in any case to thank Providence for a good brain-covering and an excellent constitution, for I found on my arrival in Zermatt in the following year that he had been up and at work again within six weeks of the accident.

My sister and I were obliged to leave for England two days later, so Mr. Grogan, who still had the Dent Blanche upon his programme, very kindly undertook to see to the wounded man's affairs; and a subscription got up in the village, with private donations, must have gone far to soften enforced inaction at the season's opening.

I have omitted to mention a small incident, but one which the guides regarded as of prophetic import. During our ascent Joseph Biner lost the bowl of his pipe, which went spinning down the face from the identical spot upon which he was later to be struck down by the falling stone!

soaked in blood, the bandages being too small to be really effective, and we began to have grave fears again for poor Joseph. I have never seen a man bleed so copiously from the head before or since.

After some ten mortal minutes of cold suspense Grogan was able to signal that the wounded man had come to his senses. Fortunately the guides had found theirs also, though one had become violently sick at the sight of the blood, and after some trouble two of them were detached from the rope with injunctions to get the sufferer to the lower hut somehow—but to get him there! Joseph was dreadfully weak, but we were thankful to see that he could move; so, roping up, the hospital party started slowly and painfully, and with the greatest endurance and pluck upon the part of the wounded man and perseverance on that of his helpers reached the hut in something under six hours. It must have been the worst six Joseph Biner has ever spent.

We were obliged to wait in our steps for another half-hour, until they had got well away from under us, when we moved slowly down again, taking another route, and in a very different mood from that in which we had left the summit. It was a very dejected party, too, that took a few mouthfuls standing in solemn

## Fifteen Months in the Kalahari Desert

By B. WILSON ("MATABELE WILSON").

The following is a modestly-told account of a fifteen months' waggon journey in the Great Kalahari ("Great Thirst") Desert, recently made by "Matabele" Wilson, the well-known South African Pioneer. The illustrations are from Mr. Wilson's own photographs.



On the 13th of April, 1899, I left Palapye for a prolonged trip through the Kalahari Desert and the regions beyond. I had with me two white companions, a couple of Matabele boys, a waggon with a span of sixteen oxen, one horse, and a dog. My starting-place, the chief town of the well-known Christian King Khama, is the largest native "village" in South Africa, with a population of over 30,000

souls, including some European traders. Its irregular streets and the huts composing them are all fenced in with poles and bush, with a few prickly pear trees here and there. Soon this was left behind, and for the first forty miles we trekked along merrily, till we got to a place called Luallah, at the edge of the Great Kalahari Desert. Here there is a water-hole in the dry bed of a little creek, behind which rise some porphyry hills. We filled all our small casks and water-bags, knowing well that we had ahead forty miles of heavy sand to pull through before reaching the next water. Three and a half days after leaving this

place our oxen were dragging the waggon into the big depression at Inkuwani, where some small water-pits are dug in a limestone formation. To our dismay we found they contained very little water, and after waiting for thirty hours all the precious liquid that we could give our oxen was a bucket and a half per animal. With this scanty supply we had again to inspan our parched beasts and trek on night and day as hard as possible for another forty-five miles to get to the next water. During the brief midday

halts the poor oxen were too thirsty to eat, and patiently stood round the waggon or laid down under the shade of trees in the sweltering heat. Seven and a half days after leaving Palapye at about seven in the morning we reached some filthy green liquid at a place called Towani, and our waggon drew up, or rather the poor beasts staggered, to the spot where I had a fire lighted. In this case we had to be cruel to be kind, and it was only by vigorous application of the terrible

whip that we made the oxen do their work—barely in time. They were in great distress. Their tongues were swollen and protruding, and some of the humps on their necks had swollen to a great size, where the yokes attached to the waggon with its 5,000lb. weight had been laid upon them. We outspanned the poor brutes as quickly as possible, and drove them down to the "water" about 100yds. distant. They got their heads into the muddy liquid and did not lift them again until their hides looked as though they would burst. All day long they stood round the pit, going down now and again to get a little more water until,

night coming on, they went and had some grass. It seems almost incredible, but the poor beasts had only had a bucket and a half of water in 183 hours!

We rested for a couple of days and then pushed on to the Botletle River, passing the great salt-pan Chutrusi, where we saw some magnificent mirages—beautiful pictures of islands, lakes, and trees where none existed. Here, near a water-pit, we found a big camp of bushmen, who had come to the hole to fill their



MR. E. WILSON, THE WELL-KNOWN SOUTH AFRICAN TRAVELLER AND EXPLORER.

From a Photo. by Robinson & Son, Redhill.

ostrich egg-shells, fifteen or twenty of which, inclosed in a net, the women carry about on their backs. The women are fond of smoking wild hemp. They draw the smoke into their lungs through a horn, and eject it in a dense cloud, coughing and spitting the while until the tears stream down their faces. The pipe is then passed on.

Three weeks after our start from Palapye we arrived at the Botletle River, a slow, sluggish stream, which forces its way at a snail's pace towards the Great Salt Lakes, where it spreads out and is lost in the sandy wastes of the desert. What a contrast this river presented, with the beautiful green trees growing all along its banks, and its good grass in which the oxen revelled, to the parched-up country we had just passed through, with its blasted grasses and lifeless-looking and almost leafless trees! We trekked along this river for twenty days, enjoying some of the best bird-shooting that one could desire. Guinea-fowl, pheasant, and partridge were to be counted by thousands. The river teemed with fish, and big

directions. This is explained by the fact that when the Botletle attains a certain level the waters begin to flow west as well as east—going east to the big Salt Lakes and west into Lake N'gami along the Lake River, which at first appears to be a continuation of the Botletle. Thus the waters run in different directions. I witnessed this curious sight shortly after my arrival, and to all appearance the waters ran both ways in the same river.

Leaving the river I struck south to some porphyry hills, twenty miles south of Lake N'gami, where we were astonished to see the hills covered with thousands of the wonderful baobab trees. Some of these giants measure 50 ft. to 60 ft. in circumference, and are said to be thousands of years old. They are loaded with large nuts, about the size of a small cocconut, which contain a number of seeds tasting very much like cream of tartar. Of these the bushmen are very fond, and use them as food. In the first picture is seen one of these baobab trees, about 45 ft. in circumference. It must, I think, have been struck by lightning at some



[From a]

A GIANT BAOBAB TREE, 45 FT. IN CIRCUMFERENCE.

[Photo.]

game of different kinds was to be got along its banks. The pools were frequented by hippos, and after dark we could hear these great beasts grunting and screaming and making night hideous. In the day an occasional hippo would be seen as he stuck his head up out of the water for air. At the Tamlakan River, which is really the great Okovanga running from the north into the Botletle, we witnessed a remarkable sight—the water in the river running in opposite

time, for the branches have fallen about it in much confusion, and, strange to say, have grown into the tree again just as they fell. The tree is perfectly hollow inside, and it will be seen that one branch on the left side of the picture resembles a human face. The great size of these trees is shown by comparison with the figures of the men standing beneath.

After a short stay here we visited Lake N'gami, which after being dry for many years

was just filling up. It is a curious fact that close to the edge the water has a very bitter taste, caused, I suppose, by the waters coming into contact with the burnt reeds and earth, the result of the prolonged drought. The lake at its widest is about fifteen miles in extent and some thirty miles long, but very shallow. The deepest portion is in the centre—the only part where a clear piece of water can be seen without any reeds. At one time N'gami was a much larger lake, as is proved by the water-worn appearance of the limestone cliffs and the different pebbles embedded in them.

Along the lake shores we came across a great many bushmen, who apparently had gathered in order to collect the seeds from the wild water-melon, which is here procurable in immense quantities. Cattle, too, are very fond of them, and they often prove a godsend to thirsty animals when a patch of them is struck while going through the desert. Like the wild animals of these parts, these extraordinary bushmen are entirely nomadic.

They neither cultivate any land nor build themselves dwelling-places. They subsist chiefly on roots, berries, seeds, and caterpillars; but when they kill a head of game with their poisoned arrows they hold a great banquet. They are most destructive to game, as they kill and destroy whatever comes in their way, no matter what it is, or how young it may be. They are such great experts at tracking that they will follow up any spoor with the greatest ease. Their stomachs protrude to a great extent, this being due to the indigestible nature of the food they eat. They never wash themselves, of course, and on a hot day the perspiration can be seen making furrows through the dirt on their bodies. During the evenings, and sometimes throughout the night, they love to sit round a small fire, singing some of their weird songs,

and clapping their hands in accompaniment or imitating the different actions of the wild animals. As a rule they are small-featured, very thin and wiry-looking, and of a yellow complexion. Sometimes they are seen with their stomachs and legs quite raw, where the fire has scorched them while sleeping too close to it during the nights.

During our stay on the lake we got some good duck shooting, bagging a great many varieties, also a quantity of geese and pelican, and many other waterfowl that come to visit their old haunts.

We left the lake on the 20th of July, and went to the large native town of Tsow, where I saw the Chief Sekomi, and obtained his permission to go up the great Okovanga River. The ruling tribe up here is an offshoot of the Bamangwato (Khama's people). The town is embowered in beautiful trees, no doubt due to its proximity to the Okovanga, from which the people get their water. Travelling along the lake is rendered most unpleasant by the black clouds of fine dust that rise from the ground. This is something too awful to experience; it is simply blinding, and the oxen cough all the time, while everything on the waggon is simply filthy.

After spending a day at Tsow we proceeded on our way, and had not gone many miles when it began to dawn upon us that we were in for a nasty time, as the Okovanga had come down in flood and submerged hundreds of square miles of country, leaving lagoons and big pools and mud all over the place. On trying to get my horse through one of these places he sank down to his belly, whereupon I jumped off into the water, and it was only after frantic plunges that he succeeded in getting on to dry ground again. The waggon, coming up shortly after, tried to cross at another place, but the front wheels sank



From a

THE OXEN TRYING TO EXTRICATE THE WAGGON.

[Photo.



almost out of sight, compelling us to off-load all our impedimenta and pull the waggon backwards.

The photo. on the preceding page shows the oxen trying to extricate the waggon. Next day we again tried to proceed, with a little better luck, but had a lot of this unenviable experience on our way up. At night-time the mosquitoes were something too terrible: they came out of the swamps in clouds and made sleep impossible; even the curtains we used failed to keep them out. We wasted a lot of strong language over them, while the savages piled more wood on the fire, but nothing seemed to have any effect on these terrible

pests; so, amid much imprecation and slaps and grunts of agony from the natives, we had to endure their attentions. At daylight the little brutes disappeared, only to visit us the following evening with all their families.

One day when resting under the shade of a tree an old chief came up riding a bullock.



"HE TOOK A GREAT FANCY TO A NUMBER OF THINGS I HAD, WHICH HE SAID HE WOULD LIKE TO GIVE TO HIS WIVES."  
*From a* *Photo.*

He was, he said, on a seventy-mile journey to see the paramount chief Sekombi at Tsow. I gave him some tobacco and elicited some information in return before he left us. I got a snap-shot of him just as he had got his leg over the bullock's back. He told me he would avoid the mud and water we came through even if it

took him ten days longer, so he must have had a good long ride.

Above is a portrait of an old villain who came to beg from me. He is an ancient Bakalahari, and as ugly as a baboon. He took a great fancy to a number of things I had, which he said he would like to give to his wives, but he did not offer to give me anything in return.

About 100 miles north west of Tsow we struck the Kowdam River, where we found some good grass and gave the oxen a couple of days' rest. This place is called a river because of a depression running a few miles away from the Okovanga fringed with trees on either side, with



"I GOT A SNAP-SHOT OF THE OLD CHIEF JUST AS HE HAD GOT HIS LEG OVER THE BULLOCK'S BACK."  
*From a* *Photo.*  
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a pool of water here and there. At these pools we saw lots of spoor of elephant and other game. One morning I went out and killed a couple of roan antelope, and gave the natives a feast. Numbers of other natives soon joined in the banquet, and the meat rapidly vanished. Meanwhile I started off to endeavour to get a glimpse of the Okovanga River, but could see nothing but miles upon miles of ruts, with water everywhere; the main channel was miles away. Here I got some spur-winged geese. These birds come out of the swamps at sundown, and, curious to relate, sit on the trees during the night.

It was now time for us to inspan, and we proceeded on our way until we came to the Chief Lebebe's town (marked on the maps as Andaras), the dividing line between British and German territory. At this place we had for the first time a fair view of the river, which runs through a rocky country, and is hidden by its banks, with a hill here and there. Just above Lebebe's village the river is about 800ft. broad, with an average depth of 8ft. to 10ft.; it flows at the rate of four to five miles an hour. The people inhabiting this part of the country are the Mambu Kushu, a heavily built and massive race, speaking a language similar to that spoken by the Mashonas in Rhodesia. They are very insolent and treacherous, and would no doubt give a visitor a warm time were they not afraid of the big chief at Tsow, to whom they pay tribute. They are all armed with muzzle-loaders, and a few of them even have Martini-Henrys. They have their villages on the islands in the middle of the river. They

and on many occasions when I have been off on a hippo-hunt and firing my heavy express rifle the shock has almost swamped the canoe, making the natives paddle to shallow water as quickly as possible. The hippo can be very dangerous at times, and many a native has lost his life through the enraged creatures charging their little canoes. One day, my men informing me that there were a couple of hippos in a pool close by, I took my rifle and went down to the river.

There I saw a hippo cow with her calf, while, looking on in terror and quite helpless, were a native man, woman, and child in a canoe on the farther side of the pool. At this frail vessel the hippo was going with all speed, and when I arrived on the scene she was only a couple of yards distant from the craft, towards which the huge creature was going with her mouth open. I lifted my rifle and with a quick shot hit her in the head, causing her to sink immediately. The natives were so terrified that it took some time before they collected their wits sufficiently to paddle off. Eventually they pulled the canoe up the river and looked behind to see what would happen. Of course, they never thought to thank me for helping them. Presently the calf put up its head to look for its mother, whereupon I sent a bullet into it, which made it turn over and show its feet. Next morning I went to look for the calf, as it takes some hours before the carcass floats, but there was no sign of it. I should not wonder if that savage whom I had helped to escape returned, got it before me, and then dragged it down the river. Another time while out hunting in



THEY ARE EXPERT CANOEMEN, AND CAN GUIDE THEIR FRAIL CRAFT, WHICH ARE SCOOPED OUT OF A TREE, THROUGH THE MOST DANGEROUS RAPIDS. [Photo.]

are expert canoemen, and can guide their frail craft, which are scooped out of a tree, through the most dangerous rapids. How frail these are the next picture will show:

canoes (I had three canoes with me that time) we came across some of the Mambu Kushu, who accused my men (who belonged to the same tribe) of poaching in their waters, and

upbraided them for bringing a stranger to shoot their game. Words led to blows, and a regular naval battle ensued, the enraged natives slashing at one another with their paddles. Matters were fast becoming serious, and as I noticed some more canoes coming down the river, probably to join the belligerents, I thought it high time to interfere, as my men would have got the worst of it. So I told them to separate at once, or I would put a bullet into the canoe of the first man that lifted his paddle. When they saw me lift the rifle they thought I meant it and parted. I then sent two of my canoes down the river, while I went up stream to meet the

expecting someone to come for them. These women, as will be seen in the picture, wear long ropes of fibrous grasses spun in their hair, which hangs down to their knees.

After travelling another hundred miles we came to the village of a chief called N'Yangani, a brute who had murdered three white men some few years ago. He received me in a friendly way, and gave me beer and sent me corn, in return for which I presented him with some game and guinea fowl.

This chief's people, like Lebebe's, are all armed to the teeth, as they cannot even trust one another. After a stay here of some days



[From a] "TWO MAMBU KUSHU WOMEN WAITING TO BE FERRIED ACROSS THE RIVER." [Photo.]

other canoes. A talk and a laugh over the matter with a little tobacco soothed the natives' ruffled feelings, and when I bade them good-bye and left the matter was regarded as ended.

The natives who live on these river islands all have their gardens on the mainland, and are continually crossing and re-crossing to get at them.

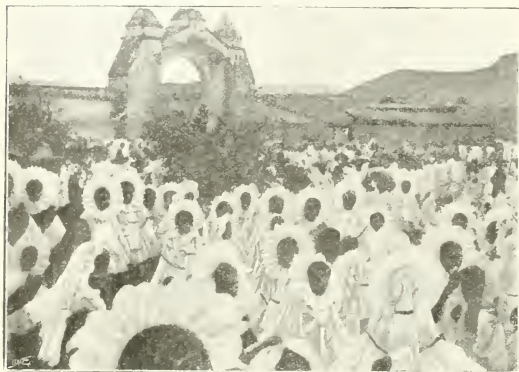
The next photo. shows two Mambu Kushu women waiting to be ferried across the river,

we started on our return journey, having reached a point 300 miles north-west of Lake N'gami. We once more reached the lake in January, 1900, and heard that war had broken out between England and the Transvaal.

By the time we left the lake we were all suffering more or less from malarial fever, and so decided to return at once. After again crossing the desert we arrived at Palapye in July, having been away just fifteen months on our trip across the Kalahari.

## Odds and Ends.

Holiday Attire in Mexico—The Sacred Tanks of Conjeveram—The "Feather Post" of Sumatra—A Sturgeon that Weighed 800lb.—A Tribal Exhibition in Travancore—An Active Railway without Rolling-Stock—Where they Curse by Machinery—An Automobile Military Funeral—What the Hyenas Did.



1.—A STRANGE MARKET SCENE IN MEXICO, WITH THE BELLES OF THE TOWN IN HOLIDAY ATTIRE. [From a] [Photo.]



HE first snap-shot we reproduce was taken last Good Friday in the town of Tehuantepec, Mexico, and it shows the belles of the neighbourhood decked out in their holiday attire. As may be judged from the photograph the effect is both curious and picturesque, especially when seen in the clear, bright atmosphere of Southern Mexico. Many of these quaint costumes are covered with small sequins of gold, which glitter in the dazzling sunshine. On ordinary market-days the bonnet is worn limp, like that of the girl to the left of the picture; for, everything being carried on the head, the stiff frill would be rather inconvenient.

Conjeveram, sixty miles from Madras, is one of the seven sacred cities or India, and second only to Benares itself in sanctity. Its

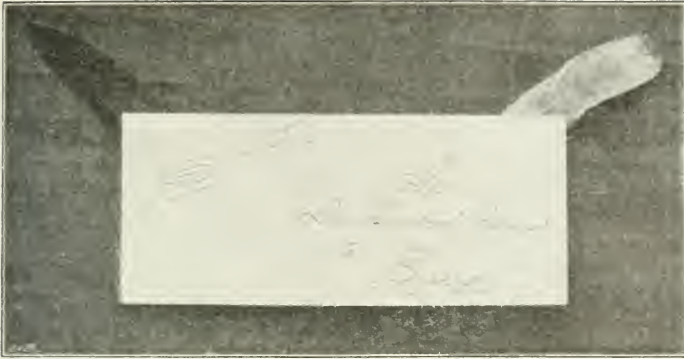
temples contain innumerable artistic treasures, not to mention jewels of priceless value. In the city there are a large number of tanks, or artificial lakes, scarcely less sacred than the temples themselves, and these lakes are credited with the most wonderful qualities. For instance, there are seven—corresponding to the days of the week—the waters of which are supposed to gratify every human desire. One causes the body to become golden; another removes anxiety; a third takes all sin away; a fourth grants knowledge, and so on. The finest of these great tanks, shown in the accompanying photograph, is situated on the outskirts of the town. Its four sides are dotted with elaborately

carved pagodas, and its steps are covered from morning till night with devout bathers, whose many-hued garments and pious attitudinizing give the scene a highly picturesque effect.

There are many parts of the world where the post-cart is rarely seen and where reading is an unknown accomplishment. In Sumatra, for instance, one of the most primitive islands in the world, a queer language of feathers is employed by the postal authorities in their dealings



2.—THE LARGEST OF THE SACRED TANKS OF CONJEVERAM, IN SOUTH INDIA. [From a] [Photo.]



3.—ILLUSTRATING THE "FEATHER POST" OF SUMATRA—THE BLACK AND WHITE FEATHERS SHOWN AT THE LETTER NEED ONLY BE CARRIED IN THE DAYTIME.  
*From a Photo.*

with their native employés. The feathers on the letter shown in our photo.—one black and one white—indicate to the native runner that the letter need only be carried in the daytime. Now, if these feathers were at the bottom of the letter they would signify that it must be carried at a uniform walking pace: while if two white feathers appear at the top the letter must travel at full speed, the bearer running all the way. All along the main roads of the island, at intervals of ten miles or so, are villages, the chiefs of which are in duty bound to see that two natives are always on duty as runners. As soon as a letter arrives one of them takes it to the next village, running or walking as the curious feather-code instructs him. At night-time the runners usually travel in pairs, as a road has often to be cut through dense jungle, where tigers and other dangerous creatures abound. As a certain time is allowed for the journey between each village the person sending the letter can tell almost to a minute the time it will reach its destination, even though the latter be a couple of hundred miles away. The letter seen in our photo. was dispatched by Mr. Vonck, of Moeara Enim, Sumatra.

We have published in THE WIDE WORLD from time to time photographs of big catches of fish in various parts of the world; but the splendid sturgeon seen in the photograph next reproduced constitutes something of a record. The proud captor of this fish

was using the Limerick books ("No. 16, 0") made by the great Redditch firm of Milward and Son, Ltd. These, while capable of holding fish of large size, are not exactly intended for sturgeon of the immense weight and size of the one here shown—though



4.—AN EGG-LAID STURGEON CAUGHT WITH A FISH-HOOK. (Photo.)

incidentally the quality of the hook is demonstrated in a very striking manner. The fisherman had his lines in the water, when suddenly one of them began to run out at a great pace. Greatly excited, he endeavoured to check the flying line, and after a tremendous struggle succeeded, with assistance, in landing what turned out to be a very fine Royal sturgeon, over 800lb. in weight and 12ft. in length. A smaller sturgeon, caught earlier in the day, can be seen lying on the ground.

During the late tour of His Excellency the Viceroy of India he was afforded an opportunity of inspecting a group of one of the most peculiar peoples in the world. After their stay at Trivandrum, in Travancore, Lord and Lady Curzon left by road for Madathurai, and at the

no other weapons beyond bows and arrows, in the use of which they display extraordinary skill. By the roadside the "Kannikars" had constructed one of their queer tree-huts; and they also gave an exhibition of their shooting. As an impromptu exhibition of tribal manners and customs this display of the simple hill-folk is probably unique, and undoubtedly afforded entertainment to our able Viceroy and his popular wife.

A railroad in itself presupposes the existence of carriages or trucks, but there is a line in Oregon which possesses no rolling-stock whatsoever except a locomotive, and yet does an exceedingly brisk business. This remarkable line brings trees in sections from one of the great forests. The logs are fastened together



5.—THE HILL TRIBESMEN, OR TREE-DWELLERS, OF TRAVANCORE GIVE A DISPLAY FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE VICEROY.  
*From a Photo.*

ninth milestone on the road a group of the "Kannikars," or hill tribesmen of Travancore, had collected to welcome His Excellency and to see with their own eyes the deputy of the Great White Mother. These extraordinary people live in a state of Nature. Their houses are built in the trees, and they have

by chains and pulled along over the sleepers, no trucks or other rolling-stock being employed. This method, primitive as it may sound, is much more expeditious than the laborious loading and unloading which the use of freight-cars would entail. To the right of this unique railway, of which we reproduce



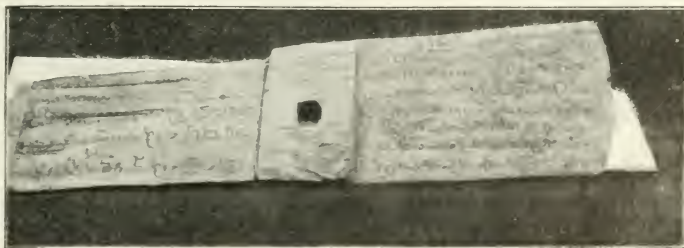
6.—"THE LOGS ARE PULLED ALONG OVER THE SLIDERS, NO ROLLING-STOCK BEING EMPLOYED."

a photograph, is seen an inclined plane or "chute" down which logs are shot into the pool below, whence they are taken down-stream. Some idea of the magnitude of the timber industry of these States may be gleaned from the fact that there are over 500 saw-mills on Puget Sound, and in 1898 no fewer than 700 ships sailed from the Sound laden with timber.

Everyone knows that in Tibet they pray by machinery, but a mechanical curse is something of a novelty even to the travelled. As mechanical means are employed for blessing, so also they may be employed for cursing. Our photo. shows an arrangement roughly cut out of a piece of rhododendron wood, which is intended to imitate the form of a ship's screw, so that when placed on a spindle, or a stick, run through the

hole cut in the centre, it will revolve in a fair wind. On the blades are written various blood-curdling curses addressed to Rabula and other powerful demons to destroy the British forces. It was originally found on a wall nearly two miles long, which the Tibetan army built in a single night on the road to Tukola, overlooking our position, in September, 1888.

The first photograph on the following page was taken at the funeral of Sergeant Grady, of the 13th Regiment, a veteran of the Spanish-American War, who died at Buffalo, N.Y., in



From a

7.—A MECHANICAL CURSE FROM TIBET.

[Photo



From a)

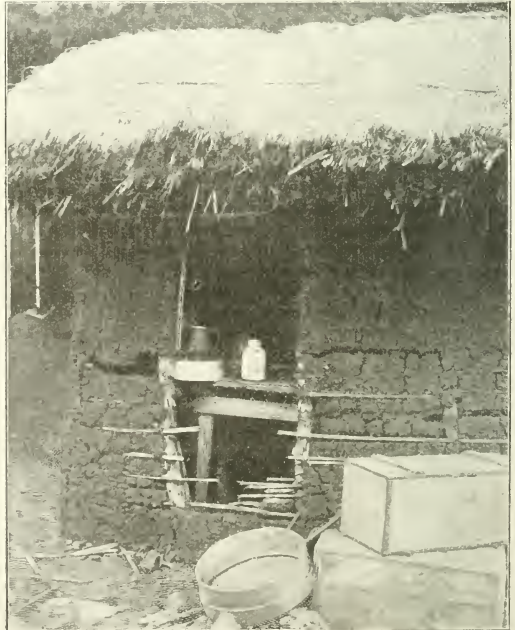
c.—"THE FIRST MILITARY AUTOMOBILE FUNERAL ON RECORD."

[Photo.]

May last. The *cortège* consisted entirely of automobiles, and constituted the first military automobile funeral on record. The cause of this daring innovation is rather curious. Owing to a general strike which prevailed at the time among the hackmen of Buffalo neither horses nor carriages could be procured, and, therefore, motor-cars had to be substituted. The funeral, as may be imagined, created quite a stir, and large crowds watched the novel procession on its way to the cemetery.

Writing from Nairobi, in British East Africa, a correspondent sends us the curious photograph here shown. "About eight miles from here," he writes, "is the East African Evangelical and Industrial Mission Station, of which the Rev. W. P. Knapp is superintendent. Among the many wild beasts with which the patient missionaries have to contend are hyenas, and that these brutes are awkward customers to deal with the inclosed photograph will show. During the night of the 16th of November about a dozen hyenas paid the mission a visit and, attracted by the smell of the milk and meat in the house, made a combined assault on the milk-house. This building had mud walls about 4in. thick, strengthened with laths. As may be seen in the snap-shot, however,

and a pail which contained sour milk. No trace of either of these articles has been found."

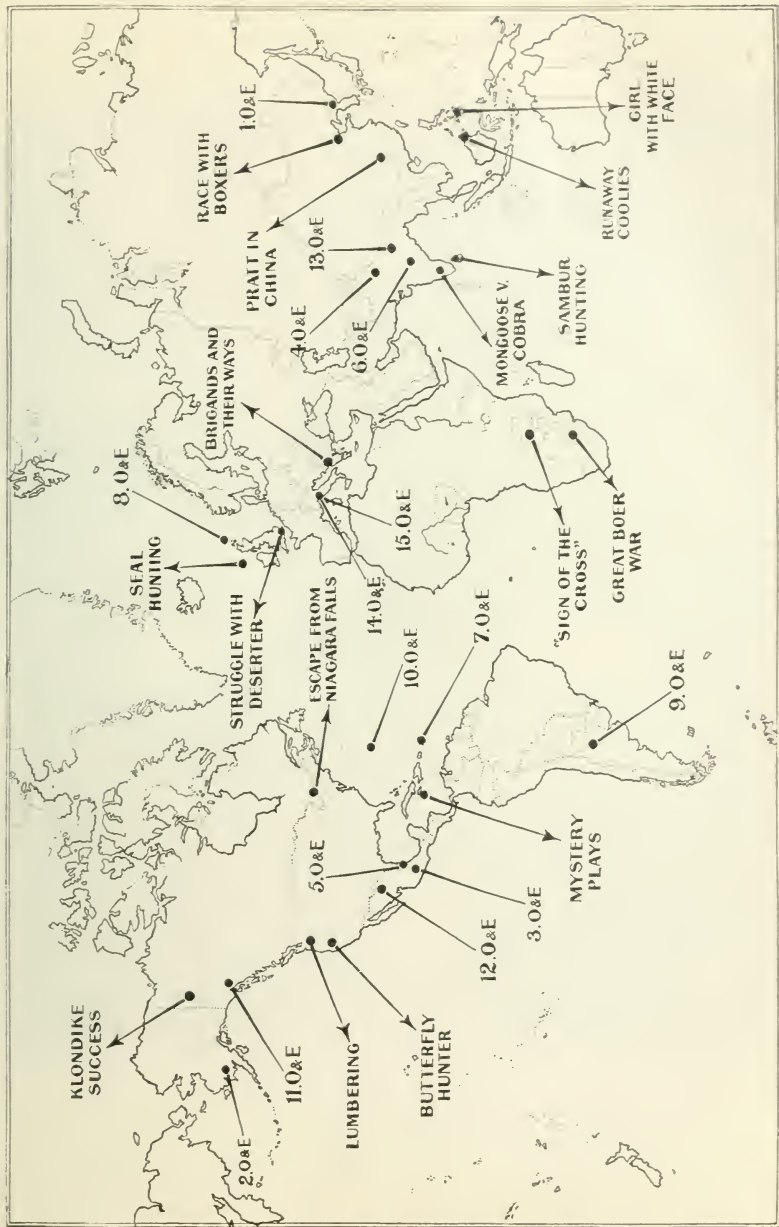


9.—"THE HYENAS SUCCEEDED IN MAKING A YAWNING BREACH."

From a Photo. by the Rev. W. P. Knapp.

the hyenas succeeded in making a yawning breach. Once inside, they consumed several gallons of milk and carried off bodily a jar containing about 2lb. of butter. An overturned milk-pail may be seen on the table. Only this morning," concludes our correspondent, "the hyenas have smashed a quantity of crockery and carried off a stone butter-jar





THE NOVEL MAP-CONTENTS OF "THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE," WHICH SHOWS AT A GLANCE THE LOCALITY OF EACH ARTICLE AND NARRATIVE OF ADVENTURE IN THIS NUMBER



ON THE BRINK OF THE FALL IN ONE LIVING, STRUGGLING MASS WERE THE STAG AND TWO-THIRDS OF THE PACK."

*Specially drawn for this narrative by John G. Millais, F.Z.S., etc.*

(SEE PAGE 111.)

# THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE.

Vol. VII.

MAY, 1901.

No. 38.

## Sambur-Hunting in Ceylon.

BY THOMAS FARR.

A detailed description of a very exciting sport practised in the Horton Plains district. The photographs will be found interesting; but we desire to draw special attention to the spirited frontispiece and other special drawings which have been prepared for this narrative by Mr. John G. Millais, F.Z.S., etc. For twenty years Mr. Farr has been the leading elk-hunter in Ceylon, and has been master of three different packs. In his article he describes "the run of his life."



**S**AMBUR, or elk as they have been called in Ceylon from time immemorial, vary in courage to a most striking degree. There is the stag that will bellow and squeal almost as soon as he catches your eye—even before a hound has touched him; and then there is the gallant, fearless brute that will fight to the last and die game without so much as a groan.

But I must describe elk-hunting as it is carried on in Ceylon before I give you an account of the grand "bay" we had on the 11th of June. Sir Samuel Baker has described the sport in two most readable books, but beyond this I have seldom come across an accurate account of it as it ought to be and generally is. I have once or twice read descriptions which were ludicrous from their inaccuracy, and the sport seemed to have degenerated into a scurry with a nondescript pack of tykes attended by a crowd of people armed with guns and spears.

"Elk" hunting as it has always been carried on by some two or three recognised packs in Ceylon is almost entirely on foot, and the only weapon used is the hunting-knife with a ten-inch blade. A horse is occasionally useful to take one from point to point in a hard run, where some game track, native path, or road lends its assistance; but in nine cases out of ten you would find your horse up to his girths in a swamp before you had followed a pack of "elk" hounds across country for a quarter of a mile.

The country is a very stiff one, lying at the summit, more or less, of the mountain zone of the island, and falling down from this undulating

plateau of some 8,000ft. to elevations of 4,000ft. and 5,000ft. Vast tracts of forest are here interspersed with open downs of short, coarse grass called patanas, and at the bottoms of the valleys are streams of some volume and size. These will be found widening out into grand pools, narrowing to shallow rapids over rocky beds and impassable in floods, or plunging down deep gorges and chasms and falling over bare precipices and crags.

Waterfalls of 50ft. and 100ft. are necessarily common in such a country, and one I know of is some 2,000ft. At the very lip of this "Banjy" I once killed a magnificent stag. It is a big country, too, where I have chiefly hunted during the past twenty odd years, and where the hunt I shall endeavour to describe took place. It is known as the Horton Plains Country, and may be described as the "Roof of the Island." Through its open grassy downs meanders the most perfect trout stream it is possible to imagine. For some ten years ova have been

imported from England, and the stream has been well stocked, affording splendid sport to the members of our fishing club.

As for climate it would be hard to beat anywhere, and at this high elevation, over 7,000ft., it is easy to imagine that hard exercise, even in the tropics though it be, is not only possible but enjoyable. Often during December, January, and February the patanas are white with hoar frost up to 6.30 a.m., whilst the shade temperature during the day varies from 55deg. to 65deg. Fahr.

Hounds are unkenelled by 5 a.m. on a hunting morning, and with luck are back on their



THE AUTHOR, MR. THOMAS FARR, FOR TWENTY YEARS THE LEADING ELK-HUNTER OF CEYLON.

From a Photo. by F. & R. Speight,  
175, Regent Street, W.



"HOUNDS ARE UNKENNELLED BY 5 A.M. ON A HUNTING MORNING."  
From a Photo.

benches by twelve noon. The pack consists of foxhounds, deerhounds, and kangaroo hounds. The following would be a very "killing" lot: eight to nine couple of 23in. English foxhounds, three to four couple of deer and kangaroo hounds, and three or four good, hardy Norfolk lurchers to run with the finders. Foxhounds are too apt to confine themselves to baying the hunted stag, who will often stand and defy them in the jungle while he gets his wind, whereas a lurcher will give him a nip somewhere as a hint to move on.

As a rule the quarry carries a fine scent, and you may often see your lurchers ahead of the foxhounds, driving him for all he is worth. At this pace, especially if it is a matter of a mile up-hill or a quarter of a mile up a steep patana bluff, the stag gets blown, and comes down to the pool below to make his stand. There the deer and kangaroo hounds play their part. These are known as "long dogs" or "seizers," and they are distributed by one knowing the country and the run of the deer. Dog-boys are told off for this work, generally assisted by one or two of the field.

On more than one occasion I have seen the hunted stag or hind lie down in a pool close in front of hounds, all but the nostrils hidden beneath the surface of the water, and I have actually seen half a pack pass within a few feet of a stag's head just above the water without winding or seeing it. When, sooner or later, he stands to fight it is generally in shallow water to begin with. On some narrow ridge of rock in mid-

stream, with deeper water around him, he awaits the leading hounds—one or two couple probably, which have to approach him swimming. He shows no sign of fear, but an impatient stamping of the water with his fore-feet betrays his rage. As more and more come on, and the more formidable-looking "seizers" arrive on the scene, the situation changes.

Instead of attacking his pursuers in fierce rushes he breaks his "bay" and seeks deeper water, where even the big kangaroo hounds must swim to reach him. Here he will stand up to his chest in water, rearing up occasionally to pound huntsmen and hounds as they approach him. The knife being the only weapon used, a near approach is necessary to

give the fatal thrust behind the shoulder.

The stag, too, takes good care to keep his head towards you, so that the vulnerable point in his side seems unattainable. Then, when still harder pressed, he takes to deeper water, and swims at such a pace that, unless hampered with hounds at his ears, no human being in his clothes can hope to keep near him. As he crosses the shallows at the head of the pool or passes some convenient rock the sportsman takes his opportunity, and a skilful thrust is often as effectual as a well-directed bullet would be.

If the stag takes to deep water, unless a man be a good swimmer it were wiser for him to remain on the bank and watch the fight until he can see his way to a dash at his quarry on the shallows. The stag uses his fore-feet with terrific force, and I have seen strong seizers



"WHEN, SOONER OR LATER, HE STANDS TO FIGHT IT IS GENERALLY IN SHALLOW WATER TO BEGIN WITH."

almost cut in two by them : while with his hind-feet he is as quick and handy as a pony. Now for the story of the fighting stag.

It was on the 11th of June that four of us met on the Horton Plains : Maitland (the master), Ross, Wilson, and myself. The morning was fine, and we left the kennels at 5.45 a.m., but it was too windy to be called a good hunting morning, as it was almost impossible to locate sound accurately.

Seizers having been placed, Maitland with a short pack of about eight couple drew in along a low ridge of thick forest running parallel with the river. A stag had been harboured there the

and just below us in the hollow we could hear a "bay." Before we could get to it the stag broke bay and dashed into the forest, heading for the falls. We could just catch a glimpse of a nasty red gash on the off-shoulder of Dainty, the fast kangaroo hound, as she passed us, and following we heard the whole pack racing down a precipitous slope to the top of the falls.

Getting over the top of a knoll, in front of us we could hear a grand "bay" going on in the river some 200ft. below us. We were tumbling down the patana side to this when the "bay" ceased, and a big, heavy stag passed in full view on a bit of swampy ground on the other bank of the



From a]

A TYPICAL "PATANA" OR OPEN DOWN OF SHORT, COARSE GRASS.

[Phot.

day before, so we were certain of a find. Just above Figure of Eight Pool the first whimper was heard, and Beauty proclaimed a good find, for immediately afterwards hounds went away with a fine burst of music.

Crossing the river and still keeping along the valley, Ross, Wilson, and I ran down the open, keeping in touch with the pack now tonguing merrily on our left and making for a narrow belt of patana into and almost through the jungle above us. Here two seizers, Dainty and Vengeance, had been placed, as the stag was pretty sure to cross it on his way to Baker's Falls, where he would probably make his first stand, or, at any rate, cross the river there.

We reached the belt of patana just in time to see the tail hounds flash out on to the grass,

river. Hounds were close at his heels, and after a momentary check in a stream down whose rocky bed the stag had trotted knee-deep in water they dashed into the jungle on his line. A second later, amid a chorus of music, a fine stag trotted back into the open, apparently from the very middle of the pack. At the time it appeared that he must be the hunted stag, but subsequent events proved that this was not the case. Not a single hound came out on his line, and he was soon out of sight again in the jungle.

In the meantime we could hear hounds getting away up the opposite slope now in thick forest ; but the noise of the wind and rushing water made it impossible to locate the sound. The "field" now divided, Maitland and I

following the direction the pack had started in, whilst Ross and Wilson, thinking hounds had turned right-handed, made the best of their way in that direction. After a sharp run of about



THE FIGHT IN MID-STREAM COMMENCES.

three-quarters of a mile to Onion Patana with nothing but instinct to guide me I heard far away in a thickly wooded gorge a distinct baying of hounds. So, getting into a game path by the edge of the stream, I ran along as fast as dense undergrowth and trailing creepers would let me, and after going about half a mile all sound ceased.

The stag had again broken "bay" before I could come up with him, and swinging round left-handed up a narrow gorge he soon took the pack out of hearing.

Coming back to Onion Patana and disturbing on my way a large troop of Wanderoo monkeys, whose bark or grunt is sometimes uncommonly like that of a wild boar, I met Maitland. He had heard no tongue, but had picked up two couple of hounds that had been thrown out in the run. Around us the forest trees swayed in the wind, and occasionally the note of a distant bird or the wail of chafing branches would make us start with hope that we heard hounds running. The jungle was sodden with last night's rain, and by this time I was wet to the skin, so that standing still in the cold wind was not at all to my mind.

We decided to return to the open plains by the way we had come and so get to the river as quickly as possible. The hounds we had recovered had evidently come from a high, forest-clad ridge rising some 600ft. between us and the river. To get round a spur of this was now our object, and we had hardly entered the forest for this purpose when to our joy we heard the welcome sound of a "bay" far away below us, and again in the direction of Baker's Falls. Making the best pace we could, we were soon out on the open patana again.

Now the baying of hounds became more and more distinct, and forcing our way through the fringe of long grass and brambles, always to be found where jungle and patana meet, we gained a view of the river. Here a lovely and striking picture met our view—a long, broad reach of water extending to the very lip of the falls, and broken here and there by ridges of rock and rapids and intervening pools.

In one of these, out in mid-stream, stood a magnificent stag at bay. His head was lowered to below the level of his withers, and his mane bristled with rage. Taking advantage of every favourable feature in the surroundings, the hounds approached him, baying furiously from ridges of rock, from the bank, and more venture-some ones from the water itself, all in a grand chorus. The stag was in fighting trim and fighting mood, and at frequent intervals with a bound or two forward he would rear himself up on his hind



"THE STAG WOULD REAR HIMSELF UP ON HIS HIND LEGS."

legs and with lightning stroke his hoofs would break the water with a splash above or within a few inches of an approaching hound. To avoid his terrific and sudden attacks the old and experienced hound would allow himself to sink beneath the surface, whilst the water would break the force of the blow. So far only the leading hounds were up, and no seizers. We knew it was useless to expect to keep him at bay for long, or kill him with only half-a-dozen foxhounds, so the situation was becoming critical.

The master then blew his horn, giving his signal to the dog-boy to bring the seizers, and after many anxious minutes, during which the stag was fast getting his wind, first one and then another appeared in the distance galloping to the "bay." A few more hounds had come up on the line, and the bay became louder and louder as they joined in.

Then down the steep slopes to the river came Venus and Strathspey, Rover and Dainty, with Vestal, Vengeance, and Victor, Slavin and Rufus—a truly formidable band, all racing to join the baying pack. In a moment the situation was changed.

The hounds took heart of grace from the plucky seizers and leaped from rock to rock, whilst the latter splashed through shallow pools and, bursting through scrub and grass on the bank, soon showed the stag he had more formidable opponents to deal with than a few baying foxhounds. In a moment the stag broke his "bay" at once, and with a few bounds was across the river and once more in the sheltering jungle.

The pack, now almost all up, pressed him fiercely, and raised such a chorus on his line that even the roar of the falls and the noise of the wind could not drown it. They hustled him along through the dense forest, and now he tried a desperate move to baffle his pursuers. We were on the very top and brink of the falls, and Maitland waded across the pool just above where the stag had made a short stand, whilst I waited, expecting he would run a short ring and return to the same pool to continue the fight. Leaving the falls for a moment, I could hear hounds getting lower and lower, baying as they went.

It was a frightful bit of country. The falls are broken into three steps or ledges, with a deep pool worn into the solid rock into which the water plunges with a roar. The first fall is some 25ft., on to a narrow ledge, thence, after a swift swirl in its water-worn basin, it spouts out again over another 15ft. of rock on to a broader ledge below. Above, the river has divided so that, while half of it descends to the narrow

ledge I have just described, the other half falls sheer over some 30ft. into a deep, dark pool at its base. On either side of these falls and within the influence of the water are perpendicular cliffs, from crevices in which magnificent tree ferns leap their graceful fronds towards the spray.

It had now become evident to me that there was no chance of the stag ever reaching the top of the falls again, and the sound of hounds could now only faintly be heard through the roar of water. Crossing with the greatest care over the very brink of the precipice, where a false step or a slip would have meant certain death, I reached the other bank, and forcing my way through dense undergrowth away from the falls I could again hear the furious baying of the pack now far below me.

Looking over the edge of the precipice, which extended into the jungle from the river, I could see Maitland lowering himself by saplings, roots of trees, and trailing creepers into a perfect chasm. But the baying of a pack of hounds and a fighting stag will lead a man anywhere, and down I went hand under hand, hanging sometimes directly over Maitland's head.

Just as I reached the bottom, drenched and almost blinded by the spray of the left hand fall, I witnessed an extraordinary sight. On the brink of the fall in one living, struggling mass were the stag and two-thirds of the pack—the stag with his feet in the air and Rover fast on his ear. The good old hound had made his seize with such effect that the shock and the slippery foothold had turned him over. It was only a momentary glimpse, for at that instant the whole lot of them went over the fall together. The force of the stream and the narrowness of the ledge gave no chance for a single hound to avoid it.

Following Maitland, who was then climbing down the side of the fall, through pools and over boulders and down another wall of rock, we reached the second pool. Here the stag had reached his last stronghold wherein to make his final effort, and a gallant effort it was. The depth of the pool into which he had fallen had saved his life for the moment, for he had somehow crushed poor Rover in his fall. He lost no time in making good his advantage. The ledge of rock here was much broader than the one they had just left, and the rocky basin was some 30ft. long and 20ft. wide. From this there was only one way out except over the falls, for on the far side rose a spur of some 50ft., whilst on the right was the fall and on the left the lower fall.

The rest of the field here joined us, coming down the face of the precipice where a few

shrubs and saplings grew. Now the fight began in earnest. It was a grand and awesome sight that we looked upon. From above us the upper fall plunged down into the deep, dark pool at our feet with a thundering roar, and clouds of spray rose into the air around us. At the tail of the pool, and on the lip of the lower fall, in the fierce rush of the descending torrent stood the stag, facing the pack, as the bolder ones dashed or swam towards him. Below and behind him no living creature could have gained one second's foothold.

The water from the pool confined in its

rocks and ledges to bay their feelings to the full. But Venus, a grand white deerhound, was not to be denied. With the courage and recklessness of the best of her race she made her spring to seize, trying for the ear as Rover had successfully done in the pool above; but she missed her point. In a second she was drawn into the vortex of the deadly rush of water, and in another she disappeared like a flash into the pool some 30ft. below.

It was a sickening sight for her owner—indeed for us all—to see this grand hound whirled down, out of sight even before she was well over the



HERE IS A UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING TWO HOUNDS ABOUT TO ATTACK A STAG AT BAY IN THE STREAM.

narrow, worn channel rushed with swirl and eddy past him, breaking over his hocks, but barely reaching his knees. To reach him here with the knife was quite impossible. Over a sheer wall of rock the fall plunged with a reverberating thud into the pool some 30ft. below—a solid rock caldron of black, seething water.

The gallant stag here held his own and gained his wind once more. Hound after hound, feeling the danger of the stream and fearing to face the stag in such a place, came away to adjacent

cruel fall. Her attack, however, dislodged the stag, and forward he bounded once more into the safer environment of the pool. But other hounds, encouraged by the good seizer's effort, had ventured too far out into the stream, and in a moment, one after the other, Beauty and Rosebud—a splendid couple of foxhounds—and Rufus and Pillager were swept past us over the fall. Another good hound followed and then another, and two were saved on the very brink.



Now hound after hound dashed in to seize, only to be pounded by the stag as he stood on some submerged rock as a point of vantage to meet his foes. Wilson sprang in at him knife in hand, but missed his point behind the shoulder, merely grazing the skin.

With all one's clothes it was no light matter to swim in the swirling eddies near these great falls, and it was with some difficulty that he regained the ledge of rock from which he had jumped. The stag in the meantime, startled by the sudden plunge and the prick of the hunting knife, swam immediately under the fall, and as he passed under the torrent of water he threw his head back and seemed to lift himself away from the suction of the undercurrent, which

plunged straight in, and he did not consider it advisable to approach any nearer. A few hounds dashed in again and some of those still swimming tried to seize, so once more he swam across the pool.

Wilson then made a second attempt, and this time the undercurrent seemed to draw him down; it was only by the greatest effort that he succeeded in clambering up to the ledge once more.

Dainty, in spite of the wound on her shoulder she had received at the first short "bay" on the patana, here seized magnificently, and over and over again had the stag by the ear, but the water was too rough for her. The stag would sink or even dive to choke her off, and invariably



From a

THE MASTER SOUNDS HIS HORN AFTER THE KILL TO CALL US STRAGGLERS.

[P. 113]

must have been very strong where the fall met the pool.

Coming round to my side, where I guarded the only path out of the pool to possible freedom, he faced me quite undaunted and walked calmly right up to the point of my knife as I stood on a ledge of rock level with the water. I knew I could not reach his heart with my knife in this situation, even if I had

Vol. vii.—15.

succeeded in doing so. Vestal, one of Venus's fine litter and almost a puppy, was barely a moment on the bank; and Blithesome and Reckless, two foxhounds, went in over and over again most pluckily, but against them all the stag held his own most gallantly. We, too, were not idle, making a dash here and there as he seemed to expose himself to attack; but as often he eluded us.

At last after an hour's fight Ross, taking advantage of a fine bit of seizing by Vestal and Dainty in the shallow channel between the pool and the lower fall, got his knife into the heart. Our quarry was a fine stag, and must have weighed fully 30st. clean; a better fighter I have never seen. Having dragged the carcass ashore and performed the usual offices, the hounds were duly rewarded as they so well deserved.

We now turned our attention to the wounded and missing. Of the six hounds that had gone over the lower fall Venus, Beauty, and Rosebud had joined us. How any living creature could survive such a fall it was impossible to imagine; but all three took part in the "bay" again, although it must be confessed with ardour somewhat damped by their descent into the pool below.

Three hounds or more were still away and we feared the worst, but poor old Rover claimed our first attention. He seemed in a very bad way, indeed. While the "bay" was going on we

had noticed him for some time perched on a boulder shivering and taking no interest in the proceedings; as we moved away to reach the open we realized how bad he was. He staggered and fell on his side, and seemed quite unable to move. A little whisky was poured down his throat, and he was at once carried to camp; but when we reached home an hour afterwards he was dead. Welkin, one of the fox-hounds, was badly pounded at the beginning of the "bay." The stag had caught him fair on the back and temporarily injured his spine. It was hours before he came round, and weeks before he could leave the kennel again. One or two others had bruises and slight wounds, but none of any consequence. Venus was injured going over the big fall, and for some time showed signs of injury. We found the rest of the missing ones shivering on the sides of the pool—two of them so placed that another plunge into it was necessary before they could reach us.



Photo. a

ATTENDING TO THE HOUNDS AFTER THE KILL.

(Photo.

## The Girl With the White Face.

By FREDERIC COLEMAN.

The author has recently come to England, after three years in the Far East as a war correspondent for English and American papers. Whilst in the Island of Mindanao he was greatly interested in the "White Face," and had Henrique's grave pointed out to him by a Chinese trader. The whole incident is very typical of life in the little-known Philippines.



It was at a Moro "tianggui," or market festival, that I first saw the Girl with the White Face. In Moro-land white faces are few, and to see a fair-complexioned inmate of a Moro harem was so rare an incident, that upon discovering her in the crowd at the "tianggui" I resolved to learn something of her history. When I heard who she was and what had befallen her the story sounded like a romance. It needed but little inquiry in Cotabato, however, to prove that the tale of the White-Faced Girl, as related by its narrator, possessed no element of fiction.

I had not been long in Southern Mindanao when I was invited to visit the Datto Uttu to his harem. Uttu had been a power in the land in years past, but his strength had gone from him with the decline of his years. He was nearly seventy years old when I first saw him, and was more noted for the size and splendour of his harem than anything else. For Uttu had two hundred wives, and an immense amount of riches with which to adorn them.

A week or two after my visit to Uttu's harem I went to see the "tianggui," which was held a short distance from the home of the old chief. As I was strolling about the market festival, watching the gamblers and curiously pricing this and buying that, I noticed an unusually well-dressed girl walking aimlessly

about, much in the manner in which I was amusing myself. The girl, however, gave the faces of those she passed a more direct and careful scrutiny than I would dare to have done.

A few moments later I met the girl face to face. What was my surprise to discover that she was not only exceptionally handsome, but of a pure Castilian type, and that her skin was almost white, with just a shade of the olive tint which one would look for in the complexion of a daughter of sunny Spain.

On making this discovery I spoke in a low tone to Inno, my interpreter, and calling his attention to the girl asked if he knew who she was.

"Yes, sir," he answered, in Spanish, "but the señor must not look at her twice, for she is not of sound mind. Besides, she is one of the wives of the Datto Uttu, whose harem the señor visited, and the señor knows that it is not good to look too long upon the wives of Uttu."

There was sound common sense in what Inno said, and I knew it; but the mystery that my mind had already woven about the White-Faced Girl increased when I heard that she was mad.

However, I was careful to betray no further interest in the Girl with the White Face, but unobservedly followed her with my eyes as she wandered here and there, evidently in search of something or someone she could not find. I



THE AUTHOR EXAMINING BRACELETS OF THE AUTHOR'S NATIVE HOME NEAR WHERE HE FOUND THE "WHITE FACE."



"A FEW MOMENTS LATER I MET  
THE GIRL FACE TO FACE."

was inclined to accept Inno's statement as truth and believe her mad, from the wild, haunting look in her eyes as she scanned the faces of all she met.

When we left the "tianggui" I made up my mind to pay the Datto Uttu a second call, and see what I could learn of the white-faced inmate of his harem. But on my arrival at Uttu's domicile I found that the aged chief was asleep, and that the Rajah Mudah, or Crown Prince, accompanied by the entire male contingent of Uttu's household, had gone to the home of a neighbouring Datto to attend the funeral of the latter's infant son. Only the old interpreter had remained at the harem.

It seemed that my visit was so ill-timed as to be of no purpose after all, but just as I was about to take my departure I was informed that "La Princessa" had given instructions that I was to be served with some refreshment; a moment later the Princess herself entered the outer room of the harem in which I had been waiting.

Uttu's Princess was a character. How she gained her title I never heard. Her father was

of the old line of the Sultans of Mindanao who came from the mighty Karoun, and possessed great wealth and unlimited authority. The Princess was Uttu's favourite out of all his many wives, and the old man was fond of boasting of her blue blood.

She was, moreover, the only woman with whom Uttu had been known to celebrate the marriage rites of his own or any other country. Most of his wives he obtained by purchase, or else accepted them in lieu of the payment of some debt. But the marriage of Uttu and his Princess had been a formal one, and he was wedded to her with all the odd rites of the Mohammedan creed—or what serves as such in Moro-land.

As I was awaiting the bidding of the Princess to be seated I caught sight of a face among those of the half-dozen women who had followed her into the room, and this face I needed no second glance to recognise.

It was none other than the White Face I had seen at the "tianggui." As the Princess bade me welcome the strange girl stepped forward, leaned towards me as if to gain a better view in the half-light, and for the second time that day peered intently into my face.

As she drew away after scanning my features for an instant I gave an involuntary shudder and took a step backward. As I did so the Princess, her attendants, and the old interpreter smiled broadly.

The Princess seemed particularly amused, and laughed outright as she motioned me to a seat on a pile of cushions at the other side of the room.

When seated I at once asked the Princess why the White-Faced Girl had looked at me in a manner so foreign to that of the women of Mindanao. I was also tempted to ask point-blank how a girl of such fair skin came to be in the harem of an ugly old Moro chief, but was deterred by the thought that an offence against Her Royal Highness might mean the loss of my head.

The Princess answered that I should hear the story of the mad girl who was seated at her side if I had patience to listen to it, for it was a long tale. Eager for the story, I agreed with pleasure. The familiarity of the Princess with the history of the Girl with the White Face made it necessary to question my Royal entertainer but seldom to keep the thread of the story; and I shall relate it in the sequence in which I heard it, and without other embellishment than is required to make it intelligible.

The name of the girl whose history you seek to know is Loa, though we call her as you did—the Girl with the White Face. She was born in Cottabato, in the time of the Spaniards, long before the Americanos came to Mindanao. Her mother was a Filipino girl who had a strain of Spanish blood in her veins. In the old days the mother married the Spanish colonel. She was a mere child, and many stories are still told of her beauty. While she was yet young the colonel went away. Some say he went to Spain. At all events, he never came back.

The woman waited a year before she would take another husband, and a little child was born to her while she was waiting. The child was Loa. As time went on and no news came from the colonel the mother took as a husband the half-breed Moro, whose father was a Filipino soldier in the Spanish army. Other children came to Loa's mother, and the Spaniard's child grew up in the customs of the Moros.

Her stepfather's name was Cato. He is still alive, I think, though the mother has been dead for many seasons. Cato lived near this place, and was a subject of the Datto Uttu. He tilled a part of the rancheria of my brother, the Rajah Mudah, and was not in need of those things which it was necessary for him and his to have.

Loa was as white a child as though no blood but that of Spain was hers. She grew to be very beautiful, and was spoken of by many. Loa's father sent her often to Cottabato with baskets of bananas or bread-fruit, and before she was more than a child she was very skilful at cigarette-making, which brought her still more often to Cottabato. It is not known to me at what time or how she met the Bugler Henrique. He was the musician of the Spanish garrison at Cottabato. His hair was fine, as I have seen the hair of no man, and those who saw him have said he was unlike any other man who was ever in Mindanao.

No matter how Henrique and Loa met—they soon thought little of aught but each other. Before they had known one another long they had devised a plan by which they could spend much time in each other's company. A Spanish sergeant, a friend of Henrique, was married to a Filipino woman and owned a house of his own in Cottabato. There the lovers saw one another often—too often, as what happened afterwards proved. I have heard it said that Loa and Henrique lived only for those hours when they were together.

But one day the end of their happiness

came, and came in the most commonplace and natural way in the world. Cato had rented two water-buffaloes of the Datto Uttu, and was using the beasts for ploughing his rice-fields. One night some of the followers of the thieving Datto Guibangan, who lives up the river, stole the water-buffaloes, and Cato was unable to recover them. Of course, Cato came to the Datto Uttu and told him of the loss. Thereupon the Datto Uttu got exceedingly angry, and demanded a hundred pesos in lieu of the stolen animals. Cato, of course, had no hundred pesos to give to the chief, but offered instead to sell Uttu his daughter, Loa, if the water-buffaloes were not recovered by the new moon.

Cato knew little of the ways of the Spaniards, as his life from his earliest boyhood had been spent among the Moros, and he never dreamed of the attachment Loa had formed for Henrique. On the contrary, he was surprised when his daughter did not express great joy at the prospect of a life of ease and idleness among the women of the Datto's harem. If Cato gave that matter a thought, however, he soon forgot it. Loa was on her way to Cottabato before the sun had risen on the morning after her father told her what was to come to pass. Before noontime she had poured her sorrows into the sympathetic ear of her Spanish soldier lover.

I suppose Henrique was very much set on having Loa as his wife, for he was not satisfied to let matters take their inevitable course. He



HE HURD HER SORROWS INTO THE SYMPATHETIC EAR OF HER SPANISH SOLDIER-LOVER.

fought against fate, which no wise man will do, and he did but come to grief in the end, as you shall see. I have heard that Henrique's first step was to seek assistance from the Spanish colonel who was at that time Governor of Cottabato. But, of course, that was useless, as the Governor could at once see that the girl was practically a member of the Datto Uttu's household already—so little chance was there of the recovery of the water-buffaloes.

The Governor well knew the thievish chieftain Guibangan, and was aware that all that once came into his hands might well be counted as lost. Furthermore, the Governor knew the Datto Uttu, and remembered that former Spanish Governors had interfered with Moro customs to their sorrow, as the graveyard on the little hill could testify.

Whatever the Governor might have thought or said, Henrique came the next day to see Cato at his home. That was not well. Some Moros are bad, and even the best among the warriors did not love the Spaniards. When a Spanish soldier left Cottabato alone, he did so against the orders of his commander, for everyone knew the danger of trouble. Many times, however, Spanish soldiers would come to the "tianggui," and sometimes they would gamble, though it was not wise. The Datto Uttu and the other chiefs in the valley told the Spanish colonel that they would take no responsibility for the death of such adventurous spirits, if one should be killed; and as that was all they could do, they troubled themselves no more about it.

At all events, the Spanish bugler saw Cato, who was not given to many words, and said what he had to say quickly. The result of Henrique's visit to the home of his sweetheart was not encouraging. Cato simply said, "Get the two carribao" (as the water-buffaloes are

called), "or go to the Datto Uttu and ask for Loa. For the new moon approaches, and with it comes the day when my daughter shall no longer belong to me, but to the great chief."

Of course Henrique could not get the water-buffaloes, nor could he come to see the Datto Uttu. To attempt to do either would mean his death; for to venture into the country of Guibangan alone would be as foolish as to excite the anger of Uttu. But the bugler sent a message to Uttu by Inno, the interpreter, who was wont to go often to Cottabato. The chief was amused when he heard the story of the lovers and felt kindly towards them. Instead of becoming wrathful at the request of Henrique that he might be allowed to take Loa to wife, Uttu sent word that if the Spaniard would pay the hundred pesos demanded of Cato in the first place the girl should be his.

But that did not lessen the despair of Loa and Henrique. For the latter had no money save four pesos which was part of his pay saved up for the wedding. He gambled craftily, but

with little gain. The new moon came in mid-week. On the day of the "tianggui" Henrique had but two days more in which to raise the money. He came to the "tianggui" with twelve pesos, and Loa gave him one more which had been given to her by her friend, the wife of the Spanish sergeant. For some time Henrique did not play, but watched each game as though waiting for something to happen. Before long the event for which he had waited took place. By a visitation of wondrous good fortune a Moro won the stake of nearly every one of the

players in one of the largest games at the "tianggui." The lucky Moro sat laughing at the discomfiture of the impoverished losers and inviting others to come and play against his great fortune. As he called out for new players



"HE PLAYED SLOWLY AND CAREFULLY, RISKING SMALL STAKES AND SHOWING GOOD JUDGMENT."

loud and boastfully he ran his hands through the pile of silver pesos in front of him, and would now and again throw a handful into the air as though daring all to come and win them from him.

Soon several players took up the gauntlet thrown down by the winner of the silver pile, and Henrique was among the number. He played slowly and carefully, risking small stakes and showing good judgment—for that is an element in some of our gamblers which makes them hard to beat. The winner became careless as his pile of pesos grew, but suddenly he noticed that Henrique was also increasing his capital. From that time the Moro tried solely to win the little hoard in front of the bugler. That was bad for the Moro's fortune, but his repeated losses only served to make him more eager to get the pesos of the Spaniard.

The game was still in progress at noon-day. Most of the crowd had left the "tianguí," but many stayed to watch the players. As the story of Henrique and Loa was not unknown to some of the spectators. Many tales are told of what happened afterwards, but most of them agree as to the main incidents. Henrique was playing as carefully as when he had but thirteen pesos, although his pile had grown to considerable size. In an interval of the game he was counting his money, when suddenly he leaped to his feet with a shout as that of a man who has gained an object for which he has long striven. Turning to Loa, who had stood behind him from the start, he cried out, "It is finished! I have won the hundred pesos!"

The Moro who had challenged the bugler to the game was mad to think that the Spaniard had won his money, and that there was appar-

ently no opportunity to win it back. He was a bad man and an unwilling loser. As he heard the words spoken by the happy lover the Moro rose quickly but stealthily, and before anyone near by saw what was his intention he had raised his heavy kris and dealt the Spaniard a terrible blow that almost cut his body in half. All was confusion in a moment. The tragedy happened so suddenly that those who were in the crowd saw the sun flash on the blade of the



"HE RAISED HIS KRIS AND DEALT THE SPANIARD A TERRIBLE BLOW."

kris and heard the terrified shriek of the girl at the same instant. Before any one in the excited little crowd about the corpse of Henrique had regained their senses the Moro who had struck the blow had plunged into the adjacent forest and was gone. He was searched for afterwards, but in vain, as it was learned that he had fled in land to Lake Lanás, the home and hiding-place of many renegades and fugitives from justice.

When they tried to lift Loa from the dead body of the bugler it was only with great force that they could tear her away. After that she would not answer

when spoken to, and from that day to this no one has ever heard her speak a word. She always attends the "tianguí," and goes about looking in the faces of those whom she may meet, in the manner in which she looked at you to-day. Calun the priest, who is an old man and wise, says that she is looking for the murderer of her lover, but the women of the harem say she is ever searching for the dead Henrique.

As the Princess finished her story the Girl with the White Face, whose eyes had been fixed on the fair, aristocratic lips of the speaker throughout the narration of the tale, rose and silently passed out of the room.

# The Great Boer War.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

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## CHAPTER I.

### THE BOER NATIONS.



TAKE a community of Dutchmen of the type of those who defended themselves for fifty years against all the power of Spain at a time when Spain was the greatest power in the world. Intermix with them a strain of those inflexible French Huguenots who gave up home and fortune and left their country for ever at the time of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The product must obviously be one of the most rugged, virile, unconquerable races ever seen upon earth. Take this formidable people and train them for seven generations in constant warfare against savage men and ferocious beasts, in circumstances under which no weakling could survive; place them so that they acquire exceptional skill with weapons and in horsemanship; give them a country which is eminently suited to the tactics of the huntsman, the marksman, and the rider. Then, finally, put a finer temper upon their military qualities by a dour fatalistic Old Testament religion and an ardent and consuming patriotism. Combine all these qualities and all these impulses in one individual, and you have the modern Boer—the most formidable antagonist who ever crossed the path of Imperial Britain. Our military

history has largely consisted in our conflicts with France, but Napoleon and all his veterans have never treated us so roughly as these hard-bitten farmers with their ancient theology and their inconveniently modern rifles.

Look at the map of South Africa, and there, in the very centre of the British possessions, like the stone in a peach, lies the great stretch of the two Republics, a mighty domain for so small a people. How came they there? Who are these Teutonic folk who have burrowed so deeply into Africa? It is a twice-told tale, and yet it must be told once again if this story is to have even the most superficial of introductions. No one can know or appreciate the Boer who does not know his past, for he is what his past has made him.

It was about the time when Oliver Cromwell was at his zenith—in 1652, to be pedantically accurate—that the Dutch made their first lodgment at the Cape of Good Hope. The



DR. CONAN DOYLE, THE AUTHOR.  
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

Portuguese had been there before them, but, repelled by the evil weather, and lured forwards by rumours of gold, they had passed the true seat of empire, and had voyaged farther to settle along the eastern coast. Some gold there was, but not much, and the Portuguese settlements have never been sources of wealth to the mother country, and never will be until the day when Great Britain signs her huge cheque for Delagoa



Bay. The coast upon which they settled reeked with malaria. A hundred miles of poisonous marsh separated it from the healthy inland plateau. For centuries these pioneers of South African colonization strove to obtain some further footing, but save along the courses of the rivers they made little progress. Fierce natives and an enervating climate barred their way.

But it was different with the Dutch. That very rudeness of climate which had so impressed the Portuguese adventurer was the source of their success. Cold and poverty and storm are the nurses of the qualities which make for empire. It is the men from the bleak and barren lands who master the children of the light and the heat. And so the Dutchmen at the Cape prospered and grew stronger in that robust climate. They did not penetrate far inland, for they were few in number, and all they wanted was to be found close at hand. But they built themselves houses, and they supplied the Dutch East India Company with food and water, gradually budding off little townlets, Wynberg, Stellenbosch, and pushing their settlements up the long slopes which lead to that great central plateau which extends for fifteen hundred miles from the edge of the Karoo to the Valley of the Zambesi. Then came the additional Huguenot emigrants—the best blood of France—three hundred of them, a handful of the choicest seed thrown in to give a touch of grace and soul to the solid Teutonic strain. Again and again in the course of history, with the Normans, the Huguenots, the Emigrés, one can see the great hand dipping into that storehouse and sprinkling the nations with the same splendid seed. France has not founded other countries, like her great rival, but she has made every other country the richer by the mixture with her choicest and best. The Rouxs, Du Toits, Jouberts, Dupleixs, Villiers, and a score of other French names are among the most familiar in South Africa.

For a hundred more years the history of the colony was a record of the gradual spreading of the Afrianders over the huge expanse of veldt which lay to the north of them. Cattle raising became an industry, but in a country where six acres can hardly support a sheep large farms are necessary for even small herds. Six thousand acres was the usual size, and £5 a year the rent payable to Government. The diseases which follow the white man had in Africa, as in America and Australia, been fatal to the natives, and an epidemic of small-pox cleared the country for the new-comers. Farther and farther north they pushed, founding little towns here and there, such as Graaf-Reinet and

Swellendam, where a Dutch Reformed Church and a store for the sale of the bare necessities of life formed a nucleus for a few scattered dwellings. Already the settlers were showing that independence of control and that detachment from Europe which have been their most prominent characteristic. Even the mild sway of the Dutch Company (an older but weaker brother of John Company in India) had caused them to revolt. The local rising, however, was hardly noticed in the universal cataclysm which followed the French Revolution. After twenty years, during which the world was shaken by the Titanic struggle between England and France in the final counting up of the game and paying of the stakes, the Cape Colony was added in 1814 to the British Empire.

In all our vast collection of States there is probably not one the title-deeds to which are more incontestable than this one. We had it by two rights, the right of conquest and the right of purchase. In 1806 our troops landed, defeated the local forces, and took possession of Cape Town. In 1814 we paid the large sum of £6,000,000 to the Stadtholder for the transference of this and some South American land. It was a bargain which was probably made rapidly and carelessly in that general redistribution which was going on. As a house of call upon the way to India the place was seen to be of value, but the country itself was looked upon as unprofitable and desert. What would Castlereagh or Liverpool have thought could they have seen the items which we were buying for our £6,000,000? The inventory would have been a mixed one of good and of evil: nine fierce Kaffir wars, the greatest diamond mines in the world, the wealthiest gold mines, two costly and humiliating campaigns with men whom we respected even when we fought with them, and now at last, we hope, a South Africa of peace and prosperity, with equal rights and equal duties for all men. The future should hold something very good for us in that land, for if we merely count the past we should be compelled to say that we should have been stronger, richer, and higher in the world's esteem had our possessions there never passed beyond the range of the guns of our men-of-war. But surely the most arduous is the most honourable, and, looking back from the end of their journey, our descendants may see that our long record of struggle, with its mixture of disaster and success, its outpouring of blood and of treasure, has always tended to some great and enduring goal.

The title-deeds to the estate are, as I have said, good ones, but there is one singular and ominous flaw in their provisions. The ocean

has marked three boundaries to it, but the fourth is undefined. There is no word of the "Hinterland," for neither the term nor the idea had then been thought of. Had Great Britain bought those vast regions which extended beyond the settlements? Or were the discontented Dutch at liberty to pass onwards and found fresh nations to bar the path of the Anglo-Celtic colonists? In that question lay the germ of all the trouble to come. An American would realize the point at issue if he could conceive that after the founding of the United States the Dutch inhabitants of the State of New York had trekked to the westward and established fresh communities under a new flag. Then, when the American population overtook these Western States, they would be face to face with the problem which this country has had to solve. If they found these new States fiercely anti-American and extremely unprogressive, they would experience that aggravation of their difficulties with which our statesmen have had to deal.

At the time of their transference to the British flag the colonists—Dutch, French, and German—numbered some thirty thousand. They were slaveholders, and the slaves were about as numerous as themselves. The prospect of complete amalgamation between the British and the original settlers would have seemed to be a good one, since they were of much the same stock, and their creeds could only be distinguished by their varying degrees of bigotry and intolerance. Five thousand British emigrants were landed in 1820, settling on the eastern borders of the colony, and from that time onwards there was a slow but steady influx of English-speaking colonists. The Government had the historical faults and the historical virtues of British rule. It was mild, clean, honest, tactless, and inconsistent. On the whole, it might have done very well had it been content to leave things as it found them. But to change the habits of the most conservative of Teutonic races was a dangerous venture, and one which has led to a long series of complications, making up the troubled history of South Africa.

The Imperial Government has always taken

an honourable and philanthropic view of the rights of the native and the claim which he has to the protection of the law. We hold, and rightly, that British justice, if not blind, should at least be colour-blind. The view is irrefragable in theory and incontestable in argument, but it is apt to be irritating when urged by a Boston moralist or a London philanthropist upon men whose whole society has been built upon the assumption that the black is the inferior race. Such a people like to find the higher morality for themselves, not to have it imposed upon them by those who live under entirely different conditions. They feel—and

with some reason—that it is a cheap form of virtue which, from the serenity of a well-ordered household in Beacon Street or Belgrave Square, prescribes what the relation shall be between a white employer and his half-savage, half-childish retainers. Both branches of the Anglo-Celtic race have grappled with the question, and in each it has led to trouble.

The British Government in South Africa has always played the unpopular part of the friend and protector of the native servants. It was upon this very point that the first friction appeared between the old settlers and the new administration. A rising with bloodshed followed the arrest of a Dutch farmer who had maltreated his slave. It was suppressed, and five of the participants were hanged. This punishment was unduly severe and exceedingly injudicious. A brave race can forget the victims of the field of battle,

but never those of the scaffold. The making of political martyrs is the last insanity of statesmanship. However, the thing was done, and it is typical of the enduring resentment which was left behind that when after the Jameson raid it seemed that the leaders of that ill-fated venture might be hanged, the beam was actually brought from a farmhouse at Cookhouse Drift to Pretoria, that the Englishmen might die as the Dutchmen had died in 1816. Slaughter's Nek marked the dividing of the ways between the British Government and the Afrianders.

And the separation soon became more marked. There were injudicious tamperings



HIS HONOUR STEPHANUS PAUL KRUGER, PRESIDENT OF THE LATE SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLIC—THE CENTRAL FIGURE IN THIS NARRATIVE. [From a Photo.]

with the local government and the local ways, with a substitution of English for Dutch in the law courts. With vicarious generosity, the English Government gave very lenient terms to the Kafir tribes who in 1834 had raided the border farmers. And then, finally, in this same year there came the emancipation of the slaves throughout the British Empire, which fanned all smouldering discontents into an active flame.

It must be confessed that on this occasion the British philanthropist was willing to pay for what he thought was right. It was a noble national action, and one the morality of which was in advance of its time, that the British Parliament should vote the enormous sum of £20,000,000 to pay compensation to the slave-holders, and so to remove an evil with which the mother country had no immediate connection. It was as well that the thing should have been done when it was, for had we waited till the colonies affected had Governments of their own it could never have been done by constitutional methods. With many a grumble the good British householder drew his purse from his fob, and he paid for what he thought to be right. If any special grace attends the virtuous action which brings nothing but tribulation in this world, then we may hope for it over this emancipation. We spent our money, we ruined our West Indian colonies, and we started a disaffection in South Africa the end of which we have not seen. Yet if it were to be done again we should doubtless do it. The highest morality may prove also to be the highest wisdom when the half-told story comes to be finished.

But the details of the measure were less honourable than the principle. It was carried out suddenly, so that the country had no time to adjust itself to the new conditions. Three million pounds were car-marked for South Africa, which gives a price per slave of from £60 to £70, a sum considerably below the current local rates. Finally, the compensation was made payable in London, so that the farmers sold their claims at reduced prices to middlemen. Indignation meetings were held in every little townlet and cattle camp on the Karoo. The old Dutch spirit was up—the spirit of the men who cut the dykes. Rebellion was useless. But a vast, untenanted land stretched to the north of them. The nomad life was congenial to them, and in their huge ox-drawn waggons—like those bullock-carts in which some of their old kinsmen came to Gaul—they had vehicles and homes and forts all in one. One by one they were loaded up, the huge teams were inspanned, the women

were seated inside, the men, with their long-barrelled guns, walked alongside, and the great exodus was begun. Their herds and flocks accompanied the migration, and the children helped to round them in and drive them. One tattered little boy of ten cracked his sjambok whip behind the bullocks. He was a small item in that singular crowd, but he was of interest to us, for his name was Stephanus Paul Kruger.

It was a strange exodus, only comparable in modern times to the sallying forth of the Mormons upon their search for the promised land of Utah. The country was known and sparsely settled as far north as the Orange River, but beyond there was a great region which had never been penetrated save by some daring hunter or adventurous pioneer. It chanced—if there be indeed such an element as chance in the graver affairs of man—that a Zulu conqueror had swept over this land and left it untenanted save by the dwarf bushmen, the hideous aborigines, lowest of the human race. There were fine grazing and good soil for the emigrants. They travelled in small detached parties, but their total numbers were considerable, from six to ten thousand according to their historian, or nearly a quarter of the whole population of the colony. Some of the early bands perished miserably. A large number made a trysting-place at a high peak to the east of Bloemfontein in what was lately the Orange Free State. One party of the emigrants was cut off by the formidable Matabeli, a branch of the great Zulu nation. The survivors declared war upon them, and showed in this their first campaign the extraordinary ingenuity in adapting their tactics to their adversary which has been their greatest military characteristic. The commando which rode out to do battle with the Matabeli numbered, it is said, a hundred and thirty-five farmers. Their adversaries were twelve thousand spearmen. They met at the Marico River, near Mafeking. The Boers combined the use of their horses and of their rifles so cleverly that they slaughtered a third of their antagonists without any loss to themselves. Their tactics were to gallop up within range of the enemy, to fire a volley, and then to ride away again before the spearmen could reach them. When the savages pursued the Boers fled. When the pursuit halted the Boers halted, and the rifle fire began anew. The strategy was simple but most effective. When one remembers how often since then our own horsemen have been pitted against savages in all parts of the world one deplors that ignorance of all military traditions save our own which is characteristic of our service.

This victory of the "voortrekkers" cleared all

the country between the Orange River and the Limpopo, the sites of what have been known as the Transvaal and the Orange Free State. In the meantime another body of the emigrants had descended into what is now known as Natal, and had defeated Dingaan, the great Chief of the Zulus. Being unable, owing to the presence of their families, to employ the cavalry tactics which had been so effective against the Matabeli, they again used their ingenuity to meet this new situation, and received the Zulu warriors in a square of laagered waggons, the men firing while the women

asserted the unwelcome doctrine that a British subject could not at will throw off his allegiance, and that, go where they might, the wandering farmers were still only the pioneers of British colonies. To emphasize the fact three companies of soldiers were sent in 1842 to what is now Durban—the usual corporal's guard with which Great Britain starts a new empire. This handful of men was way-laid by the Boers and cut up, as their successors have been so often since. The survivors, however, fortified themselves, and held a defensive position—as also their successors have done so



From a Photo. by

THE RAADZAAL AND DUTCH CHURCH AT PRETORIA.

[Neville P. Edwards.]

loaded. Six burghers were killed and 3,000 Zulus. Had such a formation been used forty years afterwards against these very Zulus we should not have had to mourn the disaster of Isandhlwana.

And now at the end of their great journey, after overcoming the difficulties of distance, of Nature, and of savage enemies, the Boers saw at the end of their travels the very thing which they desired least—that which they had come so far to avoid—the flag of Great Britain. The Boers had occupied Natal from within, but England had previously done the same by sea, and a small colony of Englishmen had settled at Port Natal, now known as Durban. The home Government, however, had acted in a vacillating way, and it was only the conquest of Natal by the Boers which caused them to claim it as a British colony. At the same time they

many times since—until reinforcements arrived and the farmers dispersed. It is singular how in history the same factors will always give the same result. Here in this first skirmish is an epitome of all our military relations with these people. The blundering, headstrong attack, the defeat, the powerlessness of the farmer against the weakest fortifications—it is the same tale over and over again in different scales of importance. Natal from this time onward became a British colony, and the majority of the Boers trekked north and east with bitter hearts to tell their wrongs to their brethren of the Orange Free State and of the Transvaal.

Had they any wrongs to tell? It is difficult to reach that height of philosophic detachment which enables the historian to deal absolutely impartially where his own country is a party to the quarrel. But at least we may allow that

there is a case for our adversary. Our annexation of Natal had been by no means definite, and it was they and not we who first broke that bloodthirsty Zulu power which threw its shadow across the country. It was hard after such trials and such exploits to turn their back upon the fertile land which they had conquered, and to return to the bare pastures of the upland veldt. They carried out of Natal a heavy sense of injury, which has helped to poison our relations with them ever since. It was, in a way, a momentous episode, this little skirmish of soldiers and emigrants, for it was the heading off of the Boer from the sea and the confinement of his ambition to the land. Had it gone the other way a new and possibly formidable flag would have been added to the maritime nations.

The emigrants who had settled in the huge tract of country between the Orange River in the south and the Limpopo in the north had been recruited by new-comers from the Cape Colony until they numbered some 15,000 souls. This population was scattered over a space as large as Germany, and larger than Pennsylvania, New York, and New England. Their form of government was individualistic and democratic to the last degree compatible with any sort of cohesion. Their wars with the Kafirs and their fear and dislike of the British Government appear to have been the only ties which held them together. They divided and subdivided within their own borders, like a germinating egg. The Transvaal was full of lusty little high-mettled communities, who quarrelled among themselves as fiercely as they had done with the authorities at the Cape. Lydenburg, Zoutpansberg, and Potchefstroom were on the point of turning their rifles against each other. In the south, between the Orange River and the Vaal, there was no form of government at all, but a welter of Dutch farmers, Basutos, Hottentots, and half-breeds living in a chronic state of turbulence, recognising neither the British authority to the south of them nor the Transvaal Republics to the north. The chaos became at last unendurable, and in 1848 a garrison was placed in Bloemfontein and the district incorporated in the British Empire. The emigrants made a futile resistance at Boomplaat, and after a single defeat allowed themselves to be drawn into the settled order of civilized rule.

At this period the Transvaal, where most of the Boers had settled, desired a formal acknowledgment of their independence, which the British authorities determined once and for all to give them. The great barren country, which produced little save marksmen, had no attractions for a Colonial Office which was bent upon

the limitation of its liabilities. A Convention was concluded between the two parties, known as the Sand River Convention, which is one of the fixed points in South African history. By it the British Government guaranteed to the Boer farmers the right to manage their own affairs, and to govern themselves by their own laws without any interference upon the part of the British. It stipulated that there should be no slavery, and with that single reservation washed its hands finally, as it imagined, of the whole question. So the South African Republic came formally into existence.

In the very year after the Sand River Convention a second Republic, the Orange Free State, was created by the deliberate withdrawal of Great Britain from the territory which she had for eight years occupied. The Eastern Question was already becoming acute, and the cloud of a great war was drifting up, visible to all men. British statesmen felt that their commitments were very heavy in every part of the world, and the South African annexations had always been a doubtful value and an undoubted trouble. Against the will of a large part of the inhabitants, whether a majority or not it is impossible to say, we withdrew our troops as amicably as the Romans withdrew from Britain, and the new Republic was left with absolute and unfettered independence. On a petition being presented against the withdrawal the Home Government actually voted £48,000 to compensate those who had suffered from the change. Whatever historical grievance the Transvaal may have against Great Britain, we can at least—save, perhaps, in one matter—claim to have a very clear conscience concerning our dealings with the Orange Free State. Thus in 1852 and in 1854 were born those sturdy States who have been able for a time to hold at bay the united forces of the Empire.

In the meantime Cape Colony, in spite of these secessions, had prospered exceedingly, and her population—English, German, and Dutch—had grown by 1870 to over 200,000 souls, the Dutch still slightly predominating. According to the Liberal Colonial policy of Great Britain the time had come to cut the cord and let the young nation conduct its own affairs. In 1872 complete self-government was given to it, the Governor, as the representative of the Queen, retaining a nominal unexercised veto upon legislation. According to this system the Dutch majority of the colony could, and did, put their own representatives into power and run the government upon Dutch lines. Already Dutch law had been restored, and Dutch put on the same footing as English as the official language of the country. The extreme liberality of such

measures, and the uncompromising way in which they have been carried out, however distasteful the legislation might seem to English ideas, are among the chief reasons which made the illiberal treatment of British settlers in the Transvaal so keenly resented at the Cape. A Dutch Government was ruling the British in a British colony, at a moment when the Boers would not give an Englishman a vote upon a municipal council in a city which he had built himself. Unfortunately, however, "the evil that men do lives after them," and the ignorant Boer farmer continued to imagine that his southern relatives were in bondage, just as the descendant of the Irish emigrant still pictures an Ireland of penal laws and an alien Church.

For twenty-five years after the Sand River Convention the burghers of the South African Republic had pursued a strenuous and violent existence, fighting incessantly with the natives and sometimes with each other, with an occasional fling at the little Dutch Republic to the south. The semi-tropical sun was waking strange ferments in the placid Friesland blood, and producing a race who added the turbulence and restlessness of the South to the formidable tenacity of the North. Strong vitality and violent ambitions produced feuds and rivalries worthy of mediæval Italy, and the story of the factious little communities is like a chapter out of Guicciardini. Disorganization ensued. The burghers would not pay taxes and the treasury was empty. One fierce Kaffir tribe threatened them from the north and the Zulus on the east. It is an exaggeration of English partisans to pretend that our intervention saved the Boers, for no one can read their military history without seeing that they were a match for Zulus and Sekukuni combined. But certainly a formidable invasion was pending, and the scattered farmhouses were as open to the Kaffirs as our farmers' homesteads were in the American Colonies when the Indians were on the warpath. Sir Theophilus Shepstone, the British Commissioner, after an inquiry of three months, solved all questions by the formal

annexation of the country. The fact that he took possession of it with a force of some twenty-five men showed the honesty of his belief that no armed resistance was to be feared. This, then, in 1877, was a complete reversal of the Sand River Convention and the opening of a new chapter in the history of South Africa.

There did not appear to be any strong feeling at the time against the annexation. The people were depressed with their troubles and weary of contention. Burgers, the President, put in a formal protest, and took up his abode in Cape Colony, where he had a pension from the British Government. A memorial against the measure

received the signatures of a majority of the Boer inhabitants, but there was a fair minority who took the other view. Kruger himself accepted a paid office under Government. There was every sign that the people, if judiciously handled, would settle down under the British flag. It is even asserted that they would themselves have petitioned for annexation had it been longer withheld. With immediate constitutional government it is possible that even the most recalcitrant of them might have been induced to lodge their protests in the ballot-boxes rather than in the bodies of our soldiers.

But the Empire has always had poor luck in South Africa, and never worse than on that occasion. Through no bad faith, but simply through preoccupation and delay, the promises made were not instantly fulfilled. Simple primitive men do the ways of our circumlocution offices, and they ascribe to duplicity what is really red tape and stupidity. If the Transvaalers had waited they would have had their Volksraad and all that they wanted. But the British Government had some other local matters to set right, the rooting out of Sekukuni and the breaking of the Zulus, before they would fulfil their pledges. The delay was keenly resented. And we were unfortunate in our choice of Governor. The burghers are a homely folk, and they like an occasional cup of coffee with the anxious man who tries to rule them. The £300 a year



EX-PRESIDENT STEYN, OF THE LATE ORANGE FREE STATE. [P. E. Millard.]

of coffee-money allowed by the Transvaal to its President is by no means a mere form. A wise administrator would fall into the sociable and democratic habits of the people. Sir Theophilus Shepstone did so. Sir Owen Lanyon did not. There was no Volksraad and no coffee, and the popular discontent grew rapidly. In three years the British had broken up the two savage hordes which had been threatening the land. The finances, too, had been restored. The reasons which had made so many favour the annexation were weakened by the very power which had every interest in preserving them.

It cannot be too often pointed out that in this annexation, the starting-point of our

and Marabastad were all invested and all held out until the end of the war. In the open country we were less fortunate. At Brookhurst Spruit a small British force was taken by surprise and shot down without harm to their antagonists. The surgeon who treated them has left it on record that the average number of wounds was five per man. At Lang's Nek an inferior force of British endeavoured to rush a hill which was held by Boer riflemen. Half of our men were killed and wounded. Ingogo may be called a drawn battle, though our loss was more heavy than that of the enemy. Finally came the defeat of Majuba Hill, where four hundred infantry upon a mountain were defeated and



From a

MAJUBA HILL. A LANDMARK OF THE BOER WAR.

View

troubles, Great Britain, however mistaken she may have been, had no obvious selfish interest in view. There were no Rand mines in those days, nor was there anything in the country to tempt the most covetous. An empty treasury and two native wars were the reversion which we took over. It was honestly considered that the country was in too distracted a state to govern itself, and had, by its weakness, become a scandal and a danger to its neighbours. There was nothing sordid in our action, though it may have been both injudicious and high-handed.

In December, 1880, the Boers rose. Every farmhouse sent out its riflemen, and the trysting-place was the outside of the nearest British fort. All through the country small detachments were surrounded and besieged by the farmers. Standerton, Pretoria, Potchefstroom, Lydenburg, Wakkerstroom, Rustenberg,

driven off by a swarm of sharpshooters who advanced under the cover of boulders. Of all these actions there was not one which was more than a skirmish, and had they been followed by a final British victory they would now be hardly remembered. It is the fact that they were skirmishes which succeeded in their object which has given them an importance which is exaggerated. At the same time they may mark the beginning of a new military era, for they once home the fact—only too badly learned by us—that it is the rifle and not the drill which makes the soldier. It is bewildering that after such an experience the British military authorities continued to serve out only three hundred cartridges a year for rifle practice, and that they still encouraged that mechanical volley firing which destroys all individual aim. With the experience of the first Boer war behind them little was done, either in tactics or in musketry, to prepare

the soldier for the second. The value of the mounted rifleman, the shooting with accuracy at unknown ranges, the art of taking cover—all were equally neglected.

The defeat at Majuba Hill was followed by the complete surrender of the Gladstonian Government, an act which was either the most pusillanimous or the most magnanimous in recent history. It is hard for the big man to draw away from the small before blows are struck, but when the big man has been knocked down three times it is harder still. An overwhelming British force was in the field, and the general declared that he held the enemy in the hollow of his hand. Our military calculations have been falsified before now by these farmers, and it may be that the task of Wood and Roberts would have been harder than they imagined; but on paper, at least, it looked as if the enemy could be crushed without difficulty.

So the public thought, and yet they consented to the upraised sword being stayed. With them, as apart from the politicians, the motive was undoubtedly a moral and Christian one. They considered that the annexation of the Transvaal had evidently been an injustice, that the farmers had a right to the freedom for which they fought, and that it was an unworthy thing for a great nation to continue an unjust war for the sake of a military revenge. It was the height of idealism, and the result has not been such as to encourage its repetition.

An armistice was concluded on March 5th, 1881, which led up to a peace on the 23rd of the same month. The Government, after yielding to force what it had repeatedly refused to friendly representations, made a clumsy compromise in their settlement. A policy of idealism and Christian morality should have been thorough if it were to be tried at all. It was obvious that if the annexation were unjust, then the Transvaal should have reverted to the condition in which it was before the annexation, as defined by the Sand River Convention. But the Government for some reason would not go so far as this. They niggled and quibbled and bargained, until the State was left as a curious hybrid thing such as the world has never seen. It was a republic which was part of the system of a monarchy, dealt with by the Colonial Office, and included under the heading of "Colonies" in the news columns of the *Times*. It was autonomous, and yet subject to some vague suzerainty, the limits of which no one has ever been able to define. Altogether, in its provisions and in its omissions, the Convention of Pretoria appears to prove that our political affairs were as badly

conducted as our military in this unfortunate year of 1881.

It was evident from the first that so illogical and contentious an agreement could not possibly prove to be a final settlement, and indeed the ink of the signatures was hardly dry before an agitation was on foot for its revision. The Boers considered, and with justice, that if they were to be left as undisputed victors in the war, then they should have the full fruits of victory. On the other hand, the English-speaking colonies had their allegiance tested to the uttermost. The proud Anglo-Celtic stock is not accustomed to be humbled, and yet they found themselves through the action of the home Government converted into members of a beaten race. It was very well for the citizen of London to console his wounded pride by the thought that he had done a magnanimous action, but it was different with the British colonist of Durban or Cape Town, who by no act of his own, and without any voice in the settlement, found himself humiliated before his Dutch neighbour. An ugly feeling of resentment was left behind, which might perhaps have passed away had the Transvaal accepted the settlement in the spirit in which it was meant, but which grew more and more dangerous as during eighteen years our people saw, or thought that they saw, that one concession led always to a fresh demand, and that the Dutch Republics aimed not merely at equality, but at dominance in South Africa. Professor Bryce, a friendly critic, after a personal examination of the country and the question, has left it upon record that the Boers saw neither generosity nor humanity in our conduct, but only fear. An outspoken race, they conveyed their feelings to their neighbours. Can it be wondered at that South Africa has been in a ferment ever since, and that the British Africander has yearned with an intensity of feeling unknown in England for the hour of revenge?

The Government of the Transvaal after the war was left in the hands of a triumvirate, but after one year Kruger became President, an office which he continued to hold for eighteen years. His career as ruler vindicates the wisdom of that wise but unwritten provision of the American Constitution by which there is a limit to the tenure of this office. Continued rule for half a generation must turn a man into an autocrat. The old President has said himself, in his homely but shrewd way, that when one gets a good ox to lead the team it is a pity to change him. If a good ox, however, is left to choose his own direction without guidance he may draw his wagon into trouble.



During three years the little State showed signs of a tumultuous activity. Considering that it was as large as France, and that the population could not have been more than 50,000, one would have thought that they might have found room without any inconvenient crowding. But the burghers passed beyond their borders in every direction. The President cried aloud that he had been shut up in a kraal, and he proceeded to find ways out of it. A

the purse was drawn from the pocket of the unhappy taxpayer, and a million or so was paid out to defray the expenses of the police force necessary to keep these treaty-breakers in order. Let this be borne in mind when we assess the moral and material damage done to the Transvaal by that ill conceived and foolish enterprise, the Jameson Raid.

In 1884 a deputation from the Transvaal visited England, and at their solicitation the



*From a Photo. by* VIEW OF GOLDEN JOHANNESBURG, THE HOME OF THE "UTLANDERS." *[N. P. Edwards.]*

great trek was projected for the north, but fortunately it miscarried. To the east they raided Zululand, and succeeded, in defiance of the British settlement of that country, in tearing away one-third of it and adding it to the Transvaal. To the west, with no regard to the three-year-old treaty, they invaded Bechuanaland, and set up the two new Republics of Goshen and Stellaland. So outrageous were these proceedings that Great Britain was forced to fit out in 1884 a new expedition under Sir Charles Warren for the purpose of turning these freebooters out of the country. It may be asked: Why should these men be called freebooters if the founders of Rhodesia were pioneers? The answer is that the Transvaal was limited by treaty to certain boundaries which these men transgressed, while no pledges were broken when the British power expanded to the north. The upshot of these trespasses was the scene upon which every drama of South Africa rings down. Once more

clumsy Treaty of Pretoria was altered into the still more clumsy Convention of London. The changes in the provisions were all in favour of the Boers, and a second successful war could hardly have given them more than Lord Derby handed them in time of peace. Their style was altered from the Transvaal to the South African Republic, a change which was ominously suggestive of expansion in the future. The control of Great Britain over their foreign policy was also relaxed, though a power of veto was retained. But the most important thing of all, and the fruitful cause of future trouble, lay in an omission. A suzerainty is a vague term, but in politics, as in theology, the more nebulous a thing is the more does it excite the imagination and the passions of men. This suzerainty was declared in the preamble of the first treaty, and no mention of it was made in the second. Was it thereby abrogated or was it not? The British contention is that only the articles were changed, and that the preamble continued to hold good

for both treaties. They point out that not only the suzerainty but also the independence of the Transvaal is proclaimed in that preamble, and that if one lapses the other must do so also. On the other hand, the Boers point to the fact that there is actually a preamble to the second convention, which would seem, therefore, to take the place of the first. The point is so technical that it appears to be eminently one of those questions which might with propriety be submitted to the decision of a board of foreign jurists—or possibly to the Supreme Court of the United States. If the decision were given against Great Britain, we might accept it in a chastened spirit as a fitting punishment for the carelessness of the representative who failed to make our meaning intelligible. Carlyle has said that a political mistake always ends in a broken head for somebody. Unfortunately the somebody is usually somebody else. We have read the story of the political mistakes. Only too soon we shall come to the broken heads.

This, then, is a synopsis of what had occurred up to the signing of the Convention, which finally established, or failed to establish, the position of the South African Republic. We must now leave the larger questions and descend to the internal affairs of that small State, and especially to that train of events which has stirred the mind of our people more than anything since the Indian Mutiny, and humiliated our arms as they have not been humiliated in this century.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE CAUSE OF QUARREL.

THERE might almost seem to be some subtle connection between the barrenness and worthlessness of a surface and the value of the minerals which lie beneath it. The craggy mountains of Western America, the arid plains of West Australia, the ice-bound gorges of the Klondike, and the bare slopes of the Witwatersrand veldt—these are the lids which cover the great treasure-chests of the world.

Gold had been known to exist in the Transvaal before, but it was only in 1886 that it was realized that the deposits which lie some thirty miles south of the capital are of a very extraordinary and valuable nature. The proportion of gold in the quartz is not particularly high, nor are the veins of a remarkable thickness, but the peculiarity of the Rand mines lies in the

fact that throughout this "banket" formation the metal is so uniformly distributed that the enterprise can claim a certainty which is not usually associated with the industry. It is quarrying rather than mining. Add to this that the reefs which were originally worked as outcrops have now been traced to enormous depths, and present the same features as those at the surface. A conservative estimate of the value of the gold has placed it at £700,000,000.

Such a discovery produced the inevitable effect. A great number of adventurers flocked into the country, some desirable and some very much the reverse. There were circumstances, however, which kept away the rowdy and desperado element who usually make for a newly-opened goldfield. It was not a class of mining which encouraged the individual adventurer. There were none of those nuggets which gleamed through the mud of the dolies at Ballarat, or recompensed the forty-niners in California for all their travels and their toils. It was a field for elaborate machinery, which could only be provided by capital. Managers, engineers, miners, technical experts, and the tradesmen and middlemen who live upon them, these were the Uitlanders, drawn from all the races under the sun, but with the Anglo-Celtic vastly predominant. The best engineers were American, the best miners were Cornish, the best managers were English, the money to run the mines was largely subscribed in England. As time went on, however, the German and French interests became more extensive, until their joint holdings are now probably as heavy as those of the British. Soon the population of the mining centres became greater than that of the whole Boer community, and consisted mainly of men in the prime of life—men, too, of exceptional intelligence and energy.

The situation was an extraordinary one. I have already attempted to bring the problem home to an American by suggesting that the Dutch of New York had trekked West and founded an anti-American and highly unprogressive State. To carry out the analogy we will now suppose that that State was California, that the gold of that State attracted a large inrush of American citizens, who came to outnumber the original inhabitants; that these citizens were heavily taxed and badly used, and that they deafened



THE RIGHT HONOURABLE CECIL J. RHODES,  
THE "NAPOLEON" OF SOUTH AFRICA.

*From a Photo. by Russell & Sons.*

Washington with their outcry about their injuries. That would be a fair parallel to the relations between the Transvaal, the Uitlanders, and the British Government.

That these Uitlanders had very real and pressing grievances no one could possibly deny. To recount them all would be a formidable task, for their whole lives were darkened by injustice. There was not a wrong which had driven the Boer from Cape Colony which he did not now practise himself upon others—and a wrong may be excusable in 1835 which is monstrous in 1895. The primitive virtue which had characterized the farmers broke down in the face of temptation. The country Boers were little affected, some of them not at all; but the Pretoria Government became a most corrupt oligarchy, venal and incompetent to the last degree. Officials and imported Hollanders handled the stream of gold which came in from the mines, while the unfortunate Uitlander, who paid nine-tenths of the taxation, was fleeced at every turn, and met with laughter and taunts when he endeavoured to win the franchise, by which he might peaceably set right the wrongs from which he suffered. He was not an unreasonable person. On the contrary, he was patient to the verge of meekness, as capital is likely to be when it is surrounded by rifles. But his situation was intolerable, and, after successive attempts at peaceful agitation and numerous humble petitions to the Volksraad, he began at last to realize that he would never obtain redress unless he could find some way of winning it for himself.

Without attempting to enumerate all the wrongs which embittered the Uitlanders, the more serious of them may be summed up in this way:—

1. That they were heavily taxed and provided about seven-eighths of the revenue of the country. The revenue of the South African Republic—which had been £154,000 in 1886, when the goldfields were opened—had grown in 1899 to £4,000,000, and the country through the industry of the new-comers had changed from one of the poorest to the richest in the whole world (per head of population).

2. That in spite of this prosperity which they had brought, they, the majority of the inhabitants of the country, were left without a

vote, and could by no means influence the disposal of the great sums which they were providing. Such a case of taxation without representation has never been known.

3. That they had no voice in the choice or payment of officials. Men of the worst private character might be placed with complete authority over valuable interests. Upon one occasion the Minister of Mines attempted himself to jump a mine, having officially learned some flaw in its title. The total official salaries had risen in 1899 to a sum sufficient to pay £40 per head to the entire male Boer population.

4. That they had no control over education. Mr. John Robinson, the Director-General of the Johannesburg Educational Council, has reckoned the sum spent on Uitlander schools as £650 out of £63,000 allotted for education, making 1s. 10d. per head per annum on Uitlander children and £8 6s. per head on Boer children—the Uitlander, as always, paying seven-eighths of the original sum.

5. No power of municipal government. Water-carts instead of pipes, filthy buckets instead of drains, a corrupt and violent police, a high

death-rate in what should be a health resort—all this in a city which they had built themselves.

6. Despotic government in the matter of the Press and of the right of public meeting.

7. Disability from service upon a jury.

8. Continual harassing of the mining interest by vexatious legislation. Under this head come many grievances, some special to the mines and some affecting all Uitlanders. The dynamite monopoly, by which the miners had to pay £600,000 extra per annum in order to get a worse quality of dynamite; the liquor laws, by which one-third of the Kaffirs were allowed to be habitually drunk; the incompetence and extortions of the State-owned railway; the granting of concessions for numerous articles of ordinary consumption to individuals, by which high prices were maintained; the surrounding of Johannesburg by tolls from which the town had no profit—these were among the economical grievances, some large, some petty, which ramified through every transaction of life.

And outside and beyond all these definite wrongs imagine to a free-born progressive man, an American or a Briton, the constant



THE RIGHT HONOURABLE JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE COLONIES.

*From a Photo. by Russell & Sons.*

irritation of being absolutely ruled by a body of twenty-five men, twenty-one of whom had in the case of the Selati Railway Company been publicly and circumstantially accused of bribery, with full details of the bribes received; while to their corruption they added such gross ignorance that they argue in the published reports of the Volksraad debates that using dynamite bombs to bring down rain was firing at God, that it is impious to destroy locusts, that the word "participate" should not be used because it is not in the Bible, and that postal pillar-boxes are extravagant and effeminate. Such *obiter dicta* may be amusing at a distance, but they are less entertaining when they come from an autocrat who has complete power over the conditions of your life.

From the fact that they were a community extremely preoccupied by their own business it followed that the Uitlanders were not ardent politicians, and that they desired to have a share in the government of the State for the purpose of making the conditions of their own industry and of their own daily lives more endurable. How far there was need of such an interference may be judged by any fair-minded man who reads the list of their complaints. A superficial view may recognise the Boers as the champions of liberty, but a deeper insight must see that they (as represented by their elected rulers) have in truth stood for all that history has shown to be odious in the form of exclusiveness and oppression. Their conception of liberty has been a selfish one, and they have consistently inflicted upon others far heavier wrongs than those against which they had themselves rebelled.

As the mines increased in importance and the miners in numbers it was found that these political disabilities affected some of that cosmopolitan crowd far more than others, in proportion to the amount of freedom to which their home institutions had made them accustomed. The Continental Uitlanders were more patient of that which was unendurable to the American and the Briton. The Americans, however, were in so great a minority that it was upon the British that the brunt of the struggle for freedom fell. Apart from the fact that the British were more numerous than all the other Uitlanders combined, there were special reasons why they should feel their humiliating position more than the members of any other race. In the first place, many of the British were British South Africans, who knew that in the neighbouring countries which gave them birth the most liberal possible institutions had been given to the kinsmen of these very Boers who were refusing them the management of

their own drains and water-supply. And again, every Briton knew that Great Britain claimed to be the paramount power in South Africa, and so he felt as if his own land, to which he might have looked for protection, was conniving at and acquiescing in his ill-treatment. As citizens of the paramount power it was peculiarly galling that they should be held in political subjection. The British, therefore, were the most persistent and energetic of the agitators.

But it is a poor cause which cannot bear to fairly state and honestly consider the case of its opponents. The Boers had made, as has been briefly shown, great efforts to establish a country of their own. They had travelled far, worked hard, and fought bravely. After all their efforts they were fated to see an influx of strangers into their country, some of them men of questionable character, who outnumbered the original inhabitants. If the franchise were granted to these, there could be no doubt that, though at first the Boers might control a majority of the votes, it was only a question of time before the new-comers would dominate the Raad and elect their own President, who might adopt a policy abhorrent to the original owners of the land. Were the Boers to lose by the ballot-box the victory which they had won by their rifles? Was it fair to expect it? These new-comers came for gold. They got their gold. Their companies paid 100 per cent. Was not that enough to satisfy them? If they did not like the country why did they not leave it? No one compelled them to stay there. But if they stayed, let them be thankful that they were tolerated at all, and not presume to interfere with the laws of those by whose courtesy they were allowed to enter the country.

That is a fair statement of the Boer position, and at first sight an impartial man might say that there was a good deal to say for it; but a closer examination would show that, though it might be tenable in theory, it is unjust and impossible in practice.

In the present crowded state of the world a policy of Tibet may be carried out in some obscure corner, but it cannot be done in a great tract of country which lies right across the main line of industrial progress. The position is too absolutely artificial. A handful of people by the right of conquest take possession of an enormous country over which they are dotted at such intervals that it is their boast that one farmhouse cannot see the smoke of another, and yet, though their numbers are so disproportionate to the area which they cover, they refuse to admit any other people upon equal terms, but claim to be a privileged class who shall dominate the new-comers completely. They

are outnumbered in their own land by immigrants who are far more highly educated and progressive, and yet they hold them down in a way which exists nowhere else upon earth. What is their right? The right of conquest. Then the same right may be justly invoked to reverse so intolerable a situation. This they would themselves acknowledge. "Come on and fight! Come on!" cried a member of the Volksraad when the franchise petition of the Uitlanders was presented. "Protest! Protest! What is the good of protesting?" said Kruger to Mr. W. Y. Campbell; "you have not got the guns, I have." There was always the final court of appeal. Judge Creusot and Judge Meuser were always behind the President.

Again, the argument of the Boers would be more valid had they received no benefit from these immigrants. If they had ignored them they might fairly have stated that they did not desire their presence. But even while they protested they grew rich at the Uitlander's expense. They could not have it both ways. It would be consistent to discourage him and not profit by him, or to make him comfortable and build the State upon his money; but to ill-treat him and at the same time to grow strong by his taxation must surely be an injustice.

And again, the whole argument is based upon the narrow racial supposition that every naturalized citizen not of Boer extraction must necessarily be unpatriotic. This is not borne out by the examples of history. The new-comer soon becomes as proud of his country and as jealous of her liberty as the old. Had President Kruger given the franchise generously to the Uitlander his pyramid would have been firm upon its base and not balanced upon its apex. It is true that the corrupt oligarchy would have vanished, and the spirit of a broader, more tolerant freedom influenced the counsels of the State. But the Republic would have become stronger and more permanent with a population who, if they differed in details, were united in essentials. Whether such a solution would have been to the advantage of British interests in South Africa is quite another question. In more ways than one President Kruger has been a good friend to the Empire.

So much upon the general question of the reason why the Uitlander should agitate and

why the Boer was obdurate. The details of the long struggle between the seekers for the franchise and the refusers of it may be quickly sketched, but they cannot be entirely ignored by anyone who desires to understand the inception of that great contest which was the outcome of the dispute.

At the time of the Convention of Pretoria (1881) the rights of burghership might be obtained by one year's residence. In 1882 it was raised to five years, the reasonable limit which obtains both in Great Britain and in the United States. Had it remained so it is safe to say that there would never have been either a Uitlander question or a great Boer war. Grievances would have been righted from the inside without external interference.

In 1890 the inrush of outsiders alarmed the Boers, and the franchise was raised so as to be only attainable by those who had lived fourteen years in the country. The Uitlanders, who were increasing rapidly in numbers and were suffering from the formidable list of grievances already enumerated, perceived that their wrongs

were so numerous that it was hopeless to have them set right sciatim, and that only by obtaining the leverage of the franchise could they hope to move the heavy burden which weighed them down. In 1893 a petition of 13,000 Uitlanders, couched in most respectful terms, was submitted to the Raad, but met with contemptuous neglect. Undeterred, however, by this failure, the National Reform Union, an association which organized the agitation, came back to the attack in 1894. They drew up a petition which was signed by 35,000 adult male Uitlanders, a greater number than the total Boer male population of the country. A small liberal body in the Raad supported this memorial and endeavoured in vain to obtain some justice for the new-comers. Mr. Jeppe was the mouthpiece of this select band. "They own half the soil, they pay at least three-quarters of the taxes," said he. "They are men who in capital, energy, and education are at least our equals. What will become of us or our children on that day when we may find ourselves in a minority of one in twenty without a single friend among the other nineteen, among those who will then tell us that they wished to be brothers, but that we



MR. W. F. SCHREINER, THE CAPE PREMIER.  
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

by our own act have made them strangers to the Republic?" Such reasonable and liberal sentiments were combated by members who asserted that the signatures could not belong to law-abiding citizens, since they were actually agitating against the law of the franchise, and others whose intolerance was expressed by the defiance of the member already quoted, who challenged the Uitlanders to come out and fight. The champions of exclusiveness and racial hatred won the day. The memorial was rejected by sixteen votes to eight, and the franchise law was, on the initiative of the President, actually made more stringent than ever, being framed in such a way that during the fourteen years of probation the applicant should give up his previous nationality, so that for that period he would really belong to no country at all. No hopes were held out that any possible attitude upon the part of the Uitlanders would soften the determination of the President and his burghers. One who remonstrated was led outside the State buildings by the President, who pointed up at the national flag. "You see that flag?" said he. "If I grant the franchise, I may as well pull it down." His animosity against the immigrants was bitter. "Burghers, friends, thieves, murderers, new-comers, and others," is the conciliatory opening of one of his public addresses. Though Johannesburg is only thirty-two miles from Pretoria, and though the State of which he was the head depended for its revenue upon the goldfields, he paid it only three visits in nine years.

This settled animosity was deplorable, but not unnatural. A man imbued with the idea of a chosen people, and unread in any book save the one which cultivates this very idea, could not be expected to have learned the historical lessons of the advantages which a State reaps from a liberal policy. To him it was as if the Ammonites and Moabites had demanded admission into the twelve tribes. He mistook an agitation against the exclusive policy of the State for one against the existence of the State itself. A wide franchise would have made his Republic firm-based and permanent. It was a small minority of the Uitlanders who had any desire to come into the British system. They were a cosmopolitan crowd, only united by the bond of a common injustice. But when every other method had failed, and their petition for

the rights of freemen had been flung back at them, it was natural that their eyes should turn to that flag which waved to the north, the west, and the south of them—the flag which means purity of government with equal rights and equal duties for all men. Constitutional agitation was laid aside, arms were smuggled in, and everything prepared for an organized rising.

The events which followed at the beginning of 1896 have been so thrashed out that there is, perhaps, nothing left to tell—except the truth. So far as the Uitlanders themselves are concerned, their action was most natural and justifiable, and they have no reason to exculpate themselves for rising against such oppression as no men of our race have ever been submitted to. Had they trusted only to themselves and the justice of their cause their mora. and even their material position would have been infinitely stronger. But unfortunately there were forces behind them which were more questionable, the nature and extent of which have never yet, in spite of two commissions of investigation, been properly revealed. That there should have been any attempt at misleading inquiry, or suppressing documents in order to shelter individuals, is deplorable, for the impression left—I believe an entirely false one—must be that the British Government connived at an expedition which was as immoral as it was disastrous.

It had been arranged that the town was to rise upon a certain night, that Pretoria should be attacked, the fort seized, and the rifles and ammunition used to arm the Uitlanders. It was a feasible device, though it must seem to us, who have had such an experience of the military virtues of the burghers, a very desperate one. But it is conceivable that the rebels might have held Johannesburg until the universal sympathy which their cause excited throughout South Africa would have caused Great Britain to intervene. Unfortunately they had complicated matters by asking for outside help. Mr. Cecil Rhodes was Premier of the Cape, a man of immense energy, and one who had rendered great services to the Empire. The motives of his action are obscure—certainly, we may say that they were not sordid, for he has always been a man whose thoughts were large and whose habits were simple. But whatever they may have been—whether an ill-regulated desire to consolidate South Africa under



SIR W. HELY HUTCHINSON, RECENTLY APPOINTED GOVERNOR OF CAPE COLONY.  
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

British rule or a burning sympathy with the Uitlanders in their fight against injustice—it is certain that he allowed his lieutenant, Dr. Jameson, to assemble the mounted police of the Chartered Company, of which Rhodes was founder and director, for the purpose of co-operating with the rebels at Johannesburg. Moreover, when the revolt at Johannesburg was postponed, on account of a disagreement as to which flag they were to rise under, it appears that Jameson (with or without the orders of Rhodes) forced the hand of the conspirators by invading the country with a force absurdly inadequate to the work which he had taken in hand. Five hundred policemen and three field-guns made up the forlorn hope who started from near Mafeking and crossed the Transvaal border upon December 29th, 1895. On January 2nd they were surrounded by the Boers amid the broken country near Dornkop, and after losing many of their number killed and wounded, without food and with spent horses, they were compelled to lay down their arms. Six burghers lost their lives in the skirmish.

The Uitlanders have been severely criticised for not having sent out a force to help Jameson in his difficulties, but it is impossible to see how they could have acted in any other manner. They had done all they could to prevent Jameson coming to their relief, and now it was rather unreasonable to suppose that they should relieve their reliever. Indeed, they had an entirely exaggerated idea of the strength of the force which he was bringing, and received the news of his capture with incredulity. When it became confirmed they rose, but in a half-hearted fashion, which was not due to want of courage, but to the difficulties of their position. On the one hand the British Government disowned Jameson entirely, and did all it could to discourage the rising; on the other, the President had the raiders in his keeping at Pretoria, and let it be understood that their fate depended upon the behaviour of the Uitlanders. They were led to believe that Jameson would be shot unless they laid down their arms, though, as a matter of fact, Jameson and his people had surrendered upon a promise of quarter. So skillfully did Kruger use his hostages that he succeeded, with the help of the British Commissioner, in getting the thousands of excited Johannesburgers to lay down their

arms without bloodshed. Completely outmaneuvered by the astute old President, the leaders of the reform movement used all their influence in the direction of peace, thinking that a general amnesty would follow, but the moment that they and their people were helpless the detectives and armed burghers occupied the town, and sixty of their number were hurried to Pretoria Gaol.

To the raiders themselves the President behaved with great generosity. Perhaps he could not find it in his heart to be harsh to the men who had managed to put him in the right and won for him the sympathy of the world. His own illiberal and oppressive treatment of the new-comers was forgotten in the face of this illegal inroad of filibusters. The true issues were so obscured by this intrusion that it has taken years to clear them, and perhaps they will never be wholly cleared. It was forgotten that it was the bad government of the country which was the real cause of the unfortunate raid. From then onwards the government might grow worse and worse, but it was always possible to point to the raid as justifying everything. Were the Uitlanders to have the franchise? How could they expect it after the raid? Would Britain object to



DR. LEYDS, AGENT-GENERAL OF THE LATE SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLIC AT BRUSSELS.  
*From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry*

the enormous importation of arms and obvious preparations for war? They were only precautions against a second raid. For years the raid stood in the way, not only of all progress, but of all remonstrance. Through an action over which they had no control, and which they had done their best to prevent, the British Government was left with a bad case and a weakened moral authority.

The raiders were sent home, where the rank and file were very properly released, and the chief officers were condemned to terms of imprisonment which certainly did not err upon the side of severity. Cecil Rhodes was left unpunished, he retained his place in the Privy Council, and his Chartered Company continued to have a corporate existence. This was illogical and inconclusive. As Kruger said: "It is not the dog which should be beaten, but the man who set him on to me." Public opinion—in spite of, or on account of, a crowd of witnesses—was ill-informed upon the exact bearings of the question, and it was obvious that as Dutch sentiment at the Cape appeared already to be thoroughly hostile to us, it would be dangerous

to alienate the British Afrianders also by making a martyr of their favourite leader. But whatever arguments may be founded upon expediency, it is clear that the Boers bitterly resented, and with justice, the immunity of Rhodes. That great man has done good service to the Queen both before and since, but it must be a prejudiced admirer who will not acknowledge that our position in Africa would, in some respects, have been stronger had he never devoted his energy to Imperial politics.

In the meantime both President Kruger and his burghers had shown a greater severity to the political prisoners from Johannesburg than to the armed followers of Jameson. The nationality of these prisoners is interesting and suggestive. There were twenty-three Englishmen, sixteen South Africans, nine Scotchmen, six Americans,

At last, at the end of May, all the prisoners but six were released. Four of the six soon followed, two stalwarts, Sampson and Davies, refusing to sign any petition, and remaining in prison until they were set free in 1897. Altogether the Transvaal Government received in fines from the reform prisoners the enormous sum of £212,000. A certain comic relief was immediately afterwards given to so grave an episode by the presentation of a bill to Great Britain for £1,677,938 3s. 3d.—the greater part of which was under the heading of moral and intellectual damage. It is to be feared that even the 3s. 3d. remains still unpaid.

The raid was past and the reform movement was past, but the causes which produced them both remained. It is hardly conceivable that a statesman who loved his country would have



[From a]

MAITLAND STREET, CAPE TOWN, ONE OF THE CHIEF BUSINESS THOROUGHFARES.

[Photo.]

two Welshmen, one Irishman, one Australian, one Hollander, one Bavarian, one Canadian, one Swiss, and one Turk. The prisoners were arrested in January, but the trial did not take place until the end of April. All were found guilty of high treason. Mr. Lionel Phillips, Colonel Rhodes (brother of Mr. Cecil Rhodes), George Farrar, and Mr. Hammond, the American engineer, were condemned to death, a sentence which was afterwards commuted to the payment of an enormous fine. The other prisoners were condemned to two years' imprisonment, with a fine of £2,000 each. The imprisonment was of the most arduous and trying sort, and was embittered by the harshness of the gaoler, Du Plessis. One of the unfortunate men cut his throat, and several fell seriously ill, the diet and the sanitary conditions being equally unhealthy.

refrained from making some effort to remove a state of things which had already caused such grave dangers, and which must obviously become more serious with every year that passed. But Paul Kruger had hardened his heart and was not to be moved. The grievances of the Uitlanders became heavier than ever. The one power in the land to which they had been able to appeal for some sort of redress amid their grievances was the law courts. Now it was decreed that the courts should be dependent on the Volksraad. The Lord Chief Justice protested against such a degradation of his high office, and he was dismissed in consequence without a pension. The judge who had condemned the reformers was chosen to fill the vacancy, and the protection of a fixed law was withdrawn from the Uitlanders.



A commission appointed by the State was sent to examine into the condition of the mining industry and the grievances from which the new-comers suffered. The chairman was Mr. Schalk Burger, one of the most liberal of the Boers, and the proceedings were thorough and impartial. The result was a report which amply vindicated the reformers, and suggested remedies which would have gone a long way towards satisfying the Uitlanders. With such enlightened legislation their motives for seeking the franchise would have been less pressing. But the President and his Raad would have none of the recommendations of the commission. The rugged old autocrat declared that Schalk Burger

issue. More and more clearly it was coming out that no permanent settlement was possible where the majority of the population was oppressed by the minority. They had tried peaceful means and failed. They had tried warlike means and failed. What was there left for them to do? Their own country, the paramount power of South Africa, had never helped them. Perhaps if it were directly appealed to it might do so. It could not, if only for the sake of its own Imperial prestige, leave its children for ever in a state of subjection. The Uitlanders determined upon a petition to the Queen, and in doing so they brought their grievances out of the limits of a local contro-



SIR A. MILNER, HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR SOUTH AFRICA AND GOVERNOR OF THE TRANSVAAL.  
From a Photo. taken for "The King" by H. C. Shelley, for which a special sitting was given.

was a traitor to his country for having signed such a document, and a new reactionary committee was chosen to report upon the report. Words and papers were the only outcome of the affair. No amelioration came to the new-comers. But at least they had again put their case publicly upon record, and it had been indorsed by the most respected of the burghers.

Gradually in the Press of the English-speaking countries the raid was ceasing to obscure the

versy into the broader field of international politics. Great Britain must either protect them or acknowledge that their protection was beyond her power. A direct petition to the Queen praying for protection was signed in April, 1899, by 21,000 Uitlanders. From that time events moved inevitably towards the one end. Sometimes the surface was troubled and sometimes smooth, but the stream always ran swiftly and the roar of the fall sounded ever louder in the ears.

(To be continued)

## An Escape from Niagara Falls.

BY ORRIN E. DUNLAP, OF NIAGARA FALLS, N.Y.

These two young men went out duck-shooting among the islands of the Niagara River, a mile or two above the greatest Falls in the world. They lost an oar, and soon discovered that they and their boat were inclosed in an ice-floe which was swiftly running down with the current to the rapids and the Great Falls. One was saved and the other lost.



MR. JOSEPH E. MARSH, WHO ESCAPED BEING CARRIED OVER THE FALLS.

*From a Photo. by Steele, Jackson.*



JOSEPH E. MARSH, aged thirty years, a machinist by trade, who prides himself that he was "born within the sound of Bow-bells," is the only man living to-day who can tell from personal experience how it feels to drift for an hour or more on an ice-floe that is being swept by the awful current towards the Falls of Niagara. Other men have been carried down the Upper Niagara River into the rapids. Many of them are dead, while the condition of others who have endured such an experience was such that they were unmindful of the terrible danger, or else the darkness of night curtained off the shores so that they knew not the fearful peril in which they were.

It was different with Marsh. For three or more years he had promised his friend and companion to accompany him on a duck-hunting expedition amid the islands above the greatest of cataracts. Time after time this friend—John Wiesen, a brother machinist—was disappointed at Marsh's not going, and so when the duck season of the winter of 1900-1901 was well open the invitation was renewed. This time it was accepted for the morning of Sunday,

January 20th, and on that fatal day poor John Wiesen lost his life in the upper rapids of the Niagara River, and was swept over the American Fall, while Joseph E. Marsh was rescued but a few hundred feet back from the brink—rescued after the terrible suction of the rapids had been fast drawing him down to death!

At the season of year when Wiesen and Marsh went duck-hunting the upper river was full of floating ice, brought down by the current from Lake Erie; but as no very severe weather had been experienced in the river or lake region up to that time the ice was very thin. It was plentiful, however, and the high wind that drove across the river from the distant Canadian shore swept the ice-field close to the New York side.

On the Upper Niagara River it is customary with duck-hunters to boat out to the shore of some of the islands, where they erect small houses of ice to conceal themselves. Many times these "blinds" are built on the ice that is fast to the shore, and the ideal place, so far as position is concerned, is in front of a spot where the rapid current keeps the ice from stopping. It is in these open spots that decoys are placed, and ducks flying up or down stream readily settle in the open water.



MR. JOHN WIESEN, A BROTHER MACHINIST, WHO LOST HIS LIFE IN THIS ADVENTURE.

*From a Photo. by Hendrickson & Zainer, Niagara Falls, N.Y.*

It was just such a place as this that Wiesen and Marsh had in mind when they left their homes that Sunday morning about 6.30 o'clock. It was fully 7.30 o'clock when they left the boat-house and put the oars in the water. The boat they took was of clinker build, and they carried but a single pair of oars. Wiesen was a frequenter of the stream, both in summer and winter, and upon him Marsh had to depend. There was quite a lot of ice in the current, and Marsh, to whom the experience was somewhat new, remarked that he didn't quite like it. Wiesen, however, laughed at his fears in a friendly way, and on they went. When they reached the foot of Parson's Island they found two fine locations already occupied by hunters who had arrived earlier on the scene. Frequently ardent sportsmen leave their homes in the city and go to the boat-houses or adjacent hotels to pass the night in order to get out on the river as soon after five o'clock as possible. The presence of these hunters was not wholly unexpected, and so Wiesen and Marsh kept on, intending to effect a landing on the outer side of the island, looking towards Navy Island, the place being known among river men as the "Devil's Half-Acre."

When they thought they were up against the shore-ice Marsh began chopping the ice and breaking it away in front of the boat in order to reach good firm ice and so effect a landing. The current was strong, but Wiesen kept the craft well up by pulling at the oars. Marsh used a pike-pole to shove away the broken cakes of ice, and in this way they were working when suddenly Wiesen, in taking a stroke with the oars, did not get the blade in the water but on to an ice-cake, and when he pulled he fell back in the boat off the seat. The boat tipped, and one of the oars (both being all over ice from the spray of the waves) slipped, or was raised off the pin-lock and, tumbling into the water, was swept off with the current. The men were, of course, utterly helpless to regain it.

As they were a full mile and a half above the Falls neither of the men seemed to think their lives were in any danger at that time, even though they had but one oar. They felt they were on shore-ice, within access of the island, across which, if necessary, they could draw their boat to the other side and attract the attention of somebody on shore. At least, Marsh had no idea of the grave danger ever present. He kept cutting at the ice in front of the boat, and was doing this when Wiesen quietly told him the appalling news that, instead of being up against shore-ice, they were fast in a floe that was being swept down the river toward the Falls.

A glance shorewards convinced Marsh that this was only too true, and then thoughts of safety were instantly aroused. Again and again the guns were let off, but finally Marsh's hands got so cold that he couldn't open his gun to load it. Wiesen was in a similar condition, and furthermore the guns were soon all over ice from the breaking waves. Their position on the river was close to the centre. There was no sign that they had attracted the attention of anybody on shore. Up to this time both men had remained in the boat, which had drifted about a quarter of a mile down-stream with the ice-floe.

Then they thought they might find safety in dragging the boat over the surface of the floe, and both got out to see what they could do in this direction. The distance to open water was about a quarter of a mile, but they found the ice too thin—too frail; and repeatedly they broke through, making no head-way except with the constant current toward the awful, inevitable Falls. By this time Wiesen and Marsh became convinced that people on shore saw their position and were making efforts to reach them; but as the current carried them on and they were lost to view they realized that help could not come to them from that direction.

They had now drifted three-quarters of a mile down the current. A similar distance would carry them over the Falls. Both men became desperate. Marsh asked his companion Wiesen to pull off his rubber boots, and then Marsh performed a similar service for Wiesen. Both men threw off their white duck-hunting suits, and Marsh his overcoat, undercoat, and vest. The last-named had been waving his hat as a flag, but his head got so cold that he had to put his hat on again to keep warm. Then Marsh went out on the ice about 100yds. from the boat towards the shore and waved his vest shorewards.

"We had no thought of swimming," said Marsh, "for there was nothing in sight to swim in. We were surrounded by ice on every side, except far out in the river towards Canada. Our ice-floe had been drifting towards the shore and soon began to grind against the shore-ice, but we were still a quarter of a mile out, and the ice between us and the shore was simply slush or small, thin cakes, which would not support us. I thought the shore-ice would force us still farther out in the river, but we soon began to feel the influence of the current that sets in towards the inlet canals of the power companies.

"The ice I was on was about  $\frac{7}{8}$ in. thick, and was not strong enough to hold two men side by side. Wiesen was still in the boat. My woollen socks froze to the ice, and every time I moved

my feet I had to work my socks loose. Occasionally Wiesen managed to fire off one of the guns. He was raving wild, and kept crying and praying. My condition, I must admit, was no better than his.

"By this time we had got down as far as Port Day, and our floe drew closer to shore, for the current had prevented shore-ice from gathering. We saw more people on shore. The ice-floe began to break in the swift current, for we were nearing the rapids. We were at this time drifting in that quiet, placid portion of the river that looks so beautiful from the head of Goat Island. The rapids, owing to the fall in the river, are not in sight, but the terrible force of the current is a frightful reminder of the danger below. The objects on shore passed by with greater and greater rapidity. Don't ask me! I can't tell

away. We got so close that we could hear the shouts from the people on shore.

"It was then that poor Wiesen left the boat and crawled over the ice as near to me as he dared to come owing to the thinness of the ice. I was about 30ft. from the edge of the floe, and the floe was about 125ft. from the shore. I distinctly heard someone on shore shout, 'It isn't very deep there, boys.'

"Wiesen and I had long ago concluded that we were going to drown and go over the Falls. Yet the sound of the voices seemed to nerve me to a renewed sense of my awful position. I called out to Wiesen, 'Jack, if I'm going to drown, I'm going to take a chance here.' With that I ran back on the ice as far as I could. Then I rushed toward the edge of the floe. I leaped into the air, and went out of sight in the



"I LEAPED INTO THE AIR, AND WENT OUT OF SIGHT IN THE ICE AND WATER."

you how it feels to be drifting into the rapids towards the Falls—Niagara Falls. We had both been under frightful strain and severe exposure on the ice from the time we realized that we were fast in the floe; but when we knew that the current of the rapids was drawing us on we realized that hope was swiftly passing

ice and water. When I came to the surface I made a desperate struggle through the ice toward the shore.

"My headway was such that once I landed clean out of the water on to a clear cake of ice, which sank as my weight fell upon it. My cap, however, saved my head from being cut by the

ice, but my hands! My right arm, too, was swollen to three times its size from contact with the ice. I was so cold that I did not feel the blows of the ice. I remember the men on shore cheering me on. They held out a long pole. I grasped it with my left hand, and with

water and ice. There was a brief thrilling struggle, and in a few minutes he sank from the sight of those on shore. The ice floe moved on into the rapids and broke up. The boat passed under the bridge leading from the mainland to Green Island, and soon went over the Falls.



"THEY HELD OUT A LONG POLE, AND I GRASPED IT WITH MY LEFT HAND."

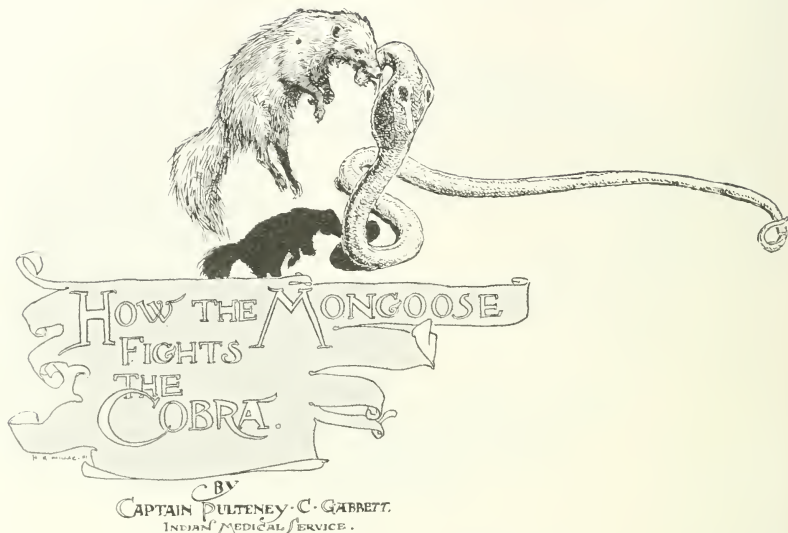
my right also as soon as I could get it out of the water. They pulled me ashore. I was saved."

The man who directed the rescue of Marsh was Mr. Edward A. Deeds, a civil engineer connected with the Natural Food Company. He hurried Marsh into the residence of Mr. H. D. Perky, president of the company, where every attention was shown to him, and in the afternoon he was taken to his home.

While this rescue of Marsh was taking place Wiesen was out on the ice fast drifting into the dreaded rapids. When Marsh left him Wiesen called out, "You're a 'goner,' Joe—you're lost." From his perilous position he saw Marsh pulled out on the shore. Ten minutes passed. He was close to the rapids. In a few minutes he would be tossed by them. Despite the fact that he could not swim, he ran and leaped toward shore as far as he could. He battled with the

Without doubt Wiesen's body plunged over the precipice into the gorge. Some think that had he clung to the boat he might have been saved as he passed the bridge; but there is no precedent for such a supposition. Still, years ago, a young man *was* swept farther down the river, right into the rapids, in the same channel, and landed on a rock, from which point he was rescued. This was in the evening, but it was also at a different season of year. Wiesen was thirty-five years old. He was born in Paris of English parents. He was also married.

The home-coming of Marsh was the first his wife knew of the river tragedy, her relatives having concealed from her all the facts up to that time. While rejoicing that her husband was spared to her from the grasp and greed of Niagara's fearful waters, she sorrowed at the misfortune that had come to another home not far away.



Captain Gabbett has evidently given this curious subject a good deal of attention. He has even dissected the heads of many cobras that have been killed by "Rik-i-Tik," the mongoose. The battle is described round by round, and the narrative contains a good deal of first-hand scientific theory.

**M**OST of us who are exiles in India are familiar with the mongoose—"Rik-i-Tik," as Kipling has so aptly named him. Some of us have owned Rik-i-Tik as a pet; some of us are familiar with him as part of the stock-in-trade of the travelling snake-charmer or juggler; and those of us whose work lies in the districts have watched him at play or on hunting excursions of his own in the freedom of the jungle.

Yet, widely known as he is in India, it is astonishing how few could accurately describe the way in which little Rik-i-Tik can tackle and kill a 4ft. cobra, or how he escapes the penalty of his seeming rashness. Let me attempt to describe what I have often seen with my own eyes, and even photographed, though, of course, snap-shots of the most exciting phases of the combat are practically impossible.

In the first place, it is a mistake to suppose that the mongoose and the cobra will attack each other whenever or wherever they meet, prompted purely by love of fighting or a deadly racial animosity. On the contrary, if the two

are shut up in a small room, the mongoose will display the utmost indifference to the presence of the cobra, while the latter, though compelled to preserve a watchful and threatening aspect in the presence of his active little foe, will take the first opportunity of wriggling a safe retreat when he sees Rik-i-Tik's attention otherwise engaged.

It is clear that the mongoose, while confident and indifferent, is well aware of the awful risk he is running, and has no intention of losing his life out of pure bravado or love of fighting. It may be otherwise with a tame mongoose, who is not distracted by the novelty of his surroundings or the presence of human foes, and who does not feel his activity cramped by the four walls of a room.

I have been told that a tame mongoose will attack a cobra without any provocation, and it may be so; but it is certainly not the case with a freshly captured mongoose. The cobra evidently stands in far greater dread of the mongoose, and displays none of that insulting confidence and indifference which characterize the behaviour of Rik-i-Tik.



"RIK-I-TIK PAUSES ON THE EDGE OF THE EMPTY SNAKE-BASKET TO GAZE FROM A" AT HIS TOWERING ADVERSARY." (Photo.)

The cobra is a pretty sight to watch as he lifts his expanded hood, displaying its fantastic heraldry, ever turning to face the enemy, and loudly exhaling warning and defiance with every swelling breath.

And now let us proceed to the veranda which we have selected as the arena of the coming contest. The snake-charmer whom we have engaged to handle the cobra opens one of the little round baskets and turns out its occupant with scant ceremony. At first the cobra tries to wriggle off, but he is caught by the tail and stroked the wrong way until he is induced to sit up and glare round, swelling himself angrily with every breath.

Rik-i-Tik now makes his appearance in the ring, tied round the waist with a string and cautiously held at a distance by a bare-legged syce, who has to be pretty smart in eluding the rapid rushes that Rik-i-Tik makes now and again at his unprotected calves. What a fierce little champion it is, to be sure! His snarling volleys of unreasoning rage are directed at everything near: his little red eyes are alight with wickedness, and every hair on his body and bushy tail stands on end. At first he takes no apparent notice of the cobra, but the cobra is fully aware of his arrival and does his best to keep his face towards his new enemy. Hither and thither rushes Rik-i-Tik as far as the end of his tether allows, when he is brought up sudden and snarling. Now he pauses on the edge of the empty snake-basket to gaze contemplatively at his towering adversary. Again he checks himself for a moment to give a playful nip *en passant* to the enemy's tail

or to whisper a derisive challenge or an insulting remark into the cobra's ear\* derogatory to his parentage and his female relatives—for there is no doubt that Rik-i-Tik is a past master in the art of abuse. Now he pauses directly under the hooded terror and looks from side to side, seemingly indifferent—'Ha! Missed!'

The cobra's head strikes the ground with a thud, and Rik-i-Tik, having eluded the stroke by a quick little jump, enters on another of his mad rushes for freedom in the direction of the syce's calves. Again the foes are facing each other, and this time Rik-i-Tik means business.

Just as the "Hooded Death" launches his stroke downwards—almost before he has commenced it—Rik-i-Tik, quick as the parry of a master-fencer, springs to meet it, and their jaws interlock. Over and over they roll, the cobra winding himself strenuously round his relentless little captor. Now they are both seemingly exhausted and lie almost motionless, but Rik-i-Tik never relaxes his grip for an instant. After perhaps sixty or one hundred seconds of this death-grip the mongoose springs away. Again the cobra rears himself up to renew the contest, but not so loftily as before does he

\* As a matter of fact, no snakes have an external auditory apparatus—though it is popularly supposed that the vipers only are deaf. The snake-charmers have from time immemorial acknowledged their dread of handling vipers. They say that they are deaf to the voice of the charmer, claim he never so wisely. Witness again the so-called "deaf adder." The real reason is that the vipers can never be treated to strokes straight forward if any object held in front of them, as the cobras always do. Knowing that all snakes are deaf, it is curious that they should be universally believed to be specially susceptible to the soothing influence of music. The musical pipe is an invariable part of the snake-charmer's equipment all over the world.



"AGAIN THE COBRA FEELS HIMSELF TO RENEW THE CONTEST, BUT NOT SO LOFTILY AS BEFORE." (Photo.)

spread his diminished hood. He has been sorely wounded, but not to death. Rik-i-Tik stands, dusty and blood-stained, regarding his humbled adversary. At first we are afraid that he has been struck, but a closer examination shows that the blood is that of his adversary.

Even the taste of blood, however, has not made the mongoose any more anxious for the fray, and he is still just as keen as ever to flesh his vindictive teeth on the nearest bystander as on the snake, his deadly enemy. At last he comes again to the scratch. This time he entirely anticipates the cobra's stroke as, leaping upwards, he secures his never-failing grip on the snake's upper jaw. The cobra is now weakening, and Rik-i-Tik shakes his head savagely to and fro with all the strength of his little body—for all

the world like a terrier shaking a rat. After three or four of these deadly grips the cobra can no longer raise his mangled head to fight, but crawls painfully and slowly away to shortly die, stiffen, be cast out, and buried.

So much for the battle. Now, there are many questions which present themselves for solution. Is the mongoose always the victor? Not always, but usually. I have seen five cobras killed and only one mongoose. Even he had previously killed one cobra, and was probably not quite so fresh and quick as he would otherwise have been. He was struck on either side of the upper lip, having evidently once missed his grip, and after half an hour he lay stretched out beside his victim.

It is also unfair to pit a small mongoose against a large cobra. The height to which the mongoose has to spring must detract largely from that exactitude of grip which is so vitally necessary.

I have never seen the mongoose fix his grip anywhere except on the cobra's jaws, and then almost invariably on the upper jaw. For this reason he will only deliver a frontal attack—

never an attack from the rear. It is wonderful that, in taking this grip, he should escape puncture by the cobra's fangs, lying, as they do, along the upper jaw. I believe, myself, that the grip is always placed behind the point of the fangs, so as to render a puncture from them impossible; while at the same time the teeth of the mongoose

either strike off the fangs at their roots or else enter the poison-sacs and so let their contents escape. In either way the effectiveness of the cobra's weapons is destroyed. These are not altogether theories, but are founded upon dissections made of the cobra's head after the fight. Of course, a large number of such dissections would require to be made to prove that such were invariably the facts which accounted



"THE COBRA IS NOW WEAKENING, AND RIK-I-TIK SHAKES HIS HEAD TO AND FRO WITH ALL THE STRENGTH OF HIS LITTLE BODY."

*From a Photo.*

for the escape of the mongoose.

Next comes the interesting question: Has the mongoose any immunity? It is true, curiously enough, that he does possess a certain amount of immunity, relative to some other animals such as rabbits, dogs, hens, etc.; but such immunity is not of the slightest protection to him if he is bitten. The cobra is the animal which possesses the largest amount of immunity from the effects of its own poison, and yet it is an interesting fact that a cobra may be killed by injecting it with poison taken from its own glands.

About half a gramme of poison or more may be obtained from a fairly-grown cobra; while a hundredth part of a gramme is more than sufficient to kill a mongoose, or, indeed, any but large animals. Nature is munificent everywhere. Thus a very high immunity indeed would be necessary to protect any but the largest animals from a cobra bite that had reached fairly home. Rik-i-Tik, the mongoose—the born enemy of snakes—is protected solely by his quick eye and his own activity; if these fail him he is lost indeed.





BY G. F. ABBOTT, B.A., AUTHOR OF "SONGS OF MODERN GREECE" (TRAVELLING STUDENT FOR THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE).

The following narrative has been written from notes collected during six months' roaming among the mountains of Macedonia. It is commonly supposed that brigandage in Europe is a thing of the past, but only those who know the Near East—Macedonia, Greece, Albania, etc.—know how fallacious this belief is. Readers of "The Wide World" know that even one of the officers of His Majesty's Army (Captain John Marriott, Norfolk Regiment) has been kidnapped by brigands and held for ransom in Asia Minor. (See Vol. II., page 372.)



PARAGRAPH about brigandage in Macedonia now and again finds its way into the English papers, but it excites little or no interest. You see, Macedonia is such a long way off; and to most people, I have reason to believe, it is less than "the shadow of a name." It is otherwise, however, with those whom curiosity or the pursuit of "filthy lucre," conventionally termed commerce, brings to this most interesting province of the Turkish Empire. To them, brigands and their movements are of as much importance as railway time-tables are to the tamer sort of tourists who periodically inundate Switzerland and the German watering-places. For the benefit of such readers chiefly I propose to give a few details about the life of these lords of the mountains—not without a hope that my sketch may prove of interest to others also.

The time of the chivalrous bandit who robbed the rich in order to relieve the poor; who smote the tyrant in order to protect the slave, and who fought and died for freedom, is, alas! gone by. The type of the "gentle-

man of the road" is extinct—as much extinct as that of the antediluvian mammoth. The modern brigand, generally speaking, is simply a bloodthirsty ruffian whose sole object is to attain wealth by the short cut of crime: or he may be the base tool of some political society, not neglecting, however, to do a stroke of business on his own account when a chance offers itself. And yet, degenerate though they are, their life, led as it is in the mountains, far from the centres of industry and every-day business, affords a good many points of interest to the hunter of the picturesque, and retains several of those features which lend such charm to the exploits of the noble "Klephts" of old.

My own personal dealings with actual, or, as they are aptly termed, "savage," brigands have hitherto been confined, I am thankful to say, to one or two narrow escapes. I have met, however, travellers less fortunate than myself, some of whom have spent more than one long and anxious month in the caves of the Macedonian mountains. I have also come into contact with several ex-chiefs of brigand bands, who, having retired from affairs, or, to use the

official expression, "done homage" to the authorities, live now peacefully in their village homes, or are employed by the Turkish Government to hunt those in whose company they once hunted others.

The photograph here reproduced contains a number of such penitent thieves who "did homage" some time ago, and are at this moment dispersed in different parts of

individuals blocked their way, while an equal number could be seen in the distance cutting off their retreat. Resistance meant instant death; but the brave Albanian cavass could not think of surrendering without a blow. He whipped out his revolver and fired at one of the brigands, whom he succeeded in wounding; but ere he had time to pull the trigger again he fell pierced through with five bullets.



BRIGANDS WHO REPENTED AND AFTERWARDS ENDEAVOURED TO CATCH THEIR LAWLESS FELLOWS  
*From a Photo.*

Macedonia trying to catch other as yet non-penitent ones. The group represents nearly all the nationalities which people this hodge-podge of races and languages called Macedonia. There are among them two Albanians, two Bulgarians, a Wallach, and a Greek. The last-mentioned gentleman stands fourth in the group; it is the dark-bearded, clever-looking fellow with the right hand resting upon his revolver. He is about forty years of age, and, by a strange irony of Fate, rejoices in the name of Lycurgus.

First in my note-book comes the "Affaire Chevalier." Now, our second group represents the last act of a drama which created a good deal of sensation among European residents in Turkey during the summer of 1899. M. Chevalier, a French engineer, directing some mines in the Chalkidike peninsula, was the hero. He was one day going from Stratoni, a seaport on the eastern coast of the peninsula, to a village farther inland in order to assist at the christening of a brother engineer's child. He was accompanied by his wife, his little girl of twelve, a priest, and an armed servant, or *cavass*. Suddenly, as they were passing through a narrow defile between two rocks, half-a-dozen kiited

The party were immediately surrounded. The chief of the band very courteously advanced and assured Mme. Chevalier that she and her daughter had nothing to fear, but that the gentleman must follow them to the mountains. He further added that madame need not be anxious about her husband's life so long as there was a hope of the ransom being duly paid. Thereupon he told off two of his satellites to escort the rest of the party home, and he with his other men marched the engineer off to their rocky stronghold.

The mining company in whose employ M. Chevalier was paid the ransom, which amounted to the respectable figure of £15,000 (Turkish), and debited the Sultan's Government with the sum—as the latter is responsible for the safety of foreigners settled within its dominions.

But the brigands were not destined to enjoy the fruits of their iniquity very long. A strong detachment was sent in pursuit of them, and after a desperate struggle some of them were killed and four taken prisoners with the ransom about them. The heads of the killed were cut off and exposed for some time in the courtyard of the Governor's palace (Konak) at Salonica,

*in terrorem.* Our photograph represents the prisoners surrounded by the gendarmes who took them, with their colonel (Miralai-Bey) and two officers sitting at a table, upon which is spread the recovered ransom. The captives are at the present moment locked up in the "White Tower," of which a photograph is also given, awaiting the slow, but seldom sure, decrees of Turkish justice.

The emotion consequent upon the French engineer's mishap had scarcely died away when, in the following month (July, 1899), occurred what has since been known as "The Simotta Affair."

The hero, or rather the victim, of this adventure was a Salonica merchant. He was spending the summer quietly in his native town of Klissoora, in Western Macedonia, when one

hear of it, and, guessing at his wealth, attempt to fleece him! It is an old trick of the Imperial Turkish Government to make released prisoners pay a fine for having dared to ransom themselves! For such an act is looked upon as a tacit recognition of the brigands' right to blackmail, and is construed into an insult towards His Imperial Majesty's Police! The Sultan will not save his subjects, nor, what is worse, will he allow them to save themselves. There is a kind of grim humour in everything the "Unspeakable One" does, which is not always appreciated by the prosaic Western mind.

However, this band, like the others, had the worst of it in the end. One of their number chose to consider himself aggrieved at the division of the spoils. A quarrel ensued, and he deserted. In return for a free pardon he



MACEDONIAN BRIGANDS WITH THEIR RANSOM OF £15,000 (TURKISH) ON THE TABLE. (THE AFFAIR OF THE FRENCH ENGINEER, CHEVALIER, JUNE, 1899.)

day his evil genius prompted him to organize a picnic party. They went—ladies, maid-servants, and all—attended by an armed cavass. While they were having their lunch *al fresco*, however, the brigands broke in upon them. First one made his appearance, and addressing himself to M. Simotta—that is the gentleman's name—asked him to follow. M. Simotta's brother-in-law promptly fired at the brigand, but missed him. In the twinkling of an eye the wooded hills around became alive with killed men armed to the teeth, who fired from behind the trees and bushes. The struggle was sharp but short. M. Simotta's brother-in-law was the first to fall, and the cavass and the poor housemaid soon followed. Another of the party was also wounded, while M. Simotta himself was carried off by the daring miscreants.

The ransom which the victim of this outrage was made to pay is unknown, the sum being kept dark lest the Turkish authorities might

offered to act as guide to a detachment of gendarmerie.

His offer was thankfully accepted, and the brigands were surprised and routed. The heads of two of them were fixed on bayonets and paraded about the streets of Salonica.

Tragedies on some stages are still succeeded by a lighter piece calculated to relieve the spectators' feelings. In accordance with this laudable practice I will give here an adventure which had a much less bloody conclusion than either of the above.

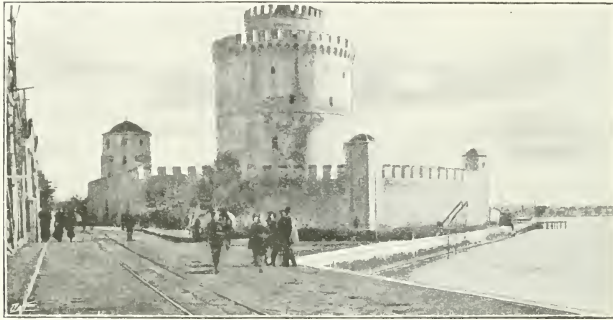
I now come to M. Macri's trip to Mount Olympus. M. Macri is a middle-aged banker. He is a meek and mild, spectaclled little gentleman, who seems quite incapable of anything bolder than checking a bill or cashing a cheque. Therefore the idea of "hairbreadth 'scapes" in connection with M. Macri seems preposterous. In fact, he looks as if he was born with a goose-quill behind his ear and a massive gold chain

across his well-rounded stomach. Yet it was fated that he should be "taken by the insolent foe," and that he should dwell for a while amidst "rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch Heaven." Such was his *kismet*, and it came about in the following manner:—

In the summer of 1891 he was travelling in

soon as he found himself free, softly stepped up to the sleeping sentinel, took away his Martini and his yataghan, and then, with the latter in his hand, ran to the rescue of his friends. He cut their bonds, and in less time than it takes to tell they all were out of sight.

The nephew, however, died soon after from



THE WHITE TOWER AT SALONICA IN WHICH THE BRIGANDS WERE IMPRISONED.  
*From a Photo.*

the interior with his two sons and a nephew for change of air. He never contemplated the possibility of rising to the ethereal heights of Mount Olympus, but it was nevertheless decreed that he should try them. The party were captured and carried off. For a fortnight they suffered tortures too horrible to relate. They were each bound to a tree, with a rope twisted round their necks in a noose, and their hands tied behind their backs with the same rope.

It was the acme of diabolical ingenuity. The flies clustered about their eyes and the mosquitoes stung them in the face, but if they moved their hands ever so little in an instinctive attempt to drive off these plagues the halter tightened round their throats and they were threatened with self-strangling.

In this helpless and hopeless condition two long weeks of agony passed by. At last, one fine evening, provisions began to run short, and the brigands went on a predatory expedition to a village a long way off at the foot of the mountain, leaving an aged comrade to guard the captives. Their apparent helplessness and their groans soon lulled him to sleep. But necessity is the mother of invention, and M. Macri was endowed by Nature with an inventive genius and a good set of teeth. For some days previously he had been gnawing the rope which passed close to his mouth, until it was reduced to a single, slender thread. When he saw his opportunity he gave a final tug. The rope snapped and fell by his side. M. Macri, as

the hardships and tortures he underwent while in the brigands' hands. The others seemed to have been rather benefited than otherwise by this compulsory change of air. As for M. Macri, he bears to this day the mark of his adventure in the shape of a half ear, the other half of that useful organ having been sent by the brigands to his people as a gentle reminder when they had begun to wax impatient at the delayed ransom!

"It cost me half an ear and my poor nephew Nikolaki—peace be to his soul!" said M. Macri to me, at the conclusion of his narrative, pointing with a pathetic sigh to his mutilated hearing apparatus.

This true tale with all its details of blood-curdling cruelty cured me of the thirst for adventure from which I suffered until I made this worthy banker's acquaintance.

But cruel though they are, and bloodthirsty, the brigands have their good points too. One of these is their extreme courtesy towards female prisoners. They entertain a wholesome superstition that he who offers an insult to a woman will die within the month. On the other hand, it not infrequently happens that a pretty captive ends by becoming the wife of some handsome *pallikar*, or youth of the band. Solitude, sympathy, and the suggestiveness of surrounding Nature all conduce to romance in the truest sense of the term.

Strange to say, schoolmasters are inviolable—not so much, I suspect, on account of the

sacredness of their calling—although scholarship and members of the scholastic profession are held in very high esteem among the Greeks—as owing to the poverty which is the proverbial and inseparable companion of pedagogues. Men of the cloth have no share in this negative privilege, and yet one of the most quaint traits connected with a brigand's life is the sincere piety shown in the capture of a priest. An old bishop was telling me the other day that after having robbed him of everything he had on or about him, to the very shoes, the brigands insisted on his giving them absolution on the spot!

Not content with that, they would not let him go before he gave them his blessing as well. This he consented to do on condition they returned his shoes and cassock to him. They agreed, and, after having fulfilled their part of the bargain, they received the episcopal benediction on their knees. The old bishop related the incident with a due appreciation of the humour of the situation: but that was not the way the brigands looked upon it. With them it was a matter of eternal salvation.

As a rule, after they have stripped their victim, the brigands return to him a percentage of the booty, that it may bring prosperity upon them, or, to use the current expression, that it may prove *halal*. The principle is that they consider it a voluntary contribution on the prisoner's part. In this, again, we find a proof of the strong affinity which exists between these rude mountaineers and the official robbers referred to above. The Turkish authorities, when, as it sometimes happens, they decide upon the erection of some public building—which generally is a barrack—go round with the hat, or rather *fez*, in one hand and a whip in the other; and woe to the hapless *rayak* who refuses to contribute to the utmost of his ability. This I have heard called in delightful official language "Voluntary subscriptions."

The brigands, as may well be imagined, never act rashly. They usually have a correspondent or secret agent in every town and village, whose duty it is to keep them posted up in the movements of wealthy citizens and farmers and the whereabouts of the gendarmerie, as well as to supply them with provisions and, in case of need, afford them a place of refuge. These correspondents are technically termed *yalak*, and receive as their reward a portion of the ransom or booty. They not infrequently act in collusion with the authorities; this accounts

for the fact that, although in many cases well known, the brigands are seldom molested.

One more word and we have done with brigands—on paper. The scrupulous faithfulness with which they keep their word is worthy of a better cause, and should give a much-needed lesson both to the Governments and to the governed of the East, among whom this virtue seems to be an unknown quantity. The brigands pride themselves on their "honesty," and, with unconscious humour, enlarge on the merits of justice. They generally pay for their provisions, although, of course, they are ready to kill the peasant if he refuses to sell them what they want.

An ex-captain of Olympus, who now is peacefully and most unromantically employed in fixing up water-pipes in Salonica, was talking to me not long ago. "It is like this, sir," said he. "What you call cruelty is nothing but the fulfilment of an engagement. No society can exist without laws: we have ours, and people know them. If they choose to ignore them, they have only themselves to thank. If they are caught, they will have to pay up; if they delay payment, they lose their ears, or their noses, as the case may be. And if they refuse to pay at all, they lose their heads. It is all fair and square. This is justice, isn't it?"

I am afraid I shocked and pained the philosophical pipe-layer by my lamentable inability to grasp the idea. Nothing daunted by my dulness, however, he went on to discuss the point of absolute justice, and quite took my breath away by propounding the following ethical problem:—

"Why is it that a rat is universally regarded as a nuisance and nobody thinks it a sin killing one, whereas a dog is kept and fed and petted and looked after so carefully? Are they not both God's creatures? Have they not both a *raison d'être*? If so, why should they not be treated in the same manner? Or, has God created some beings just that they may be destroyed? I put it to you, sir, as to a man of education and an Englishman."

I don't know whether the last epithet was meant as a compliment to the acknowledged fondness of Englishmen for fair play, or as a challenge that we should stick up for the rights of rats. At any rate, being unable to give a satisfactory answer to his questions, I thought me of an important engagement, and left the old rascal to his philosophy and pipe-mending.



BY ALFRED W. ROUTLEDGE (NORTH BORNEO GOVERNMENT SERVICE).

Showing what a tobacco planter's life is like in Borneo. Labour is scarce, and foreign coolies have to be tempted with large cash advances, so that when one of these "labourers" bolts it is a serious matter for the Company. Mr. Routledge here tells us about the dangers and hardships incidental to pursuing and claiming these runaways in independent territory, even when armed with a letter from the Sultan to his chiefs.



HE border-line of the Sultanate of Brunei is only five or six miles distant from the Lakutan River in British North Borneo, and, the territory being quite independent, it is a harbour of refuge for all those who are fleeing from the justice of the settled Colonies and of Sarawak.

It is a thousand pities that the Sultanate is thus degenerating, for, under proper guidance, it might have become, if not as prosperous as the native State of Johore in the Malay Peninsula, with which that of Brunei is connected by marriage, at least as civilized and as advanced; but the Sultan seems to think every man's hand is against him, and consequently shelters all who have grievances against other Governments, no matter how guilty these people may be.

The incidents I am about to relate took place during my residence on the "Lakutan Tobacco Estate," in British North Borneo.

For a few months previous to July, 1897, we were continually troubled by our coolies absconding, they having become disheartened because of the poor prospect of making any profit by their tobacco that season, owing to climatic causes.

It should here be explained that the coolies plant the tobacco, and the estate purchases it from them when ready at so much per thousand trees. Each coolie, when engaged, receives a very substantial advance, and upon his arrival on the estate he also gets all implements, etc., needful for his occupation. The expenses are, of course, along with the cash advanced from

month to month for his food and small luxuries, deducted from the total amount of his earnings. Although this expense is sometimes rather heavy, a good coolie will notwithstanding the reduction on his account often have what is for him a very handsome profit.

When, therefore, everything is going right—the tobacco looking well and promising to be a good crop; general plantation life flowing smoothly, and an air of prosperity over all—no man is happier than a Chinese tobacco coolie. He is in the wildest spirits, playing practical jokes on his fellow-labourers, singing at his work, and most willingly obedient to the slightest wish of his "tandil," or Chinese overseer. But let disaster come, and no man is more easily discouraged. True that in most cases he works as usual, but it is because he is forced to do so by his overseer, and he works in a quiet, frequently sullen manner, with discontent writ large on his face.

He will then form small coteries of coolies like-minded with himself to meet in secret and discuss the situation. They will perhaps endure and wait for a time, but let the time they have fixed go past without any sign of improvement, and then nothing remains but the coolie's penultimate resource—to abscond. His *last* resource is death! For a Chinaman in a state of despair thinks absolutely nothing of taking his life.

But if he can safely abscond, then that is certainly chosen, and he quietly informs a companion—whom he often induces to accompany him—of his intentions. They begin

secreting food and tobacco, with perhaps a little opium, if they can afford it; and when their preparations are complete they select a dark night—if stormy, so much the better—and about midnight steal quietly from their house and make for the jungle.

They thus get six hours' or so start, for it very frequently happens they are not missed until the coolies turn out in the morning, and some times not even then. If they have a straight road before them it is hopeless to think of overtaking the fugitives, and the estate loses the amount advanced to each man. Not only this, but it is most difficult to replace these men in a country like Borneo, where labour is scarcely to be had at all. The natives (Malays) do not *plant* tobacco. They do the "clearing," *i.e.*, cutting down virgin jungle, and help in house-building, making bridges, etc.

Lakutan being a new estate, most of the coolies were new also, and all of them were looking forward to a very profitable crop. The work went on very well at first—clearing jungle, burning, and generally preparing the soil for planting. Seed-beds were made and the seed planted. The first seedlings came up all right, healthy and vigorous; but after the second, third, and fourth sowing came the first signs of discouragement.

Sickness made its appearance among the tender seedlings—a sickness which rapidly spread over nearly all the seed-beds, destroying thousands and thousands of young plants. We, however, continued making new beds and sowing more seeds, until there were on the estate upwards of 250 seed-beds, from among which we were able to obtain a sufficient quantity of seedlings, perfectly healthy and in good condition, to plant the fields prepared for their reception. We thus, after much hard work, successfully combated this drawback.

Planting went on very briskly, and a great number of plants were transferred from the beds to the fields, when our second discouragement came upon us in the shape of a flood, which did a great deal of

damage. There were previous to this very heavy tropical rains, and whenever this occurred the Lakutan River rose very rapidly and overflowed its banks.

When this first flood subsided the coolies were put to work to root out and destroy all plants that had been touched by flood-water. Replanting then commenced, and it was not long ere the plantation looked as though there had been no flood at all. Within a few weeks the fields were well filled, and the spirits of the men, which had been at zero, brightened up under the influence of returning prosperity. But, alas! in a very short time another and a greater flood spread its waters over the estate, destroying everything and thoroughly disheartening everyone on the place. In a day or two a third flood occurred, and filled the measure of the coolies' discontent.

From that day they went about in a subdued, not to say sullen, manner, and we suspected they would seize the first opportunity to abscond. We were not wrong, for, watch as closely as we might, several managed to elude our vigilance and got clear away, but others we caught in the act.

It got rather monotonous being wakened night after night by the tandils who came to report that So-and-so and So-and-so had "Suda lari" (run away). Of course I used to go after them, and really exciting it was sometimes, when I knew the men were armed with parangs (long knives, usually very sharp). I had then to be



"I KNEW THE MEN WERE ARMED WITH LONG KNIVES, USUALLY VERY SHARP."

on the *qui vive*, for every bush or every clump of trees might shelter a coolie who would spring out and attack me as I passed. However, they nearly always had too long a start, and I could seldom come up with them. In almost every case they made tracks for the independent territory of Brunei, knowing full well that there they were safe and could not be made to pay their big debts.

Such being the case, we thought it best to try and procure direct from the Sultan a letter to his Pangerans or chiefs, commanding them to give us their assistance in re-taking our men, and also requesting them to refuse shelter to coolies who had absconded from any estate.

With this object in view, the manager of Lakutan visited the capital of Brunei Territory, which is also termed Brunei, and was fortunate enough to secure such a letter as he desired—His Highness promising that every assistance should be given us.

The letter was sealed and addressed to the Pangerans of Lawas, Mengalong, and Merapok—chiefs of small districts on the border of the territory in which our coolies invariably sought refuge.

I was deputed to deliver this letter to the persons named therein, and was accompanied in my mission by the estate apothecary (a Belgian) and two Bengali policemen.

I had the large estate boat and five Malays as rowers and also to look after the sails. We left Lakutan landing-place very early one beautiful morning. There had been showers of rain during the night, and everything was fresh, the rain-drops still hanging like liquid gems from the feathery foliage of palm and fern. The passage down-river in the cool of the morning was most enjoyable. At each bend new phases of life appeared. Troops of monkeys, full of fun and mischief, crowded the trees on the river banks, chasing each other, showering down leaves, and parting the foliage to look at the

boat; the ubiquitous squirrel (only in Borneo has he a lovely dark and glossy coat) ran up and down branches overhanging the river; and gaudy-plumaged kingfishers flew silently to and fro across the dark creeks, ever on the outlook for their prey, with which the river swarmed.

In due time we reached the sea, and at half-past three o'clock in the afternoon entered the Lawas River, our first destination being the native town of Lawas, about three miles from the mouth.

Upon our arrival at this place I sent one of my police to announce my visit to the Pangeran



A TYPICAL VIEW ON THE LAWAS RIVER, WHICH MR. ROUTLEDGE ASCENDED IN SEARCH OF THE RUNAWAYS.  
*From a Photo.*

and waited in the boat until he returned, which he did within a very short time, saying he had been told the chief was not in the town and that he had gone up-river the day before.

On receiving this news I landed, and was immediately surrounded by nearly all the population. One would really have thought they had never before seen a white man, their curiosity was so great. Wherever I went they went too, and when I halted they formed a circle round me, all the time chattering like so many magpies and making the most personal remarks.

I asked for the chief, but got the same answer given to my policeman. I then summoned the head man of the town and his friends and told them the object of my visit, producing a copy of the Sultan's letter and reading it to them. I then asked for two or three of them to accompany me to Mengalong; but after a little hesitation they declared they



must see the original letter before they could give me any assistance. I explained that the letter was sealed with the Sultan's own seal and addressed to their chief, and showed them the envelope. But this was not enough—they could not do anything in the absence of the Pangeran.

I told them I would not ask for assistance, but they must give me a pilot for the river. This they promised, and said the man would be ready in an hour. The hour passed, however, and no man came. Again I landed, and was given all manner of excuses. They said at length that the pilot should come to me in half an hour. Of course he did no such thing, but in about an hour and a half a very old, decrepit man came and offered his services. I questioned him and found he knew absolutely nothing, so he was dismissed.

A severe storm coming on I decided to stay at Lawas all night—and, good heavens! what a night it was, with thunder and lightning such as only occur in the tropics. A stench of the most horrible kind arose; and fierce, vicious tiger-mosquitoes kept up an incessant attack. The boat was the only place to sleep in, the houses being too filthy for anything. Of course I suffered severely and had an attack of malaria, which, however, fortunately soon passed away.

We had no privacy whatever, the natives climbing down the landing-place and peering in under the awning of our boat, making embarrassing comments on all they saw.

At daybreak I ordered our men to get ready and at once proceed up-river—pilot or no pilot. They were as much disgusted with the Lawas people as I was, and were very glad to get away from the place.

We went some miles up the Lawas, occasionally asking our way from some passing prahu, or native boat, and finally struck the Mengalong River. One of our boatmen then remembered the place, and knew of a short cut across the hills to the kampong, or village, so I left the boat in charge of three men and continued my journey on foot. The route was

most picturesque, but I was too anxious about my mission to make notes. From the top of one of the hills, which had been cleared for cocoa-nut planting, there was a most beautiful view down the valley.

On our arrival at Mengalong I proceeded to the chief's house, and was there informed that he also was up-river with the Pangeran of Lawas. I therefore lost no time there, but at once returned to the boat and again made for the Lawas River, up which we sailed to a place named Merapok, where were a number of Chinese shops. I saw nothing of the chief, so a copy of the Sultan's letter was again read, but the people at this place were most insolent in their bearing and paid no attention whatever. I had no force with me, and could not therefore punish them in any way. How I longed to teach them manners.

I learned that seven of our Chinese absconded coolies were at this place (Merapok), working for Chinese merchants on plantations a mile or two away. They came to the village every night. I was told, so I decided to wait and take the law into my own hands by capturing the lot.



From a VIEW OF THE LAWAS NEAR MERAPOK, WHERE SEVEN CHINESE COOLIES HAD TAKEN REFUGE. [Photo.]

However, while waiting our Mandore (head man over the Malays on the estate), whom I had sent farther up-river to gather information, returned and informed me that five of the Lakutan Malay coolies were at that moment in a house on the river-bank a little higher up from Merapok, so I immediately jumped into the boat and told my men to take me there. In a few minutes we arrived and I entered the house, which belonged to the Pangeran's son, but I did not at that time know it.

He met me, and I told him I had authority from the Sultan to take my men whom he was

sheltering. He demanded to see the letter, but when I produced it he would not break the seal, and further told me he would not allow the men to be taken from his house. I then brushed him aside and told him I would take them in spite of him, and if he dared to interfere I would return with Brunei men from the capital and burn the place and destroy his gardens, etc.

He then cooled down a bit, saying he would not interfere, and wanted to shake hands. I immediately ordered the two police who accompanied me to ascend to a sort of loft where I could see our five men lying. They were, however, armed with parangs, and resisted strenuously. Unfortunately I had left our own arms behind in the boat in my hurry to reach the house, but nevertheless I was determined they should not get away if I could help it.

I saw the police seize two men, and just then one of the others made a rush for an opening which I was guarding. I sprang in front of

loosen my hold, so after a short struggle we came to the ground together and rolled over and over like cats; he always trying to stab me with his parang. At length I got him under, and must have hurt his hand, for the parang fell and I managed to kick it away. The fellow then gave in and I quickly had him handcuffed.

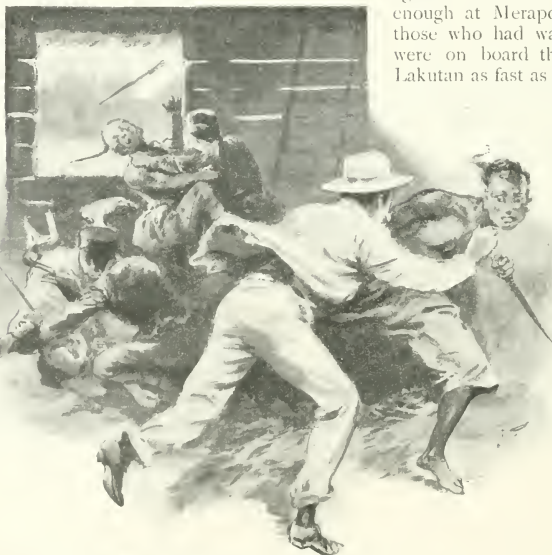
When I looked round I found the police had only secured one other, three having escaped into the jungle. I ordered the captives to the boat and brought up the rear myself, the people having by this time assumed a very threatening attitude. I was assailed on all sides by all the abuse imaginable, but I never looked behind. It was rather an uncomfortable march, though, for every moment I expected to feel a spear between my shoulders. However, we reached the boat safely, and at once made for Merapok to take the Chinese coolies, but when on the way a small boat dashed past us at lightning speed, and I instantly suspected that the three men it had gone to rouse the town of Lawas against me. I therefore only stayed long enough at Merapok to take in my servant and those who had waited behind. As soon as all were on board the order was: "Straight to Lakutan as fast as you can go."

What an anxious journey down-river we had. At every bend I expected to be attacked, and prepared for it; but we saw nothing until we came in sight of the town.

Fortunately, by this time night had fallen, but from the number of lights flitting over the water I concluded the people were on the lookout for me. I ordered our men to show no light and to row very quietly. I well knew they themselves would keep quiet as mice, but was afraid our prisoners would shout. I, however,

spoke to them in a very fatherly manner, and by one or two little actions which they did not seem to like very much I induced them also to keep silence.

As we drew near the town I told the men to row to the opposite side of the river, which is a fine wide one. They did so, and went so far



"I SAW THE POLICE SEIZE TWO MEN, AND JUST THEN ONE OF THE OTHERS MADE A RUSH FOR AN OPENING WHICH I WAS GUARDING."

him and he made a slash at me with his parang which, had it taken effect, would have laid me low. But I ducked in under his guard and got my arms round him. He was a big, strong fellow, and almost too much for me, especially as I had had fever the previous night; but I was determined not to be beaten and would not

into the shade of the trees that, to my extreme dismay, we stuck. Two or three men jumped out and quickly pushed us off again, but I fully thought the noise they made had been heard. It was not so, however, and we went quietly on our way. When exactly opposite the town a brilliant light flashed out across the waters from the Pangeran's house, and I had an intensely exciting moment or two, for I made certain we should be seen and attacked as we crossed the track.

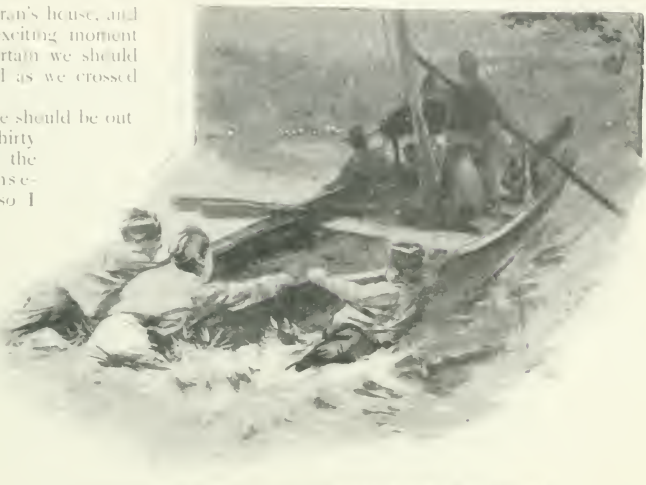
I knew, of course, we should be out numbered twenty or thirty to one, and that the struggle would consequently be hopeless, so I told my white companion and the men that immediately the boats surrounded us I would give myself up to the men and go with them if they would permit the apothecary and our men to go on their way.

I should most likely have been murdered had this happened, but neither my comrade nor the men would hear of the arrangement, so we prepared to sell our lives dearly if we were attacked.

When our boat had got to the verge of the track of light the rowers put all their strength into one great effort and we shot over in the space of a minute or two: it was splendidly done. To our great relief we had not been observed, and in a very short time were out at sea, with sails spread and making fair way to Lakutan, which we reached the following morning.

When I reported what had taken place the manager thought it best to go to Brunei and see the Sultan before his chiefs could magnify my offence. He accordingly left at once, but on his arrival found the Pangerans in council with His Highness, to whom they had reported my "raid." Our manager was immediately asked, "Was it by your instructions that this young gentleman invaded Brunei Territory and seized men under

my protection?" He at once answered "Yes," and turning to the Sultan said, "They seem to care very little for your Highness on that river, for they refused to receive your letter or pay any attention to your orders." This put the Sultan against the Pangerans, who, of course,



THEY WERE THERE, AND PROMPTLY WERE DRIVEN BY THE SEA.

said they were not there; but we had found out that the Pangeran of Lawas was actually in the town all the time, but was so anti-European that he refused to see any white man.

A great deal of angry talk followed, during which the chief of Lawas coolly acknowledged that his men were waiting for me. They waited some hours, indeed, and it was only owing to the darkness of the night that I escaped. All sorts of things were threatened; but the manager held his own, and finally everyone quieted down and peace reigned—so much so that His Highness kept the manager in audience for an hour and a half, during which time I was not only quite forgiven, but the Sultan promised to visit Lakutan estate at an early date.

The estate, however, was closed shortly afterwards, owing to floods, and the Royal visit never took place; but we remember the kindness of His Highness, and I trust that the next time I visit Brunei it will be as a friend and not as an invader.

## Lumbering in the North-West

By EDWARD K. BISHOP, OF SEATTLE.

A resident of Seattle describes the method of lumbering in the States of Oregon and Washington, giving point to his statements by means of some very impressive photographs showing the various stages of this picturesque industry. Here is life literally in the "backwoods" brought vividly before your eyes.

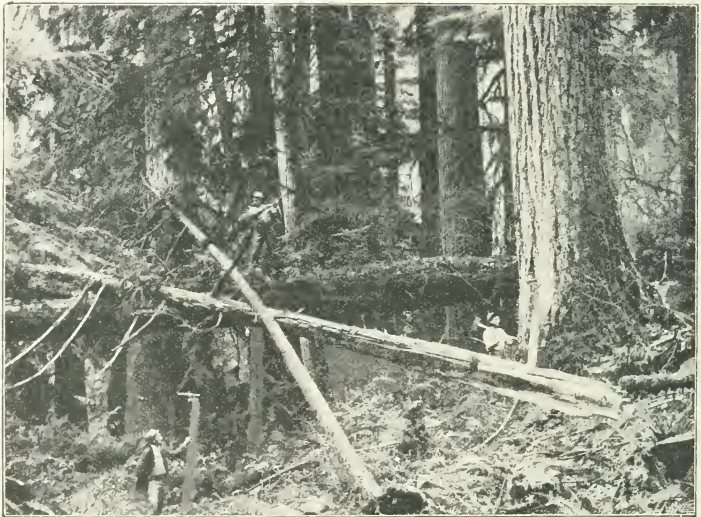


REGON and Washington are so closely associated with the lumber industry that the mere mention of their names recalls to the minds of the majority of people something they have heard concerning the wonderful forests of this region. Or perhaps they recollect the huge timbers which represented Washington at the World's Fair. While these States are rich in other resources, it is true that the forests are their chief source of wealth. The possession of almost inexhaustible timber has indeed made them famous throughout the world. Wherever lumber is used, Oregon fir has found its way and won manifold friends. Apart from the domestic consumption, enormous quantities of North-West lumber are annually shipped abroad. It is found in the great cities and on the railroads of South America. For years Australia was a never-failing market. The mines of South Africa, too, are largely timbered with fir from this picturesque State; and now China is making heavy drafts on the Sound and Columbia River Mills for the lumber required for the railroads and other modern improvements which are promised by the new era that appears to be dawning in the Celestial Empire.

Our first photograph is a fine view showing the home of the Oregon fir, together with some of the stalwart fellows who spend their long, healthy lives in the depths of these grand forests. The growth of timber here found can

be matched in no other part of the world, trees being seen from 3ft. to 15ft. in diameter, and often stretching upward for 150ft. without throwing out a single branch.

Fir, spruce, and cedar are the principal commercial woods. The last is well known throughout the country by reason of the shingles manufactured from it. Spruce resembles white pine, and is largely used for finishing and box lumber; but fir is the wood upon which the



From a]

IN THE HOME OF THE OREGON FIR.

[Photo.

lumber-man pins his faith, and which has made the reputation of the country. It is excellent for unnumbered uses, and in point of strength and lightness stands alone, surpassing Southern long leaf pine in both respects.

When in need of timbers of special strength or length a purchaser naturally turns to this part of the country. Dr. Nansen's staunch little ship, the *Fram*, which carried him on his recent Polar trip, was built of Oregon fir, and resisted the enormous pressure of the ice-floes without opening a seam—a record which probably no other timber could have made.

The long lengths and large dimensions of "sticks" of timber frequently sawn in a Western mill would astonish one accustomed only to pine and smaller growths. The accompanying photograph shows us a great fir log no less than 9 ft. in diameter. The cross cut sawyers are seen at work. Many a cargo for foreign shipment includes timbers over 100 ft. long and

such a useful material. Few have seen a logging crew at work. These forests are favoured spots of Nature, and to see them alone is well worth a long journey. The cool, shady depths into which the sunlight seldom penetrates; the magnificent, stately trees; the wind whispering through their crowns far overhead—all combine to exert an influence almost like that which one



[Front]

A GRAND FIR LOG, NO LESS THAN 9 FT. IN DIAMETER.

[15 ft.]

squaring 24 in. Such sticks are, of course, not used as they are, but are re-sawn at their destination.

Some countries, like China, have an unexplainable method of so laying duties on imports as to allow a huge timber like this containing several thousand feet of lumber to enter at a much lower rate than the same quantity of the manufactured product—a plan which does not enrich the Government exchequer as much as it exercises the ingenuity of the importer.

Another use to which fir is put, and where it has won the highest record, is in the making of masts and spars. When the *Defender* and *Valkyrie* contended for yachting supremacy before the world, probably few knew that the masts in both boats stood at one time in the forests of Oregon. Spars are supplied to shipbuilders all over the world; and for ship "knees" fir has been found to be better than oak.

The various operations of lumbering are full of interest to one unaccustomed to such sights. There is not a single individual in the land who does not make daily use of some product of the industry; and yet comparatively few have ever taken a trip to the source from which comes

feels on entering a stately old cathedral. The monarch of the forest, compared with whom the life of man is but a day, must look with scorn at the pigmies at his feet; and yet that monarch is destined soon to lower his proud head before them.

The practical logger, however, is more intent on examining the trees to see how many logs he will get, and whether they will be free from checks, pitch, or other blemishes, than in thinking how many centuries it has taken Nature to perfect her work.

It is, indeed, a thrilling sight to see a giant tree brought to earth. The timber fellers, perched on spring boards inserted into the side of the selected tree, some distance above the ground, work industriously with axe and saw till the trunk is almost severed, when they give a warning cry to their comrades. The crown is seen to be wavering, and slowly, slowly the monster sinks to one side, going faster and faster as it advances, until at length it crashes through the underbrush, and with a mighty thud strikes the earth in the very spot previously decided upon by the calculating fellers.

The next photograph reproduced shows the fellers at work a little in the background. One man is reclining in the huge cavity that has



LOGS BEING HEALED  
DOWN A "SKID" ROAD  
— FELLEES AT WORK  
IN THE BACKGROUND.

From a Photo. by  
D. R. Kinsey, Woolley.

been cut in the doomed tree. In the foreground we see some logs being hauled on a "skid" road, of which more hereafter.

The tree is now down, but it is probably a long way from a mill, and only a beginning has so far been made

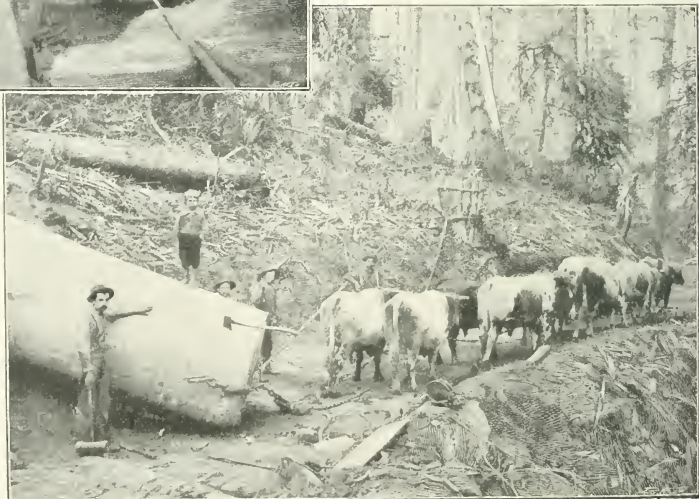
in converting it into lumber. To get it to the mill roads through the great woods have had to be made. Possibly also railroads, dams, and booms have to be constructed and tow-boats built. The work involved is enormous.

The average value of timber on the stump in these States is now about 50dols. per M.; and the balance of the cost of the manufactured lumber must be charged to labour. The maximum price is probably reached in the South African mining town of Johannesburg, where it is said fir timbers are worth 180dols. per M. Allowing for generous profits, it seems almost ridiculous that sufficient labour is expended upon 50 cents' worth of timber to bring the price to such a figure.

But to return to the woods. The tree which has just been felled is now taken in hand by successive gangs of men, whose duty it is to cut the trunk into logs—to bark and "snipe" them, or hew off the sharp corners, and then get them out to the road. The last is done either by the help of oxen or a donkey engine.

The photograph next produced shows a team of handsome oxen hauling a big log. The entire scene is one very typical of daily life in these busy woods.

To log a section of land necessitates the construction of several miles of "skid" road—one of the most expensive features



From a]

TEAM OF OXEN HAULING A BIG LOG.

[Photo.

of the business. These roads must stand heavy travel, and are built with a skid or log inserted into the road at every few feet, with the face extending several inches above the surface. On these a team of oxen can pull a long train of logs. Perhaps a waterway near at hand is their present destination: or a railroad has been built to transport them to the outer world.

Water transportation, both for logs and the manufactured product, is an important factor in lumbering operations, and naturally the centre of activity has been on Puget Sound and the Columbia River—those magnificent waterways with which this region has been favoured by Nature. Some mills of considerable importance depend entirely on rail shipments, and

principally for piling and posts, and one raft will contain as much as 500,000 lineal feet. The rafts are built somewhat in the shape of a colossal cigar, and each log is fitted carefully into its place. The whole is fastened together with tons of chain, till the danger of going to pieces at sea is reduced to a minimum. But the accompanying photograph gives a better idea of the magnitude of one of these gigantic rafts than whole pages of mere description.

Some of the largest mills in the world are to be found in these States, one having a daily capacity of 400,000ft. The methods of logging on the Pacific Coast are unique, but mill operations are the same in principle throughout the country—though a plant which handles this



From a

A GREAT RAFT OF LOGS SUPPLYING THE SEA.

[U.S.G.]

are placed inland near their timber: but the majority are so located that logs can be brought to them in rafts, and where they have the advantage of shipping both by rail and cargo.

A departure from old methods of log transportation has been recently made on the Columbia River. This consists in building huge rafts so substantially that they can be towed to San Francisco. It is no small undertaking to put to sea with a stupendous, unwieldy raft and successfully tow it almost a thousand miles: but the trip has been accomplished a number of times, and promises to become a regular business. The logs are

large and heavy timber must necessarily be different in construction from one which cuts only short and light logs. The modern mills are, of course, replete with labour-saving devices; and the various operations, from the time the log enters till it disappears at the other end in the form of lumber, are performed with only a fraction of the work required in the primitive mills.

A visitor from an old lumbering State like Michigan or Wisconsin, where every scrap of lumber is of value and is utilized, would often be amazed at the apparent waste in Western manufacture, narrow and short strips being

thrown aside with the edgings for fuel. But with such an immense wealth of timber at hand only the best lumber, and that of standard dimensions, finds a market.

The last photograph shows a powerful locomotive with a train of logs. In the foreground is seen the upper end of a "chute," down which logs glide with terrific speed into the river

though doubtless their boundaries will be somewhat modified. Some of the land will be found to be more valuable for agricultural purposes than any other, and probably the timber on considerable areas is now fully ripe, and will deteriorate with time. In some European countries it is compulsory to plant a tree for every one cut down. The forests abroad,



A LOCOMOTIVE HAULING A TRAIN OF LOGS--IN THE FOREGROUND IS SEEN THE UPPER END OF A "CHUTE" DOWN WHICH THE LOGS SLIDE INTO THE RIVER. [Photo.]

below. The forests have as yet only been barely touched and seem inexhaustible; but we are living upon our timber capital, and statistics show that the present rate of consumption will exhaust the supply at a not far-distant day. The vast reservations of timber-land which have been recently made are evidences that the American Government officials are awakening to the dangers which threaten the forests. The public is vitally interested in any movement designed to protect the land from the floods and droughts which follow the disappearance of the forests, and in a scheme that also has the laudable purpose of handing down to posterity a heritage of timber wealth. The making of these reservations is a step in the right direction,

notably those of Germany, are under strict Government control, and a plan based on the experience of older countries could well be introduced into America. I am sure the final result would be beneficial and satisfactory to all concerned.

A most urgent need too is some plan by which the immense losses of timber annually caused by forest fires can be obviated. It has been suggested that during the dry months Government troops might be used in patrolling the forests to prevent fires. No time should be lost, however, in deciding upon some practical plan and putting it into execution; and lumbermen and all interested in the industry would heartily unite to make it a success.



## A Record Journey in Savage Africa.

BY MAJOR A. ST. HILL GIBBONS (3RD EAST YORKSHIRE REGIMENT).

### PART I.

We have much pleasure in announcing that we have made arrangements with this great and successful traveller for the publication of his two and a quarter years of travel in Central Africa. Major Gibbons has beaten the record in South African travel, his expedition having covered 13,000 miles, exclusive of rail and steamboat travel. The routes of his expedition form a cross on the map of Africa—one line from the Cape to Cairo, and the other from Chinde, on the East Coast, to Benguela on the West. Among the principal points of Major Gibbons's narrative are: "The discovery of the sources of the Zambesi"—"No firearms used against the natives in travels of over 20,000 miles"—"The discovery of a curious race of Bushmen"—"Difficulties with carriers"—"Attacks by lions"—"Perils on the Zambesi"—"Exploration of the mysterious Lake Kivu"—"The 'Cooking Range' volcanic country"—"With the Belgians on the Upper Nile"—"Among the floating sudd," etc., etc.



Y story is not a sensational one, but I trust sensationalism and African travel are not so far inseparable in the public mind as to divest the subject of interest to the majority of

readers. Still, in so long a journey, taking us as it does among very diverse people and through many of the most remote and unknown countries of the African Continent, it would be strange indeed if experiences were not frequently tinged with interest and occasionally with excitement—a combination which at once compensates the traveller for frequent discomforts.

But, it may be asked—what interest can attach to the story of one who has travelled, or been directly responsible for journeys of his colleagues, exceeding in the aggregate 20,000 miles beyond the pale of civilization, and yet whose proudest boast is that neither he nor his associates have ever taken human life? My answer is that probably no books of travel have, in their day, been read with greater interest than those of Livingstone, Joseph Thompson, and Selous; and if I may presume to associate myself with these three travellers in this instance, I would emphasize

the fact that each one of them is equally free from bloodshed. Furthermore, I believe it will be found—though I do not make a definite statement—that no other explorer has ever covered so much ground in uncivilized Africa as any one of us. Further comment would be superfluous. I will merely add that if, when a full account of my last expedition is published—if, indeed, it ever is!—its pages exert any influence against the not infrequent tendency to popularize indiscriminate slaughter—whether it be the outcome of accident, tactlessness, or more unpardonable conduct—it will not have been written in vain.

I have been in one or two tight corners, but have always been well received by the natives where white men have not preceded me.

Just a few words on the *raison d'être* of the expedition—words which, if somewhat

matter-of-fact, may yet serve to give a clearer insight into the circumstances affecting and affected by such incidents as are related. The incidents, by the way, are a few selected from many, and, therefore, are in most cases separated one from another by considerable lapses of time and space.



THE AUTHOR, MAJOR A. ST. HILL GIBBONS (3RD EAST YORKSHIRE REGIMENT), WHO HAS BEATEN THE RECORD IN AFRICAN TRAVEL.

From a Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Hunting and not exploration was, I confess, the primary incentive to my travels in Mashonaland in 1895-96, an account of which was published by Messrs. Methuen in "Exploration and Hunting in Central Africa." But even sport, like all good things, palls a little if not relieved occasionally by other occupation. Thus, in the hope of being able to do something really useful should opportunity offer, I equipped myself with sextant and other instruments, together with a moderate knowledge of how to use them. On crossing the Zambesi I found myself in a country which was at that time (before the rinderpest epidemic) teeming with game and also unmapped; so that I was doubly fortunate. Sport, I say, was my ruling passion, but I made a point of keeping my map going at the same time. Gradually, as my collection assumed respectable proportion and "star-gazing" grew more interesting with practice, the latter to a great extent took the place of sport, and I was content to take my game as it came—which it did pretty frequently—rather than go out of my way to seek it. The result was that at the end of the trip I returned home with as many

With this object in view, and with the hope of subsequently seeing something of the Great Lakes and the Nile, the expedition left England in May, 1898. Originally, my intention was to travel to the Upper Zambesi by my old route from Cape Town and through the Kalahari Desert; but subsequently the route was changed in favour of the Zambesi, which we would ascend from its estuary in steam-launches.

Difficulties would seem to be incidental to African travel—so much so, that one comes to look on the hundred and one little annoyances that crop up almost daily as a necessity of life. Ours began, as I think is the almost invariable case with most African travellers, with the boys. Some native engineers were engaged at Chinde, but two disappeared the night before we started, and the other two waited till steam was up and then leapt ashore and bolted for all they were worth. This sort of thing continued throughout the passage up the lower river, and I should be sorry to say how many boys were engaged during those four weeks. Most of them no doubt merely wanted a free passage for a day or two, but whatever their object may have been the net result was the same, and we camped at



THE STERN-WHEELER "CENTIPEDE," WHICH WAS INTENDED "TO CONVEY US, BAG AND BAGGAGE, AS FAR AS POSSIBLE BEYOND TETE." [Photo.]

trophies as I could carry, and a map which I hoped would be useful to those who followed me.

But this map represented only a quarter of the vast country over which Lewanika, the King of the Marotse, rules, and the more I looked at it the more I came to the conclusion that it wasn't big enough. Thus I made up my mind to do the same for the whole 225,000 square miles contained in Marotseland.

the foot of the Kebrabasa Rapids with something less than twenty all told.

I had chartered the stern-wheeler *Centipede* from Sharrer's Zambesi Traffic Company to convey us, bag and baggage, as far as possible beyond Tete. This should have saved not merely three weeks in the passage, but the extra time and trouble consequent on our having to put the boats together twice instead of once.

Our pilot, the old gentleman wearing a large

hat and a thoughtful face in the accompanying photograph, was a quaint old black, who had spent his whole life in endeavouring to unravel the mysteries and defeat the eccentricities of the Shiré and Zambesi currents. His work was cut out for him this time, for the Zambesi had never been known to be so low; and although the *Centipede* drew only twenty-eight inches of water, she spent something like sixteen days out of twenty-two on sandbanks. Hauling and digging, "slow ahead," and "full steam



THE PILOT OF THE "CENTIPEDE"—"AN OLD  
SEAFAMAN WEARING A LARGE HELL AND  
FROM A] A THOUGHTFUL FACE. [Photo.



NAIVES DIGGING OUT THE STERN-WHEELER  
AFTER SHE HAD GROUND ON A SAND-BANK.  
FROM A PHOTO.

astern" added to rather than relieved the monotony of those three weeks. The next photograph gives an idea of how progress had to be effected on several occasions. Still, it is a long road that has no end, and on the 12th of August we had reached the nearest point to the Kebrabasa Rapids to which the *Centipede* could steam with safety. Loading up a barge with the expeditionary effects, we poled, towed, and sailed for a further five miles. Our sails as shown in the accompanying photograph may appear a trifle crude, but with a strong wind astern they proved very effective. On reaching a basin closed

in and surrounded on all sides by wild but picturesque hills we piled the goods on the sands as seen in the photograph at the top of the next page, and camped on a small platform 40ft. above them.

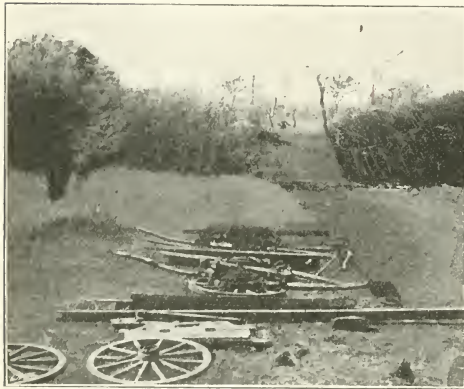
In order to facilitate the transporting of the heavier units of the steamers, and if possible to obviate the necessity of disconnecting the engine fittings where only a short distance by land had to be traversed, the expedition was



FROM A] CRUDELY IMPROVISED SAILS ON STAFFS GIVEN'S BARGE. [Photo.



"WE FILED THE GOODS ON THE SANDS AND CAMPED ON A SMALL PLATFORM 40FT. ABOVE THEM."  
From a Photo. by Mr. C. L. Weller.



"THE EXPEDITION WAS PROVIDED WITH A STRONG LIGHT TROLLEY, WHICH COULD BE STOWED AWAY IN PIECES." [Mr. C. L. Weller.

provided with a strong light trolley, which could be stowed away in pieces (see accompanying photograph) or, with the aid of a few bolts, be constructed into a skeleton "buck" waggon in miniature. While the bulk of the carriers were being collected thirty-two were locally engaged to act as beasts of draught. The trolley was loaded up with the two boilers standing in their sections, together with the accessory tools, which collectively gave a total weight of  $1\frac{1}{2}$  tons to be drawn. The start was made along the shingle bed of a dry river, a heavy pull which

proved even more difficult than the ascent of the steep bank to be seen in the background of the picture.

Then for some distance clearing a road and cutting away the steep bank of small water-courses presented the only difficulties until the country became more and more broken, and rocky cliffs—impassable for wheels—barred the way. It then became necessary to have recourse to native portorage as a last resort. The boilers, weighing 6cwt. apiece, were lashed to poles, and fourteen strong boys were told off to each. Seven carrying, with seven in waiting, got over the ground much quicker than could be imagined, and the manner in which the cumbersome loads



"A START IS MADE WITH THE LOADED TROLLEY ALONG THE SHINGLY BED OF A DRY RIVER." [Mr. C. L. Weller.

were taken up and down steep inclines was little short of surprising.

While Captain Hamilton and Mr. Weller superintended this difficult task, Mr. Muller, who had travelled overland from Cape Town to

Captain Quicke, Captain Hamilton, and myself as far as the Victoria Falls in a lightly-laden launch. Then while we made journeys in Western Marotseland Mr. Weller should return empty to the remainder of the flotilla under Mr.



"SEVEN CARRYING, WITH SEVEN IN WAITING, GOT OVER THE GROUND MUCH QUICKER THAN COULD BE IMAGINED."  
From a Photo. by Mr. C. L. Weller.

join the expedition, and myself scoured the country in all directions to raise the additional 400 porters required.

I always think that the early stages of such an expedition as ours are the most trying; and in our case it proved so. Imagine a tramp of 107 miles in three days over a rocky, hilly country in a temperature running to 105deg. in the shade! Yet this is only one of many short hurried journeys we found necessary during the five weeks it took to move everything above the Kebrabasa Rapids. But we were not even yet

Muller and Captain Alexander, which would follow slowly. The whole of the rear party would then ascend the Kafukwe River from a base camp in its upper reaches and commence the land-transport of the steamers towards the Luapula, which flows into Lake Mweru (Moero). The new arrangement acted admirably, and from its institution very satisfactory progress was made.

On one occasion as we were steaming up a deep narrow channel, Muller—who was accompanying us for a few days prior to returning to Tete before following with the other boats—was

about to re-enter the steamer after a walk ashore. He carried a belt containing several pounds of expeditionary money and a few of his own. While in the act of entering the launch he made a false step, and down he went in deep water. He was quickly hauled aboard, but to his mortification soon



MR. MULLER JOINS THE GIBBONS EXPEDITION.  
From a Photo. by Mr. C. L. Weller.

fairly started, for when the boats had been put together and loaded we found ourselves milling our way against a very stiff current and making but little progress. So slowly did the little steamers travel that it was decided that Mr. Weller, who acted as engineer-in-chief to the expedition, should take

found that he was minus the belt. Many crocodiles floated about with back and forehead just showing above the water's surface. The presence of those uncanny brutes was unfortunate, for although most of our boys were like fish in the water, and frequently took their baths in the river, nothing would induce a single one of them to make an effort to recover the lost belt—not even an English sovereign, which takes a good deal of earning in Portuguese Colonies. At last a boy who had been engaged only the evening before, and whose village was only a few miles away, stated that his father was an expert diver, and if he couldn't find the belt then no one could. With a promise that a sovereign would reward success, the dutiful son, accompanied by Muller, went in search of his father. So, if none of our boys felt called upon to run the risk to life or limb likely to serve the appetite of a hungry "mugger," we had one at all events who was quite prepared to risk his father. The intervening time was spent in shooting crocodiles, of which two at least suffered the full penalty, and after-

wards the ugly heads showed themselves less frequently and at a greater distance.

At last the man on whom our last hope hung arrived—a dried-up old creature with one eye. He was shown the place where the belt disappeared, and assured us of his willingness to earn the sovereign; but first it was necessary that he should have a stretch of red calico.

"Why is red calico necessary?" I asked.

"It will act as a charm over the crocodiles."

"But we have none."

"That is very unfortunate," he said, sadly, and he quite looked as though he would change his mind.

However, on being told that blue calico was available—if that colour would answer the purpose—he answered:

"Well, we will try it; but it is not so good as red."

Once possessed of his fraudulently acquired loin-cloth he went through many grimaces and gesticulations over it—swam the channel and prepared to dive. This he did feet foremost, with his right arm extended upwards. The old man made many attempts, and once stayed



THIS IS A PORTRAIT OF MR. MULLER, SO OFTEN MENTIONED BY MAJOR GIBBONS. THE EXPEDITION UNFORTUNATELY COST HIM HIS LIFE.

*From a Photo. by Arthur Reston, Stretford.*



"AT LENGTH AN UPLIFTED ARM SLOWLY ROSE ABOVE THE WATER, AND WITH IT CAME THE BELT."

below so long that I began to fear the blue cloth had failed to charm the crocodiles; however, he showed himself eventually, but without the lost property. Could he have divined its value, we wondered, and stowed it away for some future occasion? But this uncharitable suspicion was not to be verified either, for at length an uplifted arm slowly rose above the water and with it came the belt. We were all pleased at the fortunate recovery, but Muller literally went into ecstasies of delight.

Only a few days later Mr. Muller left us to take charge of the rear party and bring on the main supplies after a hurried visit to Tete. How little did I dream when I grasped the hand of one of the hardest, most energetic, and cheerful men that ever entered the field of African exploration that I was never to see his genial face again! In constitution and vigour he was inferior to none of us; and these characteristics, added to very considerable intellectual ability, had already persuaded me that destiny had marked him out to do great things. But, alas! cruel fate, whose incomprehensible judgment too often, while ignoring the worthless, strikes down the best, was already soaring over him, ready to add his name to the long list of those who have been sacrificed to progress in Africa.

I was very much surprised to find the climate on the river at this time of year so much more congenial than I had been led to anticipate. After hearing and reading so much of the unhealthy, pestilential Zambesi, I did not imagine that we would find ourselves in a country where we could work hard all day, and sleep in the open at night on any sandbank or island that presented itself, and that with comfort and impunity. We never dreamt of pitching tents until the first rains commenced a couple of months later. Why is everything in Africa exaggerated? Some, no doubt, feel comparative discomfort more than others, and unconsciously paint everything in its darkest colour; but others, it is to be feared, think a little "colouring" and exaggeration (and possibly occasionally invention) add lustre to their exploits and popularity to their literary efforts.

But sleeping in the open on sandbanks is sometimes fraught with discomfort. I have vivid recollections of one night which did not compare favourably with the comfort of a four-poster within brick walls. At about midnight clouds had obscured the stars, and a violent hurricane broke over us. The fire was buried in an instant; so was everything we had ashore, and it was only by continual movement that we escaped a similar fate. As the sun rose the wind dropped. Four wretched white men and

a score of blacks were to be seen digging everywhere on hands and knees. Conversation was short and to the point:—

"Here's another plate."

"Anybody seen a right-hand boot?"

"I wonder what has become of my coat?"

"Here's someone's haversack," and so on.

However, at last spoons and forks, pots and pans, rifles and clothes were dragged one by one from their temporary graves, and bath and breakfast prepared us for another day.

After steaming for a couple of hundred miles without encountering any very troublesome obstacle our course took us through a magnificent mountain-pass, along which the river winds between steep, wooded hills rising to a height of 500ft. As this pass shares the same name as others, I named it Livingstone's Gorge, to avoid confusion. Passing for some distance up a gentle stream, the little *Constance* became the centre of grave and human-like curiosity on the part of numerous baboons, which squatted in groups on the river banks. At length, on rounding a corner, a white line, stretching from bank to bank, showed itself in front, and we realized that we were about to grapple with a greater obstacle than had hitherto been encountered.

On approach we found that the rapids extended over some 250yds. The river passed through a narrow neck between rock. On the right bank a precipitous wall rose upwards from deep water, but offered us facilities for the use of the tow-rope. The shallower left bank was much broken by partially submerged boulders, but offered the sole chance of taking the launch through if we were to be saved the tedious work and delay of land transport. There was no difficulty in towing to within 150yds. of the main rapid, but here our work was cut out in getting through a nasty piece; and once the strength of the current compelled the boys to leave go the rope. On clearing this, a backwater helped us as far as the neck alluded to above, and we prepared to face the music. In the first ten yards of the rapid the water rushed over with a drop of 3ft. Then came successive short, choppy waves churned up by the angry torrent, to be followed by conflicting eddies which seemed to wrestle one with the other as the water sped downwards. With full steam pressure we put out from the bank, and with all available hands on the rope—and those in the launch, white as well as black, holding her in her course with poles—we forced our way inch by inch upstream. But all our labour was in vain, for when within five paces of the crest the boat was held as though in a vice by two hidden rocks. Impossible to go forward,

she was lowered into the backwater below and emptied of every movable object. This done we tried again. Of lighter draught the rocks now lay harmless below her, and we thought we could get over at last; but when the full force of the current struck the bows the rope was dragged from the boys' hands and the little boat—helpless but perfect in buoyancy—flew like a cork down-stream. Nor could we get clear of the disturbed water until 200yds. of hardly-earned ground had been lost. In another quarter of an hour we were repeating the attempt. The boys were on their mettle, and we bade fair to succeed. But, lo! just as the crest of the rapid was mounted again and the launch—now stationary for a few moments and now forced forward an inch or two—was within an ace of her goal, the water as it swept by washing the bows to within three inches of the gunwale, snap went the rope, and while most of the boys violently sprawled on their backs, away we went once more.

At this juncture the boys began to show signs of discouragement—and small wonder! I, too, began to fear that, like a team of oxen on strike, they would cease to exert their full strength. Captain Quicke went ashore to direct and encourage them, and steam, rope, and poles came into play for a fifth and last attempt. This time the launch came through without mishap, and the shouts and cheers from threescore pairs of lungs echoed and re-echoed from hill to hill. We had every reason to be pleased with the buoyancy and handiness of our little steamer, which was specially constructed on a new and hitherto untested model known as the Hodgett's principle. Three modified keels and scientifically arranged curves gave her a powerful grip on the water and perfect stability, while at the same time there is little or nothing to choose between this and the flat-bottomed boat in lightness of draught. These combined advantages have hitherto been wanting in river steamers.

Two or three years previously a Portuguese

officer lost his life in these rapids; his tow-rope broke, the boat capsized, and he and part of his crew failed to reach the bank.

Generally crocodiles are cowardly brutes, and as a rule permit the swimmer to cross a river with impunity. But there are man-eaters among them which would appear to have learned how strongly the odds favour them in their own element. At Sesheke, on the Upper Zambesi, a woman or child disappears from the water's edge almost monthly, and the natives always keep their canoes in motion, lest they should be swept into the river by a blow from the tail of one of these hideous reptiles. On the Victoria Nile, immediately below the Murchison Falls, I was given to understand that boats have frequently been upset by hippos, and that it is quite exceptional for any of the occupants to reach the shore. We passed through another of these dangerous localities at one point in our passage up the Middle Zambesi; stockades were to be seen at the water's edge, constructed by the natives to allow their women protection while drawing water. Here we had our opportunity of noting the length to which the crocodiles will go on certain occasions. In order to obtain an un-



From a Photo. by

BUYING CORN EN ROUTE.

[Mr. C. L. Weller.

obstructed view of the river in front, it was my custom to stand at the helm and work the tiller with my legs. Suddenly a succession of waves caused by the rapid movement of a body immediately beneath the water's surface were to be seen approaching the direction of the bank. Then came a sharp shock, delivered on the

steel-work immediately below my feet, and I knew that a large crocodile had realized—it is to be hoped with some inconvenience to himself—that he was not equal to six and a half tons. His effort, however, caused those forward to look round in the belief the launch had struck a rock.

There was a great scarcity of corn in this part of the river, and consequently the question of food for the boys at times gave much anxiety; they were frequently on very short commons.





THE ENTRANCE TO THE KARIBA GORGE, WHERE THE DESERTIONS TOOK PLACE. [Mr. C. L. Weller.]

Occasionally, however, an odd canoe brought grain down-stream from some more favoured district, its crew tempted, no doubt, by a high price from their less fortunate fellows, who were not, by the way, above taking advantage of a good bargain *en route*.

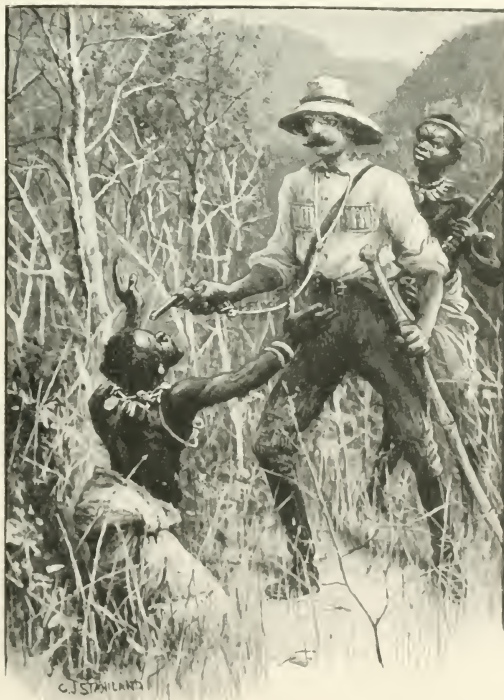
One morning I crawled out of my tent just before sunrise. We were encamped for a few days in a rocky gorge known as "Kariba," while the goods and steamers were being transported by land to a point above some rapids which offered many dangers to navigation in the case of so small a craft as the *Constance*. The camp was unusually still and quiet, and two boys only sat silent and motionless round the fire. It soon transpired that all the rest had deserted in a body during the early hours of the

morning. I was not in the least surprised, and in fact had expected them to make themselves scarce long before this, for it is always difficult to get a body of boys beyond districts they know at least something about without losing a certain proportion by desertion. The Portuguese, too, had told us that there was little hope of our being able to keep them much beyond Zumbo, for the natives invariably treated our fellow-Europeans in the same manner, in spite of the probability of their being arrested on return to their homes.

We were now in an ugly plight, for not only had the disjointed steamer to be carried three miles through a bad country—much of the way over huge rough boulders—thus making progress slow, and, in fact, with our present resources, impossible; but there was little or no prospect of replacing the deserters unless a protracted

journey was undertaken either to Marotseland or back to Portuguese territory, each being several hundred miles away.

I was not long in swallowing a mouthful of bread and buckling on my revolver, a weapon I had never found any use for up till now. Then, accompanied by Captain Quicke and Mr. Weller, and guided by the former's servant, whom I had been just in time to prevent from following his fellows, I set off at a good pace in the direction of a cluster of villages two or three miles up-stream. At the first village inquiries were made as to the direction the boys had taken, but the



"I WHIPPED OUT MY REVOLVER AND LOOKED MY OFFICER UPON THE RESULT THAT HE FELL AT MY FEET AND IMMEDIATELY TOOK HIS LIFE."

inhabitants either could not or would not give any information. Proceeding to another, the wits of two of the villagers were sharpened by the promise of a blanket apiece should they be instrumental in the recapture of the runaways, with the result that they recollected they had not only seen them, but even knew the path they had taken. Leaving my companions to follow at a more comfortable pace, I set off at a steady trot with my personal servant—a Zulu—who carried a Mauser rifle. The path took us over stony, undulating ground, growing stunted acacias and a little grass, and along this I moved quickly for five or six miles. On rounding a bend in the path I came suddenly upon Mr. Weller's servant returning; he had apparently thought better of his misdeeds. I whipped out my revolver and looked my fiercest, with the result that he fell at my feet and implored me to spare his life. As I had not the remotest intention of taking it I answered:—

"You know the boys' plans; take me to them and I will not kill you—now be off!" and away he went at a good run. We had moved in this way for some distance farther when the path took me to the crest of a short, steep undulation. To my delight I saw below me—and not more than 100 yds. away—the objects of my quest winding slowly along the narrow pathway all unconscious of my approach. Putting on a spurt, I was in their midst before they had time to look round. Down went their mats and blankets, and, panic-stricken, they dispersed to right and left.

"Stand still, or I'll fire," I shouted.

The pilot turned, realized that I meant what I said, and called to his companions to obey. After reprimanding them all, and Fernando in particular (he was an excellent boy, in whom alone I had felt confidence), I assembled them together.

"To Fernando I said, 'Have I not always treated you well and kindly? Why do you treat me in this manner?'"

He remained silent.

"Can you give me any reason," I continued, "why I should not kill you for your ingratitude?" And I placed the cold muzzle of the revolver against his skull. I cannot tell what he felt inside—probably not quite comfortable—but outwardly he was impassive and showed no sign of fear. An excellent boy hitherto, he rose much in my estimation. I felt now that they realized that I could be harsh when necessary, so lowering the revolver I said: "I will not kill you this time, but if any of you wish to die, run away from me again."

With the Zulu in front and myself bringing up the rear they returned to camp. On arrival they were paraded in a line and ordered to lay out their blankets and uniforms—of the latter they were particularly proud, owing no doubt to the distinguished air it gave them.

"Now," I said, "you have had your little amusement and you must pay for it yourselves. You cannot expect me to pay for the trouble you have given me; that would scarcely be fair." So calling the two guides I directed them to select a blanket each, and having taken those that suited them best, they left, as pleased as Punch with their morning's work.

"You have shown yourselves to be slaves. Uniforms are not meant for such as you," I added, and the precious garments were collected and stowed away in a bundle.

They were then immediately fallen in to carry, and until the steamer was floated and loaded three miles up-stream they were guarded in turn by one or the other of us, night and day, and I felt that we had got very well out of what might have been a serious mess.

Then we steamed away once more, nor did I fear a repetition of their conduct, for they all appeared happier and more contented than they had been since they first engaged themselves.

A fortnight later we had completed 800 miles on the Middle Zambesi, and were entering the rocky, disturbed stretch culminating in the Victoria Falls—on the eve of the most exciting experiences of our river journey.

*(To be continued.)*

## A Lady Butterfly-Hunter in California.

By HELEN GREY, OF SAN FRANCISCO.

Miss Mary Yoemans has a ranch in Northern California which is practically paid for and maintained by the beetle and butterfly hunting endeavours of its original mistress. In this article Miss Yoemans tells a "Wide World" representative the whole story of her collecting and what it has done.



AN you imagine a ranch which would sell for 50,000dols., with a stock of fine sheep and horses and cattle on a forty-square-mile range—all stocked and improved and paid for from butterflies? At all events, there is one in Humboldt County, out in Northern California. It is owned by Miss Mary Yoemans: and because she was the sort of woman who had it in her to conquer circumstances as hard as anyone need wish to struggle with, she is a rich woman to-day—that is to say, rich as com-

pared with her neighbours. Seventy miles beyond the end of the railroad she lives with her two brothers, successful sheep-raisers; but the butterflies have paid better than the sheep. I had the pleasure of visiting them, and made the journey on horseback through a country of vast sheep and cattle ranges in the highest uplands of the Coast Range Mountains, with the sweeping redwood belt, with its wreaths of floating fog, and the Pacific a blue line on the horizon away below me. The deer paused, surprised, and looked curiously at me and vanished; and the quail scolded in the thickets of manzanita, and called to mates on the mountain side, while the squirrels whisked up and down the tree boles, and scolded and barked at the intrusion on their privacy; for we rode to the mountain-top where the Yoemans' home stands by a trail, steep and at some places dangerous, but much shorter than the winding road which accommodates itself to the mountains. There is little undergrowth beneath the wide tanbark oak branches and the tall Cathedral pines; it is more like a park than a virgin forest, and is browsed over by sheep and cattle and hogs. The Yoemans have not a neighbour nearer than ten miles, unless one counts the band of Indians huddled in the bottom of a canyon. The house is well built and roomy, and has a large living-room filled with books

and magazines that are used. They also have newspapers from all over the world, as well as fine etchings, and a piano, which I wondered to see so far from a railroad.

When their father died he left behind him little more than debts and traditions, and the young people looked to a new country where labour would mend the fortunes which luxury had broken. Twenty-two years ago they came to America and bought a tract of land in Northern California. As often happens to Britishers with a little capital, however, they

were taken in by a "shark" land dealer, and were vastly surprised to find that their newly-acquired acres were in the wildest wilderness, where the only human beings were black-faced Indians with blacker manners, who hunted over the country and ate worms and acorn porridge out of beautiful baskets, made of slender twigs woven together in Etruscan patterns. But the Yoemans had to make things "go." They had all their money in the land, and they went to work. The first thing they built was a sort of shack, and then they set about making roads to open communication with the rest of the world.

What with the prowling, sneaking Indians, the rattle-snakes, and the mysterious silence of the wilderness,

Mary, then a girl of only seventeen, was afraid to stay at home alone, so she camped with her brothers and cooked and made things as comfortable as she could while they built roads, cut wood, and made fences. She was so home-sick with it all that she could not feel at home in the strange new country: she had not yet gathered up her resources.

One day she was lying under a tanbark oak, while her brother's axe was the only sound to tell her she was not the only living thing on the hillside, quivering in the afternoon heat. A flock of butterflies were chasing each other in the blue sky, and one came and hovered over a



MISS MARY YOEMANS, WHO MAINTAINS A LARGE CALIFORNIAN RANCH BY BUTTERFLY-HUNTING.  
From a Photo. by Harrington, Sonora, Cal.

lapful of wild yellow honeysuckle the girl had gathered. It took her, half dreaming, back to a day in the Alps, wandering with her tutor and father, and catching butterflies for a collection. She remembered that one great yellow specimen with white markings on its wings had made the tutor so excited that he had shown it to her father, and the two men had discussed its points and recognised a very rare and valuable specimen. Suddenly she realized that the butterfly hovering over her honeysuckle was the identical species, and she promptly dropped her hat over it, made it a prisoner, and studied it. It was much larger than the Alpine one, but it called to life her old delight in butterflies and beetles, and she began to join in the game of chasing them. When night

had come down with its black silence, pierced by the cries of the wild things of the mountains, she showed her treasures to her brothers, and they helped her pin them on to boards to dry. She laughed when telling me about packing them to send to London, saying: "Jack was a real hero when he parted with the money for postage, for he had not an idea that it would come to anything more than a fad. I had gone out and caught the rest of the butterfly flock while they were heavy with the cold

dampness of the dawn, so I had sent away twenty-two in all. We waited and waited, and at last there was an answer to my letter. It was a request for more butterflies, and there was a draft for £100. I had sent them to a first-rate firm in London which deals only in butterflies and beetles, and has a good many thousand dollars invested in the business—for it is a profitable one—and they sell to collectors who want certain varieties to complete their sets. Mine were a kind never before found, except in the high Alps, and very difficult to get, because they fly high and in places that are practically inaccessible."

Well, I was the moneyed member of the family

when I got that £100, and I sent it back home and bought, among other things, three sheep. Then I had to have a paddock for them, and so I took up some land and the boys fenced it for me. I spent all my spare time catching beetles and butterflies, and I think my victims are in every museum and academy of science in this country and Europe. I did not know all the valuable ones, of course, but I began corresponding, and each collector seemed to have a favourite missing specimen, and I found a good many.

The people hereabouts began to call me the "bug-catcher," and they thought me mildly crazy till they found that the "bugs" paid for fancy sheep. I never could find anyone to help me collect save the Indians. There is one little

fellow whose mother washes for us, and he had evidently seen more than he appeared to notice as he played about while his mother worked. One morning he disappeared, and all day he was gone and his mother fretted till I was almost ready to send her home and tell her she need never come back to work for me again. Then that youngster of hers turned up terribly excited and began to pull out the contents of his pocket. He piled on the kitchen-table the most exquisite lot of butterflies I ever

saw. There were all colours included, and many that I had not seen before; but he had spoilt them all by stuffing them into his pockets alive, so that their wings were torn and rubbed.

After that he and I hunted together, and how the child knew where to find the different beauties we got I cannot imagine, for he did not seem to be able to tell a butterfly from a bat.

There was a queer little beetle he found one day. It was tall, and had long, slender legs and was almost black. I had never seen it before, and yet I was sure that it must be a good beetle. I made two water-colour sketches of it and sent them, one to the Smithsonian Institute and the other to Philadelphia. I also wrote to each place that I had offered the beetle to the other



From a) MISS VOEMANS SETS OUT TO CAMP IN THE REDWOODS. [Photo.]



From a] THE LADY BUTTERFLY-HUNTER'S NEW FARM. [Photo.

—for an open market, you know, is better for selling beetles, just as it is for anything else. It was in the winter time, and we had been having a good deal of trouble with the sheep. I wanted to put up a better shed for my best ones, for they were not born to hardship, and did not take to the life very well. Brother Jack was, therefore, taking time to put up a shed near the home paddock, and I was making a sick lamb comfortable, when a neighbour rode in and said, very mysteriously:—

“Yoemans on the place?”

“Yes, I’ll go down and show you where he is,” I replied.

“Don’t you put yourself out a mite, miss,” he protested; “guess if he’s on the place he kin hear me holler,” and he “hollered.” When Jack answered the man rode away, and looked at me so oddly that I was afraid something dreadful had happened below—a “hold-up” or wash-out or something; and I hurried after him to where Jack was. When I reached them Jack had a telegram in his hand and was laughing as if he had never read anything so funny before, while the man on the horse was looking at him as though he feared for his sanity.

“He wants the bug, Sis,” Jack said as he gave me the telegram.

“Nobody dead to home, then?” the messenger asked anxiously, when I read it.

“No,” I said, “it is only that a man wants me to send him a beetle I found.”

“A beetle?”

“Yes, a bug, you know.”

“Le’me see the paper.” I gave him the telegram, and he seemed more puzzled than before.

“Maybe Mr. Watt would like to look at the beetle, Marv,” Jack suggested.

“I’ll be delighted to show it to him,” I said, so we all three went into the house; and while I set out a bite for him Jack got the beetle. He handed it to Mr. Watt, who took it gingerly and held it in the palm of his hand with an expression on his face that was so funny I could scarcely keep from laughing.

“And you say that there is somebody as’ll pay you 20dols. fer that dinky litt’ bug?”

“Yes, indeed, Mr. Watt.”

“Well, I bet it will be only paper dollars, and not the real yellow things.”

“He will send me a cheque,” I said, “and I’ll get a 20dol. gold-piece.”

“Well, I’ll be consarn’d”—and indeed he was so “consarn’d” that he was barely able to eat.

“Let’s have a look at the dinky bug again. I wonder if they grow down Black Rock way.” The telegram had been brought in by the stage, and had caused so much interest that Mr. Watt had ridden fourteen miles to deliver it and find out what it was—for a telegram came so seldom to anyone in Humboldt County that it was an event for the whole county to talk over. They were sure my nearest and dearest relation at home had died.

Shortly after this I received a letter from Philadelphia offering me 15dols. for the beetle, and I found another and sent it, telling the curator that I had also sent one to Washington. Then I sold three others for smaller sums and the market was supplied.



THE PROCESS OF COUNTING MISS YOE MAN'S SHEEP AND EVIDING THEM FOR MARKET. [Photo.

I had not been collecting very long when my brother met a man walking through the country with a young boy, and asked him to come to our home and break his travels by a rest in a house. We seldom had a visitor, and were so glad to have this man, for he was evidently a gentleman and a scholar. The first night he went into the garden before dawn, carrying a candle and peering among the bushes. I knew he was looking for insects. When it grew light I went out and he showed me a beetle he had found; he was delighted over it—"So fine a specimen."

"I have found these," I told him, "and have a similar one which I would like to show you, for I do not find a classification for it."

When I told him I had made a large collection and sent many to far-distant markets he was most enthusiastic, and we had delightful talks. He told me that he was in California, studying the butterflies and collecting them, partly for science and partly to build up his health. He stayed several weeks with us, and when he went home he sent me books and magazines that taught me much. Besides, he told his friends about me and they often asked me to make observations for them, and with many I am still corresponding, though my old friend is dead. It was at his suggestion that I started my "nursery," where I hatch and breed my own stock of beetles and a great many interesting butterflies which I want to observe carefully. Then I use them, too, in making "series," that is to say, an illustrated transformation of the life of a butterfly in all its stages, by arranging the different specimens of each stage in little books, with observations on each. There is always a ready sale for these, and they go to colleges, schools, and museums. I receive 5dols. each for them.

Ever since we came out to this country we have been looking forward to going home; it has been our dream to go back to the old places and know the old friends again. Five years ago the boys wanted me to go and I went. At first it seemed so good to be back, and my cousins were delighted to see me and to hear my stories of our life out West; but

they were rather horrified, too, and would "poor dear Mary" me till I was quite cross with them. They would also patronize me and pity me for having been an exile from civilization for so many years, and all that. Then I began to see that they had changed more than I had, and so had everything else. Nothing

was as I had expected to find it, and really many of the things I saw seemed quite trivial when I compared the life there with our own glorious life in the mountains. The result was that before I had been in England a week I was home-sick. One day I went to the British Museum of Natural History. There, in a case with thousands of others, was one of my yellow butterflies, and it made me a

great deal more home-sick than I was the day I caught it. I went again and again and visited the yellow butterfly, and one day I simply could not stand it another minute. I therefore went to uncle and told him that I was going home, and I fibbed and said I was uneasy about the boys.

"I cannot understand why you want to go back to that outlandish place, Mary," he said. "I can't see what gets into people who have roughed it in a colony so that they are always wild to get back instead of taking life easy in a civilized place."

I did not write the boys that I was coming home; there was no time, for I sailed on the next boat and came up here by myself. The boys were about half as glad to see me as I was to get here and see them. It was the first time I ever thought of the dear old place as home. It was so good to be among the old mountains again, and I have stayed here ever since, except for occasional visits to San Francisco and to the other towns, and to a mine which we have bought an interest in near Sonora.

We all take more interest in California now since I went back, and though we speak of England still as "home," it is really only because we have fallen into the habit—for this is home. My part of it the butterflies paid for; and, besides, all the land over that ridge, farther than you can see, is mine and is covered with sheep. I have some high-bred horses, too, and cattle, for I go in for good stock. And the butterflies and beetles did it all!



FIGURE 100.—THE LADY'S HOUSE IS SEEN ON THE RIGHT AND HER STABLES ON THE LEFT.

## A Race for Life with the Boxers.

By F. A. KENNEDY.

As the hero of this narrative, Mr. F. L. Seeberg, an American citizen and a member of the Imperial Maritime Chinese Customs Service, is too modest to tell the story of his splendid exploit, the author tells it for him. It in no way detracts from Mr. Seeberg's heroism that another had succeeded in delivering despatches before him which led to the saving of Tien-Tsin. And yet neither Mr. James Watts nor Mr. Seeberg has received any recognition of his services from the military authorities.



On a Monday in June last the little garrison at Tien-Tsin found itself sorely pressed. The settlement was surrounded by Chinese Imperial troops and Boxers, and the place was being continuously and heavily shelled by big guns. All means of communication were cut off; the rail was torn up; the telegraph and telephone wires were severed, and the river was commanded by a big fort, near the mouth, which still remained untaken by the Allied Forces. The situation altogether was desperate, and reinforcements were urgently needed.

Up to that evening all efforts to communicate with the authorities at T'ongku had failed, and Captain Bayly, the officer in command at Tien-Tsin, decided that an attempt must be made to get down by river. It was a forlorn hope, as there was very little chance of anything getting through, the country between Tien-Tsin and T'ongku being infested by Boxers and Imperial troops, and the river, in addition, being dominated by the fort before referred to. The distance to be travelled, moreover, was about forty miles, and the journey at its best was a very hazardous one. The authorities first thought of sending down the *Pei-ping*, a small vessel which happened to be at Tien-Tsin at the time; but it was afterwards decided to send a smaller craft, as that would probably stand a better chance. They finally selected for the purpose a small launch—the *Spray*—belonging to the Chinese Imperial Maritime Customs.

Mr. F. L. Seeberg, an American citizen and a member of the Imperial Maritime Customs Service, volunteered to carry the despatches, as he spoke Chinese fluently and was well

acquainted with the neighbouring country. He had with him Captain Stavers, of the Taku Tug and Lighter Company, in charge of the launch, and a guard of six bluejackets belonging to H.M.S. *Algerine*.

At 8.15 p.m. on that eventful Monday they started out on their forlorn hope and steamed slowly down the river. Every light was put out, and the launch went very slowly in order to make as little noise as possible.

All went well, and they were congratulating themselves on their success until they had got about nine miles down the river, to a place called Handsome Point, when the launch ran against something and heeled over. They then found that they had run on to a barrier that had been placed across the river and had effectually blocked their progress. They were not travelling fast at the time, but the speed had been sufficient to fix them firmly upon it. They did everything as quickly as possible, moved about no more than was necessary, and reversed the engines in order to get off. After some time and with very great difficulty they managed to move her, but only to find to their discomfiture that their efforts

had been in vain, for they ran the boat ashore on one of the shallow banks of the river and found it quite impossible to get off. The commotion attendant on all this business, however, had been enough to rouse some people on the bank, and they quickly alarmed the Boxers at a village near at hand.

These bloodthirsty villains rushed down to the river-side brandishing their swords and spears and shrieking "Kill! kill!" "Away with the foreign devils!" and other nice encouraging things. In a moment the river bank was



MR. F. L. SEEBERG, AN AMERICAN CITIZEN, WHO IS THE HERO OF THIS NARRATIVE.  
From a Photo by Hang Chang, Tien-Tsin.



"THE VILLAINS RUSHED DOWN TO THE RIVER-SIDE BRANDISHING THEIR SWORDS AND SPEARS, AND SHRIEKING, 'KILL! KILL!'"

literally alive with these fanatics, and their red lanterns could be seen bobbing about in all directions.

At this point Mr. Seeberg acted with great promptitude and presence of mind. He told all the bluejackets to go below and not to show themselves under any consideration. Had the crowd once caught sight of a foreign sailor or a firearm it would have been impossible to have held them back, and the crew would have perished like rats in a trap. As it was, the mob was only restrained with great difficulty; but the chief, or head man, after haranguing them for some time, persuaded them to fall back and leave him to deal with the "foreign devils" who had been intrepid enough to venture down their river.

When the people had at last been quieted

down the head man came to the edge of the river and, in language that is unfit for publication, addressed a few words of welcome to those on board. He wanted to know what they were doing there, why they were there, and where they were going to. Mr. Seeberg explained facetiously, between the puffs at a cigar, that he was out on a pleasure trip, and answered the rest of the gentleman's inquiries as truthfully as circumstances permitted. They bawled questions and answers at one another for some time, and after a while the Boxer assumed quite a friendly attitude, and said that for a little matter of 100 dols. (about £10 sterling) he would undertake to bring men and tackle and get the launch off the mud. Mr. Seeberg readily fell in with this suggestion, and the Chinaman went away, promising to return with everything necessary at daybreak. He went back to the mob, and after much talking and bickering persuaded them to retire, and the launch was left for some time in quietude.

As soon as the Boxer had retired the crew held a hurried council of war to discuss the exceedingly awkward situation and decide their best plan of action. Of course they all

knew that no attempt whatever would be made to get them off, and that the proffered generosity was only a pretext to gain time in order to mature other plans, or perhaps to extort money from them before finishing them off finally. It was imperatively necessary in any case that something must be done and done at once.

They first thought of endeavouring to get the launch off and returning to Tien-Tsin, but as it was most important that the despatches should be delivered at all costs, and as, moreover, their efforts would probably do nothing save bring the hornets' nest about their ears once more, they decided to leave the launch and swim ashore and make the best of their way across the country to a place called Chen-Lien-Cheng, a village near the railway, situated midway between Tien-Tsin and Tongku, where they



knew there was a Russian camp. Mr. Seeberg was well acquainted with the surrounding country, and guaranteed to lead the party safely through so soon as daylight came and they could take their bearings.

A Boxer sentinel came down to the river bank occasionally to see that the launch was still there and that no attempt at escape was being made, but otherwise they were undisturbed. Taking advantage of the temporary absence of their guardian, they silently slipped over the side of the boat one by one and struck out for the bank. It was too dark at that time for them to go far away, and after going some little distance they lay down in the long grass and waited as patiently as they could for the first sign of daybreak. It had scarcely begun to dawn before they saw red Chinese lanterns bobbing about on the other side of the river, and they soon recognised that a large body of men had gathered together there.

These were very much excited, and some of them rushed out on to the barrier that had been placed across the river and were apparently making ready to mount the boat. Three men rushed along until they were within a few lengths of the launch. Buckets of kerosene were then passed to them and the contents were flung on to the deck. A few swabs of cotton-wool were lighted and thrown after the oil, and the whole launch was quickly one mass of flame from end to end.

The mob watched anxiously from the bank to see the crew emerge from below, and a mighty and devilish shriek rent the air when no sign of life was visible and they realized that they had been cheated of their prey. The foreigners watched the proceedings in safety from their hiding-place, and reflected inwardly as to what would have happened had they waited for these good Samaritans to come and help them off the bank. The attitude of the mob, however, was far from reassuring, and they made up their minds that, dawn or no dawn, the time had come for them to make a move—the more so as the Boxers began to swarm across the boom evidently in search of them. They therefore wriggled along on their stomachs for some distance until well under cover, and then made across the country as fast as their legs would carry them. Between the river and the railway at Chen-Lien-Cheng there is a wide canal, and the Boxers knew well that if the fugitives wished to reach the Russian camp this would have to be crossed, and they at first showed no undue haste to follow, as they evidently reckoned on the party being cut off by this canal. The little party hurried on, making all possible haste and

taking all the cover available. At first they had no idea how many men would be sent after them, and it was decided that on the first opportunity one of the company should mount a tree, if he could find one (as they do not abound in those parts), and take observations. After they had travelled for some distance this was done, and the sight that met the gaze of the look-out man caused him to come down again rapidly and resume the march in double quick time.

It was evident that the Boxers meant to do the thing in style. The look-out man reported that so far as he could judge there were about 800 to 1,000 of them all told, and they were being led by mounted men, some of whom were advancing a quarter of a mile or so ahead of the others in skirmishing order. The little company needed no urging on after that, and they footed it out across the country in a way that would have turned a cross-country champion green with envy.

No one of them feared being unable to outpace those on foot, but it is another matter racing a pony, and they made up their minds to make all the use of the lead they had secured. They raced on and on, but no food had crossed their lips since the previous evening; and as the sun mounted higher in the heavens their strength began to wane. It was evident, however, that no halt could be made until they were safe across the canal: so, despite their hunger and fatigue, they continued the weary race. They had finished the water in their water-bottles on the previous evening, and as the sun rose they began to feel the tortures of thirst as well as the pangs of hunger. Once they chanced on a stagnant pool, slimy and green, and drank of it greedily as though it were verily the nectar of the gods. Only those who have experienced the horrors of thirst know what a terrible thing it is.

The craving of a drunkard for alcohol is as nothing compared with the longing a really thirsty man has for water—water in any shape or form—green, evil-smelling, and slimy if you like, but always water. From the observations they made from time to time they found that they were not making sufficient headway against their enemies to allow of their slackening their pace, so they overcame their weariness as best they could and struggled on.

On and on they went through the horrible, scorching heat of that June day till their hearts thumped against their sides and their heads throbbled as though they would burst. By midday the canal was not in sight, but, having gained somewhat on their pursuers, they decided to call a halt and take a short rest so soon as they chanced upon a convenient spot, as the

party were just about dead-beat and sick with hunger. They had to proceed for some distance before they could find a suitable place, but by and-by came to a small swamp almost covered with long grass and rushes, which afforded excellent cover. This proved to be a splendid place, for a tree near by made a capital look-out tower for the man left on the watch. They settled down to rest, and one or two of the party were soon slumbering heavily. They were, however, doomed to have little rest, for the blue-jacket on the watch soon came tumbling out of the tree and reported that the Boxers were approaching and a group of horsemen were coming actually towards them. The drowsier ones were shaken up, and before they properly understood what was happening the clatter of hoofs was heard a little distance off. The horsemen drew up some 200yds. or 300yds. in front of their hiding-place and stood jabbering together and discussing for some time, though they were too far away to be audible. After much talking they scattered and began to forage in every direction. One man scoured the country immediately in front of them, and finding nothing turned his pony's head and came straight towards them. He walked his pony within a few yards of the swamp, and they thought that all was over. All had their rifles ready, and had he shown any sign of giving the alarm he would have been sent to his account, and the party would have made the best fight possible with the others. Suspecting nothing, however, he hurried off again and rode away in front of them. Had he gone a few yards farther he must have seen their backs, and their mission would have ended as it began in disaster.

One by one the horsemen after a time returned, and, after consulting together again for some time, they turned their ponies' heads and galloped off in the direction from which they had come. Almost before they were out

of sight the party was hurrying forward again, convinced by this time that there must be no more stoppages. After travelling for about an hour, to their great joy the canal loomed into sight, and they began to feel that the race was theirs. But it was still necessary to be very cautious, and in order to avoid detection they



THE SWAMPED GO TOBY WITHIN A FEW YARDS OF THE SWAMP, AND THEY THOUGHT ALL WAS OVER.

crawled for some distance before they came to the canal, the country round it being very open and bare of cover of any sort; and after swimming it the weary fugitives wriggled up the opposite bank in the same manner. Once across this they felt free, for they knew it was impossible for the enemy to cross save at a village some way down, and this would take them some time.

They were able to travel in a more leisurely manner after this, and Mr. Seeberg soon began to

recognise landmarks by which he knew exactly where they were. They once neared a small farm the owner of which was known to him. He had often spoken with him in more peaceful times, when he had been shooting round about that district, and he fancied he would be friendly still, despite the attitude of his fellow-countrymen. Telling the remainder of the party to wait in a neighbouring field he approached the place, intending to beg some tea and food. He found his erstwhile friend inside his house, and explained that he was out doing a little shooting and had run short of provisions and water—he therefore begged some cakes and tea. "Tea!" ejaculated the supposed friendly Chinaman, excitedly, with his eyes almost starting from their sockets. "I want to kill you!" It was quite evident that it was useless wasting more words on him, and Mr. Seeberg suddenly recollected "a most important engagement round the corner," and hurriedly rejoined his friends and continued the march. They were unable

for some time after this to find out the whereabouts of their pursuers, owing to the lack of a convenient tree; but when they did come across one they saw that they must still press forward, and that their foes had evidently made up their resolute minds not to be shaken off without a struggle.

The little party struggled on across the country for hours, sometimes gaining on the Boxers and at others losing ground; but still they managed by periodical spurts and occasional hidings to elude them. At about six o'clock in the evening they observed to their dismay that they were losing ground. They were by this time positively famishing; and it was as much as they could do to drag one leg after the other. They staggered on, however.

Just after sunset, to their great joy, the railway embankment loomed into sight, and they knew that their race was well-nigh run. A little later the tents of the camp at Chen-Lien-Cheng were clearly visible. The knowledge that they were within sight of their goal spurred them on, and before eight o'clock they could clearly distinguish the Russian outpost. They tied their handkerchiefs on to the ends of their rifles and then together signalled for help. Three Cossacks rode up to them and they were taken to the Russian colonel. The state of affairs was soon explained to him, and stray shots began soon after this to drop into the camp. A determined attack was made in the night, but the Chinese were beaten off with heavy loss. Early next morning

Mr. Seeberg started out for T'ongku with an escort of Cossacks, and arrived there about two in the afternoon and delivered his despatches. Only to find that he had been forestalled by Mr. James Watts, who had ridden the whole way from Tien-Tsin—a distance of about thirty miles through a country infested by a cruel and barbarous enemy—a feat unsurpassed in the whole of the China campaign. Strange to say, neither of these gentlemen has received any recognition whatever of his services from the military authorities; and this is the more strange as Mr. Watts was certainly the actual saviour of Tien-Tsin, for he not only carried the despatches down to T'ongku, but guided the Welsh Fusiliers back to the relief of the besieged settlement. Mr. Seeberg and his crew were all ill for a few days after their exciting adventure, but otherwise they suffered no ill-effects.



"THREE CossACKS RIDE UP TO THEM."

## Our Klondike Success.

BY ALICE ROLLINS CRANE, OF LOS ANGELES.

Surely only an American woman would have had the daring to attempt so terrible an undertaking as to join in one of the early "rushes" to the Klondike, with all the misery and horrors which the journey entailed. We long ago tired of the Klondike, but the narrative of a brave woman's adventures will never get out of date or bore the reader.



Y attention has been called to an article in *THE WIDE WORLD* for September, 1900, entitled "Our Klondike Failure." Well, I should like to tell *WIDE WORLD* readers of my Klondike success. I wish I might say "our," for it would be so much easier than to say "I -



THE AUTHORRESS, MRS. ALICE ROLLINS CRANE.  
From a Photo, by Geo. Steckel, Los Angeles, Cal.

I" or "my," all the time; but I was alone through all the struggles and hardships endured over the White Pass Trail and over the lakes, the dreaded White Horse Rapids, and the treacherous Thirty-Mile River; and I passed through all that it is possible for a mortal to endure for four and a half long, weary months.

Starting from Skaguay in the dead of winter,

early in 1898, I joined the first of the awful rush of that year with a 3,500lb. outfit, an ox team, and one servant—a young man well recommended to me by his employers in Skaguay. I was armed with a Government Commission from the Smithsonian Bureau of Ethnology, in Washington, D.C., and had credentials from several newspapers and journals, which were duly honoured by the Canadian officials. The Americans, however, I am sorry to say, showed me much less respect and attention than my foreign friends.

Captain Eastman, a splendid young officer, who was in charge of the United States Government post at Skaguay, sent two soldiers, a mule, and three days' provisions to accompany me on the last end of the trail up the White Pass Summit, and also in order to formally introduce me to the Canadian officials stationed there, as well as to protect me from the human savages on the trail. For, with few exceptions, men and women seemed to have lost common decency, showing no feeling for their kind, or for the poor, unfortunate brutes which fell into their keeping.

The air rang constantly, night and day, with curses, oaths, screams, the braying of asses, and cries of tortured dogs, which were beaten, yelping in agony and crying for mercy, but



THE FIRST CAMP ON THE WHITE PASS TRAIL.—SHOWING MRS. CRANE, THE FAITHLESS REX, AND THE DOGS.

\* From a Photo.



From a

THE DREARY SCENE AT THE SUMMIT OF THE WHITE PASS.

[Photo.]

seldom receiving it. What I saw and heard on the little stretch of fifty or seventy-five miles after leaving Skaguay will never be effaced from my mind. It is an awful nightmare; purgatory itself could be no worse.

I was in Skaguay six weeks; I stopped there to assist in nursing at the hospital during the terrible epidemic of spinal meningitis. I took my station at what they called the "pest-house," a little shanty about 12ft. by 14ft., built of rough boards, and having one little window and door. But there were cracks between the boards through which one could see the daylight and feel the terrific blasts of cold air rushing through.

I shall not attempt in this article to tell you of the suffering, or of the sights I saw and sounds I heard. Whilst there I took pneumonia, from which I had not recovered before starting over the trail to Dawson. Incidents of startling adventure crowded so fast into my life all the way into the new world that I fear I could never get space in print to relate one half.

I escaped paying duty on my outfit through the kindness of Major Perry, of the North-West Mounted Police, who,

upon hearing of me, met me in Skaguay and gave me a passport from Ottawa. We handled our "outfit" in relays, which took a long time to get to Tagish Post; there I left the ox, my servant, and most of my provisions, and hired an ex-Hudson's Bay messenger boy with ten dogs and two Klondike sleds. I then started with a determination to get to Dawson in thirty days, before the ice broke up; it was

then getting so thin that it was unsafe to travel upon even with a light load. I left the boy Rex to bring the rest later on in a scow when navigation opened, which he promised to do, and I had implicit confidence in him.

The boy "Fox," whom I had hired with the dogs, proved an ill-natured, disobliging fellow; but he feared nothing and worked well, so I tried to be patient with his many eccentricities and his terrific temper.

On April 27th, 1898, I had reached the cabins at the head of Miles's Canyon. That



From a

THE BOY WITH HIS DOGS, HIRED BY MRS. CRANE AT TAGISH.

[Photo.]



From a MILES'S CANYON AND THE ENTRANCE TO THE WHITE HORSE RAPIDS. [Photo.]

night the ice went out with an awful crash, and the next day boats could pass through the White Horse. By the way, I had the honour of being the first woman to go through the famous rapids. Our boat was a rickety one made by amateurs: but we were just seven and one-half minutes going over five miles. Fox, my boy servant, was our pilot; the oarsmen were Swedes. I never felt lighter-hearted or more like singing than I did while passing over the terrible "hell-trap" known as the White Horse Rapids. The boat trembled and ground itself on the dangerous boulders in the shallow, seething, roaring, whirling, treacherous waters. Four muscular giants with set faces and compressed lips held the oars, while the muscles in their brawny necks and arms stood out like great cords and the perspiration ran down their faces.

Fox, bareheaded, stood at the helm giving orders and pulling like a young fiend at the oar. Just when we were in the greatest danger, and amid the excited voices and cheers of many people who ran along the narrow trail about a hundred feet above us to our right, the brave boy was suddenly thrown on his back by the breaking of his oar, and we were almost dashed into the heaving sea. Sud-

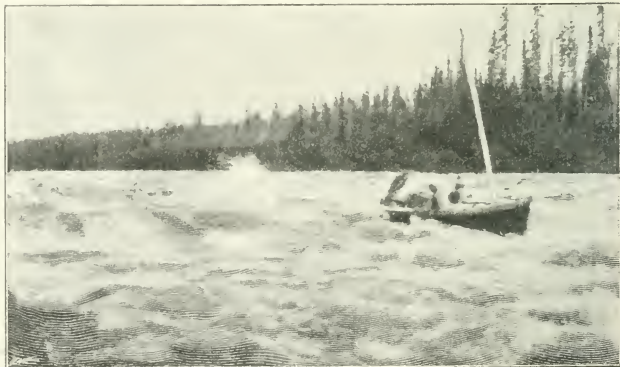
denly, like a cat, he sprang to the extra oar at his side, grabbed it up, and before anyone could speak he was again pulling away and giving orders in a firm, positive voice, which were readily responded to by his assistants.

I sat perched up in the middle of the scow on a pile of flour-sacks, as we had an outfit belonging to the Swedes weighing 2,500lb. The boat was made of spruce, sawn by hand, and it was about 26ft. in length by 8ft. in width. Sometimes the spray and waves would almost

blind us as they came over the boat.

When we struck smooth water, and the men with reeking forms threw out the rope to those on shore, the canyon and hills rang with cheers and shouts for the California woman with nerve and a United States Government Commission; California people were leading the mob.

I wish that my friends could have looked in upon me in my little 10ft. by 12ft. tent which we pitched on the banks of the White Horse a few days after that ever-to-be-remembered adventure. I was squatting on the floor, mixing biscuits, or stirring "dog-mush" in a six-gallon pan on my little Klondike stove, or cooking beans and dried apples. There were no tables or chairs; the sleeping bags and blankets were rolled up in the corner, while sacks of "grub"



THIS PHOTOGRAPH GIVES AN IDEA OF THE TURBULENCE OF THE WHITE HORSE RAPIDS, THROUGH WHICH MRS. CRANE PASSED.

and boxes jumbled and littered the front of the tent. Life in the Klondike is a strange life—strange people and customs different from anything on earth. Most of the people seem like wild-eyed lunatics, fighting and rushing about in a reckless and hideously selfish manner.

No one can be more surprised than myself at my endurance and courage through it all; but I love adventure; I love my work, too, and I have such a short time in which to accomplish so much, that I cannot afford to lose a moment or an opportunity.

After camping at the White Horse three weeks from necessity—the ice being too frail to

shore by travellers asking us if we had fish for sale, so closely did we look like a Siwash Indian outfit. The Labarge Indians are very expert with their needles and in dressing hides. They caught the idea quite readily when I ordered my suit, although it was the first of that kind they had ever made for a white woman.

I shall not attempt in this article to describe the wonders of Nature, the magnificent changes of scenery, native fruits and flowers, etc., but I will hurry on to Dawson and success—that is what I promised to tell about.

I arrived at the famous mining camp about the middle of June, and found the "city" of tents full of idle men. All traces of the winter dumps were gone and the spring "clean up" was over. The men with dust were buying freely, while those with none were looking longingly at the high-priced luxuries, finally returning to their comfortable quarters to the never failing pork and beans.

The day after I landed in Dawson I staked a claim some fifteen miles up the Eldorado Creek, walking all night with dozens of other "Cheerhaco," thinking we were real cunning to get tips where to stake. We did not get these for

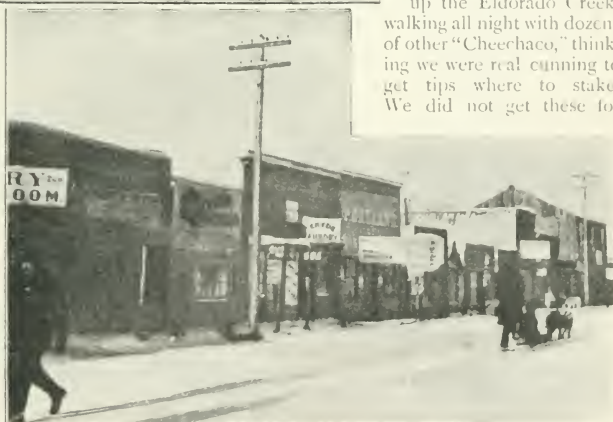


1888, CRANE'S FIRST GLIMPSE OF Dawson City. [Photo.]

cross the lakes—I bought a caribou-hide canoe from the Mackenzie River Indians, who had brought furs up there to sell the fall before, and then Fox and myself travelled the last five hundred miles in the "kiak," I paddling and Fox steering. Of course this was a dangerous mode of navigation, but it seemed the only way by which I could save time.

At Lake Labarge we were compelled to camp two weeks on account of floating ice and the danger of pieces puncturing our frail canoe.

While there I ordered and superintended the making of a moosehide suit, skirt and waist a regular Pocahontas outfit. Fox also ordered a skin shirt, so that when we started down the lake again we were frequently hailed from the



[Photo.]

MAIN STREET, DAWSON CITY, AS ONE APPROXES NEW IT

[Photo.]

nothing, however—do not think that for a moment! The claims were hill-sides, and on the wrong side of the creek in that locality of the Eldorado to be considered worth anything, but we all felt rich for a short time and learned the difference later.



OUR LITTLE HOUSE  
 ON THE CRANE, OR THE ICE.  
 From a 1905.

Returning over the same trail fifteen more miles without sleep and but little food, I was almost prostrated when I reached my little tent: and on the day following Rex, the boy I had been expecting to arrive with my outfit from Tagish, came, but, alas! to tell me that he had been wrecked in Thirty-Mile River and had lost everything. He told me such a pitiful story of how he had barely escaped with his life that I pitied instead of censuring him. He refused the shelter and food that I offered to share with him until he could get work: so I was naturally shocked three days later when called upon by a mounted policeman asking me to go to a storage house and identify some empty sacks with my name on: also several filled ones. I did so, and found they were mine, and had not been wet. The police had heard of the boy's story about being wrecked, and had quietly set to work to prove it. They soon found that he had robbed me, killed my ox and sold the meat. It is supposed that he had sold my outfit, which was worth 2,000dols. at that time. He was speedily arrested, pleaded guilty, and served a term in prison, but refused to give me any clue to the whereabouts of my goods.

To make a long story short, my friends built me a little cabin on the west side of the Yukon River, on a lot contributed by our Governor, Major Walsh. A Seattle merchant gave me credit at his store for provisions until I was able to pay for them; then it was that I began the real struggle for success, and—succeeded. I was delayed somewhat

in my mad career by taking care of poor men who had succumbed to scurvy and typhoid fever. I took two at a time in my little 15ft. by 16ft. cabin, and had five serious cases, but did not lose a patient. Of course I expected nothing for my trouble, and got it! I had the satisfaction, however, of

occasionally returning the slur from the majority of the men, that "this is no place for a woman," by replying that "they sometimes needed one to take care of the sick men!"

I must say for the North-West Mounted Police and Canadian officials in power at that time that they were women's friends. If it had not been for their kindness to us we would have fared badly indeed. It seemed that the men were jealous of us because we had a little respect shown us by these officials.

I have interests in some good placer and quartz mines in the best localities in the Klondike, and have been made manager of a California mining company. I can afford to be a little proud when I say that I was not among the majority of the Klondikers—"the failures."



IN THE BACKGROUND MRS. CRANE IS SEEN SHOVELLING "PAY-DIRT" INTO  
 (front a) THE SLUCE-BOX. [Photo.]



## Seal-Hunting in Scotland.

By C. V. A. PEEL.

The author is the well-known big-game hunter who has shot in Somali-land and other regions of Africa. The following narrative tells how the Scottish seals afforded Mr. Peel some amusement, some interesting snap-shots, and a little excitement. It is not generally known, we believe, that it is possible to shoot seals in the United Kingdom.



It may not be generally known that there are two seals which commonly frequent the British Isles, namely, the grey seal and the common seal. The grey seal is much the larger animal of the two. The markings on its coat and the general colour vary in a remarkable manner. Some specimens are quite grey, whilst others are almost black. Most of them are spotted or blotched with darker markings. A large bull seal of this variety will weigh as much as 400lb.

The largest grey seal I shot measured

The common seal is a much smaller animal than the grey seal, its average length being 4½ft. It is of a silver or yellow-grey, and the spots on its body are smaller than those of the grey seal.

It is a good thing for British seals that their coats do not furnish seal-skin jackets: the fur-bearing seals, or rather sea lions, being totally different animals, and living in Arctic regions. The coats of our British hair seals are not of much value, but the blubber, when boiled down, yields an oil which is greatly esteemed by the Scotch crofters, who give it to their cattle.



A TYPICAL SEALING GROUND AMONG THE ISLANDS OFF THE WEST COAST OF SCOTLAND, AS DESCRIBED BY MR. PEEL.  
*From a Photo.*

7ft. 1in. from tip of nose to end of tail; but specimens have been recorded of upwards of 9ft. Seals produce one at a birth, and the young are carried on the backs of the females.

The one-year-old seals are of a dirty yellow-white, and are sometimes left on the rocks high and dry by the tide. They can then be approached easily, and I have stroked one with my hand as it sat on the rock emitting a sort of grunting roar, but apparently too frightened to move. On going away and hiding behind a bank the animal jerked itself along the rocks and finally disappeared into the sea.

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Seals are very inquisitive animals, and will frequently follow a boat for miles. One came so close to my boat that I clubbed it on the head with an oar. It then behaved in a most extraordinary manner, rolling over and over in the water. It eventually recovered and swam away as if nothing out of the common had happened.

Seals are most common, and breed in large quantities on many of the outer islands off the west coast of Scotland. They afford excellent stalking, and are, as a rule, as difficult to get near as red deer. When shot in the water they



THE AUTHOR LAUNCHES THE BOAT TO GO SEALING.  
*From a Photo.*

almost invariably sink, so that a long pole with a gaff tied on to the end of it should always be carried in the boat. If killed in shallow water the place where the animal sank can be found by the oil on the surface of the water, and the seal itself is easily brought to the surface with the gaff.

When two or three have been shot the sportsman may well leave these harmless and picturesque creatures alone. But at the mouths of sea-trout and salmon rivers the seals are anything but harmless, as they make away with an incredible number of fish, so that there it is excusable to



AN AWKWARD PLACE ENCOUNTERED WHILE STALKING SEALS.  
*From a Photo.*



*From a Photo.* A LAST LOOK ROUND TO SEE THAT ALL IS READY. *[Photo.]*

shoot a few, for it will help to drive the rest away and leave the fish to run up in peace for the time being.

I had one exciting stalk after seals which I shall always remember.

We had rowed the boat to an island, and landing, I crawled to the top of a bank of heather, from which I could spy the surrounding rocks. I soon found some seals lying basking in the sun on some rocks just uncovered by the sea. They appeared to be on a narrow

promontory of the island on which I was seated. Cautiously disappearing down the bank, I walked round the rocky shore towards them, carrying my rifle and camera. But, alas! when I got round I found that the seals lay upon a long, thin island separated by a channel from the island upon which I was. I could not see the seals now, as they were hidden from me by a rock, but I knew that if I could but get to that rock a photograph, and perhaps a seal, would be mine.

I tried the water in the channel, it reached but to my knees. I did not relish a long row home in wet clothes, but the opportunity of getting a seal was so good, I thought I must risk it. I made a bad start on the slippery sea-weed, however, and all but overbalanced. The water in the channel grew deeper and deeper as I waded in, but the footing got better as I left

get nearer. By dint of much wiggling I got within thirty yards of them and took a photograph. They still slept on. I must get nearer still, although I was in full view of them. There was a little precipice to descend, and I should reach a sheltering rock barely twelve yards from them. I thought I must try to reach it at all costs. Watching the opportunity, when all their



"A BIG BULL SEAL (ON THE ROCK TO THE LEFT) WITH A VERY GREY COAT STARED STRAIGHT AT ME."  
*From a Photo.*

the rocks. I had fully a hundred yards to go. The water was presently up to my waist. All at once I put my foot down into a hole, and in a second I was up to my arm-pits. I was obliged to hold my rifle and camera high up in the air to keep them out of the water. In this depth I waded for about five yards, when I evidently began to go up a bank, for the water grew more and more shallow. At length I reached the island. I crawled now on hands and knees, dripping with water, until I had all but reached the summit of the rock. There I rested for a second, as I was panting with excitement. Would the seals still be there? With the utmost caution I peered over the ledge of rock, and, to my intense relief, I found seven seals still lying there undisturbed below me. But what a distance for a photograph! I must try to

heads were turned, I grasped some long heather and slowly, inch by inch, let myself down the precipice, my camera, slung on my shoulder, lying in front of me. Just as I was half-way down the bank a big bull seal with a very grey

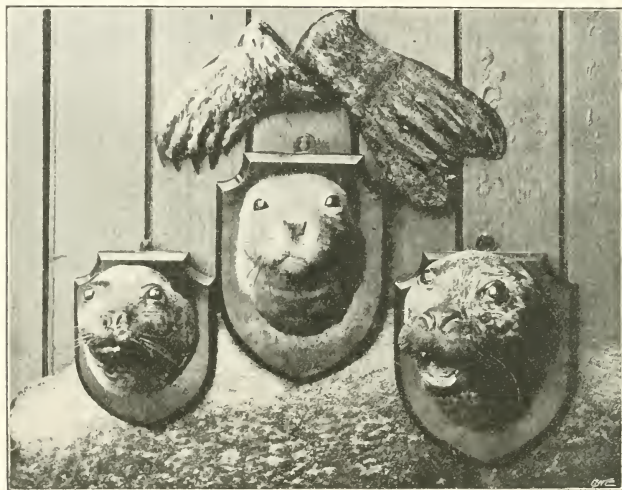


*From a* INVESTIGATING A NEWLY-ACQUIRED TROPHY AFTER A HARD DAY. *[Photo.*

coat stared straight at me. I felt I was beginning to slip, and would fall with a crash to the bottom, but I convulsively clutched at another bunch of heather, which happily held, and then I slid out of sight. I then had a short crawl to reach the rock, which I knew could not be more than twelve yards from the seals. How my heart thumped against my ribs with excitement! I could not make up my mind which to put up over the rock first—my head, my rifle, or my camera. At last up went the camera, an inch at a time, slowly followed by my head. There was the same old grey seal staring me in the face, and the others had not

lay as still as a mouse. The remaining seals watched him swim away, but showed no signs of following. When I had taken some more photographs I bethought me of my rifle, but I could not find it in my heart to shoot at these animals, which had afforded me so much pleasure and amusement; so I lay and watched them. All at once, however, they got my wind, and one by one dived into the sea.

I got up to find the island half the size it was when I first reached it. I had been so long watching the seals that I had quite forgotten that the tide was coming in fast. I climbed up on to the heather once more and shouted.



*From a*

SEAL HEADS AND FLIPPERS FROM MR. FEEL'S COLLECTION.

*[Photo.*

moved. I dare not put my head high enough to look into the finder, but was obliged to aim the camera at the seals as I would a rifle. Click went the shutter, and all the seals jumped visibly. I could not help laughing; the animals were so absurdly close. The next thing was to turn the key of the camera for another exposure. Click went the shutter again, and again all the seals jumped, and, turning round, they all gazed steadily at me. I chuckled audibly. This was too much for one of the seals, and he slowly dived into the water. I

Not a sound could I hear in response. I shouted again, but all in vain. I was beginning to get cold now that the excitement of the seal-hunt was over. Suddenly I bethought myself of my rifle. Bang it went, and up into the air flew the bullet. I waited a few minutes, and then heard the welcome splash of oars. Shortly afterwards round the island came the boat, and right glad I was to get into it and take a hand at an oar to warm myself. My ghillies said they were sorry I had got no seal but inwardly I was rather glad.

## Mystery Plays in the West Indies.

By DOROTHY HARDING.

All about the curious way in which the West Indian negroes' love of finery, singing, dancing, and general uproar manifests itself at least once a year. These displays may be said to be the negroes' theatre with native strolling players. The authoress has lived for years in the West Indian Islands.



THE West Indian negro has two national amusements, and two only, of which he can truthfully say, like the knight in "Alice in Wonderland," that they are "an invention of his own."

The first of these is the mysterious Jumbi Dance, which is strictly pagan in its origin, and may be traced back to those primæval days when the religion, the gin, and the cheap cotton goods of the white man were alike unknown to the African savage, and when his idea of the whole duty of man consisted in clubbing his enemy on the head first, and eating him afterwards. Two centuries of close association with Christianity and civilization have only served to dilute, not to eradicate, his original belief in Obeah and Fetish; and it is doubtful if the Jumbi Dance of to-day—which is in reality a sort of second-hand spiritualistic *séance*—differs very largely from the heathenish rite performed hundreds of years ago by his ancestors in the wilds of Africa.

Their one other original festivity is the exact antithesis of this semi-barbaric function, being plainly traceable to a Christian source, and is, in fact, the species of Mystery Play which forms such a striking feature of the Christmas masquerades of these negroes.

That they should have hit upon a masquerade as the best means of celebrating the great Christian festival is in no way remarkable, for it enables them to gratify at one and the same time their childish love of "dressing up" and their passion for music and dancing. But that a race so noticeably lacking in the power of initiation should have evolved the idea of acting the Bible stories, very much as they were acted by the monks of old for the instruction of an ignorant laity, is, to say the least of it, somewhat surprising.

It may safely be said that the negro is never too tired to dance and never too downhearted to sing; but it is only at Christmas time that

he indulges publicly in these amusements for the benefit of the "buccra."

Regularly every year the black portion of the community gets permission from the commissioner, administrator, or whatever polysyllabic dignitary happens to be at the head of affairs in each separate island, to let themselves loose on society in the approved fashion; and they forthwith throw themselves body and soul into the enjoyment of the hour.

For weeks beforehand they are busy rehearsing their parts and preparing stage properties, such as masks, head-dresses, costumes, stilts, etc., but it is not until the last stroke of midnight on Christmas Eve that the fun begins. That is to say, the fun from their point of view—not from that of the unfortunate audience.

The probability is that you are just in the middle of your first sweet slumber when you are awakened by what you at first imagine to be the sound of "the last trump's awful din." There is considerable excuse for the mistake. Try to fancy the effect produced by a simultaneous blast, each in a different key, from a few dozen conch shells, concertinas, tin cans, fiddles, penny whistles, tambourines, and drums, and if your imagination is strong enough to picture that much you will be able to gain a fairly good idea of what the hideous uproar is like.

All night long this pandemonium continues, gathering force every hour, and the weary watcher can do nothing but tie a wet towel round his head and, like the shipwrecked apostles, "wish for day."

These revels last for a fortnight or more, and not only is the non-combatant expected to bear them with an outward semblance of enjoyment, but, to add insult to injury, "backshish" is continually demanded of him by the performers, who make it their guiding principle to get as drunk as their resources will permit—which, by the way, with native rum at tenpence the bottle, is very drunk indeed.



LITTLE DAVID (IN A SAILOR'S BLOUSE) HURLS THE PEBBLE AT GOLIATH (IN A CRETONNE COAT AND HIDEOUS MASK).  
From a Photo.

The mummers are divided into two classes — those who act set-pieces, such as the "David and Goliath" and "Mongoose" plays depicted in the first and second photographs, and those who merely dance and "kyact" for the enter-

tainment of the onlooker. In the first illustration the photographer has caught the youthful champion of the Israelites, dressed in a sailor's blouse, white cotton trousers, and having his face concealed by a mask. This person skirmishes around on stilts, and finds himself admirably suited to his part, which consists in making himself a general nuisance to all parties.



THE GAY AND ANIMATED MONGOOSE PLAY WHICH IS PECULIAR TO THE ISLAND OF ST. KITTS.  
From a Photo.

tainment of the onlooker. The third picture represents a mock "Jumbi," that is to say, an imitation departed spirit; this rôle being taken

In the first illustration the photographer has caught the youthful champion of the Israelites, dressed in a sailor's blouse, white cotton trousers, and having his face concealed by a mask. This person skirmishes around on stilts, and finds himself admirably suited to his part, which consists in making himself a general nuisance to all parties.

and hat of unknown design, in the act of hurling the deadly pebble at the forehead of the Philistine giant, who, clad in a gaily flowered cretonne coat, crush hat, and hideous mask, is waiting to receive his death-blow with calm philosophy.

On the extreme left may be seen the Israelitish king, with arms outstretched, delivering an impassioned address to his warriors. The historical accuracy of his costume is, I am bound to say, somewhat impaired by the fact that his breastplate, which has slipped down rather low, is made out of the cover of a Keen's blue-box.

To enable the reader to understand the second illustration it is necessary to explain that each island localizes its own performances much in the same way that a London pantomime has to be adapted to suit the needs of a provincial town. The "Mongoose Play," which is peculiar to "St. Kitts," furnishes an excellent instance of this fact.

Some years ago that island was infested with snakes and rats, and the mongoose was imported to exterminate them, which it did; but not satisfied with leaving well alone it next turned its attention to the poultry—a contingency for which the Kitifonians were by no means prepared.

They have now come to the sorrowful conclusion that the remedy is considerably worse

than the disease, and hence the play, which is evidently undertaken with the object of waging deadly war against these destructive little animals.

In looking at this group of fiercely scowling negroes, with their savage get-up and their mimic weapons, it does not need a very long stretch of the imagination to fancy that they are back in their native Africa, with every trace of civilization effaced, and giving themselves up heart and soul to the enjoyment of some wild death-dance or cannibal feast. The masqueraders are strolling players pure and simple, but, besides obstructing all the principal thoroughfares with their antics, they delight in giving special private performances in the gardens of the white people, and to a stranger the spectacle they present is both picturesque and interesting.

The spirited music, the bright colours of the dresses, the glitter of tinsel and spangles in

the brilliant sunlight, and the lithe, swiftly-darting figures of the dancers—not dancing in the languid, slip-shod fashion so often seen in English ball-rooms, but with a passionate, sensual delight in every graceful bend and twirl—all this, set off against a background of rustling palms and gorgeous tropical shrubs, goes to make up a picture not easily to be surpassed for quaintness of design or vividness of colouring.



THE MASKED NEGRO ON STILTS REPRESENTS A MOCK "JUMBI"  
 FROM A  
 OR DEPARTED SPIRIT. (Photo.)



MY

STRUGGLE

WITH

A DESERTER

BY EDWARD DALY.

The deserter was imprisoned in one of the prisoners' rooms at Shorncliffe, and responsible for his safe-keeping was Corporal Stone, the author's friend, who was shortly expecting his "third stripe." The prisoner escaped, having torn the window-bars out of their worm-eaten sockets. The chase, the running to earth in the lonely shed, the resulting struggle, and the recapture of the deserter make up an interesting narrative.



THE incident I am about to relate happened fourteen years ago, when I was a trooper in Her Majesty's—th Hussars, then stationed at Shorncliffe Camp. The principal characters in the narrative have long since quitted military life, therefore I have no scruples in divulging what was once a carefully-guarded secret.

Corporal Stone, myself, and two other troopers were on main guard, and locked in the prisoners' room was rather a formidable character named Barton, a tall, muscular fellow, whose drunken habits and quarrelsome disposition had earned him an unenviable notoriety in the regiment. He had been a deserter for about two months, and three days before we mounted guard he had been arrested at the instigation of a recruiting-sergeant in a north-country town.

I had come off sentry at midnight, and when we had inspected the "cage" at that hour the prisoner was curled up on the bench that served the purpose of a bedstead, with his blankets wrapped about him, to all appearance in a sound sleep. To our amazement, however, at 1.45 we discovered he was gone, and I was made acquainted with that fact by Corporal Stone, who pulled me clean off the "guard rest," where I had thrown myself—a proceeding only excusable by his frantic condition and the extreme circumstances of the case.

"He's gone—escaped, and we shall be court-martialled," groaned poor Stone. "And I am expecting the third stripe only next week, as you know. I shall be ruined, curse him," and he groaned again.

It was January, and had been snowing hard all the previous day, the wind driving the snow in great banks round the old guard-hut. At midnight, when I was relieved and had turned in to snatch the welcome four hours' sleep before my turn again arrived for "sentry-go," the blizzard raged with tremendous fury. Now, however, at 2 a.m. we could see a brilliant moon come and go, as great black masses of broken clouds glided away beneath it. The storm had exhausted itself and, except for a few straggling flakes, the snow had ceased to fall.

"How did he escape?" I exclaimed, as I hastily caught up my carbine.

"Oh, wrenched the bars out of their sockets—from the windows," replied Stone, in a despairing voice.

"How long a start has he got?" I asked; "for if we act at once we may catch him before anyone hears of it. It is certain he can't have got far in this weather."

I turned into the cell and found it just as Stone had described. Our regimental guard-room was one of the many huts wherein the bulk of the soldiers were at that time quartered. I believe the camp is very little altered even



now, and when I say it is situated on the cliffs of one of the southern counties most people who peruse these lines will be able to locate Shorncliffe. Obsolete, rotten old ramshackles our quarters were, full of cracks and crevices through which the wind whistled and roared merrily. Rotten old ramshackles, I repeat, but for me full of history and many things I like to remember.

The condition of the guard-room was on a par with the rest, so that a powerful man like the deserter found his strength easily equal to tearing the bars out of their worm-eaten sockets and making good his escape; no doubt the noise of the gale, too, prevented the sentry from hearing anything unusual.

We made our way to the rear of the hut where the cell-window looked out across the parade ground to the open country beyond. "See," exclaimed Stone, suddenly, pointing to the ground. "There's his trail sure enough; and, what's more, it is quite fresh. Why, he can barely be out of camp yet, as the snowing has only just stopped. Hang the brute—we'll have him yet. Come, Daly," and he rushed excitedly into the guard-room.

"Here! take these," he exclaimed, as he hurriedly pushed a couple of rounds of ball cartridge into my hand. "You had better go alone, old man; I dare not let more than one go. If he shows fight, take no nonsense, but knock him on the head or shoot him."

Now, Corporal Stone was my own particular chum; we had enlisted together at St. George's, and by a stroke of luck had been told off to the same troop. His superior natural abilities and aptitude for excelling in soldiering had soon gained him his two stripes, and when he was made full corporal and transferred to another troop his promotion in no way lessened the friendship between us. But now, almost on the eve of his being made sergeant, a deserter must needs escape from his charge; truly his fate read more like "break" than "make." One

point was in his favour, though. The orderly officer had made his usual visiting rounds before midnight, so that we still had a few hours before us in which we might effect a capture and thus stave off disgrace.

Straight across the parade-ground went the trail of the fugitive, and then it turned off into the main road that led through the camp. Hurriedly I plodded on past the long rows of silent huts, fearful lest some restless Provost or equally meddlesome person should be prowling about. Finally the last barrack-room was passed, and the impressions left by the deserter's footsteps then skirted the riding-school and struck into the lane beyond. Down this lane I doubled as fast as a man could double in two feet of snow, with a heavy cloak round him.

Suddenly the idea of being ambushed crossed my mind, and I slackened down to a walk, knowing it was necessary for the success of my mission that I should exercise caution and temper my zeal with discretion.

True, I was armed, but it would not do for me to blunder upon Barton unawares, as I should do in my anxiety and haste if he happened to have caught sight of me tracking him. Once in his clutches I should have scant opportunity to "shoot him" or "knock him on the head," either.

Therefore I advanced cautiously, all my faculties strained to the utmost in order to guard against surprise. Suddenly I paused, and then stopped dead. The trail, which had hitherto been directly in the centre of the road, now turned off abruptly into the field adjoining, and a few yards farther on entered the half-open door of a shed.

For a few seconds I stood staring at the dark gap of the doorway, the entrance showing black and gloomy amid the glaring whiteness of the snow around. A few seconds only, and then I advanced to the threshold and, throwing wide the door, called the deserter by name. To my surprise, I received no reply. I repeated the



A PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR, TAKEN ABOUT THE TIME OF THE OCCURRENCE.

From a Photo. by W. Perry, Sandgate.

summons, intimating that it would be as well for him to surrender quietly and accompany me back to the guard-room.

As these blustering commands remained unanswered I began to wonder whether my man was really in the shed at all! Perhaps he had only rested there a few minutes and then left by another door, probably at the back. I stepped around to the rear to ascertain if my suspicion was correct. But, no, there was no exit there. Barton was evidently "treed," and was waiting in silence for the dénouement.

I shouted again through the open doorway, straining my eyes in a vain endeavour to pierce the gloom beyond, and hoping to get a glimpse of the fugitive.

Could it be possible, I thought, as fresh doubts assailed me again, that I had struck another trail and——but, no, that could not be: the track led distinctly from the cell-window to the spot where I now stood. But my theories were suddenly and rudely interrupted. With an irresistible wrench the carbine was dashed from my grasp, and out of the darkness two hands snatched at my throat and pulled me with a crash to the ground.

"So you thought I had better go back with you and take my gruel quietly, eh?" growled a voice I at once recognised. "Much obliged, I'm sure, but no more soldiering for me if I can help it. As I've got so far, I mean getting clear away, and I'll take precious good care they don't nab me again. Keep quiet, will you? If you don't, I shall have to finish you outright."

These last sentences were provoked by a spasmodic effort on my part to throw him off my chest; but he had got me too firmly by the throat and with all his weight pressed into my body. So I had, perforce, to lay quiet and await his next move, which was not long coming. He sprang backward from where I lay, snatching up my gun as he did so, and, swinging it round his head, placed himself in an attitude to strike.

"Now, Trooper Daly," he sneered, "I think the tables are turned. Just you stay where you are at present and don't try any tricks or yell out, or I'll try the butt of this Martini-Henry on your thick skull. But hold hard, though—perhaps you had better shift inside a little more. Make yourself comfortable on that pile of bricks while I strike a light and see how things are going on." And, as he spoke, Barton swung the carbine threateningly before me.

Mechanically I obeyed, and dumbly sat down on the heap of bricks and rubbish at the other end of the shed, giving myself up to rueful and angry reflection. Bitterly I cursed my folly, to think I had been tricked so easily. 'Twas all

up now, though; I had failed—dismally failed. Visions of Corporal Stone and his despair as the time flew by without our return—the exposure, the court-martial, and all. In the spirit I shared with him at that moment all the mortification of censure and disgrace. My teeth grated as these thoughts coursed through my mind, and my heart swelled with rage against the brute who had betrayed us—even though he had followed a perfectly natural instinct.

Presently a match blazed, and I saw the deserter stand a candle on a small shelf in the opposite corner of the hut, carefully eyeing me at the same time, lest I should make any attempt to recover my lost ground. With the advent of a light I discovered the old structure had evidently been used for various purposes, as was shown by the heap of bricks, the barrow, plough, etc., at one end, and an old rickety manger, with four feet of chain and a head-collar, at the other.

After he had settled the candle firmly and closed the door Barton's movements quickened. Still keeping a wary eye on me, he backed up to the manger. Then with one hand grasping the carbine and the other feeling in the manger, he drew out a rather bulky package and sidled back to the door. He next took hold of one edge of the coarse sacking that inclosed the parcel, and shook the contents on to the floor.

I almost started up as he did so. A suit of civilian clothes, with boots and hat complete! It was not so much that a deserter should be shedding his uniform for a less conspicuous dress that amazed me, but the fact that Barton had only been back with his regiment three days, and during that time had been under strict surveillance and lock and key. And yet he escaped at about 2 a.m., went direct to a deserted shed a mile distant from the guard-room, and found that which he evidently expected to find—a suit of plain clothes in the manger. All this, of course, pointed to a confederate—but who? and how? and where?

He grinned as he noted my amazement, and, as if he divined my thoughts, he said, viciously: "Like to know how I got these, I suppose, eh? Sorry to disappoint you, but I really can't tell you now. Nice suit, ain't it? Trousers rather short, but that's only fashionable this weather." He was now quickly getting out of his regimentals, resting the carbine against the side of the hut when both hands were absolutely necessary for his purpose, but instantly laying a hand on it when this was not so necessary.

In two minutes the transformation was complete, and as he straightened himself out and advanced a few paces towards me the flickering light of the candle showed the savage exultation gleaming on his evil face. It was a

look which maddened me and caused me to spring to my feet, though in an instant the gun was swinging up with a menacing gesture.

"Now listen to me, friend Daly," said Barton, grimly. "It wouldn't do me any good to knock your ugly head off, but if you mean to be noisy I shall have to let drive. I am going now, and want to leave you nice and comfortable before I turn the key on the outside. I shall leave you the candle—there's a good two hours' light in it yet. When it goes out you will have the consolation of knowing that you are dished after all. I reckon by that time I shall be a mile or two away from this cursed camp with a few pals who will put me by for a time until I can get somewhere where you can bet dollars. Her Majesty's military don't take me again."

He was backing towards the door as he finished speaking—slowly, too, as if he enjoyed my chagrin and wished to prolong it.

As for me, I sank back into my former position, misery and rage preventing me replying to his taunt. The instant I was seated again my hand scraped along the hard, rasping surface of a brick, and the impact instantaneously flashed a wild idea to my brain, and caused me to thrill again with a new hope. I rose up, grasping the brick close to my body, and, with the desperate energy of a last resource, braced myself for the struggle.

"What are you going to do with my carbine, Barton?" I asked: "surely you will leave that outside before you go?"

"Not a bit of it," he replied, savagely. "I may want that before I reach the town. If I don't, I shall drop it somewhere where it won't be easily found. At any rate, you will have a new gun to pay for, and that will serve you right for your cheek in coming after me." And he made as though to go.

"Before you reach the town," I repeated, slowly, drawing a step nearer.

"Yes, before I reach the town," he retorted, and hardly were the words out of his mouth than with a yell I sprang forward and dashed the brick with all my strength against his head.

My aim was untrue. The huge missile just grazed the side of his face, sufficient only to cause pain.

With a vicious snarl he bounded forward and dealt a terrific blow at my head with the butt of the carbine. I just managed to avoid this by springing aside, and then I closed with him before he could raise the weapon to strike again.

It was only sheer desperation and the total absence of any alternative that induced me to grapple with an adversary such as Barton, who was immensely superior to me in height, reach, and physical power.

Backward and forward we reeled and staggered, and then, finding the carbine an impediment to the free use of both hands at such close quarters, my antagonist dropped it and rained a shower of blows on the top of my head. These, however, were somewhat nullified by my face being pressed tightly against his body.

He succeeded at last in forcing his hands down and grasping me by the throat, which he pressed and pressed until the objects, dimly out-



"I CAUGHT BOTH HIS ARMS, HE COULD RAISE THE WEAPON TO STRIKE AGAIN."

lined by the candle, all seemed to merge into a dancing blood-red haze. Just as I knew consciousness was leaving me we stumbled and fell, he undermost. His head struck the iron haft of an overturned reaping machine, and he lay still and quiet all at once. I remember rolling a few feet from where he lay, until my blurred vision was fixed among the rafters in the roof of the shed. There I lay, dazed and stupid, for a few minutes, until my brain grew clearer and objects around resumed their normal shape.

Turning over on my side and glaring through the half-open door, my eyes were gladdened by the sight of a figure hurrying with all speed toward the shed. A few moments later I was telling Corporal Stone of my adventure, though he was too glad to see Burton's inanimate figure and too anxious to get him back to the guard-room to pay much attention to details or to me.

While we were discussing the means and methods of getting the deserter to the guard-room he suddenly sat up and glared wildly around. When he saw Stone and myself ready to receive him (and I had recovered possession of my gun), he stood up with an oath and prepared to resume hostilities. But he had reckoned without the damage done to himself by the fall. He presently reeled and sat down on the machine which had contributed so much to his defeat. Presently a hand wandered to the back of his head, and when he withdrew it and saw the great blood-smudge, red and shining, he smiled grimly, remarking the luck was on my side.

Nothing, however, would induce him to walk back with us; he absolutely refused to budge an inch, sullenly remarking that if we wanted to get him there we must carry him.

Without more ado we tied his uniform into a bundle and, Stone shouldering the upper part of his body and I supporting his legs, we trudged back through the snow. We dropped him at last upon the bench in the corner where I had last seen him before his escape, and this time we took care to prevent, during the few remaining hours that must elapse before the guard was changed, any further attempt to bring disaster upon our heads. We repaired the window as well as we could, and Stone himself stood with the cell-door open, determined not to lose sight of the prisoner



"WE TRUDGED BACK THROUGH THE SNOW."

until he was handed over to the relieving corporal.

During the interval we tried to get Barton to explain about the suit of civilian's clothes (which we took from him when we got back and forced him into his uniform again), but all to no purpose. He maintained a dogged silence, absolutely refusing any information. We knew he would not divulge to anyone his attempt to get away, and we left it to him to explain, if he should be called upon, the wound at the back of his head.

However, I am glad to say nothing unpleasant resulted. Corporal Stone obtained his coveted third stripe a few days later, and Barton his fifty-six days' imprisonment — the usual reward for desertion.

## Mr. Pratt's Adventures in China.

WITH DIGRESSIONS FROM THE YANG TSE

BY P. D. KENNY.

"Wide World" readers are already familiar with Mr. Pratt and his adventures. Mr. A. E. Pratt is one of the ablest natural history collectors living. The collections which he recently brought home are worth many thousands sterling, and are now represented in many places on both sides of the Atlantic. For his geographical work on the Upper Yang-tse and his Royal Society paper he was made Gill Memorialist. His interesting work has taken him into some of the wildest parts of the earth.



STOPPING and skipping over 10,000 miles and four years, stopping here, glancing there, and hurrying everywhere, our last article could but indicate the nature of the subject; this article attempts to make one of the rough sketches into a completer picture, with 1,000 miles of the Yang-tse for a centre, and with some incursions into its background of murder, mystery, and adventure. The various routes traced are either on the borders of European intercourse or outside it.

Sailing on the Lower Yang-tse is a luxuriously European business, and therefore uninteresting to the reader. But Pratt made journeys from the river, and some of them ought to be recorded—for instance, the following experiences with two of his men, Wong and "Split-Jaw," at Kiu-Kiang, where he spent some months collecting.

Wong was a particularly bright Celestial. When Pratt first offered him so much per head for terrible snakes, alive, he thought the "foreign devil" had gone mad; but in time he came to approve the possible insanity, seeing that he could make a nice income out of it. He was just the man to catch snakes, but there were limits to his perfection in other respects. Much as he had been puzzled by a presumably sane man wanting live reptiles, he was still more puzzled to find a limit to the number required. "If it be good to seek snakes at all," he argued, "it must be still better to get the largest possible number"; and accordingly he anticipated cart-loads and untold wealth. Meantime the naturalist wanted no more than a few of any given variety. This he explained repeatedly, but Wong went on accumulating unnecessary snakes; and Pratt went on repeatedly protesting. The arrangement, however, could not go on indefinitely, and Wong was not to be converted from his superior Eastern wisdom by a mere "mad," white-faced lover of poisonous snakes.

At last Pratt had to say, "I tell you definitely, once for all, that I'll not pay another cent for snakes of this kind. I have too many of these already, and I must have new kinds or none." Wong could not see why new kinds of snakes should be of more value than familiar kinds, and next day he arrived with another large

collection of the old sort. Pratt refused to pay. Wong was greatly annoyed, regarding the refusal as a perverse attempt to deprive him of his legitimate earnings. He would argue the point, but finding Pratt unarguable, he flung the snakes among his white master's young children.

The snakes were Wong's "Boxers," and he let them loose when he found that he could no longer negotiate entirely to his own taste. That is one side of the native character; but there is another. "Split-Jaw" rushed in, at the great risk of his life, and saved the white man's children.

There was some danger of Wong now organizing a local rising to assert his national rights by forcing unlimited snakes on Pratt, but he evidently failed to inspire the populace with a sense of the greatness and justice of his cause; for though threats and oaths were numerous, no actual rebellion took place, and Wong retired into private life. The incident throws some light on at least two aspects of the Chinese character, and on more than two aspects of the European's difficulty in dealing with it. So does the following incident—but with more credit to China.

It would be a pity to drop our friend "Split-Jaw" with that mere mention of his genuine loyalty and heroism. After that he very properly became something of a personage in the household, enjoying much confidence, not only as family cook, but also in various other capacities. There were at least a few Western ideas in the kitchen, represented by our ordinary cooking utensils and other concrete things, which attracted the whole population of the place, who persisted in staring at the arrangements and even fingering the family dinner. This was not very inviting, in view of the toilet habits of that particular population, and Mrs. Pratt had to give orders that no natives were to be allowed into the kitchen. In giving effect to her wish, "Split-Jaw" was as prompt and manly as in the snake adventure, but his official refusal of public hospitality in a private kitchen became a great public grievance to the Lu-Shans.

They thought it bad enough to be turned out of the kitchen, but far worse to be so treated by a "foreign devil's" servant. To make matters worse, "Split-Jaw" was a Nankin man,



THESE ARE SOME OF THE NATIVES, BIG AND LITTLE, WHICH MR. PRATT EMPLOYED AS COLLECTORS OF NATURAL HISTORY SPECIMENS IN CHINA. [Photo.]

and Lu-Shan had its provincial prejudices. Worst of all, "Split-Jaw" had committed the crime of rescuing the "foreign devil's" children from the reptiles.

In this complexity of offended patriotism and parochial fury the natives rose against "Split-Jaw" like one man—not in the open manner of European rebels, but with all the silent secrecy and studious cruelty of the East. It was not enough to kill him; they must get possession of him and measure out his agony to the length of his manifold offences. There were various theories as to his appropriate fate and the manner of his murder. The place did not afford the established process by boiling oil; but at least he could be scalded in a tank or slowly roasted on a fire of material that would give the roasting an accompaniment of offensive smells. While the plans matured an ominous silence fell on the district. Pratt was pleased with the apparent good temper in which the natives had taken their ejection, and Mrs. Pratt was delighted to have her kitchen once more run as a private enterprise.

"Split-Jaw" was a better judge of the calm. It set him inquiring, and he was not long in getting to know something about it. Nor was he a moment too soon. Only within a few hours of the time fixed for his capture did he become aware of the final plans. It was then nearly night. He could do nothing until dark, so he went about his work to all appearances as silently and calmly as his enemies. Under the cover of night, without saying a word to his

employers, he stole out of the house and escaped to the mountains, with no clothes but those he wore and no known means to get over the hundreds of miles to his home in Nankin. Why did he not tell Pratt? Pratt himself does not know. Why did the natives develop such desperate thoughts and purposes from such apparently trivial provocation and causes? Pratt refuses to theorize, and his only comment is, "The East is not the West."

At Hosai, a little more than 100 miles below I-chang, Pratt landed for an expedition into the interior. It was not a long expedition, but it was very lively. His chief

desire was to examine that region from his naturalist's point of view, but the results were much more human. Having secured an inconveniently encouraging guide from Sha-shih, he explained to him that he wanted to commune with Nature, and the guide caught the spirit of the thing to such perfection that he at once proceeded to make immense improvements on Nature, inventing the most wonderful lakes and the rarest birds that ever yet delighted the heart of the naturalist-explorer. With such circumstantial insight and artistic restraint did he manage his imagination that Pratt began to think he was going to realize the dream of his life.

On those excellent terms they travelled together for thirteen miles, accompanied by a coolie to carry the "unique specimens" that were going to excite the London collectors and immortalize the barbaric background of modest Hosai. On the way they had excited extraordinary attention, which, showing that Europeans were unknown there, tended also to confirm the reality of the guide's visions. The conclusion was supported rather than weakened by the natives presently turning very hostile, gathering round them in screaming hundreds, and threatening at every step to take their lives. All this was as nothing to Pratt, in view of the possibility of sending home to London a new thing in birds or beetles, and he went forward in true British indifference to the clamour until a stone, hitting him violently on the shoulder, reminded him of the fact that he was in the interior of China.



THE NATIVES CAPTURED THOSE OF NAKA-SHI (LATER) THREATENED AT KERRY STREET TO TAKE THEIR LAK.

They had now arrived at the village where the guide was to produce his wonderful lake, but the visions refused to materialize, and the minutest examination of the landscape failed to reveal any lake whatever, or, indeed, water of any kind. There was, however, an immense quantity of mud, which was hurled at the explorer's head by hundreds of ready hands, all actuated by the most convincing unanimity. Profanity and obscenity came even more thickly than mud, though with less marked effect.

Thus environed in mud, blasphemy, and fraud, and seeing no immediate prospect for natural history, Pratt wanted to know the best way back to the Yang-tse, and the guide proposed a new route—he was always for new ideas. The new idea was to go forward to another village, four miles away, and find a boat there, going back by a new route to the Yang-tse, and thereby evading the increased attention that would surely await them on the old route, where the people had no doubt formed all sorts of queer theories by this time

as to the strangers' purpose among them.

Arriving at the selected village (which was really there) they found every form of hostility further intensified, even the quality of the mud being more objectionable. While the guide looked about for the expected boat Pratt looked about for the expected river, but neither boat nor river could either of them find, and the guide refused to be in the least disconcerted by his having promised boats where he knew there was no water to carry them. While they both discussed these things the attentions of the mob became more and more violent. Natural history had now ceased to be interesting.

The coolie who carried Pratt's collecting tackle thought this a suitable stage to introduce a disturbing element of his own. He had received his pay for the return journey, according to the Chinese custom, and, seeing that his master was not exactly popular, he decided to stick to the pay and refuse the duties. An exorbitant rate appeared to secure a new coolie, but, having got the whole money in his pocket, he refused to start unless it was doubled. It was doubled, and, having got the double pay in his pocket, he went a short distance and then ran away, leaving the travellers and their baggage in the mud. By similar bargaining and by a similar process of financial progression a third coolie was persuaded to serve for the remainder of the journey, and the traveller once more reached his own boat on the Yang-tse, having added considerably to his experience of the native character.

One day Pratt's boat got on a rock in the Yang-tse, and one of his men, trying to get it off, set his bamboo pole on a rock and began to push. The pole slipped and the man went headlong into a current that swept him rapidly down the river. The rest of the crew looked on in orthodox indifference, watching Heaven's will in

course of realization. So did crowds of other natives who happened to be lounging about the beach. The Englishman was the only one there who was in any way concerned to save the Chinaman's life, and the natives were greatly astonished that he should take any such trouble.

The man in the water, however, did not seem to approve the popular theology very much; for, a fine swimmer, he fought bravely for his life, repeatedly steering into line with a visible rock ahead, only to be repeatedly hurled away from it or sucked far below the surface by the whirlpools that raged everywhere around. At length, battered, bleeding, and weakened nearly to death, he managed to grab at a friendly rock and crawl to its surface, where Pratt found him, unconscious. This was among the rapids and whirlpools above I-chang, in which the first of the German pioneering steamers was recently lost.

On another occasion, off the Chinese coast, Pratt saw a cargo of Chinese coolies shipped for work in the plantations of Singapore. As usual, each man had to be paid before starting, and one, having secured the money, took a "header" from the big steamer and struck out for his life. The shore was over a mile away. The way was bad, but unusually free from traffic. An old woman in a boat saw him jump, and, finding him steering in her direction, she immediately averted her face and steered away from him, lest she should interfere in the arrangements of Providence by doing anything to save the fellow's life. They last saw him from the steamer battling among the waves, but they never knew whether he reached the shore.

Here is yet another of the many adventures in which Pratt so nearly lost his life. He had come back to I-chang from one of his trips on the Tibetan border, and anchored in the Yang-tse before I-chang, having on board many strange things, including birds from Ta-tsen-lu that were unknown here, and one of those fierce Tibetan dogs that are kept by the Lamas to attack Christians and other strangers.

This dog alone was enough to make a great and not too pleasant reputation for Pratt's queer cargo. He was an enormous brute, nearly as big as an ass, and so savage that none but Pratt himself dared have anything to do with him. He was a present from Mr. Rockhill, however, and the receiver, though regarding him as something of a white elephant, desired to treat with care such a rare gift from that distinguished explorer. Nor did the animal's reputation rest on appearances alone, for on the way down from his native mountains he had bitten a fair number of Chinamen, and those had not been long in I-chang before the dog's character had become very famous.

They had also given equally terrible accounts of other fierce things in the cargo, and before the boat had been at anchor six hours at I-chang the whole town was ringing with the devilish and monstrous fame of the collector's cargo.

As if all this were not enough, a report reached the town just then to the effect that a leopard had been seen outside the suburbs, and to perfect the coincidence it turned out to be perfectly true. Of course, they immediately concluded that the beast was one of a number let loose by the traveller to eat up the inhabitants of I-chang.

It was more than Pratt dared do to protest his innocence publicly. It would be taken as adding insult to injury, and he would most certainly be stoned to death, if not dispatched in some more objectionable manner. Had he not his boat in the river? Had he not a wild dog that had devoured men without number on the way from Tibet? Had he not fed the beast on the bodies of the men it had killed? Had he not members of his own crew with wounds to show how they had so narrowly escaped the same fate? Finally, was it not the fact that no leopard had been known near I-chang before Pratt had anchored there? There was no use attempting to deny that he meant to have I-chang eaten up by wild beasts.

While this state of terror existed in the town, and the fury rose higher against Pratt with every moment, a band of nomad huntsmen, who had cut off the leopard (it was a real leopard) from the neighbouring forests, were closely pressing him against the suburbs, believing that he would not venture into the streets, but would stand at bay beyond the outer buildings and give up his life to their prowess. But they did not rightly calculate the conduct of the leopard, who, to their great surprise and to the increased terror of the people, ran up one of the streets, with the inhabitants flying in terror.

Deferring the fate they intended for Pratt, the men organized themselves in bands against the leopard, while the women and children ran howling to the safest recesses of their houses. The huntsmen followed the leopard into the town and were soon lost among the rest of the people, who were busy defending the town against this strange form of siege by a foreign devil down from Tibet; and while they went this way and that after the leopard, they expected whole droves of other monsters to spring on them at every turn. To them it was a new kind of warfare, diabolical in all its bearings, and such as they had naturally to expect from Western ideas. The new tactics thus forced on them for the safety of the town left them no time to



go and kill Pratt just then. They had first to kill his wild beasts.

The valiant men of I-chang behaved with real bravery, fearlessly rushing again and again to close quarters with the infuriated leopard, though armed only with such things as they could pick up about their houses. While this went on Pratt got all particulars of it, and could not resist the temptation to take part in the battle. Of course he meant to take the field for China and against "his own" leopard; nevertheless, he had to be careful, since his allies would be certain to open his head with

in spite of the weapons, and leaving one brave Chinaman much mangled, to become a corpse soon after.

Pratt was soon on the scene, still incognito, and heard his own innocent name cursed in expert language to all eternity by the new-made widow; while her outraged neighbours joined in the mourning and in the blasphemy, declaring how soon Pratt would be as dead as her unfortunate husband.

That night, carefully disguised as a Chinese, and under the undisturbed cover of the darkness, Pratt stole out very quickly to his boat,



THE BRUTE LOOKED ROUND, SAW HIMSELF ENCIRCLED BY HATCHETS, AND THEN, WITH A FINAL ROAR, SPRANG AT THE OPPOSING LINES.

one of their hatchets the moment they recognised him. He assumed his Chinese costume, pig-tail and all, and joined the fray—for all practical purposes a good Chinaman.

After much manœuvring and rare courage on both sides the brute looked round, saw himself encircled by hatchets, and then, with a final roar, sprang at the opposing lines where he observed them weakest, quickly breaking them

headed for Shanghai, and lost no time in putting the greatest possible distance between himself and I-chang before the reviving dangers of daylight.

When, after his departure, the riots broke out at I-chang the rioters took care to make short work of such property as he had left behind in his hurry—for which, however, the Chinese Government have since had to pay.

## Odds and Ends.

"Breaking the Piñata" in Mexico—Women as Whale-Hunters in Shetland—How They Guard the Crops in India—The Eagle Dance of the Stick Indians—A Trip in a Kajawa—Portage Work on the Chilcat River—A Government Dispensary in the West Indies—The Napoleon of Mexico—A Field of Bermuda Lilies—Going to Market in Mexico—Cavalry Manceuvres at Sea—Fishing for Partridges, etc., etc.



1.—WHAT THE KOREAN CARPENTERS PRODUCED AS A LADY'S BEDSTEAD.  
From a Photo. by Helen Lewis, Vancouver, B.C.



HE curious little snap-shot here reproduced has an amusing history. "While at Gentan, in Northern Korea," writes a lady correspondent, "I rebelled against the universal custom of sleeping on the floor. I would have a bedstead, I decided. But there was no such thing to be had, they told me. Then I would have one made for me, I declared. After many weary hours spent with a perspiring interpreter and the native carpenters there came a long, anxious wait, and at last the carpenters re-appeared, carrying in triumph the construction depicted in the accompanying snap-shot. I was in despair. How on earth was this enormous thing—on which an elephant might have squatted with perfect safety—to be got into our little bungalow? And (a far more perplexing problem this) where was I going to obtain

sufficient mattresses and bedding to make sleep possible on those enormous bamboo laths?" The uncompromising squareness of this queer "bedstead" and its ridiculous head-rail are not among the least of its peculiarities. No wonder the gentleman on the right strikes his chin in dismay!

The Stick Indians, who dwell in the country between Lake Teslin and Atlin Lake, have a variety of curious dances. Here we see a group of six of the most noted dancers of the tribe, who were snap-shotted while awaiting their turn to begin the dance. The three men arrayed in the blankets are *hamatsu*, or medicine men, while the others are tribal dancers. The curious wooden masks which cover their heads and faces are supposed to represent eagles, from whom the dancers claim descent. The big jaws are opened and shut by means of strings, and the eyes are made of red glass. Beneath their blankets the dancers are garbed in old trousers and moose-hide moccasins.



From a] 2.—SOME OF THE SMARTEST "FOTLACH" DANCERS AMONG THE STICK INDIANS. [Photo.

Only those who have seen Mexico infested by those armed bands of revolutionaries who, in the seventies, held that rich country under a reign of terror will be able to appreciate the giant strides with which the Republic, favoured by great natural wealth and magnificent possibilities, has reached its present state of prosperity and civilization. The eminent statesman to whom this progress is mainly due, and who with a firm but just hand has removed all obstacles to the welfare and progress of his country, and thus firmly established the nation's peace, is General Porfirio Diaz. General Diaz, than whom no man better deserves a place in the pages of THE WIDE WORLD by reason of his adventurous career, was born on the 15th of September, 1830. In 1876, after memorable services on the battle-field, he was called to rule the destinies of a country grateful to him for elevating it with such extraordinary skill and consummate energy to its proper place among the nations of the world. Unfortunately, in our February issue, when telling one of the many exciting episodes in the General's career, we reproduced a portrait which was not that of General Diaz. We are indebted for the accompanying portrait of Mexico's President to Don Adolfo Bülle, the Consul-General for Mexico in London.

A long road-journey in India, as many Anglo-Indians can testify, is rather



3.—THE MEXICAN PRESIDENT, GENERAL PORFIRIO DIAZ, TO WHOM THE REPUBLIC OWES SO MUCH. [Photo.]

or less than a couple of long baskets slung across the back of a camel. You will notice that the weight of the lady is balanced on the other side of the camel with a miscellaneous collection of boxes and chairs.



4.—AN ORIGINAL MODE OF CONVEYANCE ADOPTED BY THE WIFE OF AN INDIAN OFFICIAL. [Photo.]

a pleasant experience. Starting early in the morning, and riding or driving over roads which are usually very good, one reaches the next camping-ground, somewhere about nine o'clock, with a fine, healthy appetite. But occasionally accidents happen to the horses and vehicles, upsetting the ordinary routine altogether (to say nothing of passengers), and then all sorts of queer make-shifts in the way of transport have to be resorted to. The accompanying photograph shows the wife of a well-known officer in the Indian Veterinary Department who met with a series of accidents and had finally to fall back upon a *kajava*, which is nothing more

Practically every Christian nation in the world has special games for the children at Christmas time, and among these the Mexican game of "breaking the pinata" is one of the most curious. It is highly popular, not only with the children themselves, but also with their elders, and invitations for parties are often issued with this game as the chief attraction. A doll, varying in size according to the purse of the provider, is suspended about 6ft. from the floor. The body of the doll, which is



5.—A LITTLE MEXICAN GIRL ABOUT TO BREAK THE "PIÑATA" OR EFFIGY STUFFED WITH "GOODIES."  
From a Photo. by Waite.

dressed in the latest fashion, usually consists of an earthenware vessel, and is filled to overflowing with sweets, oranges, and other good things. The children, carefully blindfolded, are led one at a time to within three or four yards of the "piñata." They are then turned round three or four times, armed with a long stick, and told to strike at the doll. Usually, of course, they make a hopeless failure of the business, causing endless merriment, until at last some fortunate youngster makes a sweep in the right direction, smashes the poor "piñata," and lets loose the heap of treasures stored in its capacious body. Then ensues a general scramble, and munching is the order of the evening until another "piñata" is hoisted up for martyrdom.

Protecting the growing crops against the

depredations of thieves, birds, and animals is a very important part of the Indian cultivator's work. During the daytime, when it is only birds or at most domestic animals straying from their legitimate pasture that are to be feared, the office of watcher is usually allocated to one of the children, who is ensconced in a *machan*—a primitive lookout platform built in the midst of the crops. A good specimen of these *machans* is shown in the photo. we reproduce herewith. At night, however, when thieves are on the prowl, ever ready to break in and steal, the place of the boy is taken by a man, frequently armed, who keeps a vigilant watch during the hours of darkness. The law of India allows the cultivators to take life in defence of their property, and the sentinels, therefore, do not hesitate to fire on anyone trespassing in a suspicious manner among their fields. This promiscuous shooting, needless to say, causes much bloodshed, and not infrequently leads to protracted blood feuds, in which many innocent lives pay for the zeal of some crop-watcher in his elevated *machan*.

The photograph we reproduce at the top of the next page well repays close



From a

6.—A CROP-PROTECTING PERCH IN INDIA.

[Photo.]



7.—A GOVERNMENT DISPENSARY IN THE ISLAND OF BARBUDA.  
From a Photo. by Anjo.

inspection. It represents the Government dispensary on the Island of Barbuda, in the West Indies, and, as you will see, it is built in the purest wattle-and-daub style of architecture. Two of the "patients" may be seen squatting in the foreground, while the doctor—who is unfortunately invisible—has apparently brought out his operating table in a sudden access of pride, and disposed thereon his entire stock of apparatus and medicine. Surely few professional men in the service of the Government carry on their work under such queer conditions as these.

Shoals, or "schools," of whales frequently visit the coast of Shetland, particularly during the months of August and September, and no more exciting experience can be conceived than a whale-hunt. As soon as it is known that whales have entered any of the numerous "voes," or narrow inlets, every person, old and young, runs down to the coast. "Whales

ahoy!" is shouted from house to house until every available boat in the district is afloat; and if there are not sufficient men to man the boats even the women will rush in to complete the crews. Every man is armed with whatever weapon is at hand, rude harpoons and lances, knives fastened to long handles, and even wisps of straw attached to poles. The boats thus manned and armed form in a semi-circle on the seaward side of the "school," and gradually drive the whales towards the nearest creek. This is done by keeping up an incessant din, shouting, plunging oars and strawwispis in the sea, throwing of stones, and so on. The frightened whales retreat from the boats until they find themselves getting into shallow water, when

they begin to offer resistance. If the first effort to escape is resisted the capture becomes easy. If one of the leaders, while heading landward, can be shot or harpooned, it will run itself aground, when all the others follow blindly in its wake. Blinded with the sand and mud stirred up by their own rapid movements, and maddened by the spear-thrusts of their captors, the whales plunge and leap madly to and fro, until the sea presents the appearance of a seething, frothy caldron. The receding tide leaves the whales high and dry on the sands. Our photograph, which was



8.—A SCHOOL OF WHALES IN THE SHETLANDS. "IN THE ABSENCE OF THE MEN THE STALWART WOMEN OF WHITENESS CAPTURED 123!"  
From a Photo. by (R. H. Ramsay, Lerwick, N.B.)

taken by Mr. R. H. Ramsay, of Lerwick, shows the result of a recent whale-hunt that took place at Whiteness Voe, in Shetland, when, in the absence of the men, the stalwart women of Whiteness captured no fewer than 123 whales.

Mr. W. B. Davidson, writing from Santa Clara Estancia, Estacion Alijo

Ledisma, in the Province of Cordoba, Argentine Republic, says: "I inclose you a snap-shot of a lady friend who is engaged in catching partridges in a manner which is, I believe, quite unknown in England. The method is to set out on horseback, equipped with no other weapon than a long cane, at the end of which is suspended a horse-hair loop. Having observed where a partridge alights, you approach



9.—THIS LADY IS LITERALLY "FISHING" FOR PARTRIDGES (ARGENTINE REPUBLIC).  
*From a Photo.*

him gradually and cautiously in circles until you are within reach, when you drop the loop over his head and whisk him into the air as shown in the photograph. As may be imagined, the lassoing of the bird in this way is no easy matter, and calls for a very steady hand and much experience, as no part of the cane must touch the

partridge until the loop is over his head. Another bird, caught in the same surprising manner, hangs from the lady's saddle."

The Island of Bermuda is chiefly given up to agriculture, and its chief products appear to be onions and Bermuda lilies, both being extensively cultivated for exportation to the United States. The fields of lilies, of purest white, growing to a height of 4ft. or more, are a sight



10.—"THE FIELDS OF LILIES, GROWING TO A HEIGHT OF 4FT. OR MORE, ARE A SIGHT TO BEHOLD" (IN BERMUDA).  
*From a Photo.*



From a] 11.—"TWO MINERS MAKING A 'PORTAGE' ON THE CHILCAT RIVER." [Photo.

to behold, and one not easily forgotten. The photograph on the preceding page will give you some idea of the extraordinary profusion of these magnificent flowers. So common are the blooms, in fact, that they are considered of no value by the natives, but thousands of bulbs are exported every year. The flowers themselves, in bud, are extensively used for Easter decorations in New York.

This spring it is confidently expected that many hundreds of prospectors will migrate to the newly-discovered goldfields in Northern British Columbia, and the little snap-shot here reproduced is typical of many such scenes on the small rivers and creeks to be found on the way to the new "strike." It was taken during the "Indian summer"—that curious after-taste of the real thing which comes to the northern country just before winter. The two miners seen in the picture are warping their canoe over one of the many shallows of the Chilcat River, which is here just deep enough to cover their ankles. The sleeping-bags, mining implements, provisions, etc., have been taken ashore in order to lighten the little craft for the portage. This difficulty successfully engineered, a new peril will face the miners, for on Bear Creek, a little farther on, dangerous rapids have to be negotiated. This portage is quite close to the boundary-line between the United States and Canada, about which there was for some time a good deal of uncertainty

and not a little excitement, seeing that the rich gold-deposits were concerned in the dispute.

Of curious methods of transport there are no end. Everybody has heard of the queer wheelbarrows of China, which, loaded with an enormous quantity of merchandise or with human beings, are propelled at a surprising pace by muscular Celestials. Then there are the jirikshas of Japan, which, curiously enough, have taken a firm hold in South Africa. In Durban, for instance, you take a ricksha as you would a hansom in London, and the grinning Zulu "boy" between the shafts can

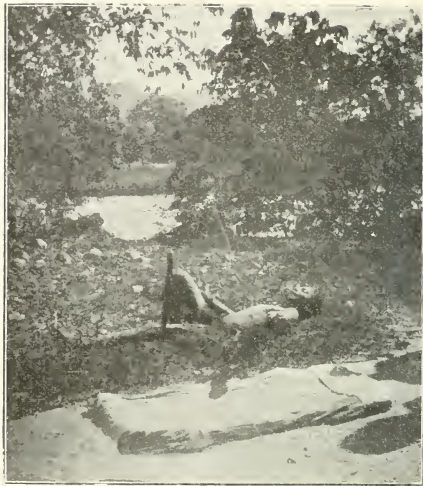
keep up his steady trot for hours. The photo. here reproduced shows a distinctly curious method of transport which is much in vogue



From a] 12.—HOW A LADY GOES TO MARKET IN MEXICO. [Photo.

among the lower classes in Mexico, where labour is cheap and vehicles few and primitive. A strongly-built chair is strapped on a man's back—deriving its principal support from a kind of leather cap worn on his head—and in this chair the passenger reclines more or less comfortably. The porter seen in our illustration appears to be carrying the lady's market-basket in one hand, while his other hand holds a stout staff and the tattered remains of a straw hat.

The heart (and pocket) of the pious Hindu is very susceptible to exhibitions of fortitude and endurance in connection with religion. The sight of a fakir who, in honour of Vishnu or Siva, has held up his arm for twenty years, until the limb has become rigid and atrophied, moves him mightily, and he usually leaves a liberal offering on the mat in front of the holy man. The accompanying photograph, which was taken on the banks of the Ganges, at Hardwar, shows quite a



13.—A GANGES DEVOTEE LYING ON A BED OF THORNS AND SOLICITING ALMS.

*From a Photo.*



14.—H.R.H. THE COUNT OF TURIN VENTURES FAR OUT TO SEA WITH HIS CHARGER AT THE VIAREGGIO MANŒUVRES.

*[G. Magrini.]*

juvenile devotee. The boy seen in our snapshot is lying full length on a bed of sharp thorns, and close beside him is the inevitable mat for the offerings of pious passers-by.

One of the keenest sportsmen and best all-round athletes in Italy is H.R.H. the Count of Turin. Last summer he spent a good deal of time at the pleasant fishing vil'age of Viareggio,

where he caused something of a sensation by taking his morning dip accompanied by his horse, swimming out for an extraordinary distance before turning shorewards. The accompanying photograph shows the Count on the back of his charger, and was taken at a considerable distance from land. At

the manœuvres held at Viareggio he would frequently order men and horses into the sea, as seen in the second photograph, pushing out so far that few dared to venture after him. Daring is evidently inherent in the Royal House of Savoy, for the Count's younger brother, the Duke of the Abruzzi, recently returned from a successful North Polar expedition.

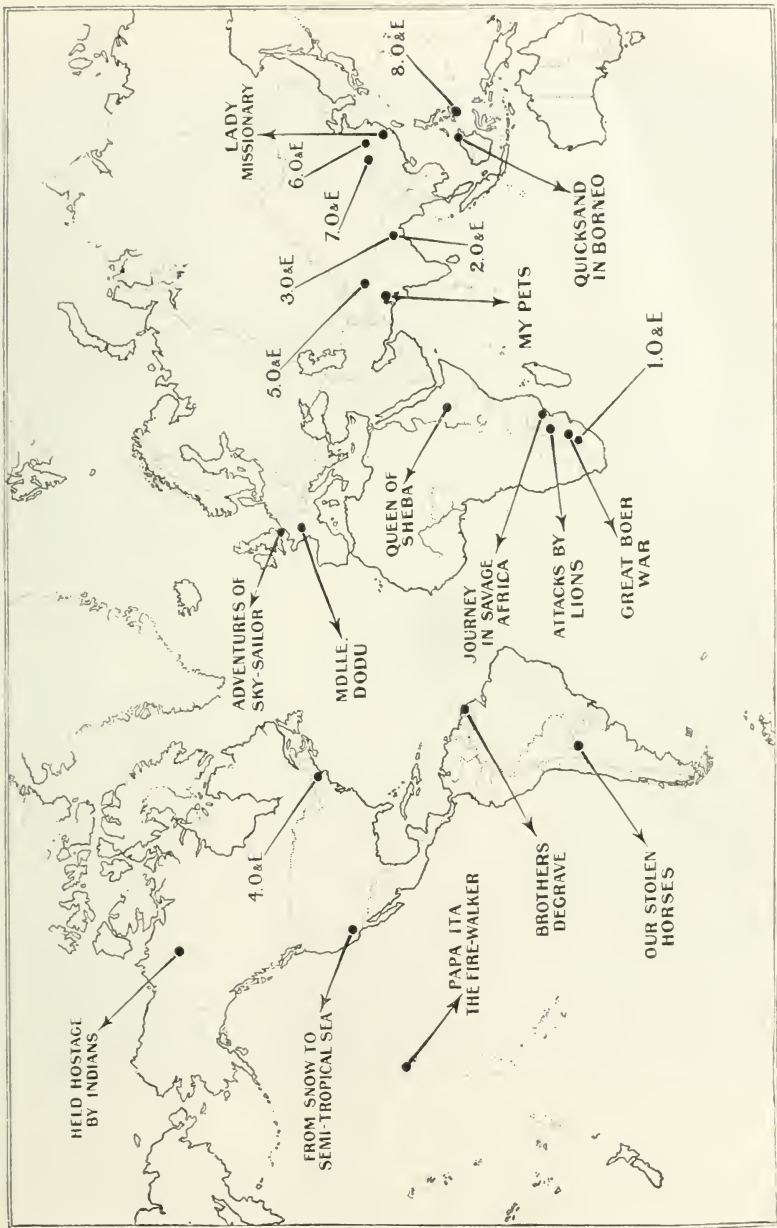


*From a Photo. by]*

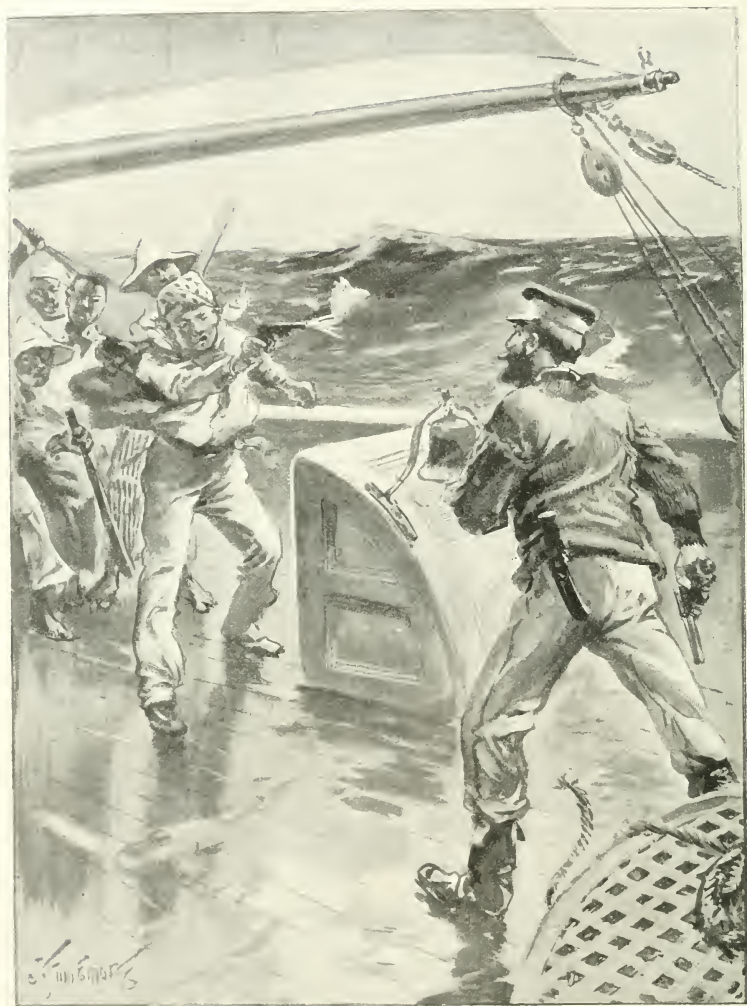
15.—GENERAL VIEW OF THE VIAREGGIO MANŒUVRES WITH CAVALRY IN THE SEA.

*[G. Magrini.]*





THE NOVEL MAP-CONTENTS OF "THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE," WHICH SHOWS AT A GLANCE THE LOCALITY OF EACH ARTICLE AND NARRATIVE OF ADVENTURE IN THIS NUMBER



"HE TURNED TOWARDS MY BROTHER AND DELIBERATELY FIRED TWICE AT HIM."

(SEE PAGE 214.)

# THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE.

Vol. VII.

JUNE, 1901.

No. 39

## The Story of the Brothers Degrave.

BY G. A. RAPER, OF PARIS.

### PART I.

The question of human endurance is always interesting; therefore we present to our readers the narrative of an affair which, while having many points in common with that of Captain Dreyfus, is yet far more terrible in its details, even considered solely as an indictment of French penal methods. The romantic career of the brothers; the trading in the South Seas; the lurid incidents on board the schooner; the betrayal; the suffering on the way home; the farcical trial at Brest, and then the years of torture in the penal settlement of French Guiana—all these make up a narrative of adventure and suffering such as probably no innocent men were ever called upon to endure. The official documents, and more particularly the "Pardon" telegram, will be found extremely interesting.



ON December, 1893, just one year before the opening of that great judicial drama the Dreyfus case, an even more terrible error was committed by the Maritime Tribunal sitting at Brest. Two brothers, Léonce and Eugene Degrave, otherwise Rorick, charged with piracy in the Southern Seas, were convicted and sentenced to death. This punishment was commuted by President Carnot to penal servitude for life. Léonce and Eugene Degrave were conveyed as *forçats*, or convicts, to the penal settlements in French Guiana. Here, Léonce succumbed to privations and ill-treatment in March, 1898, and died in his brother's arms. Eugene Degrave remained in confinement until September, 1899, when he was "pardoned" by President Loubet on the recommendation of the Minister of Marine, M. de Lanessan.

Eugene Degrave is, at the moment of writing, living with his brother at Ostend; he is lecturing, superintending the publication of his story in Flemish, and trying to earn his living

by selling lace made by his sisters. His family have been practically ruined in the effort to obtain his liberation; and Degrave, like Dreyfus, was simply "pardoned." His conviction must remain on record until formally quashed by the Court of Cassation, which tribunal has been wrestling with the case for many months.

The cases of Dreyfus and the brothers Degrave have one feature in common. They were the fruit of the defective methods of French judicial procedure and ignorance of the science of evidence. In every other respect the Degrave case was by far the more terrible. Dreyfus was sentenced to imprisonment for life; the Degraives were condemned to death. Dreyfus underwent five years' confinement and was then restored to his family; whereas one of the Degraives died a felon in the eye of society and

the survivor was not liberated until after more than seven years' imprisonment. Dreyfus was allowed to have books, writing materials, and good food; but the Degraives were subjected to the full rigour of a system



EUGENE DEGRAVE, WHO, WITH HIS BROTHER, WAS CONDEMNED TO PENAL SERVITUDE FOR LIFE IN FRENCH GUIANA. HE NOW LIVES AT OSTEND.

*From a Photo. by Guerin, Brussels.*

which can only be described as a foul blot on civilization. Dreyfus had rich and powerful friends; the Degraives were in poor circumstances, and had no champions except a handful of those invaluable people who can never rest until they see an injustice righted. Had it not been for the fact that the Degraives had been awarded Belgian and Swedish decorations for saving life at sea, it is more than probable that both men would have been guillotined. The personal intervention of King Oscar led President Carnot to commute the death sentence to

the deck of a ship. They began as fishermen on the Belgian coast in a small steam trawler of their own, and for some time they were very successful. In October, 1885, they accomplished a gallant feat, which was destined to have an important bearing on the most critical period of their lives. In a small boat, unaided, they rowed from their own vessel over a terribly rough sea to the wreck of the Norwegian three masted ship *Pieter*, brought off the captain and twelve men after making four trips, and landed them at Scarborough. For this act of



"IN A SMALL BOAT, UNAIDED, THEY ROWED OVER A TERRIBLY ROUGH SEA TO THE WRECK."

transportation for life; and it has been reserved for Eugene Degrave to reveal the horrors of a French convict prison at the end of the nineteenth century. A man of great natural intelligence and iron physique, upheld by the consciousness of innocence, Eugene Degrave is one of the very few who could go through such an ordeal and retain coherent impressions of it.

The brothers came of a family of sailors. As Eugene expresses it, they were attacked early in life by that peculiar complaint which prevents the patient from staying more than five minutes in one place, unless that place happens to be

courage they received a gold medal from the King of Sweden. A few days after the rescue of the *Pieter's* crew the Degraives sighted a waterlogged Norwegian brig, the *O'Haneborg*, and succeeded in towing her to Ostend.

Soon afterwards fortune turned against them. Their vessel caught fire and was completely destroyed, and their next craft, a fishing smack, was wrecked off Shetland. These disasters having completely ruined the brothers, they were compelled to separate and ship before the mast. In course of time they were each granted a master's certificate at San Francisco, and in 1890 found themselves in London. To

obtain another ship they found it necessary to make a change of name (a very common occurrence among sailors) on account of the ill-feeling which existed at the time in English ports against all foreigners, owing to the brutal murder of an English captain by a Greek sailor a short time before.

The Degraves, who spoke English fluently, were supplied by a boarding-master with the discharges of two brothers named Korick, and under this name they shipped on board the *Umlazi* for Natal. Thence they went to Fremantle and Sydney on board the ship *Raven*. Their next voyage from Sydney to Penrhyn brought them into the heart of the

South Sea Islands, where they spent many months in pearl fishing and trafficking with the natives. Finally, Eugene left his brother trading in a small island called Kaurua and went to Tahiti, where, after two voyages as mate of an American schooner, the *Henry*, he shipped in the same capacity on another schooner, the *Niuorahiti*. This was the beginning of a series of fatalities fraught with terrible consequences to the unfortunate brothers, and from this point Eugene Degrave may be allowed to tell the story as nearly as possible in his own words:—

On board the *Niuorahiti* there were, in addition to myself, Gibson the supercargo, Téaé the native captain, four Kanaka sailors, Mirey the mulatto cook, who was afterwards our accuser, and two native passengers. Gibson was one of those quiet, practical men who are proof against any kind of emotion. He confined himself entirely to disposing of the cargo to the best advantage. Téaé was an ignorant, arrogant, pretentious savage, and his men, like all other Kanakas, were so many big children, timid and mistrustful. Mirey was the embodiment of laziness and smooth knavery. As for the passengers, I saw hardly anything of them,

and did not even know where they intended to land.

We had hardly put to sea when Téaé, who had spent his last hours ashore in debauchery, collapsed, and was obliged to take to his bed.

The second island we reached was Kaurua. My brother came aboard on the second day of our stay, and was much surprised to find me. I introduced him to Gibson, but the latter refused to trade, the goods on board being consigned to various agents of the owner. Léonce was greatly disappointed at this *contretemps*. He had already disposed of his own stock, and the new year—the best season of all for traders—was at

hand. At Gibson's suggestion my brother agreed to come with us as far as Fakarava, the principal island of the group, where he was likely to find a steamer for Tahiti. At Fakarava one of our two passengers landed, and Léonce had made all ready to go ashore, when Gibson urged him to remain for the rest of the voyage and replace Téaé, who was still useless. Gibson offered Léonce a certain sum of money for his services, and finally he accepted.

We had scarcely left Fakarava when our troubles began. I was attacked with fever and had to retire to my berth. Fortunately Léonce was quite able to

replace Téaé and myself, but Téaé became terribly jealous. He encouraged the Kanakas to disobey, and told them that Léonce was only a passenger. Several altercations took place in consequence, and Gibson was compelled to intervene. As a white man, he naturally supported my brother. Téaé's only resource was to encourage the Kanakas to mutiny, and his efforts soon bore fruit.

On the night of January 5th we were nearing an island when my brother discovered that the man at the helm was fast asleep. Léonce was always of a hasty temperament, and this gross breach of duty exasperated him. He took up



LÉONCE DEGRAVE, WHO DIED IN HIS BROTHER'S ARMS.  
From a Photo. by Guérin, Brussels.

the first object lying at hand—a coil of rope—and threw it at the sleeper, hitting him in the face. The man woke with a violent start and rushed forward, muttering curses in his own language. Léonce took the helm, expecting the sailor to return to his post, but in a few minutes he saw the four Kanakas, armed with handspikes and capstan-bars, coming aft, with murder in their eyes. My brother, instantly realizing that a mutiny was at hand, leant over the ship's side, put his hand through the port-hole at the head of my bunk, and reached his revolver. Thus armed, he shouted to the men to stop. They came on.

Léonce fired in the air. The shot brought the mutineers to a halt at the break of the poop, on the starboard side, and woke everyone in the after-part of the vessel.

Téaé, who had been lying fully dressed in his berth, rushed on deck with a revolver in his hand, and, after exchanging a few words with his Kanakas, he turned towards my brother and deliberately fired twice at him. Fortunately, both cartridges missed fire. Léonce raised his own weapon to shoot Téaé, but before he had time to pull the trigger Téaé hurled his revolver at Léonce. My brother ducked and the weapon fell on the deck behind him.

Finding himself disarmed and at the mercy of my brother, Téaé, mad with fear, ran to the ship's side, jumped into the sea, shouting "Fenua" (land), and struck out for the shore.

Rushing to the cabin hatch, Léonce threw it open and cried out: "Gibson, come up on deck. There's mutiny on board."

Meanwhile I was lying wide awake but helpless and shivering in a cold fit of ague. Mirey was in his bunk, his teeth chattering with terror. He had drawn the curtains so that nothing could be seen of him but his cowardly yellow face.

"Go up on deck," I yelled at him, with all the voice I could muster.

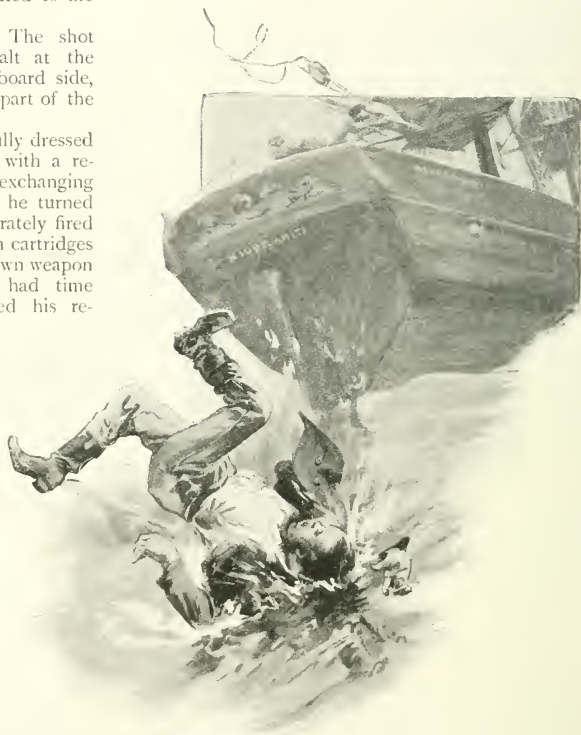
"I can't; I'm afraid," was all the reply he gave.

With a violent effort I raised myself over the side of my berth, but fell on the floor,

where I lay helpless. At this moment Léonce entered the cabin, and with a few sharp words sent Mirey on deck. Then Léonce lifted me on to my berth and explained what had happened, adding that he had let the schooner drift towards the land in the hope of picking up Téaé, who in his enfeebled state was not likely to be able to swim far.

Léonce had barely returned to the helm when I heard a shout, and he rushed back into the cabin a prey to frightful excitement.

"Gibson! Gibson!" he exclaimed, hoarsely.



"HURLED HIM INTO THE SEA FULLY FIFTEEN YARDS AWAY FROM THE SHIP."

And with frantic ejaculations and gestures he told me of the fresh disaster that had befallen us.

Gibson, it appeared, had been standing on the starboard side of the poop, close to the rail, trying to sight Téaé. The mainsail, aback, was straining under the breeze. Suddenly the holding tackle gave way, the strop snapped, and

the boom, flying over to starboard with terrific force, caught Gibson on the back of the neck and hurled him into the sea fully fifteen yards away from the ship. He must have ceased to live before he touched the water.

With the instinct of a sailor, Léonce rushed to the mainsheet and tried to haul in the slack. It slid through his hands, scoring them through the hard skin.

"What on earth are we to do?" he groaned. "How shall we explain all this at Tahiti—if we ever get there? We have no luck—none," he repeated, despairingly. "Everything is against us."

We cruised about for two or three hours in the hope of picking up either Gibson or Téacé, but they had disappeared for ever. We then set sail for Tahiti. Léonce remained at the helm until he could no longer keep awake. He then went below after placing me on deck with a revolver, to watch the man at the helm and give the alarm in case of treachery. As for Mirey, who was absolutely incapable of steering, he kept to his pots and pans. The excitement I had gone through had cured my fever, but left me as weak as a kitten. On the 7th, however, two days after the death of Gibson, I was able to take my regular watch, though I could not stand. My brother had hardly gone below when one of the Kanaka sailors

came aft and announced, with a grin, that the passenger was dead. Yet another fatality! I questioned the man, but he could not, or would not, give any explanation. I called Léonce. Ever hasty and excitable, he stormed and shouted and was about to rush forward to see what had happened. I stopped him, fearing that the story was only a ruse to get him forward, where the Kanakas would be able to close round him. I ordered the sailors to bring the body on deck, where we examined it carefully, but could find no marks of violence. We then remembered that we had not seen the unfortunate passenger for the last five days. As it was impossible to

keep the body until we could reach Tahiti we consigned it to the waves after Léonce had conducted a brief service, which consisted of reading a few passages from a Kanaka Bible.

It was a strange scene—the lifeless body lying under the French flag on the hatch; the mutinous Kanakas looking on, sullen and indifferent; Léonce, in a ragged jersey, reading the sacred message of peace and goodwill with a loaded revolver close to his right hand.

On the night of January 9th, when we should have reached Tahiti, we found ourselves off Tetiaroa, an uninhabited atoll lying to the east of Tahiti. As we had been running with the wind on our starboard

quarter for the last four days it was clear that the man at the wheel must have been constantly luffing. We called up all hands to put the ship about, but there was no response. All four Kanakas and one oar from the boat had disappeared. Mirey suggested that they had swum ashore to escape punishment for their mutiny, and that one of them, Farina, who had an injured leg, had taken the oar to support himself in the water.

For the first time in his life Léonce was afraid. He saw no way out of all these difficulties. I begged him to go straight to Tahiti and lay the case before the authorities, but Mirey urged that the fugitives were sure to find a boat at Tetiaroa, and that they were doubt-

less even now on the way to Tahiti, where, to save themselves, they would probably accuse Léonce of murdering Gibson and the passenger. Léonce had been rendered irritable and undecided by our succession of misfortunes, and this reasoning convinced him.

"The French at Tahiti will do us justice," I urged.

"Bah," sneered Mirey, "they will lock you up while they make their inquiries, and when you once see the inside of a French prison you don't get out easily, as I know from experience."

This was our first intimation that Mirey had been in difficulties with the law. We afterwards



MIREY, THE MULATTO COOK—HE AFTERWARDS BECAME THE ACCUSER OF THE BROTHERS DEGRAVE.

learnt that he had been twice convicted for larceny. Nevertheless, he had convinced Léonce, who requested me to land him in some place not under French rule, from which he could get away to Australia or America until the affair had blown over. I was to engage a fresh crew and take the *Niiorahiti* back to her owner at Tahiti. Mirey urged me to act as supercargo in place of Gibson, and I gave way. We thereupon set sail for Sydney Island. It was the first step towards our own ruin.

Soon afterwards we discovered that the ship's papers were missing. To avoid trouble on reaching port we were obliged to draw up other papers, and as we had no printed forms on board and it would have appeared singular if a vessel hailing from Tahiti had only manuscript papers, we changed the vessel's name and I called her the *Pōē* (Pearl), of Raratonga. We removed the leaden letters from the stern and replaced them by others forming the new name. As the change was never intended to be anything but temporary we did not even put a coat of paint over the part where the old letters had been fastened. This fact was afterwards pointed out to the Spanish authorities. We kept the French flag and signals.

Neither at Sydney nor at Hull could we obtain any answer to our signals. The current carried us on to Peru, one of the Gilbert Islands, where we anchored. Léonce went ashore, and through a missionary engaged three young Kanakas as sailors, giving the missionary a written undertaking to land them on the return voyage. We were scarcely out of sight of the island before we found that our three recruits were of no use whatever. We were strongly tempted to put back and land them, but decided to make the best of our bad bargain.

At Apamaina, another of the Gilbert group, we found an American schooner, the *Equator*, whose captain, Cameron, we knew. He told us that a mail-boat was likely to call at Ebon, the southernmost atoll of the Marshall group. On reaching Ebon, however, we were told that the

mail had left two days before, but we were too accustomed to disappointment to disturb ourselves over this fresh piece of bad luck. We continued our course towards the north-west.

Shortly before making Kusaie I noticed that some repairs were urgently needed at the top of the mainmast. To have both hands free to work I rigged what sailors call a "chair." When I had finished I called on Mirey to haul me down while my brother was at the helm. Either through malice or clumsiness he managed the ropes so badly that I was several times within an ace of breaking my neck. Naturally I remonstrated with him when I was safe on deck. He



"I WAS SEVERAL TIMES WITHIN AN ACE OF BREAKING MY NECK."

replied by insults, and we had a bout of fist-cuffs—the second during the voyage. When Mirey picked himself up he gave a bitter smile and retreated to the galley.

After calling at Kusaie and Macaskill we reached Ponapé, in the Caroline Islands. It was the last stage of our journey to prison! By



this time we had had quite enough of wandering about in search of a mail-boat. We agreed that Léonce should remain at Ponapé, where there is a Spanish settlement, until he could ship elsewhere, and that I should take the *Niuorahiti* back to Tahiti. We anchored close to a Spanish gunboat, the *Don Juan de Austria*, and Léonce and Mirey went ashore. Léonce was at once met by some of the Spanish officers and taken to the residence of the Governor, who received him most hospitably and invited him to dinner. Mirey meantime was amusing himself after his own fashion in the saloons, but not a word did he breathe of the atrocities of which he was soon to accuse us. On the following day (Friday), when there were at least thirty Spaniards on board the *Niuorahiti* and he could have spoken in perfect safety, he was still silent.

On Sunday we went ashore with Mirey to deliver certain articles we had sold to a German dealer. This worthy man had recently acquired a seltzogene. He was very proud of it, but had not the least idea how to work it. Mirey took it out of his hand with great assurance and began to put in the powder with such liberality that the seltzogene burst in his hands with a terrific report. The anger of the unfortunate proprietor was almost tragic. He stormed and shouted at Mirey, and insisted on being paid the value of his destroyed property. Mirey replied, with much seafaring language, that he did not care a great deal either for the German or his seltzogene. Finally, Léonce was accepted as arbitrator, and he decided that as the German had no business to trust his property to a maladroit, and Mirey should not have meddled with what he did not understand, they should each bear half the damage. The German accepted the sentence, but Mirey ground his teeth, rolled his eyes, and swore he would not pay a cent.

"It's simple enough," retorted my brother; "Eugene will deduct it from your wages."

"Will he, indeed? We'll see about that," growled Mirey.

Then he relapsed into an ominous silence. The prospect of having to pay for his clumsiness was evidently rankling in his mind, and I am convinced that the seltzogene incident, trifling as it seemed, was one of the motives which induced him to bring a terrible charge against us.

The storm burst on our unprepared heads the same evening. In a bar I found a Spanish sailor play-

ing an accordion which belonged to me. I questioned him, and ascertained that Mirey had sold him the instrument. Half an hour afterwards Léonce and I met Mirey rolling along the street, half tipsy. He denied having sold the accordion.

"Very well," I rejoined, "come on board and give it to me."

Mirey saw there was no escape, and his attitude changed.

"What! Go on board your wretched schooner?" he shouted. "Not I. If you don't land my things and give me a thousand dollars, I'll tell the police you killed Gibson!"

This atrocious attempt at blackmail maddened me. I grappled with Mirey, and we fell to the ground. The disturbance attracted a Spanish patrol, and we were all taken before the Governor, who told us to come back the next day and lay our complaint against Mirey. We went off with our three Kanaka sailors, leaving Mirey at the police-station. Unfortunately, we forgot that the men were hungry, and in Mirey's absence there was nothing for them to eat. Being children of Nature they simply slipped overboard and swam ashore as soon as we had



"I GRAPPLED WITH MIREY, AND WE FELL TO THE GROUND."

turned in. They were fired at by the sentries, arrested as soon as they landed, and taken to the police-station, where they gave so dramatic an account of their adventures, in their own dialect, that the officer in command jumped to the conclusion that we had shot somebody. He rushed off to the Governor, and we were arrested next morning on board the *Niuorahiti*.

We had foreseen that such an event was possible, and it would have been easy for us to slip our cable during the night and get clear away, but we argued that our flight would be construed as a confession of guilt, and we told ourselves that our innocence would carry us through. How utterly mistaken we were!

We were confined on board the gunboat for a month while the Spaniards, with Mirey's assistance, conscientiously looted the *Niuorahiti*. Then we were sent to Manila in a watertight compartment of the mail steamer *Venus*. We were both chained by the feet to an iron bar, humorously called the "bar of justice." In

We were kept in prison at Manila exactly a year, and spent most of our time in learning Spanish, with so much success that we were able to earn a little money by writing letters and petitions for the illiterate Tagalos. We saw nothing of the French Consul, to whom we had written several times, until we were taken out of prison and put on board a German steamer bound for Saigon, the Spanish authorities having at length decided to hand us over to the French. At Saigon we were kept in irons, with no company save millions of mosquitoes. On the fifteenth day we were taken on board the transport *Shamrock*, bound for Toulon, and began a voyage on which I still look back with feelings of horror, mingled with wonder that we survived the barbarous tortures inflicted on us.

We were handed over to a "premier-maitre" named Blanchard, whom we were unfortunate enough to offend by addressing him as "maitre" instead of "capitaine," the title usually bestowed on him by the sailors under his orders. We



"MY FEET WERE SECURED IN RINGS ATTACHED TO AN IRON BAR WITH THE LEFT LEG CROSSED OVER THE RIGHT."

addition to filth, foul air, and the society of pigs and sheep, we had to endure all sorts of insults from the Spanish soldiers. Several times, when our food was brought to us, I saw Mirey spit in it, greatly to their amusement. The worst of all was the gallant Captain A—, of the 69th Filipinos, whose chief distraction was to kick us as we lay manacled, hand and foot. One evening, while he was thus entertaining himself at my brother's expense, I managed to get hold of his leg with my teeth. He yelled with pain, and was almost fainting when his men rescued him. We were left alone after this.

were put into a tiny cell at the bottom of the hold, and my feet were secured in rings attached to an iron bar with the left leg crossed over the right, so that the feet were about 8 in. apart. My hands were forced behind my back and manacled, about 2 in. of the wrists being in contact. My brother having been similarly secured, the worthy Blanchard left us, remarking:—

"You'll not forget me in a hurry."

He was right. Nothing in all I have suffered can compare with the barbarous conduct of this man. But for my promise to my dying

brother I should long ago have tracked Blanchard to his hiding-place and revenged myself on his miserable carcass. Let those who blame me try a little experiment. Let them sit with a pair of flat handcuffs, half an inch wide, holding the palms of the hands against each other, and the arms behind the back. At the end of only half an hour they will be able to enter into the feelings of a man who remained twenty-eight days in this position.

Our cell was so dark that we could distinguish nothing except each other's eyes. In ten minutes we felt as if pins were being stuck into our shoulders. In half an hour the torture became unbearable. Léonce fainted during the night. My cries brought Blanchard, who abused us horribly for disturbing him. He revived Léonce by throwing a bucketful of water in his face. Then he went away, and we were left lying in the water that swished to and fro with the roll of the ship. Léonce fainted four times in all, and was always brought to by the same method. Twice a day a man brought us some soup and meat, which he put into our mouths. He then left us, after dropping a piece of bread or biscuit on our knees. We were expected to reach it with our teeth. One of us held it with his lips while the other nibbled the corner. We had very little water to drink. One day our gaoler amused himself by bringing us sea-water, of which I swallowed a good mouthful before realizing the trick.

When, at certain times, we were lifted up by the shoulders the agony was terrible.

We at length reached Toulon, forty-seven days after leaving Manila. When the gendarmes entered our cell and proceeded to free us from our fetters they found that the swollen flesh

had met over the handcuffs so that they could not be seen. Our hands were about the size of boxing-gloves. A finger of my left hand had been forced out of place by the irons, and the hand is deformed to this day. Our condition astonished even the gendarmes, and one of them asked us who was responsible for it.

"That ruffian," I replied, with a motion of my head towards Blanchard.

The gendarme drew himself up to his full height and, looking down on our tormentor, said, very emphatically:—

"You must be a cur to treat men like that. It's not allowed."

Blanchard made no reply except a sneering laugh.

After the gendarmes had found our handcuffs and taken them off we were asked to place our hands in front of our bodies. The attempt cost us the most excruciating anguish. The least movement of our cramped and tortured muscles turned us sick and faint. At least half an hour elapsed before we could restore our arms to their natural position. We were then taken on deck. The brilliant sunshine blinded us, the pure sea air intoxicated us instantly, and we fell on the deck in a dead faint.

Later on we were taken to the naval prison. Our hair was cut, our beards were shaved, and we were actually allowed to use as much soap and water as we liked! In ten minutes we were new men. There was a sharp frost, and we stood in the prison-yard without a rag to cover us; but we felt deliciously warm, as if new blood had been pumped into our veins. We had neither washed nor changed our clothes for forty-seven days, and as we soaped and lathered and rinsed ourselves and our garments we almost danced for joy!

*(To be continued.)*

# Some Adventures of a Sky-Sailor.

BY THE REV. JOHN M. BACON.

The well-known scientific aeronaut relates some of his exciting experiences—not the least exciting being the various landings on the earth in a high wind. The photographs accompanying Mr. Bacon's narrative illustrate many of the principal points in his text.



MORE than a dozen years ago I was aloft in a storm of wind the like of which I cannot recall in all my experience of ballooning. Indeed, when weather is as wild as it was on that afternoon, as far as my knowledge goes, balloons nowadays very seldom, if ever, go up at all. But at the date I am referring to it was a rash experiment for anyone who wished to hold his own as an aeronaut to fail to fulfil an engagement or disappoint the public at a gala gathering. As a natural consequence serious risks were sometimes run, as would at once be made apparent by a glance at the list of casualties which were constantly occurring at that period. Chief among those casualties must certainly be mentioned the terrible and fatal disaster that befell two experts who essayed with me the stormy journey I am now speaking of, and who were dashed to pieces in the same balloon only a few weeks afterwards. The names of my brave but unfortunate comrades were Messrs. Dale and Shadbolt.

The true terror of the particular day on which we ascended together lay in the severe gusts that now and again swept the earth with resistless fury. Aloft the wind was steadier, and our

best chance of safety consisted in seeking in our descent the lee of some hill or wood and finding soft anchorage. In the end our grapnel fortunately got good hold in a moist and sheltered pasture, and we were let off with only a roughish shaking.

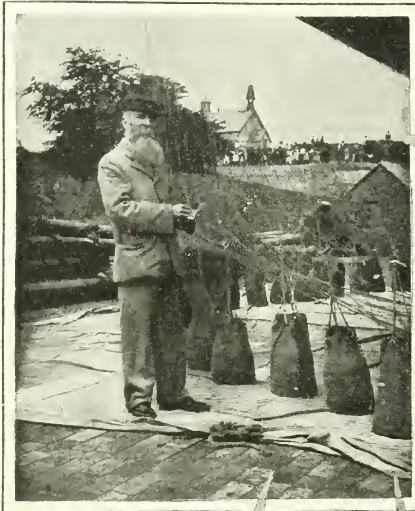
Not long ago, however, I found myself aloft once again in a wind storm, which reminded me strongly of my earlier

experience — with the important difference that the woods were now bare, and the country to be traversed being that of the eastern counties it lay wholly exposed and wind-swept up to the very margin of the sea. Moreover, it was an occasion when our venture could not honourably be postponed. For the day had been chosen for a series of simultaneous ascents, which, for meteorological purposes, were to be made from many centres in various parts of Europe.

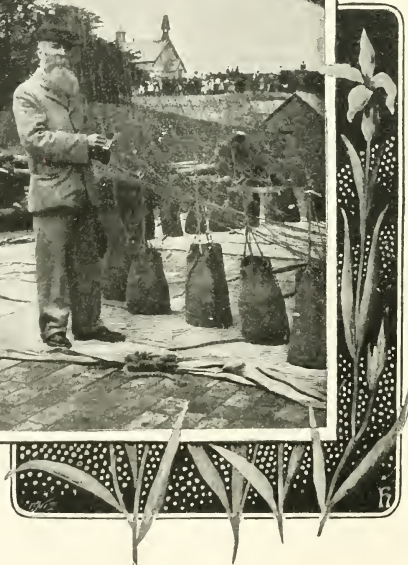
Our own balloon, equipped

by private munificence, was the only manned aerostat representing England, and, to quote a now memorable saying, "there was to be no turning back."

Hour after hour, with our craft securely moored, we waited for the wind to grow calmer,



THE REV. JOHN M. BACON PERSONALLY SUPERINTENDS THE FILING OPERATIONS. [Photo. From a]



instead of which, to our disappointment, it only grew rougher, and so, at last, as the light of the November day began to wane, we cast ourselves adrift into a fast-darkening sky before a whole gale that was flying at sixty miles an hour.

The departure had been unusually difficult and rough, and the combined efforts of twenty men had not prevented the balloon from

able roofs and quadrangles of the famous Naval Hospital, and then we knew it to be a fact that we had traversed the distance between our starting-point and Greenwich in five minutes' space. Surely here was a record which all will appreciate who know the journey of nearly half an hour, as made by the fastest legitimate mode of travelling between the Crystal Palace and London Bridge.

Shortly after this, on dropping some post-cards attached to parachutes, I discovered a significant fact—namely, that the lower currents were blow-



THE BALLOON IS SWAYED BY A FURIOUS GALE.  
*From a Photo.*

receiving some rude bumping during the few final minutes of needful preparation when the heavy gusts had several times lifted and then dashed it on the ground. In consequence of this, our belongings in the car had become much tumbled and disarranged, so that our first care on finding ourselves well away was to restore order and "elbow-room," after which we took our first reading. We found we had left the earth exactly five minutes, during which time we had risen 3,000ft., while the temperature had dropped 6deg. Then we looked down into the gulf below us to discover our direction, and there was a green park under us, with an irregular walled inclosure towards its upper end, which looked strangely like Greenwich Observatory, though this seemed an impossibility when we considered how very short a time we had been under way. Yet in another few seconds there were gliding rapidly beneath us the unmistak-



"WE CAST OURSELVES ADRIFT INTO A FAST-DARKENING SKY."  
*From a Photo.*

ing confusedly from many different directions, showing the wild disturbance of the afternoon. Whenever the missives took the same direction as the balloon they outstripped it, giving proof that, strong as the gale was aloft, it was yet more boisterous below, and this promised us an inevitably rough landing. A little later one of my post-cards fell into the hands of the proprietor of a large country seat over which we passed, and I subsequently had a letter from him in

which he described our exceptional speed as observed from his standpoint.

Some half-hour after our start we caught through an opening in clouds, now fast filling in below, a glimpse of the sea apparently about twenty miles away. Somewhere in those twenty miles we should have to hazard our luck in landing, and it would be well not to run the margin left us too fine. Moreover, away to the north and below us spread a dark storm-cloud from which, very obviously, rain was already descending in torrents on the earth. Towns and

"A GLIMPSE OF THE SEA APPARENTLY ABOUT TWENTY MILES AWAY." [Photo.]



Fitorsmaq.



"AN OBSTACLE FORMED OF TWO HALF-GROWN TREES"—A ROUGH DESCENT IN THE EASTERN COUNTIES. [Photo.]

villages in a long and rapid succession had seemingly been hurrying up across

the extended view, shooting under us and then passing away in our wake. Presently, however, a clear stretch of agricultural country lay below us, and we accepted this as a favourable opportunity for descent and promptly opened the valve.

Twice we nearly reached earth, and twice,

rapidly flinging out ballast, shot up again to avoid disastrous collision with some building that seemed suddenly to spring from nowhere and come charging towards us. A third time we swooped down, and as we did so some water-fowl lying hidden in a marsh uttered the strangest cry of surprise at our swift descent.

It must have been swift as well as unexpected, for the next moment came a series of sudden tugs at the car and then a rough bump on fresh-turned plough land, followed by a quick rebound of the balloon. This same sort of performance was repeated three or four times over, until one became conscious of knees and elbows feeling somewhat sore and bruised. The fact was that the anchor was playing a rough-and-tumble game of its own, striking the earth, dragging a few yards, and then flinging

itself again into space with each swing of the long rope. The race was too furious to allow of the grapnel getting hold, but the momentary checks it afforded brought the car to earth now and again with the rude impacts already described.

Meanwhile the hollow of the emptying silk only caught the gale more effectually and sent us flying the faster.

It is the unexpected that always terminates an aerial steeplechase of this kind, and the unexpected came ere long in an obstacle formed of two half-grown trees, an oak and a holly, standing together in a hedge-row bounding a small gully. Sailing clear of this hollow we gathered impetus, and then crashed into the twin trees, literally with the speed of an express train. It is difficult to recall what exactly happened. The holly, I remember, was prickly; while the oak, on the contrary, was tough; but bough after bough gave way as, trying to defend ourselves from their onslaught, we broke fairly through the entire tree, falling a helpless wreck on the other side. It was then the work of many minutes before, with the assistance of farm labourers, we could get ourselves down from the car, which was tangled up, stove in, and nearly upside down.

It will have been observed that in our adventure just told we had to take account of one chief danger which is nearly always present to the English aeronaut, but which we had avoided through timely warning. I refer, of course, to the neighbourhood of the sea, which comes into the reckoning of every balloonist and places a limit to nearly all his ascents.

The terror of the sea is a real one, if only from the fact that when a balloon settles in the water its huge loose net is a dangerous trap for even a stout swimmer. Balloonists have lost their lives at sea within full sight of land and with boats hurrying to the rescue.

I have on one occasion had as near an escape from falling in the sea as can be well conceived. The situation, which to a large multitude of on-lookers seemed sensational in the extreme, was brought about by a combination of circumstances which it will be necessary to explain from the beginning. The occasion was a typical afternoon of late August, warm, brilliant, and perfectly calm, so far at least as could be judged from within the grounds of the Crystal Palace. Here even at an altitude of 300ft. above the sea there was scarcely a breath stirring, and not a cloud overhead that betrayed any aerial disturbance. But the afternoon proved a study in wind-currents.

So still was it in the Palace grounds that at my own request the heavy grapnel was left behind. This is no imprudence in calm weather, and allows of a greater quantity of ballast being carried. Gladdened by this addition to our lifting power we lazily floated away into the blue depths above, and for a long while continued to hover over the ground we had just quitted, climbing up steadily the while, however. Twenty minutes had passed, and 3,000ft., 4,000ft., 4,500ft., had been successively re-

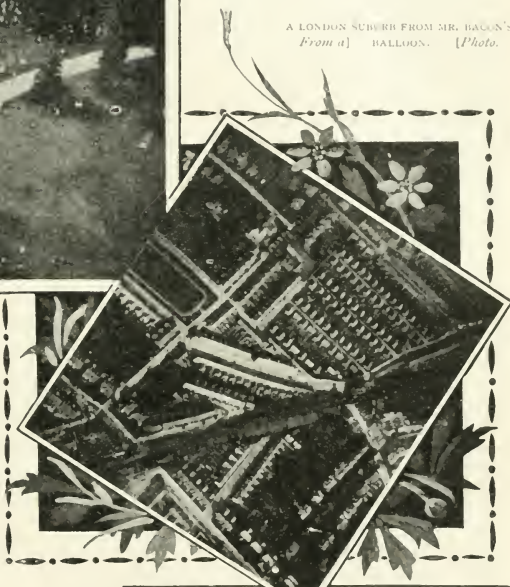
corded, while still the Palace lay deep down, but close on our lee.

But a surprise was in store for us, for suddenly the wide, unchanging panorama was transformed to a shifting scene of diversified country, sliding rapidly away behind us. We had unexpectedly found wings in an upper current blowing fast from the north, and were already heading straight for



A THOUSAND FEET ABOVE  
THE CRYSTAL PALACE  
GROUNDS.

*From a Photo.*



A LONDON SCENERY FROM MR. BAGON'S  
From a] BALLOON. [Photo.



A NARROW ESCAPE OF BEING CARRIED OUT TO SEA.  
*From a Photo.*

the south coast. Tunbridge shortly lay before us, and then a glorious prospect opened out, bounded by a distant sky-line on which

were dimly visible Beachy Head bluff on the right and Dungeness on our left. Farther yet, long streaks of open sea shimmered faintly in the sunlight. So fast were we now travelling that it was gravely debated whether we could not make a cross-Channel trip into French soil, and the idea was reluctantly abandoned simply through an insufficiency of ballast to meet emergencies.

Disappointed of this endeavour there was yet reserved for us the opportunity of a sensational termination to our voyage, for Hastings soon hove in sight right ahead, and it was evident that we could land ourselves on the very housetops if we desired it. But we did better. Below the high northerly current that was bearing us so swiftly was the ground current, which had an easterly drift and which, as shown by the smoke of the approaching chimneys, was now of some force. This fact enabled our experienced aeronaut, Mr. Percival Spencer, to give a display of rare judgment and nerve. Readers will sometimes have seen and wondered at the cleverness with which a cool-headed cabman, used to his work and behind a good horse, will sling round a corner in among the traffic of a crowded thoroughfare, shaving a lamp-post by a bare inch, and then cutting in between vehicles where a less confident driver would have seen no opening. Our balloon was now manoeuvred at a critical moment with equal skill. For, as a consequence of delaying our immediate descent, the moment had now, indeed, become critical. Our helmsman had gauged to a nicety the effect of the stratagem he had determined on carrying out. Hastings beheld and wondered at a balloon some 9,000ft. aloft flying seaward, and steadily maintaining its wild, high course till actually over the housetops. Beyond the house-tops stretched the bleak high cliffs, and beyond the cliffs the open sea.

Yet, apparently, not until it was too late did the balloon commence its long descent, and when this began it cannot even have appeared a neck-and-neck race to the spectators, but rather a game that was already up. The experience of the three aeronauts, far up in that little car, which just then must from below have seemed in such imminent danger, was that of keen and pleasurable excitement, not readily to be forgotten. But there was need of business-like action also. Mr. Spencer, with both hands on the valve-rope, was keenly watching the ever-narrowing strip of level ground ahead that terminated with the cliff's sheer edge. At his bidding also, my scientific colleague, who had charge of the aneroid, counted off every 500ft. as we climbed down, now with pelting speed.

My own duty was that of constantly casting out little fragments of light paper and noting their flight.

And it was these little paper fliers which soon told us of the all-important change in our circumstances, for which we were anxiously waiting. As each left my hand it fluttered briskly upwards like a butterfly on the wing. This, of course, was only an illusion due to our own rapid descent. But presently a shred of paper sped abruptly away from us, flying inconspicuously out to sea, and the same thing happened again a moment later.

We drew breath and looked down below us, for already a total change had come over the scene. We were now in the lower drift, and though we had run things very fine, for the moment we could regard the waves complacently. Our pilot, confident in his own quick-sightedness and skill, had made not the slightest error in judgment, but to outsiders the venture must have seemed like the merest touch and go. For we had another enemy besides the waves. There were the house-tops to be considered.

The roofs, the chimney-pots, the telegraph wires, looked formidable enough as we plunged down towards them, but the man in the street looking upwards and seeing a huge chariot coming out of heaven must have been appalled at the catastrophe that seemed imminent. In the last few hundred feet, however, the change which I have already indicated had been wrought. The lower current—a shallow one—had caught the balloon, and now swept it just clear of the houses, landing us in a small harvest-field. It had been a bold exploit beautifully carried out, and gave striking proof of the correct, cool judgment of the expert who, despite difficult and trying circumstances, had succeeded in bringing us down into a little plot of ground which he had practically singled out from two miles high.

But our adventure was very far from being yet over. The wind that had been so light in the Palace grounds was now blowing half a gale along the bleak high cliff. In consequence of this we at once bowed over, and as we had no grapnel we began dragging very rapidly. All who are familiar with Hastings can picture the spot hard by the sea, on the eastern outskirts, and will understand how only one field separated us from the top of the high cliff. Along this field we now began to coast, at an accelerating pace, which to say the least grew exciting. Right across the middle of this field, however, was drawn a substantial fence of posts and rails, and this was a most welcome obstacle. For as we were fairly tobogganing on the ground we hoped



that this would hold us up until the balloon, already half empty, should have entirely collapsed. The mistake we made was in forgetting our momentum. One is so apt to regard a balloon as devoid of weight. Yet in reality we represented some three-quarters of a ton, moving as fast as a horse could trot. Railings are not found in a meadow that will stand such a mad charge, and so we were quickly on the wrong side of the fence, with a huge gap behind us.

We were now perfectly helpless, and, dragging on our side, could take no clear view of the ground before us. We only knew that, while our course was parallel to the coast-line, the actual outline of the headland was indented,

the minds of the three sky-sailors who, as old comrades, had come through many a scrape before. Come what might they would stick by their craft and by one another. Behind us came the shouting of many voices, and we were sure of ample assistance if only something should occur to break the pace at which we were racing. Now and again one of us—the special victim of some extra heavy bump—would utter an ejaculation as cheerily as he could to indicate that so far he was all right. Then one, momentarily catching a better view, suddenly cried "Look out!" with an accent which proclaimed that the crisis had come. It had. Just ahead the ground disappeared, dropping into some steep hollow—how steep or where ending we knew not, but its brink was bordered by a few trees, and if only luck would stand by us—

Well, it did. With a delicious "swish" we crashed into a big oak, and our brave air-ship had found its haven.



AN EXCITING LANDING NEAR HASTINGS.  
*From a Photo.*

and a yawning chasm was somewhere close ahead of us.

It will need no insisting on that to have been dragged over the edge of a lofty cliff with a crippled balloon would have meant complete disaster. Further, if it be asked why we did not attempt to get out, the answer is a simple one. It would have been impossible for us all to have jumped out together, and the attempt would infallibly have meant the carrying away of one or more of the party. There was but one fixed resolve in



THE BALLOON IS SENT  
HOME BY RAIL.  
*From a Photo.*

# Men Who Have Been Attacked by Lions.

BY S. C. NORRIS, J.P. (LATE MINING COMMISSIONER IN RHODESIA).

A magistrate and late mining commissioner in Rhodesia gives a faithful picture of the "King of Beasts" as he found him, illustrating his remarks with some curious anecdotes and several exciting episodes dealing with attacks by lions on men whom he knew personally.



O fewer than five of the men whom I have known in Rhodesia during the past eight years have been mauled by lions. One of them was killed almost instantaneously. He had no chance of defending himself, for he was attacked in his sleep at the dead of night. His bed was on the grass, and his only shelter a tiny patrol tent, out of which the lion dragged him. He was not missed by his companions until the next day. The trail where he had been dragged through the long grass was plainly visible, but the only remains left of him were his skull and a few of the larger bones, much broken and tooth-marked. The conduct of his devourer was altogether different from that of Shakespeare's much-admired heroine, the lioness in "As You Like It." In the scene wherein Oliver describes the perils from which he had been rescued by Orlando, the supposed magnanimity of the lion tribe is highly extolled.

This only serves to show us, alas! how widely astray from the truth the naturalists of Shakespeare's time were as to the habits of these very much over-praised "Felidae." In point of fact, the so-called "king of beasts" is now known to be very far from kingly in his manner of feeding. It is untrue to say that he has a royal disposition which keeps him from preying on anything except the spoils of his own prowess in the chase. On the contrary, he will greedily devour all carrion that he happens to come upon. Nothing can be too high for him in that way. In other ways, though, nothing is too low for him. When a Rhodesian settler hears a clattering in the back premises at night he knows that it is only a lion overturning everything in his quest for greasy pots and pans to lick, and for scraps of thrown-away meat or offal. The lion looks a mean beast, too, as he sneaks out of your way, stooping and cringing, and occasionally looking furtively back at you. He can look big and fierce enough, it is true, when he springs

upon you, as you will see by the account of one of my mauled acquaintances, which I will presently deal with.

One other of the five only survived his lion bites a few days. He had been a commissariat officer, and had retired from the service but a few years when this tragic death overtook him. He was out shooting and had wounded a lion, and then followed up the retreating brute to finish him and secure the hide, skull, and claws. Now, a wounded lion is apt to be dangerous, as our poor friend found to his cost. He was not rescued from the enraged animal's teeth and claws till his injuries were terribly severe. He suffered great agonies during the few days of life that remained to him.

The other three men of whom I am writing were fortunate enough to escape with far less serious hurts from the lions that mauled them. One of them needed only a slight amount of medical treatment, and was only a month or two in recovering complete use of the leg that had been bitten. He is a man of powerful build, and of great presence of mind in all emergencies. The lion sprang upon him and knocked him down.

No sooner, however, did the ravenous beast begin to tear him, his leg being the entrée of this uncooked banquet, than our plucky and resourceful friend proceeded to belabour with his clenched fist the massive nose of his adversary. By his vigorous blows he so effectually balked the lion's greed that time was gained for his men to come up with their rifles and save their master from further injury and a dreadful end.

The fourth of these lion-bitten heroes had also the good luck to be saved from mortal injury, though his sufferings were of long duration. He was at a great distance from any surgical aid, and was delirious for some days. Unfortunately his mind then became more difficult of cure than his body, so that it was rather a long time before he became quite free from relapses of fever and



THE AUTHOR, MR. S. C. NORRIS, WHO RELATES SOME OF HIS LION EXPERIENCES.  
From a Photo. by Ellis & Walery.

partial delirium. There have been many instances in which the haunting dread left on a fever-weakened mind by lion encounters has been most difficult to cure permanently.

The fifth sufferer from these adventures with lions was a man whose acquaintance I made just three days before he got mauled. It was then that I halted and off-saddled at his out-spanned waggon. After each of us had told the other who he was and whither he was travelling, he told me that one of his team of oxen had just been killed by a lion, and that his Mashonas had brought him word that the carcass was within a mile of us. The most likely time for the lion to come back to his prey would be soon after sundown. We got the Mashonas to guide us to the place in the afternoon, intending to take cover within range of the carcass, and to remain hidden till the lion should come to his supper, and then let fly at him.

My waggon-driver, a Cape Kaffir, who was a good shot, was also given a rifle and allowed to follow us. He proved to be of too excitable a nature, however, for this kind of stalking, for when we got within a few hundred yards of the partly eaten ox he fired at some animal rustling through the bush. After this scaring of all the wild creatures near us by the echoing report of the rifle shot we knew that so wary a beast as a carcass-provided lion would not allow himself to be seen, but would wait for darkness before coming to his supper.

That night we had a circle of big fires blazing around our camp to scare away any more lions who might want to help themselves to our oxen and horses. Outside the glare of these fires there was dense blackness, for it was a cloudy, pitch-dark night. Our dogs were restless and quivering with excitement. Evidently they scented some enemy lurking outside the range of our fire-light. One big mongrel made a series of brief sorties, barking furiously all the time; but he was never away for more than a minute before he scurried back to us for protection. He went once too often, though, and finally came back to us severely punished, for he was all dripping with blood from deep scores of the enemy's claws.

Other travellers turned up at this outspan next day, and more lion hunts were spoken of. It was not until three days afterwards, however, that I heard the result of these sporting expeditions. In the meantime, as I was on Government business, and some people had made ap-

pointments to meet me that day some dozen miles from there, I had to leave these lion hunters to their own devices. When I heard of them again one was badly wounded and another was justly triumphant at having saved the wounded man's life by killing a lion in the act of mauling him. I subsequently heard the story from both these men separately, and it is as follows:—

First of all, for the sake of making our narrative more easy to relate, let us suppose that the name of the wounded man is Cross and that of



"OUTSIDE THE GLARE OF THE FIRE THERE WAS DENSE BLACKNESS FOR IT WAS A CLOUDY, PITCH-DARK NIGHT."

his deliverer, let us say, is Hope. For three days, inclusive of the evening when I was there, Cross had visited the partly-eaten ox, each evening and morning, trying to get a shot at the lion which he knew would spend his nights there in gluttony, and his days in some secure covert, sleeping off the effects of his nocturnal banquets. Cross was accompanied by other hunters at each visit.

At last, on the third morning, he and his companions succeeded in getting some shots at

the brute, who limped away and got out of sight through the tall grass and scattered thickets of bush. They lost trace of him on some rocky ground, so they went back to camp to breakfast, trusting that some of the Mashonas who lived in the neighbourhood would soon bring them word of the whereabouts of the wounded beast. They had not long to wait before a messenger came and told them that he could guide them to the lion's hiding-place. Just then another traveller, Hope, arrived at the outspan, and was told of the little hunt that was now projected. Of course, he took out his rifle at once from his waggon and joined the party of sportsmen as they were marching off under the guidance of the Mashona messenger.

The wounded lion's hiding-place proved to be in an isolated clump of bush. Sundry Mashonas who were hovering at safe distances around it said they had seen the beast go into this clump, and were quite sure that he was still there. Cross and Hope rashly went forward to get shots at him. Suddenly they heard a mighty roar. Now, the usual roar of a lion is only a deep "u-u-u-m-m-m"—this being the ordinary nightly roar of prowling lions, not very loud, but very far-carrying; it is a sound that thousands of us have often heard. But the sound that now deafened both Cross and Hope was of far greater volume and intensity; a sound that has but seldom reverberated in any ears; the loudly-resounding roar of an enraged and wound-tortured lion as he hurls himself upon his tormentors.

The most curious characteristic of this angry roar, Hope told me, was that he could not tell where it was coming from. This was because it seemed to fill the whole of space, and to come from all sides of him simultaneously. It was only for an instant, though, that Hope and Cross

were in any doubt as to where this most tremendous roar came from. Out of the clump the lion made straight for them, in a few enormous springs and leaps. He looked a huge monster, owing to the heights to which he sprang in his onward rushing bounds. To very few people has it been given to see this transformation scene, which changes the ordinary, lowly, skulking lion into the veritable king of beasts, whose roar fills all space, and whose leaping form seems to tower irresistibly over his threatened prey.

The two men pluckily faced their rapidly advancing foe, took steady aim, and fired. Only

Cross's rifle gave out a report, though. Hope's was silent, the trigger remaining rigid against his straining forefinger. The lion's head-long onslaught was at Cross, he being in white clothes, and therefore more conspicuous than Hope, who was in black. Cross's shot had no effect in retarding the attack of the furious brute. There was a tree in the way, and it was so small and slender that, most luckily, the rage-blinded monster failed to see it amid the rough places

over which he was bounding. It was by this tree that Cross's life was saved. The lion cannoned against it in his final spring, and

it was just strong enough to throw him off his balance. Consequently the infuriated beast fell on his side close to Cross, instead of directly upon him.

At the same moment poor Cross, in his efforts to avoid his formidable assailant, fell sideways also. These two falls brought the jaws of the lion into close proximity with the man's foot. In one savage bite the brute made his teeth fairly meet through the thick sole and upper leather of the boot. Cross yelled vociferously to Hope to shoot. Hope tried repeatedly to do so, but couldn't make the trigger of his rifle move from its rigid position.



"THE TWO MEN PLUCKILY FACED THEIR RAPIDLY ADVANCING FOE, TOOK STEADY AIM, AND FIRED."

The fact was that he forgot, all this time, to release a safety catch which was stopping the lock's action.

The lion quickly endeavoured to get a more vital hold upon his victim by letting go his foot for the purpose of seizing him by the body. At first he only got to his ankle, which he severely bit. Then he gave a still more severe bite to the unfortunate man's leg, just below the knee. By this time Hope, who had bravely stood his ground throughout this fierce onslaught, bethought himself of releasing the safety catch of his rifle, and shot the lion dead just in time to save poor Cross from further maulings and more deadly injuries.

In November, 1898, on a dark, rainy night, I myself had a very narrow escape (although I was blissfully unconscious of being in any danger just then) from meeting a fate similar to that of the poor fellow whose gruesome death is related in the opening paragraph of this article. In the midst of a lion-frequented country I was asleep in a tent, just as the victim before referred to had been. The weather being warm, I had so fastened back the canvas as to make my shelter more of an awning than a tent, and conse-

quently I was completely exposed all that night to intrusions from any nightly prowlers who might chance to visit my camp. It so happened that my first business next morning was to go with my assistant along a line of surveying flags, by which we had marked out through the bush one of the future streets of a new town. We first went to a point where one of our flagsticks had been securely fixed all the time we had been stationed here. We found, to our surprise, that both stick and flag had disappeared. The ground being clayey, and softened by the night's rain, we looked around for footprints, so as to discover, if possible, the tracks of the thief who had taken our property.

Our immediate neighbourhood was uninhabited, save by a few families of Matabele, none of whom lived very near us. The nearest whites were at the Geelong battery and mine, five miles away. We were about 100 miles distant from the nearest town, Bulawayo. The moment we searched for footprints we found them. We saw at once that they could be nothing else but the footprints of a lioness and her cub.

We then found that our flagstick had been dragged only a few yards from where it had stood. It was now on the ground, and sundry marks of teeth were plainly visible upon it. The flag, twisted into a wet and ragged wisp, was lying near the stick. This surveying flag was merely a piece of red Turkey twill, and had been about a square foot in dimensions when the cub and its mother had begun their cat-like worrying of it. Probably the lioness had mistaken it for something alive when she heard it fluttering in the night breeze and rain, a little way over her head.

We carefully followed the track and found that these nocturnal visitors had been right in front of our open tent, and only four yards from us during some part of our slumbers. An experienced hunter of big game gave it as his opinion that the lioness must have been pretty hungry and savage, or she would not have sprung upon so trap-like an object as the flagstick; and further, that it was consequently rather surprising to him that she should have refrained from carrying off one of us for her supper. We were naturally desirous to get a sight of the lioness, so we took our rifles and walked cautiously along the course of her footprints. We managed this easily enough over the soft ground, but soon came to a wide, stony stretch, where no marks of her were visible, so we gave up the chase.



THE FLAG, TWISTED INTO A WET AND RAGGED WISP, WAS LYING NEAR THE STICK.

# My Experiences as a Lady Missionary in China.

BY E. M. LEE.

The author is able to speak with authority on the strange manners and customs of the Chinese, for she lived in the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society's School at Foochow for seven years—from 1892 till 1899. Miss Lee is at present home on furlough, having left China shortly before the present troubles. This interesting article will give readers a good deal of first-hand information concerning the domestic and social life of the Chinese. The photographs are rare and especially worthy of notice.



EVEN years spent in China under the same roof with a great number of its natives gave me a good opportunity for knowing something of the characters of the hundred and odd Chinese girls and women with whom I lived in close daily and hourly intercourse. But I do not imagine for a moment that such a relatively short residence in that vast country could qualify me to pronounce upon its eighteen provinces and 400,000,000 inhabitants.

Nine years ago China seemed to me the most unattractive country in the world, and its inhabitants the most unlovable. But what a pleasant surprise was in store for me! The women and girls among whom I worked were

so winning, teachable, and grateful that it was quite impossible not to love them.

Many of the native Christians and some of the pupils in my school (who only a few years ago were ignorant heathens) have been stimulating examples to me by their zeal, self-denial, patient endurance of persecution, and readiness to suffer for conscience' sake.

The devotion, kindness, and tender sympathy of a Chinese servant who nursed me in an illness which might have terminated fatally left me nothing to desire that could be obtained when my own relations were many thousands of miles away.

Cleverness, industry, thrift, cheerfulness, sobriety, politeness, and respect for the aged were the characteristics of the great majority



From a

"THE HILLS ARE CULTIVATED IN TERRACE FASHION BY THE THRIFTY, INDUSTRIAL NATIVES."

[Photo.

of the Chinese with whom I came in contact, and I can only write of them as I found them.

Now, let us turn from the people to their country. The scenery of the Fuh-Kien province is so beautiful that many of the missionaries who are stationed in it thank God that their work for Him lies in the midst of such soul-inspiring surroundings.

Near the end of my long voyage to Foochow, when our steamer was about to enter the River Min, the first object of interest pointed out to me by our captain was the Island of Sharp Peak, one of the many small but pretty islands which make the mouth of the river so picturesque. Delightful views are to be had from Sharp Peak, especially when the setting sun glorifies hills and rocks, and sea and sky, and when quaint Chinese boats with bamboo-stiffened sails glide across the lake-like sea and gradually disappear among the islands. The hills shown in the foreground of the illustration on the preceding page are cultivated

tinged with sadness. They recall nights and days of anxious watching at the bedsides of well-nigh dying friends; and of a few bright and happy days spent with others who, not long after, fell victims to the Vegetarians at Hua-Sang.

But of a very different kind are my recollections of a journey from Sharp Peak to Foochow in a house-boat. As we sailed up the River Min one hot, sunny June afternoon we seemed to be passing through a series of beautiful lakes with spurs of mountain ranges rising from the far end of each of them. Picturesque houses, temples, and forts crowned the jutting crags on the banks. Villages in the midst of brilliantly green rice-fields clustered at the foot of mountains which, towering to a height of several thousand feet, made a grand background for all.

Great junks, with high, gaily-painted sterns, huge brown sails, and bows on which were painted the indispensable eyes to enable the



"SLIPPER-SHAPED LITTLE BOATS, CALLED 'SAM-PAN,' WITH QUEER, ARCHED COVERS OF BAMBOO AND MATTING."

*From a Photo.*

in terrace fashion by the thrifty, industrious natives: and at the other side of the island in the Waga Channel appear the curious rocks known as "The Five Tigers."

Narrow paths, cut out of the precipitous hills high above the shore and winding round the numerous curves and indentations of the island, are an inducement to indulge in plenty of walking exercise; but it is rather aggravating, at the end of a fairly long walk, to find that your residence is still in sight.

Under the cliffs nestles a native village, dirty and odorous! But the sanatoriums of the missionary societies are built on the high ground, where the air is so pure that (according to my native teacher) it makes the Chinese ill!

Glorious as the sunrises and sunsets are at Sharp Peak; lovely, restful, and health-giving as are its surroundings—all my memories of it are

ship "to see how to go," slowly passed us. All over the river were numbers of the slipper-shaped little boats called *sampans*, with queer, arched covers of bamboo and matting, and shelves for pots of flowers. Each boat was propelled by a woman, who stood at her long oar, clad in a neat, but decidedly odd, bloomer costume. The yellow, brown, and white sails of some of the little craft added to the picturesqueness of the scene. These *sampans* are the dwellings of the boat people, who form quite a distinct class in China. It is

stated that at Canton alone there are 300,000 of these people, who, from cradle to grave, know no other homes than their little boats. When their days of river-life are ended they are at last allowed a resting-place on land—in their graves! Frequently three generations manage to live together on one of these small boats.

As I watched each little floating home pass, and noticed its scrupulous cleanliness and the bright, healthy appearance of its oarswoman, whose smallest, quaintly-dressed, and shaven-pated children were tethered to the boat lest they should fall overboard, I thought of the pure air (that very rarest of luxuries in the native streets and paddy-fields of Foochow) to be breathed on the river, and made up my mind that were I a Chinese woman, and free to choose my own vocation, the life of a boatwoman would be the life for me.

Soon after this important decision was made the weather and my views of boat-life rapidly changed. A tremendous pall of black cloud fell over the mountains and river, and altered the scene which had been so beautiful. Suddenly we were in the midst of pitiless, pelting rain. The sampans made for the shelter of the shore. The crews of all the junks visible donned their palm-fibre rain suits and great hats, three times the size of the hat in our illustration, and tucked their cotton garments out of sight. Two hours later the captain of the house-boat stood at the door of the little cabin.

He told me it would be impossible to reach Foochow that night, so we must anchor where we were, cheerfully adding that it was the very worst place in the whole river for thieves! And he at once proceeded to fasten up every window in the cabin.

Reflections on the experiences of some of my friends at the hands of river thieves occupied me for some time. One lady had been roused from her slumbers just in time to take a farewell

glance at some of her trousseau as it was traveling through the open cabin window on a boat-hook; and too late came her pathetic appeal to her husband to rescue the precious garments. The boat of another friend—a frequent sufferer from the cleverness of thieves—only recently had been lightened by the removal of the basket containing his entire wardrobe, books, papers, and watch. Yet other friends, after successfully repulsing two determined attacks made by thieves in one night, at the third assault tried, but in vain, to pop a bottle of lemonade at their tormentors, hoping that the noise so made might suggest a more deadly

weapon and frighten them off. At last, driven to desperation, my friends threw the bottle, corked as it was, into the thieves' boat and so vanquished them.

An hour's endurance of the stove-house temperature of the closed cabin made me certain that suffocation was more objectionable than thieves, and fresh air more desirable than any, except absolutely necessary, garments, and suddenly the cabin windows were opened wide.

Let us look at the River Min at its gayest time. It is the fifth day of the fifth month (about the beginning of June), and the Dragon Boat Festival is going on. Immense crowds pour forth from the million-peopled city of Foochow,

its densely populated suburbs and surrounding villages, and line the banks of the river, crowd the Bridge of Ten Thousand Ages, and swarm on every junk, sampan, and house-boat available. Young and old have come out to see the racing of the Dragon Boat on the river.

The photograph gives a good idea of this strange boat. It is long and narrow, with bows raised and carved to look like a dragon's head, with widely distended jaws. There are about thirty-four men as crew. Two are in the centre making all the noise they can, one by beating a large gong and the other by exercising his



From a]

A PALM-FIBRE RAIN SUIT.

[Photo.





From a THE DRAGON-BOAT WHICH TOOK PART IN THE STRANGE AND ANIMATED FESTIVAL. [Photo.]

strength on a huge drum. The helmsman, with his immense oar, stands at the stern. On the dragon's head sits a man waving a flag to the motion of which the rowers keep time. The crew use paddles instead of oars, and make the narrow boat go very rapidly in their eagerness to obtain the honour and glory of winning the small prizes for which they compete.

We must leave the river-side and ascend one of the high hills on the Island of Nautai if we wish to see a marvellous panorama spread out before us in the brilliant sunshine and under the glorious blue of the Eastern sky. Far beneath is the city upon the water, comprised of thousands of sampan homes of the ever-interesting boat-people. Barges and boats of many sizes and shapes and gigantic rafts are there also; while far away up the river, and at the back of the city in

the distance, we see some of the beautiful mountains which encircle the great plain of living green in which Foochow is built.

Below the great bridge is a forest of masts. Strangely picturesque junks, with bright red flags flying, lie beside the house-boats and steam-launches of the foreign community. A few miles farther down the mountain background rises to a height of 3,200ft., where the grand peak

of Kushan towers aloft, like a huge sentinel guarding the way to the sea. Suburbs populous as small towns line the bank of the river. The Bridge of Ten Thousand Ages, 14ft. wide and one-third of a mile in length, with its ever-moving crowd of blue-clad passengers; its peep-shows, booths, and stalls where many things can be purchased, from a dinner which has been cooked on the spot to clothing, rusty foreign nails, and the herbs (and probably tiger bones) so much used in



"THE WHITE PAGODA IS A DILAPIDATED BUILDING NOT FAR FROM THE SOUTH GATE."

From a Photo.



From a]

AN ELABORATE TEMPLE IN FOOCHOW.

[Photo.

Chinese medicine—this wonderful bridge connects the Island of Nautai with the three miles long street of shops that leads into the walled city of Foochow. And how entirely Eastern and picturesque the pagoda-crowned hills and curly-roofed temples and houses of the great city look in the distance!

The White Pagoda is a rather dilapidated



THE ALTAR TO THE EASTERN HEAVENS ON BLACK ROCK HILL.

From a Photo.

building not far from the South Gate of the city, and quite near the American Board Mission, which was the first Protestant society to commence work in the capital of the Fuh-Kien province in 1847. In the autumn of the same year the Methodist Episcopal Mission sent out some workers, and three years later the Revs. W. Welton and R. D. Jackson, of the Church Missionary Society, arrived in Foochow.

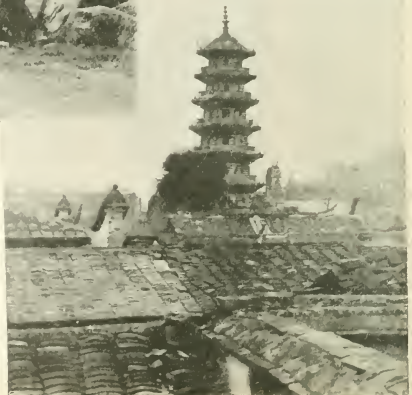
The missionaries of each of the societies had to wait many years for the first-fruits of their labours; for it is no easy matter for a Chinese

to become a Christian, because he may have to suffer more for Christ in one day than we have to suffer during our whole lives. But now all the workers in our province have reason to rejoice at the success of their work and the high character of many of their converts.

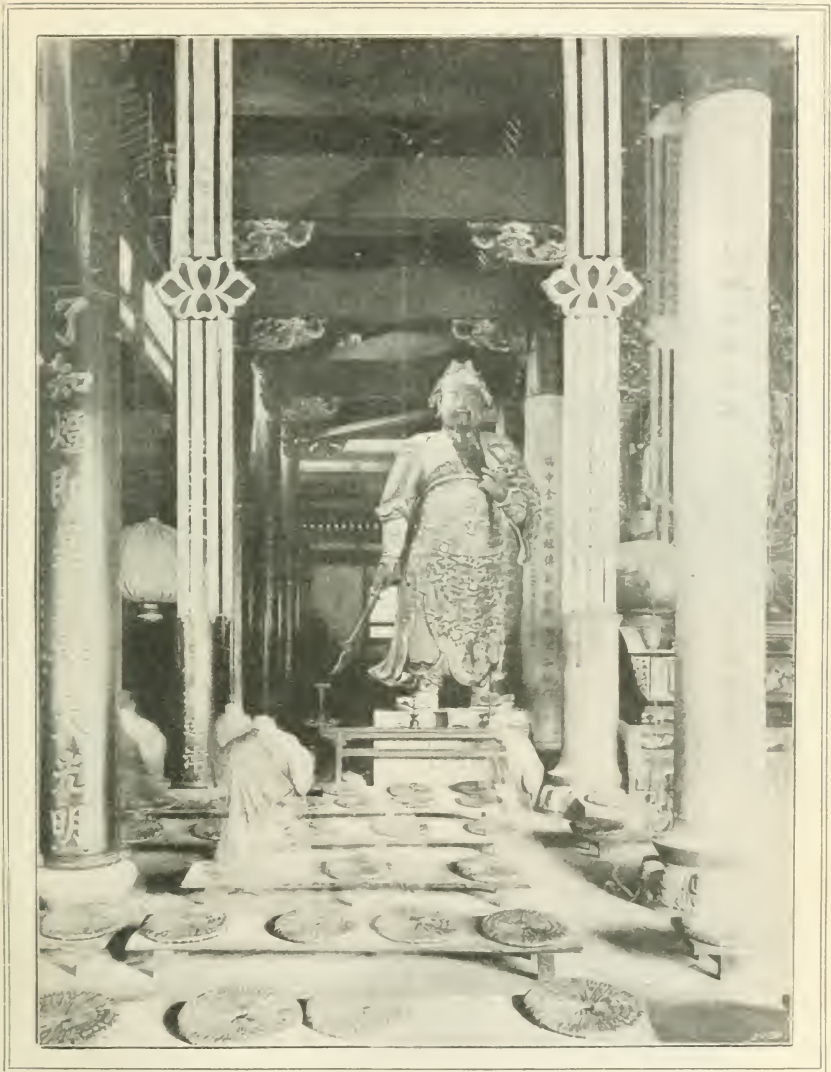
The adherents of the Church Missionary Society alone now number about 20,000; and forty years ago they had not one!

The photograph of the elaborately ornamented temple, with the very curly roof, is a good specimen of the exterior of many of the numerous temples in Foochow and other Chinese cities. The illustration on the next page shows the interior of the temple called Sā-Siēng-sé. The name of the hideously ugly idol is Guang-Gu.

The gentleman who gave me the photograph assured me that when it was taken he was the only person in the part of the temple he was photographing, and he asked if I could account for the appearance of the shadowy figures of the worshipping monks in the photograph. The question is one for



ONE OF THE PAGODAS WHICH ARE SUPPOSED TO EXERCISE BENEFICENT INFLUENCE ON THE CITY. [Photo.



[From a]

THE INTERIOR OF THE TEMPLE CALLED SA-SIENG-SË, WITH ITS HIDEOUS IDOL.

[Photo.]

photographers to answer; but I imagine that an imperfectly cleaned plate may have had something to do with the mystery of the ghost-like monks.

In striking contrast to the last illustration is

that of the altar to the eastern heavens, on the Black Rock Hill near the South Gate. A bare rock is seen with only the blue vault of heaven above it, and a solitary man burning incense on it. The Chinese worship Heaven

and Earth as their highest deity, and it is difficult to make them understand that God, the Creator of Heaven and Earth, is far greater.

The Church Missionary Society occupied premises on Black Rock Hill for twenty-seven years, until they were most unjustly expelled in 1878. Their newly-built college was deliberately destroyed in the presence of mandarins, who were appealed to in vain to stop the work of destruction, and before the eyes of the English Consul, who was

a great distance from Foochow, are the two pagodas and the great Watch Tower over the North Gate. The strange arrangement of water jars, surrounded by upright stones in the foreground of the photograph, is supposed to represent

the constellation of the "Great Bear."

It is believed that so long as the jars are kept filled with water the city cannot be destroyed by fire. The Watch Tower has been restored since the photograph was taken, and it is now an imposing edifice, marvellously decorated and painted.

The strange bit of wall with the queer-looking beast painted on it is one of many walls which are



"THE STRANGE ARRANGEMENT OF WATER JARS SURROUNDED BY UPRIGHT STONES IS SUPPOSED TO REPRESENT THE CONSTELLATION OF THE 'GREAT BEAR.'" [Photo.]

powerless to do anything. Since 1878 the head-quarters of the C.M.S. have been in the foreign settlement on the Island of Nautai.

Near the old site of the mission is the second of those pagodas which are supposed to secure such beneficent influence for the city! The most conspicuous objects, which can be seen at

built as screens to shield houses or public buildings from malign influences. Temples and mandarins' houses are frequently protected by these walls, on which are painted dragons, tigers, and other ferocious beasts, as well as quaint diagrams and written characters, which bid defiance to the invisible enemy.



From a NOTICE THE PAINTED WALL INTENDED TO SHIELD HOUSES OR PUBLIC BUILDINGS FROM MALIGN INFLUENCES. [Photo.]

(To be continued.)

# The Great Boer War.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

This narrative is published in "The Wide World Magazine" by arrangement with the Author and with Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co., the publishers of the complete work, "The Great Boer War." The American Edition of Dr. Conan Doyle's book is published by Messrs. McClure, Phillips, and Co.

## CHAPTER III. THE NEGOTIATIONS.



THE British Government and the British people do not desire any direct authority in South Africa. Their one supreme interest is that the various States there should live in concord and prosperity, and that there should be no need for the presence of a British redcoat within the whole great peninsula. Our foreign critics, with their misapprehension of the British Colonial system, can never realize that whether the four-coloured flag of the Transvaal or the Union Jack of a self-governing colony waved over the gold mines would not make the difference of one shilling to the revenue of Great Britain. The Transvaal as a British province would have its own Legislature, its own revenue, its own expenditure, and its own tariff against the mother country, as well as against the rest of the world, and England be none the richer for the change. This is so obvious to a Briton that he has ceased to insist upon it, and it is for that reason perhaps that it is so universally misunderstood abroad. On the other hand, while she is no gainer by the change, most of the expense of it in blood and in money falls upon the home country. On the face of it, therefore, Great Britain had every reason to avoid so formidable a task as the conquest of the South African Republic. At the best she had nothing to gain, and at the worst she had an immense deal to lose. There was no room for ambition or aggression. It was a case of shirking or fulfilling a most arduous duty.

There could be no question of a plot for the annexation of the Transvaal. In a free country the Government cannot move in advance of public opinion, and public opinion is influenced by and reflected in the newspapers. One may examine the files of the Press during all the months of negotiations and never find one reputable opinion in favour of such a course, nor did one in society ever meet an advocate of such a measure. But a great wrong was being done, and all that was asked was the minimum change which would set it right and restore equality between the white races in Africa.

"Let Kruger only be liberal in the extension of the franchise," said the paper which is most representative of the sanest British opinion,

"and he will find that the power of the Republic will become not weaker, but infinitely more secure. Let him once give the majority of the resident males of full age the full vote, and he will have given the Republic a stability and power which nothing else can. If he rejects all pleas of this kind, and persists in his present policy, he may possibly stave off the evil day, and preserve his cherished oligarchy for another few years; but the end will be the same."

The extract reflects the tone of all of the British Press, with the exception of one or two papers which considered that even the persistent ill-usage of our people, and the fact that we were peculiarly responsible for them in this State, did not justify us in interfering in the internal affairs of the Republic. It cannot be denied that the Jameson raid and the incomplete manner in which the circumstances connected with it had been investigated had weakened the force of those who wished to interfere energetically on behalf of British subjects. There was a vague but widespread feeling that, perhaps, the capitalists were engineering the situation for their own ends. It is difficult to imagine how a state of unrest and insecurity, to say nothing of a state of war, can ever be to the advantage of capital, and surely it is obvious that if some arch-schemer were using the grievances of the Uitlanders for his own ends the best way to checkmate him would be to remove those grievances. The suspicion, however, did exist among those who like to ignore the obvious and magnify the remote, and throughout the negotiations the hand of Great Britain was weakened, as her adversary had doubtless calculated that it would be, by an earnest but fussy and faddy minority. Idealism and a morbid, restless conscientiousness are two of the most dangerous evils from which a modern progressive State has to suffer.

It was in April, 1899, that the British Uitlanders sent their petition praying for protection to their native country. Since the April previous a correspondence had been going on between Dr. Leyds, Secretary of State for the South African Republic, and Mr. Chamberlain, Colonial Secretary, upon the existence or non-existence of the suzerainty. On the one hand, it was contended that the substitution of a second convention had entirely annulled the first; on the other, that the preamble of the

first applied also to the second. If the Transvaal contention were correct it is clear that Great Britain had been tricked and jockeyed into such a position, since she had received no *quid pro quo* in the second convention, and even the most careless of Colonial Secretaries could hardly have been expected to give away a very substantial something for nothing. But the contention throws us back upon the academic question of what a suzerainty is. The Transvaal admitted a power of veto over their foreign policy, and this admission in itself, unless they openly tore up the convention, must deprive them of the position of a Sovereign State. On the whole, the question must be acknowledged to have been one which might very well have been referred to trustworthy arbitration.

But now to this debate, which had so little of urgency in it that seven months intervened between statement and reply, there came the bitterly vital question of the wrongs and appeal of the Uitlanders. Sir Alfred Milner, the British Commissioner in South Africa, a man of liberal views, who had been appointed by a Conservative Government, commanded the respect and confidence of all parties. His record was that of an able, clear-headed man, too just to be either guilty of or intolerant of injustice. To him the matter was referred, and a conference was arranged between President Kruger and him at Bloemfontein, the capital of the Orange Free State. They met on May 30th. Kruger had declared that all questions might be discussed except the independence of the Transvaal. "All, all, all!" he cried, emphatically. But in practice it was

found that the parties could not agree as to what did or what did not threaten this independence. What was essential to one was inadmissible to the other. Milner contended for a five years' retroactive franchise, with provisions to secure adequate representation for the mining districts. Kruger offered a seven years' franchise, coupled with numerous conditions which whittled down its value very much, promised five members out of thirty-one to represent a majority of the male population, and added a provision that all differences should be subject to arbitration by foreign Powers, a condition which is incompatible with any claim to suzerainty. The proposals of each were impossible to the other, and early in June Sir Alfred Milner was back in Cape Town and President Kruger in Pretoria, with nothing settled except the extreme difficulty of a settlement. The current was running swift, and the roar of the fall was already sounding louder in the ear.

On June 12th Sir Alfred Milner received a deputation at Cape Town and reviewed the situation. "The principle of equality of races was," he said, "essential for South Africa. The one State where inequality existed kept all the others in a fever. Our policy was one not of aggression, but of singular patience, which could not, however, lapse into indifference." Two days later Kruger addressed the Raad: "The other side has not conceded one tittle, and I could not give more. God has always stood by us. I do not want war, but I will not give more away. Although our independence has once been taken away, God has restored it." He spoke with sincerity, no doubt, but it is hard to hear God invoked with such confidence

for the system which encouraged the liquor traffic to the natives, and bred the most corrupt set of officials that the modern world has seen.

A despatch from Sir Alfred Milner, giving his views upon the situation, made the British public recognise, as nothing else had done, how serious the position was, and how essential it was that an earnest national effort should be made to set it right. In it he said:—

"The case for intervention is overwhelming. The only attempted answer is that things will right themselves if left



IT WAS IN THIS BUILDING THAT SIR ALFRED MILNER AND PRESIDENT KRUGER MET TO DISCUSS THE FRANCHISE QUESTION. [*The King.*]

alone. But, in fact, the policy of leaving things alone has been tried for years, and it has led to their going from bad to worse. It is not true that this is owing to the raid. They were going from bad to worse before the raid. We were on the verge of war before the raid, and the Transvaal was on the verge of revolution. The effect of the raid has been to give the policy of leaving things alone a new lease of life, and with the old consequences.

"The spectacle of thousands of British subjects kept permanently in the position of helots, constantly chafing under undoubted grievances, and calling vainly to Her Majesty's Government for redress, does steadily undermine the influence and reputation of Great Britain within the Queen's dominions. A section of the Press, not in the Transvaal only, preaches openly and constantly the doctrine of a Republic embracing all South Africa, and supports it by menacing references to the armaments of the Transvaal, its alliance with the Orange Free State, and the active sympathy which, in case of war, it would receive from a section of Her Majesty's subjects. I regret to say that this doctrine, supported as it is by a ceaseless stream of malignant lies about the intentions of Her Majesty's Government, is producing a great effect on a large number of our Dutch fellow-colonists. Language is frequently used which seems to imply that the Dutch have some superior right, even in this Colony, to their fellow-citizens of British birth. Thousands of men peaceably disposed, and if left alone perfectly satisfied with their position as British subjects, are being drawn into disaffection, and there is a corresponding exasperation upon the part of the British.

"I can see nothing which will put a stop to this mischievous propaganda but some striking proof of the intention of Her Majesty's Government not to be ousted from its position in South Africa."

Such were the grave and measured words with which the British pro-Consul warned his countrymen of what was to come. He saw the storm-cloud piling in the north, but even his



From a *Photoly* THE ROOM IN WHICH THE CONFERENCE WAS HELD. [P. 11] *Mag.*

eyes had not yet discerned how near and how terrible was the tempest.

Throughout the end of June and the early part of July much was hoped from the mediation of the heads of the Africander Bond, the political union of the Dutch Cape colonists. On the one hand, they were the kinsmen of the Boers; on the other, they were British subjects, and were enjoying the blessings of those liberal institutions which we were anxious to see extended to the Transvaal. "Only treat our folk as we treat yours!" Our whole contention was compressed into that prayer. But nothing came of the mission, though a scheme indorsed by Mr. Hofmeyer and Mr. Herholdt, of the Bond, with Mr. Fischer of the Free State, was introduced into the Raad and applauded by Mr. Schreiner, the Africander Premier of Cape Colony. In its original form the provisions were obscure and complicated, the franchise varying from nine years to seven under different conditions. In debate, however, the terms were amended until the time was reduced to seven years, and the proposed representation of the gold-fields placed at five. The concession was not a great one, nor could the representation, five out of thirty-one, be considered a generous provision for the majority of the population; but the reduction of the years of residence was eagerly hailed in England as a sign that a compromise might be effected. A sigh of relief went up from the country. "If," said the Colonial Secretary, "this report

is confirmed, this important change in the proposals of President Kruger, coupled with previous amendments, leads Government to hope that the new law may prove to be the basis of a settlement on the lines laid down by Sir Alfred Milner in the Bloemfontein Conference." He added that there were some vexatious conditions attached, but concluded: "Her Majesty's Government feel assured that the President, having accepted the principle for which they have contended, will be prepared to reconsider any detail of his scheme which can be shown to be a possible hindrance to the full accomplishment of the object in view, and that he will not allow them to be nullified or reduced in value by any subsequent alterations of the law or acts of administration." At the same time the *Times* declared the crisis to be at an end. "If the Dutch statesmen of the Cape have induced their brethren in the Transvaal to carry such a Bill, they will have deserved the lasting gratitude, not only of their own countrymen and of the English colonists in South Africa, but of the British Empire and of the civilized world."

But this fair prospect was soon destined to be overcast. Questions of detail arose which, when closely examined, proved to be matters of very essential importance. The Uitlanders and British South Africans, who had experienced in the past how illusory the promises of the President might be, insisted upon guarantees. The seven years offered were two years more than that which Sir Alfred Milner had declared to be an irreducible minimum. The difference of two years would not have hindered their acceptance, even at the expense of some humiliation to our representative. But there were conditions which excited distrust when drawn up by so wily a diplomatist. One was that the alien who aspired to burghership had to produce a certificate of continuous registration for a certain time. But the law of registration had fallen into disuse in the Transvaal, and consequently this provision might render the whole Bill valueless. Since it was carefully retained, it was certainly meant for use. The door had been opened, but a stone was placed to block it.

Again, the continued burghership of the newcomers was made to depend upon the resolution

of the first Raad, so that should the mining members propose any measure of reform, not only their Bill but they also might be swept out of the House by a Boer majority. What could an Opposition do if a vote of the Government might at any moment unseat them all? It was clear that a measure which contained such provisions must be very carefully sifted before a British Government could accept it as a final settlement and a complete concession of justice to its subjects. On the other hand, it naturally felt loth to refuse those clauses which offered some prospect of an amelioration in their condition. It took the course, therefore, of suggesting that each Government should appoint delegates to form a joint commission which should inquire into the working of the proposed Bill before it was put into a final form. The proposal was submitted to the Raad upon August 7th, with the addition that when this was done Sir Alfred Milner was prepared to discuss anything else, including arbitration, without the interference of foreign Powers.

The suggestion of this joint commission has been criticised as an unwarrantable intrusion into the internal affairs of another country. But then the whole question from the beginning was about the internal affairs of another country, since the internal equality of the white inhabitants was the condition upon which self-government was restored to the Transvaal. It is futile to suggest analogies, and to imagine what France would do if Germany were to interfere in a question of French franchise. Supposing that France contained as many Germans as Frenchmen, and that they were ill-treated, Germany would

interfere quickly enough, and continue to do so until some fair *modus vivendi* was established. The fact is that the case of the Transvaal stands alone, that such a condition of things has never been known, and that no previous precedent can apply to it, save the general rule that a minority of white men cannot continue indefinitely to tax and govern a majority. Sentiment inclines to the smaller nation, but reason and justice are all on the side of England.

A long delay followed upon the proposal of the Secretary of the Colonies. No reply was



MR. HOFMEYER, ONE OF THE CHIEFS OF THE AFRICANDER BOND.

From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.



forthcoming from Pretoria. But on all sides there came evidence that those preparations for war which had been quietly going on even before the Janieson raid were now being hurriedly perfected. For so small a State enormous sums were being spent upon military equipment. Cases of rifles and boxes of cartridges streamed into the arsenal, not only from Delagoa Bay, but even, to the indignation of the English colonists, through Cape Town and Port Elizabeth. Huge packing-cases, marked "Agricultural Instruments" and "Mining Machinery," arrived from Germany and France, to find their places in the forts of Johannesburg or Pretoria. Men of many nations but of a similar type showed their martial faces in the Boer towns. The *condottieri* of Europe were as ready as ever to sell their blood

for gold, and nobly in the end did they fulfil their share of the bargain. For three weeks and more during which Mr. Kruger was silent these eloquent preparations went on. But beyond them, and of infinitely more importance, there was one fact which dominated the situation. A burgher cannot go to war without his horse, his horse cannot move without grass, grass will not come until after rain, and it was still some weeks before the rain would be due. Negotiations, then, must not be unduly hurried while the veldt was a bare, russet-coloured, dust-swept plain. Mr. Chamberlain and the British public waited week after week for their answer. But there was a limit to their patience, and it was reached on August 26th, when the Colonial Secretary showed, with a plainness of speech which is as unusual as it is welcome in diplomacy, that the question could not be hung up for ever. "The sands are running down in the glass," said he. "If they run out we shall not hold ourselves limited by that which we have already offered, but, having taken the matter in hand, we will not let it go until we have secured conditions which once for all shall establish which is the paramount Power in South Africa, and shall secure for our fellow-subjects there those equal rights and equal privileges which were promised them by President Kruger when the independence of the Transvaal was granted by the Queen, and

which is the least that in justice ought to be accorded them." Lord Salisbury, a little time before, had been equally emphatic. "No one in this country wishes to disturb the conventions so long as it is recognised that, while they guarantee the independence of the Transvaal on the one side, they guarantee equal political and civil



DELAGO A BAY, THROUGH WHICH A STEADY STREAM OF ARMS AND AMMUNITION FLOWED INTO THE TRANSVAAL. [From a Photo. by Venetie P. Edwards.]

rights for settlers of all nationalities upon the other. But these conventions are not like the laws of the Medes and the Persians. They are mortal, they can be destroyed . . . and once destroyed they can never be reconstructed in the same shape." The long-enduring patience of Great Britain was beginning to show signs of giving way.

In the meantime a fresh despatch had arrived from the Transvaal which offered as an alternative proposal to the joint commission that the Boer Government should grant the franchise proposals of Sir Alfred Milner on condition that Great Britain withdrew or dropped her claim to a suzerainty, agreed to arbitration, and promised never again to interfere in the internal affairs of the Republic. To this Great Britain answered that she would agree to arbitration, that she hoped never again to have occasion to interfere for the protection of her own subjects, but that with the grant of the franchise all occasion for such interference would pass away, and, finally, that she would never consent to abandon her position as suzerain Power. Mr. Chamberlain's despatch ended by reminding the Government of the Transvaal that there were other matters of dispute open between the two Governments apart from the franchise, and that it would be as well to have them settled at the same time. By these he meant such questions as the position of the native races and the

treatment of Anglo-Indians. One cannot help regretting that the Colonial Secretary did not let these matters alone for the moment, as they may have given the impression to the Transvaal, and to its supporters over here, that our demands were being raised and that their concessions were encouraging us to bring up new questions. As a matter of fact, these were no new questions, but the subjects of very long correspondence in the past, and it was natural that the Colonial Secretary should desire a general settlement with the least possible chance of the recurrence of friction. Still, at so delicate a point of the negotiations it might have been more opportune to refrain from opening these new and vague contentions.

On September 2nd the answer of the Transvaal Government was returned. It was short and uncompromising. They withdrew their offer of the franchise. They reasserted the non-existence of the suzerainty. The negotiations were at a deadlock. It was difficult to see how they could be re-opened. In view of the arming of the burghers, the small garrison of Natal had been taking up positions to cover the frontier. The Transvaal asked for an explanation of their presence. Sir Alfred Milner answered that they were guarding British interests and preparing against contingencies. The roar of the fall was sounding loud and near.

On September 8th there was held a Cabinet Council—one of the most important in recent years. A message was sent to Pretoria, which even the opponents of the Government have acknowledged to be temperate, and offering the basis for a peaceful settlement. It began by repudiating emphatically the claim of the Transvaal to be a Sovereign International State in the same sense in which the Orange Free State is one. Any proposal made conditional upon such an acknowledgment could not be entertained.

The British Government, however, was prepared to accept the five years' "franchise" as stated in the note of August 19th, assuming at

the same time that in the Raad each member might talk his own language.

"Acceptance of these terms by the South African Republic would at once remove tension between the two Governments, and would in all probability render unnecessary any future intervention to secure redress for grievances which the Uitlanders themselves would be able to bring to the notice of the Executive Council and the Volksraad.

"Her Majesty's Government are increasingly impressed with the danger of further delay in relieving the strain which has already caused so much injury to the interests of South Africa, and they earnestly press for an immediate and definite reply to the present proposal.

If it is acceded to they will be ready to make immediate arrangements . . . to settle all details of the proposed tribunal of arbitration . . . If, however, as they most anxiously hope will not be the case, the reply of the South African Republic should be negative or inconclusive, I am to state that Her Majesty's Government must reserve to themselves the right to reconsider the situation *de novo*, and to formulate their own proposals for a final settlement."

Such was the message, and Great Britain waited with strained attention for the answer. But again there was a delay, while the rain came, and the grass grew, and the veldt was as a mounted rifleman would have it. The burghers were in no humour for concessions. They knew their own power, and they concluded with justice that they were for the time far the strongest military power in South Africa. "We have beaten England before, but it is nothing to the licking we

shall give her now," cried a prominent citizen, and he spoke for his country as he said it. So the Empire waited and debated, but the sounds of the bugle were already breaking through the wrangles of the politicians, and calling the nation to be tested once more by that hammer of war and adversity by which Providence still fashions us to some nobler and higher end.



NO. 10, DOWNING STREET, WHERE THE MOMENTOUS CABINET COUNCIL WAS HELD.

From a Photo. by "The King."

CHAPTER IV.  
THE EVE OF WAR.

THE message sent from the Cabinet Council of September 8th was evidently the precursor either of peace or of war. The cloud must burst or blow over. As the nation waited in hushed expectancy for a reply it spent some portion of its time in examining and speculating upon those military preparations which might be needed. The War Office had for some months been arranging for every contingency, and had made certain dispositions which appeared to them to be adequate, but which our future experience was to demonstrate to be far too small for the very serious matter in hand.

It is curious in turning over the files of such a paper as the *Times* to observe how at first one or two small paragraphs of military significance might appear in the endless columns of diplomatic and political reports, how gradually they grew and grew, until at last the eclipse was complete, and the diplomacy had been thrust into the tiny paragraphs while the war filled the journal. Under July 7th comes the first glint of arms amid the drab monotony of the State papers. On that date it was announced that two companies of Royal Engineers and departmental corps with reserves of supplies and ammunition were being dispatched. Two companies of engineers! Who could have foreseen that they were the vanguard of the greatest army which ever at any time of the world's history has crossed an ocean, and far the greatest which a British general has commanded in the field? On the same date we read: "The General Officer Commanding in South Africa has been authorized to complete the transport arrangements for the troops of his command, and the following special service officers have been ordered to proceed to South Africa." Then follow eight names: Baden-Powell, Lord E. Cecil, Hanbury Tracy, Plumer, Jenner, Pilon, McMicking, Bird—prosaic travellers all, with rug and handbag, but never in picturesque days of old did a more knightly company ride in the forefront of England's battle.

On August 15th, at a time when the negotiations had already assumed a very serious phase, after the failure of the Bloemfontein conference and the despatch of Sir Alfred Milner, the British forces in South Africa were absolutely and absurdly inadequate for the purpose of the defence of our own frontier. Surely such a fact must open the eyes of those who, in spite of all the evidence, persist that the war was forced on by the British. A statesman who forces on a war usually prepares for a war, and this is exactly what Mr.

Kruger did do and the British authorities did not. The overbearing suzerain power had at that date, scattered over a huge frontier, two cavalry regiments, three field batteries, and six and a half infantry battalions—say, 6,000 men. The innocent pastoral States could put in the field 40,000 or 50,000 mounted riflemen, whose mobility doubled their numbers, and a most excellent artillery, including the heaviest guns which have ever been seen upon a battlefield. At this time it is most certain that the Boers could have made their way easily either to Durban or to Cape Town. The British force, condemned to act upon the defensive, could have been masked and afterwards destroyed, while the main body of the invaders would have encountered nothing but an irregular local resistance, which would have been neutralized by the apathy or hostility of the Dutch colonists. It is extraordinary that our authorities seem never to have contemplated the possibility of the Boers taking the initiative, or to have understood that in that case our belated reinforcements would certainly have had to land under the fire of the Republican guns.

In July Natal had taken alarm, and a strong representation had been sent from the Prime Minister of the Colony to the Governor, Sir W. Hely Hutchinson, and so to the Colonial Office. It was notorious that the Transvaal was armed to the teeth, that the Orange Free State was likely to join her, and that there had been strong attempts made, both privately and through the Press, to alienate the loyalty of the Dutch citizens of both the British Colonies. Many sinister signs were observed by those upon the spot. The veldt had been burned unusually early to insure a speedy grass-crop after the first rains, there had been a collecting of horses, a distribution of rifles and ammunition. The Free State farmers, who graze their sheep and cattle upon Natal soil during the winter, had driven them off to places of safety behind the line of the Drakensberg. Everything pointed to approaching war, and Natal refused to be satisfied even by the dispatch of another regiment. On September 6th a second message was received at the Colonial Office, which states the case with great clearness and precision:—

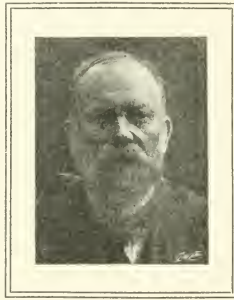
"The Prime Minister desires me to urge upon you by the unanimous advice of the Ministers that sufficient troops should be dispatched to Natal immediately to enable the Colony to be placed in a state of defence against an attack from the Transvaal and the Orange Free State. I am informed by the General Officer Commanding, Natal, that he will not have enough troops, even when the Manchester Regiment arrives, to do more than occupy Newcastle and

at the same time protect the Colony south of it from raids, while Laing's Nek, Ingogo River, and Zululand must be left undefended. My Ministers know that every preparation has been made, both in the Transvaal and the Orange Free State, which would enable an attack to be made on Natal at short notice. My Ministers believe that the Boers have made up their minds that war will take place almost certainly, and their best chance will be, when it seems unavoidable, to deliver a blow before reinforcements have time to arrive. Information has been received that raids in force will be made by way of Middle Drift and Greytown and by way of Bond's Drift and Stangar, with a view to striking the railway between Pietermaritzburg and Durban and cutting off communications of troops and supplies. Nearly all the Orange Free State farmers in the Klip River division, who stay in the Colony usually till October at least, have trekked, at great loss to themselves; their sheep are lambing on the road, and the lambs die or are destroyed. Two at least of the Entonjanani district farmers have trekked with all their belongings into the Transvaal, in the first case attempting to take as hostages the children of the natives on the farm. Reliable reports have been received of attempts to tamper with loyal natives, and to set tribe against tribe in order to create confusion and detail the defensive forces of the Colony. Both food and warlike stores in large quantities have been accumulated at Volksrust, Vryheid, and Standerton. Persons who are believed to be spies have been seen examining the bridges on the Natal Railway, and it is known that there are spies in all the principal centres of the Colony. In the opinion of Ministers, such a catastrophe as the seizure of Laing's Nek and the destruction of the northern portion of the railway, or a successful raid or invasion such as they have reason to believe is contemplated, would produce a most demoralizing effect on the natives and on the loyal Europeans in the Colony, and would afford great encouragement to the Boers and to their sympathizers in the Colonies, who, although armed and prepared, will probably keep quiet unless they receive some encouragement of the sort. They concur in the policy of Her Majesty's Government of exhausting all peaceful means to obtain redress of the grievances of the Uitlanders, and authoritatively assert the supremacy of Great Britain before resorting to

war; but they state that this is a question of defensive precaution, not of making war."

In answer to these and other remonstrances the garrison of Natal was gradually increased, partly by troops from Europe and partly by the dispatch of 5,000 British troops from India. The 2nd Berkshires, the Royal Munster Fusiliers, the Manchesters, and the 1st Dublin Fusiliers arrived in succession, with reinforcements of artillery. The 5th Dragoon Guards, 9th Lancers, and 19th Hussars came from India, with the 1st Devonshires, 1st Gloucesters, 2nd King's Royal Rifles, and 2nd Gordon Highlanders. These with the 21st, 42nd, and 53rd batteries of Field Artillery made up the Indian contingent. Their arrival late in September raised the number of troops in South Africa to 22,000, a force which was inadequate to a contest in the open field with the numerous, mobile, and gallant enemy to whom they were to be opposed, but which proved to be strong enough to stave off that overwhelming disaster which, with our fuller knowledge, we can now see to have been impending.

As to the disposition of these troops a difference of opinion broke out between the ruling powers in Natal and the military chiefs at the spot. Prince Kraft has said, "Both strategy and tactics may have to yield to politics"; but the political necessity should be very grave and very clear when it is the blood of soldiers which has to pay for it. Whether it arose from our defective intelligence, or from that caste feeling which makes it hard for the professional soldier to recognise (in spite of deplorable past experiences) a serious adversary in the mounted farmer, it is certain that, even while our papers were proclaiming that this time, at least, we would not underrate our enemy, we were most seriously underrating him. The northern third of Natal is as vulnerable a military position as a player of *kriegsspiel* could wish to have submitted to him. It runs up into a thin angle, culminating at the apex in a difficult pass, the ill-omened Laing's Nek, dominated by the even more sinister bulk of Majuba. Each side of this angle is open to invasion, the one from the Transvaal and the other from the Orange Free State. A force up at the apex is in a perfect trap, for the mobile enemy can flood into the country to the south of them, cut the line of supplies, and throw up a series of entrenchments which would make



EX-PRESIDENT REITZ, WHO WISHED  
TO SEE A UNITED SOUTH AFRICA  
UNDER THE TRANSVAAL FLAG.  
*From a Photo.*

retreat a very difficult matter. Farther down the country, at such positions as Ladysmith or Dundee, the danger, though not so imminent, is still an obvious one, unless the defending force is strong enough to hold its own in the open field and mobile enough to prevent a mounted enemy from getting round its flanks. To us, who are endowed with that profound military wisdom which only comes with a knowledge of the event, it is obvious that, with a defending force which could not place more than 12,000 men in the fighting line, the true defensible frontier was the line of the Tugela. As a matter of fact, Ladysmith was chosen, a place almost indefensible itself, as it is dominated by high hills in at least two directions. Such an event as the siege of the town appears never to have been contemplated, as no guns of position were asked for or sent. In spite of this, an amount of stores, which is said to have been valued at more than £1,000,000, was dumped down at this small railway junction, so that the position could not be evacuated without a crippling loss. The place was the point of bifurcation of the main line, which divides at this little town into one branch running to Harrismith in the Orange Free State, and the other leading through the Dundee coal-fields and Newcastle to the Laing's Nek tunnel and the Transvaal. An importance, which appears now to have been an exaggerated one, was attached by the Government of Natal to the possession of the coal-fields, and it was at their strong suggestion, but with the concurrence of General Penn Symons, that the defending force was divided, and a detachment of between three and four thousand sent to Dundee, about forty miles from the main body, which remained under General Sir George White at Ladysmith. General Symons underrated the power of the invaders, but it is hard to criticise an error of judgment which has been so nobly atoned and so tragically paid for. At the time, then, which our political narrative has reached, the time of suspense which followed the dispatch of the Cabinet message of September 8th, the military situation had ceased to be desperate, but was still precarious. Twenty-two thousand Regular troops were on the spot who might hope to be reinforced by some ten thousand Colonials, but these forces had to cover a great frontier, the attitude of Cape Colony was by no means whole-hearted and might become hostile, while the black population might conceivably throw in its weight against us. Only half the Regulars could be spared to defend Natal, and no reinforcements could reach them in less than a month from the outbreak of hostilities. If Mr. Chamberlain was really playing a game of bluff,

it must be confessed that he was bluffing from a very weak hand.

For purposes of comparison we may give some idea of the forces which Mr. Kruger and Mr. Steyn could put in the field, for by this time it was evident that the Orange Free State, with which we had had no shadow of a dispute, was going, in a way which some would call wanton and some chivalrous, to throw in its weight against us. The general Press estimate of the forces of the two Republics varied from 25,000 to 35,000 men. Mr. J. B. Robinson, a personal friend of President Kruger's, and a man who had spent much of his life among the Boers, considered the latter estimate to be too high. The calculation had no assured basis to start from. A very scattered and isolated population, among whom large families were the rule, is a most difficult thing to estimate. Some reckoned from the supposed natural increase during eighteen years, but the figure given at that date was itself an assumption. Others took their calculation from the number of voters in the last Presidential election; but no one could tell how many abstentions there had been, and the fighting age is five years earlier than the voting age in the Republics. We recognise now that all calculations were far below the true figure. It is probable, however, that the information of the British Intelligence Department was not far wrong. According to this the fighting strength of the Transvaal alone was 32,000 men and of the Orange Free State 22,000. With mercenaries and rebels from the Colonies they would amount to 60,000, while a considerable rising of the Cape Dutch would bring them up to 100,000. In artillery they were known to have about a hundred guns, many of them (and the fact will need much explaining) more modern and powerful than any which we could bring against them. Of the quality of this large force there is no need to speak. The men were brave, hardy, and fired with a strange religious enthusiasm. They were all of the seventeenth century, except their rifles. Mounted upon their hardy little ponies, they possessed a mobility which practically doubled their numbers and made it an impossibility ever to outflank them. As marksmen they are supreme. Add to this that they had the advantage of acting upon internal lines with shorter and safer communications, and one gathers how formidable a task lay before the soldiers of the Empire. When we turn from such an enumeration of their strength to contemplate the 12,000 men, split into two detachments, who awaited them in Natal, we may recognise that, far from bewailing our disasters, we should rather congratulate ourselves upon

our escape from losing that great province which, situated as it is between Britain, India, and Australia, must be regarded as the very keystone of the Imperial arch.

At the risk of a tedious but very essential digression, something must be said here as to the motives with which the Boers had for many years been quietly preparing for war. That the Jameson raid was not the cause is certain, though it probably, by putting the Boer Government into a strong position, had a great effect in accelerating matters. What had been done secretly and slowly could be done more swiftly and openly when so plausible an excuse could be given for it. As a matter of fact, the preparations were long antecedent to the raid. The building of the forts at Pretoria and Johannesburg was begun nearly two years before that wretched incursion, and the importation of

extending from Cape Town to the Zambesi, in which flag, speech, and law should all be Dutch. It is in this aspiration that many shrewd and well-informed judges see the true inner meaning of this persistent arming, of the constant hostility, of the forming of ties between the two Republics (one of whom had been reconstituted and made a Sovereign independent State by our own act), and finally of that intriguing which endeavoured to poison the affection and allegiance of our own Dutch colonists, who had no political grievances whatever. They all aimed at one end, and that end was the final expulsion of British power from South Africa and the formation of a single great Dutch Republic. The large sum spent by the Transvaal in secret service money—a larger sum, I believe, than that which is spent by the whole British Empire—would give some idea of the subterranean influences at work. An army of emissaries, agents, and spies, whatever their mission, were certainly spread over the British Colonies. Newspapers were subsidized also, and considerable sums spent upon the Press in France and Germany.

In the very nature of things a huge conspiracy of this sort to substitute Dutch for British rule in South Africa is not a matter which can be easily and definitely proved. Such questions are not discussed in public documents, and men are sounded before being taken into the confidence of the conspirators. But there is plenty of evidence of the individual ambition of prominent and representative men in this direction, and it is hard to believe that what many wanted individually was not striven for

collectively, especially when we see how the course of events did actually work towards the end which they indicated. Mr. J. P. Fitz-Patrick, in "The Transvaal from Within"—a book to which all subsequent writers upon the subject must acknowledge their obligations—narrates how in 1896 he was approached by Mr. D. P. Graaff, formerly a member of the Cape Legislative Council and a very prominent Afrikaner Bondsman, with the proposition that Great Britain should be pushed out of South Africa. The same politician made the same proposal to Mr. Beit. Compare with this the following statement of Mr. Theodore Schreiner, the brother of the Prime Minister of the Cape:—

"I met Mr. Reitz, then a judge of the Orange Free State, in Bloemfontein between seventeen



PRELUENT STEYN COUNSELS HIS BURGHERS TO CAST IN THEIR LOT WITH THE TRANSVAAL. [Photo.]

arms was going on apace. In that very year, 1895, a very considerable sum was spent in military equipment.

But if it was not the raid, and if the Boers had no reason to fear the British Government, with whom the Transvaal might have been as friendly as the Orange Free State had been for forty years, why then should they arm? It was a difficult question, and one in answering which we find ourselves in a region of conjecture and suspicion rather than of ascertained fact. But the fairest and most unbiased of historians must confess that there is a large body of evidence to show that into the heads of some of the Dutch leaders, both in the northern Republics and in the Cape, there had entered the conception of a single Dutch commonwealth,

and eighteen years ago, shortly after the retrocession of the Transvaal, and when he was busy establishing the Africander Bond. It must be patent to everyone that at that time, at all events, England and its Government had no intention of taking away the independence of the Transvaal, for she had just 'magnanimously' granted the same; no intention of making war on the Republics, for she had just made peace; no intention to seize the Rand gold-fields, for they were not yet discovered. At that time, then, I met Mr. Reitz, and he did his best to get me to become a member of his Africander Bond; but, after studying its constitution and programme, I refused to do so, whereupon the following colloquy in substance took place between us, which has been indelibly imprinted on my mind ever since:—

"Reitz: Why do you refuse? Is the object of getting the people to take an interest in political matters not a good one?"

"Myself: Yes, it is; but I seem to see plainly here between the lines of this constitution much more ultimately aimed at than that.

"Reitz: What?"

"Myself: I see quite clearly that the ultimate object aimed at is the overthrow of the British power and the expulsion of the British flag from South Africa.

"Reitz (with his pleasant, conscious smile, as of one whose secret thought and purpose had been discovered, and who was not altogether displeased that such was the case): Well, what if it is so?"

"Myself: You don't suppose, do you, that that flag is going to disappear from South Africa without a tremendous struggle and fight?"

"Reitz (with the same pleasant, self-conscious, self-satisfied, and yet semi-apologetic smile): Well, I suppose not; but even so, what of that?"

"Myself: Only this, that when that struggle takes place you and I will be on opposite sides; and what is more, the God who was on the side of the Transvaal in the late war, because it had right on its side, will be on the side of England, because He must view with abhorrence any plotting and scheming to overthrow her power and position in South Africa, which have been ordained by Him.

"Reitz: We'll see.

"Thus the conversation ended, but during the seventeen years that have elapsed I have watched the propaganda for the overthrow of British power in South Africa being ceaselessly spread by every possible means—the Press, the pulpit, the platform, the schools, the colleges, the Legislature—until it has culminated in the present war, of which Mr. Reitz and his co-workers are the origin and the cause. Believe

me, the day on which F. W. Reitz sat down to pen his ultimatum to Great Britain was the proudest and happiest moment of his life, and one which had for long years been looked forward to by him with eager longing and expectation."

Compare with these utterances of a Dutch politician of the Cape, and of a Dutch politician of the Orange Free State, the following passage from a speech delivered by Kruger at Bloemfontein in the year 1887:—

"I think it too soon to speak of a United South Africa under one flag. Which flag was it to be? The Queen of England would object to having her flag hauled down, and we, the burghers of the Transvaal, object to hauling ours down. What is to be done? We are now small and of little importance, but we are growing, and are preparing the way to take our place among the great nations of the world."

"The dream of our life," said another, "is a union of the States of South Africa, and this has to come from within, not from without. When that is accomplished, South Africa will be great."

Always the same theory from all quarters of Dutch thought, to be followed by many signs that the idea was being prepared for in practice. I repeat that the fairest and most unbiased historian cannot dismiss the conspiracy as a myth.

And to this one may retort: Why should they not conspire? Why should they not have their own views as to the future of South Africa? Why should they not endeavour to have one universal flag and one common speech? Why should they not win over our colonists, if they can, and push us into the sea? I see no reason why they should not. Let them try if they will. And let us try to prevent them. But let us have an end of talk about British aggression, of capitalist designs upon the gold-fields, of the wrongs of a pastoral people, and all the other veils which have been used to cover the issue. Let those who talk about British designs upon the Republics turn their attention for a moment to the evidence which there is for Republican designs upon the Colonies. Let them reflect that in the one system all white men are equal, and that in the other the minority of one race has persecuted the majority of the other, and let them consider under which the truest freedom lies, which stands for universal liberty and which for reaction and racial hatred. Let them ponder and answer all this before they determine where their sympathies lie.

Leaving these wider questions of politics, and dismissing for the time those military considerations which were soon to be of such vital

moment, we may now return to the course of events in the diplomatic struggle between the Government of the Transvaal and the Colonial Office. On September 8th, as already narrated, a final message was sent to Pretoria, which stated the minimum terms which the British Government could accept as being a fair concession to her subjects in the Transvaal. A definite answer was demanded, and the nation waited with sombre patience for the reply.

There were few illusions in this country as to the difficulties of a Transvaal war. It was clearly seen that little honour and immense vexation were in store for us. The first Boer War still smarted in our minds, and we knew the prowess of the indomitable burghers. But our people, if gloomy, were none the less resolute, for that national instinct which is beyond the wisdom of statesmen had borne it in upon them that this was no local quarrel, but one upon which the whole existence of the Empire hung. The cohesion of that Empire was to be tested. Men had emptied their glasses to it in time of peace. Was it a meaningless pouring of wine, or were they ready to pour their hearts' blood also in time of war? Had we really founded a series of disconnected nations, with no common sentiment or interest, or was the Empire an organic whole, as ready to thrill with one emotion or to harden into one resolve as are the several States of the Union? That was the question at issue, and much of the future history of the world was at stake upon the answer.

Already there were indications that the Colonies appreciated the fact that the contention was no affair of the Mother Country alone, but that she was upholding the rights of the Empire as a whole, and might fairly look to them to support her in any quarrel which might arise from it. As early as July 11th, Queensland, the fiery and semi-tropical, had offered a contingent of mounted infantry with machine-guns; New Zealand, Western Australia, Tasmania, Victoria, New South Wales, and South Australia followed in the order named. Canada, with the strong but more deliberate spirit of the North, was the last to speak, but spoke the more firmly for the delay. Her citizens were the least concerned of any, for Australians were many in South Africa but Canadians few. None the less, she cheerfully took her share of the common burden, and grew the readier and the cheerier as that burden came to weigh more heavily. From all the men of many hues who make up the British Empire, from Hindu Rajahs, from West African Housas, from Malay Police, from Western Indians, there came offers of service. But this was to be a white man's war, and if the British could not

work out their own salvation then it were well that Empire should pass from such a race. The magnificent Indian army of 150,000 soldiers, many of them seasoned veterans, was for the same reason left untouched. England has claimed no credit or consideration for such abstention, but an irresponsible writer may well ask how many of those foreign critics whose respect for our public morality appears to be as limited as their knowledge of our principles and history would have advocated such self-denial had their own countries been placed in the same position.

On September 18th the official reply of the Boer Government to the message sent from the Cabinet Council was published in London. In manner it was unbending and unconciliatory; in substance, it was a complete rejection of all the British demands. It refused to recommend or propose to the Raad the five years' franchise and the other measures which had been defined as the minimum which the Home Government could accept as a fair measure of justice towards the Uitlanders. The suggestion that the debates of the Raad should be bilingual, as they are in the Cape Colony and in Canada, was absolutely waived aside. The British Government had stated in their last despatch that if the reply should be negative or inconclusive they reserved to themselves the right to "reconsider the situation *de novo* and to formulate their own proposals for a final settlement." The reply had been both negative and inconclusive, and on September 22nd a Council met to determine what the next message should be. It was short and firm, but so planned as not to shut the door upon peace. Its purport was that the British Government expressed deep regret at the rejection of the moderate proposals which had been submitted in their last despatch, and that now, in accordance with their promise, they would shortly put forward their own plans for a settlement. The message was not an ultimatum, but it foreshadowed an ultimatum in the future.

In the meantime, upon September 21st, the Raad of the Orange Free State had met, and it became more and more evident that this Republic, with whom we had no possible quarrel, but, on the contrary, for whom we had a great deal of friendship and admiration, intended to throw in its weight against Great Britain. Some time before an offensive and defensive alliance had been concluded between the two States, which must, until the secret history of these events comes to be written, appear to have been a singularly rash and unprofitable bargain for the smaller one. She had nothing to fear from Great Britain, since she had been voluntarily turned into an independent Republic by her and



had lived in peace with her for forty years. Her laws were as liberal as our own. But by this suicidal treaty she agreed to share the fortunes of a State which was deliberately courting war by its persistently unfriendly attitude, and whose reactionary and narrow legislation would, one might imagine, have alienated the sympathy of her progressive neighbour. There may have been ambitions like those already quoted from the report of Dr. Keitz's conversation, or there may have been a complete hallucination as to the comparative strength of the two combatants and the probable future of South Africa; but however that may be, the treaty was made, and the time had come to test how far it would hold.

The tone of President Steyn at the meeting of the Raad, and the support which he received from the majority of his burghers, showed unmistakably that the two Republics would act as one. In his opening speech Steyn declared uncompromisingly against the British contention, and declared that his State was bound to the Transvaal by everything which was near and dear. Among the obvious military precautions which could no longer be neglected by the British Government was the sending of some small force to protect the long and exposed line of railway which lies just outside the Transvaal border from Kimberley to Rhodesia. Sir Alfred Milner communicated to President Steyn as to this movement of troops, pointing out that it was in no way directed against the Free State. Sir Alfred Milner added that the Imperial Government was still hopeful of a friendly settlement with the Transvaal, but if this hope were disappointed they looked to the Orange Free State to preserve strict neutrality and to prevent military intervention by any of its citizens. They undertook that in that case the integrity of the Free State frontier would be strictly preserved. Finally, he stated that there was absolutely no cause to disturb the good relations between the Free State and Great Britain, since we were animated by the most friendly intentions towards them. To this the President returned a somewhat ungracious answer, to the effect that he disapproved of our action towards the Transvaal, and that he regretted the movement of troops, which would be considered a menace by the burghers. A subsequent resolution of the Free State Raad, ending with the words, "Come what may, the Free State will honestly and faithfully fulfil its obligations towards

the Transvaal by virtue of the political alliance existing between the two Republics," showed how impossible it was that this country, formed by ourselves and without a shadow of a cause of quarrel with us, could be saved from being drawn into the whirlpool. Everywhere, from over both borders, came the news of martial preparations. Already at the end of September troops and armed burghers were gathering upon the frontier, and the most incredulous were beginning at last to understand that the shadow of a great war was really falling across them. Artillery, war munitions, and stores were being accumulated at Volksrust upon the Natal border, showing where the storm might be expected to break. On the last day of September twenty-six military trains were reported to have left Pretoria and Johannesburg for that point. At the same time news came of a concentration at Malmani, upon the Bechuanaland border, threatening the railway line and the British town of Mafeking, a name destined before long to be familiar to the world.

On October 3rd there occurred what was in truth an act of war, although the British Government, patient to the verge of weakness, refused to regard it as such, and continued to draw up their final State paper. The mail train from the Transvaal to Cape Town was stopped at Vereeniging, and the week's shipment of gold for England, amounting to about half a million pounds, was taken by the Boer Government. In a debate at Cape Town upon the same day the Afrikaner Minister of the Interior admitted that as many as 404 trucks had passed from the Government line over the frontier and had not been returned. Taken in conjunction with the passage of arms and cartridges through the Cape to Pretoria and Bloemfontein, this incident



[From a]

FREE STATE GOES ON HER WAY BY THE BOER.

[Photo.]

aroused the deepest indignation among the Colonial English and the British public, which was increased by the reports of the difficulty which border towns, such as Kimberley and Vryburg, had had in getting cannon for their own defence. The Raads had been dissolved, and the old President's last words had been a statement that war was certain, and a stern invocation of the Lord as final arbiter. England was ready less obtrusively but no less heartily to refer the quarrel to the same dread Judge.

On October 2nd President Steyn informed Sir Alfred Milner that he had deemed it necessary to call out the Free State burghers—that is, to mobilize his forces. Sir A. Milner wrote regretting these preparations, and declaring that he did not yet despair of peace, for he was sure that any reasonable proposal would be favourably considered by Her Majesty's Government. Steyn's reply was that there was no use in negotiating unless the stream of British reinforcements ceased coming into South Africa. As our forces were still in a great minority it was impossible to stop the reinforcements, so the correspondence led to nothing. On October 9th the Army reserves for the First Army Corps were called out in Great Britain, and other signs shown that it had been determined to send a considerable force to South Africa. Parliament was also summoned that the formal national assent might be gained for those grave measures which were evidently pending.

It was on October 9th that the somewhat leisurely proceedings of the British Colonial Office were brought to a head by the arrival of an unexpected and audacious ultimatum from the Boer Government. In contests of wit, as of arms, it must be confessed that the laugh has up to now been usually upon the side of our simple and pastoral South African neighbours. The present instance was no exception to the rule. While our Government was cautiously and patiently leading up to an ultimatum our opponent suddenly played the very card which we were preparing to lay upon the table. The document was very firm and explicit, but the terms in which it was drawn were so impossible that it was evidently framed with the deliberate purpose of forcing an immediate war. It demanded that the troops upon the borders of the Republic should be instantly withdrawn, that all reinforcements which had arrived within the last year should leave South Africa, and that those who were now upon the sea should be sent back without being landed. Failing a satisfactory answer within forty-eight hours, "the Transvaal Government will with great regret be compelled to regard the action of Her Majesty's Government as a formal declaration of war, for the

consequences of which it will not hold itself responsible." The audacious message was received throughout the Empire with a mixture of derision and anger. The answer was dispatched next day through Sir Alfred Milner.

"10th October.—Her Majesty's Government have received with great regret the peremptory demands of the Government of the South African Republic, conveyed in your telegram of the 9th October. You will inform the Government of the South African Republic in reply that the conditions demanded by the Government of the South African Republic are such as Her Majesty's Government deem it impossible to discuss."

And so we have come to the end of the long road, past the battle of the pens and the wrangling of tongues, to the arbitration of the Lee-Metford and the Mauser. It was pitiable that it should come to this. These people were as near akin to us as any race which is not our own. They were of the same Frisian stock which peopled our own shores. In habit of mind, in religion, in respect for law, they were as ourselves. Brave, too, they were, and hospitable, with those sporting instincts which are dear to the Anglo-Celtic race. There was no people in the world who had more qualities which we might admire, and not the least of them was that love of independence which it is our proudest boast that we have encouraged in others as well as exercised ourselves. And yet we had come to this pass, that there was no room in all vast South Africa for both of us. We cannot hold ourselves blameless in the matter. "The evil that men do lives after them," and it has been told in this small superficial sketch where we have erred in the past in South Africa. On our hands, too, is the Jameson raid, carried out by Englishmen and led by officers who held the Queen's commission; to us, also, the blame of the shuffling, half-hearted inquiry into that most unjustifiable business. These are matches which helped to set the great blaze alight, and it is we who held them. But the fagots which proved to be so inflammable, they were not of our setting. They were the wrongs done to half the community, the settled resolution of the minority to tax and vex the majority, the determination of a people who had lived two generations in a country to claim that country—entirely for themselves. Behind them all there may have been the Dutch ambition to dominate South Africa. It was no petty object for which Britain fought. When a nation struggles uncomplainingly through months of disaster she may claim to have proved her conviction of the justice and necessity of



NORTHERN NATAL.—IT WAS OVER THE DEFENCE OF THIS PART OF THE COLONY THAT A DISPUTE AROSE BETWEEN THE MILITARY AND CIVIL AUTHORITIES.

the struggle. Shall Dutch ideas or English ideas of government prevail throughout that huge country? The one means racial freedom, the other means equal rights to all white men beneath one common law. What each means to the coloured races let history declare. This was the main issue to be determined from the instant that the clock struck five upon the afternoon of Wednesday, October 11th, 1899.

That moment marked the opening of a war destined to determine the fate of South Africa, to work great changes in the British Empire, to seriously affect the future history of the world, and incidentally to alter many of our views as to the art of war. It is the story of this war which, with scanty material but with much aspiration to care and candour, I shall now endeavour to tell.

(To be continued)



Mr. Vivian recently returned from an expedition into Abyssinia, having visited Addis Ababa, the Ethiopian capital, and interviewed the Emperor Menelik. In the following paper he shows us, by means of photographs, many animated scenes in this far-away land, and also tells us many of his own experiences.

**T**HE exigencies of travel in her day probably did not take the Queen of Sheba to Aden on her way back from that indiscreet visit which she paid to King Solomon. But the modern traveller, who follows in her footsteps and visits the Court of her descendant and namesake Menelik, must first put in a week or two at that much-maligned station. This he will find extremely enjoyable, for it is surely the most hospitable place on earth, and residence there is simply one unceasing round of gaiety, balls, dinners, picnics, gymkhanas, and all the rest of it.

The ordinary traveller rushing on to India forms a hasty idea of a barren rock, where Europeans can only gasp and frizzle in the intolerable heat. But a few days' residence confers very different memories. You soon become used to the heat, particularly in November, when the thermometer

rarely goes above eighty-two or below seventy-eight during the twenty-four hours; and you accordingly know exactly what you have to expect. Moreover, strangely enough it turns out to be one of the most beautiful places on earth.

Look at this photograph of Crater Camp, for instance, with the glistening white Oriental houses in the foreground and the majestic mountains behind, offering every variety of delicate hue, from lemon sand to the richest orange rock.

At the foot of these mountains you can just make out the entrance to the wonderful tanks, the origin of which has been ascribed to King Solomon—which may, after all, suggest that perhaps the Queen of Sheba really *did* travel this way home.

The tanks were only re-discovered in 1854, and it is possible that there may be other wonders still to be unearthed if only some patient excavator will set to work. What you



CRATER CAMP AT ADEN—AT THE FOOT OF THE MOUNTAINS IS THE ENTRANCE TO KING SOLOMON'S TANKS. (Photo. From a)

most admire about the tanks is the extraordinary ingenuity with which they have been contrived to catch every drop of water that comes down upon this thirsty spot. They are said to hold as much as 20,000,000 imperial gallons; but it is naturally not very often that any large proportion of them is full. All day long you may see a stream of people coming here to buy water, which is one of the most expensive luxuries of the place.

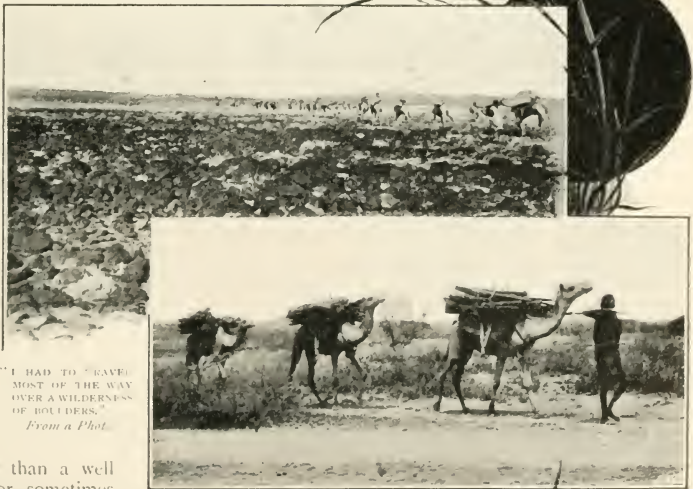
Having reached Aden, the difficulty is to tear oneself away, and I confess I felt the utmost disinclination to part from all the kind friends and creature comforts I had found there in order to plunge through five hundred miles of wilderness into Africa. I was told, moreover, that the Parsee boat, which crosses into Somaliland every week, was exceedingly rickety and uncomfortable. However, I was fortunate enough to obtain a passage in a ship of the Royal Indian Marine, and I had a very pleasant trip by way of Berbera and Bulhar to Zaila, where I collected my caravan.

Now, I expected a great number of hardships and at the same time a good deal of entertainment from the savage tribes with which I should make acquaintance. In both respects, however, I was destined to be disappointed. There were practically no hardships. I slept very comfortably in my tent; my Somali cook made me really excellent dinners; and, beyond a brush with a lioness and an occasional squabble with a muleman, I had not the ghost of an adventure. The only hardship, if I may call it so, was the endless monotony of the march. On the map you may see plenty of fine-sounding names, but when you reach the country you find that these represent nothing more than a well or a torrent-bed, or sometimes even merely a tree, which acts as a landmark. For the first two hundred miles up to Harrar there are only two villages, and those are quite at the end of the journey. I was

innocent enough to imagine that the deserts of Africa were great stretches of nice soft sand, such as I had seen at Tripoli or Gabes; but I found to my disgust that I had to travel most of the way over a wilderness of boulders. The next photograph gives a very good idea of the kind of thing I am speaking of.

I rode a mule, which no amount of beating or shouting or persuasion could induce to move except at a very slow walk, or else at a horrible, jolting amble. My luggage was carried by camels as far as Harrar, and after that by emaciated mules, who generally seemed to suffer from sore backs. I do not know why a mule has been taken as the type of obstinacy, for a camel is fifty thousand times more self-willed, and no power on earth can persuade it to move faster than it chooses. From two to two and a half miles an hour is considered good going, and if I did fifteen miles a day I felt I could congratulate myself.

I very rarely met anyone on the way, but passed endless files of camels and donkeys very heavily laden with loads of guns. These are the chief trade of the French with the interior of Africa in defiance of the Geneva Convention, which forbids the sale of firearms to natives. I believe that by this time almost every native in



"I HAD TO LEAVE MOST OF THE WAY OVER A WILDERNESS OF BOULDERS."  
From a Photo.

"FILES OF CAMELS HEAVILY LADEN WITH LOADS OF GUNS."  
From a Photo.

East Africa has become the possessor of a gun ; and French traders have, of course, made a great deal of money, but the cause of civilization is likely to suffer from this wickedness in the immediate future.

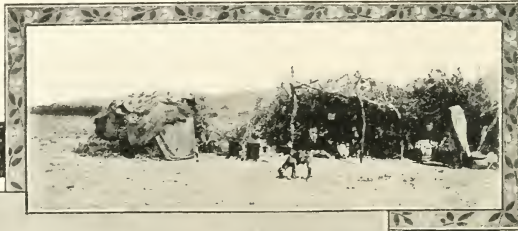
My next photograph shows a native public-house in the jungle. There was nothing of the kind on my route, but this picture was taken on the way to Jibuti, where the French are trying to make a railway into the interior. This "restaurant" has been called into being for the entertainment of the natives employed in the construction of the railway. They have been

flock of these sheep in front of him on the march, and he often had a very difficult job to keep them together. As to the restaurant itself, I need only point out how extremely skilful the natives are in constructing edifices of this kind wherever they go. This one probably did not take more than two or three hours to build, and the sleeping-hut on the left, with the addition of a few ragged mats taken off the backs of the camels, affords a very efficient protection against the elements.

It took me nearly ten days to reach Harrar, and I do not think I can recall many happier

A HOUSE OF REFRESHMENT  
IN THE WILDERNESS, WHERE  
THEY MADE TEA IN OLD  
PETROLEUM TINS.

*From a Photo.*



APPROACHING HARRAR—THE TOWN  
IS PRACTICALLY INVISIBLE UNTIL  
THE TRAVELLER IS CLOSE UPON IT.

*From a Photo.*

practically forced into this labour, which they dislike exceedingly, knowing that it will kill all their occupation as conveyers of goods by caravan. Notice the two petroleum tins in the centre of the picture. These are being used for tea-making, and well illustrate the native method of cooking. Wherever I went my cook used to pick up three stones and a few brambles, and here was an excellent ready-made range.

The sheep in the foreground is also very characteristic of the country. He has a black head and a white body. He does not seem to run to wool, and is generally very thin, but he is very considerate to people who prefer lean meat, because he keeps all his fat in his tail, a thick, heavy appendage which waggles behind him.

It used to be my cook's duty to drive a small

moments than when at last my long tramp drew to a close, and my syce pointed to a number of brown mounds upon the horizon, saying, laconically, "Harrar!" For some minutes I could not believe that there was really a town there, so much did the brown houses resemble the brown hills all round them. But presently I made out the white palace of Ras Makonnen, the white minaret, which is almost the only relic of Mohammedan rule, and the round white church which the Abyssinians have built close to it.

We were now at last in a fertile country, and all sorts of tropical plants grew on either side of the very rough road. Numerous peasants were walking to and from the town, Gallas for the most part—that very black and sturdy race which the Abyssinians have reduced to practical

slavery. Their costume was limited to one or two cloths wrapped carelessly round the body, and most of them carried a burden of some sort.

The young woman with the straw hat, who is walking towards Harrar, has a burden on her back very often to be observed in these parts. At first it seems like some ordinary load, but presently you notice a little black head peeping out, and you realize that she has turned herself into a walking perambulator. The cloth which incloses the baby is really her upper garment and goes on to cover her shoulders.

A straw hat is considered a mark of prosperity, and most of the married women wear simply a blue cloth tied very tightly over their hair, as may be noticed in the woman in front of the

of beasts of burden, and it is the custom to order in your fuel by the woman-load.

Nearly all the houses of Harrar are low constructions of brown stones and mud, but occasionally, as on the left hand of this photograph, you find an Egyptian building which recalls the days when the town was governed by a representative of the Khedive. The few summer-house roofs are an Abyssinian importation. In fact, all over Abyssinia the only architecture



"WE ARE IN ONE OF THE SMALL SQUARES OF THE TOWN (HARRAR), WHERE GROUPS OF WOMEN ARE SELLING GREAT BUNDLES OF REEDS." [Photo. From a

picture. Unmarried girls wear their hair very elaborately dressed in hard ridges, very shiny from the large amount of melted butter they apply to it. This soon grows rancid and gives out a very characteristic smell, which haunts the memory for a long time. They are very proud of their hairdressing, and sleep with their necks on little wooden stools so as not to disarrange it.

The above picture gives a good idea of the interior of Harrar. We are in one of the small squares of the town, where crowds of women are selling the great bundles of reeds which they bring in from the country-side for fuel. The women here are practically in the position

consists of these round huts, made by planting a number of tall juniper sticks into the ground, coating them with mud, and thatching them like a hay-stack.

Harrar is an interesting town with an interesting history, and an Englishman cannot go there without reflecting somewhat bitterly that it ought to belong to us. Fifty years ago, under the Mohammedan domination, the population was so fanatical that no Christian could venture there without risking his life. Burton managed

to visit it, but considered that he had accomplished a feat even greater than his pilgrimage to Mecca. To-day the population is not particularly agreeable to strangers. The Abyssinian masters consider themselves superior to all Europeans, and like to show this to any European they may meet. The subject Harrari dislike all Christians—European as well as Abyssinian—and are not particularly well mannered. Nobody is in a hurry to get out of your way in the rough, narrow streets, which seem to be full of donkeys and cattle and camels at all times of the day. Moreover, there is no attempt at drainage. All the ordure is simply thrown into the streets, and there are holes in the walls by which the jackals and hyenas come in at night to act as amateur scavengers. When a pestilence gets hold of Harrar I believe it generally stays there for a long time. One interesting point about the Harrari is that they are probably the only townsmen in the world who are a distinct race and have a distinct language of their own. They must be the result of centuries of different conquests and occupations, and they differ essentially from the Gallas, who dwell in the neighbouring villages. As against the drawbacks of Harrar I may mention that it

possesses an excellent French hotel, where it was as amazing as delightful to find a douche and a billiard table after 200 miles of desert.

Among the most interesting things in Abyssinia—as indeed in most remote countries—are the religious ceremonies. Every Sunday morning the priests give a dance in church and jump about with long crutches and rattles. Their form of Christianity is probably the most ancient and barbaric in the world, and their feast days are celebrated with great pomp and circumstance. The next photograph illustrates the feast of the Mascari, or Holy Cross Day, at Harrar. The chief warriors have put on all



HOLY CROSS DAY  
AT HARRAR—  
WARRIORS IN  
FULL DRESS.  
*From a Photo.*



"THESE MAJIS GIVE  
AN EXHIBITION OF  
A 'FANTASIA' ON  
FOOT."  
*From a Photo.*



IN THE MARKET AT ADDIS ABABA—  
NOTICE THE SELLERS OF SALT BARS  
(ABYSSINIAN SIXPENCES), THE ONLY  
CURRENT COINS IN MANY PARTS.



*From a Photo.*



their most gorgeous full dress and are preparing for the execution of a "fantasia." Some of their head-dresses almost suggest a comic opera, and they wear a variety of trophies of the chase over their shoulders. Each carries a gun, which he delights to fire off into the air at the smallest provocation, and it seems somewhat incongruous that he should also bring out his hippo-

people with them. But sometimes the Somalis will give an exhibition of a fantasia on foot. On the previous page is a picture of them by the roadside. They cluster together with their spears and shields, and then break out into detachments, pursuing each other and pretending to kill one another in the most realistic manner.

When I got into Abyssinia I found some difficulty about paying for milk and eggs and fuel, and anything else I wanted to buy on the way. In Somaliland pieces of two annas were very readily accepted. At Addis Ababa, the capital of Abyssinia, I could spend Maria Theresa dollars or Menclik's coins, but on the way thence the only thing which passed current was a tiao, or bar of salt. This is about eleven inches

long and a square inch in thickness. It comes from Tigre, where you get ten of these peculiar coins for a dollar (1s. 10d.). In the south of Abyssinia, however, after paying duty, the salt bar is worth a quarter of a dollar. These coins are very cumbersome to carry, but, as everything is very cheap, you do not need to burden yourself outrageously with them. Next is a photograph of a corner of the market at Addis

Ababa, where these salt six-pences are being sold. They are placed in great stacks in front of the vendors, and in this case are as bright and clean as lumps of ice. After they have been long in currency, however, they become very grimy, and part of them often melts away, owing to the fact that it is etiquette to lick a bar of salt before you spend it. So that in Abyssinia money does indeed "melt" in a very literal sense.

The market is certainly one of the most



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE MARKET-PLACE IN THE ABYSSINIAN CAPITAL.  
*From a Photo.*



THE EMPEROR'S THRONE-ROOM — MR. VIVIAN WAS RECEIVED IN THE PATILION ON THE LEFT.  
*From a Photo.*



THE ENTRANCE TO THE HOUSE OF CAPTAIN CICCODICOLA, THE ITALIAN MINISTER.  
*From a Photo.*

potamus-hide shields, which are intended only as a defence against spears.

Most of the fantasias are conducted on horseback, and the great game is to throw long sticks as if they were spears and hit other

interesting sights at Addis Ababa, for something is going on there every day of the week except Sunday, which the Abyssinians observe almost as religiously as the Scots; but Saturday always attracts the greatest crowds. I do not know when I have ever seen so enormous a crowd as this. Even Epsom on Derby Day can scarcely surpass it. The whole of the top of the hill, where the market is held, is one surging mass of humanity, clad in black or white cloaks—generally white cloaks with a broad red stripe across them—and wearing straw hats or holding up straw umbrellas shaped like that of Robinson Crusoe.

The things sold at this market are rather useful than ornamental, ranging from donkeys and mules and horses to honey and fuel. I picked up a few shields and silver ear-picks, and other equally elegant ornaments; but on the whole the people were far more interesting than their wares.

The one tree in the middle of the picture is characteristic of the capital, which was moved during the reign of the present Emperor Menelik from Entotto, on the top of the hill, to Addis Ababa—which means, I am told, the "New White Rose"—a few miles below. The Abyssinians are utterly reckless in the matter of forestry. They never plant anything, but cut down all the wood they find for their fuel. The consequence is that Addis Ababa has been completely denuded, and wood has now to be brought from a distance of some fifteen miles. This is already troublesome enough, but when it becomes intolerable an easy solution will be found in removing the capital to the nearest wooded locality. This, I understand, is to be done almost at once. The Abyssinian huts take only a few days to build, and are sacrificed without any compunction. Even the palace of the Emperor,

which may be descried on the hill to the right of the photograph, is really little more than a huge collection or village of huts.

The middle photograph on page 257 shows the kiosque or chalet in the palace, where His Majesty gave me an audience of over forty minutes. In the front is the throne-room, where he receives Ambassadors and victorious generals. The throne is a very magnificent satin seat, where Menelik curls himself up in state. When this photograph was taken the throne was covered up with chintz, as it always is, except upon State occasions.

It will be noticed that the courtiers are all dressed in the ordinary dingy costume which is common to every Abyssinian, whether official, warrior, or peasant. This struck me very much at the time of my audience, that everyone in attendance on the Emperor wore rude, untidy garments, similar to those I had passed on the roadside in the remotest parts of the country. The Imperial railings in front are not precisely magnificent, but, as I have



THE PROCESSION OF THE HOLY IMAGES  
DURING THE FEAST OF ST. GEORGE.



BOYS RECEIVING INSTRUCTION IN THE PLAYING OF THE MARTIAL DRUM,  
*From Photos.*

already remarked, it is not in the art of building that the Abyssinians excel.

Indeed, almost the only decent house in Addis Ababa is the Italian Legation, which is very luxurious within and quite picturesque outside, as may be seen from the picture of the entrance. Captain Ciccodicola, the Italian Minister, is a very agreeable and hospitable gentleman, full of information on Abyssinian affairs. He occupies rather a difficult position owing to memories of the recent warfare between Italy and Abyssinia, but his tact and generosity have made him personally very popular. He certainly must have considerable strength of character to induce Abyssinian servants to keep his place so tidy. Knowing the affection of Abyssinians for ceremonial of every kind, he maintains a good deal of state. I remember for instance, when I went to call upon him, that a sort of guard was turned out and a man in a white shamma ran up into a kind of belfry and rang a big bell to announce my approach.

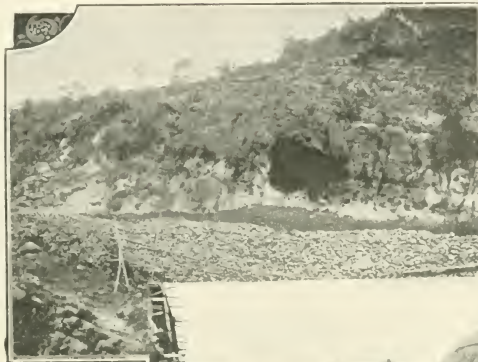
This photograph gives a clear impression of the shamma or national garment of Abyssinia. It is either a plain white cloak or more often, as in the case of the man nearest to the doorway, has a broad red stripe across it. This stripe, for some mysterious reason, is considered to be a badge of Christianity.

The photo. opposite was taken on the occasion of the Feast of St. George, who seems to be almost as deeply revered in Abyssinia as he is with us in England. In the veranda of the circular church we can make out the big coloured umbrellas which are held over the holy images in procession. These are preceded by trumpeters, who make an enormous noise with their long instruments, which seem to recall those ascribed by painters to angels on the Day of Judgment. At the rear of the procession are men playing

upon the Abyssinian flute. In front of them we can distinguish the priests by their special turban, recalling the head-gear of Mohammedan Dervishes. Each of these holy men carries a long crutch with a brass or ivory handle, and he brandishes it a good deal at every ceremony.

Beside the Church, the army is the most

prominent feature of Abyssinian life. To all intents and purposes every subject of



THE ABYSSINIAN ARSENAL GROTTTO, WHERE GUNS AND AMMUNITION ARE STORED AWAY.

*From a Photo.*



A SOUTHERN STREET IN JIBUTI.

*From a Photo.*



*From a*

SOMALI WOMEN SELLING GRASS AT JIBUTI.

*Photo.*

the Emperor is a soldier, and he does very little else besides soldiering. For a quick

raid he is excellent, but as there is practically no commissariat and he has to depend upon what he can himself carry on his saddle, he would be of very little use in a protracted campaign. The method of conscription is a very simple one. On the approach of a war, or, indeed, whenever soldiers are wanted, a number of negro slaves are sent about all over the country with

big drums, which they beat as a call to arms. One illustration shows a number of youngsters being instructed in the art of playing this instrument. This photograph also gives a very good idea of the tukul, or native hut.

Another photograph is that of the Abyssinian arsenal, which is probably the most curious arsenal to be seen anywhere in the world. It is, indeed, simply a big natural cave in a rock, and here thousands and thousands of guns and cartridges have been stored in the most higgledy-piggledy manner. As guns and cartridges are eagerly coveted by every Abyssinian, it has been found necessary to build a big wall to protect them from pilferers, and a tremendous effort has evidently been made to do this on a grand scale; but the Abyssinians are hopelessly bad at every kind of stone construction, and the result is by no means magnificent. Indeed, the stones have been so loosely put together that one would imagine a strong push would suffice to shiver the whole thing to pieces.

I need say nothing about my return journey to the coast, as it was merely the same monotonous, uneventful business as my journey up. I may, however, pass a few remarks about the French port of Jibuti, which I visited on my way home. It was by no means an easy business to get there, and I had to spend all night in an open boat, the owner of which had promised to leave Zaila in the evening and reach Jibuti in the morning; but when he had once got me on board he coolly informed me that we should certainly be shipwrecked if we ventured out to sea in the dark. The consequence was

that I did not reach Jibuti till the afternoon, and as I had taken no provisions with me I had time to get up a ravenous appetite—particularly as the French authorities tried to put me into quarantine and delayed me for over two hours in their harbour.

The French idea of colonization is to build enormous official buildings, hotels, and drinking shops; but beyond establishing themselves there and drawing heavy salaries from France, they have done nothing to edify the people. Indeed, I was greatly struck by the deterioration of the natives under their rule. The British Somali is an amiable, respectful, and altogether charming black, whereas the same creature under French rule a few miles away has become aggressive and impertinent, seeming to consider himself the equal, if not the superior, of the white.

Here is a native street in Jibuti, and I am inclined to say that it is more squalid and dirty and savage looking than any street in Berbera or Zaila. The shanties, indeed, are scarcely fit to house cattle, and the garments of the natives are the poorest and scantiest in all Somaliland. The women, too, are particularly downtrodden. My last photograph shows the great bundles of dried grass which they have to carry, and I believe no attempt has been made to ameliorate their lot. The French, indeed, however charming they may be at home, do not shine as administrators, and they must look with envious eyes upon British Somaliland, which is a self-supporting colony where the people give every evidence of contentment.



# My Wild Beast Pets.

BY LIEUTENANT M. H. HENDERSON, 4TH LANCERS, HYDERABAD CONTINGENT.

Lieutenant Henderson's fondness for baby tigers, panthers, and bears has led him to write for "The Wide World" an amusing paper on how he acquired these strange pets, how he fed them by hand, and how they grew to know him. They were quite as troublesome as children with their quarrels and illnesses, but very lovable, as you may gather from the snap-shot showing Romulus in a fit of temper.



HE first of them was a panther (leopard), and came into my possession in quite a commonplace way. The mother had left her cub, which was apparently only a few hours old, in some grass-land belonging to my regiment. A village goat-herd found it and took it to one of the men on grass duty, who, knowing my weakness for such things, advised him to bring it to me. The little beast was about roin. long and quite blind, like a kitten: it could neither lap nor manipulate the bottle which I procured for it, but by means of pouring milk and water down its throat with a teaspoon I succeeded in keeping it alive till it could feed itself.

While I am on the subject of milk and water it might be as well to explain that pure cow's milk is absolute poison to all wild beasts, being far too rich for their digestions, and absolutely certain to cause death in the long run. I had learned this by experience, having once picked up a young chinkara (gazelle) while out on a tiger-shooting expedition and attempted to rear it.

Twopence, as I called my little gazelle, became exceedingly tame, and as long as milk was unprocurable, and I had nothing but tinned Swiss milk and water to offer him, he thrived exceedingly: he used to sleep at the foot of my bed at night, and I would wake at intervals, when he was very young, and feed him: he followed me about like a dog in the daytime, and I got very fond of him.

When Twopence was about one month old we got to civilization and cow's milk, and with the idea of giving him a treat I procured some

for him. He drank it greedily for some days (he could drink by himself by this time), and then began to sicken; not knowing what was the matter I continued the same diet, and in a week poor Twopence died. When I next had an opportunity I made inquiries respecting the young of jungle animals, and learned several facts about them which were subsequently most useful to me in rearing my pets.

Now to return to the panther cub. We called her Chand Bibi, or Lady of the Moon (a name familiar to the readers of Indian history as having belonged to the celebrated Queen of Ahmednagar). Well, she grew and prospered, increasing in wickedness and bulk in the ratio of about four to one. It was about the time when Chand Bibi was two months old, and just beginning to take an interest in small pieces of raw mutton, that the Christmas leave fell due; and to pass the festive season in the most enjoyable way possible in India a "Christmas shoot" was organized, really for the slaying of duck and snipe and small game generally; but as big game was frequently found in the



THE "TIGER" LIEUTENANT M. H. HENDERSON (4TH LANCERS), WHO TELLS US ABOUT HIS INTERESTING PETS.

*From a Photo. by Debenham, York.*

country of our choice we were not without hopes of a possible tiger. It was to this shooting party (consisting, by-the-by, of three men and two ladies) that Chand Bibi was indebted for her four companions: a very questionable blessing, and one which, after the novelty had been worn or rather knocked off, she did not in the least appreciate.

The first additions to the family party were two young bears which were procured in this wise: Two of us were out "shooting a tañk" for duck, and having very good sport too, when

a villager turned up with the intelligence that on passing a cave in the neighbourhood of the camp he had been attacked by a female bear who came out of it, and who had evidently got young ones.

We immediately looked up our rifles and, having arrived at the place where the cave was after about an hour's walking, stationed ourselves in the direction which we expected the bear to take. Then we threw stones into the cave and awaited results. In due course Bruin broke cover, but not towards us, choosing instead to follow the course of a dry water-course where we could not see her. She escaped by so doing up the valley to the shelter of some rocks, where we eventually killed her.

Having satisfied ourselves that our friend had gone we next inspected her lodging and discovered her cubs—two quaint little chaps with little or no fur, and a curious resemblance to rather misshapen human babies. We left them until we had succeeded in disposing of mamma, and then carried them into camp. We named them Romulus and Remus, and fed them on milk and water with a teaspoon.

Remus was a sickly baby, and very shortly followed his mamma to the happy hunting-grounds; but Romulus thrived exceedingly, developing a fur coat, an inordinate affection for tomatoes, and a horribly naughty temper. Before, however, he had had time to show his peculiarities two tiger cubs were added to the happy family.

There was in the vicinity of our camp a thickly-wooded "cora," or ravine, where a tiger was usually to be found, and several kills in the surrounding villages pointed to the presence of a tiger in the neighbourhood. Try as we would, however, we could not locate the beast, and although we had several beats they were always unsuccessful.

In the end, when our leave was nearly up, we came to the conclusion, from the tenacity with which it stuck to the neighbourhood after all

our beating and the success with which it seemed to elude us, that the marauder in the cora must be a large panther, and not as we had imagined a small tigress. A panther is always more successful at slipping away than a tiger, and being to a great extent dependent on the village for its livelihood it is much more accustomed to mankind and less likely to change its quarters on account of human interference. It is true that in most cases the panther can be recognised by the way it devours its victim, always commencing with the entrails, while a tiger starts with the hind-quarters; still, large panthers have been known to conduct themselves in this respect exactly like tigers.

Having arrived at the above conclusion, the next thing was naturally to devise some plan of doing away with the pest and saving the villagers' cattle. Accordingly a charpoy, or rough string bed, was tied up in a tree in the cora, a goat was fastened to the trunk, and then we set ourselves down contentedly to wait for our friend the cattle thief. We had not long to wait. The tigress, for so she turned out

after all to be, came early while it was quite light, was duly shot, and carried triumphantly into camp with all the accompaniment of a torchlight procession and native music.

Next morning was devoted to skinning, and in the course of the operation we discovered that our tigress was a mother, and had undoubtedly fairly young cubs concealed somewhere in the jungle. Now, this being the last day or two of my companions' leave, the task of finding the whereabouts of the cubs devolved upon me and my shikaris.

My first step was to publish a proclamation at the "chowrie" or market-place of the village near the tiger-jungle, offering rewards for any information which would lead to the discovery of the cubs. My next step was a visit to the cora itself, and a thorough search in every corner of it. The search was quite unsuccessful, and on my return to the village I found that



ROMULUS GIVES WAY TO "A HORRIBLY NAUGHTY TEMPER."  
From a Photo.

my bribes had been equally so ; there was nothing for it, then, but to double the stakes and wait.

Now, in matters of this kind the Asiatic is practically unequalled for "passive resistance," but, provided he can earn your money without implicating himself too much in any unpleasantness, he will do so, given that the amount is not too small.

There was in the village a certain poor basket-

that he had been deceiving us all along. The rest was all plain sailing.

Next day we returned to camp triumphant, with one cub, and the following day—the last of my leave—with the other. They were put in a rough cage, and accompanied me into cantonments.

The actual catching of the little beggars was great fun, as they were about two months old, and quite able to scratch and bite ; they roared



THE BABY TIGERS, SIAH JEHAN AND NUR JEHAN, WHO GREW SO INTELLIGENT AND PLAYFUL.  
From a Photo.

maker—a person of no consequence, and therefore to be given away without any misgivings. This person was chosen by the "Patail," or village head man, who wanted the reward to gratify his own avarice. A long explanation followed, from which, after many preliminaries, we were given to understand that, although the Patail had never seen the cubs himself, and had been frightened to give any information on the subject for fear it might be incorrect and we might be angry, a man he knew of (our friend the basket-maker) had, *he was led to believe*, when cutting bamboos for his baskets, been in a certain place confronted by the tigress and her cubs. He did not know the place himself, mind you, but if we would give the order he would "catch" the basket-maker and compel him to show it to us. Of course he expected to be rewarded for his trouble !

All this, to one acquainted with the native character, simply meant that the whole village was perfectly well aware of the whereabouts of the cubs, as indeed it had known all about the tigress, but that the Patail, who had been too frightened at the prospect of disturbing "her ladyship" to allow his villagers to give us correct information, was now attempting to earn our rупees, and at the same time to conceal the fact

like their elders and betters and charged our legs, but a judiciously placed blanket and many ready hands were too much for them. When their paws had been tied together with strips of cloth taken from the men's turbans they could only swear and spit like large, bad-tempered cats, absorbing what little nourishment could be forced down their throats with the very worst possible grace.

Gradually they were overcome by the pangs of hunger and thirst, and began not only to lap of their own free will, but also to consume small pieces of raw meat put into their mouths on the end of a pointed stick. After a bit they started eating their meat themselves, and were given their freedom in the cage. A larger cage soon became necessary, and was accordingly built, with a compartment at one end for Chand Bibi, the panther. In a short time this was allowed to stand always open in an empty stall in my stable, where the little beasts would wander about at will and play like kittens, returning to captivity at night with the greatest readiness. On several occasions they escaped and created a panic among the native servants, but as they were quite tame and came when I called I never had any difficulty in catching them.

They were tiger and tigress, good specimens at that, and rejoiced in the names of Shah Jehan (King of the World) and Nur Jehan (Light of the World) respectively. Both these names are famous ones in Indian history, so that together with Chand Bibi they formed a noble trio.

In the course of about a month my babies grew so tame that they positively knew my step, and would begin to call whenever I left my bungalow fifty yards from their stall. They would purr like great kittens when I scratched their heads, and close their eyes in evident enjoyment; sometimes they would roll over on their backs and pat my hand with their velvety paws—always with their claws sheathed, however.

At first they were friends with Chand Bibi and the bear Romulus, till one day the panther, who was a regular imp of darkness, tried the experiment of removing some of their dinner; this was too much even for their tempers, and I saved her life with difficulty. After this they suspected even poor Romulus, so that he had to be kept at a distance, a restraint he detested, and about which he did not scruple to express himself with the utmost freedom, biting his foot meanwhile till it bled, in his impotent rage.

The tigers were lovely, and their gambols most fascinating. They even learned to stand on the top of the pegs to which their chains were attached when tied up. They could walk on their hind legs, and perform several tricks of

the sort; but they were never so amusing as Romulus.

The ugly little brute would follow me about in an ungainly fashion, moving both his legs on one side at the same time, as bears do, and going through the most extraordinary antics; he loved tomatoes, which he would suck, whimpering all the time with satisfaction, and was altogether so amusingly human in his ways that one had only to look at him to laugh.

Things went well in the menagerie till the distemper came, and then we had grief. First Chand Bibi lost her spirits and pined away; then poor Romulus developed swellings on his head and looked comically pathetic (we wept salt tears over Romulus), and then the tigers got it.

Now, from the point of view of expediency, this was just as it should have been, as they were the most valuable members of our happy family, and by the time they sickened we had, by means of writing letters to people who knew, of the disease as

acquired some knowledge contracted by wild beasts.

Thanks to the first two poor martyrs, their more valuable brethren were pulled through the trouble—they were nursed by a lady, and I think might reasonably claim to be peculiar in this respect—and on going on leave to England I was able to sell them fairly well to a dealer in wild beasts. I parted with them when about seven months old, with the deepest regret, and I think they missed me just about as much as I missed them.



SHAH JEHAN IS LECTURED BY HIS MASTER AFTER HAVING FOUGHT WITH CHAND BIBI, THE WICKED PANTHER CUB. [Photo.]





BY FRANK DAVEY, OF HONOLULU.

These fire-walking ordeals are rare, but by no means unique. (Refer to "The Fiery Ordeal of Fiji," in our issue for May, 1898; and "The Shinto Fire-Walkers of Tokio," December, 1899.) The photographs were taken by flashlight by the author, the well-known Honolulu photographer, and they show the various stages of this curious "religious ceremony."



ON Saturday, January 19th last, the people of Honolulu, in the Hawaiian Islands, witnessed a sight that stirred the souls of the community, both Hawaiians and Americans. Ita, the old Tahitian fire-walker, walked over a bed of stones that were glowing red-hot—although the old man stated that the stones were not so hot as he could have wished, the rain and wind having cooled them to a great extent. It took four days to prepare the oven for Ita's ceremony, and the cost of this remarkable exhibition was about 500dols.

A hole was prepared measuring 12ft. by 30ft. and 4ft. deep. This was filled with about ten cords of hao wood, which is very difficult to procure and is much more expensive in the Hawaiian

Islands than in Tahiti. Next the peculiarly mottled lava stones, which are necessary for the ceremony, were easily found, and Ita was greatly pleased, for they were just what he wanted for the curious ordeal. The wood was piled to a height of about 4ft. above the ground, and, this done, about eight tons of lava stones were piled on top, which raised the pile 2ft. higher.

The fire was lighted at ten o'clock in the morning, so as to be thoroughly heated by 8 p.m. The ceremony before lighting was quite imposing. Papa Ita (robed in white kapa and ti leaves) stood at the end of the pile and appeared to be in silent prayer. Presently, taking a bundle of ti leaves, he walked around the heap, striking at intervals the massive pile, and at the same time repeating some mysterious



THE CEREMONY OF LIGHTING THE FURNACE—"PAPA ITA RAISED A BUNCH OF TI LEAVES AS IF APPEALING TO SOME SUPERHUMAN POWER."  
*(From a Photo. by Frank Davey.)*

words. At the end he raised a bunch of ti leaves, as if appealing to some superhuman power above; and, this ceremony over, the fire was lighted in a business-like way.

At 6.30 that evening a crowd of about two thousand persons gathered outside the inclosure—men, women, and children of all nationalities. A more good-natured crowd never congregated. When the gate opened to admit the spectators there was a rush for reserved seats—at two dollars each! Those who had one-dollar tickets had to stand. And thus what may once have been a weird and mystic ceremony has degenerated into a mere show—a show which, however, is none the less remarkable for being performed in the

presence of inquisitive European and American spectators.

Just as Papa Ita appeared the rain began to fall, which put a damper upon the whole affair in a very literal sense. Umbrellas went up and the joyfulness of the crowd departed. The stones that were piled over the great pyre of



"A NUMBER OF NATIVES NOW APPEARED WITH LONG POLES TO TURN OVER THE LARGER STONES, SO AS TO GET THE GREATEST HEAT UPPERMOST."  
*(From a Photo. by Frank Davey.)*



"AFTER PRAYER, PAPA ITA CALMLY WALKED OVER THE STONES WHERE THE FLAMES WERE CREEPING UP BETWEEN THEM."

*From a Photo. by Frank Davey.*



ANOTHER SNAP-SHOT SHOWING THE "HIGH PRIEST" WALKING OVER THE RED-HOT MASS, AFTER CHALLENGING ANY ONE LOOKER TO DO LIKEWISE.

*(Frank Davey.)*

wood had sunk nearly to the level of the ground, and the blaze was now fighting its way up between the stones. A fierce red glow testified to the heat below.

Ita advanced amid applause. He was dressed in a white cape made of kapa—a kind of cloth made out of the bark of the paper mulberry or wanke (*Broussaietia papyrifera*) and of the mamiak (*Pipturus allidus*), which is cultivated with much care. The manufacture of this material is left entirely to the women, who peel off strips of the bark and scrape off the outer coat with shells.

A number of natives now appeared with long poles to turn over the larger stones, so as to get the greatest heat uppermost. While they were doing this Papa Ita invoked the spirits to withdraw the heat from the furnace, and after this prayer he calmly and deliberately walked over the stones through the centre, where the flames were creeping up between them. You could hear the stones splutter as the rain struck them, and see the steam from the huge furnace. The fire walker rested a few moments and then returned, striking the ground with the ti leaves before starting. On his return one of the stones turned over and he nearly fell headlong into the fiery furnace.

Altogether Papa Ita made four trips over the heated mass of red-hot stones, and then his performance ended.

I personally examined his feet with scrupulous care, and found they were intact. Asking him (through an interpreter) if he was satisfied

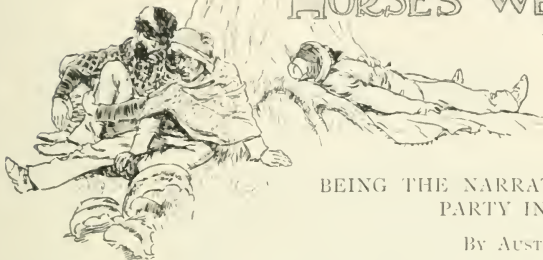
with the result, he said, "No, the stones were not hot enough." He would, he went on to say, give another exhibition as soon as the furnace could be rebuilt. And this he did.

On the following Thursday the furnace was completed and lighted at seven o'clock in the morning, the ceremony being timed to take place at four in the afternoon. The stones had sunk to about 18 in. above the ground. Promptly at four o'clock Papa Ita arrived, attired as before, and carrying a bunch of ti leaves in his hand. A number of natives turned the stones over for him. At this stage his manager (how curious to hear of a manager!) addressed the audience, stating that his "client" would give any person 500dols. who would go before him over the red-hot stones; but no person came forward, so Papa Ita quietly walked across this heated, seething mass.

The Hawaiians were carried away to such an extent that when he started for home they kissed his hands and forced money upon him, looking upon him as a great Kahuna. The Kahuna of these islands, by the way, is supposed to have wonderful power—to be able to pray a person to death or change a man's nature for good or bad. To be "prayed to death" is a common thing among the natives, and so they revered and almost worshipped Papa Ita, who possessed the faculty of passing unharmed over masses of red-hot stones, though barefooted, and apparently unprotected in any way.



# WHAT HAPPENED WHEN OUR HORSES WERE STOLEN.



BEING THE NARRATIVE OF AN EXPLORING  
PARTY IN ARGENTINA.

By AUSTIN BEAUMONT.

The author, who has travelled extensively in South America, set out to explore the Rio Pilcomayo with Señor Lista—a well-known traveller, who was connected with a family of much wealth and distinction in Buenos Ayres. A band of Indian marauders stole the horses of the party and left them practically helpless in a waterless wilderness, under a tropical sun. Mr. Beaumont describes their adventures, the pathetic end of his companion, and how, eventually, he himself was saved.

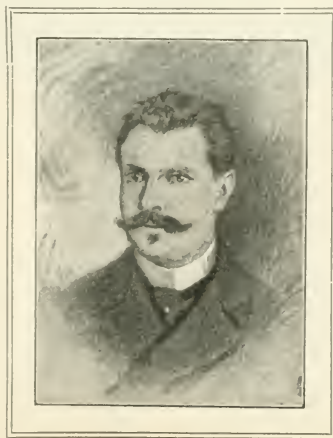


HE month of November, 1897, will ever remain in my mind associated with one of the most terrible adventures of my life. In company with Señor Lista, a famous Argentine

explorer, I left the town of Oran in the Province of Salta, Argentine Republic, about the beginning of November, intending to reach, in about two weeks, the northern boundary of the Argentine Republic, and to explore the Rio Pilcomayo. It is needless to say that we had to travel on horseback, as there were no railway conveniences at our disposal. The train brings one from Buenos Ayres only as far as Jujuy, covering a distance of about 900 miles in two and a half or three days. From Jujuy to Oran it is 180 miles, the road lying for the most part through dense forests of lapachos, algarrobos, quebrachos,

timbó, and other trees, mostly of enormous size, and so close to each other that the tops of the branches, some 50ft. or 75ft. from the ground, form an impenetrable roof through which no ray of the tropical sun ever penetrates. Deer

and wild cattle roam in large numbers through these forests, undisturbed by civilized man. In some places the trees are alive with birds of rich and varied plumage, such as the guan, which makes a noise like a saw, and a woodpecker of enormous size which hammers the trees with its heavy bill, and is for that reason called the carpenter bird. The gregarious toucans and common green parrots also appear from time to time in myriads, filling the virgin forests for miles around with their boisterous clamour. On rare occasions a puma, or South American lion, may be seen gliding furtively between the trees, but not



THE FATED EXPLORER, SEÑOR LISTA, WHO DIED OF THIRST IN THE ARGENTINE WILDERNESS.

anxious to attack an adversary who is armed with a good rifle. The region is about 4,000ft. above the level of the sea, and where there is a break in the forest a glimpse may now and then be obtained of the Zenta range in the Cordilleras, rising to a height of some 15,000ft.

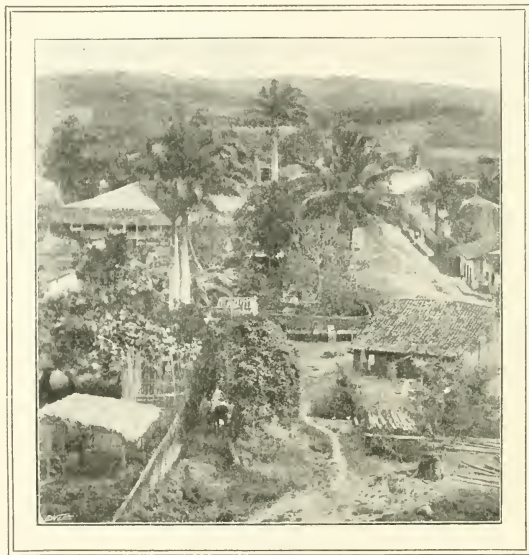
At Oran, however, as one leaves the Cordilleras to cross the great plains of Salta, the landscape changes, the trees are more scarce and of stunted growth, and here and there immense plains open up on which there is no vegetation except cactus and similar plants. The region is often inundated by the Rio Bermejo,

but at other times, when rain has not fallen for five or six months, the land is parched and dry, vegetation withers, and the landscape is turned into a frightful wilderness. In 1897 it happened that a very dry season was prevailing, and we were warned not to deviate from the high road lest we should suffer for want of water. Señor Lista, however, did not pay much attention to these warnings; he

had travelled over every inch of the southern territories of the Argentine Republic, and he scorned the idea that any new obstacles whatever could prevent him from going just where he pleased in the north. The Argentine Geographical Institute had intrusted him with the mission of exploring the Rio Pilcomayo, which formed the boundary between Argentina and Bolivia. Lista was still in the prime of life, and was without doubt Argentina's greatest explorer. He had gone in 1875 to Patagonia, which was at that time practically an unexplored region, drew the first exact maps of the territories of Santa Cruz, Neuquen, and Rio Negro, explored

the source of the Rio Belgrano, indicated the exact position of Lake San Martin, the largest lake in Patagonia, and at that time unheard of; and he also outlined the general trend of the southern Cordilleras of the Andes. The rest of the expedition, headed by Señor Paris, was to follow in a few weeks with the necessary scientific apparatus, and we set out from Oran in company with two Indian guides, who declared that they knew the way perfectly. We intended to follow the Rio Seco to Tartagal, and then to make for the Pilcomayo on the borders of the territory of Formosa—a part of the Gran Chaco. On

the second day we noticed that our guides acted very strangely; instead of arriving at Miraflores they told us that we had already passed it, and that they were making a short cut for Fort Lavalle. We were not following a beaten track, but were in the midst of thick brambles and cactus shrubs most of the time, and the few wells we met by chance were perfectly dry. Towards evening we noticed that we were



THE TOWN OF ORAN, FROM WHICH THE EXPEDITION STARTED.  
*From a Photo.*

being followed by a half-dozen Indians on horseback. Our guides then confessed that they had seen the Indians in the morning. "They are 'bad Indians'" (*Judios malos*), said one of the guides, who spoke Spanish very well—"and they want our horses."

"They will have to fight for them," said Lista, as he drew his revolver and stopped his horse. "Why did you not tell me that this morning?" he continued, furious with the two guides, who had evidently left the beaten track thinking thereby that they would escape being followed by the marauders.

I must explain here that the Indians in the

settled parts of Salta are generally peaceful and have acquired civilized habits. They work a little on the estancias and are on good terms with the whites. But now and then wild Indians from the Chaco invade the province on marauding expeditions, and sometimes these are joined by criminals or Indians who have for some crime become outlaws. The outlaws, or *Indios malos*, as the natives call them, are even more dangerous than the savage Indians, and will think nothing of killing a traveller merely for the sake of possessing his horse or mule; and if the traveller is a fellow-Indian they take even more pleasure in attacking him than a white man. We had no reason to distrust the guides we had with us, as they were both married and had their wives and children in Oran. To the credit of the Indian it must be said that he is not a coward, and one of our guides, as soon as he saw the displeasure of Lista, volunteered to ride back and parley with the Indians who were following us. He went, and had scarcely got within parleying distance when a number of shots were fired at him. He wheeled his horse about, answering the fire of the aggressors with his own revolver, and then he returned to tell us that the band was determined on capturing our horses, and, if necessary, they would kill us all to possess them. This was disagreeable news; it was already late, and would soon be dark, and it was no pleasant thing to have such a band of outlaws at our back. However, we decided to ride on, driving our horses a little faster and keeping a sharp watch on our pursuers. They followed us as closely as they dared, and several times fired off shots as if to challenge us to fight. Seeing that they had no intention to let us go in peace we decided to make a halt on the opposite side of a dried-up stream and to entrench ourselves behind what shelter we

could find, letting our pursuers come to within easy range of our rifles. The spot we had chosen could not have been better, as we were completely hidden by the cactus shrubs, and our pursuers did not know whether we had continued our way or not. They came up to the dried-up stream at a gallop, and as soon as they appeared we fired a volley into them. One of them at once fell and his horse galloped on in our direction, while the others turned round sharply and made off even faster than they had come.

We thought they had now received a good lesson and would stay away, when suddenly we heard reports on both sides of us and caught sight of more Indians than we had expected. There were at least a dozen of them, and the only thing that had kept them at a distance was the inferiority of their weapons. But now it looked as if they intended to lay siege to us and that we would have a hot time of it. Our guides helped us bravely, catching the horse whose rider had fallen, and galloping back and forth, firing shots from different places, so that we seemed to be more numerous than we really were. We kept up an active fire for about half an hour, when twilight came on, and in the shelter of the darkness we sought safety by riding off suddenly, following the bed of the stream near by.

After riding for about an hour we thought that we had certainly escaped all pursuit by the outlaws, who, we imagined, could not have followed us in the dark. We dismounted, set up a tent, and prepared to have some food, which we had not tasted since noon. The excitement of the evening had made us forget it, but when it was apparently over we felt exhausted and needed something to refresh us before going to sleep. We had eaten quite undisturbed, and were fully convinced that our pursuers had been unable to follow us. There-



THE AUTHOR, MR. AUSTIN BEAUMONT, AS HE APPEARED IN 1897. [Photo.]

fore we prepared to lie down and have a good sleep. Our guides fastened the horses close to the tent and remained awake for some time on the watch. The night was perfectly clear, though not very bright, as the moon was not shining. The day had been hot enough, without the additional excitement we had undergone, to make us long for the cool, quiet rest of the night, and we lay down to have a well-earned

we could hear the cries of our two guides. It had all been done in a moment, and as we rushed out of our tent, gun in hand, we could see a band of Indians galloping away with our horses. Our guides were firing at them already, and we also sent a few parting shots after them, but it was too late. In an instant they were off in the darkness, and we found ourselves without horses and one of our guides wounded in the left leg



"THE OTHERS DUCKED ROUND AND MADE OFF EVEN FASTER THAN THEY HAD COME."

sleep, with the brilliant stars keeping watch over us.

It may have been midnight when the disturbance came. At all events, every one of the party was sound asleep—Lista and myself in the tent, and the Indian guides close by under the shelter of a palo-borracho tree. Suddenly we were startled by the heavy tramp of the hoofs of horses, the wild cry characteristic of the Mataco Indians, the firing of shots from different directions, and in the midst of all this confusion

We examined the wound and happily found that it was not very serious, but our greatest concern was what to do out in that wilderness without horses to ride and without water to drink. Señor Lista took the matter philosophically, and looked upon it as an inevitable mishap. We scarcely slept again during the remainder of the night, and the first thing in the morning we tried to locate ourselves, and also to hunt for probable streams or wells. On leaving the place of our encampment we had to leave behind



many necessary things ; we took with us enough food for three days, thinking that this was sufficient, and also our tent, with which Lista did not wish to part, as he did not care to sleep with the night dew falling on him.

We were a sad and disappointed party that morning as we set out in the wilderness in search of a road and water. We walked till long after midday, when the heat of the sun became unbearable, and then we sat down under a chanar tree to take some lunch. It was then that we felt the want of water seriously for the first time. Though we had eaten something the previous evening, it had been a rather dry meal, as we had had no water and only one bottle of wine between four. We had not taken more with us from Oran, as we had expected to pass through Miraflores, and to take our provisions on the way as we needed them. Now, when we sat down to eat our dried biscuits and some salt meat, we felt the want of water most keenly. We had hoped to find a pool somewhere, as we had seen several on the day before, and even the brackish water in them would have been welcome. But in all the way we had marched we found not one solitary well or laguna, and things already began to look desperate. I thought it best not to taste the salt meat until we should be sure of finding water somewhere, but Lista, who was indifferent to hardships, persisted in eating some. The evil effects soon showed themselves. He was tortured by thirst in a short time, more than anyone else of the party, and in the burning heat of the sun he insisted on our pursuing our way relentlessly through the wilderness in the hope of coming across a pool of water.

Night came and we had found nothing to drink. Death from thirst was staring us in the face, and we sat down pale and worn out to chew the food we had with us as best we could. Lista was suffering more than any of us owing to the salt meat he had taken at noon. We tried to inspire him with hope that on the following day we would certainly find a well or a stream somewhere. It could not be that we would travel on another day without striking some beaten track. In spite of the annoying thirst, however, we slept tolerably well that night, owing probably to our extreme fatigue, for we must have marched some forty miles that day, hoping every moment to find a pool of water.

On the following morning we felt a little refreshed, strange to say, and our desire for water, though still great, was not so painful as on the previous evening. We set out at sunrise, led by the Indians, who encouraged us with the assurance that on that day they would certainly

have better luck. We could not be far from a track which they claimed must be found somewhere in the vicinity, and once there we would find our way to some place where we could slake our thirst. We marched for several hours, and the sun had already become unbearable before nine o'clock. Happily we struck into a portion of the wilds where there were more trees and we could from time to time rest ourselves. The Indian who had been wounded here complained a little of his leg, but he kept up his courage and walked on as well as the rest. From time to time on looking at Lista I could see that his face was ghastly pale ; he breathed with difficulty, and it was easy to see that he was suffering intensely. At midday we again sat under some trees and munched a few dry biscuits, for though we were hungry we could not eat much, as it was too painful to swallow the dried-up crusts.

Our want of success in finding a well or road before noon was little calculated to encourage us, but we still had an undefined hope that something might turn up before evening. As we were about to set out again I noticed that poor Lista was feverish, and under the circumstances we thought it best to rest a few hours, letting the Indians explore meanwhile round about in the neighbourhood. They came back after about two hours much exhausted, and showed the first signs of despondency at not finding anything. Several times we saw wild deer, and tried to follow them, but they took flight and disappeared as soon as they caught sight of us. We thought that they might be in the neighbourhood of water, and by following them stealthily we might get to a well, and our disappointment only became greater when we lost track of them. Evening came again, and still we had found no water. For the first time I observed that poor Lista talked incoherently, and I feared that his mind was giving way. I tried as well as I could to encourage him, but we felt the pangs of thirst so strongly ourselves that even to talk was painful. Those who have never experienced what it is to pass days in a sweltering tropical climate can scarcely imagine the pain we experienced. Our lips seemed to grow thick, respiration became difficult, and maddening pain settled in the throat as if we were being choked, and our tongues grew fearfully sore. In desperation we chewed the leaves of the cactus and other prickly plants, which were, however, dry and tasteless, and instead of quenching our thirst they filled our mouths with bitterness. All the plants in that region are astringent, and most of the fruits have a pungent taste, so that we sought in vain for something to alleviate our tortures.

None of us were able to chew a morsel of food that evening, and instead of lying under our tent Lista threw it away as useless, and stretched out on his back waiting for the dew of the morning and hoping to catch a few drops of moisture. Happily, for the first time since we had set out on our luckless journey, some dew fell that night, and we groped about in the dark tearing up the damp grass and drawing it through our mouths. Though we succeeded in obtaining a few drops of dew in this manner it was scarcely enough to moisten our lips and tongues, and the little we tasted, mingled with the dust of the leaves, only made us long for more.

In the morning we made almost frantic efforts to collect enough dew to fill the hollow of our hands, but what we gathered was not sufficient to go even half-way down our throats. As soon as the sun had risen the dew disappeared as by enchantment, and we were to begin our third day of suffering and agony.

It is needless to describe further all the tortures we suffered that day. We walked and rested at intervals, and sometimes felt hope revive, but soon again fell into despondency. In the evening, as we had found nothing, Lista was alternately raving and weeping like a child. "We shall never get out of this alive—at least I shall not," he said, in a moment of lucidity. During the night our sleep was troubled with visions of lakes and streams of water. Our sleep, in fact, was not a true sleep, being rather a continued nightmare, for we not only suffered for want of water, but as we could no longer eat, the pangs of hunger also made themselves keenly felt. In the morning there was less dew than on the previous day, and we made the

same desperate efforts to collect a few drops of the precious liquid, which glistened on the tips of the grass only to disappear as if by magic the moment we reached out for it.

Lista declared in the morning that he could go no farther; that he was convinced our search was hopeless and that he would put an end to his life. He begged us, if any of us returned alive to Buenos Ayres, to let his mother and sisters know how he thought of them in his last moments and to convey to them his farewell wishes. We persuaded him not to give up hope—that we were still able to march slowly, and when we least expected it we might strike a well or pool. He shook his head incredulously, but consented after some time to resume the slow and painful march through the thickets. Wherever we thought there might be some juicy wild fruits we hastened to hunt for them, but found nothing palatable, the wild fruits being mostly dry and unsavoury—some of them even biting our lips and tongues so as to make our sufferings worse.

Towards noon I remarked that Lista suffered extremely with a painful difficulty of respiration, and whilst his forehead was deadly pale his cheeks were inflamed with fever. He declared again that he could hold out no longer, and sat down under a tree saying that he would die there. Nothing that we could do would encourage him, and, besides, we were so exhausted ourselves that we were in little better state than he was to continue going much longer. He spoke again of his mother and sisters, and taking out a slip of paper from his note-book he wrote on it with an unsteady hand: "In my last moments I am thinking of my poor mother and sisters.



THESE ARE THE TWO HALF-BREED GUIDES WHO ACCOMPANIED THE PARTY. [Photo.]

But you are happier than I am, you have not suffered as I have for the last few days. Oh! for one drop of cooling water. I am here with three companions and we are dying of thirst; it is horrible to be suffering as we are. For four days we have not tasted a drop of water. The end is coming; life is insupportable and I must die. Farewell, dear mother; farewell, dear sisters, and pardon me if I cause you any grief."

He folded the slip of paper, put it into an envelope, and asked me to take it. I refused to take it, saying that I still had hope and that we would have to find a spring of water somewhere. "As long as there is life, there is hope," I said, "and I do not despair yet." At the same time, though, that I spoke thus courageously, I was far from being as hopeful at heart as I seemed. I felt my cheeks also burning with fever; I noticed the eyes of my companion blood-shot, and I felt that my own must be the same as I frequently saw things indistinctly in a haze. Objects seemed to change their colour, the landscape at times appeared to be moving, and I frequently fell into delirious reveries, in which I imagined that I was plunging into a lake of clear, limpid water, and refreshing my parched lips with long, cooling draughts. The next moment I would awake out of my delirium to find myself still longing for a drink, with a painful desire which cannot be expressed in words. We did not go much farther that afternoon, for the thirst, heat, and hunger combined to render us almost helpless; there were times when I myself was longing for the end to come. Towards evening, as Lista could not walk any more, we agreed to leave him under a high tree which we could see at a considerable distance whilst each one took a different direction to see if we might in this way discover something. I walked for about an hour—slowly, however, as my weakness would not allow me to go on in a regular walk. Then, having found nothing, I retraced my steps. All the time I was away I had a presentiment of something terrible about to happen, and I halted frequently, discouraged, and hesitating to return to the place where I had left Lista, forced as I was to tell him the futility of my search. When I came near the tree where he had been left I heard the two Indian guides, who had returned before me, moaning and wailing and calling out from time to time. As soon as I came up to them I saw what had happened.

It was a dreadful sight. There was Lista on the ground, lifeless. In our absence he had carried out his resolution and had fired a bullet through his brain. He was lying on his left side with his left hand, in which he held the envelope for his mother, under his breast,

pressing that last farewell missive stained with his blood to his heart. In his right hand he held the revolver with which he had taken his life. His body was still warm, though death must have been instantaneous, as the bullet passed through both temples.

In our own exhausted condition we had but little inclination or strength left to express our grief. We simply sat down and looked at each other in despondency, as this was the culminating point of our misfortune. It was already twilight, and as we sat there looking at the dead body of our beloved leader we had a longing for night and darkness to come to hide this terrible spectacle, which had completely paralyzed us. We spoke but little, and remained awake practically all night, keeping watch around the body. It was the most awful night I ever passed, and even now the thought of it seems to be haunting me still like a horrible nightmare. If we were all to die of thirst, I thought, would it not be better to follow the example of Lista and finish it without further agony as he had done? Time and again I envied the quiet, still form before me which no longer suffered, no longer yearned for a drop of water, and for which all the miseries of this life were over.

Towards morning one of the Indians also seemed to lose his mind and threw himself in a fit of madness over the cold corpse of his master, crying and wailing piteously. Afterwards the same Indian began playing with his revolver dangerously, and we had to take it from him. His name was Perez, and he was the one who had been wounded in our unfortunate encounter with the outlaws who were the cause of all our trouble. At sunrise, however, we agreed to set out once more and make an attempt for the fifth time to reach safety before sunset. We laid the body of Lista in a suitable position, covered it with a poncho, and scraped some leaves around it. Thus we had to leave the body of one of Argentina's most useful and eminent men—a distinguished traveller and explorer, who had come to a premature end after unspeakable sufferings, and in a wilderness scarcely forty miles from an inhabited town, as we found out later, and in which we were walking in a perpetual circle.

We started out, the two Indians in sullen determination, and walked as well as our feebleness would permit for several hours till we came to the dried-up bed of a stream, which the Indians at once declared was the one where we had the encounter with the outlaws. The discovery of this stream had infused new hope into us. We felt certain that in following it, even if we had to walk two days, we would sooner or later come to a road or an estancia, as the streams, even

though they did not contain water all the year round, made the land valuable. We had been walking along the bed for about an hour when we came to the very spot where we had the engagement, and found that we had not only killed one, but three of our aggressors, as their bodies were lying in the bush. When we saw them devoured by birds of prey we felt at least a little satisfaction that we had brought down

able to persuade him much, and finally started off, hoping still to find salvation.

At that moment, however, the rider we had seen came through the bush, and we hailed him as our deliverer. He had seen us, but wishing first to be sure that we had no evil intent he had gone round through the bush. It was a Gaucho, Juan Cardoso, who was in the service of the Police Commissary of Miraflores.



"THE RIDER CAME THROUGH THE BUSH, AND WE HAILED HIM AS OUR DELIVERER."

three of the scoundrels who had caused us so much torture. We were now in a fair way to come across a road soon. We followed the bed of the stream till night came on, but still came across nothing, and in spite of ourselves the tortures, ever increasing, almost overcame us.

We again spent the night lying on our backs, vainly waiting for a little dew to fall, and in the morning tried to collect some moisture, but with as little success as before. About ten o'clock, when the heat of the sun almost made all efforts to proceed hopeless, we saw at last some dust in the distance as if a horse were galloping along. We made desperate efforts to approach, and waved our hats and handkerchiefs to call the attention of the rider. The next moment he disappeared and our hearts sank. Were we to be thus abandoned on the very point of salvation? Perez threw himself down on the gravelly bed of the river and groaned with pain. He could stand it no longer, and told us in a weak voice to go on without him. We were too weak to be

That very morning, he said, he had received orders to search for us. I may mention here that I left my wife at Oran, and the day of our parting, as if she had a presentiment that something terrible was going to happen, she had begged us to put off our journey for some days,

which, however, as we had everything in readiness, we were obliged to refuse to do. I promised her, nevertheless, to let her know when we arrived at Miraflores, Carneada, and other places along the route where we intended to call, and when she received no news on the second and third day she became uneasy, and beseeched the Commissary of Police to make inquiries. News came in from the country that a band of marauders had been seen, and this made her more uneasy about us. On the fifth day she sent a special



MRS. BEAUMONT, WHO INDUCED THE GOVERNMENT TO DISPATCH A SEARCH PARTY. (Photo.)

message to the Commissary of Miraflores asking him to obtain news of us, and it was thus that Juan Cardoso, among others, was sent out to search for us.

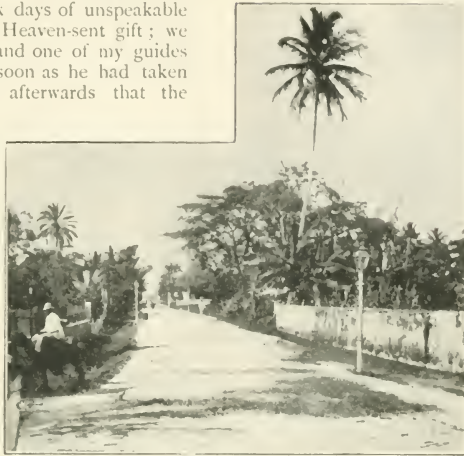
As soon as he approached us we begged him

in the most pitiable manner to give us water to drink. He had only a small supply with him, but this he divided between the three. The taste of water after six days of unspeakable suffering was like a Heaven-sent gift; we swallowed it eagerly, and one of my guides fell into a delirium as soon as he had taken a cupful. He said afterwards that the sensation was such as to overpower him altogether, and I experienced something similar myself. Our deliverer told us that we were only within about ten miles of Miraflores, and as we were too weak to walk he undertook to return to the town and fetch some horses. I told him to have a message sent off at once to my wife to tell her that I was safe, for I

must confess that in all my sufferings one of the things that tortured me most was the thought of leaving her alone and friendless in that frontier country; and perhaps it was the thought of her also that prevented me from putting an end to my sufferings as poor Lista had done. We lay down under the *cardos*, or thistles, which abounded there and grew to an immense size, and so waited for the Gaucho to return. He came about three o'clock in the afternoon with a number of horses and men, and though we were almost too weak

to remain on our horses we arrived at Miraflores towards evening. The Commissary of Police came out and congratulated us on our safety, but when we told him of the sad end of poor Lista his eyes filled with tears. A number of Gauchos went out on the following day, and after the indications we gave them they finally discovered the body. They found it intact and brought it to Oran, where the parish priest held a funeral service. As a result of our adventures we had to lie in a hospital for three weeks. A sad duty still remained to me, and this was

to transmit the note written by Lista for his mother; I had taken it with me. The grief of the family was such that I prefer not to enter into details. I preserved a little photograph of his mother and youngest sister, taken with a camera just before he started from Buenos Ayres on his ill-starred mission. The Press of Argentina paid glowing tributes to the memory of the young explorer, who deserved a better fate—though it may be said that he died striving nobly to serve his country.



THE PRINCIPAL STREET OF MIRAFLORES. HERE THE SURVIVORS ARRIVED AFTER THEIR TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE. (Photo.)



THE MOTHER AND SISTER OF SEÑOR LISTA. IT WAS TO HIS MOTHER THAT THE EXPLORER WROTE HIS DYING MESSAGE. (Photo.)

# A Record Journey in Savage Africa.

BY MAJOR A. ST. HILL GIBBONS (3RD EAST YORKSHIRE REGIMENT).

## PART II.

We have much pleasure in announcing that we have made arrangements with this great and successful traveller for the publication of his two and a quarter years of travel in Central Africa. Major Gibbons has beaten the record in African travel, his expedition having covered 13,000 miles, exclusive of rail and steamboat travel. The routes of his expedition form a cross on the map of Africa—one line from the Cape to Cairo, and the other from Chinde, on the East Coast, to Benguela on the West. Among the principal points of Major Gibbons's narrative are: "The discovery of the sources of the Zambesi"—"No firearms used against the natives in travels of over 20,000 miles"—"The discovery of a curious race of Bushmen"—"Difficulties with carriers"—"Attacks by lions"—"Perils on the Zambesi"—"Exploration of the mysterious Lake Kivu"—"The 'Cooking Range' volcanic country"—"With the Belgians on the Upper Nile"—"Among the floating sudd," etc., etc.



HE *Constance* had brought us a distance of about 800 miles from Kebrabasa through a beautiful river, which hitherto had never been disturbed by propeller or paddle-wheel. Never before had the river precincts been desecrated by the screech of the siren or the throbbing of steam-engine. From prehistoric times the lion's roar, the weird howl of the hyena, the dog-like bark of the baboon, and sounds of that kind had enjoyed a monopoly in Nature's undisturbed domain. From the mouth of the Zambesi we had travelled 1,200 miles by river—or twice as far as from Land's End to John o' Groat's—and this great stretch, with the single exception of Kebrabasa, is perfectly navigable for the greater part of the year. But now things began to look ugly. A straggling rapid a mile and a half long, known to the local natives as Molele, was merely the precursor of eighteen others within the short space of twenty-miles.

As long as it was possible to get through any of these I made up my mind to do so, regardless of what might be in front, for each mile made was a mile nearer Marotseiland, which was probably the nearest point at which porters could be engaged to bring the goods forward. We had towed through three or four such rapids, and nearly been upset in one, when we found ourselves at the foot of a rock-bound, broken piece of river in which the water rushed and surged among dangerous-looking boulders. About 60ft. from the right bank we noticed what appeared to be a narrow channel of deep water, so I determined to make an effort to tow through. Keeping the pilot in the boat, the remaining boys were landed and put on to the tow-ropes; and while I took the helm, my companions armed themselves with poles with which to keep the launch off the rocks. Inch

by inch we passed through the narrow stream, and were almost clear when I found that, with the helm hard over, it was difficult to keep the little vessel in her course. To my horror I discovered that the tow-rope had not been changed to the port side from the starboard, to which it had been fastened while negotiating a previous rapid. Had the rope been attached to the gunwale athwart the mast there would have been little danger in the situation, but with the tension across the bows, and the boys towing at an angle of 30deg., there was great risk of the boat being forced broadside on to the current, when nothing could possibly save the launch, and it is difficult to imagine how any of us could have reached the shore even if some escaped being dashed against the black boulders among which the angry torrent played. And so it was that, after many exciting moments, we seemed, with the aid of poles against the rocks, to have passed the worst, and it appeared quite possible that we would get clear after all without damage or accident.

But no such luck! A dead-sounding bump, a severe shock from stem to stern, and the little boat heeled over to starboard. We soon found that she was held by a hidden rock immediately aft the engines. The boys pulled pluckily, but were unable to move her. The current struck her starboard bow, and any diminution in their efforts must have allowed her to swing broadside on; and then, with an increased surface opposed to the current, there could be little hope for us. To my immediate right the water sped past within an inch of the gunwale, and occasionally splashed into the boat. To the left, and only a few feet away, a veritable torrent rushed and foamed through a medley of boulders. It seemed as though nothing could live in such a chaos. As I saw the bows coming gradually round after a

desperate but ineffectual effort on the part of the boys to tow her clear many thoughts flew through my mind. I was responsible for the lives of three of the best fellows who ever entered uncivilized Africa; I had undertaken work which should have far-reaching results if successfully carried out; and now before the first sod had been cut, so to speak, we were in what appeared a hopeless plight. I do not exaggerate, and freely confess that this is the first and only occasion in my African experience on which I felt the odds against me. It was obvious that the boys on the rope could only hold the boat in her position for a short time under existing conditions.

First, in the hope of floating her astern, we passed all the goods for'ard, but still the rock held her. The boys' strength was giving way, and the bows were coming round inch by inch: in a few minutes all must be lost. One chance alone remained — was the water too deep for'ard to give us foothold?

Captain Quicke, Mr. Weller, and myself slipped into the water, holding on to the gunwale. We could just do it: I was the shortest of the three, and while standing on my toes with body slightly inclined forward the water washed my chin. Captain Hamilton is slightly shorter, and not being a swimmer I insisted on his remaining in the boat. Doing all we knew for some five minutes, we gradually forced the bows round, and things began to look brighter. My idea was that if we could not get her off we would allow her to swing outwards, when she might be able to make the narrow channel we had passed through, and so return whence we came. Fortunately, the pilot found a lower ledge of the rock that held us, and from here the launch was successfully levered off. With the energy of hope renewed the boys pulled together, and as we found ourselves safe once more we gave vent to our feelings

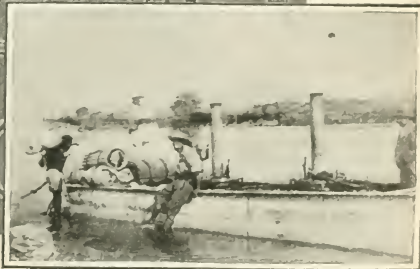
of relief in a ringing cheer, in which the boys lustily joined.

We had one or two further tussles with the Zambesi, and came to a full stop beyond its confluence with the Guay — the nearest navigable point to Marotseland. Mr. Weller returned with the *Constance*, and my companions and self continued westwards.

Passing over the next 1,250 miles, I find myself on the Kwito River, at the extreme south-west of Marotseland. I was travelling in a north-westerly direction in a pathless bush country, through which some difficulty was at times experienced in forcing a passage.

My companions were travelling over different routes to the north in pursuance of my plan for increasing the scope of our work by making separate journeys. I had just passed through the country of the Mampukushu, a people whose chiefs have for many years borne an unrivalled reputation as "rain-makers," and was now in a district inhabited only by game and bushmen. The first of these strange wild men I

THE BATINGA NATIVES WERE KEENLY INTERESTED IN MAJOR GIBBONS'S STEAM-LAUNCH.  
*From a Photo.*



THE STEAM-LAUNCH "CONSTANCE" — SHE BROUGHT THE PARTY UP A RIVER WHICH HAD NEVER BEFORE BEEN EXPLORED.

*From a Photo.*

encountered allowed himself to be interviewed, though from the manner in which his wild eyes shot glances to right and left it was obvious that he was ill at ease. I have encountered many different tribes of these hunted people, but these Kwito bushmen differed in many respects from those I have met with before and since. Their method of conversing was at least strange to the ear. Imagine a series of such indistinct sounds as are delivered from a roofless mouth, relieve them with a number of clicks, and you will form a very good conception of the effect produced. The bushmen of the Kalahari articulate clearly; their diminutive cousins in the south-west convey their ideas by means of

the click and throat method of conversation. In appearance they are light in colour, with high foreheads, comparatively thin lips, and sometimes even receding lips. The greater number of them live like the game on which they prey—that is to say, wandering about the veldt, and sleeping just where they happen to be when the sun goes down. In rainy weather they detach a piece of bark, and therewith cover the head, leaving the rest of the body to look after itself. The effect of this exposure is to give the skin, even of young men, a dried-up, wrinkled appearance. When they have no game they eat whatever comes readily to hand—wild roots, berries, fruits, and snakes, which latter are specially relished.

Recently a small section of the tribe have copied their more civilized neighbours, and constructed huts formed of mats tied down to a framework. These can be untied and removed at a moment's notice. For arms they carry spear, axe, and bow and arrows. Such is the race to which my wild little friend belonged. As he gradually seemed to become more at his ease I prepared to photograph him, but as I raised the camera he gave a start, his wild eyes almost jumped from their sockets, and he bounded into the bush. On a later occasion, however, I was more fortunate, and succeeded in getting a snap-shot of one of these strange wild men.

A few days later the path was crossed by the spoor of a small herd of buffaloes. I have had much good sport with the buffalo before the rinderpest swept

the continent almost clear of what is sometimes asserted to be the most dangerous of all African game—I refer to a time when herds of 600 or 700 were by no means uncommon. By the way, elephant hunting is, to my mind, the most exciting and (unless the hunter keeps his wits about him) the most dangerous African sport; then comes the lion, which is closely followed by the buffalo.



THE CARAVAN IN THE BUSH  
IN SOUTH-WEST MAROTSE-  
LAND.

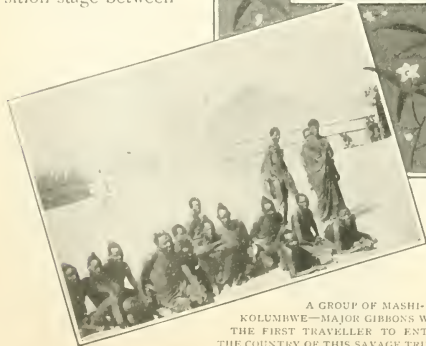
*From a Photo.*

clicks only. But here the impression is gathered of a people in the transition stage between



A BUSHMAN—HIS CON-  
VERSATION WAS A MIX-  
TURE OF CLICKS AND  
GRUNTS, AND HE WAS  
TERRIBLY AFRAID OF  
THE CAMERA.

*From a Photo.*



A GROUP OF MASHI-  
KOLUMBWE—MAJOR GIBBONS WAS  
THE FIRST TRAVELLER TO ENTER  
THE COUNTRY OF THIS SAVAGE TRIBE.



It is, however, only very occasionally that the unmolested buffalo behaves aggressively; but once bay a wounded African buffalo and, in my experience, the odds are he will charge. And if he does so in thick bush, which, while resisting the hunter's movements, is as paper to his ponderous body, the odds are at least divided. Hitherto I had only passed the bleached skulls of the victims of the 1896 epidemic, so I decided to camp for the night and hunt the buffalo next day.

Before the sun rose we were on the spoor. After following it for an hour and a half fresh tracks crossed those of the previous afternoon, so we turned our attention to them. After being led for some way through bush alternately fairly open and dense, a grunt told us that the game was not far off. Halting, we took stock of the situation, but nothing could be seen; so we cautiously advanced along the spoor for some distance, when it became obvious that the herd were on the move. Straining eye and ear we followed for half an hour without result, though the spoor told us that the game had not broken from a walk.

All at once, as the track, having taken us across a narrow stretch of open veldt, approached a belt of dense bush, the crackling of undergrowth and heavy tread of the animals told us that the game had either winded or sighted us. As buffalo do not travel fast it is not difficult—in good training—to keep pace with them for the first few hundred yards. Fortunately, they had broken away at right angles from the original direction, and parallel to their route the way was fairly clear. Hoping to cut into them I went off as fast as my legs could carry me, guided by the sound of their heavy tread, which told me we were going much the same pace. After five or six hundred yards spurting I found myself within sixty paces of the right rear of seven bulls lumbering along at a heavy canter.

A hundred yards more, and a fine old bull, which was bringing up the rear, stood and half faced me. I took the chance he gave me, and with a deep bellow he swerved round and made off after the herd. On looking round my boys were nowhere to be seen. I had lost my hat in the chase and expected they would have brought it on. Angry at the delay, I returned and found them looking for my spoor within a hundred yards of where I had left them.

"Are you hunters, or are you merely women?" I asked them, and giving them a good rating, I moved them on quickly to "take the spoor."

Blood was on the bushes to right and left of the old bull's track, so it was obvious that the

bullet had passed right through him. I knew now that we would come up with him sooner or later. There is always a good, wholesome excitement in following a wounded buffalo through thick bush. He has a well-designed trick of doubling on his own spoor and waiting under cover till his pursuers are at his mercy. Consequently natives have a great respect for "Bos caffia," and track him with the utmost caution. For my own part I confess I share this respect. I had been twice charged by wounded buffaloes within twenty-four hours a few years earlier, and had to be fairly active and shoot straight as well to avert an accident. Thus we crept through the bush with eyes and ears alert until we encountered the beast lying motionless across his track. He was quite dead. The bullet, having entered well forward, had passed through the lungs and out through the left shoulder. He proved to be an exceptionally fine specimen, with well-shaped horns measuring 41 in. across—a large head for the Central African buffalo, though in the old days in Cape Colony the horns ran to greater measurement.

Continuing the journey first north and then east, the route passed through the Mambundu country—a thinly-populated district in which nearly every man carried a muzzle-loader, each of which represents the price of man, woman, or child sold into slavery. With all these guns it is not surprising that the game is practically exterminated in their country.

Whilst among these people I experienced one of those pantomimic episodes which occasionally amuse the traveller. I had camped near a cluster of villages, whose chief—Dimbudi—sent his message of welcome and a present of meal, coupled with the assurance that he would be glad to see me at his village. Now, the character of the African is such that it is essential in the traveller's interest that he should assume a certain dignity in his dealings; and it has been my practice to pay the first call to big chiefs only—such as Lewanika or Khama. The rest must come to me. Therefore I sent back my greetings, and added that I would be pleased to see him at my camp in the cool of the evening. The messenger returned.

"Dimbudi says he is a very big chief, and expects the white man to come and see him first. Later he will visit the white man."

The answer went back:—

"Tell him the white man does not question his importance, but that he, being a still bigger chief, expects Dimbudi to visit him in the cool of the evening, when he will be glad to talk with him."

A quarter of an hour later a crowd of men, women, and children, shouting vociferously and

following a long stick—quite 20ft. long—on which was tied a piece of coloured “limbo,” were to be seen approaching my camp. On arrival it appeared that the central object in this demonstration was a hammock, borne by four men, in which something invisible seemed to swing. The procession halted, the people fell back, and out of the hammock crawled a disreputable-looking person, clothed in a pair of very old evening trousers much too long for the legs they covered, and a red serge coat equally ill-fitting. The whole object was surmounted by a top-hat, fixed jauntily and well brushed the wrong way.

Lialui, a country three times the size of Great Britain. As he is seen going his rounds of inspection—for he always has some building or improvement in hand—his *tout ensemble* forcibly resembles that of a comfortable and prosperous City merchant. At his court are to be seen subject chiefs with their retinue who



THE STATE BARGE OF KING LEWANIKA—  
IT IS PROPELLED BY A HUNDRED  
PADDLERS.  
*From a Photo.*



DANCING IN THE NEW MOON—A CEREMONY  
FOLLOWED BY MUCH DRINKING.

*From a Photo.*

Nervous and ill at ease, the great Dimbudi stood before me, till I came to his rescue, shook a very limp hand, and waved him to a ponderous native carved chair set by his attendants. I stayed at his village for a week, and he never forgot that I was a much bigger chief than he was!

Three weeks later I was paying my third and last visit to Lewanika, the most intelligent and interesting African who has entered into my experience. Tall and broad, with good features, clean in person, and neatly dressed in European clothes, Lewanika governs from his capital,

have journeyed many hundred miles to pay homage to their Sovereign—the Mambunda from the west, the Malunda from the north, and the Mashikolumbwe from the east. These latter are a turbulent people, who had attacked and driven back the only two travellers who had attempted to enter their country prior to my travels among them in 1896, from which I

emerged with some difficulty, but with a whole skin.

I was interested in the framework of a house the King was building for his sister, Akatoka, during my visit. The design is entirely his own, the wood being fashioned with the native adze and the nails forged by native blacksmiths from native iron.

Here is a picture of the King's State barge, a huge canoe-shaped craft, sewn together with bark rope and caulked. About 100 paddlers supply the motive power, under surveillance of the Royal police patrol. Woe to the paddler who shirks his work! A pole is smartly applied between his legs and in a moment he finds himself overboard, amid the jeers and laughter of his fellows. He must then find the bank as best he can. The elephant on the Royal shelter is cleverly constructed by stretching limbo, afterwards blackened with native paint, over a wooden framework. The next photograph represents the monthly ceremony of dancing in the new moon. To the left are seen the band beating their drums. The time, slow at first, gradually quickens until the dancers are perforce compelled to move very rapidly. Those who can afford it wear a number of cat tails-tied round the waist. To wriggle their quarters so rapidly as to produce a dazzling effect by intermingling the black with the yellow bars of the tails is the aim of a really first-rate dancer. When this is all over a great thirst is quenched.

I will ask my reader to accompany me to Lewanika's house in response to an invitation to lunch, so that he may judge for himself how little of the savage or how much of the gentleman is personified in this child of Nature. After passing through a scrupulously clean courtyard we are ushered into a spacious reception-room some 25 ft. by 20 ft. Native mat-work of varied pattern decorates the wall and serves as a carpet. A clock on a bracket, together with some fanciful fly-whisks and coloured cloth, serves as an additional ornament. A mahogany table and some half-dozen European chairs represent the furniture; while behind a high-backed wooden arm-chair—the Royal seat—a portrait of our late much-loved Queen fits into a curtained recess. On ordinary occasions the curtains obscure the picture, but at the reception of honoured guests they are drawn aside. Having been received with an easy grace and a few words of welcome, we retire on the King's invitation to wash our hands, in the process of which toilet soap and a clean towel are used. We return to lunch and find ourselves sitting at a well-appointed table with a spotless cloth, knives, forks, and spoons highly polished,

and we think of some luncheon-tables we have known at home. A row of household servants extends from door to table. No standing is permissible in the King's presence; even the approach and departure of subjects are effected with curved back and bended knee. A covered dish is handed along the line from without and placed in front of our host. Before each servant touches the Royal crockery he gives the accepted salute by clapping hands. The cover is removed and Zambesi fish—excellently fried—is handed round. Next comes roast wild fowl, goose, ibis, diver, or teal. The Marotse eat the flesh of no domestic fowl or beast, with the single exception of beef. They know not why; it is simply a time-honoured custom. Curded milk eaten with cream and sugar is standing dish number three, and occasionally a tin of Californian fruit or some such luxury accompanies it. Then tea is taken, and we pick our intelligent host's brain on matters of interest affecting himself and his country, and in turn describe to him the wonders of civilization.

Every year the Marotse turn out for a day's driving and slaughtering of young water-fowl. The King asked us if we would like to witness this battue, so on the afternoon previous to it Captain Quicke and myself were paddled up-stream to an island, twenty miles away, where storks, ibis, divers, and other fowl breed in their thousands. Reeds 12 ft. high covered most of the island, and over these countless parent birds of all shapes and sizes circled and hovered on return from their evening's forage. An hour before sunrise the camp was awake, and several hundred natives with or without blankets shivered in the damp morning mist. Upon an order from the principal chief a huge cordon was thrown round the reeds, and this—amid great yells and the beating of sticks—was gradually contracted towards the centre. Active slaughter now commenced, the younger birds falling an easy prey, while the more forward ones had strength enough to rise above the heads of the beaters only to tire and come to the ground in the open space beyond, and there to be chased and beaten to death by a crowd of shouting, laughing urchins. In the end literally thousands of birds were piled up in a row of huge heaps, like ricks in a hay-field. Had I not been myself a witness—which I never wish to be again—I would not have credited the possibility of collecting so enormous a bag in so limited an area.

Lewanika sent us several of the best birds to sample, and we found them excellent. Seven weeks after my arrival at Lialui Captain Hamilton put in an appearance. He had traced the Kwando from its lower reaches and com-

pleted a semi-circle, bringing him to Lialui. For some weeks he had perforce to remain in one place on account of desertion by his porters. His chiefs, however, who with their master are shown in the accompanying photograph, had remained loyal, and one of them brought the

realized, and as at the termination of that work we would be many miles apart, we decided to return home by the east, west, and north coasts respectively. It was a sincere satisfaction to me to look back on eighteen months' close association and hard work with the consciousness that our relations had not been marred by a single *contemps*. Those who know African travel and its discouragements will thus appreciate my good fortune in the selection of my companions.



"EVEN AT THE MID-ISE-  
TERN POINT FOR A DAY'S DRIVE  
THEY ARE SEARCHING FOR THE  
YOUNG WATER-FOWL."

*From a Photo.*

news to Lewanika, who immediately dispatched a relief party. And so a fortnight later I



CAPTAIN HAMILTON AND THE CHIEFS  
WHO REMAINED LOYAL EVEN WHEN  
THE PORTERS DESERTED.

*From a Photo.*



A VALOALI GRAVE—PIECES OF MEAT ARE SUSPENDED ON THE  
STAKES FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE SPIRIT OF THE DECEASED

*From a Photo.*

In a month I was in the heart of the Valoali country, and within three hundred miles of the Zambesi sources. These people are strangely superstitious. The country reeks with spirit houses—miniature imitations of the huts of the people themselves, in which the spirits of their dead reside. The picture here given shows the grave of a recently interred Valoali. At the head there is a diminutive support over which small strips of meat hang for the benefit of the spirit of the deceased.

I was determined not to leave the country until I had followed the whole course of the Zambesi and effected the long-delayed discovery

parted from my two companions. We each had a certain amount of work to do before the objects of the expedition could be fully

of its source. The contiguous country was reputed unsettled, very thinly populated, and consequently almost foodless. In these circumstances I found it impossible to engage porters willing to accompany me. I had with me four East Coast boys and five donkeys, which I had fortunately brought to meet such a contingency. Therefore, I had perforce to attempt a journey of over one thousand miles in this humble fashion. This was perhaps the hardest experience in my African career. It began with pure hard work. The rains had commenced, and I leave it to those with imagination to realize the constant physical work required to get donkeys through the numerous spongy bogs which border the smallest stream in that country. "Corduoying" and bridging were my daily occupation.

After three weeks of this an incident occurred which might reasonably have somewhat abruptly introduced me to the happy hunting-grounds of a future state. The path took us within fifty yards of a strongly-blockaded village, which as I approached proved to be the centre of fierce discussion and angry excitement. At first I did not realize that my harmless self was the object of this hostile demonstration. A few natives bolted past and hurriedly went to earth through the small opening which served as an entrance to this stronghold. I now became sensible of the uncomfortable fact that I was the mark at which some two or three dozen muzzle-loaders were being pointed. Two local guides on seeing this disappeared into the bush. For myself it was a case of "to be or not to be," that was the question. The only course left open was to wend my way past at the donkey's pace. To my relief my four personal boys betrayed no outward sign of fear. To absolutely ignore the demonstration was the best chance of safety. Telling my gun-bearer to be near with my Mauser we moved slowly forward. As luck would have it, one of the donkeys took this opportunity to relieve himself of his load. There was nothing for it but to readjust the pack, in doing which I took care that the recalcitrant animal should stand between myself and the excited natives. At this the turmoil increased; possibly the bolder spirits were urging that the psychological

moment for action had arrived. My fear was lest the more timid should pull the trigger in their nervous excitement, when there is little doubt that the remainder would also have emptied their barrels. Whether any of them would have found their mark is another question; but fifty yards is not a long range. Once more the donkeys were set in motion and slowly trended on. Still the savages yelled and shouted, but they also hung fire, until at last the clearing surrounding the blockade was traversed and we found ourselves under cover of the bush. I glanced at my boys, who responded with a smile of relief. Eight hundred yards in front was a small stream, beyond which was a high bank. As it was late I decided to camp here, for, since the natives had allowed me to pass when I was in their power, I no longer anticipated active hostility, and to move on would have meant a camp without water. I was right in my surmise, for the tent was scarcely pitched when a line of natives appeared, winding their way along the path from the direction of the village. It was a mission of peace, for many of them carried baskets and calabashes. The procession, headed by the village chief, advanced straight for me. After greetings, fowls, honey, eggs, and meal were placed at my feet, and the chief promptly expressed his regrets at the manner in which I had been received while passing his village.

"It was all a mistake," he added; "we did not know that you were an Englishman. We thought you were a Portuguese, and we hear from over there," pointing westwards, "that the Portuguese soldiers rob the people of their goats and fowls and anything they can lay their hands on, but never give anything in return."

"Yes, you have behaved like children," I answered, "and I am glad you have come to explain. In future if a white man comes to your village, first find out what he is, and if he is an Englishman you will know that if you treat him well he will do you no harm."

How this people discovered my nationality I do not know. I imagine my runaway guides must have fallen in with a local native on his way home and "gone bail for me," so to speak.

*(To be continued.)*

# In a Quicksand in Borneo.

By ALFRED WILLIAM ROUTLEDGE (BRITISH NORTH BORNEO GOVERNMENT SERVICE).

The floods came, and the authorities decided the land was unsuitable for tobacco-growing. Accordingly, it was the author's duty to "trek" elsewhere, taking with him many valuable coolies, who cost the company £8 each. In the course of this trying and difficult journey a well-known quicksand was negotiated, with serious consequences to the company's newest "cadet."



On January, 1897, I arrived in Borneo to take up my duties as assistant on a tobacco estate, opened the previous year at Lukutan by the New London Borneo Tobacco Company. To reach this place, there being no steam service, I had to get a specially-chartered

steam-launch to convey me across the bay (about twenty-six miles) to the mouth of the Lukutan River, where my baggage and myself were transhipped into a deep prahu, or native boat, and paddled up to the estate six miles away. As we crossed the bay, and I glanced curiously from side to side, how little I dreamed of the deadly peril which there awaited me in the near future! Could we only for a moment get a glimpse into futurity how it would alter our lives. If the veil had been lifted ever so little at that hour for me I would instantly have hailed the launch and returned whence I came, with a quivering horror of what had been revealed. But fortunately, or unfortunately, the future is hidden from the eyes of all, and we walk in darkness, trusting blindly in an unseen but not unfelt Power to guide our footsteps and to bring good out of any possible evil which may befall.

The rivers of Borneo are all very much alike, twisting and winding in the most extraordinary manner, and the Lukutan does not differ from others in this respect. Indeed, if anything it is more erratic. The scenery is in some places most beautiful, the long, feathery fronds of the nipa palm rising gracefully from

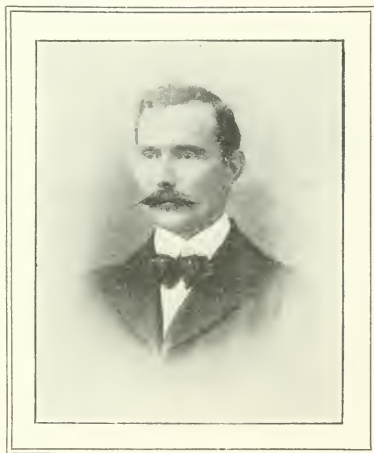
the water's edge to a height of thirty or forty feet. Betel-nut palms rear their stately heads from a tangled undergrowth of flowering shrubs and giant grasses of pale but brilliant green, majestic forest trees festooned with glowing orchids and fairy-like masses of creeping fern casting beautiful shadows over the dark waters, which in some places are rendered yet more lovely by floating petals, white and scarlet, blown from the entwining branches of some gorgeous tropic tree.

Night had fallen ere I reached the plantation, but a glorious moon shed a radiance on everything, and I cannot express my feelings as I stood there on the banks of the river for the first time in the midst of the virgin jungle. Everything appeared to me to be so weird and uncanny, with strange and monstrous shapes (formed by light and shade in the tropic foliage) on all sides. A low, monotonous chant from a native house near at

hand heightened the effect, and this, with the dark figures of natives moving quietly around me, served to render my advent in Lukutan a memorable one.

Of the many incidents in my life on this estate — particularly of one where I raided Borneo territory for absconded coolies and nearly met my death — I cannot here write, but I must come to that which is the subject of this article.

In the month of May we had a succession of floods, which proved most disastrous. The young tobacco plants had just been trans-



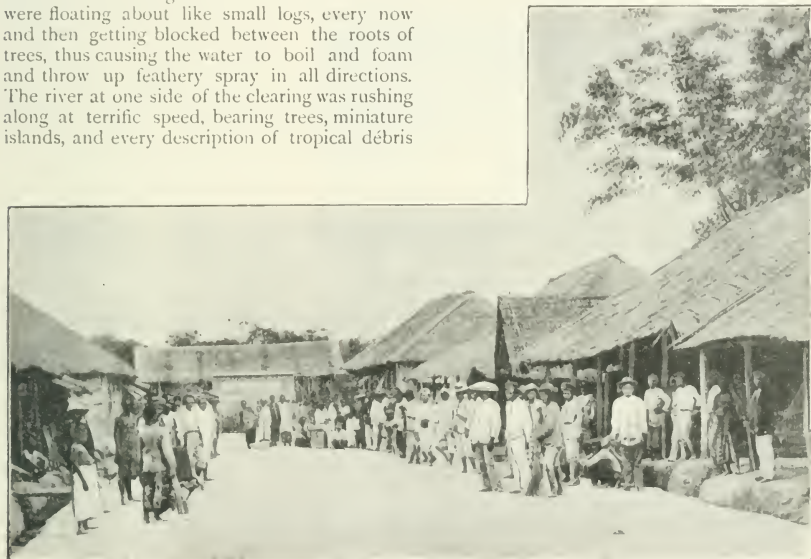
MR. ALFRED W. ROUTLEDGE, WHO DESCRIBES HIS PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

From a Photo. by Henry Fortman, 98, Cheapside, E.C.

planted from the seed-beds to the fields, about 800,000 having been planted with greatest care. All was looking well, when there suddenly came days of terrific tropic rain, ending in a flood which partly covered the plantation. We were just recovering from this, having rooted out the plants that had been touched by water and planted new ones in their places, when another and even greater flood covered nearly all the estate. From my house the place looked like a huge lake, and really was an interesting sight. Stumps of trees stood out of the water in all directions, and huge trees which had been felled in course of clearing and fallen across the fields were floating about like small logs, every now and then getting blocked between the roots of trees, thus causing the water to boil and foam and throw up feathery spray in all directions. The river at one side of the clearing was rushing along at terrific speed, bearing trees, miniature islands, and every description of tropical débris

floods and consequently unfit for tobacco culture. The administrator of the estates shortly afterwards visited Lukutan, and it was decided to close the place and transfer all the coolies to the Marudu Bay Estate of the company.

This, however, had to be kept secret from the people, for had they gained the slightest knowledge not a man would have been left on the estate—for all of them would have absconded into Brunei Territory, which is independent, and only five miles or so distant. Over there they would be almost absolutely safe,



From a

THE COOLIE LINES ON THE TOBACCO ESTATE AT LUKUTAN.

[Photo.

towards the sea. We dreaded what would happen should the flood rise still higher; for the floors of the coolie-houses, elevated on posts several feet above ground, were long since under water. Instructions were given to make for the high ground if the water rose higher, but fortunately for all concerned the highest point was reached and the waters soon subsided and receded.

As though we had not had quite enough, the last flood had scarcely subsided when another, though somewhat smaller one, again flowed over part of the estate. This was the climax, and sufficiently proved that the land was subject to

for the various chiefs were only too thankful to get hold of them and afford them protection, making them work for the lowest wage, viz., their food only. The Sultan winked at it all, and it was almost useless to appeal to him.

We had therefore, as stated, to keep all knowledge of what was intended from the coolies, and so work went on as usual, and trying work it was—useless as we were in the secret knew it to be—until one evening towards the end of August, when I received final instructions to muster the men the following day and take charge of them to Marudu Bay

In the morning at daybreak I proceeded to the coolie lines, with me being the head Tandil, that is to say, the head Chinaman on the plantation, and an estate policeman. I directed the Tandil to waken the men and inform them they were to go with me to a place on the coast named Batu-Batu (Malay for stones). This was at once done, and—good gracious!—the hubbub that ensued! It was like Bedlam broken loose. Every one of the coolies got excited beyond measure, and, talking and shrieking at the top of their voices, wanted to know

order, Government police heading the long procession, and myself and a Belgian apothecary who accompanied me bringing up the rear. In this manner we proceeded along the plantation road to the river, every now and again being brought to a halt by attempted escapes. In about an hour's time we reached the river bank and had awful work getting the coolies across. They *would* do just the contrary of what they were told, and a Chinaman, for sheer pigheaded obstinacy (when he likes), simply cannot be beaten!

At last all were safely over and the first part of our real march began. We had to go for about two miles along a narrow path through the jungle, and consequently were obliged to march in single file, thus giving the coolies splendid opportunities to abscond.

I was most anxious about this, because the escape of each coolie meant a loss of about £8 to the estate; this being the amount of their debt to the company, who advanced the sum when they were engaged. However, fortunately, we got through the jungle with the loss of one man only, and emerged on the beach in the glowing light of a beautiful tropic morning. We had now about three miles and a half to go to reach Batu-Batu, where a steamer was to be in waiting, and half a mile distant lay the devious Lukutan River, which had again to be crossed.

I was aware there were quicksands at the mouth of this river, for I had heard them spoken of, but I did not think they were deep or dangerous. In any case I thought there would again be boats to convey us over, not knowing the water was so shallow that at low tide no boat could cross.

As we came up to the broad sheet of water I asked Mr. Yinkin, the Belgian with me, if he could see the boats, and he answered, "There are none, but the water is very shallow." I then said, "But what about the quicksands?" He merely shrugged his shoulders and said we must do the best we could. I told him I thought it would be best for him to go over first and receive the men at the other side,



"EVERY ONE OF THE COOLIES GOT EXCITED BEYOND MEASURE, TALKING AND SHRIEKING AT THE TOP OF THEIR VOICES."

what was to be done with them, where they were to be taken, and by what means.

Some attempted to escape in the half-light which prevailed, and one or two succeeded. However, finally, after much persuasion, I got them formed into something like order and marched them to the manager's house, where the Malay and Javanese coolies were waiting to join us. Here we got into regular marching



otherwise they might abscond into the jungle, which bordered the beach everywhere in dense masses.

My white companion then crossed—and how anxiously I watched him! As he got towards the centre of the stream he seemed to sink rather deep, but at once recovered and soon reached the opposite side without mishap.

I then sent the coolies over, directing them to follow Mr. Yinkin's tracks as nearly as possible. Some of them did and crossed all right. Others got all wrong and staggered and floundered about like strange, amphibious reptiles. Never as long as I live will I forget the sight. It was

a second I instantly sank to the ankles in the hideous and treacherous soil.

In crossing I followed, as nearly as I could, the course taken by Mr. Yinkin, and got nearly to the middle without sinking farther than the knees. I was just thinking how easily I was getting across when down I went to the thigh, and in extricating myself I went down with my other leg. Then came a struggle I shudder to think of. Fortunately for me I never lost my head, but the mental strain was simply fearful. I struggled and struggled, always sinking deeper and deeper, first to the loins, then to the waist, and the fetid mixture of liquid mud and sand



*From a*

A JUNGLE CLEARING ON THE IROBIAN RIVER.

*Photo.*

truly awful! Two or three would be holding on to each other for support. Suddenly one of them would go under with a splash, and the others, in endeavouring to extricate him, would also roll over, all of them shrieking as only Chinamen can shriek. Their cries, however, were not precisely those of terror: they called to each other for assistance, which, I must say, always appeared to be rendered. All over the wide expanse of water dark forms were struggling and pushing—falling, recovering themselves, then falling again and trying to creep to the bank. Finally, all got safely over, and my turn came. During the time the men were crossing I had to keep constantly moving backwards and forwards, for if I stood still for

incessantly surged against me, hemming me in a light embrace, and seeming to my half-frenzied brain to take a fiendish delight in the prospect of a life sucked down to their loathsome depths and hidden for ever from mortal eyes.

The sensation, as near as I can remember, was as though giant hands had hold of my feet and were slowly but surely dragging me under. Oh, it was horrible!

When I was down to the waist, and all my struggles seemed of no avail, I gave in for a few seconds. I had shouted again and again for help, but was not heard, and at last, in despair, I felt my fate was upon me, and all that remained was to meet death with what courage I might. I took one long look around me,

observing as through a mist the sunlight on the tangled undergrowth and lovely foliage of the jungle, as well as the sparkling waters all around, and away in the distance the silvery gleam of the sandy beach.

Never did life appear so beautiful as then, when I fully thought my time had come and I must take the dreaded plunge into the unknown.

I closed my eyes, and through my mind flashed a line of the beautiful "Dies Ira"—"Ne me perdes illa die." For those few seconds I was almost calm: then the full horror of my position struck me with redoubled power. I must make one more effort to get free, I thought: so I swayed backwards and forwards and from side to side to widen the opening about my body. Then I made a desperate plunge forward, all my remaining strength being concentrated in the effort. I sank to the shoulders, but, thank God, my limbs were free. I was much too exhausted to have any feeling, and cannot remember how I got to

the bank. I only recollect staggering up and falling beside Mr. Yinkin, saying, "I can go no farther." I had lain only a few minutes when I remembered the coolies who had gone on, and no European with them. I immediately got to my feet and endeavoured to follow, but only staggered a few yards and again fell—this time absolutely unconscious. I remembered nothing more for some days.

I have been told that Mr. Yinkin carried me as far as he was able and then placed me on a sandbank, leaving me in charge of two coolies while he hurried to Batu-Batu for assistance. Whilst he was gone one of the coolies bolted—which appears to be the great industry of the

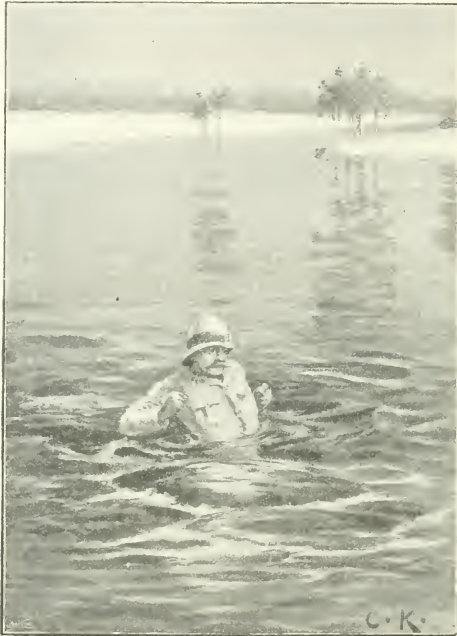
coolie's life—and had the other done so also it would have been all up with me, for Mr. Yinkin had unknowingly placed me on a bank which was covered by the tide at high water, and the tide was coming rapidly in when he left me. The coolie who remained faithful, however, had dragged me up the rock near the jungle and watched over me until a boat came

from Batu-Batu. This boat's crew had difficulty in finding me, by the way, owing to this, and when they did come up all of them thought I was dead.

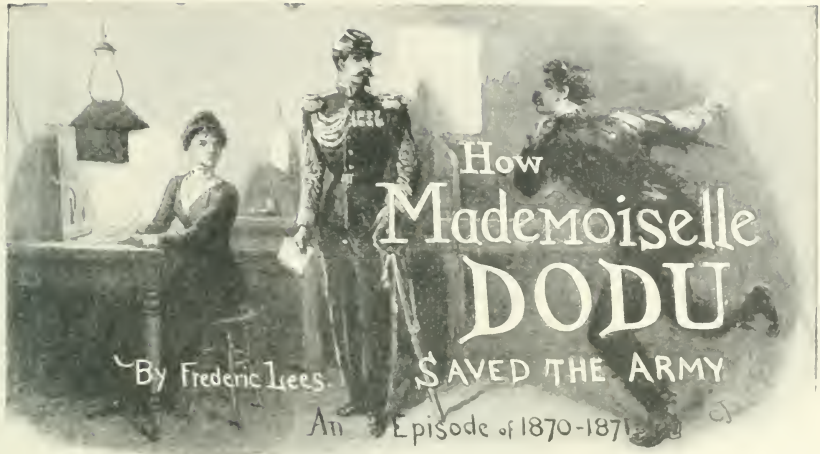
I was conveyed to Batu-Batu, and am told I sat up there and spoke quite sensibly, but have not the slightest recollection of so doing. I got rapidly worse and was put on board a local steamer, which made full speed to Labuan, where I was placed under the care of Dr. Adamson, the Government Medical Officer, to whom, under Providence, I owe my life. Of his skill, of his unceasing watchfulness and patience, I cannot here write. But never will I forget

what he has done for me. I was with him, under medical supervision, nearly eight months. I had sunstroke as well as shock to the system, and for over three months I could only speak in a whisper. What I suffered during those first few months no one can form any idea.

I cannot close this article without referring to the great kindness of the New London Borneo Tobacco Company. Every possible consideration was shown me through my long illness, and I experienced great regret in severing my connection with the company, which is one of the most flourishing in Borneo. Long may it continue so; and may they never again experience the trouble of having one of their cadets sink in a horrible quicksand.



"I SWAYED BACKWARDS AND FORWARDS, AND FROM SIDE TO SIDE TO WIDEN THE OPENING ABOUT MY BODY."



The Invasion of France by the Germans called forth many examples of devotion, but the bravery of the young telegraphist of Pithiviers, who saved her country's army from surprise, and probably defeat, was certainly worthy of recognition. Mlle. Juliette Dodu was awarded the military medal in 1877, and, a year later, was decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honour. Gambetta awarded her the "mention honorable"—the only recompense he had at his disposal. Mlle. Dodu is the "doyenne" of the small number of French ladies, exclusive of Sisters, who possess the much-coveted decoration.



THE post of telegraphist in the quiet provincial town of Pithiviers having fallen vacant for some reason now hidden away and forgotten in the scrupulously accurate records of the French Post Office, a successor to the outgoing employé—promoted, deceased, or, it may be, dismissed—was appointed. This quite ordinary change—an everyday occurrence in the working of a gigantic administrative machine, yet, like many such ordinary changes, fraught with mighty consequences—took place in the month of March, 1870. The new operator was a Mlle. Juliette Dodu, a Creole born of French parents at St. Denis, La Réunion, and at the time she took up her duties at the modest telegraphic station, in company with her mother, she was twenty years of age. Modest is the mildest word we could apply to Pithiviers as it was in 1870, whatever its size and importance may be now. Some would have called it rather a dull little place, humdrum in existence, like other small towns in the same department. Never were there many private despatches, never a great pressure of news on the wires, for the very good reason that Pithiviers was a mere dependency of the central bureau at Orleans, twenty-five miles away.

Placid Pithiviers, however, suited Mlle. Dodu's purpose very well. The telegraphist was new to her work, and it is always an advantage at the outset of a new career to be able to take things easy, gradually feeling one's way to greater proficiency in one's service. But this tranquil life was only to be for a short while. A few months went by, uneventful enough in all conscience, and then came the news that the war had broken out. There was then no lack of topics of conversation in the homes of the inhabitants; from being one of the quietest, Pithiviers became one of the busiest of small towns, and, later still, when French and German had been in a deadly embrace for some six months, it even became an important centre of military operations. News came to the peaceful townfolk, first of the disaster to the Army of the Rhine, the downfall at Sedan, and the tragedy at Metz with Bazaine for its sinister central figure; and afterwards they learned of the invasion. Imaginative ones, as they received news of the progress of the advancing troops, could almost fancy they heard the tramp, tramp, tramp of heavy German boots. Few slept soundly in their beds, and, indeed, it was hardly likely they could, with the knowledge that the enemy might sweep down upon them

at any moment. On the 20th September, in fact, the first Prussian scouts entered the town.

Mlle. Dodu's first duty was to announce the enemy's arrival to the delegation of the National Defence, whose head-quarters were at Tours, and when this was done to remove and conceal all her apparatus and batteries. The little telegraph office adjoining the house in which she and her mother lived was, of course, immediately seized and placed under military guard, so that the removal of her instruments was attended with great difficulty; but she succeeded in hiding them from the eyes of the soldiers by carrying them out one by one, including her precious Morse recorder, under her cloak. In the meantime the Germans had taken the precaution to cut the wires—or, at least, some of them—those near the railway station. Unluckily for them, however, one wire going to Orleans escaped their notice—an omission which the young telegraphist took full advantage of by telegraphing to head-quarters details of the movements of the foe.

Events moved with bewildering rapidity. On October 8th the Battle of Orleans was fought. Pithiviers was for a time rid of the enemy. Mlle. Dodu, in consequence, took the opportunity to carry out a little plan to which she had given much thought. She had a new wire laid connecting Pithiviers and Montargis, by way of Beaune-la-Rolande, so as to be able to keep the National Defence well informed of what was going on in her district. The actual work was carried out by an overseer of the telegraph system, named Perceval, in whom she confided.

These preliminary facts are mentioned before entering on the main episode which has gained for Mlle. Juliette Dodu a place in the history of her country, for a twofold reason. They enable the reader to understand what follows the better, and they bring into prominence the bravery of this young Frenchwoman whenever she saw she could be of service to her country.

Pithiviers was once more under military occupation, only this time it bore its burden without complaint, the soldiers living in the houses, crowding the streets, and overflowing into the surrounding country being those of France. Such a load, it was felt, was worth bearing if, in the end, it meant the purging of the territory of

"those odious Germans." Were they always to be victorious, these apparently invincible invaders? The little town still smarted under the recent capture of Orleans. The very presence of these troops reminded them of it, for, after the enemy's victory, General d'Aurelles de Paladine had been forced to fall back on Pithiviers with his army of 15,000 men. Welcome guests in one sense, and yet disconcerting in another. On the third day after their arrival, however, an event occurred which once more changed everything.

At eleven o'clock on the night of that day General d'Aurelles de Paladine was in the little telegraph office giving instructions to Mlle. Dodu for the sending of a message to the head-quarters of the National Defence. Suddenly the door was thrown open and in rushed the overseer, Perceval, who had been dispatched early that morning to see that all was right with the wires. The man was breathless with excitement and nearly dropping with exhaustion. His clothes were in shreds, and from a deep wound on his forehead and another on his hand blood was flowing profusely.

"*Il n'y a pas une minute à perdre!*" he gasped, dropping into a chair. And while his wounds were being dressed in a rough and ready fashion with torn-up handkerchiefs he proceeded to explain why every moment was precious. The man's narrative—to which General de Paladine listened with the intense eagerness—

was broken now and then with twinges of pain.

"The Prussians are upon us!" he explained. "They are already at Malesherbes. I was returning after my work of inspecting the wires when, suddenly, a company of the enemy emerged from the wood through which I was passing. Escape was impossible, standing there defenceless as I was. Binding my wrists together, they led me some miles away in the direction of Malesherbes, where we encountered one of the main bodies of the troops. I was placed on a light cart in the rear, but succeeded in slipping off under cover of the darkness. As I lay on the road, waiting with throbbing heart for the tramp of the troops and the rumbling of the cart-wheels to die away in the distance, I could have cried out with pain, for my hands being powerless to break my full my forehead struck the earth with violence. As soon as the



Mlle. JULIETTE DODU, WHO SAVED HER COUNTRY'S ARMY FROM SURPRISE.  
From a Photo. by Alcide Alcey.

rumbling was almost inaudible, and I had assured myself that there were no stragglers along the route we had followed, I got rid of my fastenings by rubbing my cords against a boulder at the road-side, and when my hands were once more free I commenced to make for home by a circuitous route."

Mlle. Dodu was the only one who heard the whole of the man's story. General de Paladine had not waited for the end. It was sufficient for him to know that the Germans were advancing on the town, that at that very moment they were within ten or twelve miles. Hurrying to the telegraph office he jumped on to the horse under charge of the orderly outside, flung a hasty order to an attendant aide-de-camp, and a moment later was clattering up the stony street.

The retreat was sounded immediately, and by two o'clock in the morning not a French soldier remained in the town.

The advance guard of Prince Frederic Charles entered Pithiviers that same morning. One of its first duties was to seize the telegraph office—in its bare simplicity most innocent in appearance. Not a sign of an instrument was to be seen. As on a previous occasion, Mlle. Dodu had taken good care to put her apparatus in a place of safety. When the soldiers entered they found the young girl and her mother industriously blending over their needlework—a peaceful domestic scene for these men of war to look upon, and reminding more than one of them of their own womenfolk at home. This absence of the usual furniture of a telegraphic station naturally excited suspicion, and a search was made, but neither instruments nor batteries could they discover. Not, however, that the invaders were in need of these, except to guard against their use at any future time, for the army had brought with it its own telegraphists and a complete campaign telegraph outfit, including, of course, coils of wire. Two of these coils Mlle. Dodu, who had been virtually placed under arrest with her mother and relegated to a small room on the first floor adjoining the telegraph office, succeeded in purloining. A use for them might be found later. She hid them under the mattress of her bed. This theft was noticed and created a great commotion, the Prussians being furious that anyone should dare to commit such an act under their very noses; but search ever so thoroughly they did not find out who was the

culprit. The affair after a short time was forgotten in the rush and turmoil of war. In fact, only a few days later, on November 28th, a fierce fight took place at the neighbouring village of Beaune-la-Rolande. General Crousat made a determined attack upon the Prussians there. He captured the surrounding villages, but failed to take Beaune. That same evening General Billot and the 18th Army Corps, which had just taken Mezières and Juranville, strengthened his position, and the struggle was re-commenced. Several times the Prussians were repulsed, but they did not give up the fight until a brilliant cavalry charge by Colonel Renaudot decided the day. The enemy retreated—at least, at first, as, reinforced by a column of infantry and another of cavalry sent by Prince Frederic Charles, they afterwards retook the position. However, their losses had been so great—over a thousand men were killed—that Beaune was evacuated that night.

During the progress of this stout fight Prince Frederic Charles never once left the little telegraph office of Pithiviers, the garden of which, situated on high ground, dominated the surroundings. There he received despatches telling of the progress of events around Beaune, with which place, as will be remembered, Pithiviers had been connected telegraphically



"PRINCE FREDERIC CHARLES TURNED HEAD AT THESE UNEXPECTED WORDS."

through the efforts of Perceval, and thence the Prince transmitted his orders. Thanks to Mlle. Dodu's forethought, that wire to Montargis, *via* Beaune-la-Rolande, was of the greatest value to the enemy. Galling thought for the young girl as she sat in her telegraph office and listened to the musical click, clicking of the Morse which told her, in substance, that the hands of the enemies of her country were being strengthened by reinforcements and advice! Unable at one moment to restrain her feelings, she exclaimed: "And to think, *grand Dieu*, that there is not a Frenchman who has thought of cutting the wires!"

Prince Frederic Charles, looking in his brilliant uniform of a Hussar "every inch a King," jumped round at these unexpected words. Over his fresh, sunburnt complexion there passed a puzzled expression; but, finally, in his clear, blue eyes appeared a look of indulgence, though his glance was still as penetrating as ever. At last he found words.

"Everybody, mademoiselle," he said, "does not possess your courage and your presence of mind—fortunately for us."

Mlle. Dodu passed a sleepless night on the day following the eventful fight around Beaune and the little incident related above in which a

Prince, who has been reproached with being rough and repellent in demeanour, but who, in reality, was modest and unobtrusive in bearing, complimented her so graciously. His words had set her thinking and, which ever way she turned, she could not get a wink of sleep. How could she use the courage and presence of mind of which he had spoken? Ah! that was the question—in what way could she still be useful to her country? All at once an illuminating

idea struck her. Outside in the clear, still night she could hear the singing in the breeze of the telegraph wire which passed in front of her window.

She had often before listened to that gentle hum; it always used to remind her pleasantly of the days when, quite a small child, she used to listen to it with her ear to the telegraph posts, and wonder what the wires were saying. The message, then, was mysterious, an awakener of the imagination, full of charm. No less so now, only its voice was clearer in its meaning than it had ever been before. The nearness to her window of the wire brought home to her the daring possibility of "tapping" it and communicating the enemy's messages to the French

head-quarters. Had she not still her Morse recorder concealed in that very room beneath one of the boards? And were there not beneath the very mattress on which she was lying two coils of wire—more than sufficient for the purpose? The risk of such an undertaking was indeed great; she knew well enough that she was placing her life in the most terrible jeopardy; but she determined all the same to put the plan into execution at the very first opportunity.

An occasion presented itself on the following night. Noiselessly

opening her window, she threw two lengths of wire, cut from the stolen coils, over the telegraph wire, and having attached these to her Morse anxiously awaited a result. Success was even greater than she had anticipated. That first night the little recorder clicked out a number of fragments of despatches. Like every experienced operator, she could read the messages by the sound of the click of the armature against its "stop," and this enabled her to have hands



"BENEFIT HER HER URBAN SHOULDER, SHE WANTED FOR THE MEANING OF THE MESSAGE TO BE REVEALED."

and eyes free for the transcription of the strange Teutonic words. A second night, and a third, and a fourth she was again at work; and little did the Germans in the telegraph office below imagine what was going on. Not only fragments but complete despatches of the utmost importance were in this way received by Mlle. Dodu. For seventeen nights in succession did she carry out her dangerous work.

Having only a rudimentary knowledge of German, the brave girl did not at once know the import of these messages in setting them down. Thus it happened that in carrying the incriminating pieces of paper concealed about her person to the house of the Sub-Prefect of Pithiviers for translation, she knew not of what vital information she might be the bearer. Anxious as was her daily journey out of the building, past the soldiers on guard at the door, and through the streets of the town, it was naught as compared to her anxiety when, bending over her friend's shoulder, she waited for the meaning of the despatch to be revealed.

The most important of the telegrams which the two friends deciphered was one "tapped" towards the close of her dangerous undertaking. This they found to be nothing less than a plan of attack on the French army, at that time stationed at Gien, a distance of forty miles from Pithiviers. The enemy had planned everything down to the smallest detail: on a certain date and at a fixed hour the German corps were to converge on a given point, take the French by surprise, and by guarding against any possibility of retreat annihilate them or force them into surrender. Not a moment was to be lost if a disaster was to be averted. The Sub-Prefect, who had always at his call the services of a number of trusty fellows, engaged some of them to carry the news post-haste to the French army. To make trebly sure of its safe receipt, three were intrusted with the warning message, for the country around Pithiviers was fairly swarming with Prussian scouts. And as events proved, there were none too many. Under cover of darkness they left Pithiviers for Gien by different routes. Two of them as they sped on their way were shot; but the third arrived at his destination. Mlle. Dodu had saved the army!

The truth as to how the French general in command at Gien received the warning which enabled him to beat a successful retreat would never probably have been known to the Germans but for a little domestic incident in the Dodu household occurring on January 5th, 1871. Mme. Dodu's servant had been guilty of that common kitchen offence, the breaking of crockery, and was receiving a well-deserved rating from her mistress. The girl, who was of a hot-tempered disposition, "answered back," and finally, losing her temper completely, exclaimed, "Well, what I've done is not so bad, after all, as stealing despatches every night, as you have done!"

Had these words been uttered in the presence only of Mme. Dodu and her daughter they would not have mattered much. Unfortunately, however, a Prussian soldier who understood French sufficiently well to seize the meaning of the angry phrase was within earshot. He promptly reported the incident to the officer in command of the town. Mlle. Dodu was immediately arrested, and after a hurried court-martial was ordered to be shot. Before the sentence was actually carried out, however, the commanding officer thought it better to report the matter to Prince Frederic Charles, who had left Pithiviers to superintend military movements around Gien. A characteristic reply came back by telegraph. Prince Frederic was no lover of the fair sex, but he could act in a most knightly manner when he liked, and he was averse to making war on women. Moved by the remarkable act of heroism of the Pithiviers telegraphist, whose patriotism he had himself praised some weeks before, he pardoned her. He gave orders, however, that she was to be kept under arrest and sent to Germany with the first convoy of prisoners.

After all Mlle. Dodu did not suffer the pains of captivity in a German fortress, for on the declaration of the armistice she was liberated. The Germans shortly afterwards withdrew from Pithiviers and, indeed, from the country altogether. But before doing so a delegation of officers came to see Mlle. Dodu, bearing congratulations for her devotion to her Fatherland.



# HELD HOSTAGE BY INDIANS.

BY BETTY WINN.

The Indian rising of 1885 is, of course, a matter of history; but the incident of the capture of this party has never before been published. Miss Winn knows the heroine of the story extremely well, but she has substituted a fictitious name for the real one of the captured family. It seems strange that such things should have been possible in the North-West Territories of Canada so recently as 1885.

**H**AT was a wonderful experience you had with the Indians, Miss Murray," I said, when calling upon her one day in Regina. "I should so much like to hear the whole of your adventure, if it is not troubling you too much to tell me."

"Why, of course, I will tell you," she replied, "if you really care to hear this story. I don't often tell it, as it does not seem to me to be especially interesting now. It happened so many years ago, you know."

In the spring of 1885 my father was in the Hudson Bay Company's service, and was in charge of Fort Pitt, a lonely station out in the North-West Territories, a good distance from any settlement. Our family, consisting of father, mother, my little brother Jack, my sister Jessie, and myself, did not mind the loneliness, as we had been used all our lives to living away from civilization and were quite contented.

The Indians around the fort were very good to us girls and taught us to shoot and hunt. We also learnt how to dress deerskin and make it into moccasins, so that, what with household duties, studies, and so on, our time was pretty well filled up. Through being so much with the Indians we learnt their language fluently, and I was better able to speak it than anyone about the fort, and had a very thorough knowledge of the ways and thoughts of these people—a fact which stood me in good stead later on. During the first months of the year 1885 things went on as usual, nothing occurring to break our usual calm, except the visits of stray Indians who came in to sell pelts. But about the beginning of March things began to

change. There were rumours in the air that matters were not going smoothly and that an Indian or half-breed rising was to be dreaded. These rumours did not trouble us much, as there was always talk of an Indian rising. It was, we thought, one of those cries of "Wolf!" that no one pays any attention to. I think it was about the second week in April that matters assumed a serious complexion. A friendly came in with the news that the Wood Crees and Plain Crees had risen with the intention of joining Louis Riel and Poundmaker, who were in open revolt, and further that, under the leadership of Mistahamusqua or, as he was better known to us, Big Bear, they had marched on Frog Lake, where they had massacred nearly all the whites. They were now, it seemed, coming on to Fort Pitt, and were at that moment only a day's march away.

You can imagine our terrible consternation, as we were only a very small garrison, and had no means of defending the fort against a large body of hostile Indians, and there were several women and children besides ourselves. The men held a consultation, and father was strongly in favour of trying, if a chance offered, to make terms with the Indians, as he said that the Wood Crees, who were the larger tribe, were not a warlike people, and that Big Bear, who was in command of the whole force, had always been a friend of his and friendly to the whites. After some deliberation the others agreed that this seemed the best plan, but the fort was put in as good a state to withstand attack as was possible, and two men of the N.W. Police were sent out as scouts with orders to find out the exact position and numbers of the oncoming enemy



They did not come back that night, and the next morning as soon as it was light a large force of Indians appeared on a hill about 500 yards from the fort. We were prepared for an immediate attack, but instead of rushing on us they sent some of their head men to the gate with a message to my father to come out and hold a parley with the chiefs, saying that they would not harm him, and would let him return to the fort in safety. This was just the chance father had hoped for, as he was confident of his ability to induce Big Bear to go home quietly. And so, greatly against our will, he insisted upon trusting them, going out alone and unarmed. My mother was nearly crazy with fright, as she had no belief in the Indians keeping their word and expected to see him tomahawked the instant they got him in their power; however, they conducted him safely to their camp on the top of the hill. Of course we could not see what went on there at that distance, but everything appeared to be quiet.

All the rest of that day our suspense was terrible. About the middle of the afternoon there was a great commotion among the Indians; some shots were fired, and one of our scouts came flying back to us with the news that the Indians had shot his companion as they were trying to get back. They had been all night endeavouring to get back to the fort unobserved, and had at last decided to run the gauntlet, with the result that one was shot down.

You can imagine that we spent a terrible night, for father neither returned nor sent us any word, and we expected to be attacked every minute.

By morning I could stand the fearful uncertainty no longer, but determined to go and find out for myself what had happened to him. Of course I met with great opposition when I told the others what I intended to do, but in the end I succeeded in getting my own way. My sister even insisted on coming too. We had really no fear of the Indians harming us, and, knowing their respect for courage, we determined to put as brave a front on as possible, so, taking each other by the hand, we went boldly out to the camp. When the Indians saw us emerge from the gate a band of them started to meet us and stopped us before we

got very far. They were in full war-paint and alarming-looking objects enough. However, we gave no sign of fear, although they closed in around us threateningly; and I may tell you now that I was just quaking, but I demanded boldly to be taken straight to Big Bear, and added that all Indians were my brothers and that I trusted them absolutely.

They seemed very surprised at our daring, and for a few moments our lives hung in the balance; but one Indian who appeared to have some authority at last made himself heard above the rest, and said it could do no harm to grant our request. It would be better, he suggested, to hear what we had to say, and after that they could decide what to do with us.

The others agreed to, and putting us in the middle they took us on to the camp. We were taken straight to where Big Bear was sitting, with his son Imesis and first councillor Wandering Spirit. Our father was there too, unhurt, but a prisoner. They had utterly refused to let him return to the fort, but were treating him well. The camp was in a horrid state: the tents had been left behind with the women and children, and the night before they had held a feast and a dance to celebrate the Frog Lake massacre. Remnants of this feast were lying about, and the smell was something sickening. I don't know if you have ever visited an Indian camp or the place where one has recently been, but all I know is that your chief idea on such an

occasion is to get away from that particular spot as soon as possible.

Big Bear and the other chiefs received us well, and asked if we had brought a message from the fort; I said we had brought no message, but that I and my sister had come to them of our own free will alone and without fear—that, moreover, we felt sure they would not hurt us, and I asked his permission to talk to his band for a little while. This permission he readily gave, and I mounted an overturned box and began to speak. The Indians gathered round in amazement at my presumption, and listened to me in astonished silence for some time. I felt that this was my chance, and that not only my own life, but also the lives of those I loved, depended almost entirely on the effect I could produce by my speech. Therefore I talked as



THE AUTHORESS, MISS BETTY WINN, WHO ELICITED THIS NARRATIVE FROM THE HEROINE. [Photo. From a]

I had never talked before. I told them that I had grown up from a child among them; that I had lived their life and knew their ways; that their friends round the fort had always loved and trusted me; and I asked if there was not one among them who would tell the others that I spoke the truth. Immediately one of the Indians in the background, whom I recognised as one who had lived in the village near us, spoke up and said that I spoke the truth, and told them how I was almost like one of themselves. He finished up by describing in glowing terms how I had once shot a bear, thereby saving the life of one of his companions. Indians do not show their feelings much at any time, but I could see that this incident had a good effect, so I went on with my speech, feeling that at least I had gained a hearing.

I pointed out how foolish it would be to kill us all. They would gain nothing by it, whereas if they let us go the fort would be theirs all the same, and I supposed their object in attacking it was to get a supply of provisions. I told them that if they continued on the war-path they would be certain to be beaten in the end. Already the soldiers of the Great Queen were on their track. If they murdered us a terrible retribution would be exacted, whereas if they let us go it would count in their favour, and probably they would not be severely punished.

Of course, I was not allowed to say all this without interruptions, and once or twice things looked extremely nasty; but the calmer spirits prevailed, and I was allowed to continue speaking in peace. I hardly know myself how it was I got through safely, and certainly do not know what I said, but anyhow it seemed to impress them—although at one time the young men cried out that there had been enough talk from a woman and advised the others to listen no longer, but to kill the pale-face girls and their father and lose no more time in attacking the fort.

I had almost exhausted my powers of oratory, and was wondering what else I could say, when suddenly Wandering Spirit stood up and, signing to me to be quiet, said:—

“Daughter of the Pale-Faces, you are brave and you have spoken well, but you have spoken enough; we do not want to hear any more—we are in a hurry. Our chiefs have spoken, and this is what they say. Your father and his family must remain with us here; we do not want to hurt him, nor do we want to hurt any of you. If we had wanted to hurt you we might have done so before. The police must leave the fort at once; you can go back and tell them to go. You must get them to go if you wish them to live. You and your family, and the

other people left in the fort, must come with us; we will use you well. If you refuse to do this we will take the fort by force and kill you all. You can go now, but you must come back quickly with the others, as my young men are impatient and will not wait much longer. If they once begin to attack the fort before you are safely out of it none of us will be able to save your lives, however willing we may be to do so.”

On hearing this I appealed to Big Bear, who had not spoken, and implored him to let us go with the police, but Imesis and Wandering Spirit would not allow him to speak. I realized that he had very little influence with them, and that the younger men had taken the reins out of his hands. Wandering Spirit presently repeated his advice to go and go quickly, and I saw it was wiser to act upon it, as there was no knowing how soon they might change their minds, and then our lives would not be worth a moment's purchase. Father, who had tried to speak several times, but had been silenced, now said that we accepted the terms and trusted to their word absolutely not to hurt us. He then told us girls to hurry back to the fort and tell the others they must agree to the terms, and that the police must get away without a moment's loss of time. The same band of Indians escorted us back to the fort, where we were received as those returned from the dead. Their anxiety had been almost unendurable—all the worse, of course, on account of the state of inaction they had been forced to remain in.

When they heard the message the police were very indignant, and declared that nothing would induce them to go and leave us to our fate; we had hard work to persuade them to depart, but at last our arguments prevailed, and they got off down the river in scows—much to my relief, as I was afraid the enemy's patience would give out.

When they were gone we gathered together a few necessaries, threw open the gates of the palisade, and went out to our escort who had waited near by.

No sooner were we fairly out of the fort than the Indians poured in and a terrible scene began. They looted everything, broke open and carried away all the stores, and drank the spirits—fortunately for us we had very little in the fort. Then they set fire to the whole place. It was a terrifying scene, with those half-naked figures dancing round the burning buildings, brandishing spears and rifles.

The whole night was spent in this way; we had no tents, so we sat huddled together in the camp guarded by a small band of the Wood Crees under the control of Big Bear, who took



"IT WAS A TERRIFYING SCENE, WITH THOSE HALF-NAKED FIGURES DANCING AROUND THE BURNING BUILDINGS, BRANDISHING SPEARS AND RIFLES."

no part in the looting or burning, and who indeed did his best to restrain his followers. But, as I said before, he seemed to have little or no influence, and we were thankful he had sufficient authority left to protect us. Our guard did not attempt to molest us, beyond taking away the bundles we had brought from the fort, which was a serious inconvenience, as it left us nothing but the clothes we stood up in. With this exception, however, we were treated with complete indifference. The night was very cold, and to add to our discomfort it began to rain, so that a more miserable collection of human beings than we were before morning it would be hard to find.

Towards morning they seemed to have had

enough of burning and looting, and began gathering their plunder together in preparation for a start. Our guards brought us a small supply of dried meat and some water to drink. We were thankful for this, as we had had nothing to eat since the middle of the day before. When we had eaten they told us to get up, and putting the little band of prisoners in the middle the march began. We did not go far that morning—only four or five miles back to where they had left their own women and children with the tents. There we halted, and everything was got ready for a long march. A council was held, too, and it appeared that the young men wanted to join Poundmaker, who was in open rebellion with Louis Riel against the Government; the more moderate spirits, however, headed by Big Bear, were against this. There was a great discussion and things appeared to be going badly, but at last father induced them to listen to him, and told them that Poundmaker had not enough food for himself and horses, and that they would only starve if they joined him. He also pointed out to them that they themselves had barely enough food and fodder for their own wants, and that if they joined the others what they had would be seized and put in the common stock. Further, that they would be a long way from their own part of the country and would probably die in trying to get back to it. This argument seemed to have great effect, and the more moderate party prevailing for the time being, the chiefs for reasons best known to themselves decided to make their way back to Frog Lake, the place where the massacre had occurred at the beginning of the month. The prisoners were divided, the men going with the men while the squaws were told to look after the women and children; in this way our march began.

It was pretty hard work for us to keep up, as they were travelling lightly and rapidly. Moreover, the country was bad, and we had streams to wade through and muskets to cross, where we sank over our ankles. We girls did not mind it so much, as we were in almost as hard training as the Indians, but it was very hard on mother, though she did not complain and tramped along with us manfully. After the first day she got more or less used to it. My little brother, who was only a child, got very tired. I took him on my back and gave him a lift now and then, and in this way he managed to get along pretty well. We were thankful when the time came to camp for the night, for we were so tired we just took what food they gave us, crawled into the tepee set apart for the women, and fell asleep at once.

The first days passed very uneventfully. We tramped all day and were too tired at night to do anything but sleep. The enemy treated us fairly well, and gave us all the food they could spare, which was at least enough to keep us from being hungry. We could not complain, as they had no more themselves. Of course we had to walk, but then they had very few horses—not enough for themselves; and it was hardly to be expected that they would give them to their prisoners. Big Bear himself had no horse given him and had to tramp it with the rest. I was very sorry for him, as he had always been friendly to the whites, and now he would be blamed and called treacherous. In reality he had very little to do with the raid; his followers treated him almost with contempt—he was getting too old, they said, and they wanted the younger men to lead them.

It took us about a week to reach Frog Lake, which we found deserted. Here the Indians collected some stores they had hidden, and held another council, but no definite decision was arrived at. After this we seemed to wander from one place to another with no special object; sometimes we would camp for a time to rest the women and horses, but generally we were going all day.

We began to look terrible objects; our clothes were torn and dirty, and our shoes worn out. I begged some deerskin from a squaw, and Jessie and I manufactured moccasins for the family, but they did not last long. Mother was fearfully footsore, and getting worn out with the long-continued hardships and little food. The cruel Indians threatened to leave behind to starve anyone who could not keep up; but at last my mother's feet got so bad that father and the other white men were allowed to make a litter and take it in turns to carry her. My sister being younger than I, and little more than

a child, also suffered a good deal—indeed, her health was permanently injured, and she has been more or less of an invalid all her life in consequence. She was a very pretty girl, with a quantity of long fair hair, which the Indians admired immensely. My hair was also very long, but it was dark, and therefore not so much admired.

In connection with our hair rather an amusing incident occurred. One evening, when we had camped for the night, Lucky Man and another young brave came to us and, squatting down, gravely offered Jessie two horses if she would cut off her hair and give it to him to wear at his belt as a scalp-lock. Of course, she indignantly refused, and he proceeded to increase his offer of horses until it reached six. She was obdurate, for she well knew, among other things, that she would get no horses. When they found they could not get her hair they turned to me and made me the same offer, only stopping at four horses in my case. I suppose they thought dark hair should be had cheaper. I told them English girls did not sell their hair; it was against their religion, and we should be turned out of our tribe if we went back to it with shorn heads. I must say they behaved well, as they did not press the point, but went away disappointed; we were very thankful to get rid of them so easily.

I used to fill up my time helping the squaws cook and doing any little odd job I could for them, and in return they lent me needles and thread made out of deer-gut with which to mend our clothes. I also showed them how to mend their own and their children's clothes and how to cook in a better way. We got on very well together and they did me any little kindness in their power; but it was not much they could do, poor things, for, as you know, Indians treat their women very little better than beasts of burden; indeed, I am inclined to think that the horses come off rather better in the way of food and consideration.

As time went on and the men got more used to us they would come and talk and get me to tell them stories of our life at the fort. They never tired of hearing about the bear. I will tell you the story:—

One day, about a year before, I was out among deer, and I and one of the Indians had somehow got separated from the rest of the party. We had come upon a deer-track and were busy stalking it. My companion had laid his gun down at the foot of a tree, and was down on his hands and knees examining the slot, when an enormous bear suddenly burst out of a thicket almost on the top of him, evidently in a furious rage at being disturbed from his winter's sleep.

I saw there was no time to lose, as he was only a few yards from the Indian, and raising my rifle I fired point-blank at the brute. The shot did not kill him, but he seemed dazed and stopped in his rush. Before he had time to recover himself I had my hunting-knife out and, closing with him, drove it into his heart. He clawed my arm a little in a last fury, and I have the marks now, but then he rolled over and died almost immediately.

All this had taken place almost on top of the Indian, who was unable to get at his gun, and when he saw I had fatally wounded the beast he left me to have the honour of finishing the battle. It takes some time to tell, but it all took place in a very few minutes. The others turned up just then and were amazed to see me kneeling by

a dead bear covered with blood—mostly the bear's, though, as I was very little hurt. I did no more than anybody else would have done, but the story pleased the Indians immensely, and they gave me a name which meant the Bear-Slayer.

One of the chiefs, Little Poplar, a son-in-law of Big Bear, who was already blessed with a plentitude of wives, fell in love with me, and one day his two head wives came to me and squatting down before me solemnly made me the offer of his hand and heart—at least, they did not mention the latter, but I presume it was included. They also gave me an inventory of his worldly possessions, including themselves; and they wound up by telling me that, if I accepted, I should fill the proud position of head wife, and they my slaves.

This offer I politely but firmly declined. I think greatly to their secret relief, and they went dejectedly away to report the failure of their mission, with the result that Little Poplar himself appeared that evening to

plead his suit in person. I knew it would go badly with the prisoners if I offended him, so I managed to temporize. I told him I was already betrothed—which lapse from strict truth will not, I hope, be counted against me. I was, I went on to say, very honoured by his offer, and if I could see my way to accepting it I would. He must give me time, as I had to arrange matters with my father, who would have to make it straight with the other suitor. This answered very well;

he seemed disappointed I would not consent to marry him at once, but went away remarking cheerfully that "it really did not matter; I was there, and he could have me directly he wanted to, anyway."

This incident rather disturbed me, for we were so completely in their power that if they chose to make things unpleasant they could. I was also afraid for my sister. However, Little Poplar had no time to make trouble just then, for the next morning scouts came rushing in with the news that a small body of soldiers were within a short distance of the camp. All was confusion in an instant; tents were struck, and it was decided that the women and children, with the prisoners, should retire about four miles off, while the men remained to fight. I was surprised at their



"BEFORE HE HAD TIME TO RECOVER HIMSELF I HAD MY HUNTING-KNIFE OUT AND DROVE IT INTO HIS HEART."

deciding to do this, but suppose they thought that with so few soldiers they would have an easy thing of it. We were made to go back to the rear and were too far to see any of the fighting. We waited, hoping every minute to see the soldiers appear. Matters were so disorganized in the camp that we might have got away without much difficulty, but were helpless without food or a rifle, and would only have perished in the woods. About a week before this three of the men had got away in the night, and the Indians had made a very feeble attempt to go after them. My own idea was that they were very glad to get rid of them, as food was getting deplorably low, and none of us had enough to eat.

The fight did not last long. Before noon the Indians came running back to the camp; it appeared that the soldiers were only a few of the advance guard of a large body. They had not, therefore, remained to fight, but had retired on the main body. The Indians, finding this out, made back as fast as they could to the women and children. Their chief idea now was to get away to a place of safety, and we found they had decided to separate, the Plain Crees going off in one direction and the Wood Crees, with whom we were directed to go, in the other. We were bitterly disappointed at this breakdown of our hopes of a speedy rescue, and went on with heavy hearts. We travelled all the rest of that day and most of the night without a break. My mother had to be carried most of the time, but by the morning I and my sister were too worn out to go another step. I had been carrying my little brother a great part of the night, until an Indian woman, a daughter of Big Bear and wife of Little Poplar, took compassion on my weariness and, taking him from me, put him on one of the ponies with the tents. This was a great relief, but at last we gave out completely and could go no farther, so sitting down we said they could kill us if they liked, but another step we would not go. A halt was made and a great discussion arose as to what should be done with us. The soldiers were only a night's march away, and we were delaying our captors at every step. The Indians were now too much concerned about their own safety to care very much what became of us. Therefore, they unanimously decided to set us free, or rather to abandon us to our fate and leave us to find our way to our friends if we could. Their kind intention was to leave us without food or firearms, which meant certain death should we not fall in with our friends almost at once. My father and I, however, pleaded with Big Bear not to leave us like that, and finally we prevailed upon them

to let us have a gun and sufficient food for one meal—that was as much as they could manage, as they were very near starvation themselves. They also left us two blankets, which proved of great comfort to us at night.

Before we started Little Poplar came to me and renewed his offer of marriage, telling me that if I remained with the others I should most certainly starve, but that if I came with him I should have a horse to ride and the best he could give me to eat. Of course I declined without hesitation, and he seemed very surprised that I preferred to stick to my own people with the risk of death in the woods to marrying him; however, he had not much time to argue the point, as the others did not seem inclined to wait while he did his courting, and when I saw him go off with the rest, and the band of Indians disappeared down the trail, a great weight was lifted off my mind. We were all so thankful that, although we were in the heart of the primeval forest, with very little food and not much prospect of getting more, we felt as though all our troubles were nearly over. Before the Indians left Big Bear's daughter came to me and insisted on my accepting a small piece of bead-work (her own handiwork) as a little reward for the help I had given her. There was not much she had to give, poor soul, so I appreciated the gift the more.

We women were physically unable to do any more that day, so the men built us a hut of branches and lighted a fire; then they went off into the forest to see if they could find anything to supplement our small stock of provisions. We fully expected the troops to come up with us before morning, as they could not miss the trail. The men returned in a short time, as they were afraid of losing us; they had not succeeded in getting anything except two very small birds, which they toasted, and insisted on our eating, contenting themselves with the meal and hard biscuit left by the Indians.

We were dead tired, but passed a disturbed night, expecting to see the welcome sight of the English advance-guard at any moment. The night wore away, however, and no sign of them; and as the morning went on we decided that it was useless to sit there waiting to be found, and that we had better retrace our steps. We did not go far that day, and subsisted chiefly on berries and another small bird. A second restless night passed, but fortunately the weather was fine and exceptionally warm for that time of year—the beginning of May. It was a lucky thing for us that the spring had been unusually fine and warm; as it was, we

had suffered severely from the wet, having no clothes to change, and more often than not no shelter at night.

That night we reached the place where we had been left during the fighting, and found signs that



"ON THE MARCH."

the troops had been there, but had been confused by the Indians separating, and had followed the other party, being unable to guess with which lot we had gone. You can imagine our despair; it seemed hopeless to attempt a stern chase, but we felt the only chance of getting back to civilization was to come up with them, and determined to push on at any cost. Our want of food was the worst, as we were now getting so weak; but the next day fortune favoured us, as I caught a squirrel in an Indian snare, and this served us for breakfast. During the morning father shot a good-sized deer, which allayed our anxiety about food. Out of the raw skin I made some rude moccasins. Our clothes, by the way, were at the last gasp and would hardly hold together. We were black with exposure to the sun and wind, and looked more like Indians than anything else; we only hoped our friends would not shoot us on sight if we did come up with them.

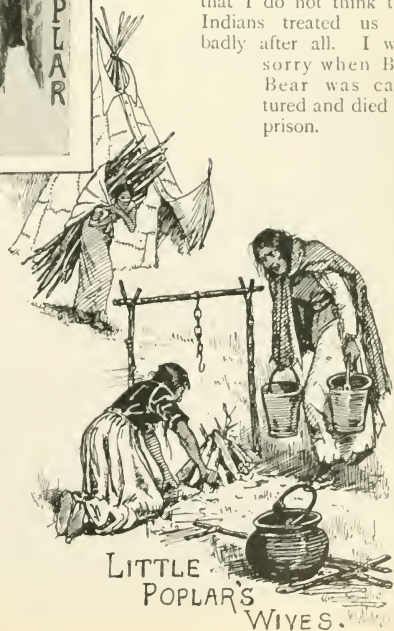
The following evening, after we had camped for the night, the men took the gun and went in search of game; they had not long left us when we heard halloaing and shouting from the direction in which they had gone, and in a few minutes they appeared accompanied by a patrol of N.W. Police. We nearly fainted with joy at

the sight, and were almost too overcome to greet them; it appeared that the main body were quite close. They had been checked in their pursuit of the enemy by a musk, which owing to their superior weight they were unable to cross, while the Indians had got safely over. The soldiers had camped and sent out patrols to find a way round, and it was one of these patrols our party had fallen in with. They

took us direct to the camp, where we were received with open arms and treated to the best they had. They had hardly expected to find us alive, as it was two months since the sack of the fort, and they thought the hardships would have killed us, if the Indians had not.

Next day we were sent with an escort to Edmonton, where, on our arrival, our courage and endurance gave out. My mother and sister were ill for a long time and I felt the effects for some months.

So ended our adventures: and I must say that I do not think the Indians treated us so badly after all. I was sorry when Big Bear was captured and died in prison.



LITTLE  
POPLAR'S  
WIVES.



THE FAVOURED CITY OF PASADENA, IN WHICH IT IS POSSIBLE TO PASS FROM ALPINE SNOW TO SEMI-TROPICAL SEA.  
*From a Photo. by Maude.*

## From Alpine Snow to Semi-Tropical Sea.

### A NEW YEAR'S DAY JOURNEY IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

BY GEORGE WHARTON JAMES, OF PASADENA, CAL.

Another article on the famous pleasure city of Southern California, where it is possible to pass in an hour or so from semi-tropical weather to Alpine snows, with the accompanying joys of tobogganing, snow-balling, etc. Illustrated with photographs specially taken.



WHEN I read in THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE my friend Professor C. F. Holder's "Californian Paradise" (July, 1900), I determined to send for your readers an account of a trip I have made on several New Years' Days. Although I spend much of my time exploring in Arizona and New Mexico, my home is in Pasadena, Southern California. I hope in a future article to give the readers of THE WIDE WORLD a description of this beautiful city, which is a perpetual succession of semi-tropical flower gardens and citrus fruit orchards. But the most surprising thing about this portion of Southern California is its climate. Here, from my study veranda and windows *in winter time*, I can look down into my garden and those of my neighbours, and see millions of exquisite and delicate flowers in full bloom; while butterflies, bees, and humming-birds flit hither and thither in the sunlight, and mocking-birds, larks, linnets, and thrushes sing the sweetest songs imaginable. And yet, in immediate view is the range of the Sierra Madre Mountains, snow covered from about 3,000ft. above sea-level to the summit. In the seventeen

years that I have known Pasadena snow has fallen here but once, and that remained on the ground for only a few minutes. Yet every winter in a little over half an hour I can journey from the flower gardens of Pasadena to the snow-clad regions of the mountains.

The rapidity of this journey was made possible by the enterprising genius of Professor T. S. C. Lowe. Ten or twelve years ago Professor Lowe conceived the idea of building a railway which should scale the heights of the mountains behind Pasadena. The work itself is a triumph of engineering skill, and is so wonderful in many features as to deserve pictorial description before I proceed to give an account of my New Year's Day trip.

Electric and steam cars take the sightseer from Pasadena to Altadena, where, amid charming residences embowered in orange groves and gardens of ever-blooming flowers, the transfer is made to the cars of the Mount Lowe Railway. For two and a half miles this is an ordinary electric road which gradually ascends and enters Rubio Canyon. Here, in a natural amphitheatre, is one of the most romantic and picturesquely situated hotels and dancing





From a Photo. by

SURF-BATHING IS A POPULAR PASTIME ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.

[Miss, Pasadena, Cal.]

pavilions in the world. It is a dream of Jules Verne made real. The dancing pavilion is built above the hotel.

Now climb the mountains which surround this structure, and from the height let us look around and see another portion of this mountain railway system. Resting with its base upon the same platform on which the dancing pavilion stands is a veritable Jacob's ladder reaching up over half a mile and much farther than the eye can see.

This is the Great Cable Incline, and it takes the traveller from Rubio Pavilion, at an elevation of 2,200ft., to the summit of Echo Mountain, which is 3,500ft. above the level of the sea. It is operated in a unique manner, this section. There are only three tracks on the railway, and yet there are two cars, one of

which ascends while the other descends. These are permanently attached to an endless cable, operated by electricity generated by a stream of water so small as to be almost beyond belief. On the summit of Echo Mountain, 1,300ft. above, is a large reservoir. The water from this reservoir is piped to Rubio, and there delivered through a nozzle (into which I can just place my little finger) to a Pelton



THE HOTEL AT RUBIO CANYON—ABOVE THE HOTEL IS A LARGE DANCING PAVILION.

From a Photo.



THE GREAT CABLE INCLINE, WHICH TAKES THE TRAVELLER TO THE SUMMIT OF ECHO MOUNTAIN, 3,500FT. ABOVE SEA-LEVEL. [Hill, Pasadena, Cal.]

water-wheel. This wheel is only about 3ft. high, but such is the force of the water pressing this immense distance that the wheel, connected with an electric generator, produces power equivalent to a 150h.-p. steam engine!

But, people ask, "How can two cars pass each other on three rails, especially when you tell me there are no switches or switchmen?" If you will stand with me midway on the incline you will see how simple it is for me to answer this question. When the one car ascends and the other descends, and a collision seems inevitable, it is noticed that the middle rail splits and spreads out, so that the descending car turns to the left, while the ascending car goes to the right. The result is that they pass each other in perfect safety, and with an ease that seems almost magical.

Not content with this, however, Professor Lowe continued the railway four miles farther

up the mountain, and there on the shoulders of a majestic mountain named after him erected a fourth hotel, which bears the name of "Alpine Tavern." Two hotels had already been erected on Echo Mountain, viz., "The Chalet" and "Echo Mountain House." This upper section of the railway, while only an ordinary electric trolley line, yet affords one of the most exciting mountain rides that it is possible to conceive. The car goes swinging along the precipitous flank of the rugged mountain, and the line is marked by astonishing sinuosities, startling curves, bold headlines, and sharp-angled rock piles.

When the Mount Lowe Railway was opened in 1893 I went in the first car that took passengers up the Great Cable Incline. The members of a band were the only other passengers with me, and as the machinery started and the car began to ascend the leader turned to me and asked what the band should

play. "Play?" I responded; "there is but one tune you can play on such an occasion as this, and that is 'Nearer My God to Thee.'" The band played, the car ascended, and the mountains echoed and re-echoed the enthusiastic cheers of the thousands assembled to witness the ascent.

Now, it is this railway that has made possible my wonderful climatic experiences on all the New Years' Days since 1894 until last year, when lecturing duties in New York City deprived me of what I had come to regard as my regular New Year Day's outing.

It was a typical Pasadena winter morning. There were flowers in endless variety blooming on every hand; the winter birds in restless activity flitted to and fro sipping the hidden sweets of the flowers. The heavens looked smilingly down and the breezes were soft and balmy. We picked the delicate heliotrope

which for several years has bloomed steadily, winter and summer alike. Then, walking down into the orange orchard, we picked the luscious fruit from the trees, and stood enjoying it with our faces turned to the snow-crowned mountains a short distance away. Many travellers will tell you they have seen similar conditions in Italy, but in that fair land there is no mountain

at that time the Alpine Division of the railway was not completed, so that but few attempted to accompany us.

Immediately below Echo Mountain House stands the monstrous World's Fair search-light of 3,000,000 candle-power—by far the largest in the world. Night after night it sends its brilliant beam like an immense wand of light



"MILLIONS OF EXQUISITE AND DELICATE FLOWERS IN FULL BLOOM." THIS IS HOW ELLIES GROW IN CALIFORNIA'S MID-WINTER.  
*From a Photo.*

railway to whirl you from the flower gardens to the snow-banks as we were whirled here in Southern California. Taking the cars of the Mount Lowe Railway, and winding our way through Rubio Canyon, we soon reached Hotel Rubio. Here the cars of the Great Cable Incline were waiting to convey us to the summit of Echo Mountain. Although it was New Year's Day, a number of people, interested in the trip, had assembled, determined to accompany us at least part of the way. So the cars were crowded as we made the ascent from Rubio to Echo Mountain. And what a wonderful ride that is; the view becoming more and more expanded as the car ascends, until a large part of the San Gabriel Valley is spread out before one's eyes like an exquisite Turkish rug of infinite variety of colour and scores of miles in extent. The verandas of Echo Mountain House were crowded with visitors. Many of them have since made the memorable journey: but at

far over the valley and ocean, even striking with its light vessels passing beyond Santa Catalina Island sixty miles away.

Before going farther we stepped up to the Lowe Observatory, presided over by that veteran astronomer, Doctor Lewis Swift, who has discovered more comets and nebulae than any other man since Herschell. Stepping inside the building, we were delighted to be shown the wonders of the 16-in. refracting telescope, with which so much memorable work has been done.

A little above the Lowe Observatory we obtained a fine view of that building and the two hotels on Echo Mountain. They are striking and elegant structures, well fitted to minister to the needs of the most exacting traveller. I am sorry to have to tell the reader that a few months ago the largest of these mountain houses was burned to the ground. It will not be long, however, before a more solid and substantial structure will take its place, for preparations are

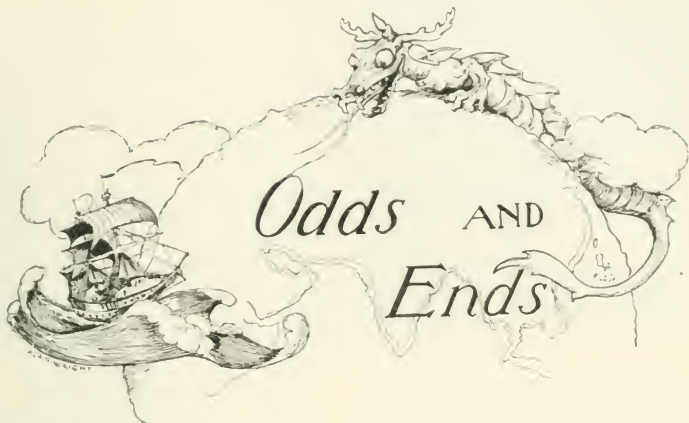
now being made to erect it of solid granite, hewn from the mountains above. Below this "City on the Mount," Pasadena and the San Gabriel Valley are spread out before us—a picture of entrancing beauty. One can spend day after day gazing upon its ever-changing beauty.

We now take our seats in the cars of the Alpine Division, and in a few moments are winding around the Cape of Good Hope, through the Garden of the Gods, through oak groves, and vast forests of ferns and mosses that would charm the heart of the collector. Soon we come to the Great Circular Bridge, around which the car glides on its upward ascent. Looking back in the distance, we can see Echo Mountain House on the track up which we have come.

And now we reach the region of snow and leave the car, taking to horses and mules. It does not seem to be particularly cold, and the ladies of the party, putting on their wraps, express themselves as perfectly comfortable; although by this time they are surrounded by evidences of winter. By-and-by we come to where the snow is much deeper, and several of the party turn back. As the great mountain heights above us cast their shadows over the trail on which we ride it becomes colder and colder, and I am glad to put on my overcoat and a sealskin cap with which I had provided myself. Slowly we plodded along. I was accompanied by Jason Brown, the son of the hero of Harper's Ferry. Jason was good company, and recited many a thrilling story of his father's adventures and the early hardships of their family during the days before slavery was abolished. After about an hour's ride we reached the log cabin at Mount Lowe Springs, just below which has since been erected the beautiful Alpine Tavern. Here preparing refreshments, we enjoyed an improvised lunch, with hot coffee, and then went out to have some fun. After snow-balling each other to our hearts' content someone suggested a toboggan ride. But there was no toboggan. What should we do? In a moment I suggested that the men should

bring out the rough dining-table, and, turning that over on the snow, with Jason as our pilot, the four of us started on a wild, mad ride down the steep slopes of the mountain. We should doubtless have been going yet had not a friendly tree, anticipating our foolhardy ride, kindly fallen across our pathway and compelled us to halt. How we managed to get back I can hardly say. It was a long, hard struggle, but we made fun of it, and finally reached the cabin determined to start for the summit of Mount Lowe. We had no light weight to carry, for, in addition to the small photographs, I was determined to secure some large pictures of the mountains and valley under these unique winter conditions. And, as the snow was so deep on the trail from the cabin to the summit, we had to strap our cameras and plates upon a stretcher and laboriously carry them every inch of the way. It was hard work, but who can tell the pleasures we enjoyed as we reached the summit of Mount Lowe, 6,000ft. above the level of the sea? There was deep snow everywhere. Range after range of higher mountains, snow-clad and beautiful, stretched far away to the east; a billowy ocean of fog hiding nearly all the region to the north, except one solitary peak below the snow-line, and to the south and west the wondrous beauty of the San Gabriel Valley in all its semi-tropical summer luxuriance.

Now, strange though it may seem on these mountain heights, with the wondrous sun shining upon us we were able to discard our overcoats, and, sitting down upon the snow, could write and chat without any of the discomforts of winter. On our return journey the Alpine features of the mountains were made more effective by the contrast they afforded with the pastoral delights of the semi-tropical valley beneath. Reaching the Echo Mountain we again entered the "white chariot" of the Mount Lowe Railway and began the descent of the incline. Leaving Rubio and Altadena behind, Pasadena and its tournament of roses occupied our attention for four or five hours. Here every New Year's Day a mid-winter carnival of flowers is held.



The Bicycle Yacht on the Veldt—Carrying Children in Bengal—A Record Bonfire—How the Indian Farmer Guards his Crops—Carrying Two Hundredweight for Fourpence a Day—A Beggar's Rabbit-Warren—A New Departure in Ferries.



**M**R. T. G. SMITH, of Bloemfontein, is of an inventive turn of mind, and being an enthusiastic cyclist, his genius took the form of a "bicycle yacht." This novel invention consists of a mast and sail attached to an arm projecting from the steering-head of a bicycle. By its aid, with the wind in any quarter from dead astern to almost at right angles to one's course, most astonishing speeds can be attained, the feet meanwhile resting comfortably on the forks of the machine. Before the war broke out the new sport was catching on wonderfully in Bloemfontein and its neighbourhood, and the white-winged cycles and their riders were facetiously dubbed the "Free State Navy." There is no reason why English cyclists should not try this exhilarating form of coasting, provided they select good

wide roads free from tall hedges and other wind obstructions. The beginner, if he be wise, will practise with a small sail until he has got into the way of the business; and if he requires any further information the inventor (who is seen on the left in the accompanying snap-shot) will at all times be happy to answer queries.



THE BICYCLE YACHT ON THE VELDT NEAR BLOEMFONTEIN—THE CYCLES AND THEIR RIDERS WERE FACETIOUSLY CALLED THE "FREE STATE NAVY." (Photo.)



2.—THIS PLUCKY CHILD SAVED THE BABY FROM THE WHEELS OF A DOG-CART. [Photo. From a]

The accompanying photographs throw an interesting sidelight on the customs of the poorer classes in the agricultural districts of India. The Superintendent of Police for the Bankura District of Bengal, in sending us these little snap-shots, says: "Driving through a 'bazaar,' or native quarter of the town, one day I saw a small child catch up another (still smaller) who happened to be rather too close to my dog-cart and hurry out of danger's way. Much impressed by the sense of responsibility shown by such a mite I snap-shotted the little couple. This way of carrying children is general among the natives of India. The second photograph illustrates another way of carrying children,



3.—GOING TO MARKET IN BENGAL—THE LITTLE BOY JUST BALANCES THE BIG JAR. [From a Photo.]

adopted by an Indian 'rustic' this time. I met this countryman during my drive also, and he was evidently going to market. Note how well the child balances his wares! The little fellow was perfectly happy and contented; whilst the ingenious countryman was highly delighted when the sahib desired to take his photograph."

On the Fourth of July and on the celebration of political victories it is, as everyone knows, a common thing in the United States to build enormous bonfires. The photograph here re-



4.—A GIGANTIC BONFIRE BUILT AT GALLOWS HILL, MASS., FOR THE LAST 4TH OF JULY CELEBRATION. [From a Photo. by W. C. Rollin, Watertown, Mass.]

produced was taken by Mr. W. C. Rollins, of Watertown, Massachusetts, and shows a gigantic pile of cord-wood and barrels built at Gallows Hill, Salem, Mass., for a Fourth of July bonfire last year. The photograph was sent by Mr. Arthur Inkersley, of San Francisco. One would certainly like to see so noble a pile "well alight." It bears external evidence of careful and workmanlike construction, and, moreover, it is easy to see that its constructors are proud of it. Observe the flag flying from the dizzy apex, and the four happy men standing precariously about half-way up the pile.



4.—A NAMED SENTINEL OCCUPIES THIS SHELTER AT NIGHT AND PROTECTS THE CROPS AGAINST DACOITS. [Photo.]

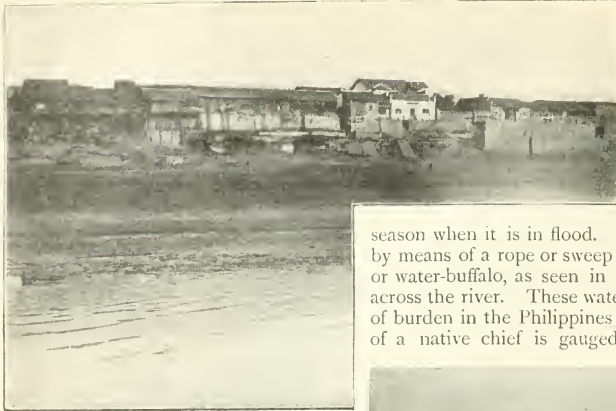
In this law-abiding country the fields are usually left to take care of themselves at night, but in certain parts of the Punjab the cultivators know to their cost that it is necessary to maintain a watch both by night and day. To this end tall look-outs are constructed among the crops, and from these, during the daytime, a boy keeps a look-out for thieves. At night, however, when darkness puts an end to the usefulness of the elevated watch-tower, the place of the boy is taken by a man armed with pistol and sword, who occupies a cosy little erection called a *jhomfri*. This, as you will see from the accompanying photo., is a kind of covered shelter made of small branches and reeds. A bed is generally placed inside, and on this the sentinel reclines, smoking his water-pipe. It behoves him to be vigilant, for the Indian thief is a wily miscreant, and thinks nothing of taking life in the pursuit of his object, even if that object be nothing more valuable than a little Indian corn. The watcher, however, knowing that he is protected by the law of the land, is not at all chary in the use of his weapons, and the trespassers usually receive a warm reception.

We have heard a great deal of late about the decay of China, but the good people who discuss that knotty problem might with advantage pause and consider the snap-shot here reproduced, which represents a Chinese porter and his surprising load. On the frontier of Tibet, a thousand miles away from the tea-pressing factories of Hankow, one may meet gangs of these men, many of them old, each carrying about two hundredweight of brick

tea on his back. For hours at a stretch they may not put down their loads, only making brief pauses at the end of every hundred yards or so, when they sit on the end of a T-shaped stick and rest. At times whole families may be seen, the loads ranging from a few pounds on the smallest child to a couple of hundredweight on the broad back of the father. Countless numbers of Chinamen are engaged in this work year in and year out, and all for the magnificent remuneration of something under fourpence a day!



5.—A CHINESE TEA-CARRIER—THESE MEN CARRY A QUANTITY OF HUNDREDWEIGHT OF BRICK TEA FOR HOURS AT A STRETCH, AND ARE PAID LESS THAN 4D. A DAY. [Photo.]



7.—"YOU WILL OBSERVE A NUMBER OF RIDGES OF ROCK, WITH DARK SPACES UNDERNEATH—THESE ARE NATURAL CAVES, THE HOMES OF COUNTLESS HORDS OF BEGGARS."

*From a Photo.*

The next photograph shows part of the town of Ichang, on the Yangtse-kiang River. In the photo, you will observe a number of ridges of rock, with dark spaces underneath. These are natural caves, the homes of countless hordes of beggars. Every Chinese city, as most European travellers know to their cost, swarms with importunate beggars, and Ichang is no exception to the rule. The begging fraternity find these caves a convenient centre, and he would be a bold man indeed who would venture into this rabbit-warren of mendicants and outcasts, where poverty and disease are present in their most hideous forms. At any moment, too, when the great river is swollen, the caves may be invaded by the rushing, yellow flood, and their miserable occupants drowned like rats in a trap. A curious feature about the caves is the number of mon-

grel curs who live with the beggars, and not infrequently when times are hard figure in the daily menu.

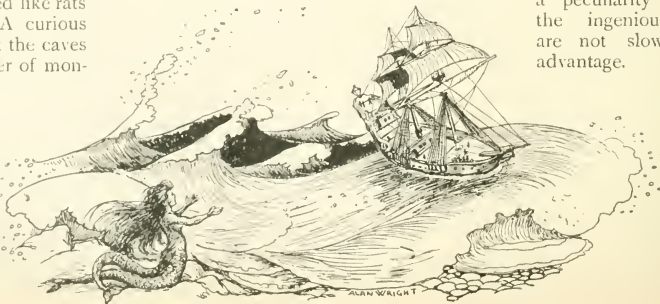
The photo, we next reproduce shows the novel manner in which the natives of Mindanao, in the Philippine Islands, cross the river in the rainy

season when it is in flood. Instead of working the ferry by means of a rope or sweep they harness to it a carribao, or water-buffalo, as seen in the illustration, and "drive" across the river. These water-buffaloes are used as beasts of burden in the Philippines; and the wealth or otherwise of a native chief is gauged by his neighbours by the



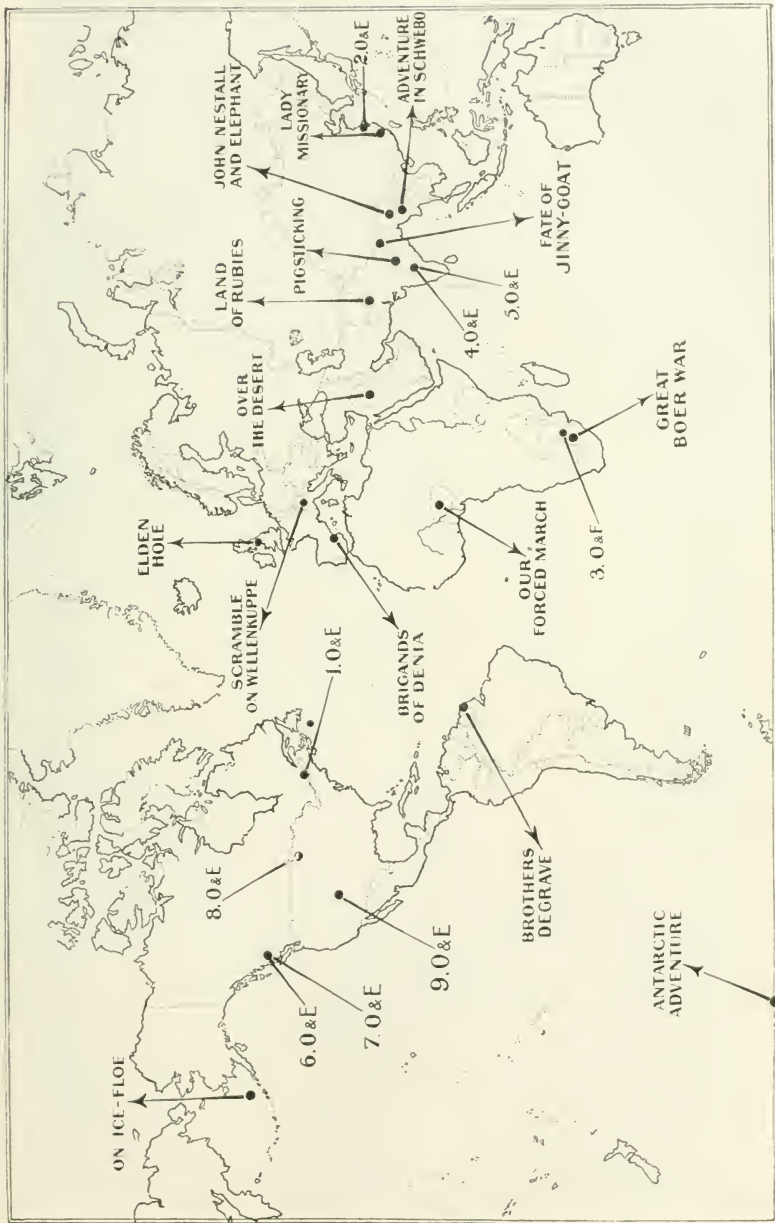
8.—THIS FERRY IS WORKED BY A TRAINED WATER-BUFFALO, WHICH TOWS PASSENGERS ACROSS THE RIVER. *[Photo.]*

number of carribao he possesses. Resembling a cow in all but horns (which in the case of the carribao are from 4ft. to 5ft. apart) these animals are equally at home on land or in water, a peculiarity of which the ingenious natives are not slow to take advantage.



ALAN WRIGHT





THE NOVEL MAP-CONTENTS OF "THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE," WHICH SHOWS AT A GLANCE THE LOCALITY OF EACH ARTICLE AND NARRATIVE OF AN ADVENTURE IN THIS NUMBER.



THE GRAND CHARGE OF THE FIFTH LANGERS AT THE BATTLE OF FLANDSLAAGTE.

*From a Drawing by John Charlton.*

# THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE.

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## *The Great Boer War.*

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

This narrative is published in "The Wide World Magazine" by arrangement with the Author and with Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co., the publishers of the complete work, "The Great Boer War." The American Edition of Dr. Conan Doyle's book is published by Messrs. McClure, Phillips, and Co.

### CHAPTER V.

#### TALANA HILL.



It was on the morning of October 12th, amid cold and mist, that the Boer camps at Sandspruit and Volksrust broke up and the burghers rode to the war. Some 12,000 of them, all mounted, with two batteries of eight Krupp guns each, were the invading force from the north, which hoped later to be joined by the Free Staters and by a contingent of Germans and Transvaalers who were to cross the Free State border. It was an hour before dawn that the guns started, and the riflemen followed close behind the last limber, so that the first light of day fell upon the black, sinuous line winding down between the hills. A spectator upon the occasion says of them: "Their faces were a study. For the most part the expression worn was one of determination and bulldog pertinacity. No sign of fear there, nor of wavering. Whatever else may be laid to the charge of the Boer, it may never truthfully be said that he is a coward or a man unworthy of the Briton's steel." The words were written early in the campaign, and the whole Empire will indorse them to-day. Could we have such men as willing fellow-citizens they would be more than all the gold mines of their country.

This main Transvaal body consisted of the commando of Pretoria, which comprised 1,800 men, and those of Heidelberg, Middelburg, Krugersdorp, Standerton, Wakkerstroom, and Ermelo, with the State Artillery, an excellent and highly organized body who were provided with the best guns that have ever been brought on to a battlefield. Besides their sixteen Krupps, they dragged with them two heavy six-inch Creusot guns, which were destined to

have a very important effect in the earlier part of the campaign. In addition to these native forces there were a certain number of European auxiliaries. The greater part of the German corps were with the Free State forces, but a few hundred came down from the north. There were a Hollander corps of about 250 and an Irish—or perhaps more properly an Irish-American—corps of the same number, who rode under the green flag and the harp.

The men might, by all accounts, be divided into two very different types. There were the town Boers, smartened and perhaps a little enervated by prosperity and civilization, men of business and professional men, more alert and quicker than their rustic comrades. These men spoke English rather than Dutch, and indeed there were many men of English descent among them. But the others, the most formidable both in their numbers and in their primitive qualities, were the back-veldt Boers, the sun-burned, tangled-hair, full-bearded farmers, the men of the Bible and the rifle, imbued with the traditions of their own guerilla warfare. These were perhaps the finest natural warriors upon earth, marksmen, hunters, accustomed to hard fare and a harder couch. They were rough in their ways and speech, but in spite of many calumnies and some few unpleasant truths, they might compare with most disciplined armies in their humanity and their desire to observe the usages of war.

A few words here as to the man who led this singular host. Piet Joubert was a Cape Colonist by birth—a fellow-countryman, like Kruger himself, of those whom the narrow laws of his new country persisted in regarding as outside the pale. He came from that French Huguenot blood which has strengthened and



From a]

A PATROL OF THE ORANGE FREE STATE ARTILLERY.

[Photo.

refined every race which it has touched, and from it he derived a chivalry and generosity which made him respected and liked even by his opponents. In many native broils, and in the British campaign of 1881, he had shown himself a capable leader. His record in standing out for the independence of the Transvaal was a very consistent one, for he had not accepted office under the British, as Kruger had done, but had remained always an irreconcilable. Tall and burly, with hard grey eyes and a grim mouth half-hidden by his bushy beard, he was a fine type of the men whom he led. He was now in his sixty-fifth year, and the fire of his youth had, as some of the burghers urged, died down within him; but he was experienced, crafty, and warwise, never dashing and never brilliant, but steady, solid, and inexorable.

Beside this northern army there were two other bodies of burghers converging upon Natal. One, consisting of the commandoes from Utrecht and the Swaziland districts, had gathered at Vryheid on the flank of the British position at Dundee. The other, much larger, not less probably than 6,000 or 7,000 men, were the contingent from the Free State and a Transvaal corps, together with Schiel's Germans, who were making their way through the various passes, the Tintwa Pass and Van Reenen's Pass, which lead through the grim range of the Drakensberg and open out upon the more fertile plains of Western Natal. The total force may have been something between 20,000 and 30,000 men. By all accounts they were of an

astonishingly high heart, convinced that a path of easy victory lay before them, and that nothing could bar their way to the sea. If the British commanders underrated their opponents, there is ample evidence that the mistake was reciprocal.

A few words now as to the disposition of the British forces, concerning which it must be borne in mind that Sir George White, though in actual command, had only been a few days in the country before war was declared, so that the arrangements fell to General Penn Symons, aided or hampered by the advice of the local political authorities.

The main position was at Ladysmith, but an advance post was strongly held at Glencoe, which is five miles from the station of Dundee and forty from Ladysmith. The reason for this dangerous division of force was to secure each end of the Biggarsberg section of the railway, and also to cover the important collieries of that district. The positions chosen seem in each case to show that the British commander was not aware of the number and power of the Boer guns, for each was equally defensible against rifle fire and vulnerable to an artillery attack. In the case of Glencoe it was particularly evident that guns upon the hills above would, as they did, render the position untenable. This outlying post was held by the 1st Leicester Regiment, the 2nd Dublin Fusiliers, and the first battalion of Rifles, with the 18th Hussars, three companies of mounted infantry, and three batteries of field artillery, the 13th, 67th, and 69th. The 1st Royal Irish Fusiliers were on their way to reinforce it, and arrived before the first action. Altogether the Glencoe camp contained some 4,000 men.

The main body of the army remained at Ladysmith. These consisted of the 1st Devons, the 1st Liverpools, and the Gordon Highlanders, with the 1st Gloucesters, the 2nd King's Royal Rifles, and the 2nd Rifle Brigade, reinforced later by the Manchesters. The cavalry included the 5th Dragoon Guards, the 5th Lancers, a detachment of 19th Hussars, the Natal Carabineers, the Natal Mounted Police, and the Border Mounted Rifles, reinforced later by the Imperial Light Horse, a fine body of men raised



FIG. 11. PRESIDENT STEYN (ON THE REAR SEAT) VISITING THE BURGERS OF COMMANDO. (1901.)

principally among the refugees from the Rand. For artillery there were the 21st, 42nd, and 53rd batteries of field artillery, and No. 10 Mountain Battery, with the Natal Field Artillery, the guns of which were too light to be of service, and the 23rd Company of Royal Engineers. The whole force, some 8,000 or 9,000 strong, was under the immediate command of Sir George White, with Sir Archibald Hunter, fresh from the Soudan, General French, and General Ian Hamilton as his lieutenants.

The first shock of the Boers, then, must fall upon 4,000 men. If these could be overwhelmed, there were 8,000 more to be defeated or masked. Then what was there between them and the sea? Some detachments of local Volunteers, the Durban Light Infantry at Colenso, and the Natal Royal Rifles, with some naval volunteers at Estcourt. With the power of the Boers and their mobility it is inexplicable how the Colony was saved. We are of the same blood, the Boers and we, and we show it in our failings. Over-confidence on our part gave them the chance, and over-confidence on theirs prevented them from instantly availing themselves of it. If passed, never to come again.

The outbreak of war was upon October 11th. On the 12th the Boer forces crossed the frontier both on the north and on the west. On the 13th they occupied Charles-town at the top angle of Natal. On the 15th they had reached Newcastle, a larger town some fifteen miles inside the border.

Watchers from the houses saw six miles of canvas-tilted bullock-waggons winding down the passes, and learned that this was not a raid, but an invasion. At the same date news reached the British head-quarters of an advance from the western passes, and of a movement from the Buffalo River on the east. On the 13th Sir George White had made a reconnaissance in force, but had not come in touch with the enemy. On the 15th six of the Natal Police were surrounded and captured at one of the drifts of the Buffalo River. On the 18th our cavalry

patrols came into touch with the Boer scouts at Acton Homes and Besters Station, these being the voortrekkers of the Orange Free State force. On the 18th also a detachment was reported



GENERAL SIR GEORGE WHITE, V.C., G.C.B., ETC.  
From a Photo. by W. Indes & Co. Ltd.



From a Photo. by

GENERAL JOUBERT AND HIS STAFF

(Gell)

from Hadders Spruit, seven miles north of Glencoe camp. The cloud was drifting up, and it could not be long before it would burst.

Two days later, on the early morning of October 20th, the forces came at last into collision. At half-past three in the morning, well before daylight, the mounted infantry picket at the junction of the roads from Landmans and Vants Drifts was fired into by the Doornberg commando, and retired upon its supports. Two companies of the Dublin Fusiliers were sent out, and at five o'clock on a fine but misty morning the whole of Symons's force was under arms with the knowledge that the Boers were pushing boldly towards them. The khaki-clad lines of fighting men stood in their long, thin ranks staring up at the curves of the saddle-back hills to the north and east of them, and straining their eyes to catch a glimpse of the enemy. Why these same saddle-back hills were not occupied by our own people is, it must be confessed, an insoluble mystery. In a hollow on one flank were the 18th Hussars and the mounted infantry. On the other were the eighteen motionless guns, limbered up and ready, the horses fidgeting and stamping in the raw morning air.

And then suddenly—could that be they? An officer with a telescope stared intently and pointed. Another and another turned a steady field-glass towards the same place. And then

the men could see also, and a little murmur of interest ran down the ranks.

A long, sloping hill—Talana Hill—olive-green in hue, was stretching away in front of them. At the summit it rose into a rounded crest. The mist was clearing, and the curve was hard-outlined against the limpid blue of the morning sky. On this, some two and a half miles or three miles off, a little group of black dots had appeared. The clear edge of the skyline had become serrated with moving figures. They clustered into a knot, then opened again, and then—

There had been no smoke, but there came a long crescendo hoot, rising into a shrill wail. H-o-o-o-o-o-o—the shell hummed over the soldiers like a great bee, and slobbered into soft earth behind them. Then another—and yet another—and yet another. But there was no time to heed them, for there was the hillside and there the enemy. So at it again with the good old murderous obsolete heroic tactics of the British tradition! There are times when, in spite of science and book-lore, the best plan is the boldest plan, and it is well to fly straight at your enemy's throat, facing the chance that your strength may fail before you can grasp it. The cavalry moved off round the enemy's left flank. The guns dashed to the front, unlimbered, and opened fire. The infantry were moved round in the direction of Sandspruit, passing through

the little town of Dundee, where the women and children came to the doors and windows to cheer them. It was thought that the hill was more accessible from that side. The Leicesters and one field battery—the 67th—were left behind to protect the camp and to watch the Newcastle Road upon the west. At seven in the morning all was ready for the assault.

Two military facts of importance had already been disclosed. One was that the Boer percussion-shells were useless in soft ground, as hardly any of them exploded; the other that the Boer guns could out-range our ordinary 15 pounder field gun, which had been the one thing perhaps in the whole British equipment upon which we were prepared to pin our faith. The two batteries, the 13th and the 69th, were moved nearer, first to 3,000yds., and then at last to 2,300yds., at which range they quickly dominated the guns upon the hill. Other guns had opened from another crest to the east of Talana, but these also were mastered by the fire of the 13th Battery. At 7.30 the infantry were ordered to advance, which they did in open order, extended to ten paces. The Dublin Fusiliers formed the first line, the Rifles the second, and the Irish Fusiliers the third.

The first thousand yards of the advance were over open grassland, where the range was long, and the yellow brown of the khaki blended with the withered veldt. There were few casualties until the wood was reached, which lay half-way up the long slope of the hill. It was a plantation of larches, some hundreds of yards across and nearly as many deep. On the left side of this wood—that is, the left side to the advancing troops—there stretched a long nullah or hollow, which ran perpendicularly to the hill, and served rather as a conductor of bullets than as a cover. So severe was the fire at this point that both in the wood and in the nullah the troops lay down to avoid it. An officer of the Irish Fusiliers has narrated how in trying to cut the straps from a fallen private a razor lent him for that purpose by a wounded sergeant was instantly shot out of his hand. The gallant Symons, who had refused to dismount, was shot through the stomach and fell from his horse mortally wounded. With an excessive gallantry, he had not only attracted the enemy's fire by retaining his horse, but he had been accompanied throughout the action by an orderly bearing a red pennon. "Have they got the hill? Have they got the hill?" was his one eternal question as they carried him dripping to the rear. It was at the edge of the wood that Colonel Sherston met his end.

From now onwards it was as much a soldiers' battle as Inkerman. In the shelter of the

wood the more eager of the three battalions had pressed to the front until the fringe of the trees was lined by men from all of them. The difficulty of distinguishing particular regiments where all were clad alike made it impossible in the heat of action to keep any sort of formation. So hot was the fire that for the time the advance was brought to a standstill, but the 69th Battery, firing shrapnel at a range of 1,400 yards, subdued the rifle fire, and about half past eleven the infantry were able to push on once more.

Above the wood there was an open space some hundreds of yards across, bounded by a rough stone wall built for herding cattle. A second wall ran at right angles to this down towards the wood. An enfilading rifle fire had been sweeping across this open space, but the wall in front does not appear to have been occupied by the enemy, who held the kopje above it. To avoid the cross fire the soldiers ran in single file under the shelter of the wall, which covered them to the right, and so reached the other wall across their front. Here there was a second long delay, the men dribbling up from below, and firing over the top of the wall and between the chinks of the stones. The Dublin Fusiliers, through being in a more difficult position, had been unable to get up as quickly as the others, and most of the hard breathing, excited men who crowded under the wall were of the Rifles and of the Irish Fusiliers. The air was so full of bullets that it seemed impossible to live upon the other side of this shelter. Two hundred yards intervened between the wall and the crest of the kopje. And yet the kopje had to be cleared if the battle were to be won.

Out of the huddled line of crouching men an officer sprang shouting, and a score of soldiers vaulted over the wall and followed at his heels. It was Captain Connor, of the Irish Fusiliers, but his personal magnetism carried up with him some of the Rifles as well as men of his own command. He and half his little forlorn hope were struck down—*he, alas!* to die the same night but there were other leaders as brave to take his place. "Forrard away, men, forrard away!" cried Nugent, of the Rifles. Three bullets struck him, but he continued to drag himself up the boulder-studded hill. Others followed, and others, from all sides they came running, the crouching, yelling, khaki-clad figures, and the supports rushed up from the rear. For a time they were beaten down by their own shrapnel striking into them from behind, which is an amazing thing when one considers that the range was under 2,000yds. It was here, between the wall and the summit, that Colonel Gunning, of the Rifles, and many

other brave men met their end, some by our own bullets and some by those of the enemy; but the Boers thinned away in front of them, and the anxious onlookers from the plain below saw the waving helmets on the crest, and learned that all was well.

But it was, it must be confessed, a Pyrrhic victory. We had our hill, but what else had we? The guns which had been disabled by our fire had been removed from the kopje. Of the Boer losses it is impossible even now to say anything definite. The commando which seized the hill was that of Lucas Meyer, and it is computed that he had with him about 4,000 men. The most moderate computation of his losses would be 300 killed and wounded. The British loss at Talana Hill itself was fifty killed and 180 wounded, but among the killed were many whom the Army could ill spare. The gallant but optimistic Symons, Gunning of the Rifles, Sherston, Connor, Hambro, and many other brave men died that day. The loss of officers was out of all proportion to that of the men.

An incident which occurred immediately after the action did much to rob us of the fruits of our victory. Artillery had pushed up the moment that the hill was carried, and had unlimbered on Smith's Nek between the two hills, from which the enemy, in broken groups of fifty and one hundred, could be seen streaming

away. A fairer chance for the use of shrapnel has never been. But at this instant there ran from an old iron church on the reverse side of the hill, which had been used all day as a Boer hospital, a man with a white flag. It is probable that the action was in good faith, and that it was simply intended to claim a protection for the ambulance party which followed him. But the too confiding gunner\* in command appears to have thought that an armistice had been declared, and held his hand during those precious minutes which might have turned a defeat into a rout. The chance passed, never to return. The double error of firing into our own advance and of failing to fire into the enemy's retreat makes the battle one which cannot be looked back to with satisfaction by our gunners.

In the meantime, some miles away, another train of events had led to a complete disaster to our small cavalry force—a disaster which robbed our dearly bought infantry victory of much of its importance. That action alone was undoubtedly a victorious one, but the net result of the day's fighting cannot be said to have been certainly in our favour. It was Wellington who asserted that his cavalry always got him into scrapes, and the whole of British military history might

\* I have since had it upon good authority that the officer who had charge of the guns was stopped by a written order from Colonel Vule.



ARRIVAL OF BRITISH PRISONERS AT PRETORIA—"THE VANGUARD OF THAT CONSIDERABLE BODY OF HUMILIATED AND BITTER-HEARTED MEN WHO WERE TO ASSEMBLE AT THE CAPITAL OF OUR BRAVE AND CRAFTY ENEMY." [Photo.]



furnish examples of what he meant. Here again our cavalry got into trouble. Suffice it for the civilian to chronicle the fact, and leave it to the military critic to portion out the blame.

One company of mounted infantry (that of the Rifles) had been told off to form an escort for the guns. The rest of the mounted infantry with part of the 18th Hussars (Colonel Moller) had moved round the right flank until they reached the right rear of the enemy. Such a movement, had Lucas Meyer been the only opponent, would have been above criticism, but knowing, as we did, that there were several commandoes converging upon Glencoe it was obviously taking a very grave and certain risk to allow the cavalry to wander too far from support. They were soon entangled in broken country and attacked by superior numbers of the Boers. There was a time when they might have exerted an important influence upon the action by attacking the Boer ponies behind the hills, but the opportunity was allowed to pass. An attempt was made to get back to the army and a series of defensive positions were held to cover the retreat, but the enemy's fire became too hot to allow them to be retained. Every route save one appeared to be blocked, so the horsemen took this, which led them into the heart of a second commando of the enemy. Finding no way through, the force took up a defensive position, part of them in a farm and part on a kopje which overlooked it.

The party consisted of two troops of Hussars, one company of mounted infantry of the Dublin Fusiliers, and one section of the mounted infantry of the Rifles—about two hundred men in all. They were subjected to a hot fire for some hours, many being killed and wounded. Guns were brought up, and fired shell into the farmhouse. At 4.30 the force, being in a perfectly hopeless position, laid down their arms. Their ammunition was gone, many of their horses had stampeded, and they were hemmed in by very superior numbers, so that no slightest slur can rest upon the survivors for their decision to surrender, though the movements which brought them to such a pass are more open to criticism. They were the vanguard of that considerable body of humiliated and bitter-hearted men who were to assemble at the capital of our brave and crafty enemy. The remainder of the 18th Hussars, who under Major Knox had operated on the other flank of the enemy, underwent a somewhat similar experience, but succeeded in extricating themselves with a loss of six killed and ten wounded. Their efforts were by no means lost, as they engaged the attention of a considerable body of Boers during the day and were able to bring some prisoners back with them.

The Battle of Talana Hill was a tactical victory, but a strategic defeat. It was a crude frontal attack without any attempt at even a feint of flanking, but the valour of the troops, from general to private, carried it through. The force was in a position so radically false that the only use which they could make of a victory was to cover their own retreat. From all points Boer commandoes were converging upon it, and already it was understood that the guns at their command were heavier than any which could be placed against them. This was made more clear on October 21st, the day after the battle, when the force, having withdrawn over-night from the useless hill which they had captured, moved across to a fresh position on the far side of the railway. At four in the afternoon a very heavy gun opened from a distant hill, altogether beyond the extreme range of our artillery, and plumped shell after shell into our camp. It was the first appearance of the great Creusot. An officer with several men of the Leicesters and some of our few remaining cavalry were hit. The position was clearly impossible, so at two in the morning of the 22nd the whole force was moved to a point to the south of the town of Dundee. On the same day a reconnaissance was made in the direction of Glencoe Station, but the passes were found to be strongly occupied, and the little army marched back again to its original position. The command had fallen to Colonel Yule, who justly considered that his men were dangerously and uselessly exposed, and that his correct strategy was to fall back, if it were still possible, and join the main body at Ladysmith, even at the cost of abandoning the two hundred sick and wounded who lay with General Symons in the hospital at Dundee. It was a painful necessity, but no one who studies the situation can have any doubt of its wisdom. The retreat was no easy task, a march by road of some sixty or seventy miles through a very rough country with an enemy pressing on every side. Its successful completion without any loss or any demoralization of the troops is perhaps as fine a military exploit as any of our early victories. Through the energetic and loyal co-operation of Sir George White, who fought the actions of Elandslaagte and of Rietfontein in order to keep the way open for them, and owing mainly to the skilful guidance of Colonel Dartnell, of the Natal Police, they succeeded in their critical manoeuvre. On October 23rd they were at Beith, on the 24th at Waschbank Spruit, on the 25th at Sunday River, and next morning they marched, sodden with rain, plastered with mud, dog-tired, but in the best of spirits, into Ladysmith, amid the

cheers of their comrades. A battle, six days without settled sleep, four days without a proper meal, winding up with a single march of thirty-two miles over heavy ground and through a pelting rain-storm—that was the record of the Dundee column. They had fought and won, they had striven and toiled to the utmost capacity of manhood, and the end of it all was that they had reached the spot which they should never have left. But their endurance could not be lost—no worthy deed is ever lost. Like the light division, when they marched their fifty odd unbroken miles to be present at Talana, they leave a memory and a standard behind them which is more important than success. It is by the tradition of such sufferings and such endurance that others in other days are nerved to do the like.

#### CHAPTER VI.

##### ELANDSLAAGTE AND RIETFOONTEIN.

WHILE the Glencoe force had struck furiously at the army of Lucas Meyer, and had afterwards by hard marching disengaged itself from the numerous dangers which threatened it, its comrades at Ladysmith had loyally co-operated in drawing off the attention of the enemy and keeping the line of retreat open.

On October 20th—the same day as the Battle of Talana Hill—the line was cut by the Boers at a point nearly midway between Dundee and Ladysmith. A small body of horsemen were the forerunners of a considerable command, composed of Free Staters, Transvaalers, and Germans, who had advanced into Natal through Botha's Pass under the command of General Koch. They had with them the two Maxim-Nordenfelts which had been captured from the Jameson raiders, and were now destined to return once more to British hands.

Colonel Schiel, the German artillery, had charge of these guns.

On the evening of that day General French, with a strong reconnoitring party, including the Natal Carabineers, the 5th Lancers, and the 21st Battery, had defined the enemy's position. Next morning (the 21st) he returned, but either the enemy had been reinforced during the night or he had underrated them the day before, for the force which he took with him was too weak for any serious attack. He had one battery of the Natal artillery, with their

little seven-pounder popguns, five squadrons of the Imperial Horse, and, in the train which slowly accompanied his advance, half a battalion of the Manchester Regiment. Elated by the news of Talana Hill, and anxious to emulate their brothers of Dundee, the little force moved out of Ladysmith in the early morning.

Some at least of the men were animated by feelings such as seldom find a place in the breast of the British soldier as he marches into battle. A sense of duty, a belief in the justice of his cause, a love for his regiment and for his country, these are the common incentives of every soldier. But to the men of the Imperial Light Horse, recruited as they were from

among the British refugees of the Rand, there was added a burning sense of injustice, and in many cases a bitter hatred against the men whose rule had weighed so heavily upon them. In this singular corps the ranks were full of wealthy men and men of education, who, driven from their peaceful vocations in Johannesburg, were bent upon fighting their way back to them again. A most unmerited slur had been cast upon their courage in connection with the Jameson raid—a slur which they and other similar corps have washed out for ever in their



COLONEL (NOW BRIGADIER-GENERAL) J. G. DARTNELL, WHOSE SKILFUL GUIDANCE SAVED GENERAL SYMONS'S RETREATING ARMY FROM DISASTER.  
From a Photo. by W. Lavos Casey.

own blood and that of their enemy. Chisholm, a fiery little Lancer, was in command, with Karri Davis and Sampson, the two stalwarts who had preferred Pretoria Gaol to the favours of Kruger, as his majors. The troopers were on fire at the news that a cartel had arrived in Ladysmith the night before, purporting to come from the Johannesburg Boers and Hollanders, asking what uniform the Light Horse wore, as they were anxious to meet them in battle. These men were fellow-townsmen and knew each other well. They need not have troubled about the uniform, for before evening the Light Horse were near enough for them to know their faces.

It was about eight o'clock on a bright summer morning that the small force came in contact with a few scattered Boer outposts, who retired, firing, before the advance of the Imperial Light Horse. As they fell back the green and white tents of the invaders came into view upon the russet-coloured

hillside of Elandslaagte. Down at the red brick railway station the Boers could be seen swarming out of the buildings in which they had spent the night. The little Natal guns, firing with obsolete black powder, threw a few shells into the station, one of which, it is said, penetrated a Boer ambulance which could not be seen by the gunners. The accident was to be regretted, but as no patients could have been in the ambulance the mischance was not a serious one.

But the busy, smoky little seven-pounder guns were soon to meet their master. Away up on the distant hillside, a long thousand yards beyond their own farthest range, there was a sudden bright flash. No smoke, only the throb of flame, and then the long, sibilant scream of the shell, and the thud as it buried itself in the ground under a limber. Such judgment of range would have delighted the most martinet of inspectors at Okehampton. Bang came another, and another, and another, right into the heart of the battery. The six little guns lay back at their extremest angle, and all

barked together in impotent fury. Another shell pitched over them, and the officer in command lowered his fieldglass in despair as he saw his own shells bursting far short upon the hillside. Jameson's defeat does not seem to have been due to any defect in his artillery. French, peering and pondering, soon came to the conclusion that there were too many Boers for him, and that if those fifteen-pounders desired target-practice they should find some other mark than the Natal Field Artillery. A few curt orders, and his whole force was making its way to the rear. There,



From a Photo. by GENERAL FRENCH, THE DASHING CAVALRY LEADER, AND HIS BRIGADIERS. [The King.

out of range of those perilous guns, they halted, the telegraph-wire was cut, a telephone attachment was made, and French whispered his troubles into the sympathetic ear of Ladysmith. He did not whisper in vain. What he had to say was that where he had expected a few hundred riflemen he found something like two thousand, and that where he expected no guns he found two very excellent ones. The reply was that by road and by rail as many men as could be spared were on their way to join him.

Soon they began to drop in, those useful reinforcements—first the Devons, quiet, business-like, reliable; then the Gordons, dashing, fiery, brilliant. Two squadrons of the 5th Lancers, the 42nd R.F.A., the 21st R.F.A., another squadron of Lancers, a squadron of the 5th Dragoon Guards—French began to feel that he was strong enough for the task in front of him. He had a decided superiority of numbers and of guns. But the others were on their favourite defensive on a hill. It would be a fair fight and a deadly one.

It was late afternoon before the advance began. It was hard, among those billowing hills, to make out the exact limits of the enemy's position. All that was certain was that they were there, and that we meant having them out if it were humanly possible. "The enemy are there," said Ian Hamilton to his infantry; "I hope you will shift them out before sunset—in fact, I know you will." The men cheered and laughed. In long, open lines they advanced across the veldt, while the thunder of the two batteries behind them told the Boer gunners that it was their turn now to know what it was to be outmatched.

The idea was to take the position by a front and a flank attack, but there seems to have been some difficulty in determining which was the front and which the flank. In fact, it was only by trying that one could know. General White with his staff had arrived from Ladysmith, but refused to take the command out of French's hands. It is typical of White's chivalrous spirit that within ten days he refused to identify himself with a victory when it was within his right to do so, and took the whole responsibility for a disaster at which he was not present. Now he rode amid the shells and watched the able dispositions of his lieutenant.

About half-past three the action had fairly begun. In front of the advancing British there lay a rolling hill, topped by a farther one. The lower hill was not defended, and the infantry, breaking from column of companies into open order, advanced over it. Beyond was a broad, grassy valley which led up to the main position, a long kopje flanked by a small sugar-loaf one. Behind the green slope which led to the ridge of death an ominous and terrible cloud was driving up, casting its black shadow over the combatants. There was the stillness which goes before some great convulsion of Nature. The men pressed on in silence, the soft thudding of their feet and the rattle of their sidearms filling the air with a low and continuous murmur. An additional solemnity was given to the attack by that huge black cloud which hung before them.

The British guns had opened at a range of 4,400 yds., and now against the swarthy background there came the quick, smokeless twinkle of the Boer reply. It was an unequal fight, but

gallantly sustained. A shot, and another to find the range; then a wreath of smoke from a bursting shell exactly where the guns had been, followed by another and another. Overmatched, the two Boer pieces relapsed into a sulky silence, broken now and again by short spurts of frenzied activity. The British batteries turned their attention away from them, and began to search the ridge with shrapnel and prepare the way for the advancing infantry.

The scheme was that the Devonshires should hold the enemy in front while the main attack from the left flank was carried out by the Gordons, the Manchesters, and the Imperial Light Horse. The words "front" and "flank," however, cease to have any meaning with so mobile and elastic a force, and the attack which was intended to come from the left became really a frontal one, while the Devons found themselves upon the right flank of the Boers. At the moment of the final advance the great black cloud had burst, and a torrent of rain



*From a Photo. by*

THE BATTLEFIELD OF ELAND-LAAGTE.

*[W. Lawes Concy.]*

lashed into the faces of the men. Slipping and sliding upon the wet grass, they advanced to the assault.

And now amid the hissing of the rain there came the fuller, more menacing whine of the Mauser bullets, and the ridge rattled from end to end with the rifle fire. Men fell fast, but their comrades pressed hotly on. There was a long way to go, for the summit of the position was nearly 800 ft. above the level of the railway. The hillside, which had appeared to be one slope, was really a succession of undulations, so that the advancing infantry alternately dipped into shelter and emerged into a hail of bullets. The line of advance was dotted with khaki-clad figures, some still in death, some writhing in their agony. Amid the litter of bodies a major of the Gordons, shot through the leg, sat philosophically smoking his pipe. Plucky little Chisholm, Colonel of the Imperials, had fallen with two mortal wounds as he dashed forward waving a coloured sash in the air. So

long was the advance and so trying the bill that the men sank panting upon the ground and took their breath before making another rush. As at Talana Hill, regimental formation was largely gone, and men of the Manchesters, Gordons, and Imperial Light Horse surged upwards in one long, ragged fringe, Scotchmen, Englishmen, and British-Africaner keeping pace in that race of death. And now at last they began to see their enemy. Here and there among the boulders in front of them there was the glimpse of a slouched hat, or a peep at a flushed, bearded face which drooped over a rifle-barrel. There was a pause, and then with a fresh impulse the wave of men gathered themselves together and flung themselves forward. Dark figures sprang up from the rocks in front. Some held up their rifles in token of surrender. Some ran with heads sunk between their shoulders, jumping and ducking among the rocks. The panting, breathless climbers were on the edge of the plateau. There were the two guns which had flashed so brightly, silenced now, with a litter of dead gunners around them and one wounded officer standing by a trail. It was the famous Schiel, the German artillerist. A small body of the Boers still resisted. Their appearance horrified some of our men. "They were dressed in black frock-coats and looked like a lot of rather seedy business men," said a spectator. "It seemed like murder to kill them." Some surrendered, and some fought to the death where they stood. Their leader Koch, an old gentleman with a white beard, lay amidst the rocks, wounded in three places. He was treated with all courtesy and attention, but died in Ladysmith Hospital some days afterwards.

In the meanwhile the Devonshire Regiment had waited until the attack had developed and had then charged the hill upon the flank, while the artillery moved up until it was within 2,000yds. of the enemy's position. The Devons met with a less fierce resistance than the others, and swept up to the summit in time to head off some of the fugitives. The whole of our infantry were now upon the ridge.

But, even so, these dour fighters were not beaten. They clung desperately to the farther edges of the plateau, firing from behind the rocks. There had been a race for the nearest gun between an officer of the Manchesters and a drummer sergeant of the Gordons. The

officer won, and sprang in triumph on to the piece. Men of all regiments swarmed round yelling and cheering, when upon their astonished ears there sounded the "Cease fire" and then the "Retire." It was incredible, and yet it pealed out again, unmistakable in its urgency. With the instinct of discipline the men were slowly falling back. And then the truth of it came upon the minds of some of them. The crafty enemy had learned our bugle-calls. "Retire be d—d!" shrieked a little bugler, and blew the "Advance" with all the breath

that the hillside had left him. The men flooded back over the plateau, and in the Boer camp which lay beneath it a white flag showed that the game was up. A squadron of the 5th Lancers and of the 5th Dragoon Guards, under Colonel Gore, of the latter regiment, had prowled round the base of the hill, and in the fading light they charged through and through the retreating Boers, killing several and making from twenty to thirty prisoners. It was one of the very few occasions in the war where the mounted Briton overtook the mounted Boer.

"What price Majuba?" was the cry raised by some of the infantry as they dashed up to the enemy's position, and the action may indeed be said to have been in some respects the converse of that famous fight. It is true that there were many more British at Elands-laagte than Boers at Majuba, but then the defending force was much more numerous also, and the British had no guns there. It is true, also, that

Majuba is very much more precipitous than Elands-laagte, but then every practical soldier knows that it is easier to defend a moderate glacis than an abrupt slope, which gives cover under its boulders to the attacker while the defender has to crane his head over the edge to look down. On the whole, this brilliant little action may be said to have restored things to their true proportion, and to have shown that, brave as the Boers undoubtedly are, there is no military feat within their power which is not equally possible to the British soldier. Talana Hill and Elands-laagte, fought on successive days, were each of them as gallant an exploit as Majuba.

We had more to show for our victory than for the previous one at Dundee. Two Maxim-Nordenfelt guns, whose efficiency had been painfully evident during the action, were a welcome addition to our artillery. Two hundred



SCHIEL, THE GERMAN  
ARTILLERIST CAPTURED AT  
ELANDSLAAGTE.  
*From a Photo.*

and fifty Boers were killed and wounded and about 200 taken prisoners, the loss falling most heavily upon the Johannesburgers, the Germans, and the Hollanders. General Koch, Dr. Coster, Colonel Schiel, Pretorius, and other well-known Transvaalers fell into our hands. Our own casualty list consisted of forty-one killed and 220 wounded, much the same number as at Talana Hill, the heaviest losses falling upon the Gordon Highlanders and the Imperial Light Horse.

In the hollow where the Boer tents had stood, amid the laagered waggons of the vanquished, under a murky sky and a constant drizzle of rain, the victors spent the night. Sleep was out of the question, for all night the fatigue parties were searching the hillside and the wounded were being carried in. Camp-fires were lit and soldiers and prisoners crowded round them, and it is pleasant to recall that the warmest corner and the best of their rude fare were always reserved for the downcast Dutchmen, while words of rude praise and sympathy softened the pain of defeat. It is the memory of such things which may in happier days be more potent than all the wisdom of statesmen in welding our two races into one.

Having cleared the Boer force from the line of the railway, it is evident that General White could not continue to garrison the point, as he was aware that considerable forces were moving from the north, and his first duty was the security of Ladysmith. Early next morning (October 22nd), therefore, his weary but victorious troops returned to the town. Once there he learned, no doubt, that General Yule had no intention of using the broken railway for his retreat, but that he intended to come in a circuitous fashion by road. White's problem was to hold tight to the town and at the same time to strike hard at any northern force so as to prevent them from interfering with Yule's retreat. It was in the furtherance of this scheme that he fought upon October 24th the action of Rietfontein, an engagement slight in itself, but important on account of the clear road which was secured for the weary forces retiring from Dundee.

The army from the Free State, of which the commando vanquished at Elandslaagte was the vanguard, had been slowly and steadily debouching from the passes, and working south and eastwards to cut the line between Dundee and Ladysmith. It was White's intention to prevent them from crossing the Newcastle Road, and for this purpose he sallied out of Ladysmith on Tuesday, the 24th, having with him two

regiments of cavalry, the 5th Lancers and the 19th Hussars, the 42nd and 53rd Field Batteries, with the 10th Mountain Battery, four infantry regiments, the Devons, Liverpools, Gloucesters, and 2nd King's Royal Rifles, the Imperial Light Horse, and the Natal Volunteers—some 4,000 men in all.

The enemy were found to be in possession of a line of hills within seven miles of Ladysmith, the most conspicuous of which is called Tinta Inyoni. It was no part of General White's plan to attempt to drive him from this position—it is not wise generalship to fight always upon ground of the enemy's choosing—but it was important to hold him where he was, and to engage his attention during this last day of the march of the retreating column. For this purpose, since no direct attack was intended, the guns were of more importance than the infantry—and, indeed, the infantry should, one might imagine, have been used solely as an escort for the artillery. A desultory and inconclusive action ensued which continued from nine in the morning until half-past one in the afternoon. A well-directed fire of the Boer guns from the hills was dominated and controlled by our field artillery, while the advance of their riflemen was restrained by shrapnel. The enemy's guns were more easily marked down than at Elandslaagte, as they used black powder. The ranges varied from 3,000yds. to 4,000yds. Our losses in the whole action would have been insignificant had it not happened that the Gloucester Regiment advanced somewhat incautiously into the open, and was caught in a cross-fire of musketry which struck down Colonel Wilford and fifty of his officers and men. Within four days Colonel Dick-Cunyngham, of the Gordons, Colonel Chisholm, of the Light Horse, Colonel Gunning, of the Rifles, and now Colonel Wilford, of the Gloucesters, had all fallen at the head of their regiments. In the afternoon General White, having accomplished his purpose and secured the safety of the Dundee column while traversing the dangerous Biggarsberg passes, withdrew his force to Ladysmith. We have no means of ascertaining the losses of the Boers, but they were probably slight. On our side we lost 109 killed and wounded, of which only thirteen cases were fatal. Of this total sixty-four belonged to the Gloucesters and twenty-five to the troops raised in Natal. Next day, as already narrated, the whole British army was re-assembled once more at Ladysmith, and the campaign was to enter upon a new phase.

*(To be continued.)*



# THE FATE of the JINNY GOAT

BY MRS. GRAHAM SMYTH (FORMERLY MRS. EDWARD MONEY).

An incident in the life of a lonely household in the Himalayas, told by the lady herself who is the central figure and knows every phase of fashionable life in India. After the amusing phase of "fun" in Nynee-Tal came the breakfast party in the veranda, with its startling sequel.



AM now a grandmother, so, perhaps, you will not think me vain if I start my narrative by telling you that in the days of which I write I was a pretty young woman, the wife of a retired officer, and the mother of several adored children, who had all, save one, been born in the Indian mountain jungles, into which my husband's latest venture—tea-planting—had forced us to dwell.

I will not say that those years spent in solitude, where no white foot save ours had ever trod, were unhappy years. I married Colonel Edward Money when I was a wild Irish girl still in my teens. I could never, after the untrammelled life I had led on my father's broken-down Irish estates (petted by doting tenantry, who thus tried to make up for never paying their rents), have been happy had my chosen husband proved to be a society man, fond of London and conventional grooves, and expecting of me the social duties and (to my mind) idiotic existence which I knew my girlfriends led who had married fashionable men.

No, I found in the husband of my choice a kindred spirit! He abhorred routs and balls, loathed crushes, and declared he never felt comfortable in a top-hat and frock-coat. He was a man who always did exactly as he liked, regardless of appearances. I was fond of doing the same, so when, after soldiering in India and the Crimea, he informed me that a vast fortune was to be made by tea-planting in India: that we should live surrounded by savages and wild beasts, and that I might confidently expect a hairbreadth escape of my life every day, I clapped my hands and said, "That's the very life for me."

And so we sailed for India round the Cape.

The years passed and were happy ones. We dwelt in one of the loveliest spots the mind of man can conceive. Beautiful "Doona Giree," the name of our tea-plantation, lies some forty miles beyond the hill-station of Nynee-Tal, in the blue Himalaya Mountains, and in a perfect and healthy climate. Our little bungalow, with its tin roof, stood perched on the hog's back of a richly-wooded mountain—one of an endless

rolling panorama of such, billowing away from our feet to where, over ninety miles distant, the eternal snows of Kinchin-Junga and Everest reared their frosted alabaster pinnacles to the very gates of Heaven!

For seven years I never saw a white countenance save my husband's and the children's. Therefore it was, perhaps, natural that now and then, as time went on, a faint, unreasonable hankering for a ball, some admiration, and some fun would seize me as I surveyed my face in a cracked mirror. I longed to dance—to skip—even if it were only an Irish jig! I longed to wear lace and jewels, and have a fan, and look over the top of it at some handsome man! Just for once in a way, I longed for all this.

"Oh, Edward," I would say, "do take me into Nynee-Tal. I long for a spree—a ball—and some fun."

After an amusing little scene Edward gave in. The Nynee-Tal "Week" was coming on; Edward wrote to some friends there, and in his truly characteristic way announced that he wanted to bring his wife in for a change. He didn't wish *any* expense over it, and would they put us up?

They were delighted. Our family and name are well known in India. Pretty women were rare out there then, and made much of. The news flew round that I was coming; and the morning we started for our long



MRS. EDWARD MONEY (NOW MRS. GRAHAM SMYTH) ABOUT THE TIME OF THIS EPISODE.  
From a Photo. by Bourne & Shepherd, Simla.



COLONEL EDWARD MONEY AS AN OFFICER OF THE BASHI BAZOUKS.  
From a Lithograph by Vincent Brooks.

ride Edward, determined to check my vanity somewhat, sent for his last bottle of bear's grease and announced he would do my hair himself. He commenced operations by larding my chestnut locks plentifully with the horrid white stuff; after which he made a parting in the middle, draped the caked mass over each cheek, in the style he had loved in his great-grandmother, and finally tried to roll it into a hideous bob behind.

My hair in those days was so long and thick that it fell below my knees, and Edward was immensely proud of it. Living in these jungles I often wore it, for convenience, in two long plaits; and I remember I would have given anything to have ridden into Nynee-

Tal with it hanging down thus. But it was not to be. Not only was it rolled up, but it was also made to look as ugly and greasy as possible. At last, with a despairing look at myself in the glass, I embraced my children, whom I was leaving behind (all except the baby), mounted my pony, took my youngest-born on my knee, and rode away from the little lonely bungalow, the virgin forests, and mountain-streams, towards the almost forgotten world beyond, where men and women had loved and danced and died, all during the seven years I had been shut up in my far-off mountain home.

I had a glorious



"week" of it in the fair valley of Nynee; and in spite of the bear's grease found plenty of admirers. I danced my one pair of satin shoes into holes and tore my one ball-dress into tatters.

I rode gaily away from beautiful Nynee on the eighth day, feeling joyfully elated and quite willing to return to our wilds, for I was longing to see the children. I was not wholly leaving the pleasures of the world behind; for, wonder of wonders, a young man accompanied us!

Edward did not half like it, nor did I care much for the man; but what could we do? He was a Captain St. John, a dandy, and a nephew of the family with whom we had invited ourselves to stay in Nynee; and when young St. John said: "Oh, Colonel Money, how I should like to see your lovely Doona Giree, and get some shooting and fishing," of course one couldn't well say "No," after having taken their hospitality. So back he came with us.

"Mind, Ina," said my husband to me, "no loose curls round your forehead; no foolish, coquettish little jokes and glances. You have left all that behind in Nynee-'Al. Perhaps in five or six years I may give you another treat."

"I shall be old and ugly by then," I replied, ungratefully.

"All the better," replied my husband; "you will require the less clothes and the less looking after. This trip has cost me a small fortune. Those satin shoes were four rupees eleven annas. And now here's this young St. John planted upon us, with the appetite of an elephant and all sorts of luxurious and expensive notions."

Edward was decidedly in a temper. It was our first morning back at Doona Giree, and was about 6 a.m. The scene around us, straight, as it were, from the Creator's hand, just as He had made it in the dim ages of "In the Beginning," seemed to me so grand, so silent, and so beautiful, that I could not understand on such a morning, looking down upon such a world, how anyone could be cross! I could hear Captain St. John singing "Annie Laurie" in his bathroom as if from sheer joy of life. My children shouted and played round the bungalow. Two native servants, one being the goat-boy,

quarrelled in musical tones outside the cook-house, and the kitmudgar, in snowy-white, laid our chota-bazaree on a long table in the creepered veranda, and soon announced it was "teah hi" (ready).

Bad temper is a thing one should always struggle against, and I say this because, had it not been for Edward being in such a temper that morning, at the expenses he had been put to and foresaw coming, this story would not have been written.

"Where is the milk?" said I, as we seated ourselves at the table, upon which was spread a bounteous meal. There were piles of hot chupatties, rolls of white "goat-butter," hot toast, hot tea, fruits of different sorts, Himalaya honey in the comb. But no milk.

"Dood lau," roared my husband, looking into the empty jug. Up came the kitmudgar, salaaming.

"The sahib be merciful to the poor goat-boy. Boy milk, milk, milk the goat; but no milk can come to-day. Goat sick or sulky. Cook he run down mountain, fetch Molly-goat; Jinny-goat no good to-day."

"Here," said Edward to me, "is that infernal goat-boy up to his tricks again stealing the milk. And I won't stand it. Jinny's in full milk. Go and fetch Jinny and the boy!" he roared to the trembling servant: "I'll have the goat milked here

in front of my eyes."

Jinny-goat was fetched and arrived, being dragged along, butting at the boy, and looking anything but pleasant.

"She looks ill," said I; "her udder is swollen; and look at her eyes, Edward. Don't let's drink her milk to-day; let's have Molly up instead."

"Nonsense," said my husband: "I'm not going to give in to that goat-boy—little rascal. Milk that goat!" he ordered, in a loud voice.

The boy obeyed or tried to. The goat plunged and kicked and butted. But after a few minutes some milk was obtained, but only a little; it was placed on the table until Molly should arrive, and we all, except Edward, who never took milk in his tea, drank of it. I gave the children some myself.



SOME OF MRS. MONEY'S CHILDREN WHO SUFFERED FROM SO PECULIAR A CAUSE. [Photo.]



"JINNY-GOAT WAS DRAGGED ALONG, BUTTING AT THE BOY, AND LOOKING ANYTHING BUT COMPLAISANT."

"It doesn't taste nice, Edward," said I. "I'm sure the goat is ill; I wish we had not drunk it."

Breakfast over, Edward put on his solar topee, invited Captain St. John to do the same, and then the two started off to inspect the teagarden and the coolies. I called the children to my knee, heard their prayers, told them a fairy tale, and then, not feeling well, somehow, lay back in my chair and shut my eyes.

Little did I dream how very close, now, a terrible and agonizing death hovered over me and those I loved!

After a time one after the other of the five children became restless and listless, and began to lie about on the veranda floor. Then suddenly one of them sat up and was violently sick, bringing up quantities of coal-black fluid, which much alarmed me.

I called the ayah, and as we attended to him a fearful giddiness seized me. A dimness came before my eyes, I felt excruciating pains, and I was violently sick also. I then fell upon the floor unable to move.

I was aware that one after the other my little children fell down as I had done, vomited copiously, and lay moaning, apparently in great agony, but not a finger could I move to do a thing for them. A terrible numbness was creeping into my limbs; a "don't care" sensation blotted out the world, and ere long, although my eyes were wide open, I found myself appar-

ently quite blind—gazing sightlessly into the "Valley of the Shadow," and wondering, without much interest, what had happened.

I heard the terrified servants collecting, running, shouting. I inquired, feebly, for news of the children, and was told by a sobbing ayah that she feared they were all five dead or dying. The sahib had been sent for. Mem-sahib must be carried to her bed.

"Was it night?" I asked.

"Oh, no, niem-sahib; the sun is beautiful."

"Oh, then, this is death," I moaned. "Oh, my children! Oh, Edward!"

Throughout the hours that followed I just knew that Edward—frantic with grief—stood by my side; I could hear the children in different rooms, and knew they must be very—very ill; and I also heard someone say that Captain St. John had been seized with the same malady and was not expected to live.

A man on horseback had been sent galloping to Nynee-Tal for a doctor; but as it was twenty-four hours' ride, along a narrow, dangerous mountain-path, it was plain that we should all have passed beyond human skill long before he arrived unless our mysterious malady took a sudden turn for the better.

I lost all account of time, though I fancy it was towards evening that I heard a man-servant tell my husband that the goat-boy was dead! Also that Jinny-goat had disappeared and could not be found! Edward now seemed to make

up his mind that my death was certain, and I could hear his sobs and prayers for my and the children's recovery.

Then another long interval, and to cheer me Edward told me "the children were better."

Whether this revived me or not, or whether with me also the malady had expended itself, I don't know—but my death-like sensations and terrible internal pains slowly abated. My sight returned (though imperfectly), and while sitting up to sip at some brandy which Edward had steadily given us all from the commencement (the only medicine he possessed except quinine)

I grew rapidly better after this. The children, I was informed, were out of danger, and when another beautiful morning dawned over our Himalayan home I was well enough to go into the veranda and hear the whole story.

Edward looked and felt deeply remorseful. It was quite true that the poor goat-boy was dead. That he had died of some deadly poison was clear to my husband and to the servants when they examined him. And when poor Jinny-goat was at last found in the jungle, also dead, and swollen to a terrible size, with a livid blue mark on her udder, the whole thing was explained.

She had been bitten by a cobra in her stable. The dread reptile was searched for, found, and killed. The goat-boy had always been fond of a drink of milk on the sly, and he had, no doubt, swallowed the first lot milked,



"POOR JINNY-GOAT WAS AT LAST FOUND IN THE JUNGLE."

I saw Captain St. John stagger into the veranda, looking quite fifty years old, and his tie and hair anyhow. Leaning against a pillar he turned his white face towards the Great Snows as if to breathe some of that pure air into his lungs.

Soon after two servants came up and talked to him, and he called my husband out in excited though weak tones. I just caught the words, "*Bitten by a cobra.*"

thereby receiving the worst of the poison into his system. What we drank was, I suppose, more diluted poison, and so we escaped, after going very near the "Borderland."

The poor goat-boy's grave was dug in a lovely spot on the mountain-side, and whenever I wanted, after that, to feel thankful for my many blessings, I would take a child by the hand and go and lay flowers there.

# A Scramble on the Wellenkuppe.

BY ERNEST ELLIOT STOCK.

In this paper Mr. Ernest Stock tells how he ascended a mountain which he can strongly recommend to this season's climbers in the "Playground of Europe." The Wellenkuppe provides the mountaineer with two or three excellent rock-ridges, a good share of snow work, and plenty of variety.



HE "rack-and-pinion" railway brought its weary freight up the valley of the Visp into Zermatt, in very doubtful climbing weather, and the pessimistic opinions ament its staying powers I had picked up at Randa from an old friend and guide did not tend to enliven the remainder of my journey from London. But Alois Biner's broad grin met me on the Zermatt platform, and from that and his more optimistic views I took some comfort.

"It will ged bedder, sir; it vill mend," was his morning assurance. But for three days it poured heavens hard, and my old ally in joy and sorrow, the Matterhorn—who usually did little more than veil his head at this season (late June)—had wrapped himself about in a dense white mist, and refused to emerge at any price.

To a poor wight with limited holiday time this was distinctly depressing; the more so, indeed, as on the third soaking day another despondent Englishman, sick of the weather, and expressing his intention of making for the Säas peaks, had borrowed Alois for the crossing of the Allalin Pass. However, Alois's brother Peter was by the luckiest chance available, and, as none of the snow-peaks would go, we started off together one morning, in a sullen downpour, for a little scrambling on the Kiffelhorn.

I had heard in the previous year that the Matterhorn chimney on this modest little crag was a good stiff climb, and would well repay even an unsuccessful candidate's attention. We took 150ft. of rope with us, Peter's plan being that he should remain securely anchored on

the summit, and that I should do all the work on the fly and fishing-line principle. As I had come out to climb I was well content, so left Peter, with pipe in full blast, at the mouth. It was no end of a chimney, and fully upheld its reputation. One or two of the pitches required the most careful negotiation, and the more so as the whole climb had evidently just retired from business as a waterfall. However, with mighty tug and tussle the chimney gave in, and I sat at last just above the Gorner glacier taking in the view. The Matterhorn had dropped his shroud, I was delighted to see—a sure sign of better things; so after a short rest I went for that chimney again.

Continuous shouting to Peter, far above and well out of sight, to haul in the slack rope met with no



PETER AND ALOIS BINER,  
MR. STOCK'S FAVOURITE GUIDES.  
*From a Photo.*



*From a*

LOOKING UP THE ZERMATT VALLEY.

*[Photo.*

response, and I had perforce to negotiate that ticklish climb again with a gradually lengthening loop dangling gracefully behind, and at imminent risk of being flicked from hand and foot hold by the belaying of this loop round some misguided projection below.

But with luck and care all went well, and taking a slightly different route close to the summit, I badly scared Peter with a few well-trimmed remarks from behind. The struggle with the chimney had needed full attention from mind and body, so that it was an agreeable surprise, on emerging torn and blown, to find the rain stopped and the wind veering to a good climbing quarter. The Wellenkuppe stood first upon the programme, and with such a rosy prospect as to weather we felt we could safely put this down for the morrow, and so discussed the necessary details as we trotted gaily down to Zermatt.

Our work had now begun in earnest, and consequently I missed Alois badly. He had

always proved a sound guide and a cheerful companion, but the necessity for a second man on such a climb as the Wellenkuppe made his loss the greater. His brother-in-law, Adolph Schaller, however, stepped into the gap, and on the following morning we started off up the Trift Valley, taking it easy, for the day was hot and—whisper it only!—a Sunday at that. The Zermatter is anything but a strict Sabbatarian, however, and after early Mass, at which the priests are very strict about attendance, he lays himself out for a loaf round or a mild and likewise surreptitious Bank-holiday. We had a good illustration of this latter as we pulled up at a cabaret on our way to the Trift hut. Dancing was in full swing, and the wine-cup flowed freely. I was asked to participate, but a German waltz in climbing boots was no more alluring than the partner provided; so as a palliative I was allowed to purchase two 50-centime bottles of villainous red wine for four francs, and was glad to have been let off so cheaply.

We reached the Trift hut about 5 p.m., and after a solid meal and a finely executed solo on the mouth-organ by Adolph I turned in for a few hours. Midnight, and Peter brought soup and highly-greased boots, and with these adjusted we resumed our sleepy tramp.

The Trift hut stands at the head of the valley and only just below the snow-line, so that our route soon left all apology for vegetation behind, and led us up on to the back of the moraine which separates the Gabelhorn and Trift glaciers. Up this we trudged in pitchy darkness, and as a result barked shins were the order of the night. Adolph's pride, the latest variety in Alpine lanterns, swung like a glow-worm ahead—when it did not come crashing down on the scree with him atop—but it might just as well have been folded up and in his pocket for all the help it afforded us.

We had been plodding slowly upward for some half an hour, slipping and stumbling on the ridge of this infernal moraine, and, I'm afraid, outvying one another in the perversion of our respective mother-tongues, when, hearing no clattering from Peter, who came last in the small procession, I turned, to find that he had disappeared altogether. In reply to our shouts a plaintive voice came up from below, and as we could not catch his remarks back we had to flounder, to finally find him sitting



THE AUTHOR (IN THE MIDDLE), WITH THE TWO GUIDES WHO ACCOMPANIED HIM ON THE CLIMB HEREIN DESCRIBED [Photo.]



From a)

ABOVE THE TRIFT HUT—"OUR ROUTE SOON LEFT ALL APOLOGY FOR VEGETATION BEHIND."

[Photo.

doubled up on a small rock and complaining, as did the polite schoolboy, of a bad pain "in the front of the back." I had only brandy with me, so dosed him with that, and then tried to find the cause of his collapse. Our patient naturally would have it that those two bottles of poison had done the business; but as both Adolph and myself had partaken this alleged cause could not be allowed. I have since known Peter in like strait, and am inclined to think he is a mild sufferer from "mal-de-montagne" at the start of the climbing season. It is a most uncomfortable ailment this, and though a short stayer, it knocks all the "sand" out of one and makes climbing for the time being almost an impossibility. It attacks different people very differently, though being similar in most cases to a mild form of gastric catarrh. The causes are various and according to the particular temperament of the unlucky one, but I imagine the rarefied atmosphere has most to do with the trouble. I have known several guides as subject to it as the greenest amateur, and can well remember how, whilst at school, a party of us were taken for a fortnight's revel among the Pennine Alps; and how, during the ascent of the Breithorn, out of eighteen boys, two masters, and six guides, only five boys, one master, and two guides saw the summit; the mortified

remainder having to retreat to the Theodule hut and there await the return of the victorious.

However, in the present case, the brandy did the business, and we shouldered our rucksacs and started slowly upward again. Half an hour's going brought us some distance up the Gabelhorn glacier, and practically to the foot of our climb. Here we called a halt and again gave Peter the option of returning. This he resolutely refused to do, so we proceeded to uncoil our 100ft. rope and make all fast. Adolph, of course, took the lead and started up the rocks of the east ridge, feeling his way slowly and carefully, for the night was still Stygian and our route ice-glazed. I followed, and Peter, with many a grunt and groan, brought up the rear. Three-quarters of an hour of fairly easy work brought us out on to the snow plateau, which gently slopes up to the north-east buttress of the main peak, and we hugged the outer edge of this till we again encountered the rock-ridge.

Peter had been flagging badly again, and as he came last I had to turn traction-engine far more often than I cared about; but he was sticking to work with Spartan pluck, and no more could be done for him at the moment. The ridge now set up at a much more acute angle, but the light had in the meantime improved, and we worked for an hour as quickly as

our drag-weight would allow. But one cannot climb on soup alone, and our stomachs began to clamour for something more solid, so we halted upon a sheltered little ledge of rock for a small and early breakfast. It was now between 3 and 4 a.m., and away out over the many-toothed Mischabel the eastern horizon had put on that amber-grey tint which heralds the sun. We felt at this stage, too, that we could well do

Away to the left our staid old neighbour the Rothorn, and still farther to the north the Weiss horn, still slumbered in their nightcaps of mist. Over our right shoulder peered the mighty Matterhorn, its north face still showing blue-grey where it was not hung with snow; but the cone of the summit had already caught the first rosy rays of light, the result being one of the most lovely pieces of tint-effect I have ever seen.



THIS PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS THE OSTER-GABELHORN AND THE WELLENKUPPE HALF HIDDEN BY CLOUDS.

with a little of his benign presence, for, despite our hard work, we were in such a frozen state that it became a matter of labour to open a sardine-tin or draw a cork. The meal, however, restored our circulation, and seemed to make a new man of poor old Peter. Till now he had muffled himself almost to the eyes, leaving only a small section of a yellow and woe-begone face as an index to his feelings.

We sat just under the top of the buttress, and rather more than three-quarters of the way to the actual summit, which loomed above us like a long line of silver in the half light, fully testifying to its name "The Wave Crest" (Wellenkuppe).

But the *blasé* and Nature-satiated Adolph was up and eager to be away, so we bundled the battered remains of our repast into the rucksacs, took pot-shots with the empties at the ridge below in true Cockney style, and started out upon the last stage of the scramble. The top of the buttress was soon reached, and we came upon what was to me a distinct surprise. Before us stretched a fine little saw-edge arête, connecting the buttress-top with the face of the main peak, and which gave us a grand ten minutes' clamber. Once across this my camera came out of the sac, and I proceeded to desecrate our magnificent surroundings with a snap-shot or two. Adolph,

with his usual restless activity, had already started some 30ft. up the face and was, therefore, called upon to look as picturesque as possible. His interpretation of the request was to strike an approved studio attitude, despite the fact that the ledge he was perched upon could not have been more than 4in. broad. This would not do at all with such a background, so a heated argument ended with my subject in a squatting attitude, from which no blandishments would entice him. Hence the accompanying photo.

The last piece of rock-face was the stiffest part of the whole climb, but up it Adolph, always at his best on rock, led at a great pace, and less than an hour's work, during which little could be heard but our laboured breathing and the scratching and scraping of bootnail and iceaxe, brought us out upon the gentle snow-slope that leads to the summit—roughly 13,000ft. above the sea, and the first mortals to tread its snows that year. With our work behind us we felt we could afford a long rest, and this we took in company with the view and a bottle of an extra special brand—not mountain-dew—which we had nursed with frugal care, despite many temptations, for the occasion.

Peter had almost entirely shaken off the effects of his trouble, and had been worrying to lead up the last few hundred feet, but he had been sternly suppressed. He now broke out again, however—this time into jödeling, balancing himself almost on the top of the icercornice that forms the summit. We were a merry little party that early morning, with our few troubles well behind us, and the comfortable feeling of no more "collar-work" in front, so that it seemed a pity to have to break it up, but

the thin air, despite a brilliant sun, began to nip uncomfortably. Therefore we stuck our orphan bottle upside down as a modest landmark for the next party, and, with a last look round over our gorgeous surroundings, turned our faces to the

valley again. With Peter fit we were able to move very rapidly, and made our descent by the same route to the glacier in almost record time. During this only one slight accident occurred, and that to the photographs. We were making a running glissade of the snow-slope below the eastern buttress, pounding down at a great pace, with myself in the rear. I checked myself

a moment to recover my balance and was dragged off my feet, to be sent rolling over and over down the slope, till brought up short by the rope. Now, on my back was a rüksac, and in that sac the camera, so that it does not need a powerful imagination to gauge my feelings, mostly in the region of the spine, and the state of that camera. Of course, when unearthed, the latter was a hopelessly battered relic, and though I was able later on to get results from some of the plates, this little contretemps must stand as an apology for their insufficiency.

The Wellenkuppe is certainly a great climb; not from the point of view of exceeding height or difficulty, but from that of engaging variety. One has on it two or three splendid rock-ridges, and interspersed with them some good snow work; the climber misses, too, the seemingly interminable, soul-cloying grind to the foot of the actual climb which is experienced with so many of the best peaks. It will, therefore, I am sure, recommend itself to those who have not yet tackled its fascinating ridges.



ADOLPH POSES FOR HIS PORTRAIT — "THE LEDGE HE WAS PERCHED UPON COULD NOT HAVE BEEN MORE THAN 4IN. BROAD."

*From a Photo.*



ON THE ROCKS OF THE EAST FACE—"THE STIFFEST PART OF THE WHOLE CLIMB."

*From a Photo.*



# WHAT HAPPENED IN SHWEBO.



BY MRS. AMÉ E. WOOD.

This lady, whose husband was Commissariat and Transport Officer at the Upper Burma station of Shwebo, went for a walk alone one morning and narrowly escaped a very terrible fate. The incident of the waiting vultures and the rescue by means of a cart-wheel are unusually curious.



WHEN I said "Yes," and consented to sail for India on my wedding-day, many were the expressions of alarm and dismay on the part of my friends at home, and many were the petitions offered up for my protection from the "perils of the sea" while on the voyage out. Few, however—least of all myself—had any fear of danger from such a common, everyday element as mud. Yet, strange as it may seem, I came most horribly near to losing my life in that uninteresting substance.

The eventual words were said, and I duly set sail from Southampton in one of the large Government troopers, accompanied by my husband and my two step-daughters. Bombay was reached in due course, after a most delightful voyage. It was my first experience of the East, and I was enchanted; some of the scenes were like fairyland. The crowded bazaars, with their overflowing fruit-stalls, curious pottery, quaint costumes, and gorgeous colouring, together with the strange jargon of tongues, types of features, queer conveyances, etc., all had an indescribable charm.

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Our destination was Shwebo, in Upper Burma, but before proceeding there my husband had been temporarily posted to Secunderabad, in which place we stayed for a few months. Here my rambles abroad rather surprised and shocked some of the good people of the place. I invariably walked, frequently alone, where others would not dream of going unless mounted or in company. I was very fond of poking about in queer places, though often warned that I would poke somewhere, perhaps once too often. The only things I feared were snakes, of which there were plenty, some of them very deadly, in the long grass and among the rocks. Still, armed with a stout stick I went everywhere and thoroughly enjoyed my daily walks.

At last the time came for our departure from Secunderabad. I had made many friends there and left the place reluctantly, but fresh places were to be seen and a long journey was before us, and my regrets were soon swallowed up in the anticipation of beholding fresh countries, fresh races, and new scenes, and so, just as the Indian summer was beginning and the heat growing unbearable, I found myself on the

move again. The journey by rail to Madras was purgatory. I know many Europeans have to do this journey continually in all seasons, but it is purgatory all the same. The heat was positively cruel in spite of a sumptuously-appointed first-class carriage, with Kus - Kus windows to cool the air; but worst of all was the dust, black as coal, which penetrated everywhere and covered everything. When I awoke in the morning I did not know myself, I was so black.

After a short stay in Madras we embarked for Rangoon and proceeded thence by rail to Shwebo. It was dark when we arrived at our destination. Most of the country we had passed through was interesting and pretty; parts being exceedingly



MRS. AMÉ E. WOOD, WHO RELATES THIS STORY OF HER NARROW ESCAPE.

*From a Photo. by Raja Deen Doyal, Secunderabad.*

the jungle in some dense. The interest

appeared to me, but towards the horizon

tures before the railway had reached thus far. I was foolishly expecting to find Shwebo a flourishing place, somewhat less perhaps, but still something on the lines of Bombay, Secunderabad, Madras, or Rangoon. My husband, however, had frequently told me that the place was quite on the borders of civilization—entirely unlike any of the places I had seen, and that I should be disappointed in it. But somehow or other I had formed the opinion in my own mind that it must be beautiful, and, therefore, I was awake very early the morning after our arrival to get a first glimpse of the place. I sat at the window before it was light trying to make something out of the brown mist, as it when the sun crept up and daylight suddenly



*From a Photo. by* MRS. WOOD'S COSY BUNGALOW. THE AUTHORESS IS SEEN IN THE FOREGROUND. [Lewonski, Mandalay.

was heightened by my husband's reminiscences of places we passed, where during the Burmese War he had had many exciting adven-

appeared I fairly cried with disappointment. There was nothing to be seen but a barren waste of sun-dried grass. And a more dreary

or dismal outlook could not be imagined. Well, that was just my first impression of the place. Afterwards I came to like it, but that was before I met with the unpleasant experience I am about to narrate.

We soon settled down and made friends, with the readiness of exiles in distant lands. A wing of the Royal Irish Fusiliers was stationed there, and jolly fellows they were; their hospitality and free entertainments were the saving of the place. My husband, being the commissariat and transport officer of the station, had command of several troops of transport mules, manned chiefly by Punjabees, Sikhs, and Pathans; and it is due to some of these that my life was saved and this narrative came to be written.

For some months after my arrival at Shwebo I contented myself with riding or driving about the country accompanied either by my husband or step-daughters, making it a rule to be out somewhere every morning from about five till nine o'clock.

My husband's duty took him a mile or two away every morning to some gardens where vegetables for the European troops were grown, and then back to the transport lines for morning stables. In this round I sometimes accompanied him, but more often went for a gallop with the girls.

Shwebo is said to have been in ancient times a great gold-producing place, and, indeed, quite recently the Government of Burma have reported the finding of gold in paying quantities in the Wunthoo district adjacent to Shwebo; and even now natives may be seen washing the soil for gold. Here and there are remains of large excavations many centuries old, and in these are spots of bog-like quicksand, the surface of which is not distinguishable in any way from the surrounding soil. The uniform appearance is that of sun-baked mud, generally covered with a fine coating of white sand driven about by the fierce summer blasts and sandstorms. Some of these excavations or channels present the appearance of earthquakes running an irregular course of some miles, and then ending abruptly or finishing off in a delta of smaller channels and crevasses. Centuries of wind and rain have undoubtedly altered these excavations very greatly, filling them up in some places and extending them in others. During the heavy rains they are torrents of running water, but become dry again in a

few hours, the water soaking away in a very mysterious manner. I had frequently ridden and walked the whole length of most of these places, prying about for mementos in the shape of pieces of petrified wood, feathers, strange flowers, etc. Up to this time I had never heard of the quicksands, so of course I knew of nothing to fear.

After morning stables and the duties for the day had been told off the whole of the spare mules in the lines were turned loose to graze, patrols of mounted attendants keeping always on the outskirts of the drove of 200 or 300 animals to keep them from straying too far. It was great fun to see them when first released from their piqueting lines careering over the plain, rearing and kicking like mad things in their delight at being free of halter, heel-ropes, or hobble. They would soon settle down to their grazing, and were ready enough when the



"MY ATTENTION WAS ATTRACTED BY SOME FRESH OPENINGS WHICH I DID NOT REMEMBER HAVING SEEN BEFORE."

time came to return to their stables and the evening feed. On two or three occasions one of the animals had failed to return, and in spite of search parties, continued day after day, were never found. The patrols were confident that none of the animals had strayed beyond them, yet they had totally disappeared, but where to was a mystery. How near I was to following them and how mysterious would have been my

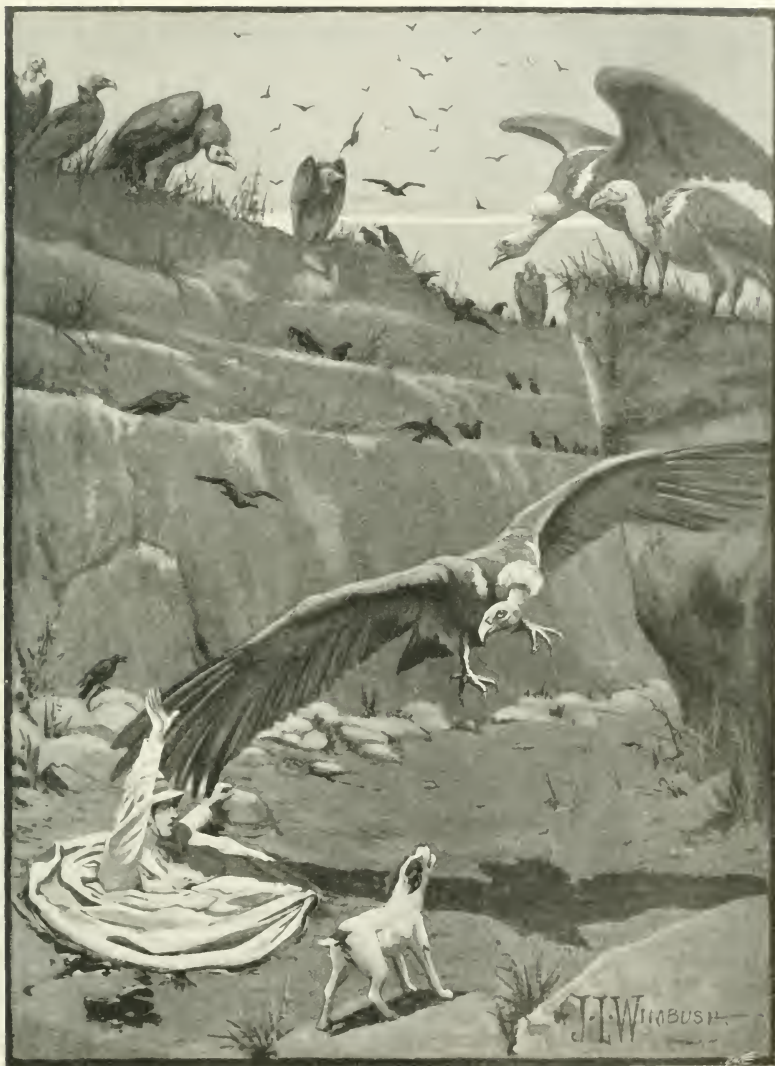
disappearance also makes me even now shudder to think.

One morning, after a very hot, sultry night, during which I had scarcely slept, I arose with the determination of going for a brisk walk before the sun got up. My husband was asleep on a charpoy in the veranda, so I did not disturb him, but slipped quietly out of the house, loosed my dog, a young terrier, and then together we struck away across the plain before it was dawn, no one knowing in which direction I had gone. I shaped my course along by the main nullah, which passed our house only a few hundred yards away, intending to cross presently when it got lighter, and walk over to the bank of a large lake about a mile and a half away on the other side, with the view of enjoying the cool breezes off the water while taking my constitutional along the bund or bank which formed the lake.

Descending the nullah, I had to walk some distance along the bed of it to find an easy opening for the ascent of the opposite bank. Presently my attention was attracted by some fresh openings which I did not remember having seen before. They were a succession of wedge-shaped crevasses branching off into several directions—deep indentations, running back for a distance of 30ft. or 40ft. from the bank and about 10ft. deep, evidently caused by the recent heavy rains. Curiosity made me scramble up into one of these cracks and explore them. I passed on from one branch to the other until brought to a halt at the end of one by an abrupt ledge, below which appeared another crack at right angles to the one I was following, but differing from all the others by having a level surface at the bottom. It was shaped somewhat like an oval saw pit, the floor being some  $3\frac{1}{2}$ ft. below the ledge I was standing on. I looked at it for some time, curiously wondering what could have caused it, and had thought out a little theory in my mind that perhaps it was an old shaft of a gold mine, where ages ago men had toiled and toiled for small quantities of gold. I had created a picture of busy bands ascending and descending until finally the quest had been given up in disgust, and the traces of their labour had been left to be obliterated by the wear of time. A strange feeling of sadness seemed to overpower me as I looked round. It was still very early; not a sound was to be heard. The grey banks above my head and the grey sky of the morning together looked dismal and dreary. Laughing aloud at my stupidity in working up such a fit of the blues over what after all was probably nothing more than an old saw-pit washed clean, I turned to continue my walk, and as I did so caught sight of a pretty feather lying at the

bottom. "I will take that with me, any way," I remarked, and, putting my hand to the ground, I vaulted down into the pit.

The moment my feet touched the sandy bottom the surface cracked like an egg-shell, and I was at once knee-deep in some horrible composition the like of which I had never seen before. I secured the feather, however, and stuck it in the pugaree of my solar topee, thinking, "I shall need both hands to scramble up out of this mess." In jumping down I had sprung well out from the bank, which I could now just reach with my finger-tips, but not sufficiently well to get any grip of it. I tried to step nearer to it, when to my horror I found I could not move either of my feet. I tugged and pulled with all my might, almost dislocating my knees and ankles in my frenzied endeavours to free myself, while my dog, who had jumped down immediately after me, was tearing at my skirt in his endeavour to drag himself out. I was by this time embedded to quite one third of my height, and the whole horror of the situation suddenly dawned upon me. Then I think I fainted, but instinct must have kept me from entirely collapsing, as I did not fall, and my left arm remained rigidly stretched out to the bank, into which my finger-nails had embedded themselves. When I regained consciousness I found myself engulfed almost to the hips, and oozing up all round me was a thick, viscid, black substance, a sort of sand-mud, crumbly, yet clinging with a glue-like tenacity. All this time my dog was still tearing at my clothing. I managed to reach over, and with difficulty released him, picked him up, and threw him on to the bank, where he set up a continuous barking. I tried to send him home, thinking that he might thus raise an alarm, but he had not been trained, and only continued to yap and bark; this reminded me that it was time I began to raise an alarm myself, and I added my screams to his yelps till the place echoed again. But as soon as the echoes had died away down the canyon all was still as death again, and despair seemed to grasp my heart as I noticed that I was still sinking—still sinking—slowly—slowly—but, oh, so surely, being sucked down as it seemed into the very bowels of the earth. The sun had risen, and its rays were just reaching me over the shoulders of the pit. I calculated how long I had been there, and how much longer at the rate I was sinking it would take to swallow me up. I was now over my waist in the ooze, and calculated that in another hour I should be past help. I dared not think of the torture of the gradual suffocation, but the horror of my situation soon seized me again and I struggled and screamed again and again until



"PRESENTLY ONE VULTURE IN ALIGHTING ACTUALLY STRUCK ME  
WITH ITS WING."

(SEE PAGE 342.)

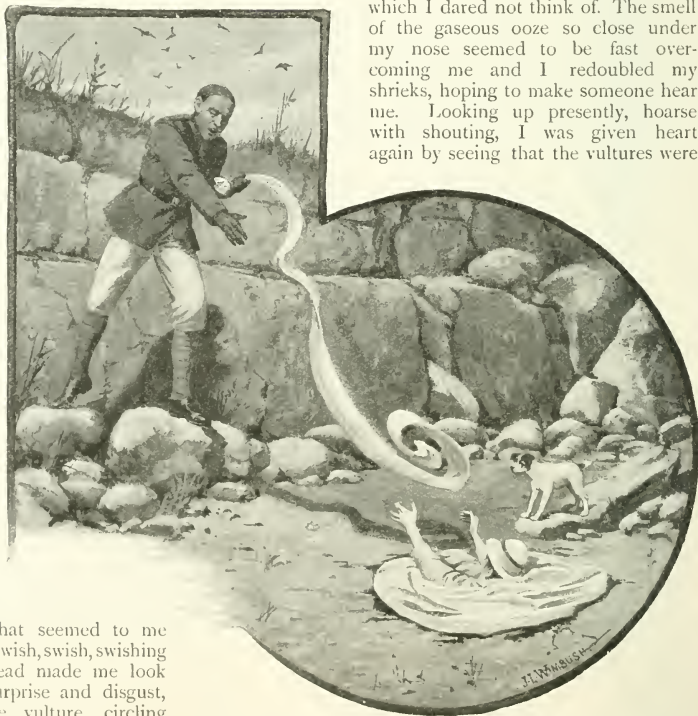
I was utterly exhausted—only to find that I was deeper and yet deeper in the mire.

When my feet first struck the surface of the quicksand the skirt of my dress (a white drill costume) had floated out, and I noticed that the greater part of it was still on the surface, but was now beginning to be dragged down at the waist. The idea suddenly struck me that by spreading it out wider all round me it would arrest my continued sinking for a time at least, and now with me time was everything. I knew that if I could hold out till ten o'clock I should have a chance of rescue, as by about that time the transport mules would be turned loose and some of the attendants would come that way sufficiently near to hear my cries. The fierce sun was now shining right on to me, and I never before imagined that old Sol had such power, so early in the morning, at any rate. My readers can imagine, perhaps, how I suffered as the weight of the heat fell upon my head and shoulders, held as I was as though in a vice, with my muscles numbed and paralyzed.

It is strange how at such times of imminent peril one's attention is attracted by trivial things. A red-headed lizard ran up the bank, lifted itself up and looked at me, and then darted off. A butterfly flitted across and settled on the edge of my now spread-out skirt. How I envied it its liberty. An old crow hopped up to the edge of the bank, cocked his head in evident surprise, and cawed; then another came and looked on intently for what seemed to me hours. Presently a swish, swish, swishing sound over my head made me look up, when, to my surprise and disgust, I beheld a huge vulture circling round and round, coming closer and

closer at each circle, till it finally alighted on the bank just above me. Then another and another came and waited around, until at length the bank was crowded with them. I was interested in these hideous birds, and wondered why they came. I could see their horrible eyes fixed on me. I noted that some were very mangy and that one was quite bald-headed. Presently one in alighting actually struck me with its wing; then it flashed across my mind that they were already looking on me as carrion, and would assuredly attack me if I should lose consciousness again. The very thought made me scream in an agony of dread. Meanwhile, my dog was choking itself in its rage against the birds which he could not get near.

I was not sinking nearly so fast now; the skirt was certainly holding me up, but I was embedded right up to my arm-pits. The clamour raised by myself and the dog had the effect of scaring the horrid monsters away; they soared aloft, wheeling round and round high up in the air, waiting, waiting for that which I dared not think of. The smell of the gaseous ooze so close under my nose seemed to be fast overcoming me and I redoubled my shrieks, hoping to make someone hear me. Looking up presently, hoarse with shouting, I was given heart again by seeing that the vultures were



"HE SNATCHED OFF HIS LONG TURBAN AND THREW IT AT ME, RETAINING ONE END HIMSELF."

disappearing, from which I concluded that help must be approaching and that the birds were accordingly making off in search of prey elsewhere. Presently I could hear the thud of galloping hoofs in the distance, and concentrating all my strength I gave voice to cry after cry for help, which was shortly responded to, and a few minutes later a black face peeped over the bank above me. The look of startled astonishment on the face as it caught sight of me, buried almost to the neck, with my arms held up and

men. The photo. was afterwards taken with myself in their midst, and with my husband and the transport conductor.

The lifting of me out of the quicksand was no easy matter. Pulling only threatened to dislocate my joints, so a cart-wheel was brought, which, after being well secured all round by long ropes, was pushed down into the mire until it was beneath me, and then, by the united effort of a dozen or more men, I was slowly raised to solid ground.



THESE ARE THE MEN OF THE TRANSPORT TROOP WHO EFFECTED MR. WOODS' RESCUE. THE AUTHOR (IN THE MIDDLE), WITH HER HUSBAND (TO THE RIGHT), IS SEEN IN THE MIDDLE. (Lecsonski, Manda)

what was left exposed of my skirt bunched around my neck like a magnified Elizabethan ruffe, was too comical for anything, and I burst into a fit of hysterical laughter. How sweetly human the face looked with its quizzical, astonished expression; but the owner of it had sense and rapidly applied it, for without making more ado he snatched off his long turban and threw it at me, retaining one end himself. The turban uncoiled as it fell and I grasped it with both hands.

There does not remain much more to tell. The alarm was rapidly raised, and soon a swarm of dusky faces were gathered around me. The muleteers on grazing duty had first been attracted to the spot by seeing an unusual number of vultures soaring upwards, and then, as they approached, they had heard my screams. The troop which effected my rescue, as will be seen from the photograph, are a splendid lot of

My husband on reaching home from stables that morning, finding I had not returned, concluded I had stayed to breakfast with some friends in Shwebo town, some three miles away: so getting the dog-cart ready, he drove there to fetch me.

Not finding me there, however, he was returning home in great perplexity, when as he neared our bungalow he was horrified to see me being brought in in state, an animated mass of baked mud.

Needless to say, I was well cured of my habit of exploring alone, and was glad a few months later to return home to Old England, having had quite adventure enough during my eighteen months' residence in India and Burma. But to the present day I feel a numbness in one leg, due to the straining of the tendons in my frantic endeavours to free myself from the grip of that awful quicksand.

# An Antarctic Adventure.

BY LOUIS BERNACCHI, F.R.G.S. (LATE MEMBER OF THE SCIENTIFIC STAFF OF THE NEWNES' ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION UNDER MR. C. E. BORCHGREVINK).

The story of a sledge journey that failed; the entire party remaining "hung up" for six days and nights on a precarious perch a few feet wide. Considering that these men were the first human beings to set foot on this terrible Southern Land, Mr. Bernacchi's descriptions are of peculiar value and interest.



On April 22nd, 1899, a sledge-party set out from the winter quarters of the Newnes' Antarctic Expedition at Cape Adare, in latitude 71deg. 18min. south. The object of the journey was to explore the shores of Robertson Bay. It, however, failed in its object, and very nearly terminated in grave disaster.

The party consisted of Mr. C. E. Borchgrevink, Mr. Fougner, one of the Finns, and myself, and we took with us three sledges and twenty dogs, together with provisions, etc., for twenty days and a small collapsible canvas boat.

On setting out in the morning the temperature was a few degrees above zero and the barometer falling rapidly, with sinister warning of an approaching storm. We went along well for the first two hours; the ice was fairly strong, but getting thinner as we advanced. Towards 3 p.m. it commenced to get dark. The ice, too, became so thin that it would scarcely bear the weight of the sledges, and it was impossible to make further progress. Many patches of open water were visible in advance of us; and right down in the bottom of the bay a low, dark cloud indicated that there was

no ice there at all. This cloud was visible from the camp in the morning.

We now began to search for a camping spot along the shore under the cliffs, but the ice there was so rotten and thin that it would not bear our weight. At this juncture, with open water

ahead of us, and therefore no possibility of attaining the object of our journey, coupled with the rotten state of the ice, of course immediate return would have been the correct thing, as we had ample time before the subsequent gale arose. The commander suggested we should go out to sea, but I thought it advisable to make every attempt to land on the shore, for if we went out to sea and a gale arose we would inevitably have been lost. We had frequently had examples of how rapidly the ice could be dispersed during a heavy blow from the E.S.E. So I went in search of a landing-place,



THE AUTHOR, MR. LOUIS BERNACCHI, IN THE COSTUME HE WORE IN THE ANTARCTIC. [Photo.]

and after some difficulty managed to reach the shore across some very insecure ice, and found a small hollow close to the water where a tent could be pitched. This hollow was at the foot of a talus slope, formed by the disintegration of rocks from the cliff above, which rose up perpendicularly to a height of



nearly 600ft. This talus slope was about 50ft. high, covered with drift snow and ice from the spray of the waves, and it sloped up from the edge of the water to the face of the cliff, at an angle of nearly 60deg.

On the top of the slope was a narrow concave ledge, formed of snow, and averaging from 1ft. to 4ft. in width; this place, in the event of danger from the sea, would form a temporary place of refuge. It was decided to camp in this precarious spot.

Getting the dogs and sledges to the spot was no easy task, and we ran some danger of losing the latter and their contents, for the ice was so thin that it bent and broke underneath the sledges as they passed along. One or two of the dogs also broke through into the water. However, we succeeded at last in getting everything ashore and pitching our tent.

The sunset that night was a ruddy splendour of light, magnificent and wild. Watches were kept throughout the night of three hours each. I was turned out at 2.30 a.m. to take the third watch. The gale had already commenced. The night was densely dark and there was something ominous about the aspect of the sky. The frail silk tent began to flap in the darkness as the gale gradually increased. We were, for the time being, partly sheltered by the lofty cliffs, but the furious noise of the wind could be heard outside. Suddenly, a terrible roar like the sound of artillery made itself audible above the wind, and the echoes rolled up among the rocks of the cliffs. Roar after roar succeeded each other in a way that may with perfect truth be termed appalling. It was the pack breaking up!

Black shadows appeared and quickly disappeared in the darkness like phantoms. These were patches of water opening and closing, as the ice broke up. The great darkness, the noise of the wind, the thunderous roar of the

pack, and the weird shadows constituted a scene of awful grandeur. How infinitely small and impotent one felt before those sovereign forces of Nature!

At 5.30 a.m. I awoke the commander for his watch and turned into a sleeping-bag. At that time the wind was increasing, and the sea had already commenced to break on the shore. At about 7.30 a.m. we were hurriedly awakened in order to save ourselves and our equipment, but it had been left until rather late. We



A SLEDGE PACKED READY FOR A JOURNEY.  
From a Photo.



LIEUT. COLBECK, R.N.R., AND MR. HUGH EVANS, TWO OTHER OFFICERS OF THE EXPEDITION.  
From a Photo.

had only just crawled out of the tent when three huge seas followed each other in quick succession, striking one sledge and dashing the white foam over the tent.

We worked below for our lives, and succeeded in taking down the tent and putting it and the sleeping-bags upon the lightest sledge, which was then pulled up out of reach of the sea. We next set to work to save the provision-sledge, but this was a most arduous task, on account of its great weight; and it was only by inches that we moved it. The last thing to save was the collapsible boat. It had been washed off its sledge by the seas, and the Finn and I had to lift it on and make it fast, many seas dashing up and over us as we worked.

At last everything was safe and we were able to rest from our exertions; "rest," such as it was, in the bitter cold and drenching spray. The seas had carried away most of the dog food; also a changing box for our camera, with some photographic plates and all the provisions we had out for supper. "What a whirling and fearsome mass of Antarctic waters raged beneath

the stars shone forth brightly, and the light of the moon shot across the waters of the bay. It was decided to take watch that night, two and two, of six hours each. The Finn and I took the first, from 8 p.m. till 2 a.m. It was more like six months than six hours; no period has ever appeared so long or passed more wearily.

The Finn crawled underneath the rocks of the ledge, with his reindeer "pek" and half-a-dozen dogs for blankets, and promptly went to sleep during most of the time. Therefore I was left alone pacing up and down, hour after hour, on the narrow ledge, scarce 3ft. wide and only 30ft. long. It was bitterly cold, the temperature being about 10deg. Fahr., so one was compelled to tramp up and down to prevent freezing. Occasionally I would stop and rest upon a sledge for a few minutes, but

the bitter, penetrating cold soon caused me to jump up and commence the monotonous march again.

At about 11 p.m. the moon became visible over the edge of the cliff, and threw its pale rays upon it and the slope and tent; but soon it was obscured by clouds, and all was gloom again. It was

a weary vigilance, and I most heartily cursed the circumstances that had placed us in this predicament. I aroused the Finn at midnight, and kept him tramping about. He appeared to be very miserable and persistently asked me: "Hvad er klokken?" (What is the time?) At last our watch was at an end, and we awoke the other two and turned in ourselves.

The next day the gale was at an end, although it was still blowing fresh in the forenoon. By



PREPARING THE MORNING MEAL.

From a Photo.

us! No sign of ice; nothing but sheets of spray and the dull beating of the sea at the base of the slope. The fury of the blasts was at times fearful, and the spray dashed right up to the narrow ledge upon which we were standing. A huge mass of ice-blocks on the shore, to the left, partly sheltered us from the seas, but for which they would probably have reached the ledge and washed us off.

The storm continued all day, and it was only towards the late afternoon that the sullen skies began to clear. The sea still lashed the shore with angry thuds of passion, but the strength of the wind was gradually sinking. About 8 p.m. the sky cleared completely,



"IT SLOPED AT AN ANGLE OF NEARLY 60 DEG."—NOTICE THE BOAT BEING DRAGGED UP.

From a Photo.

going down upon the ice-blocks it was possible to see the camp at Cape Adare, and after waving some time a flag was hoisted there to let us know that we had been seen, but they were quite powerless to render us any assistance on account of the high wind. We were now completely cut off. Above us towered the perpendicular cliffs, and below was the sea, clear of ice: the aggravating part was, that we were in sight of the main camp.

Towards the afternoon the wind dropped almost to a calm, and Mr. Fougner requested permission to make an attempt to reach the huts by means of the small collapsible boat, but the request was refused. This was at 3 p.m. At 8 p.m. the commander desired Mr. Fougner and the Finn to set out for the camp in the boat. It was now dark, with a full moon occasionally breaking through the clouds. We launched the boat and placed a little food in a haversack in her, then the two got in, pushed her off, and rowed away rapidly into the darkness.

They had not been gone long when all at once an uncanny and portentous silence seemed to prevail; the lap of the waves on the shore was silenced. At that moment the clouds cleared momentarily before the moon, and we were astonished to see that the bay was full of slush-ice. I went down to look at it; it was of the consistency of porridge. We now thought of the boat and its occupants, knowing that if they had been caught in this ground-up ice with a frail canvas boat they would fare very badly indeed. I was in hopes they had succeeded in avoiding it, but the commander thought differently; and subsequent events proved him to be correct. We turned into our bags very early that night and slept soundly, notwithstanding our somewhat cramped position.

Next day I endeavoured to reach the camp by going along the shore. We cut steps in the



THE CAMP ON THE GREAT  
SNOW LEDGE.  
*From a Photo.*

ice-slopes for some 180ft., and I was then lowered over its edge at the end of a rope for a distance of about 70ft. Taking advantage of the low tide I started along the frozen shore, but did not get very far



"HOUR AFTER HOUR WE  
CONTINUED OUR WAY, FOLLOWING A JAGGED RIDGE  
OF ROUGH VOLCANIC  
*From a Photo.*

before being stopped by a small inlet running into the slope. This was awkward, for I could not return by the way I had come, as the tide had risen in the meantime. I was therefore compelled to return by the steep and slippery slope, which was a long and dangerous task. At night we were considerably disturbed by showers of small stones falling upon our tent. These stones from the cliff above only fell during the night when the temperature of the air fell to any great extent. The daily change in temperature caused the porous, volcanic rocks of the cliff to alternately expand and contract, and the rapid nocturnal contraction

produced such a superficial strain as to cause the surface to crack, peel off in irregular pieces, and fall. The débris at the foot of all these cliffs indicate how great is the disintegration due to changes of temperature.

Towards noon of the next day (26th April) we suddenly espied two men appear over the ice-slope to the north. They were soon recognised as Fougner and the Finn, and had the appearance of being thoroughly done up. On reaching camp Fougner, who was much fatigued,

related his adventures since leaving us on the evening of the 24th. They had, it appeared, rowed along the shore for about half an hour, when they were caught in the slush-ice, and had great difficulty in getting the boat to land, the ice pressing her on all sides and threatening to grind its way through her. On reaching the shore they, fortunately, secured a seal, the blubber of which provided them with fuel for a fire.

On the 25th they had endeavoured to reach us by cutting steps in the ice-slope round the shore, but only succeeded in cutting the steps half-way. Early next morning they continued their work and reached us about noon. They were both thoroughly worn out, having had no sleep during the whole period, and so, after having partaken of some warm soup, they crawled into our reindeer sleeping-bags and slept without a break for fifteen hours.

The 27th was another gloomy and miserable day. A gale from the south-east blew all the afternoon and night, and a terrific sea raged at the base of the slope, dashing the spray upon the tent, where it immediately froze. There was no sleep for anyone that night. We lay shivering in the tent, expecting every moment to be washed off the ledge into the sea.

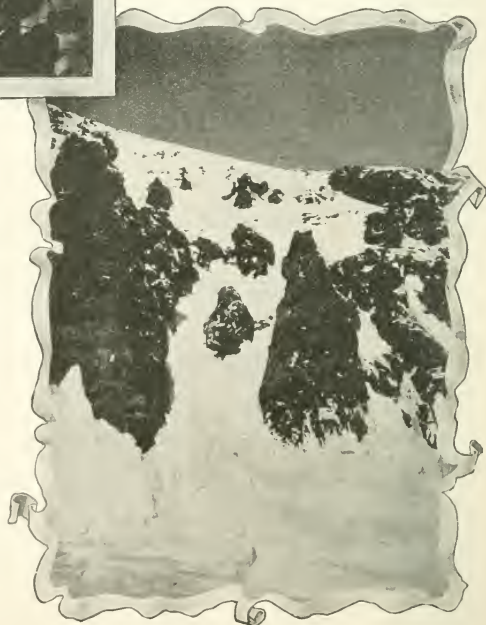
Next morning the weather had cleared somewhat, and it was decided to make an

attempt to scale the cliff from the place where Fougner and the Finn had camped on the 25th. Just before starting I cut my hand very severely whilst opening a tin, severing some muscles and reaching the bone. It was bound up as well as possible, but was a source of considerable inconvenience later in climbing the mountain, as only one hand could be used. We started along the slope in single file, the Finn going first and I last. The whole pack of dogs followed close on my heels and would frequently endeavour to rush past, with some danger to one's balance on the slippery incline.

The spot was reached in about two hours, and then the ascent of the almost perpendicular cliff commenced. It was a most perilous climb, and took about four hours to reach the top (600ft.). So steep was it that none of the dogs could follow us; one, however, nicknamed Bismarck, very bravely stuck to us for three parts of the way, and then somehow lost his equilibrium and was hurled down to his death on to the rocks below. On reaching the summit of the



"IT WAS DECIDED TO MAKE AN ATTEMPT TO SCALE THE CLIFF."  
*From a Photo.*



"IT WAS A MOST PERILOUS CLIMB, AND TOOK ABOUT FOUR HOURS TO REACH THE TOP (600FT.)."  
*From a Photo.*

precipice we had a few biscuits to eat, but nothing to drink. It was already dark when we struck out for the mountain top.

Slowly we wended our way up the steep side. We were compelled to go over it in order to reach Cape Adare.

It was a glorious night, but cold. Not a cloud in the sky; not a breath of wind. The stars shone forth in all their splendor; the Southern Cross overhead, the brilliant star Sirius flashing in the west, and the constellation of Orion low down on the horizon. Occasionally we rested and gazed on the strange and novel scene before us. A full moon in all its brilliancy lit up the bay, so that every feature in the weird and desolate landscape could be plainly distinguished.

work, good to hope, good to love—good to be even the smallest portion of the divine and splendid order of the Universe.

Hour after hour we continued our way, following a jagged ridge of rough volcanic rocks. The top seemed very far away, and we were very tired; 3,000ft., 4,000ft., 5,000ft., and yet we were still a few hundred feet from its summit.

A TYPICAL  
ANTARCTIC  
ICEBERG.  
*From a Photo.*



The solitude was immense, no sign of life anywhere; not a bird; not an insect; not a vestige of vegetation. An absolute sterility prevailed. One became strangely intoxicated with the silence and utter lack of life. Strange and solemn regions of the South Pole! For how many centuries has the same awful solitude existed and for how many centuries will it still continue?

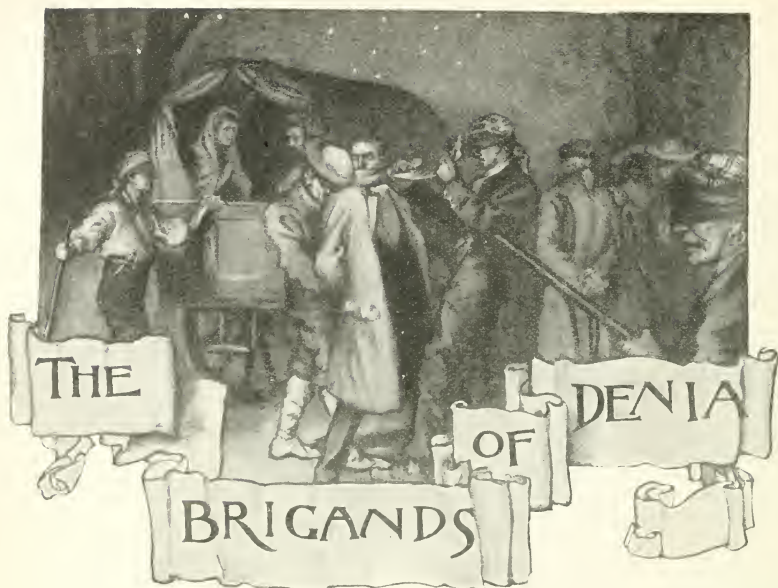


"THE SCENE WAS WONDERFUL AND MAGNIFICENT FROM ITS SAVAGE DESOLATION."  
*From a Photo.*

Away in the distance Mount Sabine, tipped with the silver rays of the moon, seemed the leviathan among that huge congregation of mountains.

The scene was wonderful and magnificent from its savage desolation. The deepest stillness prevailed—not even the slightest murmur rose from the ice below. All dangers, hardships, and annoyances were forgotten. It was such a night as to fill the heart like a holy chalice with the rich wine of joy and gratitude; when Nature wears her most serene and noble aspect; when it seems good to live, good to

On reaching the summit an icy wind blew on our faces; the temperature must have been below zero, and we suffered badly from thirst. The Finn, who appeared to suffer most, made an abominable concoction of pure spirit and jam, which he seemed to enjoy. In descending the commander and the Finn forged ahead and reached camp somewhat before us. Hanson, good fellow, met Fougner and me at the base of the mountain with a bottle of water. How delicious it tasted! How pleased we were to return to warmth and comfort, after our trying perch on a ledge for six long days and nights. The little hut that evening was a palace and our hard bunks beds of softest down.



BY MRS. M. A. TAYLOR.

At the time of this personal adventure Mrs. Taylor was on a visit to her husband's employer, a wealthy Englishman living near the small town of Denia, in the Spanish province of Valencia. The methods of the banditti who "held" the carriage and extorted money were amusingly and characteristically Spanish. A brigand—possibly; but always a "Caballero!"



T was during the unsettled times of 1868-71, when insurrection all over the country was the order of the day, that comparatively insignificant places such as Denia, in the Spanish province of Valencia, were, by the withdrawal of "Guardias Civiles" to the seat of disturbances, left in a most unprotected state, and consequently open to visits from "Los Caballeros de Honra," as the bandits call themselves.

I had been in very delicate health for some time, and was invited, for a change of air, to the country house of Mr. R—, my husband's employer—an Englishman who had been settled in Denia for many years. He was supposed to be very rich, and was the owner of much good land, principally vineyards for the production of Valencia raisins.

On the morning of the 18th of March, 1871, Mr. R— told his wife and myself that there was something very special at the theatre that night if we cared to go. We all three went accordingly, and very much enjoyed the operetta,

"Carmela." Mr. R—, on such occasions, made a rule of always leaving the theatre before the end of the play; so, of course, when his servant came to say that the "tartana" (Spanish carriage) was waiting we left the theatre at 10.30 p.m.

His country house was about three miles out of town. We went on all right until the carriage turned from the high road into my host's own grounds. Not very far from the house, however, the carriage came to a sudden stop: there was a rope tied across the roadway from tree to tree! The low, but very distinct, sound of "Alto!" (halt) gave us a great shock; and to our horror and dismay, when we came to look round, we found ourselves surrounded by masked men, fully armed with stilettoes, knives, etc., and with their muskets pointing towards our heads. I for one ducked my head down as low as possible, expecting every instant to hear the terrible order "Fuego!" (fire). But, no; they did not fire.

First of all, the coachman was ordered to descend from his seat. He was instantly

gagged and his arms tied behind him. The horse was then taken out of the carriage. Next, the carriage door was opened and we were ordered to deliver up any money or valuables or arms we might have about us. Mrs. R— wore jet ornaments only, but had on a gold watch. This, at my whispered suggestion, she detached from her jet chain. As she was about to hand the chain over to the bandits I took possession of the watch and dropped it into my stocking, where it remained till the next day, when I returned it to Mrs. R—. I also managed to conceal my purse—a small one—in the palm of my hand. These might have been found out; but, then, were they not “Caballeros”? They did not search, but took our word.

Mr. R— was then ordered to get out of the carriage. He was served like the coachman, and then we señoras were requested to have the “gracia” to descend; but, finding that apparently they did not mean to kill or injure us, I made an appeal to be allowed to stay in the carriage, for I told them I could not possibly walk in my state of health, which was quite true—especially after such a fright. Mrs. R— was speechless with fear, but I seemed presently to grow quite bold (the effect of the excitement, no doubt) and did all the talking, as I could speak the “Valenciano” *patois*.

While we were left guarded by our “masks” others marched off with Mr. R— and the coachman towards the house: and we two ladies were then left at the mercy of six or eight masked men. One of these stood on guard at the carriage door, and something in his appearance induced me to appeal to him for protection. I put my hand on his, and found it very hard, as if he had been used to other and harder work; so I said to him, “Amigo, this is not your usual calling, I feel convinced.” He at once silenced me by saying, “Señora, por Dios, do not let any of the band know that you have recognised me, or”—and he tapped his stiletto significantly—“they carry the ‘calladores’” (the silencers); meaning of course that I should be silenced for ever; but he added that I need have no fear, as no harm would happen to me. He would stand by me, he declared, which he did throughout the whole time the bandits remained with us. Money

from Mr. R— was what they wanted, and what they meant to have.

It is usual in Spain for some sign or word to be given when you wish to be admitted to your own or anybody else’s house after dusk. The brigands hurried Mr. R— and his coachman along to the house, and the latter was then compelled to use the pass-word, in his natural voice. The gardener, who occupied a cottage at the entrance of the gate, at once opened the door. He, too, was promptly gagged and his hands tied behind him. His wife and children, hearing a scuffle, came down stairs; but all were silenced by threats, and a guard left over them. The master then was made to knock and gain admittance into his own house, the gag being removed for the purpose. A servant-girl, who was waiting up, admitted him; and, to her horror, six or eight masked men walked in with him. She fainted at once, and was left to recover as best she might.

An English nurse, who could not speak a word of Spanish, and who was in charge of Mrs. R—’s two young children, just then heard something unusual, and looking over the corridor into the hall below, bravely called out in English: “What do you want? Go away.”

Poor girl! She was terrified for a moment; but when the men came upstairs in search of arms, money, or valuables (or anything they could pick up on the quiet—which they no doubt did, although the “Capitan” made a very formal speech about none of the band lowering themselves to steal, under pain of his displeasure and severe punishment if found out) she was very brave, and secured several valuable articles belonging to her mistress, which would otherwise have been taken away.

My little girl, who slept in the next room, awoke, and ran to the nurse for protection; for one of the “masks” was coolly helping himself to the contents of my jewel-drawers. A gold chain, a valuable locket, and other ornaments attached to the chain were taken.

While the ransack of the house was going on Mr. R— was sitting in an office, still gagged and with his hands tied behind him; while some of the brigands stood around him, threatening him if he did not produce or tell them where to find money, valuables, or arms. They were disappointed in their search for valuables, as these were kept at his town house.



THE AUTHORRESS, MRS. M. A. TAYLOR.  
From a Photo. by C. B. Sciutto, Genoa.



"ONE OF THE 'MASKS' WAS COOLLY HELPING HIMSELF TO THE CONTENTS OF MY JEWEL-DRAWERS."

The poor man must have been in great agony of mind, not knowing what had become of his wife or her visitor. We were left in the carriage in the lane for nearly two hours. I shall never forget the agony I endured in my suspense and anxiety. No doubt my companion suffered even more than I did, anxiously wondering what fate had befallen her husband and children.

We dared not speak, or ask any questions, until we suddenly remembered that Mrs. R—— had the keys in her pocket; and, in desperation, I told my friend with the rough hands of this fact, and again appealed to him to take us to the house; and when the remainder of the band, who had been posted as sentries lower down the lane, came up they consented to draw the carriage up to the house.

Arrived there, we were thankful to find that our fears were not realized, and that Mr. R—— was neither murdered nor taken away, nor our children or servants in the least molested.

Now followed a lot of "speechifying" and bargaining between the bandits and myself—for again I had to do all the talking, Mr. R—— being almost speechless with fear and dread, though now allowed to speak. He just now and again gave me a nod, to agree with what I was saying on his account.

I explained to the bandits how very unwise the attack on Mr. R—— had been, especially at that time of the year, when, had they taken the trouble to inquire, they could have ascertained that nearly all his money had been paid out in advance to the vine-growers and farmers. Again, I pointed out, surely they did not expect that he would keep any money by him, so far out of town, with the country in such a state? "Tiene razon la Señora" (the lady is right), said the brigands one to another.

Then they threatened to drag Mr. R—— to his town house; but I said I was surprised to hear them suggest such a thing. Surely they—"Los Caballeros"—must all be strangers to Denia if they did not know that Mr. R—— had two of the "Guardia Costas" (coast guards) in his pay, who kept a constant watch round his house and works. (This was only part of the guard's beat, but I did not tell the bandits so.) Furthermore, I pointed out they would only

throw themselves into danger by going near his town house. "Tiene razon la Señora"—"Si, Si." (Yes.)

Finally they agreed to accept a rather considerable sum of money (I forget the exact amount), which was to be sent to them before sunset the next day—or that day, rather, as it was now Sunday morning. The gardener was now brought in and sworn to carry out the following plan in every particular. The money agreed upon was to be taken by him along a certain road up the mountain, until he heard a whistle; then a white handkerchief would be waved, when he would know he was met by the right party, to whom he was to deliver the money as agreed.

We were, however, forbidden to speak of the affair to anybody for twenty-four hours after they had received the money, under pain of secret injury or death at their hands.

They then bade us a very gracious "Buenas



noches, Señores" (good night), and hoped the ladies would not feel any ill-effects from this—to them "very disagreeable" visit. At 2 a.m. they left the house.

Now, of the small colony of English who resided in Denia, several families were in the habit of visiting Mr. R—'s country house on Sunday evening, and they invariably stayed to tea. This day they came in full force, having heard that Mr. R— had been seen coming into the town on horseback early that morning, and that he had called on several friends—merchants like himself—to borrow sums of money. Now, this was such an English thing to do on Sunday; and, moreover, he would give no reason for his strange behaviour. Some thought he was crazy; others, that something was wrong at the house.

When these guests came we looked as we felt, careworn and miserable, for our messenger to the mountains had not yet returned. We were met with such questions from our visitors as, "How did you like 'Carmela' last night?" "Did you enjoy it?" "Had you a

pleasant drive home?" Also such expressions as, "How pale you are!" "How nervous you seem!" "We feared you were not well, as none of you attended service this morning." Our answers were very vague, and, to make matters worse, Mr. and Mrs. R— did not, with their usual liberality, invite our friends to tea. They all went back home, very much puzzled and not a little offended with us.

At about 7 p.m. the man came back from his errand to the bandits, and said that, as arranged, at the appointed place he heard the whistle, and saw two masked men approach, who waved a white handkerchief and motioned him aside under a wall. One of them spread his "manta" or cloak, and politely asked him to sit down and have a cigarette. He then handed over the bag containing the money.

The spokesman of the two then said he hoped the Señor R— had kept faith with them. He would not insult him by counting the money, as of course they were all "Caballeros" (gentlemen). He was to tell his master that he need not fear any more molestation from *that band*;

and he was also to present their compliments to the señoras.

When the twenty-four hours of restriction had passed the British Consul and other authorities were made acquainted with the whole transaction; but in the then state of the country nothing was done—nothing could be done, in fact—and we never received any compensation.

The bandit who was so kind to me, and who thought he

had been recognised by me, we found out had formerly been a workman in my husband's employ; and, having received some favour at his hands, this was his way of showing his gratitude.

In the autumn of that year we returned to England, and have never heard anything more of our "Night with the Bandits."



"AT THE APPOINTED PLACE HE HEARD THE WHISTLE, AND SAW TWO MASKED MEN."

# The Explorers of Elden Hole.

SOME CAVE ADVENTURES IN THE PEAK DISTRICT.

BY ERNEST A. BAKER, M.A., OF DERBY.

Mountaineers climb up while cave explorers climb down. Both pastimes are extremely fascinating to their followers. Mr. Baker in this narrative describes two descents of the well-known Peak Abyss, known as Elden Hole, and the photographs he provides will help the reader to realize the peculiar nature of the work

“**B**E you going up to see the Hole, gentlemen?” The question fell from the knot of quarrymen, the driver of a shaky four wheeler, and sundry other loiterers as we came shouldering our rucksacks across the bridge at Peak Forest Station, where the Derbyshire branch of the Midland Railway reaches its summit-level of nearly a thousand feet above the sea. Locally, at all events, we thought, Elden Hole has not fallen away from its old reputation, confirmed by centuries of county historians, as one of the far-famed wonders of the Peak. Gaping, black and cavernous, in the brow of a conspicuous hill, this strange, waterless fissure has, from the earliest times, puzzled beholders and begotten all sorts of myths. It was explored in 1873 by Mr. Rooke Pennington, author of “Barrows and Bone-Caves,” who wrote a brief account of what he had seen. But the narratives of the few earlier explorers are mainly a sensational mixture of fact and fancy that cannot now be separated.

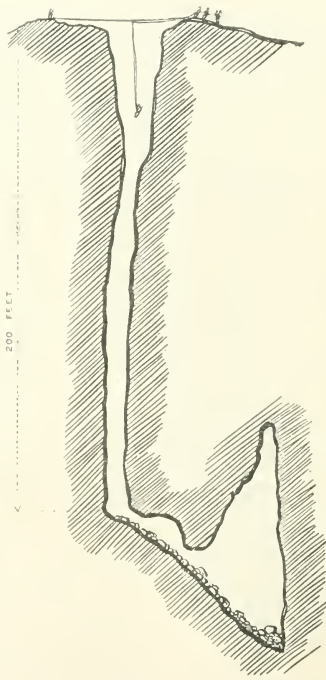
For our part we relied on Rooke Pennington’s statement that the Hole is 180ft. deep. As a matter of fact, it is 200ft. deep from the actual slope of the hill, while an inner cavern descends 56ft. lower.

Our object was not to investigate myths, but to see if the Hole could be descended by the ordinary methods used in rock-work. Rock-climbing above ground is a fascinating sport; to enjoy it below the surface and in semi-darkness would surely be to catch a rarer thrill at least so we argued.

A walk of four miles, half the way to Castleton, brought us to the spot. From afar the black mouth of the Hole is plainly visible — an oblong rift, whose extreme length and width we found to be 11 ft. and 18ft. respectively. For safety’s sake a wall encircles it, a wall which is said to have had countless predecessors, for the first impulse of a visitor is to select a large stone and send it thundering into the depths, with the result that the floor at the bottom is piled with the ruins of walls built and rebuilt for many a century back.

The steepness of the

DIAGRAMMATIC VERTICAL SECTION



SECTION OF ELDEN HOLE, SHOWING THE LOWER CAVERNS.

slope enhances the grandeur of this gateway to subterranean regions. On each side the bare walls descend sheer, with ferns and long grass, trailing masses of ivy, brambles and shrubs garlanding the rift. At the upper end there is a precipitous wall, with giant blocks of limestone jutting out as if a touch would hurl them headlong: but at the lower end the rocks are inclined somewhat, and we knew there would be excellent sport if we could make a way down such a staircase. We tossed for the privilege of descending as far as our rope would go, and the lot fell to a gentleman whose Norfolk suit had been much admired. With little help from us he climbed slowly to a sloping rock 70ft. down, called out that a few more feet of rope would enable him to see the bottom, and as that was not forthcoming, he returned hand over hand. As soon as he came near enough for us to see that his new clothes were a mass of black slime from top to bottom our feelings of envy were much modified.

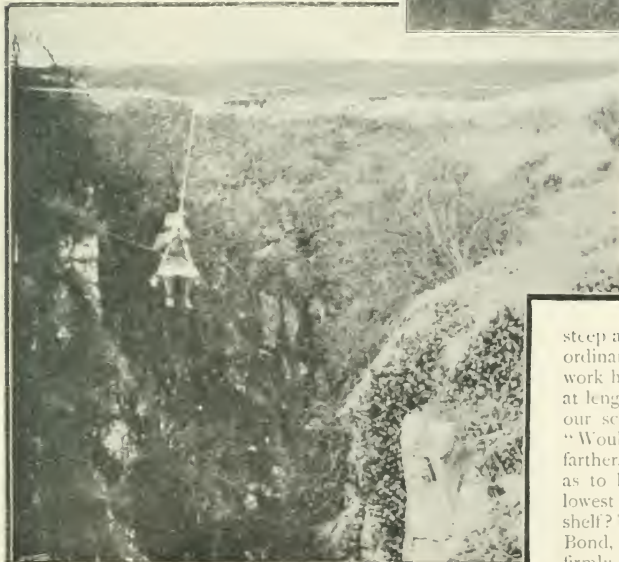
Six weeks later, in September, 1900, we were on the spot again with a party of seven experienced rock-climbers, and had with us about 400ft. of Alpine Club rope. The gentleman who had suffered so woefully on



SOME MEMBERS OF THE FIRST EXPEDITION, EARLY, 1900.  
*From a Photo. by J. C. G. J.*

the previous occasion, Mr. A. L. Bagley, was allowed the honour of leading the way, and I came next: the first three men having about 80ft. of rope between each. One man remained at the top all day. Moving cautiously,

one at a time, down the steep and slippery rocks, where the ordinary precautions used in crag-work had to be redoubled, we came at length to the sloping rock where our scout had previously stopped. "Would it be possible to climb farther," was now the question, "so as to let our men singly down the lowest pitch from a convenient shelf?" The third man, Mr. Henry Bond, and I braced ourselves as firmly as we could on a steep slab coated with slippery mud, whilst



MR. BAGLEY, THE FIRST MAN TO BE SEEN DOWN THE HOLE.  
*From a Photo. by F. Wightman.*

Bagley attempted to climb along the ledges of the side wall. Suddenly, with a shout, he slipped off, swung in under our slab, which proved to be overhanging, and pulled Bond, who fortunately had a grip on my rope, 4ft. from his moorings, before the party above us could check him: for a few minutes the tension was alarming. And now with muscles a-strain we let him down inch by inch into the shaft. When would he stop? we wondered anxiously, as the rope chafed through our burning hands and slipped over the edge out of sight. Hurrah!—at last he had alighted somewhere, and none too soon, for my rope was paid out all but a foot or two. Peering over the edge, while Bond steadied me, I caught a glimpse of Bagley perched in a niche 70ft. below our lodgment and 30ft. from the bottom. We shouted the information to our friends higher up, and awaited their directions for the next move.

Resting in this precarious situation we enjoyed a complete view of the high and rugged cliff that forms the upper end wall of the cavity. Black masses of limestone seem piled above each other in regular courses. I was now instructed to go and relieve Bagley. Letting myself go over the brink, now in mid-air, now grazing the slippery walls, I dropped to the level of our leading man, who reached out a hand to draw me into the niche. Then carefully changing places with him, for the niche was too small to accommodate more than one saint, I shouted to those above to hold tight while I let my companion down single handed. Now a longer pause occurred while the party overhead were evidently discussing the situation. The job had proved much harder than had been anticipated, and it was a vital question now whether the hauling party of four, who were in a position of jeopardy, were

capable of pulling a man up. They decided to test their powers by experiment, and word came for the man at the bottom to tie himself on, while I kept watch on the rope for fear of a hitch. Bagley was got up safely, but only with great expenditure of energy, and, this accomplished, they let me down the last pitch.

The bottom is an irregular oblong in shape, measuring 36ft. by 12ft.; the sloping floor is covered with broken rocks. It is a grim and gloomy spot, lighted by a very small patch of sky. Only parts of the great fissure extending skywards are visible, and all view of my comrades was cut off by overhanging ledges. On one side the floor falls away rapidly towards the mouth of a dark cave, which I resolved to explore while waiting for the next move of those above. Crawling under the low-browed portal, I found myself on a slope of 30deg. or 40deg., covered with stones



"MAKING CAUTIONS DOWN THE STEEP AND SLIPPERY ROCKS, WHERE THE OUTRIGGING PRECAUTIONS USED IN CRAG-WORK HAD TO BE REDOUBLED."  
From a Photo. by J. Craft.

of all sizes in a very unstable condition. The air was good and my candle burned brightly, but its light was too feeble to reveal the extent of the lofty chamber into which I emerged. Keeping near the left wall I crept down the slope, and in about 70ft. came to the farther wall of the cavern. A hole in the floor hard by seemed to point to an inner chamber; and fixing the candle between the stones I crawled in, but soon found there was not room for a human body to pass. Perhaps the hole is a mere water-sink, but it may possibly also be connected with unexplored cavities.

I now returned from the cave to the bottom of the Hole, just in time to see the lightest man of the party, Mr. F. Wightman, lowered over the last roof. He hardly touched the rocks anywhere, but with camera on his back came down, slowly spinning like a joint on a roasting-jack.



From a Drawing.] THE LOWER CAVERN, WHICH WAS SUPPOSED TO BE FULL OF WATER. [By F. Wightman.]

It now transpired that all hope had been abandoned of getting any more explorers down, the strain of pulling a man up roof, sheer being too much for the party, fixed as they were in an awkward and dangerous situation. While we prepared to photograph our strange surroundings they packed a Gladstone bag with electric lamps, paraffin, fireworks, and, most important of all, a supply of bottled drinks and sandwiches, which were badly needed, for several hours had elapsed since we left the surface of the earth. And disdaining squeamishness, with clothes wet with clay and mud, our hands, faces, and hair covered with dirt, and icy drops falling on us from the walls, we enjoyed a hasty lunch, and then proceeded into the cavern. So cold and humid was the atmosphere at the bottom of the Hole that the advent of a human body created a perceptible mist.

Our main object was to secure a view, but with only one man to hold the magnesium wire we spent a considerable time in the cave to little profit. There is not a flat spot in the place: in the

to span the opening of some mighty chancel: and beyond, the walls of the great chamber ascend into a dome, the apex of which is hidden in darkness, but cannot be much less than roof, high. We sent up a fire-balloon to a height of 50ft., but it failed to reveal the farthest recesses of this weird roof. Everywhere the walls are incrustated with a massy growth of

stalactites, some creamy-white, and sparkling with the reflections of our lamps; others brownish, fretted into a thousand wild shapes which the shifting light seems to harmonize into vague designs, recalling the chiselled walls and vaulting of a mighty cathedral. Water drips incessantly from the roof and trickles down the walls, but there is no spring or running water: though in one place, where we scrambled up a buttress at the side, we found the rocks waterworn as if by an intermittent stream.

It was after 5 p.m. when we made our exit from the cave. Just as we emerged into the subdued daylight a big stone came hurtling down the chasm, bursting right in front, and sending a fragment whizzing between us. What



"DISDAINING SQUEAMISHNESS, WITH CLOTHES WET WITH CLAY AND MUD, WE ENJOINED A HASTY LUNCH." [Photo.]

were our comrades doing? We shouted to be drawn up, but could not make out what they shouted in reply, and not till afterwards did we get an explanation of what was going on aloft. They had been amusing themselves with scrambling on the upper end-wall, and when they received our summons were not ready to go to the top and descend the farther wall to our assistance. About 6 p.m. they began climbing down to their old lodgment, but dusk deepened rapidly into night at nearly 100ft. from the surface; and to add to their difficulties the 400ft. of rope got into a hopeless tangle. Meanwhile our suspense was acute. Vainly we wondered what had taken place. Stones kept rattling down, but the length of the hole made it possible to run for shelter between the sound of the first crash and their arrival at the bottom. Our combustibles had filled the place with smoke, the sting of which half-blinded my companion. In an unlucky moment he put his hands into the bag, forgetting they were flavoured with paraffin. Thus the lunch was rendered uneatable, and the pangs of hunger were added to the discomforts of our cold and miserable dung-on.

Soon after seven o'clock, to our great relief, a shout came for Wightman, who being light was hauled up without serious difficulty, and I drew the rope back by means of a string attached to the end. Then the Gladstone bag and a rucksack were tied on and sent up, whilst I paid out the twine watchfully for fear of losing the rope. All at once I felt the string break, and somewhere up in the darkness the bags sounded as if they were jammed. Here was I with the last candle almost gone, and communication with the earth's surface apparently cut off until next day. But an accident occurred which was no misfortune. The bags caught in the rocks and could not be pulled

up. Various inexplicable sounds were wafted down the Hole, and presently there was a noise as of somebody descending, followed by a heavy thud. Striking a match, I saw that the luggage had returned, and, after much shouting, I gathered that it was my duty to tie myself and the bags in a bundle to the rope and be hauled up. The return journey was a trying one, both for those hauling this augmented load and for the battered victim, who, with rope round his chest and with one heavy bag in front and another behind, choking respiration, swung to and fro in the dark and slimy pit, with hardly a ledge to rest foot or hand upon so as to give the hauling party a moment's relief.

About eight o'clock I gripped hands with the nearest man and the worst was over, yet nearly an hour elapsed before we got up the last pitches of the black funnel, where the big, loose rocks had to be passed with utmost caution. Ah! what relief and what refreshment to step again into the open air! The wide hillside, the clear, cold flood of moonlight, and the lakes of mist in the vale seemed never so beautiful as after our dreary imprisonment. I had spent very nearly nine hours below the ground, and Wightman had been with me the greater part of the time.

After such an experience it was a tame affair to descend the Hole in a "bo'sun's chair"; yet



MEASURING OPERATIONS AT THE TOP OF THE HOLE, PRIOR TO RIGGING UP THE "BO'SUN'S CHAIR" FOR THE SECOND DESCENT.  
(F. Wightman.)

to have succeeded in getting thirteen men to the bottom and up again without accident is a feat unique so far as the pot-holes and caverns of the Pennine Chain are concerned. As the same methods will be used in exploring the so-called "Bottomless Pit" in the Speedwell Mine a brief account of the operations may be worth giving. The apparatus was simple, consisting chiefly of a stout cable crossing the rift, with a pulley or

hillside showed the difficulty of conveying hither the piles of ropes, stakes, tools, and multifarious appliances that lay about. A tent had been raised to shelter the telephone and as a kitchen for preparing hot drinks and other refreshment.

Again there was serious delay. The contingent led by Mr. J. W. Puttrel, who was organizing the affair, arrived late and so retarded the work throughout the day. It had been proposed



THE PARTY TAKING POSSESSION OF THE MOUTH OF ELDEN HOLE, 1900. THE "PENNY CHAIR" IS SEEN IN THE MIDDLE.  
*After a Photo by H. S. G. G. G.*

trolley running on it that could be held stationary at any point, while a rope about a hundred yards long ran over the wheel and supported a swing chair. On Boxing Day, 1900, the usually deserted slope of Elden Hill presented a lively scene. Nearly twenty workers and volunteers were engaged with the tackle, and a crowd of villagers had gathered round, among them the parson from Peak Forest, genial and full of anecdote, and also a farmer whose sire had gone down with Rooke Pennington in 1873, and whose long-cherished ambition we gratified by taking him down with us. Motley was our wear: one man was clothed in armour of new sacking, and many of our coats displayed the stains and tears acquired on our previous visit. Several vehicles drawn up on the rugged and roadless

to use horse-power for hauling, but later on we had reason to congratulate ourselves on having sent away the horse, for the rope would certainly have got broken in some of our collisions with the rocks after dark. I was to have the honour of going down first. Swinging over the huge funnel, one could look down vertically 200ft. to the stony patch at the end of a strange perspective. The novel view-point distorted everything.

Now the tackle begins to creak, and away we go. The queer sensation is not unpleasant, and with a life-line round one's body as a precaution there is no danger. The journey seemed long and full of incident, the scenery not lacking in impressiveness and variety, yet it occupied only 2½ min. I was deposited in a heap on the steep

slope, and signalled for the rope to be drawn up. Unfortunately the main rope and the life-line got entangled, and after each descent much time was consumed in unravelling the twist.

At length the creaking of the apparatus began again, warning me that another adventurer was on the way. The phenomenon now observed was rather puzzling: the man appeared to come round a corner at the top, and to descend at an angle of 15 deg. from the perpendicular. Very odd, indeed, he looked, with legs sticking out spiderwise, especially when the rope began to "twizzle." This slanting appearance showed what one would never suspect from the mere look of the place—namely, that the shaft is considerably out of the vertical.

The next man, who was burdened with the heavy telephone, suffered rather badly from the spinning. The instrument was now placed in a sheltered corner, and conversation began at once with the workers above ground. On the whole the telephone was very serviceable, but some curious dialogue enlivened us now and then.

Meanwhile the arrivals at the lower terminus were proceeding into the cavern and fixing candles in the natural sconces furnished by the incrusted walls, to prepare for a grand illumination. This did not, however, surpass our own final

flare up, and so I need not describe their doings in detail. It was dark before the last half-dozen men could begin their ascent, and the difficulties caused by the twisting together of the ropes became very serious. One or two men received pretty hard knocks in the dark. Coming up with a fishwife's basket full of lamps, batteries, and other paraphernalia on one arm,

whilst in the other hand I carried up a stake, I experienced a sudden stoppage some 60ft. from the top—the main rope, the life-line, and the telephone wire had got terribly entangled with the rocks. Thus encumbered I had to be lowered, and then had to drag myself along the cliff for several feet in the dark to undo the tangle. This done, I let go and shot sideways through the blackness in a thrilling dive. At this juncture the telephone-wire broke, and as

the life-line had become a positive danger we resolved to dispense with it.

The handy man in charge on the far side inspected the trolley from time to time, and, pouring oil on the wheel, tried to stop its disconcerting scream. The wind blew shrill, and it was impossible to keep a candle alight; but here and there electric lamps shone over the toiling band and penetrated a little way into the darksome jaws of the pit. It was a weird and memorable scene. And now but one man remained in the depths—our gallant leader, Puttrel. A whistle announced that he was ready, and the apparatus began to creak for the last time. He came up singing and waving a lighted candle in either hand, happy as a daring explorer deserves to be, and as he came within the glare of our lamps a hearty cheer went up from every one of the throng.

So ended a day that Peak Forest will long remember—longer perhaps than the friends of those who took part in it, and who stand a chance in future ages of figuring in some vague legend of the Victorian Era. But, it is reported, there are people in the locality still too sceptical—or, shall I say, too incredulous?—to admit that we really got to the bottom of Elden Hole.



LOOKING UP THE HOLE—THE ROPE SHOWS THE ROUTE BY WHICH THE FIRST PARTY CLIMBED HALF-WAY DOWN.

*From a Photo. by J. Croft.*



# How John Nestall Escaped the Elephant.

By S. EARDLEY-WILMOT.

The author, who is himself a Forest Officer of many years' experience and a great sportsman, tells the peculiar history of an elephant hunt, in which the central figure escaped from an irritated tusker in a remarkable manner, and in so escaping fell into another peril even more menacing.



It is but a few months ago that John Nestall\* was the picture of health and vigour; his iron nerve and splendid physique were the envy of many who had spent more years than he in the enervating climate of Burma. To-day he seems to be listless and gloomy, his hair is streaked with grey. He is nervous in the extreme, and takes no interest in sport; indeed, whereas formerly all his conversation was of big game, he now changes the subject or leaves the room when the talk threatens to take a sporting turn. His friends speak of him as "poor Nestall!" and fear that he will never be the same man again; but their verdict is probably the outcome of the well-known pessimism of friendship which entitles one to make the worst of one's comrade's mishaps. In point of fact, it is much more likely that in time his nerves will resume their tone, and that he will be as enthusiastic as before. I, the recorder of this incident, hazard this opinion from personal experience, as I also was once reduced to an almost similar condition, the result of an unfortunate encounter with a tiger. Yet I recovered sufficiently to again enjoy sport which had temporarily become a terror to me.

It happened in this way. Nestall, accompanied by two friends—the three mounted on a couple of elephants—was proceeding in the course of his duties through the dense mountain forests of Upper Burma, when the track of wild elephants was observed. In that country time is not of much moment, and during eight or nine months of the year you live a jungle life. Supplied with a few of the necessaries, but none of the comforts, of existence, you wander through pathless forests, your nightly shelter being a "lean-to" of bamboos covered with a tarpaulin; your food, eggs and fowls, if you happen to come across the scattered villages, and if not, then only the meat the forest provides to season the "damper" or rice which

forms the staple sustenance of yourself and your followers.

Thus, when elephants were discovered in the vicinity it meant, first, sport; secondly, perhaps a valuable trophy; and, lastly, meat for the whole camp. With these incentives it is not surprising that Nestall should have decided on following the trail and endeavouring to secure one of the herd.

So long as absolute silence is maintained and the approach is made up-wind, nothing is easier than to arrive within shooting distance of wild elephants when the sportsman is mounted on a trained animal. You see, the intruder is mistaken for one of the herd, and the noise made in crashing through the jungle is not so alarming as the stealthy approach of man or beast; for any attempt at secrecy is invariably the signal for distrust. In these circumstances it may well be imagined that no long period elapsed before the herd was sighted, and it was found to comprise, besides some ten or twelve females and calves, a male of noble proportions and warrantable tusks. Unfortunately, however, when manœuvring to secure a shot at close quarters the elephants got the wind of the sportsmen, and, as is usual in the case of an unknown danger, the leader of the herd advanced to reconnoitre and, if necessary, defend his precious charge.

The most carefully-trained elephants can never be said to be quite trustworthy; they are liable to sudden fits of nervousness when there may be no real cause for alarm, whereas actual danger would probably be met without flinching. Such a *contretemps* took place on this occasion, and resulted in a senseless stampede, the wild tusker, attracted by the commotion and determined to make the intruders pay dearly for their temerity, following heavily in the rear. In the frenzied rush through the dense forest Nestall was swept off his mount by an overhanging branch, and found himself, happily unhurt, though much shaken, defenceless on the ground.

\* For obvious reasons, this name is not the real one.  
Vol. vii.—46.



"NESTALL WAS SWEEPED OFF HIS MOUNT BY AN OVERHANGING BRANCH."

On the one hand could be heard the clatter of his departing comrades, and on the other the advance of the infuriated wild elephant of great proportions. It says much for Mr. Nestall's presence of mind that, dazed as he was, he at once grasped the situation and recognised that safety lay not only in ascending a tree, but also in selecting a stem of suitable thickness from whence he might in confidence await the onslaught of his foe and haply also the return of a rescuing party. Near at hand he espied the dead trunk of a large tree, and separated from it only by a foot or two stood a sapling of convenient size for climbing. In a moment (one's brain works rapidly at such times) Nestall had swarmed up the sapling and sat, at a height of some 15ft. from the ground, on the edge of the dry stump, which he now for the first time ascertained to be hollow.

His position even now was not an enviable one, for he was exposed to the heat of the afternoon sun while the tusker was questing around in the vicinity searching for his victim. Nestall was also worried by the knowledge that it might be long before the stampede of the trained elephants could be stopped, and further, that even then it might be too dark to take up the return trail to his assistance. Therefore he realized that he might well be forced to pass the night in his present position without food or

sufficient clothing, and suffering also from the effects of his fall, which now began to cause him some inconvenience. His mind, however, was speedily diverted from these thoughts by the arrival of the tusker under the tree; and whether it was the moral shock of mutual recognition or that physically produced by a furious charge on the sapling—or perhaps both combined—the result was that Nestall lost his balance and fell, not to certain death on the earth below, but into the hollow tree, where he found himself in temporary security.

For some moments Nestall congratulated himself on his fortunate escape, and struck by the humour of the position amused himself by picturing the astonishment of his friends on their return, and the rage and wonderment of the tusker outside, who was continuing his search for the enemy who had so miraculously disappeared. By degrees, however, as the excitement wore off and he began to feel wearied and sore from his unusual experiences, the prisoner found his forced confinement irksome and wished for some way of escape. He learnt that the soil on which he stood was composed of masses of rotten wood and fungus which raised him above the earth level, but still not sufficiently to enable him to reach, either by stretching or jumping, any hold for his hands on the edge of the trunk. He

then endeavoured to pile the debris of decaying wood to one side so as gradually to raise himself to the requisite height; but in this attempt after many efforts he remained unsuccessful, for the standing room was so limited that there was no space to build a mound large enough for his requirements. Up till now he had not thought seriously of his position, but when it dawned upon him that without help there could be no exit from this living tomb the depression and terror which suddenly overwhelmed him amounted almost to despair. But not for long did he give way.

The sun was now setting, and the forest was deathlike in its stillness; the air became cold and damp, and, to add to the pangs of hunger and thirst which now commenced to assail him, he had to contend against the pain of bruises, which during the first excitement he had hardly noticed. Knowing that it would be useless to waste his strength in futile endeavours to escape from his prison, he decided to lose no chance, but to pass the night wakefully, shouting at intervals, though he had faint hope that he could be relieved before daylight, or that the sound of his voice would penetrate far into the forest.

It is needless for me to enlarge on the terrors of that time; briefly it may be stated that alternate periods of despair and hope—the latter growing shorter as his strength failed in the struggle against cold and pain—were happily followed by the sleep of exhaustion.

When Nestall awoke the day had broken and a new fear gripped his heart. Had his companions returned and passed him by when sleeping? In a frenzy he shouted and beat his prison walls with hands and feet till obliged from weakness to desist. Then he felt indifferent to his fate and passed hours in a state of exhaustion and stupor which he mistook for resignation. That it was not so proved when at noon the sun poured its vertical rays upon him; the intense heat aggravating all his sufferings, which now became intolerable. Then, once more rebelling against his fate, he wasted

his strength and energy in despairing efforts for freedom, leaping against the side of the tree, clinging with bleeding hands to any small projection, but only to fall back time after time, and finally to acknowledge that his fate was stronger than he.

It was late that afternoon when his dulled senses first heard in the distance the tones of the wooden bells which in Burma all trained elephants carry suspended from their necks.

The sound came as might a sudden reprieve to a wretch about to suffer at the hands of the executioner; but the revival of hope was almost as much of a shock as had been in the first instance the recognition of his hopeless position. Again he had to pass through the agony of uncertainty. Would his friends arrive within saving distance of his prison? Would they hear his feeble cries for assistance? He determined to wait—to husband his strength; to shout only when he judged that his rescuers were near enough to hear him. Meanwhile the sonorous tones of the wooden bells continued, and even appeared to come closer and closer—then ceased altogether! Evidently a halt had been called and matters were being discussed. When the sounds were resumed they appeared to Nestall to be fainter; he listened intently, and in a few seconds was convinced of this fact.

He knew then that his life depended on the results of the next few minutes; he shouted again and again for help until his cries died away in almost inarticulate moans of despair; then he remembered nothing more till he awoke to find himself lying in the shady forest, whilst his friends were applying the simple remedies they possessed in the endeavour to restore him to consciousness. It was far into the night before they reached their little camp, and Nestall sank into a sleep, broken all too frequently by sudden awakenings to the horror of despair till he recalled the circumstances of his escape and present safety.

The delay in his rescue was readily explained. The stampede of the elephants had not been



"IN A FRENZY HE SHOUTED AND BEAT HIS PRISON WALLS TILL OBLIGED FROM WEAKNESS TO DESIST."



"HIS FRIENDS WERE APPLYING THE SIMPLE REMEDIES THEY POSSESSED IN THE ENDEAVOUR TO RESTORE HIM TO CONSCIOUSNESS."

arrested till dusk; the night was spent in endeavouring to find the position of the camp, and it was not till nearly noon that a start had been made laboriously to follow up the trail of the previous day. The cries uttered by Nestall as he listened to the sound of the retreating elephants had been faintly heard; they had ceased ere his friends reached his place of confinement, and it was merely a lucky chance that induced them to examine the hollow trunk. A hat lying at its foot, a shred of clothing above, had suggested a more detailed investigation, with the happy result that Nestall had been extracted from his prison and restored again to liberty.

Such are the facts of Nestall's case. There are those who smile at its recital—who point out that his sufferings were due merely to the want of mental control; that he would equally soon have been saved if he had not given way to his fears. To such arguments no answer is possible, but when listening to them one may be excused for believing that had these critics been placed in similar circumstances—nay, if they had been even left solitary to wander these vast forests—they would not have extricated themselves without even more serious consequences.

# The Story of the Brothers Degrave.\*

BY G. A. RAFFER, OF PARIS.

## PART II.

The question of human endurance is always interesting; therefore we present to our readers the narrative of an affair which, while having many points in common with that of Captain Dreyfus, is yet far more terrible in its details, even considered solely as an indictment of French penal methods. The romantic career of the brothers; the trading in the South Seas; the lurid incidents on board the schooner; the betrayal; the suffering on the way home; the farcical trial at Brest, and then the years of torture in the penal settlement of French Guiana—all these make up a narrative of adventure and suffering such as probably no innocent men were ever called upon to endure. The official documents, and more particularly the "Pardon" telegram, will be found extremely interesting.



E were next conveyed to Brest, where we were to be tried by a naval court on charges of piracy and murder on the high seas. Here began our acquaintance with French judicial methods. We were repeatedly questioned by the officer appointed to conduct the preliminary inquiry, or "instruction." He employed every conceivable means to make us confess crimes we had not committed and disclose our real names, which we persistently kept to ourselves. Had we given them we should probably have escaped. Our career and our medals would have pleaded for us, but, for the sake of our relatives, we kept silence, well knowing that the mere fact of having been accused of such crimes was enough to tarnish our name. Moreover, poor simpletons that we were, we still thought our innocence was sure to make itself felt. This officer, and afterwards the one who replaced him, used threats, flattery, fallacious promises, ambiguous questions, and insults intended to throw us off our guard. One of the latter officer's favourite devices was to put two questions together and apply the answer to the first only; whereas if that question had been put separately, the answer would have been altogether different. Clearly he considered it his duty to convict us whether we were innocent or not. He actually said, in the presence of two gendarmes:—

"My good fellow, you must get out of the mess as best you can. I have my orders, and you will be sentenced to death!"

On the way back to my cell I asked the

gendarmes if they were prepared to repeat what the officer had said. They excused themselves on the ground that they would certainly be dismissed if they gave evidence against their superior. I urged them to speak out, and promised that one of my brothers would compensate them.

One of them instantly cut me short and said:—  
"What about our honour?"

"Just so," I replied. "Let us say no more about it."

Of what use was it to reason with men who thought it more honourable to connive at the judicial murder of two fellow-creatures than to receive money for telling the truth?

Our detention at Brest lasted nine months. We asked for subpoenas for eighty-five witnesses, but were met with a refusal. No attempt was made to trace the Kanakas who swam ashore at Tetiaroa. We were told that our account of Gibson's death was absurd, and yet an exactly similar accident occurred in Brest Harbour two days after our condemnation. I offered to show that Mirey, who admitted that he was in his berth at the time, could not have seen what occurred on

deck, but I was laughed at. The depositions, full of the wildest and most extravagant stories, were read over to us for the first time three days before the date fixed for the trial (December 8th). All this time we had had no legal assistance. Our counsel, M. de Chamailard, who offered his services, had exactly eight hours to read all the papers!

We fought hard for our lives, but without avail. Our ignorance of judicial procedure cost us dear. Time after time we interposed to point out some flagrant contradiction, only to be told that our time would come later on.



M. EUGÈNE DEGRAVE, AFTER HIS RELEASE.  
*From a Photo.*

\* We understand that M. Degrave's book, dealing with his terrible experiences in French Guiana, will be issued shortly by Messrs. Nichols and Co., of 23, Oxford Street, W.

It never came, the presiding officer having omitted to call upon us before counsel addressed the Court. I pass over the other irregularities committed in the course of this parody of justice: the reading of letters from persons who knew nothing whatever of the case, the hearsay testimony, the suppositions, the failure to make the two poor Kanaka sailors understand a word of what was being said, and the disregard of all discrepancies in the evidence for the prosecution. To make a long story short, we were both sentenced to death for piracy and homicide. We had endured so much that the final blow had but little effect on us. We held each other's hands and murmured a few words of mutual encouragement, but that was all. Looking back on this terrible moment it seems incredible to me that an innocent man could hear his own death-sentence and remain almost unmoved; but thus it was with me. Years afterwards, when walking past the condemned cell on Royal Island, I caught myself wondering how the occupant felt, quite forgetting that his case had once been my own.

While we were lying under sentence of death our identity became known through a strange series of events. The engines of a Belgian steamer bound for Bilbao broke down off Ushant, and the vessel had to put into Brest. The pilot was full of our case and told the captain of it, mentioning that we were both tall, spoke six languages, and had musical tastes. The captain replied that he knew two brothers answering to the description, but that their name was Degrave, and not Rorick, and, further, that they were natives of Ostend. The pilot repeated this on landing, and next day our real names were published to the world. It was through a newspaper that our poor mother learned our terrible position. She did not long survive the blow we had so earnestly striven to ward off.

Forty days after our condemnation we were solemnly brought into court again to have our sentence re-read with our real names in place of our aliases. We were kept in suspense sixty days longer, and were at length informed that President Carnot had commuted our sentence to penal servitude for life.

We had been humanely treated, on the whole, by our warders, and had we known what was to follow we should have appreciated the Brest prison still more. The doctor was an amiable man, devoid of malice. One day I asked him to extract a decayed tooth which was giving me considerable pain. "Is it really worth while?" he replied, jokingly.

After a fortnight in Fort Le Bouguen and a day in the prison at La Rochelle, in both of

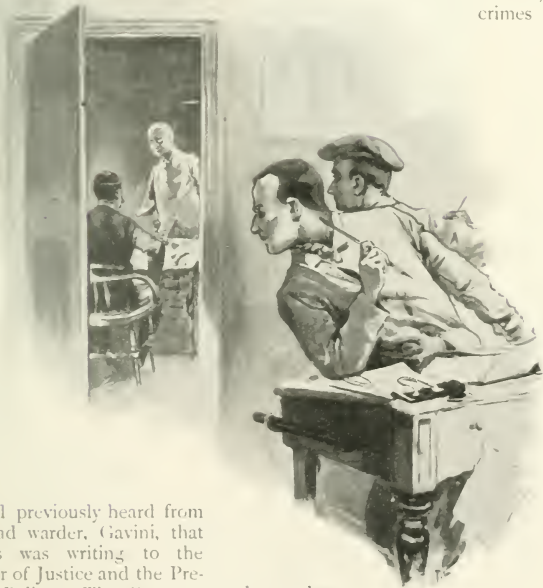
which places I was half eaten by vermin, we reached the "bagne" at St. Martin de Ré, on the Island of Ré. Here the first process was to deprive us of our clothes and make us take a so-called bath in about four inches of water. I afterwards found that as many as eighteen convicts arrive at the same time and all are made to bathe in the same water without soap. This was the only bath (!) I was allowed to have during the year and four months I spent at St. Martin de Ré.

A French convict's clothing consists of a brown woollen jacket, trousers, and cap, and two cotton undergarments. The same costume is worn all the year round. It is too heavy in summer and too light in winter, but that, of course, is of no consequence, the wearers being only "forçats." The garments are patched and mended until their original weight is more than doubled. These patches form an admirable refuge for insects whenever the unfortunate owner of the clothes attempts to retaliate.

The daily routine is as follows: The prisoners rise at six, dress, and go down into the courtyard, where they form in Indian file and march to a small tap from which a thin stream of water trickles. Each man places his hands together in the shape of a cup and collects a little water wherewith he smears his face as he walks away. He is strictly forbidden to stop more than a second or two at the tap, or to unbutton his coat. The men then march into the workshops, where some pick oakum and others make paper bags. Talking is prohibited. At ten o'clock, Indian file again to the dining-hall; food nauseous, but infinitely better than we could obtain in Guiana; at 10.30, march round the courtyard, still in Indian file; from eleven to four, work; then a second meal, followed by more work until six o'clock in winter and seven in summer. Then the men go upstairs to the dormitories, in each of which there are only two or three camp-beds, so that the convicts are literally obliged to sleep on top of each other. These dormitories are simply suffocating in summer. They swarm with vermin and are indescribably filthy. After going to bed the convict must remain there until the signal is given to rise in the morning, whether he be asleep or awake.

On account of our superior education my brother and I were relieved of the oakum-picking and set to work on the accounts. The only incident that broke the monotony of our confinement was a visit from some members of the committee formed for our defence, but we were never allowed to see them except in the presence of a warder. These tyrants were extraordinarily mild and affable during the visit, but also very watchful, and it was only by a few

rapidly spoken words in Flemish that I could give our friends some idea of the treatment we were subjected to. For some time after this visit we entertained some belief that justice would be done, but the election of M. Felix Faure as President (he was Minister of Marine at the time of our conviction) left us little hope, and the Dreyfus case finally extinguished our last chance of a hearing. The echoes of this affair found their way even into our prison, and when Dreyfus was brought to St. Martin de Ré we were naturally eager to see him. He came three times to the Governor's office, adjoining the room in which we were working, and on the third occasion, looking through the open door, I saw him hand a sealed letter to the Governor.



We had previously heard from the head warder, Gavini, that Dreyfus was writing to the Minister of Justice and the Prefect of Police. The Governor took up the letter as soon as Dreyfus had left, turned it over and over and tried to insert his pen under the flap. In so doing he must have torn the edge, for he suddenly opened the envelope and read the letter. He turned pale, and stared blankly at the paper: then crushed it into a ball and threw it into the fire. Such was the fate of Dreyfus's final appeal before embarking on a convict ship.

Soon afterwards came our turn for transportation. With a number of other unfortunates we were taken off in gunboats to the *St. Nazaire*, lying off Aix Island, but we were separated during the voyage to Cayenne, and again on our arrival; Léonce being landed at St. Joseph, while I was put on Royal Island. There, through the caprice of a drunken head warder, nicknamed "Bottle of Absinthe," who considered me a dangerous character, I was shut up for a week in a dark, filthy little cell, chained by the feet all night, and without any kind of covering to protect me from the mosquitoes. The food was abominable and cleanliness an impossibility. Afterwards I was provided with a battered old straw hat, giving scarcely any protection against the fierce sun, and was then sent out to work with the "réclusionnaires," or convicts under additional punishment for theft, murder, attempts to escape, or other crimes committed since arrival in

Guiana. The authorities consider it a crime for any man to try to escape from this hell on earth! The "réclusionnaires" who do not happen to have incurred the displeasure of their gaolers are confined at night in a large cell, their feet being in irons. The punishment they dread most of all is imprisonment in what is known as the "quartier spécial." The poor wretches in this Hades never draw a breath of fresh air. If there are not too many of them they are allowed an hour's exercise per day in a dark corridor: but if they are numerous this privilege is reduced to half an hour. During the rest of the day and night they are shut up, each in a small cell, to which light and air come only through an iron plate with small perforations in the lower part

"LOOKING THROUGH THE OPEN DOOR, I SAW HIM HAND A SEALED LETTER TO THE GOVERNOR."

of the door. To breathe freely the man in the cell must lie on the floor with his mouth close to the plate. Some convicts have been known to endure this régime for five years! I saw three of them brought to daylight —

haggard, half-blind, the ghosts of their former selves. One of the finest and strongest men I ever saw became a complete wreck after two months in the "quartier special." All the inmates of the section suffer from scurvy, and the disease is common enough among the prisoners in general, owing to bad and insufficient food, cruel treatment, and filth.

Here is the "forçat's" daily bill of fare:—

Sunday, Tuesday, and Thursday, at 10 a.m., a pint of broth and about 3oz. of cooked meat; in the evening, 2oz. of boiled rice.

Monday and Friday, at 10 a.m., 7oz. of preserved meat; for supper, 3oz. of dried vegetables, boiled.

Wednesday and Saturday, at 10 a.m., 3oz. of salt pork; for supper, 3oz. of dried vegetables, boiled.

Every day, 1½lb. bread and 3½ pints of water.

All the food is of the worst possible quality. The pork is yellow and rancid, and the prisoners can seldom eat it. The preserved meat suggests bootlaces, and when hunger drove me to swallow any of it the taste lingered in my mouth for days afterwards. I have often seen dogs turn away from the pork and preserved meat we were expected to eat. The fresh meat is good for a short time after the cattle are landed, but as the grain provided for them goes to feed the warders' fowls the poor animals have nothing to eat and are soon uneatable themselves. The convict, being without plates, knife or fork, takes his meat in his fingers and tears it with his teeth.

Most of the under-warders are Arabs, but some are white convicts who have fallen low enough to spy on their unfortunate comrades. These under-warders, or "contre-maitres," wear a small strip of cloth with the initials C.M. on the sleeve, and they receive half a pint of wine per day, in addition to tobacco for every report. As they are great drinkers and smokers they ply their infamous calling with zeal. They carry the keys of the various prison buildings and cells, messieurs the "garde-chiourmes," or warders, being far too great personages to handle bunches of rusty iron. The most despicable creatures of all are the "bourricauds," or sneaks, who work with the other convicts and report what they have seen, or have not seen, after the gang return to the prison for the night. When they have neither tobacco nor news they invent.

A convict occasionally finds himself struck, insulted, and put into the cells for no apparent reason. The explanation is that some "bourricaud" has been earning a packet of tobacco. The warders are nearly all Corsicans. They think themselves first cousins to Napoleon and are intensely vain, though they can barely read or write. Society having declined to take them at their own valuation, they vent their spleen on the wretched convicts. Those of

their own kind they leave in comparative peace, but woe to any educated or intelligent man who falls into their clutches! If I were to recount all the insults, vexations, unjust punishments, and superhuman tasks inflicted on me as an excuse to deprive me of my wretched food, I could fill a volume. Often I was within an ace of committing murder, but I knew that nothing would please them so much as a chance to shoot me on the spot or send me to Cayenne to be guillotined for assaulting them.

There is a library for the use of the convicts, but the books are never given out. They are devoured, not by men, but by worms. Everything likely to instruct or enlighten is tabooed. If a prisoner, for instance, manages to

make some rough musical instrument, to the cells with him! Everything low and debased is, if not encouraged, at least connived at, because the guards know that the more their charges are steeped in abominations the less likely are they to escape. I am quite convinced that the organization of the penal settlements in French Guiana is intended to rid the world of as many convicts as possible. They are sent to Guiana to die and not to colonize. If this be not the case, why are the men sent to work in the most unhealthy parts of the forest, while other districts, rich in valuable timber and having a fairly good climate, are neglected? Why are warders who have shot several prisoners left unpunished and even promoted? I know of one who deliberately shot a convict hospital attendant, named Thomas, in the back, because he insisted that a man who had been crushed by a rock should be placed on a bed, instead of on the ground, until the doctor arrived. The warder did not see why the sheets should be soiled! A convict who tried to escape was shot in two places and left lying where he fell. He dragged himself back to the prison, where his injuries were attended to—next day.



THIS IS ONE OF THE HEAVY FOOT-CHAINS WHICH EUGENE DEGRAVE WAS COMPELLED TO WEAR AT NIGHT.

*From a Photo.*



In the Maroni forest an unfrocked priest, named Sablier, who was physically incapable of doing his work, was tied naked to a tree, just over an ant-heap, by order of the chief warder. The ants were then stirred up and attacked the victim's feet. He endured the torture without moving, and the insects soon left him. The warder smeared the naked body with molasses, and disturbed the ant-heap again with the end of his umbrella. Sablier was soon covered with ants. He was left thus until evening, when some of his fellow-convicts, at the risk of severe punishment, released him, half dead and quite mad. I could give many instances of other atrocities, including deliberate murder, committed by the "garde-chiourmes" in the forest, where they are free from all control. They merely report that such and such a convict has "disappeared" or been shot by a warder in self-defence. A convict's life being of no consequence, few questions are asked.

The penal settlements are occasionally visited by inspectors, but these visits are always announced beforehand, and the warders have ample time to make their little arrangements. Any convict who dares to complain is sure to suffer for it when the inspector is gone. The poor wretches know this well enough, and nine

out of ten find it safer to propitiate their gaolers than to complain of any injustice, however flagrant. A man who was caught attempting to escape was so terribly thrashed with a thick stick by the executioner's assistant that an arm and a leg were broken and the poor fellow's face and body covered with bruises. He was sent into hospital, but when the inspector questioned him a few days afterwards the patient said that he had met with his injuries through a fall amongst the rocks on the sea-shore. He dared not complain!

One of the most exciting events which occurred during my detention at St. Joseph was the so-called Anarchist revolt. One of their number having been deliberately shot by a "garde-chiourme," his comrades resolved to avenge him. They made themselves rough knives out of any scraps of metal they could find, and one night, when the warder entered their hut, he was suddenly attacked, overpowered, and killed, together with a negro "contre-maitre." Signals were made to Royal Island and soldiers were sent to St. Joseph. A large quantity of wine was placed in each boat and the soldiers were encouraged to drink, so that when they reached St. Joseph they were primed for the work they had to do.

The Anarchists, who had scattered all over the island, were tracked like wild beasts and shot one after the other. The soldiers wound up by firing a volley through one of the huts. Next morning all the convicts were drawn up in line, stark naked, in the

blazing sun, and made to stand with their hands above their heads while their huts were closely searched.

One poor fellow who could not

hold his arms up was shot dead on the spot. Another, for the same reason, was fired at, but

the bullet only took off his ear. The unskilful shooter was cursed by his sergeant for a clumsy hound, and the wounded man was taken away by a warder, who finished him off with a revolver-bullet



"THE ANARCHISTS WERE TRACKED LIKE WILD BEASTS, AND SHOT ONE AFTER THE OTHER."

through the head. In all, twelve convicts were killed. Five others were afterwards sentenced to death at Cayenne, one of them being an Anarchist named Gerier, who was in irons at the time of the outbreak! This man knew what his comrades were planning and endeavoured to dissuade them, but in vain. Knowing they were foredoomed to failure, he committed some slight offence on purpose to be put in the cells. The precaution availed him little. His sentence was, however, commuted to five years' "réclusion," and he was put in the "quartier spécial." A year later he was a raving madman.

The guillotine is not allowed to rust in the "Salvation Islands," as they are ironically called. In one month, in 1898, twelve executions took place. The condemned man almost invariably walks bravely to the guillotine, as if only too happy to escape from a world of "garde-chiourmes." It is usual to allow the dying man to speak a few words to his comrades, but should he say anything distasteful to the Governor a roll of the drums drowns his voice and he is soon polished off. Knowing this, a convict who had been sentenced to death for stabbing a warder, and whose only regret was that he had not killed two, conceived an ingenious scheme. He feigned great repentance for his crime and moved the prison officials almost to tears. Just before he was to be strapped on the plank the condemned man asked if he might deliver a brief address to edify his comrades.

The Governor assenting, the culprit said: "My dear friends, in a few moments I shall have ceased to live. I hope you will often think of what I am about to say to you. You see how calm I am. It is not hard to die. If ever you find yourselves in my position, remember my example; and if a warder strikes you"—here the convict's voice strikes into a shout—"kill him, kill them all if you can, kill the brutes!"

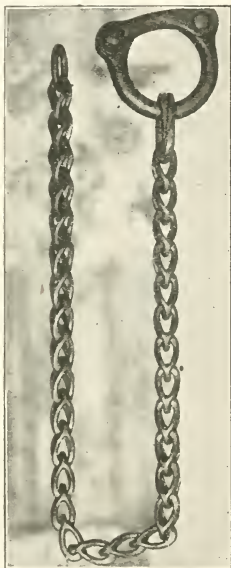
The Governor, taken completely by surprise, could hardly believe his ears; but in another instant the drums rattled, the convict, still shouting "Kill, kill, kill!" was seized by the executioner's assistant, and justice was satisfied.

On another occasion two Chinese were to be guillotined. The first spent his last moments

in reviling the Governor in an extraordinary mixture of French, Chinese, and pidgin English. When he had been dispatched, the second Chinaman was brought out. His hands being very small he slipped them out of the fetters, and in the twinkling of an eye had climbed like a monkey to the top of the guillotine. It was explained to him that he had made a mistake, and that if he would kindly come down he would be shown how the machine worked. He came down and died with the stoicism of his race. There was hardly a man in the prison yard who did not laugh heartily, except the victim.

It would take too long to recount all the punishments inflicted on me. For two years, night and day, I wore a chain weighing 7 lb. on my leg, because it was thought I might escape. I have that chain still, and prize it highly as a memorial of what I have endured. While at work I had to wear it suspended from my belt, and at night it was coiled round my ankle. The ring at the end was fastened with thick iron rivets, so that there was no possibility of getting it off. It did not in the least degree prevent me from going about, and therefore it quite failed to answer its supposed purpose. It did, however, cause a steady shrinkage of the muscles and flesh, and when I was relieved of it my leg would have done credit to a living skeleton. Once I spent sixty days in the cells, with rations only twice in three days, for writing a letter to Léonce. Fortunately it was in patois, and the "garde-chiourmes" could not make it out. It contained a plan of escape.

Léonce never received it, but he was given sixty days' cells all the same for "illicit correspondence in a foreign language." When not undergoing punishment I was with a gang of convicts at hard out-of-door work, such as building the block-houses and tower on Devil's Island, digging foundations, stone-breaking, and so on. This excessive labour under a tropical sun, the bad food and scarcity of water, killed off many of our number, but there were always fresh arrivals to take their places. My own health was fairly good, but once I was attacked with dysentery, and foolishly asked to see the doctor. The mere mention of my name was enough for him. "Put him in a cell," was his



"FOR TWO YEARS, NIGHT AND DAY, I WORE A CHAIN WEIGHING 7 LB. ON MY LEG."—THIS PHOTO SHOWS THE IDENTICAL CHAIN REFERRED TO.

only prescription, and in a cell I remained six months, to recover as best I might.

The diseases of half the men in hospital are self-inflicted. The juice of a poisonous berry called "panacoco" is used to produce blood-poisoning. I have known at least fifty men deliberately sacrifice an eye by putting tartar in it. All these men were so wretched that they were ready to risk death for the sake of a few weeks in hospital. The inmate of that blessed place actually sleeps in a bed and tastes wine and coffee! He sees no warders and is tended by the good Sisters of Charity, for whom no praise could be too high.

During my sixty days in the cells I drew up a cautiously-worded letter to the Minister of the Colonies, asking for an inquiry. The Minister, M. Lebon, who distinguished himself by ordering the "double boucle" for Dreyfus, sent my letter back to the director of the penal settlements. Perhaps M. Lebon did not know that this might have been the equivalent of signing my death-warrant. By chance the inquiry was intrusted to the sub-director, M. Simon, a humane man, who talked freely with me for a couple of hours. He explained that he could not change the existing order of things, but he released me from the cells and ordered the Governor, Deniel—the instrument of the "double boucle" policy—to let me see my brother once a fortnight. This one favour was enough to counter-balance my grievances, and henceforth I saw Léonce regularly. He was bent like an old man and his hair was quite white. From him I learnt of the death of our beloved mother. Even this heavy blow was not the last

in store for us. To have news of the outside world I used to steal newspapers from the warders' houses at the risk of my life, and in a paper obtained in this way I read that, on the strength of an anonymous letter charging my brother and sister with poisoning my mother, their house had been searched and my mother's grave disturbed. The medical examination showed that death was due solely to natural causes, and the police then ceased to persecute my relatives, who were heart-broken and half-

ruined by the unjust suspicion cast on them. If two unhappy convicts blasphemed when they knew this I trust they may be forgiven, for their burden was indeed greater than they could bear.

Not long afterwards I was one of a batch of men told off to land a cargo of sand from a schooner. The warden in charge, nicknamed "Ox-Tail," forced seventeen of us to enter a boat not large enough to carry six men. There was a heavy swell, and, as anyone might have foreseen, the boat capsized in a minute. Being an excellent swimmer I reached the quay

in a few strokes, removed my clothing, plunged into the water again, and rescued two of my comrades, one after the other, with little difficulty. I was bringing a third man to land when a boy, the son of a warden, suddenly shouted:—

"Look out, there's a shark!"

I looked seaward, and sure enough there was the fin of a shark swimming in a semi-circular course and gradually approaching us.

The man whom I was trying to save immediately lost his head and clung to me in terror, greatly hampering my movements. Nevertheless I got him to the boat. It was half-full of water, and if we had both climbed in it would certainly have sunk under us. I put my companion in it, seized the painter with my teeth, and towed the boat ashore, splashing vigorously with hands and feet to frighten the shark.

I had hardly landed when the chief warden ordered me to dive in and bring up the shovels and other tools which had gone to the bottom. I

told him that saving life was not quite the same thing as saving a shovel, when there were sharks about. He then promised me twenty grammes of tobacco for every article I could rescue. I was crazy for a smoke and accepted his offer. I recovered six shovels, an oar, two rowlocks, and a woollen jersey, but I never saw any of the promised tobacco. That night I slept in irons as before.

My relatives had frequently sent me tobacco, but the warders kept it for themselves. Even



EUGÈNE DEGRAVE IN PRISON COSTUME, WITH HIS CHAIN LOOPED UP IN THE WAY HE WORE IT WHILE AT WORK.

*From a Photo.*

when it came by registered post and the letter-carrier had to deliver the packet into my own hands, "messieurs les garde-chiourmes" were equal to the occasion. One of them would pick a quarrel with me, put me in a cell, and take everything I had about me. I need not say that all my tobacco had vanished into thin air before I came out.



"I TOWED THE BOAT ASHORE, SPLASHING VIGOROUSLY WITH HANDS AND FEET TO FRIGHTEN THE SHARK."

Early in 1898 President Faure, who had hitherto declined to take any interest in our case, played us a scurvy trick, though probably with the best intentions. He commuted our life sentence to twenty years' imprisonment. We were then on the verge of completing the five years after which convicts are entitled to have a strip of ground on the main land to cultivate, and we had strong hopes of escaping. Our twenty years' term, however, began from the date of the decree and not from our conviction, so that we should have to remain another five years before being entitled to a concession. Léonce was already broken down by disease and overwork, and this blow completely prostrated him. A fortnight later he was in hospital, and he died in my arms, pardoning those who had injured him. The sight of his poor emaciated body deprived me of reason. When the warders came to take me away I struggled and fought. Then I became unconscious. My comrades in misery afterwards told me I had tried to dash my brains out against the wall. The Sisters of Charity urged Deniel to have my brother's remains decently interred. He refused. Next morning the body was thrown into the sea, fifty yards from the shore.

Must I relate what followed? Will it be believed that I saw my brother's corpse torn to pieces by sharks? Yet this last torture was actually inflicted on me. I rushed madly towards the water, I know not why, but was held back. I was dragged away and shut up in a hut, where I remained for hours a prey to agony I cannot attempt to describe.

Some time afterwards I was sent to Royal Island and told off to assist the storekeeper. During my stay here I made some curious discoveries in the store-room. In a corner I found some rolls of sheet-lead which, according to the ticket pasted on the metal, were to be made into a coffin for Dreyfus should he die in captivity. I also saw two cases of plaster of Paris for taking casts of his face and body after death. This work was to have been done by an Italian convict, named Gianelli. I also came across the chain I had worn so long. I hid it in the hope, which afterwards became a reality, that I should be able to bring it away with me.

Four months' good food and humane treatment by the storekeeper and his wife made a new man of me, and I began to make preparations for escape. Watched as I was, I contrived to build a sort of catamaran, in which I hoped to keep afloat until I could reach Dutch territory. Each side of this craft was composed of three kerosene cases, nailed end to end, and fitted with a rough prow. Forward, amidships, and aft was a connecting plank, having another plank fore and aft in the centre to prevent the sharks from making too free with my legs. The forward cross-plank had a hole

for the mast. The vessel was to be steered by an oar at the stern, and for sails I had rigged up a woman convict's petticoat. I hid all these parts in the store-rooms pending a favourable opportunity to put them together and make a dash for freedom. I intended to try my luck on the night of the 28th of August, when the moon would be favourable: but, about the 20th, I found myself more closely guarded than ever. The number of lamps in the hut in which I slept was increased, and the lamps outside were left unlighted, so that it was impossible for me to see the patrols. At every round the warders felt my feet to make sure that I had not slipped out and left a dummy in my sleeping-place. Under these circumstances I was obliged to postpone my attempt, especially as the warders had told

me plainly enough that if they caught me outside the hut at night I should be shot without mercy. They suspected that I was preparing a coup, and were exasperated because they could never catch me in the act.

I resolved to make another attempt on the 26th September, the date of the next new moon. I got into hospital with the help of an artificial sprain (produced by hammering my ankle with a handkerchief filled with sand), and thus had leisure to make my plans. I could think of nothing better than to get into the bakehouse, where there was a large kneading-trough, drag this cumbersome article to the water's edge, and put off in it. It was a mad scheme, but anything was better than the "bagne"; and, after all, a bullet through the head would only be another form of escape. I disclosed my plan to a fellow-prisoner, who eagerly agreed to join me. With the help of tools I had improvised out of odd bits of iron we cut through two planks of the outer wall of the infirmary, and one dark night we crept through the opening. A sentry was standing only a few yards away. Crawling flat on our stomachs, like Red Indians, we made our way round the corner of the building, and saw another "garde-chiourme" coming towards us. There was nothing for it

but to lie close and take our chance. By an extraordinary piece of good luck our enemy walked on without seeing us, and we made our way to the bakehouse. We were in the act of forcing one of the windows when we heard what we took to be stealthy footsteps inside. We stood motionless, the perspiration pouring down our faces. The noise ceased, but as soon as we moved it began again.

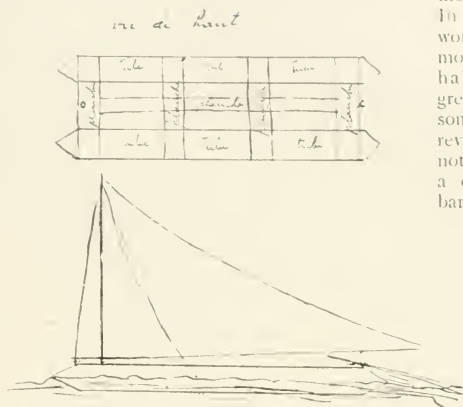
In desperation we set to work at the window once more and forced it open, half expecting to be greeted by a bullet from some "garde-chiourme's" revolver. Inside we found nothing more terrible than a dog, who, instead of barking, licked our hands as though, being himself a prisoner, he sympathized with us. We caressed him, and climbed into the bakehouse. We found the kneading-trough at once, and after roughly caulking the crevices in the bottom and cover we hoisted the

great mass of wood on our shoulders and carried it to the shore, still unperceived. We dropped it into the water and, to our delight, it floated. We pushed it seaward until we were out of our depth, and my comrade climbed in, but when I followed him our craft refused to bear the weight, and sank under us. We had failed!

There was no help for it but to go back and trust to better luck next time. We knew that in another quarter of an hour the patrol would reach the infirmary, and that if we were missing we might say good-bye to this life and all its joys. Half-dead with fatigue and disappointment we swam back to the shore and retraced our path, ever and anon crawling flat on our stomachs to escape the sentries. We reached our hole, crept in, and threw ourselves down to feign sleep, barely a minute before the patrol arrived. We were in time!

Happily my troubles were nearly at an end. On September 3rd the new Governor, M. Laffont (Deniel having been promoted head of a department at Cayenne, as a reward for his treatment of Dreyfus), sent for me and handed me a telegram. It was from my brother, and contained the single word "Gracié" (pardoned).

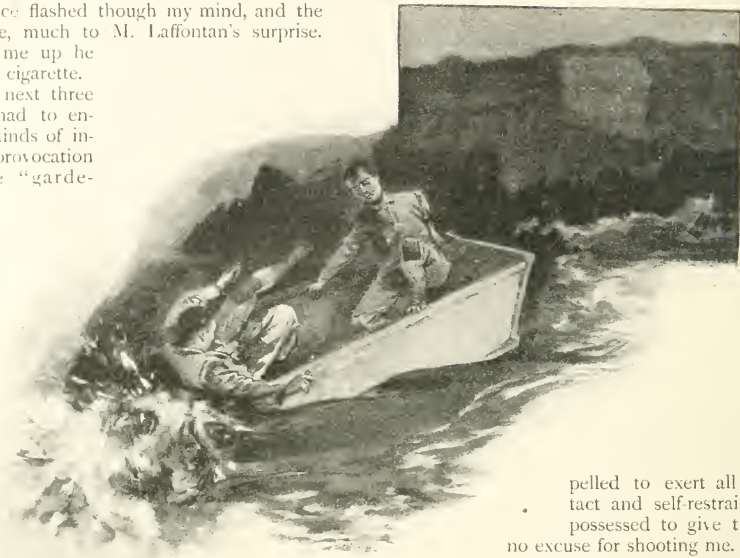
The blood rushed to my head and I was within an ace of falling. Then the thought of



THIS SKETCH, SPECIALLY MADE BY M. DEGRAVE HIMSELF, SHOWS THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE CATAMARAN IN WHICH HE HOLED TO ESCAPE.

poor Léonce flashed through my mind, and the tears came, much to M. Lafontan's surprise. To cheer me up he gave me a cigarette.

For the next three weeks I had to endure all kinds of insult and provocation from the "garde-



pelled to exert all the tact and self-restraint I possessed to give them no excuse for shooting me.

The official announcement of my pardon did not arrive until September 24th, exactly a month after President Loubet had signed it.

"OUR CRAFT REFUSED TO BEAR THE WEIGHT, AND SANK UNDER US."

chiourmes." They hated to think that one of their victims was about to escape them, and they strongly suspected that I should lose no time in denouncing their practices. I was com-

I was landed at Cayenne at 8 p.m. with my bag, an empty stomach, and exactly ten centimes in my pocket. The police-station being my only resource, I stopped an ancient negress and politely asked:—

<p>Indications de service.</p>	<p>Le port du destinataire.                  La forme doit permettre un réajustement à son bord lorsqu'il est chargé de traverser une tige.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Télégramme.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Agrévé                  Cayenne</p> <p style="text-align: center;">A DÉCHIRER.</p>	<p>N° _____</p> <p>Timbre à date.</p>
<p>Pour <i>les</i></p>	<p>de <i>Docm</i> N° <i>47</i> Mots <i>4</i> Député le <i>3/1/98</i> à <i>1 h</i> m. du matin</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Gracie.</i></p>	

THIS IS A FACSIMILE OF THE TELEGRAM WHICH PUT AN END TO M. DEGRAVE'S TORTURES AT CAYENNE—IT CONTAINED BUT ONE WORD, "GRACIE" (PARDONED).



# My Experiences as a Lady Missionary in China.

By E. M. LEE.

The author is able to speak with authority on the strange manners and customs of the Chinese, for she lived in the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society's School at Foochow for seven years—from 1892 till 1899. Miss Lee is at present home on furlough, having left China shortly before the present troubles. This interesting article will give readers a good deal of first-hand information concerning the domestic and social life of the Chinese. The photographs are rare and especially worthy of notice.



MISS LEE, WHO HEREIN RELATES SOME OF HER EXPERIENCES. *[Photo.]*



HE narrow streets of a great Chinese city are so utterly unlike anything we Westerns can even imagine that it would require a whole article

to do justice to the wonderful sights which are seen in them. However, the weird-looking object in the accompanying photograph must be explained. It is a death sign! A long bamboo pole has been erected in front of a house where a death has occurred. On the top of it is the image of a crane, made out of palm-fibre and bamboo splints; underneath a covering of the same material is so placed as to protect from rain a lantern of white paper, with black or blue characters on it, which hangs beneath. The lantern is called "The Bright

Light of the Seventeen Buddhas," and the object of erecting it is to let all the Buddhas and gods know of the rites and performances soon to take place, so that they can be present and partake of the food which will be offered!

One of the ceremonies is that of "Informing the ten kings of hell of the death of the individual." The supreme ruler, the Pearly Emperor, is also notified of the meritorious ceremonies which are to take place next day.

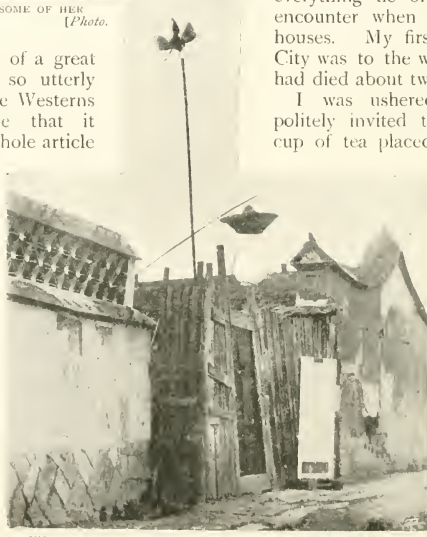
From the veranda of my room, which overlooked my nearest neighbour's courtyard and front-wall-less reception-room, I have seen very many of the strange heathenish and unutterably sad performances which take place during forty-nine to a hundred days in the presence and for the benefit of the confined dead, and my heart has been wrung with grief for the darkness and misery of those "who sorrow without hope."

It is difficult for the most thoughtful of "old inhabitants" to prepare a "new-comer" for everything he or she may have to encounter when visiting in Chinese houses. My first visit in Foochow City was to the widow of a man who had died about two months before.

I was ushered into the house, politely invited to sit down, and a cup of tea placed in my hands, in a

small reception-room, the middle of which was still occupied by the huge, black, pillar-like coffin of the man who had died so long before!

In part of a native house adjoining ours lived a mandarin with his two wives and children. His dearly loved secondary wife died after a short illness. The officer was in consoling



A CHINESE DEATH-SIGN. THE BIRD ON THE POLE ANNOUNCES THAT A DEATH HAS TAKEN PLACE, AND THE LANTERN IS AN INVITATION TO THE GODS TO BE PRESENT AT THE FINAL OBSEQUIES.

*From a Photo.*





HERE IS A ROW OF COFFIN-HOUSES, WHERE YOU CAN SEE AND COUNT THE COFFINS THROUGH THE OPEN DOORS. (Photo.)

over her loss, and by his frantic grief and extraordinary doings terrified even the heathen who witnessed them. One of the legitimate ways in which he displayed his love for his dead wife was by having twenty-one suits of clothing prepared and put on her remains before they were placed in the coffin, which was kept in his house for more than a year after her death.

The coffins of the dead often remain for months, and sometimes for years, in the houses of relatives: and after they have been removed from the houses a still longer period may elapse before they are interred. While the professor of geomancy, or Feng-Shui, is anxiously seeking out a favourable site for the all-important grave, and a "lucky day" for the funeral, the coffins are placed in small houses specially prepared for them, or, in the case of very poor people, under the shelter of trees or walls.

The Chinese are most particular in choosing a site for a grave, for if the spirits of the dead are uncomfortable they will surely wreak vengeance on the living! A man speaks of the graves of his relations as their Feng-Shui. Long, straight lines are greatly disliked and feared if they converge on a grave. It is easy to understand the intense

hatred the superstitious natives have to railway lines, roads, and mines, as they really think that the making of such things must bring disaster on myriads.

All the beautiful sunny hills about Foochow are covered to their tops with the graves of generations of the dead; while the villages crowded and teeming with the living are on low ground and beside foul ponds. The impression made by the grave-covered hills and the open-doored coffin-houses in which the great, strangely-shaped encase-

ments of the dead can be seen and counted is a strange and weird one. The size of a grave is regulated by the importance of the person who is to occupy it. The tomb of a "small" person (not necessarily in size but in degree) must not cover more than a radius of 9ft. from a given point, while the grave of a "great" mandarin may extend to a distance of 90ft. and have an avenue of wonderful sculptured stone figures leading up to it.

One lovely autumn afternoon two Chinese ladies stood with me on a high hill, from which there is a most exquisite view. I had imagined how much my two friends would enjoy the sunshine, the fresh, pure air, and lovely scenery. But they could not be induced to give more than a passing glance at the mountains before concentrating all their interest and enthusiasm on the graves by which we were surrounded. My attention had to be



"POTTED MEDIUMS."—THE LITTLE MOUNDS ARE THE COVERED ENDS OF JARS CONTAINING THE BONES OF THOSE PEOPLE WHOSE RELATIVES CANNOT AFFORD ORDINARY GRAVES. (Photo.)

devoted to the graves also, lest the ladies, who hobbled about so rapidly on their  $2\frac{3}{4}$  in. shoes and scrambled over the huge ancestral resting-places, eagerly inspecting the names, titles, and every detail recorded on them, should fall and seriously injure themselves. The expedition was a rare treat to them; but not at all in the way I had intended.

Not far from the scene of my disappointment there is a curious, low-walled inclosure, with a little shrine near the road but not facing it. This, too, is a burial ground; but surely it must be unique! In it no widespread graves with guardian figures are to be seen.

But what are the hundreds of cement-covered little mounds divided into squares by little cemented paths? A flippant "foreign child" would reply: "Potted ancestors"; but I have heard that a Chinese would answer: "Yellow gold." The little mounds are the covered tops of jars, 20 in. in depth, containing bones, which for some reason or other have been dug up from graves and re-buried here. The translation of the account given me by a learned Chinese of this particular collection of jars is: "Cantonese Righteous Tombs. Prepared by Cantonese men for poor Cantonese in Foochow who have no relations to bury them. All the Cantonese in Foochow go once a year to worship here, and each one receives a piece of meat."

The only roads (distinct from native paths) we have in Foochow run right over the hills which form the native cemetery of the great city. They were made for the convenience and at the expense of the foreign community. Before the work of making them was commenced enormous numbers of graves must have been purchased by the foreigners and removed by the native owners, who would carefully collect the bones of their ancestors, put them into jars, and wait for a "lucky day" to re-bury them.

Probably the "Cantonese Righteous Tombs" date from the road-making period. Numbers of jars are constantly seen under the shadow of a rock or hill. They contain bones which have been removed from the grave, because of some calamity which has visited the family of the deceased, and thus proved the "Feng-Shui" of the grave to be bad. The jars may remain above ground for many years, until the professor of geomancy has found an unexceptional site for re-interring them.

Babies who die very young are not considered worth the expense of a coffin or the trouble of burying them in the earth. So the poor little baby is wrapped in a piece of matting and handed over to a coolie, who, for a trifling sum of money, takes it away and throws or thrusts it into a "Baby Tower." In the photo-



A BABY TOWER, INTO WHICH THE BODIES OF DEAD INFANTS ARE THROWN. NUMBERS OF LITTLE BABY-GIRLS ARE BROUGHT HERE ALIVE AND LEFT TO DIE. (Photo.)



A WOODEN SHRINE AND FURNACE FOR BURNING WRITTEN PAPER, WHICH IS BURNED, LEST IT SHOULD BE USED FOR UNWORTHY PURPOSES. THE "LETTERED-PAPER SOCIETY" IS AN IMPORTANT ORGANIZATION.  
*From a Photo.*

graph we can see at the side of the tower the little oven where paper money is burned to appease evil spirits. It is said that numbers of little baby-girls are brought here and left to die.

The crime of infanticide is terribly prevalent in many parts of China; though in some districts it is unknown. In the Fuh-Kien Province certainly many hundreds of baby-girls are destroyed at birth, drowned, buried alive, or thrown out to die every year. Some of these hapless little creatures have been rescued by our missionaries of the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society, and when I left China there were forty happy little girls in their "Birds' Nest" Foundling Home at Kucheng.

The above photograph is one of a wayside shrine and furnace in which devout Chinese throw every scrap of written paper, from the leaves of old books to mere shreds on which the price-mark of goods is written. For the written "character" is considered to be such a sacred thing that notices are placed on the walls calling on the people to "reverence lettered paper." Benevolent and pious people hire persons to collect in baskets every scrap of paper they can find with writing on it. When the baskets are filled they are carried to the furnace and their contents burned. This is done under the belief that if the irreligious multitude used lettered paper to kindle fires or swept it up with the dust and rubbish of the street they would bring down on themselves

blindness and disease in this life and the heaviest penalties of hell in the next.

The ashes of the paper burnt in the furnace are carefully put into earthen vessels and kept until a large quantity is collected; they are then placed in baskets and carried in procession, attended by richly-dressed members of the "Lettered-Paper Society," through the principal streets of the city or its suburbs down to the bank of the river, where they are sprinkled on the waters and allowed to float down into the ocean.

It is impossible to walk even a short distance in Foochow without seeing numerous proofs of the idolatry and superstition of its inhabitants. Temples, ancestral halls, idol shops, and shops full of mock money and paper models of clothing, furniture, etc., to be burned for the use of the dead so that they may have the real things represented for their use in the spirit world—all these are passed in rapid succession, if you are not stopped and obliged to wait while one of the numerous idol processions which so frequently fill the streets passes by. The very walls, trees, and rocks are used as resting-places for little shrines like those in the illustrations before us. A small idol, two or three sticks of



"THE VERY WALLS, TREES, AND ROCKS ARE USED AS RESTING-PLACES FOR LITTLE SHRINES."  
*From a Photo.*

incense, and a few flowers are generally to be seen in the shrines, which are specially decorated at festival times.

But what is this gorgeous object coming through the narrow street and almost blocking it, so that there is not room for us to pass it in this specially narrow bit—where if we were to stand in the centre with outstretched arms we could touch the goods in the shops at each side? First comes a procession, with huge lanterns borne aloft, and a large red umbrella of two tiers. A band of musicians playing most discordant instruments precedes a great, heavy, red sedan chair, carried near the ground by four coolies. It is a wedding procession. In that grand red and gold, elaborately ornamented chair, covered with strange figures and decked with embroidered and befringed trap-

wedding. The bride was one of my pupils—a girl whose bright example and influence were helpful to our whole household. At her mother's earnest request she was married from the school to avoid the heathen rites which her father (a Taoist priest) would have insisted on having had she returned to his house. The day before the wedding a gift from the bridegroom arrived for me, consisting of seventy-two oranges, ten mysterious-looking parcels of Chinese eatables, with big red labels affixed, two live chickens, and half of a dead goat, with the head and legs attached.

Our dear old school matron tried to relieve my perplexity at the receipt of such an embarrassing present by assuring me, with her sweetest smile, that all the treasures were intended for me, and that the bridegroom had

taken this way of showing his regard and respect for me, as he looked up to me as his mother-in-law.

One of the favourite expeditions from Foo-chow is to the Kushan, or Drum Mountain. About a thousand feet below its grand peak is the large, old, and celebrated Buddhist Monastery of the "Bubbling Spring." It is built in a deep

dell, where large trees and delicately green and feathery bamboos give a delightful shade.

The sides of the hill rise sheer from the walls of the monastery. The bare, massive peak of the mountain is its background; the valley in front lies thousands of feet below. But the monastery itself and all it contains—from its entrance-gate, guarded by the immense and hideous idols known as "Buddha's Door-keepers," to its two great temples—depress and sadden one.

In the great temple are the colossal gilded images of Buddha (commonly known as Past, Present, and To Come). On one of my visits to the temple I saw a workman on a high ladder busily engaged in re-gilding the gods.

At Canton there is a temple dedicated to the Five Hundred Disciples of Buddha, and here at Kushan is also a Hall of the "Five



"IN THAT GRAND RED AND GOLD CHAIR SITS THE POOR LITTLE BRIDE ON HER WAY TO THE HOME OF THE HUSBAND SHE HAS NEVER SEEN."  
*(Photo.)*

tings, sits the poor little bride in her brilliant red dress and thick red veil, on her way from the home of her childhood to the home of the husband she has never seen, to be in all probability the slave and drudge of her unknown mother-in-law, who has the power to make life very hard and bitter to the poor child.

A sad tragedy occurred once in our nearest neighbour's house. A girl hanged herself in consequence of the cruel treatment she had received from her mother-in-law. And early one summer's morning I saw the dead body of another young married woman floating in a pond into which she had thrown herself when she could no longer bear the misery of her home life.

About a year before I took my furlough I had to take a part, more important than I was aware of at the time, in a Chinese Christian's

Hundred Honourables. Idols, candles, bronze and pewter in cense-burners, flowers, and offerings decorate the altars and shrines; and rows of kneeling-stools about 10in. in height are provided for worshippers.

Two services are held in the day: the first at the inconvenient hour of 4.0 a.m. and the second at 3.30 p.m. The monks are summoned to prayer by the beating of the hollow trunk of a tree shaped like a dragon. The service is very elaborate, and is accompanied by many prostrations and genuflexions, chanting, music, drum-beating, bell-ringing, and incense-burning; the whole closing with a procession between the kneeling-stools up and down and round and round the temple, while the worshippers chant the words "O-Me-to" (Praise to Buddha) a thousand times.

Above the roof of one of the shrines at



A TINY SHRINE IN A BANYAN TREE. CLOTHES, FOOD, AND INCENSE (IN PAPER) ARE DISPATCHED TO THE DEAD BY MEANS OF THESE SHRINES. [Photo]

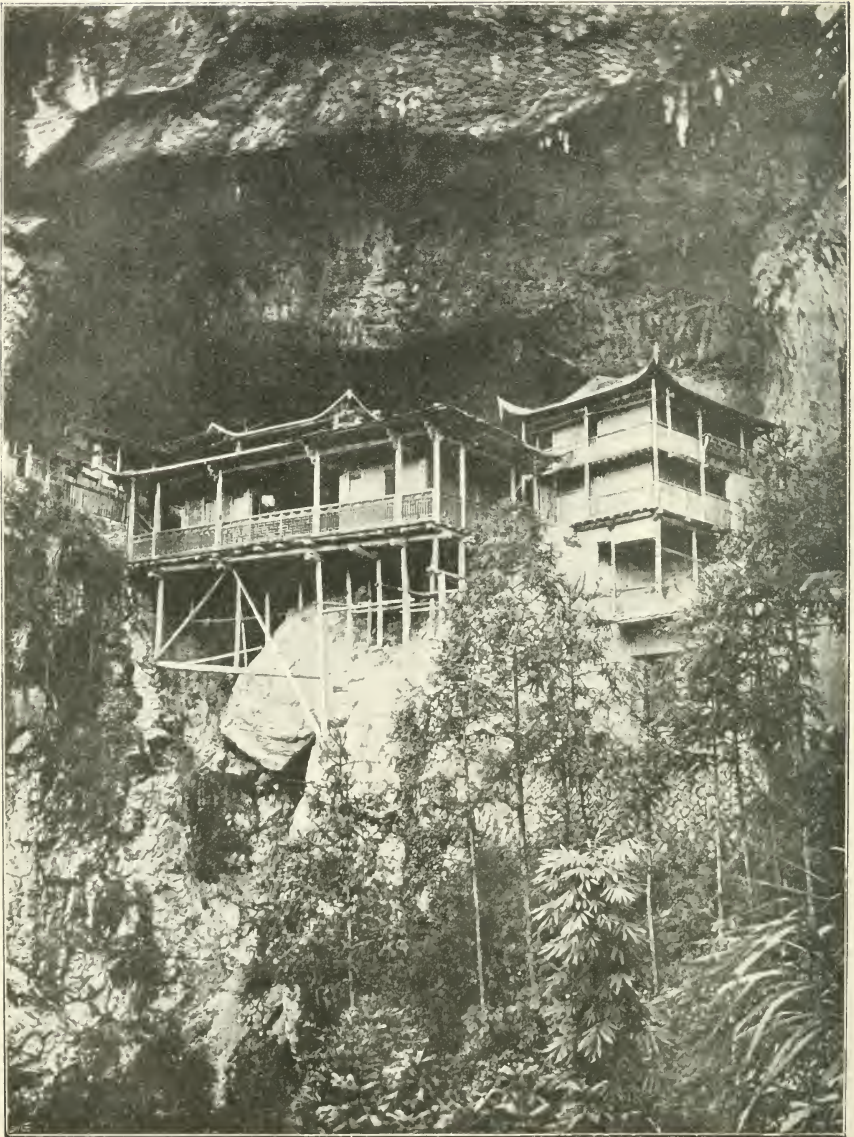
Kushan is a great bronze bell, which is struck at regular intervals by an arrangement worked by water-power. It is supposed to have a wonderful effect on the Feng-Shui of the monastery; and the blessings the bell sends forth extend as far as Foochow.

The fish-pond in the foreground of the photograph literally swarms with fish. As they struggle and gasp in their efforts to secure the biscuits which visitors buy by the string and throw to them, there seems to be more fish than water in the part of the pond where the fish have assembled.

Another Buddhist monastery most strangely and picturesquely perched high up on the face of a precipice is the Yung Fuh Monastery, a few days' journey by boat from Foochow. The memory of the trip up the Ing Hok River to the monastery is one of my most delightful recollections of China. In imagination I can



THE MONASTERY AT KUSHAN. THE POND IN THE FOREGROUND SWARMS WITH FISH, WHICH THE FAITHFUL FEED WITH ABSOLUTELY. [Photo]



THE WONDERFUL YUNG FUH MONASTERY, PERCHED HIGH UP ON THE FACE OF A PRECIPICE.

*From a Photo.*

still see tier above tier of mountain peaks ; perpendicular and strange looking rocks ; quaint temples and villages ; graceful bamboos fringing the banks of the clear, bright river ; leaping waterfalls and deep, shady glens through which the water boils and foams over great boulders swept long ago from the tree-covered hills above.

To ascend the rapids, near the end of our river journey, we had to transfer ourselves from the houseboat to a flat-bottomed sampan. After a row of some hours we were landed at a pretty village some miles distant from the precipice on which the monastery is built,

gruesome Baby Tower and tales of infant woe and girl misery, to our last illustration. It is a photograph of some of the pupils in one of the mission schools, in which numbers of the unwelcomed, despised, and neglected daughters of China are taught the love of Him in Whose sight every one of them is precious.

The school represented is the C.E.Z.M.S. "Boarding School for Heathen Girls," Foochow. It is intended to reach girls in whose homes idols and ancestral tablets are worshipped, evil spirits dreaded and propitiated, and where the whole environment is one of superstition and sin. Great were the difficulties to be encoun-



EVIL SPIRITS ON THE BRIDGE, LAZIED THEM AS BEING EASY, THEREFORE THIS QUAINZ BRIDGE (AT SHANGHAI) WAS BUILT IN ZIG-ZAG FASHION. (Photo.)

partly supported by slender piles, and nestling under a huge projecting rock.

The last photograph but one takes us far away from the neighbourhood of Foochow to the tea-garden and zig-zag bridge in the native city of Shanghai, which foreigners suppose (but erroneously, I understand) to be the original of the famous willow-plate pattern.

It is a relief to turn from pagodas, temples, graves, shrines, monasteries, and other visible proofs of idolatry and superstition, from the

tered in opening such a school, and many were the prophecies of failure. However, it was opened on May 1st, 1893, with five pupils. The father of one of them required a guarantee from Mrs. Ahok (a well-known Chinese lady) that the foreign ladies would not take out his little girl's eyes and secretly send her off to England, before he would allow the child to cross the threshold of the school! Six years and a half later we had a hundred pupils and teachers under our roof.

The subjects for study in classical and colloquial Chinese are the Bible, Prayer-book, hymn-book, many books of Christian doctrine, geography, arithmetic, universal history, elementary astronomy and physiology; writing in Chinese character and in Romanized; music, singing, sewing, musical drill, housework, etc. Numbers of our pupils have become true Christians who show the reality of their conversion not only by their words, but also by their consistent daily lives. In the holidays they are missionaries to

sum towards the expenses of their food; but others are so poor that we have to provide them even with clothing. Under our roof we have had many sorts and conditions of girls, from the daughters of a mandarin to a poor little waif once known as the "beggar-woman's daughter." They are of all ages, too, from an amusing, mischievous little maid of seven to a dignified young lady of twenty-one. At present our school is without a school-house. Plague broke out in our old premises down in the



THE CHILDREN OF THE C.E.S.S. SCHOOL AT DUMB-BELL EXERCISE. AN ANXIOUS PARENT REQUIRED A GUARANTEE THAT HIS LITTLE GIRL'S EYES WOULD NOT BE TAKEN OUT BY THE FOREIGN LADIES. *(Photo. From a)*

their friends and neighbours in their widely scattered homes and villages. Thus the influence of the school is great and far-reaching.

In the early days of the school the tiny, cruelly distorted feet\* of the heathen girls used to be an inexpressible sorrow to me; but nearly all of our pupils have unbound their feet and are now able to walk, run, and play like happy English girls. The small sum of £3 a year is sufficient to pay the expenses of a child in this school.

Some of our pupils are able to pay a small

\* In all schools for the daughters of Christians candidates for admission are obliged to unbind their feet, or promise to do so when taken into the schools. In a school for heathen girls it is undesirable to make the unbinding of the feet compulsory.

narrow native streets. The locality was condemned by our medical authorities; the school then disbanded to assemble four months later in a temporary refuge in the school for Christian girls belonging to the C.M.S.

But only forty of our pupils are there at present, and it is absolutely necessary that we should have a school-house of our own in a healthy locality. My earnest desire is to succeed in raising sufficient funds for the new building before I return to China, and a considerable portion of the sum required has been already provided by the kindness of friends and by the sale of beautiful Chinese and Japanese embroideries, curios, and silver articles; but we still need several hundred pounds





By Maxwell F. McTaggart, 5th Lancers.

Lieutenant McTaggart's narrative may prove interesting to peaceful, stay-at-home persons as well as those who have enjoyed this exciting sport in India, Morocco, and elsewhere. Pig-sticking, as may be gathered from the following episodes, provides grand exercise, coupled with a certain danger to life and limb, which adds greatly to the attraction of the sport.



UNTING-MEN flatter themselves, I know, by saying that there is nothing in the world of sport to compare with fox-hunting—a sentiment which I should be the last to gainsay; but I also maintain that anyone who has done much, or even a little, pig-sticking will be ready to aver that there never can be, and never will be, any sport to equal it in any part of the globe. Here you do your own hunting. The eventual death of the pig depends upon your own skill, your own horsemanship, knowledge of the country, of the pig and his ways, your own prowess with the spear, and courage to use it properly. If the pig escapes you there is no huntsman to cavil at—save yourself—no scent to abuse, no bounds to vent your wrath upon. 'Tis you and you only who are responsible for the kill—a job that no fox-hunter knows.

Those people who have never seen or taken part in this most enjoyable sport are always inclined to imagine that a pig must be a slow-moving animal. That this is far from being the case will be seen from the following example.

I was once riding a thoroughbred Waler (Aus-  
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tralian horse) who had won me several steeplechases, and was an extremely fast horse on the flat as well. A beater pointed a pig out to me lying "doggo" in a bush. I went up to the place and he poked him out with a stick. Now, a quarter of a mile away there was a large jheel, or marsh covered with reeds, and I knew if the pig reached this place before I could stop him he would effect his escape. So, right on his tail as I was, I put both spurs to my horse and galloped after him "at sixteen annas"—to use an Anglo-Indian expression. In that distance not one single yard could I gain, and the pig got safely into the jheel.

On another occasion, after a long day's pig-sticking, during which we had had very good sport, we were preparing to return to camp. Our pig-stickers had been sent on, and we were just mounting our hacks, when suddenly a beater who happened to be standing near shouted out, "*Sahib, sahib, zwo sui jata—zwo sui jata*" (Sahib, there goes a pig). "*Bahut bara wallah!*" (very big one). We looked round and there we saw a real good pig lolloping away across the plain a little below us. Luckily we had our



THE AUTHOR, LIEUT. F. MCTAGGART, OF THE 5TH LANCERS.  
From a Photo. by Covell, 5101.

spears with us, and so in much less time than it takes to express it on paper we were off in hot pursuit. Three of us there were. One, Burton I will call him, was on an excitable brute that had never seen a pig before in its life. He made one hopeless attempt to make it get within striking distance, but the horse turned and was off into the jungle as hard as it could go, and was not seen again

I was gradually drawing nearer to him, but the distance he had to go was getting rapidly less. At last the time had come. I made one great effort. Clapping spurs to my horse, I urged him forward, bent over, and sent the spear well home, actually on the very margin of the jheel, the shaft breaking like my own as I did so. The next second we were all three precipitated into the ghastly mud and slime with



"THE NEXT SECOND WE WERE ALL THREE PRECIPITATED INTO THE GHASTLY MUD AND SLIME."

for some time. The other man, Ashbourne, who was a novice at the game, and myself completed the trio. I luckily had a hack which was a pig-sticker as well, and that was the only thing that saved the situation. After a short run I got alongside the pig and got one good spear into him. Unluckily it broke right off close to the head, while the pig only went on the faster. There was now no one left save Ashbourne to finish him. He made one attempt to stick him, but it was far from being successful, and I saw that unless something were quickly done we should lose our pig. Moreover, we were gradually drawing nearer and nearer to a big jheel, which, once reached, it would have been hopeless to ever attempt to secure him. The case was desperate. I galloped towards Ashbourne and shouted to him to give me his spear. I tore it out of his hand and rushed after the pig as fast as my horse's legs would carry me. It was neck or nothing. Should I catch him ere he got to the jheel, or would he escape us after all? It was a great race. He knew as well as I the importance of reaching that place before I could get up to him, and he was going his best.

which these places are filled. The horse, the pig, and I—all three of us were up to our eyes in ooze, and all within touching distance of each other, but too blown to move. The situation must have been extremely funny to an onlooker, as, indeed, was proved by Burton, on the untrained horse. At that moment he came back, just in time to see the incident occur, and he could do nothing but roar with laughter on the bank. The pig was certainly the worst off, as, owing to his small feet, he had sunk deeper into the mud than either the horse or myself, and was quite powerless to move a foot one way or the other. The horse I left to his own resources, and after he had recovered his wind sufficiently he managed to scramble out by himself, when Ashbourne kindly galloped after him and eventually brought him back. After I had rubbed the mud out of my eyes I found that I was about up to my waist, and by stretching forward I could just touch the pig, who was eyeing me, as may be imagined, with no friendly glance. When I had sufficiently recovered my breath I waded, with some difficulty, a step or so closer to the spear, and commenced searching for one of the spear points that

had been left in him. One of these I, luckily, managed to find, in spite of the mud and the thickness of his bristles, and then succeeded in finishing him off by a succession of stabs. It was not an easy thing to do by any means, for without great weight behind the spear it is difficult to get the point to penetrate the tough hides of these brutes. It was not a pleasant operation either, but one I have never again experienced, nor do I expect I ever shall.

The difficulty then was to drag him out. Our impetus had carried us far into the mire, and alone this feat was impossible. So Burton on the bank nobly stopped laughing, divested himself of his coat, and waded in.

Then came by far the hardest part of all. It took us a long time to get him out, for he was a heavy pig and deeply embedded in the mud. However, we succeeded eventually, and well were we recompensed for our pains. He proved to be a fine old boar, measuring 31½ in., with as good a pair of tusks as I have ever seen.

Hunting a pig by one's self is always a more or less dangerous experiment, although I know several men who make a practice of it whenever they get the opportunity. But it is not one of which to make a general rule, as, if your horse does come down, it's "any money" on the pig and yourself nowhere. However, it is not always attended with fatal results, as the following story will show.

We had had an absolutely blank day. We had scoured the country in every direction, and not even a "sounder" (a sow with litter) had we seen. So that part of the country being apparently denuded of pig, we decided to give it up and go home. We sent off most of our horses and spears, and the remainder of the party went off in the direction of the break preparatory to driving back. I had stayed behind in order to pay off the beaters, and was cantering along to pick the others up. Just as I was going through a field of standing corn I heard a rustle behind me. I looked round quickly, and there sure enough was the black back of a pig showing up for a moment from among the ears. Confound it! Why had I sent my spears home? I shouted and yelled till I was hoarse to attract the attention of the "shikari" (native huntsman), who was riding off in the distance. At last I succeeded in getting him to hear. He came galloping up on his little pony to know what was the matter. I told him that there was a pig in the khet, but that I had no spear. He said the "saises" (grooms) had gone on some time with the spears and could not be brought back, but that if the sahib liked he had one and would lend it me. I told him to get it as quickly as he could, while I would wait

and watch the pig. It seemed a long time as I sat motionless looking out for the slightest movement, lest the pig should escape after all. At last the shikari arrived with the spear. But what a one it was! Very small and light, with a slender shaft, beautifully decorated with various coloured hoops, and had a point as blunt as one's finger! It looked as if the least thing would break it, and I am sure it had never been used for such a purpose before. It didn't look as if it would stick a rabbit. But it was a question of "needs must." So with this as my only weapon of offence and defence I started off after my pig.

Luckily he had not moved all this time and I had no difficulty in coming across him. A great chase then commenced—in and out among the corn, twisting, turning, now this way and then that, never going a moment straight. If I took my eyes off for one instant he would be irredeemably lost. Anyone who has done this form of pig-sticking knows that this is quite the hardest work of all, both for the horse and rider, and we were both soon streaming with perspiration, and I was beginning to wonder how much longer it would last. Twice had I struck the pig, but the blunt spear would not pierce his hide. At last I got an opportunity. Leaning forward, and putting all my weight into it, I sent the spear home with all my available strength. This time I succeeded in forcing a way through his thick and hairy skin. But I did not dare to try and hold him, lest my only spear should break. So I had to let it slip out of my hand. I shouted to a coolie who was standing by to give it me back, but he was far too wise to approach a wounded boar and pull out a spear which was sticking in him. The shikari, too, knew too much to risk his valuable life. There was nothing for it but to do it myself. The coolie would at any rate hold my horse. I cautiously approached the infuriated but, I am thankful to say, half-exhausted animal. I could see his little eyes glaring at me as I approached, while the multi-coloured spear was waving majestically among the corn-stalks. I reached forward slowly, watching anxiously for the slightest move on his part. Just as I could reach the end of the spear I pulled it sharply out, and jumped back as I did so. Whew! He rushed at me with his head down and those deadly tusks gleaming ominously from his frothing jaws. I sprang quickly to one side. He had missed me by an inch! Before he had time to recover himself from the impetus of his charge I had rushed back and remounted ere he, blinded by rage, had noticed in which direction I had gone.

Once more the hunt began. Again I got my



"I COULD SEE HIS LITTLE EYES GLARING AT ME AS I APPROACHED."

spear well home, but, for the same reason as before, had to let it slip out of my hand. A second time I had to dismount and play the dangerous game again. Luck was with me. He was beginning to weaken, and his charge was less alarming than, perhaps, his grunt of rage was as he rushed at me. This time he allowed me a little longer to get back into the saddle, as he was tottering rather in his stride. After him then for my third attempt. A short, decisive hunt it was this time. I drew alongside him, bent forward, sent the spear through him just behind the shoulder, and held on. I knew the pig must die now, and it mattered little whether the spear broke or not.

To my great surprise it didn't break after all. I was master of the situation now, for I could hold him. He made one attempt to charge, but the spear withstood the strain, though it bent like a very reed. It was his last effort, and the next instant he rolled over on his back—dead. My horse and I were nearly dead too—dead-beat—as it had been a long and very severe hunt for us both.

There was no rest for us yet, however. No sooner had I compassed the death of this pig than what should I see but a second careering across the maidan (plain) not two hundred yards away. Off we went again in hot pursuit. He had too much start for me to get on level terms with him in the open, and ere I could catch him up he had plunged into another crop of

standing corn. Here the same proceeding had to commence again: that same exciting approach on foot to a wounded boar, but this time quite alone, with not even a coolie near to hold my horse. Luckily he required no attention; he was only too pleased to stand still. I was just mounting after having successfully extracted the still unbroken spear from this second pig, and was wondering if I had strength enough left to finish him off, when to my delight some of the other members of the party arrived. They had seen the hunt from the roadway, and had sent back for their spears, which had arrived just in the nick of time. Their arrival was most welcome, as had I been left to myself I fear the pig would have got away, for I was as much "cooked" as my horse.

Possibly, however, the most remarkable hunt I have ever experienced was during the Kadir Cup of 1897. By way of explanation, I should say that the Kadir Cup is the great pig-sticking competition of North Central India, held annually at Meerut. Generally speaking, there are about thirty or forty entries, and each man is allowed two chances if he wishes. But his second chance must be ridden off upon a fresh horse. The competition is decided by heats. The first man who succeeds in spearing the pig so as to draw blood is adjudicated the winner of his heat. There are usually four men to ride in each, which are drawn and settled the night before.

Now, it so happened that I was lucky enough to have been left in for the semi-finals. Our heat was sent to an island in the middle of the sandy bed of the Ganges, separated from the main-land by a broad stretch of yellow sand and the shallow bed of the river, which at that time of the year is extremely low.

We had not been beating the island long when a fair-sized pig broke back through the line and began making his way as fast as he could across the sand, with the idea of getting to the other side of the river. We all saw him at the same moment, and on a word from the umpire were after him. There was one officer in my regiment in our heat, and we, riding neck and neck, soon left the others some way behind. Suddenly his horse put his feet into some deeper sand than the rest and fell. This

left me alone with the pig, so I galloped on as fast as I could, delighted to have so good an opportunity. I soon came up with him, as they can only move slowly over sand on account of their great weight and small, narrow feet. I leant forward and struck him just by the shoulder with my spear. At that moment the pig "jinked" and, unluckily for me, the point of my spear caught in the shoulder-bone and did not penetrate farther. I raised it quickly to see if there was any blood upon it—which it was necessary to show to the umpire before being declared the winner of the heat—but there was none, only a little touch of fat to show that I had struck him at all. But I still had the pig to myself and felt confident of scoring next time. I was hard on his heels and we were just approaching the river.

Now, as I have said, the river is always low at this time of the year, and I had no compunction in galloping through it after the pig. But no sooner had I entered the water than I found to my great surprise that the river at that point instead of being not more than a foot or so deep was about 6ft. or more. The result was that the horse and myself were completely immersed in the sacred but muddy waters of the Ganges. He started plunging and struggling violently, and in the confusion I dropped my spear, and in some way became entangled in the reins and had a narrow escape of being struck by his hoofs. Luckily I managed to steer clear.

Meanwhile the pig had swum across and proceeded to climb the almost precipitous bank on the opposite side. But he had been so hustled across the sand that he hadn't wind enough left to climb even so short a distance. He made two ineffectual attempts, which gave the two fellows behind time to come up. They avoided the hole into which I had fallen, crossed the river, and one of them was just in time to catch the pig as he was falling for the second time,

and was thus enabled to claim "first spear" and the heat.

The second man then drove his spear well home, and the pig, seeing the hopelessness of attempting to get up the bank any more, turned round, with the spear sticking through him all the time, and began swimming towards me. It was just at that moment that I had extricated myself from my horse and was trying to get the muddy water out of my eyes. The first thing I saw was the alarming sight of the pig swimming straight towards me with his little eyes gleaming fire, his mouth open, and burdened by a hardly less dangerous spear, whose point was sticking out ominously about 2ft. through his side. It was a peculiar position, and I was in some doubt what to do. I waited till he came within striking distance, paddling all the time, in my now heavy jack-boots, then lay over on my back and kicked him on the snout.



"I WAITED TILL HE CAME WITHIN STRIKING DISTANCE, THEN I LAY OVER ON MY BACK AND KICKED HIM ON THE SNOUT."

This turned him, but it only presented the formidable spear point directed straight towards me. I liked the position no better. Waiting my opportunity, I kicked him once more. He turned again. Round came the leaden head of the spear with great force through the water. Luckily, I avoided it just in time. One more kick, and a lot of splashing brought me into my depth and, fortunately, also to where my own spear had got to. I picked it up and waded straight at the savage brute, holding it aloft. He made one dash at me, with those glistening tusks—a last struggle for his life—and the next instant I had sent the spear through his body and pinned him, lifeless, to the bank of the mighty Ganges.

# Over the Desert to Jowf.

WHAT I SAW THERE, AND ALL THAT HAPPENED ON THE WAY.

By ARCHIBALD FORDER, OF THE AMERICAN MISSIONARY ALLIANCE, JERUSALEM.

Mr. Forder, as "Wide World" readers are aware, is an indefatigable traveller and photographer. In the following narrative he describes and illustrates one of the most important and dangerous journeys he has yet undertaken. The details of his relations with Sheik Johar of Jowf afford a curious contrast with the everyday life of the Western World. Mr. Forder's original photographs are especially deserving of more than passing notice.



EW civilized men visit the Jowf; the dangers of the desert, the long distance to be travelled, and the expense of such a trip make it difficult. In my case three previous attempts had resulted in failure, but now the journey has been accomplished, and the experience will last me a lifetime.

But where is the Jowf? Take a map of Arabia and look towards the north and you will find the Jowf, surrounded by yellow colouring, meaning sand, and under the rule of the "Prince of the Wilderness," Ibn Rashud, who cares little for the doings and threats of the Powers, as he reigns supreme in his desert-bound capital.

The journey I am about to describe took me three and a half months. My previous knowledge of Arabs and their language stood me in good stead. I am thankful to be back alive, minus many of my daily necessities.

I left Jerusalem, and with one man made my way in eight days to the Druze country, south-east of Damascus. All went well until the sixth day, when an incident occurred that will show how a guest is respected by his Arab host. We rode into a small town in which is a Turkish garrison, and were about to enter the house of a native when I was accosted by an official, who told me that he was an inspector and wanted to search

my baggage for anything contraband, such as firearms, powder, intoxicants, or tobacco. We unloaded my animal and my things were put into the guest-room, the official following us. I told him I had nothing dutiable, but refused to allow him to touch my luggage. He insisted and there were high words, until at last my host put an end to the matter by saying, "This man is my guest to-night and his goods are under my roof.

Therefore, I cannot allow you to interfere with him or his luggage; it would be a disgrace to me. To-morrow, when he leaves my house, do what you like." The official then left, and so did I next day without seeing any more of him.

All that day the rain came down in torrents, and we made our way slowly across a wide plain. About eleven o'clock a thick fog enveloped us, and we very easily got off the track. For hours we wandered about hoping to get right. We were wet through, cold, hungry, and tired, and had the prospect before us of spending the night

in the open in the rain. Just before evening the fog lifted, and away in the distance we saw smoke rising from a small village. We made for it and got a warm welcome from the natives, who stowed us and our animals in a small room, made a fire of dried dung, whose smoke nearly stifled us, and gave us a supper of bread and boiled peas. Before morning, what with fire



MR. ARCHIBALD FORDER, THE AUTHOR, IN BEDOUIN DRESS.

From a Photo.

and smoke, we were fairly dry, and set out again. This day we came to the village I had in my mind, and, having dismissed my man, I set about looking for someone to go into the desert with me. But this was a difficult matter, for fear of the Arabs kept the villagers from going far except in large parties or caravans.

My host in this place told me that a party, made up of the men of the surrounding villages, was to leave in a few days for the place I wanted to go to some four days away. They were to make up a caravan of some thousand camels, and if I waited, he said, I could go with them. I soon saw that this was the only way open to me, so I made up my mind to wait. After three or four days heavy snow fell, which put an end to starting for the time.

Life in this place was pretty rough. I was lodged in a public "guest-room." The smoke from the fire of dried dung kept me shedding tears all day. At night I lay on a rush mat on the floor, with a thick quilt for a covering, the inevitable vermin making the nights most unwelcome and restless. I had to squat round a big bowl of food with the natives, and while it lasted ate all I could. The one with the biggest mouth and the greatest capacity for eating scalding food got the most. Many times the dish was empty before I was satisfied. How I endured seventeen days of this place I don't know. But all things come to an end. After many delays a day was fixed for starting, and notice was sent all round the country for the caravan to meet at a place about four hours away. I had arranged with my host to get me a riding camel, which he did. We preceded the caravan some three days, and went to an Arab encampment some distance off to await it.

On the day fixed for starting it entered the thick head of my Arab that there were two roads. What to do we did not know. At last I said that if a man would ride off and find out which road they had taken I would pay him. Away went a volunteer early in the afternoon. Sunset came, but no horseman. Supper was over, and we were sitting round the fire sipping coffee when up he rode, shouting to us that the caravan was coming on the western road. I put my few things on my camel and away we rode into the night, made light by the shining of a full moon.

After riding some little time we heard in the distance the clanging of numerous bells, and my companion and I, both on camels, saw a number of horsemen coming toward us. We were soon surrounded, and in loud tones and with levelled guns they demanded who we were, and what we wanted out in the night. We soon assured them that we were friends.

By the time we two had answered a few questions as to the whereabouts of the Arabs, the places likely to find water, etc., their caravan was upon us. It was a sight I shall never forget, for the horsemen that accosted us were merely the outriders of the caravan, consisting of about 1,200 camels loaded with wheat, which was to be exchanged for salt. There were also many mules and donkeys and about 160 horsemen, all armed with Martini-Henry rifles. The caravan was divided into four divisions, each about the eighth of a mile apart. In front and on each side rode the armed horsemen, always on the look-out for marauding Arabs.

The division of the caravan which I joined was the last. My camel was tied to the saddle of another, and I was soon quite at home. We rode all that night over level sand, with no noise but that of the camels' bells.

Through a second night, also, did we ride, from time to time harassed by bands of Arabs, who, however, were soon chased away by our horsemen. After a halt about daybreak we rode on until noon, when we saw ahead the palm-groves of the salt villages, from which nearly all Syria and Palestine are supplied with salt. I was given into the keeping of the sheik, and had a good sleep in his guest-room, waking up to find the sun setting and the sacks filled with salt ready for the return. The caravan returned next day and I was left alone—the only Christian in the whole district. I rode out with a man one day to see the way they worked the salt deposits. I found a number of wells of very strong brine. From these the water is drawn and poured into pits in the sand. Evaporation soon takes place, leaving a deposit of snow-white crystals. These are gathered by the Arabs of the village and stored in large bins made of mud bricks. I was told that a camel-load was worth about one shilling and sixpence. I spent two days here and was passed on to another village, distant about half a day's ride.

I was sent over in charge of two fellows, who proved to be rogues. I rode a horse, and my few belongings were loaded on a poor camel, the two villains riding on top. Seven times on the way they threw down my things on the sand and refused to proceed unless I gave them money. By means of persuasion, threats, and promises, however, I got them along, and we at last reached our destination.

That night on going to my saddle-bags I found that the fellows had plundered them on the way, taking many things that I sadly needed for my journey.

I took a seat among the men in the guest-room, and soon found that I was among a most fanatical horde—a very unwelcome guest.

"A Jew, said one: "may Allah curse him!" "No," said others, "a Christian—an unbeliever, one from among those who would kill off the Faithful." "Let him sit apart, he will defile us," said a pious man, and I was given plenty of room. I barely answered the few questions put to me. Soon the place was full of curious spectators, all come to see what a Christian was like. Many of them drew their daggers across their throats, saying, "This is



A DESERT ARAB DRYING SALT—  
A CAMEL-LOAD IS WORTH ABOUT  
ONE AND SIXPENCE.  
*From a Photo.*

how we treat Christians here. What do you want in our land? Go back where you came from. May Allah's curse be on you."

Evening came, and I was given some bread and dates for supper. I consulted the sheik, and after hearing what I had to say the old man replied, "In a day or two a large caravan leaves for the Jowf—nine days' ride. I am going too; if you will give me two pounds a day I will provide you with a camel, and you can go with me, but I will not be answerable for anything that may befall you on the way." Having said this, he made off. In the morning I went out into the palm-groves to meditate. Returning to the guest-room I found the sheik alone. "I can-

not give you the sum you asked me last night," I said, "but if you will provide me a camel, with food and water for the return journey of eighteen days, I will give you four English pounds." I held out the money in my hand, knowing the effect of the sight of gold on an Arab. The bait took. "Finished," said the sheik. "To-morrow we start, and may God grant us a safe and speedy return." In the morning two fine riding camels were driven into the yard of the sheik's house, one for him and one for myself. About noon the caravans collected, and I counted about ninety camels loaded with wheat, which was to be exchanged for dates. As we rode off some of the men of the caravan came around me levelling their guns at me, and showing me their daggers, saying: "This is what you will have when you reach Jowf, if we do not kill you before you arrive there." I said, "Will you kill a stranger and visitor to your country; that is not your custom, is it?" They replied, "You are unclean—an unbeliever, and God will reward us if we kill you."

It is not my intention to follow our journey day by day. We would commence our day's march at sunrise and go on until about an hour before sunset, when the loads would be put down and the camels turned out to graze. The first thing was to gather anything burnable. A good fire was soon made and bread-making commenced. The dough having been prepared, it was flattened out



THIS IS THE ARAB CHIEF WHO ACCOMPANIED MR.  
FORDER ON HIS PERILOUS JOURNEY.  
*From a Photo.*

into a large cake about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. thick, then laid on a bed of hot ashes and covered with the same until baked. It lost nothing in baking, but rather gained. A little of it went a long way and was very satisfying. I subsisted on such fare for some thirty days during my journey. Of course, we suffered a good deal from thirst. Water was scarce, and where we expected to find rain-water we found none.



My daily allowance was about a quart. On one occasion we had been two days and a night without drink, and it seemed as if the coming night also was to be waterless. We made a halt and sent out men in all directions to search for water. One after another they returned to say there was none to be had. Our Bedouin, a real son of the desert, did not come back so soon. After a time we saw away in the distance an object on a small eminence, and soon made it out to be our missing man, waving his cloak and signalling us to come that way. Men and camels made off at a good pace, leaving me to follow on foot, for I had dismounted. On coming up to them I beheld a sight I shall never forget. Twenty or thirty half-naked men were digging in the sand with their hands. At about 4ft. they came upon the precious liquid. It was salt, and was so scarce that it could only be dipped up in small quantities. That drink lasted us the next day and a half, when we sighted the palm-groves of the Jowf. The men fired off their guns and danced and sang for joy; the desert, with its dangers and thirst, was passed and they were home. As for me, I wondered what was before me. On the afternoon of the ninth day of our journey we entered the Jowf, the most important town in Northern Arabia. As I rode in I heard the men of the place say to each other, "A Christian! May Allah curse him; to-morrow his head will be cut off." The sheik I was with made for the house of the chief, and, having made his salutations, we were told that we were to be the guests of his two sons. Away we went to their house, and were soon seated in the guest-room sipping coffee. Many men came in to salute the sheik, but for me there was no word of welcome, only curses and evil wishes.

It would be impossible for me to write in detail all that filled the thirteen days I spent in the Jowf. The study of the date palm took up some of my time, and I spent many hours in the graceful groves. Here were tens of thousands of palms of different heights and sizes. The sheik of the Jowf, Johar by name, is a negro: he has had charge of the town and district for about thirty-four years, and is renowned for the strict justice he administers. He lives in a castle made of mud bricks, surrounded by three high and thick walls. On each corner of the outside walls are watch-towers about 40ft. high, from which one can look far away across the desert. The only entrance is by a very strong door, covered with heavy sheets of iron, and carefully guarded by a cut-throat-looking set of negroes. No one is allowed to enter the castle except Johar's near relations, servants, and any that may receive special invitation.

The castle is about half a mile from the town and stands quite alone. The second day after my arrival I made my way to it; I found the sheik outside sitting on a raised bench, and before him were a large number of justice-seeking Arabs sitting in a semicircle. I was invited to sit by the bench. Having exchanged salutations the sheik took no further notice of me, but went on with the affairs of the people. After about twenty minutes he called one of his men and said to him, "Take this man away and get him food, and as long as he stays here you attend him. See that he has plenty to eat and all the coffee he needs to drink. Let no one interfere with him in any way. But take notice of all he does and says, and keep me informed."

Away I went. My guardian told me as I walked back with him that a council of all the big men of the place had been called that morning to talk over my coming and decide what should be done with me. "But," said he, "I must not tell you what they said; you will know later on."

I made a meal of bread, dates, and sour milk, and then went out for a stroll, the man, of course, following me. On returning to the guest-room I found the place full of men, with Sheik Johar at the head, sitting on an old carpet; he called me to his side and asked me a few questions. At last he looked serious, and said to me, "Nasvany (Christian), you have come into the Moslem's country uninvited, and we require all who come here to give up their religion and embrace ours. I praise God that through me five Christians and one Jew have done this, and now I ask you to do the same. Before Allah the Moslem is very honourable, but a Christian that accepts the religion of Islam is far more honourable. We will give you wives, palms, camels, gardens, and a house if only you will become a Moslem. If you refuse, I fear you will never leave this place alive. What do you say?"

Everyone was silent and awaited my reply, which was something like this: "Oh, sheik, may God grant you a long life. I have heard your words, and am much obliged to you for the many things you promise me. If I wanted to please you I could at once repeat the words you require of me and appear to become one of you. But before God I would be a liar and deceiver, as my heart and beliefs would still remain those of a Christian. Beside, I believe that under the protection and sight of God and yourself nothing will happen to me but good, and I am in your hands." I saw he was not pleased. All he said, however, was, "Maybe by the morrow you will change your mind."



ALTHOUGH BAKED BY THE HOT  
SUN WAS MR. COOPER'S  
CHIEF SUSTENANCE FOR  
THIRTY DAYS.

*From a Photo.*

THE FINDING OF THIS POOL  
OF BIRY WATER CAUSED  
GREAT JOY IN THE THIRST-  
TORTURED CARAVAN.

*From a Photo.*



The next day was the great Mohamadan feast of Ramathan, so I decided to keep out of sight. It was about eight o'clock in the morning when the door of the small dark room in which I slept was suddenly pushed open. In came a man with a fine sword and fancy *bâton*. "Get up," he shouted, "and come away to the castle; Johar wants you—be quick." I was soon dressed and followed the man to the castle. It seemed as if all

Jowf had gathered there. The sheik was mounted on his mud dais, and round him were

the chiefs of the place; and before him sat the Arabs in a line. I walked up to him and greeted him. He made room for me by his side, but remained silent. Then he said, "Why did you not come and see us at prayers this morning?" I replied, "I thought you would be angry at my presence on your great feast day." The answer pleased him. He shouted out to his attendant to bring the food prepared for the



"BE CAUSE WE SUFFERED A GOOD DEAL  
FROM THIRST, WHERE WE EXPECTED TO  
FIND RAIN-WATER WE FOUND NONE."

*From a Photo.*

*Horsman*

first meal of the feast, and which I was told he always provides. The big door of the castle was thrown open, and soon came such things as rejoiced the hearts of the hungry Arabs gathered there. First came a large round dish about oft. across filled with meat and temmin—a cereal inferior to rice. This dish was borne on an old carpet by twelve men. Next came two more of like size and ten smaller



THE CARRIAGE MEN AT DEK SHEIK ABUL  
(WORKING ACROSS THE DESERT).  
*From a Photo.*



"LOVELY SPANG  
WALK IN THE  
GRACEFUL  
GROVES."  
*From a Photo.*



"THIS WINDMILL-WORK IS MADE TO IN THE WIND  
TRUNK STAY UP TO BALANCE AND BRING DOWN."  
*From a Photo.*

ones. The sheik and I took our seats around one of the larger dishes, and he called his lead-

ing men to join us and gave the word for others to go to the other dishes. At a given word they all fell to stuffing great handfuls of meat and temmin into their mouths. It was highly flavoured with curry, pepper, and other spices. Fingers, of course, had to do all the "carving." I ate my fill and made way for another. As I looked down upon them I saw a wonderful sight. In about twenty minutes all the dishes were empty and the crowd dispersed. I should like to have taken some snap-shots, but my camera had not yet made its appearance. Three camels had been killed and four loads of temmin cooked to provide the feast.

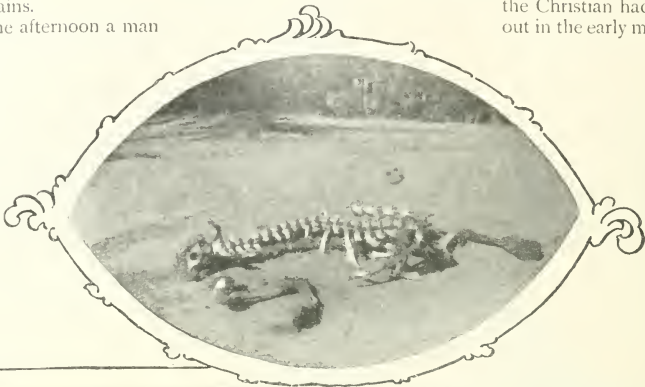
With my attendant I returned to my lodging. I had only been there a short time when a messenger came. "Johar says you are to engage a camel and man and leave at once." My reply was, "Tell him I have agreed with the sheik that brought me to return with him, and have paid him the hire of the camel. He will only be about eight days longer here, and when he goes I go with him." The messenger went away, but soon returned. "Johar says if you stay, as it seems you must, you must remain indoors, as he fears the Arabs may harm you. They do not like your presence here; they are afraid something will happen to them, or that you will bewitch the palms and so the date harvest will fail—or maybe you will cause the springs to dry up." Now, unfortunately for me, something of this kind did happen. The next

two days heavy rain fell, accompanied by a very strong east wind. The houses and castle of Jowf being all built of mud bricks soon gave way under heavy rains.

About five in the afternoon a man rushed into the guest-room, where we were sitting round a fire, and gasped out that the east side and tower of the castle had fallen in, crushing a small upper chamber in which the Sheik Johar was sitting.

bricks of the eastern wall, and the strong wind had caused the accident.

At once the people spread the rumour that the Christian had been out in the early morning



*Harrold*

THE BONES OF A CAMEL THAT DIED OF THIRST, SUCH BONES AS THIS WERE FREQUENT, AND REMAINED THE EVIDENCE OF WHAT HIS OWN FATE MIGHT BE. [Photo.]



DR. FOSSER WAS KEPT A PRISONER FOR TEN DAYS IN A SMALL UPPER ROOM IN THIS BUILDING. [From a Photo.]

and in some way interfered with the building, thus causing it to collapse. That evening I was regaled with awful accounts of what had befallen Christians who had worked mischief against Moslems. Next morning



"A VILLAINOUS LOT OF ARABS WHO SET UPON US, TAKING ALL THEY FANCIED." [From a Photo.]

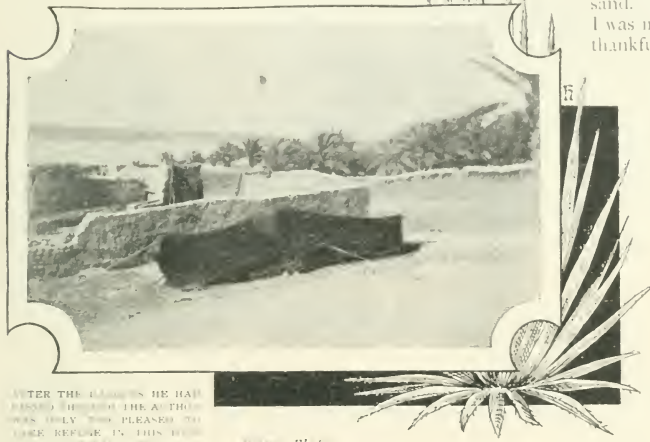
Whether the great man was dead or alive remained to be seen. Out rushed his sons and the men who were sitting with us. I remained alone, not caring to go out in the rain, which was pouring down heavily. In about an hour some of them returned, and told me that on clearing away the beams and broken bricks they had come upon poor Johar lying in a corner unable to move, as his left leg was broken. The rain had softened the mud

it still rained. I rose early and, taking my camera under my large cloak, went as near as I dared to the castle and took a picture of it, minus the fourth tower. I got back unnoticed, and the snap-shot turned out fairly well. That day I heard talk of the sheik's return. A caravan was to leave as soon as the rain ceased, and we were to join them. Two days later, at sunrise, we rode away from JowI and its palm-groves.

Our caravan was made up of about eighty camels, all loaded with dates which were to be exchanged for wheat. For eight days we rode across the deserts, always on the lookout for marauding

I made terms twice with Bedouins from outside, but the sheik and his people scared the fellows so that they backed out. At last, on the eighth day, I told my keeper that as he was responsible for me to the sheik of Ilaf he should at once send me to him. He tried many paltry excuses, but I persisted. At last he promised to bring me an animal and send me over to Ilaf. This, however, was not done until the tenth morning, when a miserable donkey was brought and my few things thrown over his back, and then, in company with one man, I set out walking to Ilaf. The way lay over heavy sand. It was a scorching day; I was much exhausted, and was thankful to hobble into the village just before sunset. The sheik

welcomed me warmly, and soon eased my mind by promising to get me a man to go on with me. He did this, and on the morning of the third day we rode off in the direction of home. The desert was not yet finished, however. Four days we rode over the sands under a melting sun. Fortunately we found water every day. We were met by a villainous lot of half



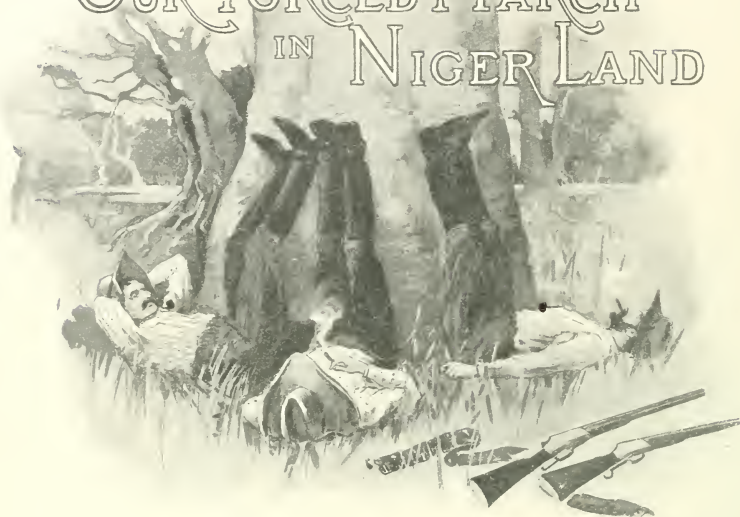
AFTER THE CLAMOR HE HAD  
 DENIED THROUGH THE AFTER-  
 NOON WAS ONLY TOO PLEASANT TO  
 LOOK BEFORE IN THIS DEER  
 BEHOLD IT!

*Yucca Photo.*

bands of Arabs, and often putting in long days of fourteen hours. Water was very scarce and I suffered somewhat from thirst. Just before noon on the seventh day the palms of Ithera came in sight, and we soon gave up our seats on the camels for those of the coffee-room, thankful that the dangers, fatigue, and trials of the desert were over, and we were safe again among friends. But I was yet far from home. The old sheik lodged me in a small, dirty, tumble-down upper room about 6ft. by 15ft. Here he practically kept me prisoner for ten days, hoping to get a good sum out of me in return for passing me on to the next stage. I rested for two days, and then began making inquiries. But I found that the men of the place had agreed on a price, and all their answers to me were the same. "Pay us three pounds a day and we will take you over the next five days of your journey." I expostulated with the sheik, whose only reply was, "I am going that way in a few days and you can go with me"—which I knew to be a lie.

naked Arabs, who set upon and overhauled us and our saddle-bags, taking all they fancied, and leaving us the lighter to proceed on our way. The evening of the fifth day found me in a small village five days' ride from Damascus. But here I was in a difficulty—a penniless stranger in a strange place, having been relieved of what little I had by the merciless vagabonds of the wilderness. Happily I had left the bulk of my money in a village only a day's ride off. I put my case to my host, who proved to be a decent sort, although he eyed me suspiciously. He came to the conclusion that I was a deceiver, and so declined to take the day's ride on the promise of getting paid at the end. He gave in, however, and in the morning we rode away, reaching the Druze village I had started from late in the afternoon. Right glad was I, at length, to look down on the minarets and roofs of Damascus as they suddenly came into sight, and more glad to find myself comfortably housed in a quiet hotel in the old city.

# OUR FORCED MARCH IN NIGER LAND



BY T. J. TONKIN, LATE MEDICAL OFFICER TO THE HAUSA ASSOCIATION'S CENTRAL  
SUDANESE EXPEDITION.

Some account of part of a pioneer journey along a track now on the way to become one of the principal commercial routes in our new Niger territory. The track in question is that from the Port of Loko, on the River Binue, to Kano; and the bad bit particularly dealt with in this article lies between the Jimbambero and Kaduna Rivers.



It was in the dawn of an October morning in 1894 that we got off from Jimbambero to cross the disturbed belt of country that lies between the Jimbambero River and the Kaduna. We had heard such awe-inspiring accounts of this 150-mile wide strip that we were prepared for anything in the way of difficulties, from poisoned fish to fiery dragons—to say nothing of the sneaking road thieves, predatory slaying bands, professional robbers, naked savages, and man-eating cannibals whom we did actually encounter. There can be no doubt that the little stretch of land lying between these two rivers was at that time in about as bad a state as it is possible for a bit of territory to be, and the road across it about as perilous as any in Africa.

It is now in British hands, and, I understand, in course of much better regulation; but in 1894 it was the happy and fruitful hunting-ground of all the bloodthirsty scamps in the Soudan, and their undisturbed heritage. It was

a kind of no man's land, for though actually lying within the boundaries of a province called *Zozo*, it abutted on several other provinces, each of which vomited into it its rogues and vagabonds, to fight among themselves, to fight each other, and to kill, torture, burn, and enslave the members of the multitudinous small Pagan tribes that inhabited it.

When we passed through this little scrap of Nature it was a regular pandemonium. It was overrun by bands of robbers, scoured by slave-raiders, oppressed by troops that professed to police it, and torn to pieces by bursts of fury on the part of the rankly savage native tribes who claimed it as their own, and who, individually and collectively, behaved sometimes like scared beasts and at others like mad demons.

In addition to this the country-side was haunted by solitary, ghoul-like individuals, who seemed to have no object save rapine and murder—individuals who appeared to be drunk with the liberty the place allowed, who hunted

silently and ~~slowly~~ tracked their victims from rock to rock like beasts of prey, and killed, not for some good, useful object, but apparently out of a sheer, sullen, smileless delight in killing, and who surrounded their deeds of violence by insane brutalities, the like of which would barely be believed were I to recount them.

This, then, was the sort of country that the Hausa Association's Expedition, consisting of four white men and some sixty odd blacks, set out to cross on the morning of the 10th of October, 1894. It was during the rainy season. For purposes of convenience I will follow the example of Mark Twain and deal with the "weather for use in this article" first.

Travelling in Africa during the rainy season is a phrase that conveys little to the stay-at-home Englishman—the seasoned Africander understands it. During the time we were on this march it rained in torrents several times every day—at sunrise, just after sunset, and occasionally at other times. At other seasons during the twenty-four moist, steaming hours it rained gently. Of course, there were intervals of sunshine—occasionally; but rain was the reliable climatic feature. And be it understood we had to walk every inch of the way, up hill and down dale, over ridge and furrow; and every furrow meant foaming torrent, and every dale a river—a river at its best, gorged to overflowing with hundreds of yards of flood water or miles of bog on each side.

I well remember the first water we came to on that march. It was a miserable little pan about 80 yds. wide, and say 3 ft. deep in the middle. We stopped and looked at it, considered, tried to get round it, then took off our boots, etc., and waded rather carefully. When we found about eight patches like that and a river or two in the first day's work we decided it was too much trouble to unrig for each. We therefore contented ourselves when we had negotiated anything wet that came over our knees with lying down on our backs and tilting our legs straight up in the air—against a tree, if possible—to let the water run out of our boots. But even that became monotonous, and before a week was over we took everything as it came. I verily believe that if the path had come out on the shores of the Atlantic Ocean we should have waded in without a remark, and gone squish-squash across to the American Continent on the other side! During that march our acquaintance with the water was considerable. We have got up in the morning and crossed a flooded plain—two hours and a half up to the belt without a rest. We have crossed sixteen streams and one considerable river, without speaking of bogs, in one day.

Once we occupied four hours crossing about three hundred yards of dark, coffee brown mud, and on another occasion we were fairly defeated by the buttery consistency of a steep river bank. We crossed pieces of water which I think we would have frozen on to as new lakes but for the protruding trees and grasses; by the hour together we have waded arm pit high in swift running rivers, holding our firearms and bandoliers up over our heads, proceeding cautiously step by step, going ahead where practicable, retreating where the water became too deep—literally feeling our way across, with our souls in our toes and our eyes ever fixed on the patch of bank it was desirable to make. We have had a river come and lie down close to our camp at night—why, we could not say (crowded out elsewhere, probably); had our camp-fires slobbered out by rain and tents blown down by hurricanes. Fagged out to the last degree, we have been too exhausted to light fires or pitch tents; and we have spread our waterproof sheets on a marsh, thrown ourselves down, boots and all, and slept sunk in the mud as in a feather bed. More wonderful than all, we have survived it. Gleams of sunshine, solid torrents of rain, hurricanes that swept by like cavalry charges, rivers, torrents, streams, and bogs—that is the climate for use in this article.

And the road! The road through this wild piece of country was only a trade route—a very unfrequented one—which led over two rugged ranges of hills, and was merely kept nominally open by a walled, fort-like town dumped in the middle of it. All the rest of the villages on or near the route were either the holds of the savage inhabitants of the country or the rendezvous of the murdering bandits who harried it; the country between was at the absolute mercy of either.

Excitement was brought to us early on the march. On the evening of the second day out of Jimbambero we halted near a village that was perched on the shoulder of a rocky spur, say 2,000 ft. high. We camped below round the base of an enormous cotton tree. After a prolonged inspection the people in the cryie above evidently decided that we were harmless, for they descended; and I am afraid that when they got right down our pacific attitude gave them the idea that we were defenceless, and encouraged them to hope that some perambulating loot had come walking to their doorsteps for them to pick up. I have never seen a more revolting set of people than that village disgorged. Under middle height, squat, with receding foreheads and tumid upper lips, abdominous, spindle-legged, splay-footed, skins grey and greasy with dirt, sullen,



BARBER AND STAFF CAME THE THROUG—AS THEY DANCED THEY YELLED AND SCREAMED AND POINTED IN OUR DIRECTION."

furtive of eye, clothed in scraps of skin and rags, and four out of every ten of them afflicted with enormous, veined, goitrous tumours, some fully as large as Rugby footballs, that swelled out prominently under their throats. Their ugliness was absolutely unique. And these creatures had the effrontery to calculate that they could take over our servants and belongings!

They set about it in a characteristic manner. They went away to get their guns, so to speak. They came back with every available oddment in the way of a weapon that the place con-

tained, and they also fetched their High Priest (at least, so I took him to be) with his staff and official paraphernalia. Then the show began. A tufted pole, with feathers and brass clattering things and live vultures attached to it, was erected by two standard-bearers, and the fantastically-arrayed fetish priests began a wild dance round it. The natives formed a dense, armed crowd round their insignia. Nearer and nearer came the throng. The priests were made horrid with feathers and bones and chalk, as is the manner with the devil-dancers of the country. As they danced they yelled



and screamed and pointed in our direction. The people howled in concert. It was deafening. The pole swayed, the brasses clattered, the feather plumes swung to and fro, the captive vultures screamed and fought and struggled. Behind it all there streamed up into the sky from behind a blackly forbidding range of hills that lay across the valley the fiery bands of a dying sunset like blood-red flames from the mouth of the pit. It was a picture worthy of the pen of a Dante, but we had no time to devote to artistic possibilities.

It was what you call an acute situation. The native idea was to work up the enthusiasm to a certain point and then to rush us—ours, to discourage anything of the sort, and we proceeded to do it by quietly piling up our luggage into a breastwork, calling our men behind it, laying out our arms—two or three Martinis and a Snider, two expresses, a couple of Winchesters, and a shot-gun—and tumbling out beside them the bright, clean, brass cartridges with the air of "Just you wait a minute or two, my friends, we'll see what we can do for you!"

Our idea was the one that came off. They didn't wait while we saw what we could do for them, which was just as well, for I've seen 450 rifle bullets go clean through better men than could have been made by any known process of addition or multiplication out of the sorry crowd that faced us on this occasion.

Although the small tribal units of this strangely restless country were alike in the one particular—that they were all extremely undesirable neighbours—they resembled one another in very little else. In racial characteristics, appearance, language, and even habits they differed regularly and persistently even when living within ten or fifteen miles of one another. The people we have just been speaking of were stunted and misshapen. Twenty miles away over the ridge we found ourselves in the midst of a fine, robust race, a bit brutish about the face, perhaps, but otherwise smart and clean-limbed. The first people gave one the idea of a town full of rag-and-bone merchants out for a Bank-holiday spree, with all their stock-in-trade tacked on to their backs for clothing. The second stood up as naked as the day they were born.

For the first day or two it was distinctly embarrassing to have the entire population of the neighbourhood pro-

menading round you in a state of undiluted Nature; but afterward and seemingly suddenly the prejudice broke down, and we viewed them as ordinary individuals following their usual national customs.

In matters of diet these people also differ. Some of the tribes were root-eaters, subsisting on surreptitiously grown yams and sweet potatoes; others hunted and only ate killed meat; while yet again some, more economical feeders, consumed anything that came handy; and I hope the reader will not think I am practising on his credulity when I say that the list included snakes, vultures, lizards, worms, and carrion. I include dead relatives among carrion.

One of the more ferocious of the tribes through whose hunting-grounds we were now passing were also cannibals, but, unlike the rest, they did not wait for their prey to die of itself—they would hunt for it, kill, and eat. This tribe, the Kezhi, was the terror of the road. Their plan in dealing with caravans was to dog

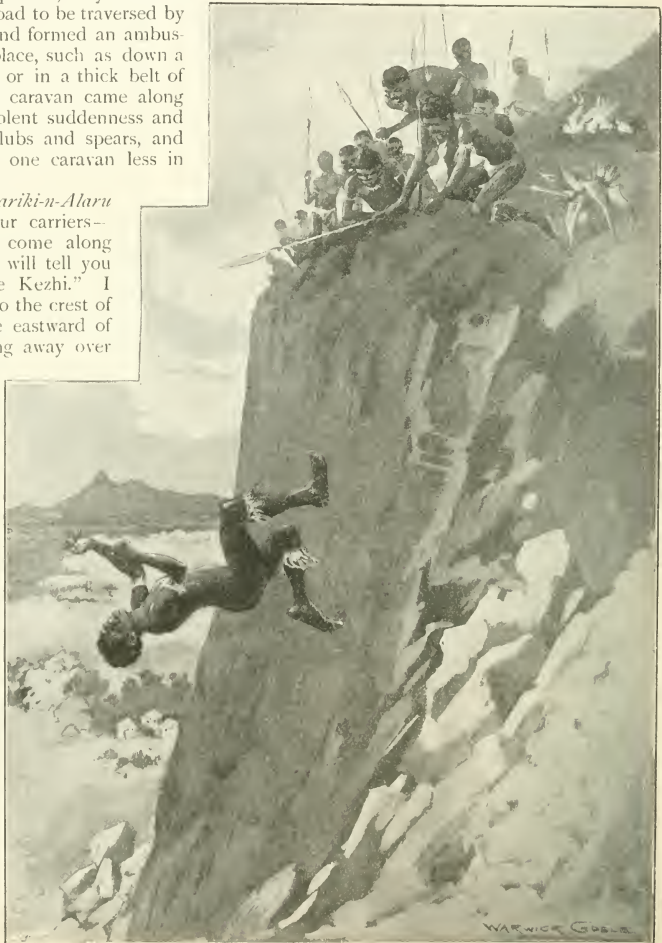


"THESE WOMEN TRACKERS WOULD FOLLOW A CARAVAN FOR DAYS WITHOUT BEING SEEN."

its footsteps by means of their women. These women trackers were usually about forty years of age, wrinkled and leathery. They were very active and untiring, and would frequently follow a caravan for days together without being seen. When they had got to know all they wanted about a caravan—how many men, how many guns, whether the guns were dummies (as is frequently the case) or not, what sort of baggage, how much it was likely to be worth, etc.—they slipped off at a tangent and informed the tribe. Then, if the game was considered worth their while and within their powers, they travelled to some point on the road to be traversed by the doomed caravan, and formed an ambushcade at an awkward place, such as down a gorge, on a river bank, or in a thick belt of timber; and when that caravan came along it was attacked with violent suddenness and howls and yells and clubs and spears, and the result was usually one caravan less in the world.

One evening our *Sariki-n-Alaru*—the head man of our carriers—hailed me. "If you come along with me," he said, "I will tell you something about these Kezhi." I went. He led me up to the crest of a ridge that lay to the eastward of our camp, and pointing away over mile after mile of rolling, tree-laden plain, called my attention to a huge, truncated mass of rock that was just distinguishable in the distance. "That rock," he said, "stands in the centre of a Kezhi village—one of the principal of their villages. It is a rock of great size, and one side of it slopes up gently like the slope of a roof, but the others are straight up and down like the walls of a city. And the height of these straight sides is very great, and at the bottom are many great, broken, ragged stones. Now, on one occasion the Kezhi people caught the *sariki* (chief) of

one of the bands of *baravi* (robbers) that *chee* (eat up) this land, and they took him away to that village to the top of the rock. And they stripped off his clothes. And they built a fire there and heated their spear-points in it. And they began to touch him with the ends of them; and they drove him gently backwards toward the edge where the side of the rock is straight and the ragged stones wait below. And they kept him there awhile with the wind on one side of him and the ring of the iron points that were red on the other. And he that had slain many



"HE TRIED TO CLING TO THE HOT SPEAR-BLADES, BUT COULD NOT, AND FELL."

ried, and prayed, and sweated. And when they went to push him over he tried to cling to the hot spear-blades, but he could not, and he fell, and the ragged, broken stones that waited him below brake him, and the earth lapped up his blood. Behold, it is the truth." Without another word he took me by the wrist and led me down through the sunset to the camp.

Our progress throughout this march was, as might be imagined, marked by extreme caution as well as expedition. We marched in close order—Indian file—with a couple of rifles leading, a couple thrown out into the bush as feelers right and left, one in the centre of the column, and the rest forming a rear-guard. We covered as much ground as ever we possibly could each day, and at night only camped in spots suitable for defence. Once or twice we finished a day's march close to a village full of bandits; on these occasions we walked right in and asked for a house. When we had got it we proceeded to strengthen its borders. Perhaps we were safest of all then, for none but fools will fight in their own houses. We carried our own food so that they couldn't poison us. But when we were out in the open the most stringent watch had to be kept, and after a hard, anxious day's march I leave it to the reader to imagine how difficult it was to keep awake and spy part of the night, with ears ever ready to suck in the lightest sound and eyes for every suspicious patch of darkness.

Our difficulties were not lessened by the enormous crowd of traders (in salt, chiefly) who had invited themselves to cross this unamiable belt of country under our protection, and as much as possible in our company. I say "as much as possible in our company," because we did not allow them in our camps at night or in our ranks during the day. We could not hinder them from travelling at the same time as we did, but we could, and did, prevent them inconveniencing us and exposing us to danger. Had we allowed them they would have shoved themselves in our ranks, a proceeding that would have made our procession about two miles long and utterly indefensible. Besides, it is a common trick for bands of robbers in the guise of peaceful traders to introduce themselves into the ranks of such a caravan as ours, and seizing on a suitable occasion to knock a few carriers on the head and disappear into the bush with their loads. The ease with which this may be done in such a country, if carriers be allowed to straggle and strangers permitted amongst them, will be readily understood when I say that often for hours together the narrow 18in. wide track would run through grass 12ft. high, and wind so that it would be

simply impossible to see even three yards ahead. And then, fallen trunks and broken ground and gullies constantly cropped up—places that could only be passed slowly and painfully, man by man—and provided ample opportunity for this kind of pillage unless carefully guarded against. If we add that at some parts of the road every boulder might conceal predatory savages keenly watching for and ever ready to pounce upon stragglers, I think it will be admitted that in bringing our little company through intact we did a full day's work every day.

As for the Kezhi, we were very extensively surveyed by that amiable tribe. A couple of thousand of them were at one time reported to be "laying for us" at a certain spot on the road, but we bristled with weapons. There were nine rifles and guns, a bayonet, and three revolvers, while every one of our sixty odd men was provided with a sword, a spear, an axe, two or three murderous-looking knives—or, at least, a bludgeon—and none of them dummies. We halted in a village which we knew to be occupied by their spies, and gave during the evening an exhibition of the capacity and resources of a fifteen-shooting Winchester, and also of our powers in the way of bringing down birds on the wing with a shotgun. The spies gazed, and then went away back to the tribal elders and reported that the white man's caravan had guns that "spat" fifteen times on end and carried death even to the birds on the wing, and the tribal elders were discouraged and decided to let us through. But though we were favoured, we did not pass their country without evidence of their boldness, for several traders who were availing themselves of the protection of our rifles came to grief; one party being actually snapped up at night right beside us, within a hundred and fifty yards of our camp fire.

Meanwhile we pushed persistently on, never relaxing our vigilance, overcoming physical difficulties, and throwing the miles behind us with a perseverance and an endurance that seem to me now almost impossible. League after league, through dense grassy bottom, forest, or swamp, over ridge or river, we forced our way with a single eye to compact formation and expedition. We kept our men together by persuasion, command, or force, which ever came handiest; it was all one to us. At night we pitched our camp, ate our food, flung our three selves down and slept, while Salem, our white cook, cleaned up the canteen. When he had finished that he would wake up Bonner, our baggage-master. Rifle in hand Bonner would watch till midnight

and then rouse the chief. This gentleman, who is an honorary canon of Ripon now, would stalk round in the gloom with a double-barrelled shot-gun in his hand and guard our slumbers till two. Then he would prod me in the ribs with the butt and inform me that it was my turn; and before I could stretch myself out or finish grumbling that I didn't think it *could* be two yet, he would be down on his back again with his toes pointing to the stars, and *I* would be on guard. At four came breakfast; then rousing the men, arranging them, hauling out and distributing the loads, and at dawn the everlasting road once more. It was a right-down genuine article in the way of forced marches, was this one of ours, and as long as that particular belt of country continues to be part of the earth's surface it may be more elegantly, it will never be more creditably, crossed.

Our latest experience on this march was of a sensational nature. We had tried hard during the day to reach the river that separated this troubled stretch from more peaceful country in time to cross it; but as the afternoon wore on it became apparent that the negotiation of upwards of three-quarters of a mile of sand-bank and river was well out of the scope of

possibility, so we turned aside and took up our quarters in a Pagan village. As this village was of the usual evil reputation we took the customary precautions, arranging our luggage cunningly, and stretching across likely paths strings attached to tin pots and other clattering oddments. During the evening the natives collected in our neighbourhood in very inquisitive and somewhat impudent crowds.

While the show of which we formed the central feature was in full swing an alarming incident occurred. A gun went off. Now, under such circumstances as these, time and place being alike unfavourable, the report of a gun was no light matter. It will be remembered that we were in a country peopled by a mixture of hunted savages and unscrupulous outlaws, and the report of a gun was usually the prelude of some more or less murderous proceeding. It was taken as such on this occasion. After a moment of startled inaction a murmur ran through the gazing crowds. *They* had not let off the gun—none of *their* people had guns that made a report like that; it must be one of our guns. The murmur soon became an angry roar. We were going to attack, were we? Aye! but, by Allah! *we* were in their grip. The crowd surged forward.



"TELL THE KING WE DIDN'T ASK FOR ADVICE—WE GAVE IT."

We adopted the usual tactics. Down came the rifles, out tumbled the cartridges.

"Now, then, clear off there!" Out of this compound. Hi! Bonner, grab that chap by the neck and shy him out."

"That chap" was grabbed and swung out, and when Al Asser, our "butler," stepped out into the next yard where our men were lodged and switched on the war-cry, the discomfiture of the enemy was well under way. As the first curdling ululations of the Yoruba war-cry rose and fell upon the air, and sundry assortments of ugly black heads showed themselves with mutoscopic rapidity through the various deficiencies of the adjoining stockade, the villagers realized that they had a large-sized order on hand, and drew back to consider. We availed ourselves of the moment.

"Now, then," we said, "look you here! If there's any one of you with brains enough to understand good Hausa, he'd better run along and tell the king of this collection of shanties (*taru-n-buki*) that *we* haven't fired off any gun, and that if we're left alone we sha'n't interfere with anybody. But if we're attacked we shall probably do some damage—tell him that, and tell him he'd better call off his people, and at once."

Apparently the suggestion was acted on, for a few moments later a man, who had the air of having come with much speed, broke through the excited ring of crowd that was encircling us, rushed breathlessly up to the breastwork, and with arms and legs extended crucifixion style discharged a message into our midst.

"The king says" (and here he paused while he pumped up a breath), "*Kada ku yi!*" (for goodness' sake don't venture out of your huts) "or"—and an expressive gesture of the finger across the throat completed the sentence—"you may get your throats cut."

Our answer was prompt.

"Tell the king we didn't ask for advice—we gave it. We can look after our throats ourselves, and he'd better do as he's told and clear his people out of our neighbourhood 'one time,'\* or we shall take *that* in hand into the bargain."

Fifteen minutes later the birds were chattering in the thatch and the fowls picking about among the loose stones on the road as if nothing had happened—peremptoriness is its own reward. Later in the evening we were made aware of the circumstances of that gun shot. It seems that the rifle (a Remington) of one of the salt traders in our wake had fallen into curious hands and gone off "of itself." The trader swore it was a villager who let it off, but he had some difficulty in proving this. The king's people said, "It was your gun," a statement which they didn't take the trouble to prove, but, having first carefully ascertained that the man did not belong to our company, they convicted and proceeded to rob him of ten bags of salt.

Early next day we put the River Kaduna between us and such undesirable neighbours.

\* "One time" is West Coast jargon for "immediately" or "later, if possible."



"EARLY NEXT DAY WE PUT THE RIVER KADUNA BETWEEN US AND SUCH UNDESIRABLE NEIGHBOURS."



From a Photo. by S. H. Dage.

# In the Land of Jade and Rubies.

BY CAPTAIN W. S. EARDLEY HOWARD,  
29TH PUNJAB INFANTRY.

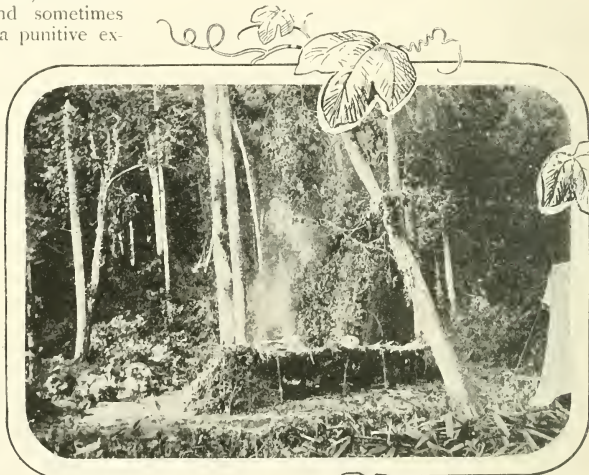
An officer of the Indian Army gives first-hand information respecting a region about which very little is known—the hilly tracts of the North-Eastern Frontier of India, North of Upper Burma—the narrative being illustrated with photographs by the author.



HE hilly tracts of our North-Eastern Frontier, north of Upper Burma, are inhabited by a savage race of people called Kachins. Although some years have elapsed since we reduced these people to subjection, they, nevertheless, when opportunity offers, still continue to give trouble, and sometimes necessitate the dispatch of a punitive expedition into their country to restore order. The cause of their misbehaviour may be attributed to the heavy rains to which the country is subjected, and to the excessive and rapid growth of their forests, which obliterate and render unserviceable the roads so requisite for the control and administration of this wild region.

Taken *en masse*, the Kachins are a kind-hearted, hospitable, and excitable people, fond of feasting and dancing—like most savages—and pleasant and generous as companions. They dwell in long, wooden, thatched buildings, of which the interior is divided off by bamboo matting, to suit the requirements of the family and its slaves. By the way, slaves among the Kachins are kindly treated, and considered, in many instances, members of the family. One portion of the house is always reserved as a guest-chamber, and food is often stored ready cooked for chance visitors. The main entrance to the house has generally a large veranda, the supports of which are carved and decorated with the skulls and horns of animals.

Great difficulty is experienced in preserving cattle from the depredations of tigers and leopards, which are very numerous in the Kachin Hills, in spite of the large numbers that are trapped and killed annually. It is not uncommon, therefore, for a family to secure their



"THE RAPID GROWTH OF THEIR FORESTS OBLITERATES THE ROADS"—THE MILITARY POLICE HAD TO CLEAR A WAY THROUGH THIS DENSE VEGETATION BEFORE THEY  
[From a] COULD ADVANCE. [Photo.]

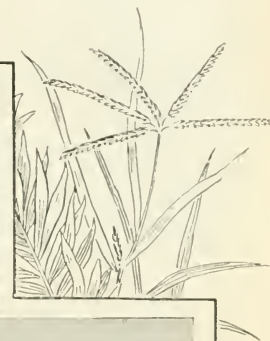
cattle, swine, and poultry under the raised platforms of their houses. The ladies of the household weave, prepare the meals, and fetch wood, water, etc., while the men occupy themselves in building or making clearings on the hillsides or valleys, which they call "taung-gyas"; in these they grow their crops.

A good many of the natives also work as labourers in the jade and ruby mines, or scatter themselves in the forests in order to look after their rubber trees. During the cold weather they construct huge dams and weirs, and so collect large quantities of fish from their rivers.

The members of a village seldom cultivate more cereals than are requisite for their own consumption, but barter among themselves in guns, cloth, gongs, slaves, etc.—although they

multifarious methods are adopted to prevent the spirit returning. I once visited a village, and noticed that all its main entrances and exits were closed, whilst the paths leading to and from it were studded with sharp bamboo spikes, many of which were artificially and cleverly concealed from sight, rendering locomotion on foot very dangerous to unsuspecting visitors. This was done to keep out an ejected spirit.

When a nat is to be propitiated neighbours hurry to witness the sacrifice, and the ceremony assumes the features of a general feast, where much country wine is drunk



THE BUDENKANG IN  
SIBERIA. HOUSE  
MEASURING 100 FEET  
LONG AND 40 FEET  
WIDE. (SEE A  
HUNDRED PAGES  
LONG.)  
From a Photo.

are rapidly acquiring an appreciation of our coinage and methods of trade.

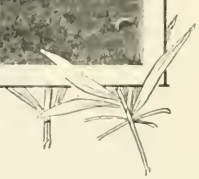
The Kachins in their belief appear very superstitious. Everything beneficial or injurious that bears any relation to the people, bodily or spiritually, is supposed to be due to the influence or direct agency of a special "nat" or spirit. These spirits have the power, through certain priests who profess to know their language, of being able to communicate their wishes: and it is an established custom to propitiate and offer sacrifices to those spirits who dominate evil causes. The good spirits are permitted to take care of themselves.

Evil spirits are sometimes ejected from a village by the inhabitants, on which occasions



A CLEARING, OR  
"TAUNGVA," ON  
THE HILLSIDE.

*ER Hornsmap*



Fantastic chairs or platforms for the nats to sit upon are erected, and buffaloes, cows, pigs, fowls, etc., are killed as offerings.

The occasion on which I witnessed this ceremony was when a "Sawbwa" (head man of village) was ill with fever. A "metwe" or priest was sent for, and holding a spear he chanted aloud and ordered the fever spirit off the premises, after which the buffalo produced

for the offering was stabbed to death; portions of the meat were then placed in bamboo baskets, etc., for the benefit of the nat, and the remainder was cooked and eaten by all present.

One day when I was busily engaged making

giddy and insensible, and falls to the ground. After a time he recovers and prepares to spring out of the ring. He must jump, and, as he makes the spring and alights on the ground outside the circle, his companion aims a blow

THE KACHIN IS TERRIBLY AFRAID OF OFFENDING THE "NATS," OR EVIL SPIRITS—HERE ARE SOME OF THE PLATFORMS HE BUILDS FOR THEM TO REST UPON. *(From a Photo.)*



THE BULLOCK ON THE LEFT IS ABOUT TO BE SACRIFICED—THE CHIEF'S SON WAS ILL WITH FEVER, AND THE SACRIFICE WAS TO PROPITIATE THE FEVER "NAT." *(From a Photo.)*

*F.R. Horsman*

preparations to shoot a tiger I was asked to desist, as the tiger was supposed to be a certain Sawbwa's son who had disappeared suddenly, and it was presumed that the youth had fallen a victim to the evil

influence of a spirit or nat. I was informed that in the jungle there exists a tree possessing marvellous properties. Its existence, locality, and species are preserved as a great secret by the nats. When any particular individual is to turn tiger this tree is discovered to him by the all-pervading spirits. He takes a comrade with him, and with the juice of the tree marks a circle round himself. Then, without leaving the ring, he eats a piece of the root, becomes

at him with a stout stick. If this blow reaches him successfully he is immediately turned into a tiger, but if the blow misses him he suffers no further inconvenience.

In 1893 I happened to be camping in a Kachin village in the Szi Hills when there chanced to be an unusual and prolonged eclipse of the sun. The event came off at midday,



when the cloudless, bright, sunny daylight was slowly converted into a weird moonlight, in which everybody appeared ghastly and supernatural. The villagers turned out of their huts looking very scared, and the air resounded with prayers uttered aloud on all sides. At last the head man came and borrowed my guns and some cartridges. He then hurriedly assembled his people, each carrying some weapon of offence, and the whole crowd deliberately attacked the sun, firing guns, arrows, stones, etc. at it with

A good many Chinamen find their way into Kachin-land for purposes of trade, and exchange cloth, etc., for amber, rubies, gold-dust, rubber, and their favourite jade-stone—a translucent green stone, which fetches a high price in Canton and Pekin.

This jade-stone is found in considerable quantities at Sanka, where it is dug out of the top of a hill 3,000ft. high : but at Mamon rafts

MAMON, WHERE THE PRECIOUS JADE IS EXTRACTED FROM THE RIVER-BED.

*From a Photo.*



IN FRONT OF THE

A DIVER'S RAFT AT MAMON—IN FRONT OF THE BOX YOU WILL SEE A SMALL BUT VALUABLE PIECE OF JADE.

*From a Photo.*

THE INTERIOR OF A RUBY MINE.

*From a Photo.*

loud shouts and screams, until it assumed its normal condition. The Sawbwa then returned my guns, well pleased at having saved the sun from being eaten up by a large and voracious frog which he and his people had successfully driven away.



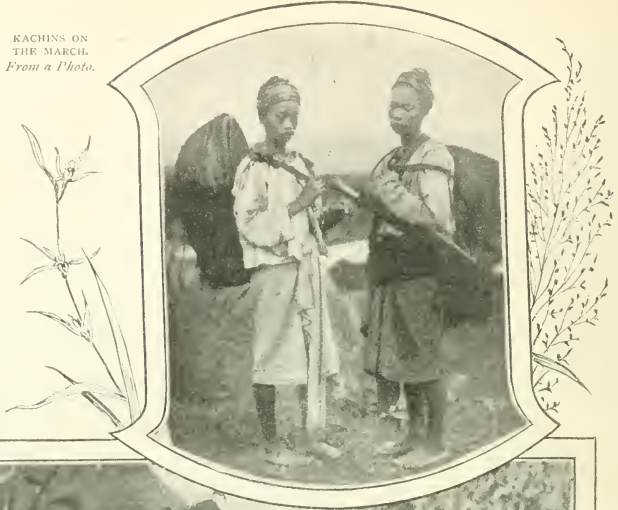
are constructed and diving apparatus is freely used.

At Mamon jade is extracted from the bed of the Uruchaung. The work is dangerous and divers are often killed, as they become wedged in between the heavy rocks as they excavate in the river-bed.

Many funny stories are current amongst the Kachins illustrative of their gross superstition and ready wit. Asking some Kachins one day how they accounted for a rainbow, as a beautiful one happened to be on view just then, I was given the following explanation: The earth is a flat surface surrounded by water. At intervals an immense crab, whose mouth is lined with mother-of-pearl, rises to the surface near the edge of the earth. When he opens his mouth the reflection from the mother-of-pearl is thrown on the sky—hence the rainbow. Simple, yet pretty.

On a certain occasion, when the Kachins became restless and a force was mobilized to operate against them in the Sana country, the metwe, a priest or rather soothsayer of Saban village, collected about a hundred malcontents in order to make a night attack on the British camp. On the road, as he advanced to the attack with his men, he plucked a leaf from the jungle with a view to forecast the probable result of the enterprise. Following the lines on the leaf, he professed to discover his own path clearly delineated upon it

KACHINS ON  
THE MARCH.  
*From a Photo.*



HERE ARE A COUPLE OF SANA KACHINS—DACOITS CAPTURED BY  
THE MILITARY POLICE. *[Photo.]*

as far as Mainteng, but none that marked his return journey. From this he augged that he would most certainly be killed if he persisted in the attack, and he accordingly executed a very wise "retrograde movement." Being perhaps the most influential man in the country, his example was followed by the majority of the attackers, the result being that only a half-hearted attack was made on the camp, which was easily met and repulsed by a picket without loss.

# On an Ice-Floe in Behring Sea.

BY LEWIS GARRISON, OF NOME, ALASKA.

THIS is an interesting, among other reasons, because two ladies were among the party on the drifting ice. One of these, Miss Audrey Bell, whose portrait is reproduced, gives her own account of the other photograph was taken specially at Nome on the return of the party in safety.



of the most thrilling events in the Frozen North since the first gold excitement broke out occurred during the holidays of 1900 to a party consisting of three men and two ladies. The world outside has already heard of the amazing journey which was made by the members of the Behring Sea party. The latter part of the story, the discovery of gold along the coast by Lindenberg, Lindon, and Brynson.

Behring froze early last year, and since the middle of November grant sledges could be seen passing near the shore of Nome. In December the ice was formed from the shore for miles and people with dogs, teams and horses and sleighs were driven upon it as but a few weeks past a roaring and heaving ocean.

A matter of 100 miles or so down the coast is located the town of Chenik, which is near the mouth of the rich Opituk river. Quite a settlement has been established here, and it is a common thing for freighters with dogs and horses to come back and forth from Nome to Chenik. Along the trail are found road houses where accommodation can be had for man and team, and half-way is an indentation in the coast where a few huts are situated, and which a deserted Bluff City.

Just before Christmas Miss Audrey Bell, Miss Evelyn Buss, and Messrs. Charles

Hagelin, Eric Johnson, and W. F. Austin, all of Nome, were out on the ice off Bluff City, although warned by the Indians and "old-timers" generally in the Norton Bay District of the unsafety of the ice at that point until later in the season. The merry party left

the beach trail in high spirits, and the trip along the ice was very delightful. A snow blizzard was coming up, however, which hastened the early dusk of the winter evening. When the party arrived near the shore open water was seen barring the trail. It was then that the party realized for the first time that they were on an ice-floe going out to sea! The experiences of the party are told in Miss Bell's own words:—

"We ladies were tied to the sleds, for the way was rough. We did not hear any crashing of the breaking ice, and it was hard to realize that we were on an ice-floe, as it was so many miles in width. However, the open space between us and the shore kept getting bigger and bigger, and we could see in the dusk of



MISS AUDREY BELL, WHO RELATES THE ADVENTURE.  
*From a Photo.*

the fast-falling night that objects on the shore were going faster and faster away from us. Eric Johnson, an old-timer, knew of our dangerous condition, and immediately made a jump for the shore and ran up to the huts for ropes.

"W. F. Austin, a saloon keeper at Bluff City, ran with Johnson to our assistance. They found an old, leaky boat and pushed out from the shore, and discovered in it only a piece of an oar.

They succeeded in reaching us and scrambling on to the ice. The boat was almost swamped, and it was impossible to return in it. The two men were drenched and almost frozen stiff. The night soon grew wild and stormy, and the blizzard came on in all its force. It was hard for us to bear up under our great misfortune, but we had work ahead in reviving our two brave comrades. We had a rope and two pieces of canvas, and we wrapped the men in these and had the fourteen dogs lie around them to keep them as warm as possible. The men were hatless, and their moustaches were masses of ice. I had my

learned was a signal to us by the people of the hut settlement, who had endeavoured to follow us in boats and otherwise assist us. The fourth night it began snowing again and we were all soaked through. None of us slept for fear of never waking, and each day hope seemed to grow dimmer. That night, however, we noticed the wind changing, and instead of blowing from the north it veered round to the south. On the morning of the fourth day the ice-field on which we were imprisoned drifted ashore with a great crash, and we were only separated from the beach by about six miles of broken



MISS AUDREY BELL AND MISS EVELYN BUSH PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE DOG SLEDGES ON THEIR RETURN TO SHORE.  
*From a Photo.*

trunk and Miss Buss had some spare clothing, and we used an eider-down dressing-gown for the men's heads and tore up flannel skirts for their feet.

"The next day we fully realized our position, and the thought was not a happy one to know that we were fast drifting out to sea to be starved or frozen to death. But then there was no use in being other than cheerful. We constantly walked on the ice to keep from freezing.

"We had on the two sleds some dried salmon for the dogs and a little corn meal. We managed to build a fire of the boat lumber after two days and cooked, but none of us had any appetite. On the third night out we saw a bonfire on the coast, which we afterwards

and rough ice with patches of ocean in between. It was risky, but we made a dash for the shore and our lives. We ladies were bundled in the sleds, and the barking of the dogs and the shouting of the men caused me to close my eyes. I expected every minute to go through the ice. Presently someone shouted, 'We are on the beach!' and then I knew we were safe. Miss Buss broke down and sobbed with joy at our deliverance. There, standing on the shore, were some men and an Indian welcoming us. One of my feet was badly frozen. None of us, however, are any the worse for our dreadful experience; as for me, I have had enough of Behring Sea ice."

## Odds and Ends.

A Trotting Match on the St. Lawrence—The Chinese Tommy Atkins on the March—Cutting off the Sheep's Head—Salmon Ascending a River—A Minnesota Ice Railroad, etc., etc.



[from a]

1.—A WINTER TROTTING MATCH ON THE FROZEN ST. LAWRENCE.

[Photo.

other formation, and they carry their rifles in Chinese fashion—upside down. In the centre, on a tired-looking pony, rides the officer in command, who holds a rank somewhat resembling that of the old Roman centurion, as he commands a hundred men. Most of the men seen in our photo. have



ANADIANS are said to object to the name which Mr. Kipling gave their country of "Our Lady of the Snows"; but the fact remains that the winter sports of Canada are unsurpassed in any country for variety and interest. Every winter a great ice-track is constructed on the St. Lawrence River, and here all manner of ice sports are held. We have pleasure in reproducing a snap-shot showing one of the trotting matches which are frequently held there. Formerly the light "sulkies" carrying the drivers were provided with runners, but nowadays wheels of the bicycle pattern are used, as these obviate the necessity for slowing up at corners. These races are most exciting to witness, and that the pace attained is remarkable may be gauged from the fact that a recent record for the mile is 2min. 18¼ sec.

During the recent troubles in China there have been frequent references in the newspapers to the Chinese soldiery, and the accompanying snap-shot, which shows a body of Chinese infantry on the march near Shanghai, may be of interest to WIDE WORLD readers. The men are marching in single file, for the all-sufficient reason that the local "roads" are too narrow to admit of any

been drilled by German instructors, but they soon relapse into the customary Chinese ways of slovenliness and general inefficiency.

The members of the Second New Zealand contingent, at present serving in South Africa, sent a novel Christmas card to Miss Seddon, the daughter of the Right Hon. R. J. Seddon, Premier of the Colony. It is in the shape of Christmas greetings written in ink on



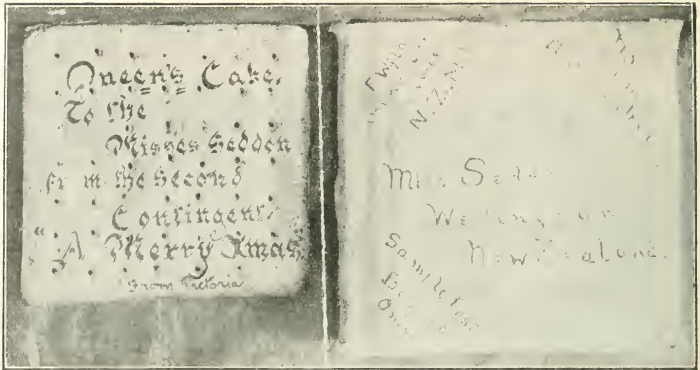
2.—THE CHINESE TOMMY ATKINS ON THE MARCH—HE CARRIES HIS RIFLE UPSIDE DOWN, AND FORGETS HIS DRILL, ALMOST AS SOON AS HE HAS LEARNED IT.

From a Photo. by G. D. Snedley, Shanghai.

one of the hard Army biscuits supplied to the men in Pretoria. The "card" was inclosed in a small tin box, specially made, and the whole was covered with a rough khaki cloth envelope, on which the address was written. The biscuit

made its long journey from Pretoria to New Zealand in safety, there being only one small crack in the left-hand top corner—a striking testimony to the substantial nature of Army biscuits. Our illustration, which is from a photograph by Mr. Malcolm Ross, Wellington, N.Z., shows both the novel card and its khaki envelope, on a slightly reduced scale.

The two snap-shots next reproduced—taken



3.—A NOVEL CHRISTMAS "CARD" SENT FROM SOUTH AFRICA TO THE DAUGHTER OF NEW ZEALAND'S PREMIER. From a Photo. by Mr. Malcolm Ross, Wellington, N.Z.

charging past at full gallop. Needless to say, it is a very difficult feat to perform. The stroke used is "right cavalry cut No. 2"—a backward sweep from the left shoulder—and the greatest care must be taken by the rider not to shear off his horse's ears as he lunges at the sheep. The first snap-shot shows a splendid stroke, with the falling head in mid-air. The successful performer is an officer of the 2nd Lancers, Hyderabad Contingent. In the second photo, it will be seen that the sword has



4.—CUTTING OFF SHEEP'S HEADS—A POPULAR MILITARY SPORT IN INDIA—"A SPLENDID STROKE."

From a Photo.

at Hingolee, in the Deccan—show a sport which is very popular among the British cavalry officers in India. It is a variety of the ancient pastime known as "cutting off the Turk's head," but in this case the place of the dummy is taken by a dead sheep, the object being to cut off the animal's head while



5.—"A MISS"—"THE GREATEST POSSIBLE JUDGMENT IS REQUIRED FOR THE SUCCESSFUL PERFORMANCE OF THE FEAT."

From a

[Photo.



6.—THE NEPTUNALE SHAL-SHOAL SHOWS A SHOAL OF SALMON ASCENDING A RIVER TO THE SPawning-GROUND. [Photo.]

not quite reached the sheep, thus constituting a miss. As a matter of fact, the greatest possible judgment is required for the successful performance of the feat.

The great rivers of British Columbia and the Western States literally teem with salmon, and in consequence this delicious fish is thought as little of by the people living along their banks as is the humble herring in this country. Periodically vast shoals of salmon ascend the rivers to their spawning-grounds—hundreds of thousands of fish, often filling a large river from bank to bank. The wonderful photograph here reproduced, taken from directly above the surface, shows a shoal of fish ascending the Salmon

River, a beautiful stream not very far from Mount Hood. The water, as may be seen from the snapshot, is literally alive with the gleaming salmon, all struggling up-stream to the spawning-ground. They are quite oblivious to obstacles, for in this particular stream they have to pass a series of rapids before

they arrive at their ground.

The fate of some of the fish, however, is sad. The next photograph shows a fishing scene higher up the river. Here a rough dam has been built at an angle across the stream, leaving only a narrow passage way, and in the shallow water in front of this the salmon, herded into a dense mass, are caught wholesale in a net. The

operation of lading out the fish as they splash about in the big net is most exciting, and calculated to cause curious feelings in the hearts of British anglers who have only been accustomed to wooing an occasional salmon with rod and line.

One of the most unique railroads for transporting logs from the forest to the mills is the ice railroad shown in the photo. on the next page. It is located about twenty miles from the Park Rapids, Minnesota, and is nothing more or less than an ice-track, seven miles long, the place of the rails being taken by deep grooves in the ice. In these run sledges, hauled by a curious sledge-locomotive, running



7.—THE FATE OF SOME OF THE SALMON—THEY GET INTO THE SHALLOW WATER IN FRONT OF THE DAM, AND ARE CAUGHT WHOLESALE IN A NET. [Photo.]



8.—LAYING AN ICE RAILROAD.—THIS PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS THE TANK FROM WHICH THE "RAILS" OF THE ICE-ROAD ARE "LAID."

at a speed of about five miles an hour. The locomotive consists of an upright stationary engine, working four-toothed driving-wheels, which take hold of the ice just sufficiently to drive the train along. There is a small engine within the cab for steering the locomotive itself, which rides on runners like the sledges. Of course, a railroad of this kind is only possible in winter time, and the first breath of spring renders it quite unusable. A good deal of preparatory work is required each year before the railroad is in working order. During the autumn the roads are laid out and made smooth, and wherever there is a brook or pond convenient it is carefully arranged so that water can be spread over the road when the proper time comes. As the ice forms the road is gradually raised, and then a special rut-cutting machine cuts the grooves in the ice for the runners of the log-sledges. In severe weather trains have to be loaded and started very quickly, otherwise the steel runners would freeze to the ice while the train is being loaded. Last winter this train hauled about 5,000,000ft. of logs to the landing-place seven miles distant. Our photograph shows the tank from which the "rails" of the ice-road are "laid." From the rear of this tank two sections of hose throw water on the hard ice, softening it, and thus preparing the grooves.

The last photograph here reproduced shows

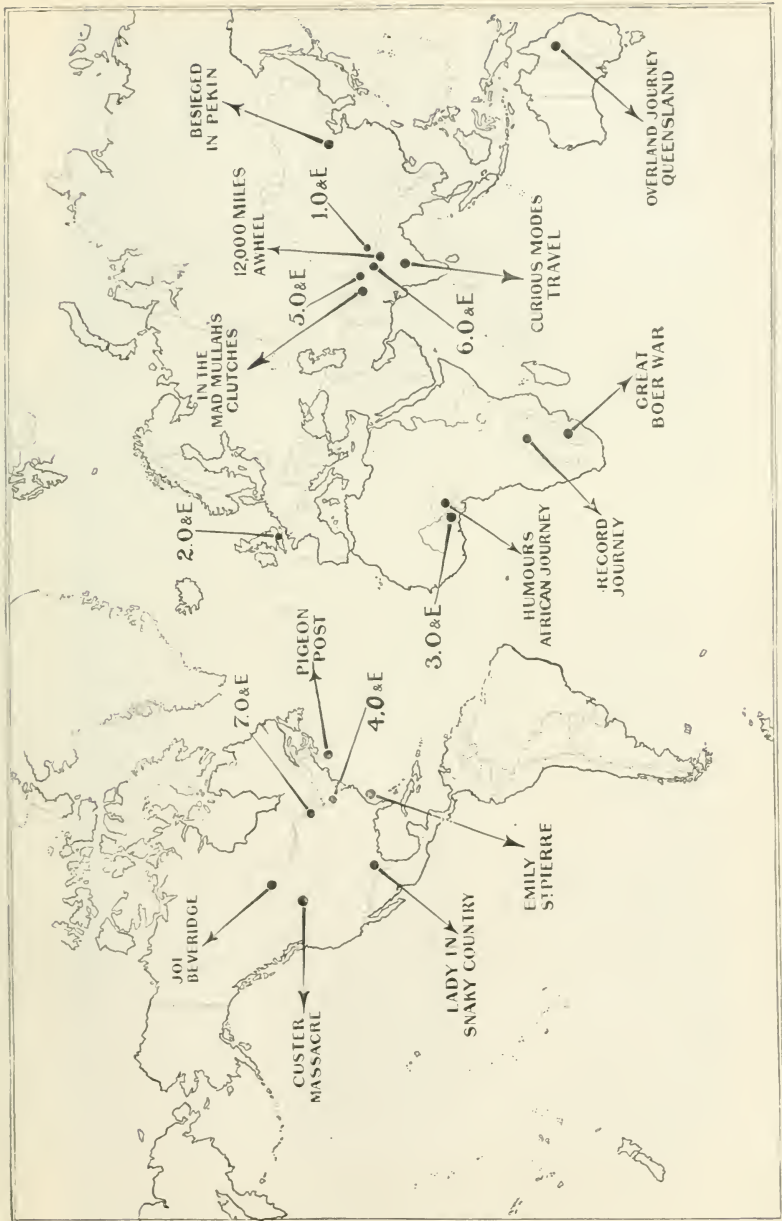
a brown bear which, being pursued by a hunter and his dogs in the mountains of Colorado, has taken refuge in a tree. In the expressive language of the West, he is "treed." This photograph was taken by Steve Baxter, a well-known guide and hunter, of Glenwood Springs, in Colorado, and was sent to us by Mr. Arthur Inkersley, of 508, Montgomery Street, San Francisco.



9.—"TREED!"—THE HARASSED BEAR HAS TAKEN REFUGE FROM THE HUNTER IN A TREE.

From a Photo. by A. S. Baxter, Colorado.





THE NOVEL MAP-CONTENTS OF "THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE," WHICH SHOWS AT A GLANCE THE LOCALITY OF EACH ARTICLE AND NARRATIVE OF ADVENTURE IN THIS NUMBER.



"THE MEN SET THEIR TEETH AND DASHED UP THE HILLS, THEIR ONE THOUGHT TO CLOSE WITH THAT GRIM BRISTLE OF RIFLE-BARRELS WHICH FRINGED THE ROCKS ABOVE THEM,"  
*Dragoon of Frank Dadd, R.I. From a Sketch by a British Officer.*  
(See page 429).

# THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE.

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## *The Great Boer War.*

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

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### CHAPTER VII.

#### LOMBARD'S KOP AND NICHOLSON'S NEK.



SIR GEORGE WHITE had now reunited his force, and found himself in command of a formidable little army some 12,000 in number.

His cavalry included the 5th Lancers, the 5th Dragoons, part of the 18th and the whole of the 19th Hussars, the Natal Carabineers, the Border Rifles, some mounted infantry, and the Imperial Light Horse. Among his infantry were the Royal Irish Fusiliers, the Dublin Fusiliers, and the King's Royal Rifles, fresh from the ascent of Talana Hill; the Gordons, the Manchesters, and the Devons who had been blooded at Elands-laagte, the Leicesters, the Liverpools, the 2nd Battalion of the King's Royal Rifles, the 2nd Rifle Brigade, and the Gloucesters, who had been so roughly treated at Rietfontein. He had six batteries of excellent field artillery—the 13th, 21st, 42nd, 53rd, 67th, 69th—and No. 10 Mountain Battery of screw guns. No general could have asked for a more compact and workmanlike little force.

It had been recognised by the British General from the beginning that his tactics must be defensive, since he was largely outnumbered, and since also any considerable mishap to his force would expose the whole Colony of Natal to destruction. The actions of Elands-laagte and Rietfontein were forced upon him in order to disengage his compromised detachment, but now there was no longer any reason why he should assume the offensive. He knew that away out on the Atlantic a trail of transports, which already extended from the Channel to Cape de Verde, was hourly drawing nearer to him with the army corps from England. In a fortnight or less the first of them would be at Durban. It was his game, therefore, to keep his army intact, and to let those throbbing engines and whirling propellers do the work of

the Empire. Had he entrenched himself up to his nose and waited it would have paid him best in the end.

But so tame and inglorious a policy is impossible to a fighting soldier. He could not with his splendid force permit himself to be shut in without an action. What policy demands honour may forbid. On October 27th there were already Boers and rumours of Boers on every side of him. Joubert with his main body was moving across from Dundee. The Free Staters were to the north and west. Their combined numbers were uncertain, but at least it was already proved that they were far more numerous and also more formidable than had been anticipated. We had had a taste of their artillery also, and the pleasant delusion that it would be a mere useless embrurance to a Boer force had vanished for ever. It was a grave thing to leave the town in order to give battle, for the mobile enemy might swing round and seize it behind us. Nevertheless, White determined to make the venture.

On the 29th the enemy were visibly converging upon the town. From a high hill within rifle shot of the houses a watcher could see no fewer than six Boer camps to the east and north. French, with his cavalry, pushed out feelers and coasted along the edge of the advancing host. His report warned White that if he would strike before all the scattered bands were united he must do so at once. The wounded were sent down to Pietermaritzburg, and it would bear explanation why the non-combatants did not accompany them. On the evening of the same day Joubert in person was said to be only six miles off, and a party of his men cut the water supply of the town. The Klip, however, a fair-sized river, runs through Ladysmith, so that there was no danger of thirst. The British had inflated and sent up a balloon, to the amazement of the back-veldt Boers; its report confirmed the fact that the enemy was in force in front of and around them.

On the night of the 29th General White detached two of his best regiments, the Irish Fusiliers and the Gloucesters, with No. 10 Mountain Battery, to advance under cover of the darkness and to seize and hold a long ridge called Nicholson's Nek, which lay about six miles to the north of Ladysmith. Having determined to give battle on the next day, his object was to protect his left wing against those Free Staters who were still moving from the north and west. This small detached column numbered about a thousand men—whose fate will be afterwards narrated.

At five o'clock on the morning of the 30th the Boers, who had already developed a perfect

were massed in the centre under Colonel Downing. French with the cavalry and mounted infantry was on the extreme right, but found little opportunity for the use of the mounted arm that day.

The Boer position, so far as it could be seen, was a formidable one. Their centre lay upon one of the spurs of Signal Hill, about three miles from the town. Here they had two 40-pounders and three other lighter guns, but their artillery strength developed both in numbers and in weight of metal as the day wore on. Of their dispositions little could be seen. An observer looking westward might discern with his glass sprays of mounted riflemen



*From a*

A BOER "LONG TOM" CROSSING A DRIFT ON ITS WAY TO LADYSMITH.

*[Photo.*

genius for hauling heavy cannon up the most difficult heights, opened fire from one of the hills which lie to the north of the town. Before the shot was fired the forces of the British had already streamed out of Ladysmith to test the strength of the invaders.

White's army was divided into three columns. On the extreme left, quite isolated from the others, was the small Nicholson's Nek detachment under the command of Colonel Carleton of the Fusiliers (one of three gallant brothers, each of whom commands a British regiment). With him was Major Abye of the staff. On the right British flank Colonel Grimwood commanded a brigade composed of the 1st and 2nd Battalions of the King's Royal Rifles, the Leicesters, the Liverpools, and the Royal Dublin Fusiliers. In the centre Colonel Ian Hamilton commanded the Devons, the Gordons, the Manchesters, and the 2nd Battalion of the Rifle Brigade, which marched direct into the battle from the train which had brought them from Durban. Six batteries of artillery

galloping here and there over the downs, and possibly small groups where the gunners stood by their guns, or the leaders gazed down at that town which they were destined to have in view for such a weary while. On the dun-coloured plains before the town the long thin lines, with an occasional shifting sparkle of steel, showed where Hamilton's and Grimwood's infantry were advancing. In the clear cold air of an African morning every detail could be seen, down to the distant smoke of a train toiling up the heavy grades which lead from Frere over the Colenso Bridge to Ladysmith.

The scrambling, inconsequential, unsatisfactory action which 'ensued' is as difficult to describe as it must have been to direct. The Boer front covered some seven or eight miles, with kopjes, like chains of fortresses, between. They formed a huge semicircle of which our advance was the chord, and they were able from this position to pour in a converging artillery fire which grew steadily hotter as the day advanced. In the early part of the day our

forty-two guns, working furiously, though with a want of accuracy which may be due to those errors of refraction which are said to be common in the limpid air of the veldt, preserved their superiority. There appears to have been a want of concentration about our fire, and at some periods of the action each particular battery was firing at some different point of the Boer half-circle. Sometimes for an hour on end the Boer reply would die away altogether, only to break out with augmented violence and with an accuracy which increased our respect for their training. Huge shells—the largest that ever burst upon a battlefield—hurled from distances which were unattainable by our 15-pounders, enveloped our batteries in smoke and flame. One enormous Creusot gun on Pepworth Hill threw a 96-pound shell a distance of four miles, and several 40-pound howitzers outweighed our field guns. And on the same day on which we were so roughly taught how large the guns were which labour and good-will could haul on to the field of battle we learned also that our enemy—to the disgrace of our Board of Ordnance be it recorded—was more in touch with modern invention than we were, and could show us not only the largest, but also the smallest, shell which had yet been used. Would that it had been our officials instead of our gunners who heard the devilish little one-pound shells of the Vickers-Maxim automatic gun exploding with a continuous string of crackings and bangings, like a huge cracker, in their faces and about their ears!

Up to seven o'clock our infantry had shown no disposition to press the attack, for, with so huge a position in front of them, and so many hills which were held by the enemy, it was difficult to know what line of advance should be taken, or whether the attack should not be converted into a mere reconnaissance. Shortly after that hour, however, the Boers decided the question by themselves developing a vigorous movement upon Grimwood and the right flank. With field guns, Maxims, and rifle fire they closed rapidly in upon him. The centre column was drafted off, regiment by regiment, to reinforce the right. The Gordons, Devons, Manchesters, and three batteries were sent over to Grimwood's relief, and the 5th Lancers, acting as infantry, assisted him to hold on.

At nine o'clock there was a lull, but it was evident that fresh commandoes and fresh guns were continually streaming into the firing-line. The engagement opened again with redoubled violence, and Grimwood's three advanced battalions fell back, abandoning the ridge which they had held for five hours. The reason for this

withdrawal was not that they could not continue to hold their position, but it was that a message had just reached Sir George White from Colonel Knox, commanding in Ladysmith, to the effect that it looked as if the enemy were about to rush the town from the other side. Crossing the open in some disorder, they lost heavily, and would have done so more had not the 53rd Field Battery dashed forward, firing shrapnel at short ranges, in order to cover the retreat of the infantry. Amid the bursting of the huge 96-pound shells and the snapping of the vicious little automatic one-pounders, with a cross-fire of rifles as well, Adye's gallant battery swung round its muzzles and hit back right and left, flashing and blazing, amid its litter of dead horses and men. So severe was the fire that the guns were obscured by the dust knocked up by the little shells of the automatic gun. Then, when its work was done and the retiring infantry had straggled over the ridge, the covering guns whirled and bounded after them. So many horses had fallen that two pieces were left until the teams could be brought back for them, which was successfully done through the gallantry of Captain Thwaites. The action of this battery was one of the few gleams of light in a not too brilliant day's work. With it was associated the 13th Field Battery (Major Dawkins), and the two, by alternate retirements, helped each other, as well as the retreating infantry. The 21st Battery (Blewitt's) also distinguished itself by its staunchness in covering the retirement of the cavalry, while the 42nd (Goulburn's) suffered the heaviest losses of any. On the whole, such honours as fell to our lot were mainly with the gunners.

White must have been now uneasy for his position, and it had become apparent that his only course was to fall back and concentrate upon the town. His left flank was up in the air, and the sound of distant firing, wafted over five miles of broken country, was the only message which arrived from them. His right had been pushed back, and, most dangerous of all, his centre had ceased to exist, for only the 2nd Rifle Brigade remained there. What would happen if the enemy burst rudely through and pushed straight for the town? It was the more possible, as the Boer artillery had now proved itself to be far heavier than ours. That terrible 96-pounder, serenely safe and out of range, was plunging its great projectiles into the masses of retiring troops. The men had had little sleep and little food, and this unanswerable fire was an ordeal for a force which is retreating. A retirement may very rapidly become a rout under such circumstances. It was with some misgivings that the officers saw their men

quicken their pace and glance back over their shoulders at the whine and screech of the shell. They were still some miles from home, and the plain was open. What could be done to give them some relief?

And at that very moment there came the opportune and unexpected answer. That plume of engine smoke which the watcher had observed

and flame to show where the shell had struck. Another and another and another—and then they were troubled no more. Captain Hedworth Lambton and his men had saved the situation. The masterful gun had met its own master and sank into silence, while the somewhat bedraggled field force came trailing back into Ladysmith, leaving 300 of their number behind



From a] THIS HOWITZER, FROM THE HILLS ABOVE LADYSMITH, ANNOYED THE GALLANT GARRISON CONSIDERABLY.

[Photo.

in the morning had drawn nearer and nearer, as the heavy train came puffing and creaking up the steep inclines. Then, almost before it had drawn up at the Ladysmith siding, there had sprung from it a crowd of merry, bearded fellows, with ready hands and strange sea cries, pulling and hauling, with rope and purchase, to get out the long slim guns which they had lashed on the trucks. Singular carriages were there, specially invented by Captain Percy Scott, and, labouring and straining, they worked furiously to get the 12-pounder quick-firers into action. Then at last it was done, and the long tubes swept upwards to the angle at which they might hope to reach that monster on the hill at the horizon. Two of them craned their long, inquisitive necks up and exchanged repartees with the big Creusot. And so it was that the weary and dispirited British troops heard a crash which was louder and sharper than that of their field guns, and saw far away upon the distant hill a great spurt of smoke

and flame to show where the shell had struck. Another and another and another—and then they were troubled no more. Captain Hedworth Lambton and his men had saved the situation. The masterful gun had met its own master and sank into silence, while the somewhat bedraggled field force came trailing back into Ladysmith, leaving 300 of their number behind

them. It was a high price to pay, but other misfortunes were in store for us which made the retirement of the morning seem insignificant. In the meantime we may follow the unhappy fortunes of the small column which had, as already described, been sent out by Sir George White in order, if possible, to prevent the junction of the two Boer armies, and at the same time to threaten the right wing of the main force, which was advancing from the direction of Dundee. Sir George White throughout the campaign consistently displayed one quality which is a charming one in an individual, but may be dangerous in a commander. He was a confirmed optimist. Perhaps his heart might have failed him in the dark days to come had he not been so. But whether one considers the non-destruction of the Newcastle Railway, the acquiescence in the occupation of Dundee, the retention of the non-combatants in Ladysmith until it was too late to get rid of their useless mouths, or the failure

to make any serious preparations for the defence of the town until his troops were beaten back into it, we see always the same evidence of a man who habitually hopes that all will go well, and is in consequence remiss in making preparations for their going ill. But unhappily in every one of these instances they *did* go ill, though the slowness of the Boers enabled us, both at Dundee and at Ladysmith, to escape what might have been disaster.

Sir George White has so nobly and frankly taken upon himself the blame of Nicholson's Nek that an impartial historian must rather regard his self-condemnation as having been excessive. The immediate causes of the failure were undoubtedly the results of pure ill fortune, and depended on things outside his control. But it is evident that the strategic plan which would justify the presence of this column at Nicholson's Nek was based upon the supposition that the main army won their action at Lombard's Kop. In that case White might swing round his right and pin the Boers between himself and Nicholson's Nek. In any case he could then re-unite with his isolated wing. But if he should lose his battle—what then? What was to become of this detachment five miles up in the air? How was it to be extricated? The gallant Irishman seems to have waved aside the very idea of defeat. An assurance was, it is reported, given to the leaders of the column that by eleven o'clock next morning they would be relieved. So they would if White had won his action. But—

The force chosen to operate independently consisted of four and a half companies of the Gloucester Regiment, six companies of the Royal Irish Fusiliers, and No. 10 Mountain Battery of six 7-pounder screw guns. They were both old soldier regiments from India, and the Fusiliers had shown only ten days before at Talana Hill the stuff of which they were made. Colonel Carleton, of the Fusiliers, to whose exertions much of the success of the retreat from Dundee was due, commanded the column, with Major Adye as staff officer. On the night of Sunday, October 29th, they tramped out of Ladysmith, a thousand men, none better in the Army. Little they thought, as they exchanged a jest or two with the outlying pickets, that they were seeing the last of their own armed countrymen for many a weary month.

The road was irregular and the night was moonless. On either side the black loom of the hills bulked vaguely through the darkness. The column tramped stolidly along, the Fusiliers in front, the guns and Gloucesters behind. Several times a short halt was called to make

sure of the bearings. At last, in the black, cold hours which come between midnight and morning, the column swung to the left out of the road. In front of them, hardly visible, stretched a long, black kopje. It was the very Nicholson's Nek which they had come to occupy. Carleton and Adye must have heaved a sigh of relief as they realized that they had actually struck it. The force was but two hundred yards from the position, and all had gone without a hitch. And yet in those two hundred yards there came an incident which decided the fate both of their enterprise and of themselves.

Out of the darkness there blundered and rattled five horsemen, their horses galloping, the loose stones flying around them. In the dim light they were gone as soon as seen. Whence coming, whither going, no one knows, nor is it certain whether it was design or ignorance or panic which sent them riding so wildly through the darkness. Somebody fired. A sergeant of the Fusiliers took the bullet through his hand. Someone else shouted to fix bayonets. The mules which carried the spare ammunition kicked and reared. There was no question of treachery, for they were led by our own men, but to hold two frightened mules, one with either hand, is a feat for a Hercules. They lashed and tossed and bucked themselves loose, and an instant afterwards were flying helter-skelter through the column. Nearly all the mules caught the panic. In vain the men held on to their heads. In the mad rush they were galloped over and knocked down by the torrent of frightened creatures. In the gloom of that early hour the men must have thought that they were charged by cavalry. The column was dashed out of all military order as effectively as if a regiment of dragoons had ridden over them. When the cyclone had passed, and the men had with many a muttered curse gathered themselves into their ranks once more, they realized how grave was the misfortune which had befallen them. There, where those mad hoofs still rattled in the distance, were their spare cartridges, their shells, and their cannon. A mountain gun is not drawn upon wheels, but is carried in adjustable parts upon mule-back. A wheel had gone south, a trail east, a chase west. Some of the cartridges were strewn upon the road. Most were on their way back to Ladysmith. There was nothing for it but to face this new situation and to determine what should be done.

It has been often and naturally asked: Why did not Colonel Carleton make his way back at once upon the loss of his guns and ammunition, while it was still dark? No doubt in good time he will give his own reasons for his decision.

But one or two considerations are evident. In the first place, it is natural to a good soldier to endeavour to retrieve a situation rather than to abandon his enterprise. His prudence, did he not do so, might become the subject of public commendation, but might also provoke some private comment. A soldier's training is to take chances, and to do the best he can with the material at his disposal. Again, Colonel Carleton and Major Adye knew the general plan of the battle which would be raging within a very few hours, and they quite understood that by withdrawing they would expose General White's left flank to attack from the forces (consisting, as we know now, of the Orange Free Staters and of the Johannesburg Police) who were coming from the north and west. He hoped to be relieved by eleven,

daunted, however, he set his men to work at once building sangars with the loose stones. With the full dawn and the first snapping of Boer Mausers from the hills around they had thrown up some sort of rude defences which they might hope to hold until help should come.

But how could help come when there was no means by which they could let White know the plight in which they found themselves? They had brought a heliograph with them, but it was on the back of one of those accursed mules. The Boers were thick around them, and they could not send a messenger. An attempt was made to convert a polished biscuit tin into a heliograph, but with poor success. A Kaffir was dispatched with promises of a heavy bribe, but he passed out of history. And there in the

clear cold morning air the balloon hung to the south of them where the first distant thunder of White's guns was beginning to sound. If only they could attract the attention of that balloon! Vainly they wagged flags at it. Serene and unresponsive it brooded over the distant battle.

And now the Boers were thickening round them on every side. At five o'clock the fire began, at six it was warm, at seven warmer still. Two companies of the Gloucesters lined a sangar on the tread of the sole, to prevent anyone getting too near to the heel. A fresh detachment of Boers, firing from a range of nearly a

thousand yards, took this defence in the rear. Bullets fell among the men and smacked up against the stone breastwork. The two companies were withdrawn, and lost heavily in the open as they crossed it. An incessant rattle and crackle of rifle fire came from all round, drawing very slowly but steadily nearer. Now and then the whisk of a dark figure from one boulder to another was all that ever was seen of the attackers. The British fired slowly and steadily, for every cartridge counted, but the cover of the Boers was so cleverly taken that it was seldom that there was much to aim at. "All you could ever see," says one who was present, "were the barrels of the rifles." There was time for



From a]

LORD SMITH'S TENT AT ORANGE RIVER.

[Photo.

and he believed that, come what might, he could hold out until then. These are the most obvious of the considerations which induced Colonel Carleton to determine to carry out so far as he could the programme which had been laid down for him and his command. He marched up the hill and occupied the position.

His heart, however, must have sunk when he examined it. It was very large—too large to be effectively occupied by the force which he commanded. The length was about a mile and the breadth four hundred yards. Shaped roughly like the sole of a boot, it was only the heel end which he could hope to hold. Other hills all round offered cover for Boer riflemen. Nothing



thought in that long morning, and to some of the men it may have occurred what preparation for such fighting had they ever had in the mechanical exercises of the parade ground or the shooting of an annual bagful of cartridges at exposed targets at a measured range. It is the warfare of Nicholson's Nek, not that of Laffan's Plain, which has to be learned in the future.

During those weary hours, lying on the bullet-swept hill and listening to the eternal hissing in the air and clicking on the rocks, the British soldiers could see the fight which raged to the south of them. It was not a cheering sight, and Carleton and Abye with their gallant comrades must have felt their hearts grow heavier as they watched. The Boers' shells bursting among the British batteries, the British shells bursting short of their opponents. The Long Toms laid at an angle of forty-five plumped their huge shells into the British guns at a range where the latter would not dream of unlimbering. And then gradually the rifle fire died away also, crackling more faintly as White withdrew to Ladysmith. At eleven o'clock Carleton's column recognised that it had been left to its fate.

The men had then been under fire for six hours, and with their losses mounting and their cartridges dwindling all hope had faded from their minds. But still for another hour, and yet another, and yet another, they held doggedly on. Nine and a half hours they clung to that pile of stones. The Fusiliers were still exhausted from the effect of their march from Glencoe and their incessant work since. Many fell asleep behind the boulders. Some sat doggedly with their useless rifles and empty pouches beside them. Some picked cartridges off their dead comrades. What were they fighting for? It was hopeless, and they knew it. But always there was the honour of the flag, the glory of the regiment, the hatred of a proud and brave man to acknowledge defeat. And yet it had to come. There were some in that force who were ready for the reputation of the British Army, and for the sake of an example of military virtue, to die stolidly where they stood, or to lead the "Faugh-a-ballagh" boys or the gallant 29th in one last death-charge with empty rifles against the unseen enemy. They may have been right, these stalwarts. Leonidas and his three hundred did more for the Spartan cause by their memory than by their living valour. Man passes like the brown leaves, but the tradition of a nation lives on like the oak that sheds them—and the passing of the leaves is nothing if the bole be the sounder for it. But a counsel of perfection is easy at a study table. There

are other things to be said—the responsibility of officers for the lives of their men, the hope that they may yet be of service to their country. All was weighed, all was thought of, and so at last—it matters not in this place how or by whose hand—the white flag went up.

It was not, as I have been told by those who were there, a sight which one would wish to have seen or care now to dwell upon. Haggard officers cracked their sword-blades and cursed the day that they had been born. Privates sobbed with their stained faces buried in their hands. Of all tests of discipline that ever they had stood, the hardest to many was to conform to all that the cursed flapping handkerchief meant to them. "Father, father, we had rather have died," cried the Fusiliers to their priest. Gallant hearts, ill-paid, ill-thanked, how poorly do the successful of the world compare with their unselfish loyalty and devotion!

But the sting of contumely or insult was not added to their misfortunes. There is a fellowship of brave men which rises above the feuds of nations, and may at last go far, we hope, to heal them. From every rock there rose a Boer—strange, grotesque figures many of them—walnut-brown and shaggy-bearded, and swarmed on to the hill. No term of triumph or reproach came from their lips. "You will not say now that the young Boer cannot shoot," was the harshest word which the least restrained of them made use of. Between 100 and 200 dead and wounded were scattered over the hill. Those who were within reach of human help received all that could be given. Captain Rice, of the Fusiliers, was carried wounded down the hill on the back of one giant, and he has narrated how the man refused the gold piece which was offered him. Some asked the soldiers for their embroidered waist-belts as souvenirs of the day. They will for generations remain as the most precious ornaments of some colonial farm-house. Then the victors gathered together and sang psalms, not jubilant, but sad and quivering. The prisoners, in a downcast column, weary, spent, and unkept, filed off to the Boer laager at Waschbank, there to take train for Pretoria. And at Ladysmith a bugler of Fusiliers, his arm bound, the marks of battle on his dress and person, burst in upon the camp with the news that two veteran regiments had covered the flank of White's retreating army, but at the cost of their own annihilation.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### LORD METHUEN'S ADVANCE.

At the end of a fortnight of actual hostilities in Natal the situation of the Boer army was such as to seriously alarm the public at home,

and to cause an almost universal chorus of ill-natured delight from the Press of all European nations. Whether the reason was hatred of ourselves, or the sporting instinct which backs the smaller against the larger, or the influence of the ubiquitous Dr. Leyds and his secret service fund, it is certain that the Continental papers have never been so unanimous as in their premature rejoicings over what, with an extraordinary want of proportion and ignorance of our national character, they imagined to be a damaging blow to the British Empire. France, Russia, Austria, and Germany were equally venomous against us, nor can the visit of the German

Emperor, though a courteous and timely action in itself, entirely atone for the senseless bitterness of the Press of the Fatherland. Great Britain was roused out of her habitual apathy and disregard for foreign opinion by this chorus of execration, and braced herself for a greater effort in consequence. She was cheered by the sympathy of her friends in the United States, and by the good wishes of the smaller nations of Europe, notably of Italy, Denmark, Greece, Turkey, and Hungary.

The exact position at the end of this fortnight of hard slogging was that a quarter of the colony of Natal and a hundred miles of railway were in the hands of the enemy. Five distinct actions had been fought, none of them perhaps coming within the fair meaning of a battle. Of these one had been a distinct British victory, two had been indecisive, one had been rather against us, and one had been a positive disaster. We had lost about 1,200 prisoners and a battery of small guns. The Boers had lost two fine guns and had three others badly injured. Twelve thousand British troops had been shut up in Ladysmith, and there was no serious force between the invaders and the sea. Only

in those distant transports, where the grimy stokers shovelled and strove, were there hopes for the safety of Natal and the honour of the Empire. In Cape Colony the loyalists waited with hated breath, knowing well that there was nothing to check a Free State invasion, and that if it came no bounds could be placed upon how far it might advance or what effect it might have upon the Dutch population.

Leaving Ladysmith now apparently within the grasp of the Boers, who had settled down deliberately to the work of throttling it, the narrative must pass to the western side of the seat of war, and give a consecutive account of

the events which began with the siege of Kimberley, and led to the ineffectual efforts of Lord Methuen's column to relieve it.

On the declaration of war two important movements had been made by the Boers upon the west. One was the advance of a considerable body under the formidable Cronje to attack Mafeking, an enterprise which demands a chapter of its own. The other was the invest-

ment of Kimberley by a force which consisted principally of Free Staters under the command of Wessels and Botha. The place was defended by Colonel Kekewich, aided by the advice and help of Mr. Cecil Rhodes, who had gallantly thrown himself into the town by one of the last trains which reached it. As the founder and director of the great De Beers diamond mines he desired to be with his people in the hour of their need, and it was through his initiative that the town had been provided with the rifles and cannon with which to sustain the siege.

The troops which Colonel Kekewich had at his disposal consisted of four companies of the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment (his own regiment), with some Royal Engineers, a mountain battery, and two machine guns. In



THE ORANGE RIVER BRIDGE, THE KEY TO THE RELIEF OF KIMBERLEY.

*From a Photo.*

addition there were the extremely spirited and capable local forces, a hundred and twenty men of the Cape Police, two thousand Volunteers, a body of Kimberley Light Horse, and a battery of light 7-pounder guns. There were also eight Maxims, which were mounted upon the huge mounds of *débris* which surrounded the mines and formed most efficient fortresses.

A small reinforcement of police had, under tragic circumstances, reached the town. Vryburg, the capital of British Bechuanaland, lies 145 miles to the north of Kimberley. The town has strong Dutch sympathies, and on the news of the approach of a Boer force with artillery it was evident that it could not be held. Scott, the commandant of police, made some attempt to organize a defence, but having no artillery, and finding little sympathy, he was compelled to abandon his charge to the invaders. The gallant Scott rode south with his troopers, and in his humiliation and grief at his inability to preserve his post he blew out his brains upon the journey. Vryburg was immediately occupied by the Boers, and British Bechuanaland was formally annexed to the South African Republic. This policy of the instant annexation of all territories invaded was habitually carried out by the enemy, with the idea that British subjects who joined them would in this way be shielded from the consequences of treason. Meanwhile several thousand Free Staters and Transvaalers with artillery had assembled round Kimberley, and all news of the town was cut off. Its relief was one of the first tasks which presented itself to the impending army corps. The obvious base of such a movement must be Orange River, and there and at De Aar the stores for the advance began to be accumulated. At the latter place especially, which is the chief railway junction in the north of the Colony, enormous masses of provisions, ammunition, and fodder were collected, with thousands of mules which the long arm of the British Government had rounded up from many parts of the world.

The guard over these costly and essential supplies seems to have been a dangerously weak one. Between Orange River and De Aar, which are sixty miles apart, there were the 9th Lancers, the Royal Munsters, the 2nd King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, and the 1st Northumberland Fusiliers, under three thousand men in all, with two million pounds' worth of stores and the Free State frontier within a ride of them. Verily if we have something to deplore in this war we have much also to be thankful for.

Up to the end of October the situation was so dangerous that it is really inexplicable that no advantage was taken of it by the enemy. Our main force was concentrated to defend the Orange River railway bridge, which was so essential for our advance upon Kimberley. This left only a single regiment without guns for the defence of De Aar and the valuable stores. A fairer mark for a dashing leader and a raid of mounted riflemen was never seen. The chance passed, however, as so many others of the Boers' had done. Early in November Colesberg and Naauwpoort were abandoned by our small detachments, who concentrated at De Aar. The Berkshires joined the Yorkshire Light Infantry, and nine field guns arrived also. General Wood worked hard at the fortifying of the surrounding kopjes, until within a week the place had been made tolerably secure.



THE GRAVES OF COL. KEITH-FALCONER AND LIEUT. WOOD, KILLED NEAR BELMONT.  
*From a Photo.*

The first collision between the opposing forces at this part of the seat of war was upon November 10th, when Colonel Gough, of the 9th Lancers, made a reconnaissance from Orange River to the north with two squadrons of his own regiment, the mounted infantry of the Northumberland Fusiliers, the Royal Munsters, and the North Lancashires, with a battery of field artillery. To the east of Belmont, about fifteen miles off, he came on a detachment of the enemy with a gun. To make out the Boer position our mounted infantry galloped round one of their flanks, and in doing so passed close to a kopje which was occupied by sharpshooters. A deadly fire crackled suddenly out from among the boulders. Of six men hit four were officers, showing how cool were the marksmen and how dangerous those dress distinctions which will probably disappear henceforwards upon the field of battle. Colonel Keith-Falconer of the Northumberland, who had earned distinction in the Soudan, was shot dead. So was Wood of the North Lancashires. Hall and Bevan of the Northumberland were wounded. An advance by train of the troops in camp drove back the Boers and extricated our small force from what might have proved a serious position, for the enemy in superior numbers were working round their wings. The troops returned to camp without any good object having been attained, but that must be the necessary fate of many a cavalry reconnaissance.

On November 12th Lord Methuen arrived at Orange River and proceeded to organize the column which was to advance to the relief of Kimberley. Lord Methuen had had some previous South African experience, when in 1885 he had commanded a large body of irregular horse in Bechuanaland. His reputation was that of a gallant, fearless soldier. He was not yet fifty-five years of age.

The force which gradually assembled at Orange River was formidable rather from its quality than from its numbers. It included a brigade of Guards (the 1st Scots Guards, 3rd Grenadiers, and 1st and 2nd Coldstreams), the 2nd Yorkshire Light Infantry, the 2nd North-

ampton, the 1st Northumberland, and a wing of the North Lancashires, whose comrades were holding out at Kimberley, with a naval brigade of seamen gunners and marines. For cavalry he had the 9th Lancers, with detachments of mounted infantry, and for artillery the 75th and 18th Batteries R.F.A.

Extreme mobility was aimed at in the column, and neither tents nor comforts of any sort were permitted to officers or men—no light matter in a climate where a tropical day is followed by an Arctic night. At daybreak on November 22nd the force, numbering about 8,000 men, set off upon its eventful journey. The distance to Kimberley was not more than sixty miles, and it is probable that there was not one man in the force who imagined how long that march would take or how grim the experiences would be which awaited them on the way. At the dawn of Wednesday, November 22nd, Lord Methuen moved forward until he came into touch with the Boer position at Belmont. It was surveyed that evening by Colonel Willoughby Verner, and every disposition made to attack it in the morning.

The force of the Boers was much inferior to



COLONEL WILLOUGHBY VERNER, WHO PREVENTED CRONJE'S FORCE FROM TAKING PART  
From a [Photo.]

our own, some two or three thousand in all, but the natural strength of their position made it a difficult one to carry, while it could not be left behind us as a menace to our line of communications. A double row of steep hills lay across the road to Kimberley, and it was along the ridges, snuggling closely among the boulders,

that our enemy was waiting for us. In their weeks of preparation they had constructed elaborate shelter-pits in which they could lie in comparative safety while they swept all the level ground around with their rifle fire. Mr. Ralph, the American correspondent, whose letters have been among the most vivid of the war, has described these lairs, littered with straw and the *débris* of food, isolated from each other, and each containing its grim and formidable occupant. "The eyes of birds of prey" is the phrase with which he brings them home to us. In these, with nothing visible but their peering eyes and the barrels of their rifles, the Boer marksmen crouched, and munched their biltong and their mealies as the day broke upon the

As a too energetic staff officer pranced before their line he roared in his rough North-country tongue, "Domn thee! Get thee to hell, and let's fire!" In the golden light of the rising sun the men set their teeth and dashed up the hills, scrambling, falling, cheering, swearing, gallant men, gallantly led, their one thought to close with that grim bristle of rifle-barrels which fringed the rocks above them.

Lord Methuen's intention had been an attack from front and from flank, but whether from the Grenadiers losing their bearings or from the mobility of the Boers, which made a flank attack an impossibility, it is certain that all became frontal. The battle resolved itself into a number of isolated actions in which the various kopjes



From a]

BOER DUGOUTS TAKEN AT BELMONT.

[Photos.

morning of the 23rd. With the light their enemy was upon them.

It was a soldiers' battle in the good old primeval British style, an Alma on a small scale and against deadlier weapons. The troops advanced in grim silence against the savage-looking, rock-sprinkled, crag-topped position which confronted them. They were in a fierce humour, for they had not breakfasted, and military history from Agincourt to Talavera shows that want of food wakens a dangerous spirit among British troops. A Northumberland Fusilier exploded into words which expressed the gruffness of his comrades.

were rushed by different British regiments always with success and always with loss. The honours of the fight, as tested by the grim record of the casualty returns, lay with the Grenadiers, the Coldstreams, the Northumberland, and the Scots Guards. The brave Guardsmen lay thickly on the slopes, but their comrades crowned the heights. The Boers held on desperately and fired their rifles in the very faces of the stormers. One young officer had his jaw blown to pieces by a rifle which almost touched him. Another, Blundell, of the Guards, was shot dead by a wounded desperado to whom he was offering his water-bottle. At one

point a white flag was waved by the defenders, on which the British left cover, only to be met by a volley. It was there that Mr. E. F. Knight, of the *Morning Post*, became the victim of a double abuse of the usages of war, since his wound, from which he lost his right arm, was from an explosive bullet. The man who raised the flag was captured, and it says much for the humanity of British soldiers that he was not bayoneted upon the spot. Yet it is not fair to blame a whole people for the misdeeds of a few, and it is probable that the men who descend to

fingers to his nose in derision of the victors. He exposed himself to the fire of half a battalion while doing so, but he probably was aware that with our present musketry instruction the fire of a British half battalion against an individual is not a very serious matter.

The remainder of the 23rd was spent at Belmont Camp, and next morning an advance was made to Graspan, some ten miles farther on. Here lay the plain of Enslin, bounded by a formidable line of kopjes as dangerous as those of Belmont. Lancers and Rimington's



[from a] AFTER THE BATTLE—ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF THE SCANDINAVIAN BRIGADE. [Photo.]

such devices, or who deliberately fire upon our ambulances, are as much execrated by their own comrades as by ourselves.

The victory was an expensive one, for fifty killed and two hundred wounded lay upon the hillside, and, like so many of our skirmishes with the Boers, it led to small material results. Their losses appear to have been much about the same as ours, and we captured some fifty prisoners, whom the soldiers regarded with the utmost interest. They were a sullen, slouching crowd, rudely clad, and they represented probably the poorest of the burghers, who now, as in the Middle Ages, suffer most in battle, since a long purse means a good horse. Most of the enemy galloped very comfortably away after the action, leaving a fringe of sharpshooters among the kopjes to hold back our pursuing cavalry. The want of horsemen and the want of horse artillery are the two reasons which Lord Methuen gives why the defeat was not converted into a rout. As it was, the feelings of the retreating Boers were exemplified by one of their number, who turned in his saddle in order to place his outstretched

Scouts, the feeble but very capable cavalry of the army, came in with the report that the hills were strongly held. Some more hard slogging was in front of the relievers of Kimberley.

The advance had been on the line of the Cape Town-Kimberley Railway, and the damage done to it by the Boers had been repaired to the extent of permitting an armoured train with a naval gun to accompany the troops. It was six o'clock upon the morning of Saturday, the 25th, that this gun came into action against the kopjes closely followed by the guns of the field artillery. One of the lessons of the war has been to disillusion us as to the effect of shrapnel fire. Positions which had been made theoretically untenable have again and again been found to be most inconveniently tenanted. Among the troops actually engaged the confidence in the effect of shrapnel fire has steadily declined with their experience. Some other method of artillery fire than the curving bullet from an exploding shrapnel shell must be devised for dealing with men who lie close among boulders and behind cover.

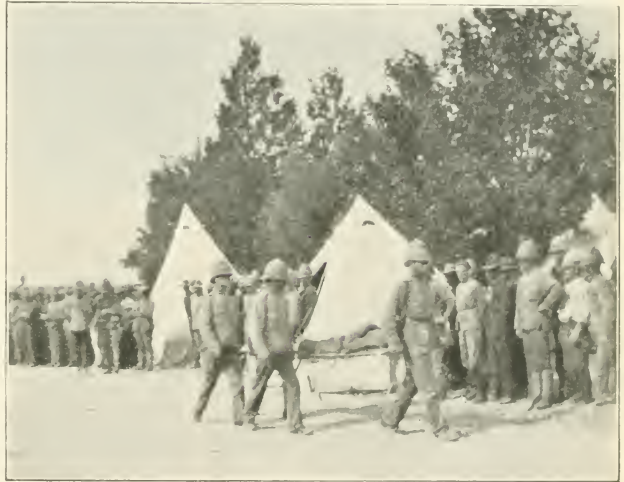
These remarks upon shrapnel might be in-

cluded in the account of half the battles of the war, but they are particularly apposite to the action at Enslin. Here a single large kopje formed the key to the position, and a considerable time was expended upon preparing it for the British assault, by directing upon it a fire which swept the face of it and searched, as was hoped, every corner in which a rifleman might lurk. One of the two batteries engaged fired no fewer than 500 rounds. Then the infantry advance was ordered, the Guards being held in reserve on account of their exertions at Belmont. The Northumberland, Northampton, North Lancashires, and Yorkshires worked round upon the right, and, aided by the artillery fire, cleared the trenches in their front. The honours of the assault, however, must be awarded to the sailors and marines of the Naval Brigade, who underwent such an ordeal as men have seldom faced and yet come out as victors. To them fell the task of carrying that formidable hill which had been so scourged by our artillery. With a grand rush they swept up the slope, but were met by a horrible fire. Every rock spouted flame, and the front ranks withered away before the storm of the Mausers. An eye-witness has recorded that the brigade was hardly visible amid the sand knocked up by the bullets.

For an instant they fell back into cover, and then, having taken their breath, up they went again, with a deep-chested sailor roar. There were but 400 in all 200 seamen and 200 marines, and the losses in that rapid rush were terrible. Yet they swarmed up, their gallant officers, some of them little boy middies, cheering them on. Ethelston, the commander of the *Powerful*, was struck down. Plumb and Senior of the Marines were killed. Captain Prothero of the *Doris* dropped while still yelling to his seamen to "take that kopje and be hanged to it!" Little Huddart, the middy, died a death which is worth many inglorious years. Jones of the Marines fell wounded, but rose again and rushed on with his men. It was on these gallant Marines, the men who are ready to fight anywhere and anyhow, moist or dry, that the heaviest loss fell. When at last they made

good their foothold upon the crest of that murderous hill they had left behind them three officers and eighty-eight men out of a total of 206—a loss within a few minutes of nearly 50 per cent. The bluejackets, helped by the curve of the hill, got off with a toll of eighteen of their number. Half the total British losses of the action fell upon this little body of men, who upheld most gloriously the honour and reputation of the service from which they were drawn. With such men under the white ensign we leave our island homes in safety behind us.

The Battle of Enslin had cost us some 200



[From a]

WOUNDED MEN ARRIVING IN CAMP FROM BELMONT.

[Photo.

of killed and wounded, and beyond the mere fact that we had cleared our way by another stage towards Kimberley it is difficult to say what advantage we had from it. We won the kopjes, but we lost our men. The Boer killed and wounded were probably less than half of our own, and the exhaustion and weakness of our cavalry forbade us to pursue and prevented us from capturing their guns. In three days the men had fought two exhausting actions in a waterless country and under a tropical sun. Their exertions had been great and yet were barren of result. Why this should be so was naturally the subject of keen discussion both in the camp and among the public at home. It always came back to Lord Methuen's own complaint about the absence of cavalry and of horse artillery. Many very unjust charges have been hurled against our War Office—a department which in some matters



From a]

REPAIRING THE RAILWAY LINE AT ENSLIN

[Photo.

has done extraordinarily and unexpectedly well—but in this question of the delay in the dispatch of our cavalry and artillery, knowing as we did the extreme mobility of our enemy, there is certainly ground for an inquiry.

The Boers who had fought these two actions had been drawn mainly from the Jacobsdal and Fauresmith commandoes, with some of the burghers from Boshof. The famous Cronje, however, had been descending from Mafeking with his old guard of Transvaalers, and keen disappointment was expressed by the prisoners at Belmont and at Enslin that he had not arrived in time to take command of them. There were evidences, however, at this latter action that reinforcements for the enemy were coming up and that the labours of the Kimberley relief force were by no means at an end. In the height of the engagement the Lancer patrols thrown out upon our right flank reported the approach of a considerable body of Boer horsemen, who took up a position upon a hill on our right rear. Their position there was distinctly menacing, and Colonel Willoughby Verner was dispatched by Lord Methuen to order up the brigade of Guards. The gallant officer had the misfortune in his return to injure himself seriously through a blunder of his horse. His mission, however, succeeded in its effect, for the Guards moving across the plain intervened in such a way that the reinforcements, without an open attack, which would have been opposed to all Boer traditions, could not help the defenders, and were compelled to witness their defeat.

This body of horsemen returned north next day, and were no doubt among those whom we encountered at the following action of the Modder River.

The march from Orange River had begun on the Wednesday. On Thursday was fought the action of Belmont, on Saturday that of Graspan. There was no protection against the sun by day nor against the cold at night. Water was not plentiful, and the quality of it was occasionally vile. The troops were in need of a rest, so on Saturday night and Sunday they remained at Enslin. On the Monday morning (November 27th) the

weary march to Kimberley was resumed.

On Monday, November 27th, at early dawn, the little British army, a dust-coloured column upon the dusty veldt, moved forward again towards their objective. That night they halted at the pools of Klopfontein, having for once made a whole day's march without coming in touch with the enemy. Hopes rose that possibly the two successive defeats had taken the heart out of them and that there would be no further resistance to the advance. Some, however, who were aware of the presence of Cronje and of his formidable character, took a juster view of the situation. And this, perhaps, is where a few words might be said about the celebrated leader who played upon the western side of the seat of war the same part which Joubert did upon the east.

Commandant Cronje was at the time of the war sixty-five years of age, a hard, swarthy man, quiet of manner, fierce of soul, with a reputation among a nation of resolute men for unsurpassed resolution. His dark face was bearded and virile, but sedate and gentle in expression. He spoke little, but what he said was to the point, and he had the gift of those fire-words which brace and strengthen weaker men. In hunting expeditions and in native wars he had first won the admiration of his countrymen by his courage and his fertility of resource. In the war of 1880 he had led the Boers who besieged Potchefstroom, and he had pushed the attack with a relentless vigour which was not hampered by the chivalrous usages of war.



Eventually he compelled the surrender of the place by concealing from the garrison that a general armistice had been signed, an act which was afterwards disowned by his own Government. In the succeeding years he lived as an autocrat and a patriarch amid his farms and his herds, respected by many and feared by all. For a time he was Native Commissioner, and left a reputation for hard dealing behind him. Called into the field again by the Jameson raid, he grimly herded his enemies into an impossible position and desired, as it is stated, that the hardest measure should be dealt out to the captives. This was the man, capable, crafty, iron-hard, magnetic, who lay with a reinforced and formidable army across the path of Lord Methuen's tired soldiers. It was a fair match. On the one side the hardy men, the trained shots, a good artillery, and the defensive; on the other the historical British infantry, duty, discipline, and a fiery courage. With a high heart the dust-coloured column moved on over the dusty veldt.

So entirely had hills and Boer fighting become associated in the minds of our leaders, that when it was known that Modder River wound over a plain, the idea of a resistance there appears to have passed away from their minds. So great was the confidence or so lax the scouting that a force equalling their own in numbers had assembled with many guns within seven miles of them, and yet the advance appears to have been conducted without any expectation of impending battle. The supposition, obvious even to a civilian, that a river would be a likely place to meet with an obstinate resistance seems to have been ignored. It is perhaps not fair to blame the General for a fact which must have vexed his spirit more than ours—one's sympathies go out to the gentle and brave man, who was heard calling out in his sleep that he "should have had those two guns"—but it is repugnant to common sense to suppose that no one, neither the cavalry nor the Intelligence Department, is at fault for so extraordinary a state of ignorance. On the morning of Tuesday, November 28th, the British troops were told that they would march at once, and have their breakfast when they reached the Modder River—a grim joke to those who lived to appreciate it.

The army had been reinforced the night before by the welcome addition of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, which made up for the losses of the week. It was a cloudless morning, and a dazzling sun rose in a deep blue sky. The men, though hungry, marched cheerily, the reek of their tobacco-pipes floating up from their ranks. It cheered them to see that the murderous kopjes had, for the time,

been left behind, and that the great plain inclined slightly downwards to where a line of green showed the course of the river. On the farther bank were a few scattered buildings, with one considerable hotel, used as a week-end resort by the business men of Kimberley. It lay now calm and innocent, with its open windows looking out upon a smiling garden; but death lurked at the windows and death in the garden, and the little dark man who stood by the door, peering through his glass at the approaching column, was the minister of death, the dangerous Cronje.

His dispositions had been both masterly and original. Contrary to the usual military practice in the defence of rivers, he had concealed his men upon both banks, placing, as it is stated, those in whose staunchness he had least confidence upon the British side of the river, so that they could only retreat under the rifles of their inexorable companions. The trenches had been so dug with such a regard for the slopes of the ground that in some places a triple line of fire was secured. His artillery, consisting of several heavy pieces and a number of machine guns (including one of the diabolical "pom-poms"), was cleverly placed upon the farther side of the stream, and was not only provided with shelter pits but had rows of reserve pits, so that the guns could be readily shifted when their range was found. Rows of trenches, a broadish river, fresh rows of trenches, fortified houses, and a good artillery well worked and well placed, it was a serious task which lay in front of the gallant little army. The whole position covered between four and five miles.

An obvious question must here occur to the mind of every non-military reader: "Why should this position be attacked at all? Why should we not cross higher up where there were no such formidable obstacles?" The answer, so far as one can answer it, must be that so little was known of the dispositions of our enemy that we were hopelessly involved in the action before we knew of it, and that then it was more dangerous to extricate the army than to push the attack. A retirement over that open plain at a range of under a thousand yards would have been a dangerous and disastrous movement. Having once got there, it was wisest and best to see it through.

The dark Cronje still waited reflective in the hotel garden. Across the veldt streamed the lines of infantry, the poor fellows eager, after seven miles of that upland air, for the breakfast which had been promised them. It was a quarter to seven when our patrols of Lancers were fired upon. There were Boers, then, between them and their meal! The artillery

was ordered up, the Guards were sent forward on the right, the 9th Brigade under Pole-Carew on the left, including the newly-arrived Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. They swept onwards into the fatal fire zone—and then, and only then, there blazed out upon them four miles of rifles, cannon, and machine guns, and they realized, from general to private, that they had walked unwittingly into the fiercest battle yet fought in the war.

Before the position was understood the Guards were within seven hundred yards of the Boer trenches, and the other troops about nine hundred, on the side of a very gentle slope which made it most difficult to find any cover. In front of them lay a serene landscape, the river, the houses, the hotel, no movement of men, no smoke—everything peaceful and deserted save for an occasional quick flash and sparkle of flame. But the noise was horrible and appalling. Men whose nerves had been steeled to the crash of the big guns or the monotonous roar of Maxims and the rattle of Mauser fire found a new terror in the malignant “ploop-plooping” of the automatic quick-firer. The Maxim of the Scots Guards was caught in

infantry fired also, and fired, and fired—but what was there to fire at? An occasional eye and hand over the edge of a trench or behind a stone is no mark at seven hundred yards. It would be instructive to know how many British bullets found a billet that day.

The cavalry was useless, the infantry was powerless—there only remained the guns. When any arm is helpless and harried it always casts an imploring eye upon the guns, and rarely indeed is it that the gallant guns do not respond. Now the 75th and 18th Field Batteries came rattling and dashing to the front and unlimbered at three thousand yards. The naval guns were working at four thousand yards, but the two combined were insufficient to master the fire of the pieces of large calibre which were opposed to them. Lord Methuen must have prayed for guns as Wellington did for night, and never was a prayer answered more dramatically. A strange battery came lurching up from the British rear, unheralded, unknown, the weary, gasping horses panting at the traces, the men, caked with sweat and dirt, urging them on into a last spasmodic trot. The bodies of horses which had died of

pure fatigue marked their course, the sergeants' horses tugged in the gun-teams, and the sergeants staggered along by the limbers. It was the 62nd Field Battery, which had marched thirty-two miles in twenty hours, and now, hearing the crash of battle in front of them, had with one last desperate effort thrown itself into the firing line. Great credit is due to Major Granet and his men. Not even those gallant German batteries who saved the infantry at Spichenen could boast of a finer feat.

Now it was guns against guns, and let the best gunners win! We had eighteen field-guns and the naval pieces against the concealed cannon of the enemy. Back and forward flew the shells, howling past each other in mid-air. The weary men of the 62nd Battery forgot their labours and fatigues as they stooped and strained at their clay-coloured 15-pounders. Half of them were within rifle range, and the limber horses were the centre of a hot fire, as they were destined to be at a shorter range and with more disastrous effect at the Tugela. That the same tactics should have been adopted at two



“IT WAS THE SIXTY-SECOND FIELD BATTERY, WHICH HAD MARCHED THIRTY-TWO MILES FROM A IN TWENTY HOURS.” (Photo.)

the shell-blizzard from this thing—each shell no bigger than a large walnut, but flying in strings of a score—and men and gun were destroyed in an instant. As to the rifle bullets, the air was humming and throbbing with them and the sand was mottled like a pond in a shower. To advance was impossible, to retire was hateful. The men fell upon their faces and cuddled close to the earth, too happy if some friendly ant-heap gave them a precarious shelter. And always, tier above tier, the lines of rifle fire rippled and palpitated in front of them. The

widely sundered points shows with what care the details of the war had been pre-arranged by the Boer leaders. "Before I got my horses out," says an officer, "they shot one of my drivers and two horses and brought down my own horse. When we got the gun round one of the gunners was shot through the brain and fell at

smoked, and many of them slept. They lay on the barrels of their rifles to keep them cool enough for use. Now and again there came the dull thud of a bullet which had found its mark, and a man gasped or drummed with his feet: but the casualties at this point were not numerous, for there was some little cover, and



"ALL DAY THEY LAY UNDER A BLISTERING SUN, THE SLEET OF BULLETS WHIZZING OVER THEIR HEADS."

my feet. Another was shot while bringing up shell. Then we got a look in." The roar of the cannon was deafening, but gradually the British were gaining the upper hand. Here and there the little knolls upon the farther side which had erupted into constant flame lay cold and silent. One of the heavier guns was put out of action and the other had been withdrawn for five hundred yards. But the infantry fire still crackled and rippled along the trenches, and the guns could come no nearer with living men and horses. It was long past midday, and that unhappy breakfast seemed farther off than ever.

As the afternoon wore on a curious condition of things was established. The guns could not advance and would not retire. The infantry could not advance and would not retire. The Guards on the right were prevented from opening out on the flank and getting round the enemy's line by the presence of the Kiet River, which joins the Modder almost at a right angle. All day they lay under a blistering sun, the sleet of bullets whizzing over their heads. "It came in solid streaks like telegraph wires," said a graphic correspondent. The men gossiped,

the piping bullets passed for the most part overhead.

But in the meantime there had been a development upon the left which was to turn the action into a British victory. At this side there was ample room to extend, and the 9th Brigade spread out, feeling its way down the enemy's line, until it came to a point where the fire was less murderous and the approach to the river more in favour of the attack. Here the Yorkshires, a party of whom under Lieutenant Fox had stormed a farm-house, obtained the command of a drift, over which a mixed force of Highlanders and Fusiliers forced their way, led by their brigadier in person. This body of infantry, which does not appear to have exceeded 500 in number, were assailed both by the Boer riflemen and by the guns of both parties, our own gunners being unaware that the Modder had been successfully crossed. A small hamlet called Rosmead formed, however, a *point d'appui*, and to this the infantry clung tenaciously, while reinforcements dribbled across to them from the farther side. "Now, boys, who's for otter-hunting?" cried Major Coleridge, of the North Lancashires,

as he sprang into the water. How gladly on that baking, scorching day did the men jump into the river and splash over, to climb the opposite bank with their wet khaki clinging to their figures! Some blundered into holes and were rescued by grasping the un-wound putties of their comrades. And so between three and four o'clock a strong party of the British had established their position upon the right flank of the Boers, and were holding on like grim death with an intelligent appreciation that the fortunes of the day depended upon their retaining their grip.

"Hallo, here is a river!" cried Codrington

personal gallantry and unflinching resolution set the most stimulating example to his troops. No general could have done more to put heart into his men.

And now, as the long, weary, scorching, hungry day came to an end, the Boers began at last to flinch from their trenches. The shrapnel was finding them out, and this force upon their flank filled them with vague alarm and with fears for their precious guns. And so, as night fell, they stole across the river, the cannon were withdrawn, the trenches evacuated, and next morning, when the weary British and their anxious general turned themselves to their grim

task once more, they found a deserted village, a line of empty houses, and a litter of empty Mauser cartridge-cases to show where their tenacious enemy had stood.

Lord Methuen, in congratulating the troops upon their achievement, spoke of "the hardest-won victory in our annals of war," and some such phrase was used in his official despatch. It is hypercritical, no doubt, to look too closely at a term used by a wounded man with the flush of battle still upon him, but still a student of military history must smile at such a comparison between this action and such others as *Albuera* or *Inkerman*, where the numbers of British engaged were not dissimilar. A fight in which 500 men are killed and wounded cannot be classed in the same category as those stern



LORD METHUEN AND LORD LOCH WATCHING THE OPERATIONS AT MODDER RIVER.  
*From a Photo.*

when he led his forlorn hope to the right and found that the Riet had to be crossed. "I was given to understand that the Modder was fordable everywhere," says Lord Methuen in his official despatch. One cannot read the account of the operations without being struck by the casual, sketchy knowledge which cost us so dearly. The soldiers slogged their way through, as they have slogged it before; but the task might have been made much lighter for them had we but clearly known what it was that we were trying to do. On the other hand, it is but fair to Lord Methuen to say that his own

and desperate encounters where more of the victors were carried than walked from the field of battle. And yet there were some special features which will differentiate the fight at Modder River from any of the hundred actions which adorn the standards of our regiments. It was the third battle which the troops had fought within the week, they were under fire for ten or twelve hours, were waterless under a tropical sun, and weak from want of food. For the first time they were called upon to face modern rifle fire and modern machine guns in the open. The result tends to prove



From a

BRITISH TROOPS FORDING THE MODDER THE DAY AFTER THE BATTLE.

[Photo.]

that those who hold that it will from now onwards be impossible ever to make such frontal attacks as those which the English made at the Alma or the French at Waterloo are justified in their belief. It is beyond human hardihood to face the pitiless beat of bullet and shell which comes from modern quick-firing weapons. Had our flank not made a lodgment across the river it is impossible that we could have carried the position. Once more, too, it was demonstrated how powerless the best artillery is to disperse resolute and well-placed riflemen. Of the minor points of interest there will always remain the record of the forced march of the 62nd Battery, and artillerymen will note the use of gun-pits by the Boers, which insured that the range of their positions should never be permanently obtained.

The honours of the day upon the side of the British rested with the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, the Yorkshire Light Infantry, the 2nd Coldstreams, and the artillery. Out of a total casualty list of about 450 no fewer than

112 came from the gallant Argylls and sixty-nine from the Coldstreams. The loss of the Boers is exceedingly difficult to gauge, as they throughout the war took the utmost pains to conceal it. The number of desperate and long-drawn actions which have ended, according to the official Pretorian account, in a loss of one wounded burgher may in some way be better policy, but does not imply a higher standard of public virtue, than those long lists which have saddened our hearts in the halls of the War Office. What is certain is that the loss at Modder River could not have been far inferior to our own, and that it arose almost entirely from artillery fire, since at no time of the action were any large number of their riflemen visible. So it ended, this long pelting match, the dark Cronje sullenly withdrawing under the cover of darkness with his resolute heart filled with fierce determination for the future, while the British soldiers threw themselves down on the ground which they occupied and slept the sleep of exhaustion.

(To be continued.)

# THE CONQUEST OF . . . . JOE BEVERIDGE.

BY E. G. HENHAM, FORMERLY FACTOR OF THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.

The author gives an interesting picture of Indian life, and his account of the defeat and humiliation of Joe Beveridge will be found both curious and entertaining, no matter what may be the real explanation of the strange occurrence.



DON'T think there is anything especially novel in the experience I am about to relate. Other travellers have told me that they have seen the very same thing, though the actual operation may have differed a little. When asked for an explanation, they usually laugh and talk about something else. I will follow the safest course. I will attempt no explanation, but will simply describe what I saw and heard on the night of August 22nd, 1893, under which date I find an entry in the scrappy diary I kept at the time, "Levitation of Joe Beveridge."

Hard by the Hudson's Bay station of Grand Rapids, on the Great Saskatchewan, were a band of Indians, who had settled there for the summer fishing. Factor M—— called them "Swampy Crees," but whatever they were they seemed to get on well enough with our regular natives, who were settled in their tepees, or rough huts, along the river right up to the lake. About the beginning of August another tribe appeared whom we put down as "Beavers," and with them came a considerable retinue of

doctors, or medicine-men, and a large following of women (squaws) and children (papooses). These at once commenced to indulge in a prolonged carnival of religious ceremonies, which started nightly, soon after sunset. We often went out from the fort through the forest to see and listen to them. Of course the Indians didn't like it, but the Hudson Bay officials are small gods in the native estimation, and are allowed certain privileges. We were

kept fairly busy in the daytime, as this increase in population meant a lot of additional trading.

Besides the Factor and myself there was a third white man, who had come down by the York boat from Norway House with a large consignment of furs. He was going on leave, but stayed with us for a bit to help in the shipment which was then taking place, and we were very glad of his company. I have never met a more original character than was old Joe Beveridge: I give his actual name, as he isn't in the least likely to see these lines, and if he does—well, he has tried to take me down before today. He was a big and very hairy man, always dressed disreputably. All Indians he despised most



THE AUTHOR, MR. E. G. HENHAM.  
*From a Photo.*

heartily, and he never lost an opportunity of letting them know it. His conversation was very funny to listen to, but impossible to reproduce, as divested of its profanity there wouldn't be much left.

On August 22nd Joe was happy, for the boat had come in that morning and brought the usual consignment of whisky and plug tobacco. He stalked about in his rags, laying down the law as was his wont, alternately smoking and drinking. It was a queer sight to see the black neck and shoulders of a bottle sticking out of his coat-tails. Presently he announced his intention of going to see "them darned nitchies," and he dragged me off with him into the cool of the forest.

By the time we reached the encampment Joe was in high feather. A great tent had been erected on a clearing, and round this a circle of braves were dancing with alarming energy. Within, a number of men were being initiated; these were strung up to the roof by means of ropes secured to skewers that were passed through the sinews of the chest. The agony must have been frightful, intensified as it would be by the heat and the flies, but the candidates bore it most stoically. A circle of old wives squatted round, solemnly beating drums to keep evil spirits aloof and to drown any incautious groan that might be wrung from the lips of the fanatical sufferers. There were several medicine-men present, adorned in full regalia of relics, paint, bears' claws, and other oddments. These passed from one candidate to another, examining each critically. One of them, a very old man, got up with even greater splendour than the others, immediately attracted Joe's attention. Now, Joe had already informed the Indians that they were "a lot of crazy fools anyhow." He had advised the dancers "not to

work so hard, and then they wouldn't sweat so much"; and now he turned his attention to "Aaron," as he promptly named the old medicine-man in-chief. "Thinks himself a sort of high priest, don't he?" he said to me, derisively.

Aaron came up and requested us to withdraw. We were undoing all his good work, he complained, and were introducing evil spirits and keeping the good spirits at bay by our presence. If such were the case, Beveridge wasn't far wrong when he said, "Your spirits ain't of no account anyhow." He gave the old man a bad time of it, and wound up by offering him five dollars for his outfit — "Just to show the folks East what sort o' animals we have running wild around here," he confided to me. The bait was not accepted, but when Joe pulled out his bottle and supplemented his offer by the promise of a drink the Indian weakened considerably, for nothing is dearer than whisky to the native palate. However, he still refused, and Joe marched away from "the butcher's store," giving loud utterance to his opinions at every step.

We went and sat under a tree, and watched the proceedings at a distance until it began to grow dark. Then

the Factor came up with the captain of the boat, and we smoked and chatted for some time, though we hadn't much chance to get in a word while Joe was present. Soon the scene became a very weird one: fires were lighted in all directions through the forest, and these twinkled and flashed like huge danger-signals. Brightly-burning torches were waved frantically, and in that light we could see the strangely painted faces of the dancing warriors, with their weird, unnatural contortions. Pre-



"HE THOUGHT HE WY OFFERED TOTO THE CANDIDATE TO THE FOREST."

sently a great circle was formed, with a small band in the centre; the din became terrific, then stopped abruptly, while the men in the centre began to yell and leap round some inanimate object stretched upon the grass.

"There's Aaron," exclaimed Beveridge, suddenly, as an uncouth figure leapt into the air, emitting a scream like a locomotive; "I know that old rig of his. Let's get across, boys, and ask 'em how they got out o' the lunatic asylum."

We pushed our way through the crowd, not, however, without some opposition, for we were making a flagrant trespass upon the heathen rites of the tribe. We found a young man only

too evidently in the very last stage of consumption (a common disease with these people) lying upon the ground. The medicine-men were striving in their hideous fashion to drive the "evil spirit" from him and restore him to health again, though he was plainly past all cure. Joe elbowed his way among them and accosted the chief. "Now, old Salvation Army; what are yer doin' with the poor chap?"

We pulled our uncouth companion back, for the natives showed signs of being hostile. The proceedings went on. After a time silence fell again, and Aaron—I don't know what his real name was—stepped forward and solemnly ordered the patient to rise and walk

away cured. With a great effort—his faith must have been tremendous—the man struggled to obey, but it was a hopeless attempt. The din ascended again, and when it ceased we saw that the sick man had passed away to a less tumultuous world. Joe could not restrain his wrath.

"Yer dirty lot of murderers," he spluttered through his great beard. "You've gone to work and fixed the poor chap with yer foolin'

and yer devilry. You, old Aaron—you're the leader o' this gang, and the worst of 'em. If I'd my way I'd have yer slung up to yon tree, with all yer pards, and no time lost about it neither."

The medicine-men held a sort of inquest over the body, and finally Aaron announced that their failure to effect a cure was entirely due to the presence of the white men, who had brought a great number of malignant spirits with them. Whereupon Joe was at him again.

"There yer are, boys! Listen to him, tryin' to shuffle out of it. Should think the poor chap *was* dead. 'I would kill anyone, havin' a lot o' crazy fools jumpin' on yer chest half the night."

Aaron came forward and gravely intimated that the white men did not know everything. It was an unfortunate remark, as Beveridge prided himself on his comprehensive knowledge. After a long and very laughable output of language the medicine-man proposed a contest. He said he would bring his opponent's body into a state in which it would be perfectly submissive to his wish. Joe accepted the offer at once and put up his bottle of whisky as stakes to be retained by the

winner. We came nearer, quite prepared for some amusement—though I'm sure none of us expected what would follow.

Aaron held another consultation, and then Joe was requested to lie down in the middle of the circle. At first he demurred. It was giving them a mean advantage over him, he said, but when we laughed at him he did as he was told, with the remark, "Joe Beveridge lyn' down's more than a match for the whole dirty crowd standin' up." I noticed that all the Indians had withdrawn with the exception of the orchestra of old squaws, who squatted in the gloom like a number of wooden figures. Also I noticed that M—— was looking rather serious,



"THE MAN STRUGGLED TO OBEY, BUT IT WAS A HOPELESS ATTEMPT."



as though he didn't like the turn affairs had taken; the captain was smoking and smiling widely.

Aaron knelt and made a number of furious passes, his brown, shrivelled hands working up and down and from side to side with the speed of a pair of humming-birds. Joe shifted, and swore at him in pure Canadian, but his voice rapidly seemed to become feebler and more jerky. Suddenly the medicine-man sprang up and began to dance round the recumbent figure, and his companions followed his example, but none of them uttered a sound. At the same time a strange cry seemed to creep up from the ground at my feet. It was caused by the squaws, who were tapping very softly upon their drums. Joe was perfectly quiet, for once in his life; he might have been asleep.

A double line of papooses now began to file into the open, singing a wild, simple air, which was yet very fascinating, repeating the same bar over and over again, each time on a higher key, each time a little louder, until it seemed impossible that they could go any higher. Following them came a string of women, who took up the same air in the lowest and softest key, and worked up gradually, as the children had done. When they reached the climax a deeper note sounded and a line of braves appeared, their faces painted and their arms stretched tightly at their sides. From a mere whisper the noise changed to a cry and then to a shriek, while the drums crashed out and added volume to the refrain—a wild, melancholy air that had probably been handed down from generation to generation for many hundreds of years. Then there was a pause, followed by a sharp metallic beating; a faint cry uprose, which grew deeper when the braves joined in, shriller as the wives took up the refrain, and furious when the entire assembly caught the highest note and hung to it with the full force of their lungs. Then it died away in a series of long-drawn-out echoes. Presently the faint, trembling cry began again to ascend, and the drums were tapped softly. The fires twinkled in all directions like inquisitive red eyes, while the smoke collected in a dim cloud overhead and blotted out the stars. The whole scene was wonderfully suggestive of a strange dream, and I really scarcely knew at the time whether I was awake or asleep.

The song ceased, and Aaron came to Joe's side. The figure of our companion was motionless, and seemed absolutely devoid of life. The old man bent and drew the bottle from his rival's ragged coat. But there was no resistance from Joe. The native had conquered.

So far there had been nothing remarkable.

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This was ordinary mesmerism, but the mysterious part was yet to come. Soon a sickly odour struck me full in the face, and when I looked round to see what had caused it I saw a number of men filing out of the forest, each carrying a great bunch or torch of what looked like grass that had been steeped in some resinous substance. These they waved above their heads to keep them alight, and when they reached the medicine-men they handed them over. Then began another strange and solemn scene. The music had stopped altogether, but everyone was hard at work jabbering something unintelligible, half-singing, half talking, but speaking at a most tremendous rate. In the midst of this uproar the medicine-men began their dance. They went very slowly at first, softly waving their evil-smelling torches. Gradually they became excited, and moved faster and faster, until they resembled electric figures. No one would have believed it possible that men of their age could move with such extraordinary agility. As they danced they waved the torches frantically and shrieked at the top of their voices. Flying bits of grass flew through the air and settled everywhere.

I began to feel very queer indeed. That strong, sickly odour had undoubtedly affected my head, as I felt rather sick and very weak, while the wild dance before me took a shape that was utterly unreal. It was, in fact, a sort of waking dream. I daresay most of my readers know what it is like to go into some brightly lighted street or other place, filled with all the rush and bustle of life, after they have been working or thinking hard in solitude, or when they are not feeling at all well. Everything seems unreal and unnatural to the eyes and ears. That is the sort of feeling I experienced then, and I afterwards learnt that my two comrades, who saw just as much as I did, were affected in much the same way. Whether there was some mesmeric influence in the dance or the wild song, or whether there was something in that sickly grass odour that could overpower the brain, of course I cannot tell.

The circle parted, in order that we might get a better view of our companion's body. He lay there, entirely motionless, and every one of us could have sworn that not a single one of the medicine-men ever approached within five yards of him during the subsequent mysterious proceedings. They still danced, but the motion was much slower, and they held the torches very low down, almost, indeed, to the ground.

I was looking at their strange faces, and not at Joe, when I heard a startled exclamation from the lips of the captain, who sat touching me. I looked, and this is what I saw :—

The body of Joe Beveridge was gradually rising from the ground!

He was as rigid as a bar of iron, and ascended very slowly—not with jerks, but with a regular, silent movement, until he had attained a height of about 3ft. above the ground, and here he stopped and hung, without a quiver or a

manner, until his body rested again upon the ground. Then Aaron knelt beside him and rapidly brought him back to consciousness. He sat up and rubbed his eyes, looking very sheepish. Then he swore scientifically, felt for his bottle, and swore again when he found it missing. I don't know altogether how he



"THE BODY OF JOE BEVERIDGE WAS GRADUALLY RISING FROM THE GROUND!"

motion, on his bed of air, outraging, as it seemed to our practical minds, all the laws of gravitation.

Had it not been for our natural terror of the supernatural I'm sure we should have all laughed heartily—we did so, as a matter of fact, afterwards, when we were chaffing Joe about his conquest. There was no getting away from the fact that he presented a most comical appearance as he hung there, with his ragged old coat-tails hanging down and stirring faintly in the breeze. His hands were rigid at his sides, as though they had been bound there, and his entire body was as straight and stiff as a length of board.

The torches flickered out, and Joe Beveridge began to descend in the same slow and stately

felt, but I know that I felt horribly conscious that we had made a very cheap exhibition of ourselves before the Indians, whom we all despised. Joe scrambled to his feet and showed a strong inclination to fight, but we went across and held him. Aaron retired promptly, hugging his bottle, and in great glee with himself.

It is almost needless to add that we could never persuade Joe to believe what actually did occur that night. He admitted having become unconscious, but it was owing to "darned mean trickery; the skunks made me lie down, and never gave me a chance." His hatred for Indians in general, and those who professed magic in particular, was, if possible, intensified after that strange evening's entertainment.

# Some Curious Modes of Travel.

BY DELAVAN L. PIERSON, OF BROOKLYN, NEW YORK, EDITOR OF THE "MISSIONARY REVIEW OF THE WORLD."

The facts contained in this article were specially obtained for "The Wide World Magazine" from experienced missionaries by the author, whose position affords him peculiar facilities for obtaining first-hand information and excellent photographs bearing on this subject.



ONE HUNDRED years ago it took as many weeks to cross the sea as it now takes days, and as many days to go from one city to another as it now takes hours. But all countries have not progressed with the same rapidity or to the same extent. It is the Christian nations that have been the first to discover and make use of the powers of Nature for their own benefit; and it is the Anglo-Saxons especially who have been the inventors of modern machinery. In Asia and Africa many curious and clumsy modes of conveyance are still seen, besides some that are quaint and delightfully picturesque.

Camel-riding is, perhaps, the most satisfactory form of transport for journeys across the desert, but it is far from beautiful or comfortable. The Arabs appreciate these ungainly creatures, however, and have a saying that "The camel is the greatest of all blessings given by Allah to mankind." They have a tradition that when God created the horse that swift and beautiful animal complained against his Maker, because his neck was too short to reach the grass, his back had no hump for a saddle, and his hoofs sank into the sand. God then created a camel, and the sight of it for ever cured the horse of any desire to become so hideous a creature as that.

The nostrils of the camel have lids as well as the eyes. These can be closed, and so preserve the organs of smell from contact with the hot arid sand that, like "a pillar of cloud," constantly sweeps across the desert. The humps on a camel's back are masses of fat, which form a store-house of nutrition in times of need. These animals can go days without food and as long as a fortnight without water. When drinking after long desert journeys they take fifteen minutes to slake their thirst. The art of studying camel-tracks to find out the direction, character, etc., of a caravan has become a wonderful science among the Arabs.

Camels can carry a load of from 500lb. to 1,000lb. for a distance of twenty-five to fifty miles a day. Races are annual occurrences of great importance in the Sahara towns, and cause as much excitement as horse or yacht races in America and England. The camel is, of course, mounted by his rider when lying down; the animal then rises by jerks, heaving up 10ft. or 15ft. at one end and then at the other. When in motion this "ship of the desert" rocks the rider in a way that greatly alarms a novice and even induces sea-sickness.

Camels are perhaps more familiar to us than elephants as substitutes for horses and beasts of burden. Long years ago in Arabia and India elephants were



ELEPHANTS ARE LARGELY USED IN INDIA AND SIAM FOR TRANSPORT PURPOSES—THE ELEPHANT ON THE RIGHT IS KNEELING DOWN TO RECEIVE HIS LOAD.

From a

Photo.

sometimes used in warfare in spite of their clumsiness. To-day they are commonly seen in Siam—"The land of the white elephant"—drawing lumber and moving household furniture, as well as carrying men, women, and children. Missionaries use them frequently in making long journeys across the country. The elephants are usually gentle and easily managed, but when angered become fierce and dangerous. The motion when riding on them is easy and undulating, there being little jar or discomfort. They are guided by the voice of the driver, who sits on the animal's neck and tickles its ear with his toes to quicken the pace. Sometimes they are controlled by means of a sharp goad with a hook, the driver prodding them in the neck and pulling their ears to make known his will.

Elephant travelling is slow. Fifteen miles a day is good marching, but the jungles would be impassable without these creatures. The great beasts are a mixture of strength and weakness, of craft and simplicity. Their strength must be seen to be believed. The paths through the jungle from village to village are for the most part merely tracks from which the overhanging and interlacing foliage has been cut and thrust aside, and the virgin soil trodden into a black mud. After a rain this mud is two or three feet deep, and no living creature except an elephant, a buffalo, or a rhinoceros could labour through it. For a whole day a traveller will sit on his elephant while the animal makes his way along by lifting one foot at a time, inserting it deep into the slough in front, and withdrawing another with a sound like the popping of a huge champagne-cork. To this must be added other obstacles in the shape of great tree-trunks lying across the path. These he crosses by rolling over them on his belly, to the imminent danger of dislodging the howdah and its occupant on his back. His chief terrors are the smell of wild elephants and fire. And, by the way, nothing but a ride on an earthquake can be compared to the sensation of being run away with by an elephant. Nothing stops his wild rush, and he does not swerve for any obstacle, but goes straight at it. A few shakes fling off everything on his back, and the

rider has but a second or two to make up his mind which overhanging branch he will cling to, or if he will risk throwing himself off altogether. A broken neck would be the consequence of remaining. As for the rider stopping him with the goad-hook inserted in his ear, why, an engineer might as well try to stop a runaway locomotive by pulling on the funnel with a walking-stick.

The sounds an elephant makes are ludicrously disproportionate to its size. By stroking an elephant's lip in a certain way you can make it purr like a huge grimalkin, till the earth shakes beneath your feet. When it is afraid or angry it squeaks like an unoiled hinge.

Malay elephants have a language of their own, which their driver talks to them and which is very easy to pick up. For instance, "Hee," means "Quick"; "Haw," "Stop"; "Moo," "Go to the right"; "Klung," "Go to the left"; "Tehoh," "Backwards"; "Terhune," "Kneel down"; "Peha," "Don't rub against the tree"; and so on. An elephant obeys this language as readily as a human being.

A more widely-used and much more abused animal than the elephant is the donkey. This little beast is famous for having a will of its own—often greatly at variance with that of its rider. In Southern Europe, Turkey, Persia, Mexico, and in South America especially the donkey is more generally used than any other animal. His strength, sure-footedness, and power of endurance make up for any lack of good disposition which he may have inherited or developed. Some specimens are so small that an adult rider can scarcely keep his feet off the ground; but they can carry an enormous weight in proportion to their size. In Mexico the donkey sometimes acts as a family "carry-all."



"SOME SPECIMENS ARE SO SMALL THAT AN ADULT RIDER CAN SCARCELY KEEP HIS FEET OFF THE GROUND." [Photo.]

The Korean pony is in some respects much like the donkey. He is as wicked and vicious a little rascal as ever lived. He looks very innocent and harmless, but "his heels are charged with the vitality of forked lightning, and upon slight provocation his bite seems equal to taking a mouthful out of a 6in. armour-plate." His gait is a peculiar pitter-patter that is rather pleasant until it concludes, as it usually

does, in a sudden halt with a rear elevation. The pony is fed on beans, given in water, and at night is strung up to the ceiling to keep him out of mischief. Even then he makes the night hideous with horrible noises, and woe to anything that comes near his heels.

Obstinaey is one of the Korean pony's commonest characteristics. He *will* have his own way. When the notion takes him his neck is of brass and his ideas as fixed as the law of the Medes and Persians. By way of poetic justice, "it is pleasant to see the pony shod — to see him pinned tooth and nail, bound head, feet, and tail, in one hard knot, lying on his back under the spreading chestnut tree, with the village smithy putting tacks into him, that brings tears to his eyes." But occasions like these are all too short to square up with him for the sins of everyday existence.



"IN MEXICO THE DONKEY SOMETIMES ACTS AS A FAMILY CARRY-ALL."  
From a [Photo.]

rather mud, for it lives largely on aquatic plants and roots, and daily plasters its body over with mud to keep off troublesome insects. Its leisurely stride speaks volumes for the patience or laziness of the drivers, for it is even more slow than oxen. But, of course, the Filipinos are never in a hurry—except for independence.

These carabaos are caught young and tamed. Hunting for them is exciting sport, for they are fierce and powerful. The natives stalk them on moonlight nights, creeping up behind other carabaos that have been trained for the purpose. When close to

their game they spring out and hamstringing it with two blows from the machete. Should either stroke fail the hunter is likely to pay for it with his life. Tamed carabaos are usually docile enough when only natives are around, although they have sometimes attacked and killed their masters.



From a [Photo.] "BULLOCK RIDING IS ONE OF THE COMMON MEANS OF LOCOMOTION IN THE INTERIOR OF HAWAII."

Bullock-riding is one of the common means of locomotion in the interior of Hawaii; and it is also sometimes seen in Siam and other countries. In the Philippines a similar beast of burden is the carabao, or water-buffalo. This animal spends part of its time in the water, or

The water-buffalo will go where a horse cannot, but he is the most uncomfortable brute to ride, and has certain peculiarities of disposition which make him a rather unreliable means of conveyance. For example, he has an inborn prejudice against white men, and the



THIS CURIOUS-LOOKING CREATURE IS A CARABAO, OR WATER-BUFFALO, USED  
From a] IN THE PHILIPPINES AS A BEAST OF BURDEN. [Photo.

smell of one is sometimes enough to stampede all the buffaloes in a village. The worst trouble with him, however, is that he absolutely declines to work in the middle of the day if the sun is hot. When one urges him against his inclination an impromptu mud bath is likely to result; for, sooner or later, he will get his eye on a tempting slough and into it he will go, regardless of what happens to be attached to him or on his back.

Human "beasts of burden" are common in Central Africa and other lands where horses and donkeys have not been largely introduced, or where the jungles, forests, swamps, and mountains make travelling with animals costly, difficult, and unsafe. Many travellers have been in the undignified position of being carried pick-a-back by natives in much the same manner as they used to be carried in their childhood.

Human freight trains, as they are seen in Africa, have some horrible features. At present there is often no other way of getting goods into the interior; but it is barbarous work. Sometimes one sees a poor, thin creature, suffering from the awful pangs of hunger and perhaps with a terrible ulcer on each leg, yet with his heavy load on a poor blistered shoulder. At times one of these poor fellow-creatures will fall down from sheer exhaustion under the weight of

the box he is carrying. But the loads must go, and there is no other way than this. Of course many of the natives are fine, strong fellows, who seem to think nothing of the loads and are perfectly happy with them.

The hammock, or machila, is one of the simplest contrivances for travel in Africa. It is made of strong sail-cloth and swung on a bamboo pole. It is carried by two natives, one at each end. Sometimes there is a cover all along the top of the pole to make a shade. A very important part of the make-up of the machila are the pillows. These when well arranged add greatly to the traveller's comfort. Much, too, depends upon having them the right size and shape.

Next after a Japanese jinricksha, many consider machila travelling the most delightful mode of progression in a hot country.

By the way, it is amusing to see the uninitiated try to get into the hammock, for they are usually no sooner in on one side than they roll out the other. Thereupon the carriers shriek with laughter and rush to the rescue. The men when carrying the machila go on a dog-trot at the rate of about four miles an hour. There is a wonderful difference in the way different men carry you. Some contrive to jolt most miserably, but, as a rule, they go very easily and change without stopping. In lifting the pole over their heads to change it from shoulder to shoulder they often give their heads an awful knock, but it does not trouble them; their skulls appear too thick for them to mind such a trifling blow.

The men are usually a happy lot, and sing and shout at the top of their voices. The words of their songs are generally improvised about the "Ulendo" (the journey) and the person they are carrying, together with all the extraordinary things he or she is supposed to have done and said. One man leads, then a few more join in, and they all end up with a powerful chorus. At intervals, and without any provocation, they clap the machila pole violently with their hands and utter piercing shrieks and yells.

The men whose turn it is next to carry the machila run by the side,



A MISSIONARY CROSSING FLOODED FLATS IN KOREA MOUNTED  
From a] "PICK-A-BACK" ON A COOLIE. [Photo.



WOMEN TRAVELLING IN AFRICA—THEIR CARRIERS CHANT WEIRD SONGS ABOUT YOU AS THEY GO BY.  
*From a Photo.*

and when the time comes for them to take their part they just slip their shoulders under the pole, and the others retire to the back to rest and walk quietly.

A little more elaborate conveyance is the palanquin, made in various designs, but usually a kind of chair on poles. These are used most in parts of Africa, Madagascar, and Southern Asia. Four carriers usually bear the burden. The Madagascar palanquin is quite elaborate compared with the improvised affair shown in the photograph which is used to carry a lady traveller through the forests of the Laos country in Indo-China. This missionary party made its way from Bangkok up the river in boats, but finally were obliged to leave the water and travel overland to their station in Laos. No elephants were to be had, and it was impossible for the women and children to go through forest and jungle on foot. Consequently the foreigner used his ingenuity, and with the help of the natives manufactured this improvised affair out of a rocking-chair (from America, of course); two stout saplings, cut for the purpose, and some vines used in place of rope. This, in the hands of four natives, made a fairly comfortable conveyance, in spite of the jerks and jolts and constant dodging of overhanging boughs in the forest.

It is said that kago-travelling, which is a step removed from that by hammock, is much like eating crew. "A man may do it if he tries, but he is not very likely to hanker after it." The Japanese, however, do not seem to dislike this mode of travel. It requires some time to get properly stowed away in these conveyances, as one needs considerable instruction as to how to

double up the legs. Even when one knows how it is not easy for foreigners—who are not made on the tack-knife plan—to make their legs curl into the proper positions and feel at home. The kago is a box of light bamboo, with curtains that can be kept up or down according to pleasure. It has cushions on which the traveller sits, but the top is so low that it is impossible to maintain a very erect position. It has been in use for hundreds of years in Japan, and is not a great remove from the palanquin of India, though less uncomfort-



THE MADAGASCAR PALANQUIN IS QUITE AN ELABORATE AFFAIR.  
*From a Photo.*



THIS PALANQUIN WAS IMPROVISED OUT OF AN AMERICAN ROCKING-CHAIR AND SOME STOUT SAPLINGS—A LADY TRAVELLED IN IT THROUGH THE FORESTS OF INDO-CHINA. (Photo.)

able. The body of the machine is slung from a pole, which is upheld by a couple of coolies. The men move at a walk, and every few hundred feet they stop, rest the pole on their staffs, and shift from one shoulder to another.

The Chinese mule-litter is an ungainly affair. It is a sort of machila on a large scale and with animals substituted for coolies. It has the advantage of being large enough to allow one

to stretch out at full length and have a plentiful supply of pillows and blankets. The monotonous jolting, however, makes a man appreciate an opportunity of travelling again on his own legs.

Sedan-chairs were once an established and fashionable conveyance in European countries. They are still seen in China, Japan, India, and elsewhere. They usually have poles, which are carried on the men's shoulders,

but in Korea the poles are held in the hands of the occupant. Chair travelling is about the easiest method of locomotion by land in the interior of China. One objection to it is the constant shifting of the short bamboo carrying-pole on which the long poles hang from one shoulder of each bearer to the other. It has to be done simultaneously, involves a stoppage every



A CHINESE MULE-LITTER—IT ENABLES YOU TO LIE AT FULL LENGTH, BUT THE CONSTANT JOLTING BECOMES MONOTONOUS. From a Photo.





A KOREAN SEDAN-CHAIR—"THE POLES ARE HELD IN THE HANDS OF THE BEARERS, AND SHOULD ONE SIDE-SLIP, WOE BETIDE THE OCCUPANT." [Photo.]

hundred yards or less, and always gives the impression that the shoulder which is relieved is in unbearable pain. Chair-bearing is a trade by itself, and bearers have to be brought up to it. It is essential to keep step absolutely and to be harmonious in all movements.

Wheeled vehicles are being more and more introduced into countries as roads are made or improved. Where men are cheaper than horses, as in Japan and India, they draw jinrickshas or two-wheeled gigs. The kurumas, as the Japanese call these adult baby-carriages, were introduced into Japan by an American about twenty years ago as a substitute for the kago. They are exceedingly comfortable, but one feels rather ridiculous at first being drawn in such a vehicle by one or two half-naked coolies. The gigs used in India and South Africa are similar but less picturesque. The coolies will draw a traveller at the rate of five or six miles an hour, and one man can carry a passenger over fifty miles a day on good roads. It is said that there are about

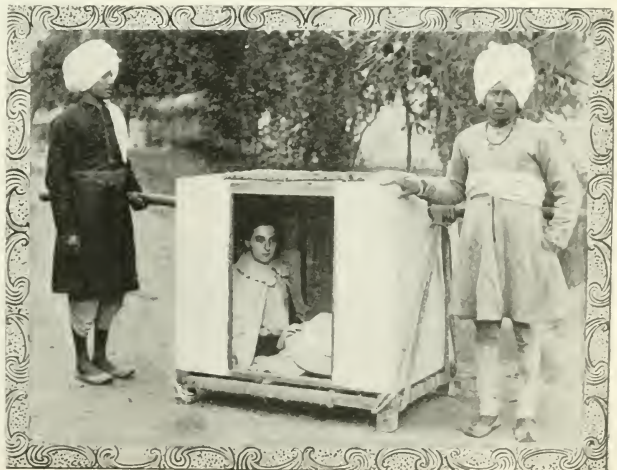
Vol. vii.—57.

100,000 jinrickshas in use in Japan.

China is a land where a would-be husband may in reality be compelled to "bring his wife home in a wheelbarrow," for in some districts these are the only vehicles in use. One or two passengers sit on seats on either side of the single wheel, and two Chinese propel the machine, one behind and one in front. It is about the most unsatisfactory carriage in existence, and will doubtless

soon be looked upon as only a relic of the barbarous. Some of these barrows are fitted with mast and sail, so that the driver when the wind is fair has only to hold the helm and "keep her steady."

A wheelbarrow ride in China is very cheap and also very uncomfortable. The wheelbarrow has no springs, so you can get the benefit of every jolt, however small. Moreover,



From a]

A LADY MISSIONARY IN HER GIG-LIE.

[Photo.]



A CHINESE PASSENGER WHEELBARROW — "ABOUT THE MOST UNSATISFACTORY CARRIAGE IN EXISTENCE."  
From a [Photo.]

as the vehicle is somewhat weak in its joints, and the man who pushes it is far from powerful, you feel all the time as though you were liable to be spilled out. The wheel is large and clumsy, and the frame has a sort of rest in the centre where you can put your arms.

Almost all the carts of Asia are anything but comfortable. They have no delicate springs or soft cushions, and are usually very clumsy affairs. In India some odd sorts of native conveyances are the rekla, the bandy, and various other styles of bullock-carts. The heavy waggons which are in use on the wretched roads of North China are veritable racks of torture. Bump, bump, they go over rocks and ruts, each jar meaning a thump of the head, a bruise on the body, or a twist of the joints. And yet so indifferent are the Chinese to jolting that the master always

takes the cart and puts the attendant on horseback. To the foreigner, however, the Chinese or Peking cart is a mode of conveyance which is neither commodious nor luxurious. It is small, but very heavy and strong, and is tilted on two wheels heavily tyred with iron, and further protected on the outside with iron bosses. The axle-tree is of large dimensions and great strength, and the axle projects on each side of the cart some six or seven inches. On the bottom are several wooden projections, fitting the axle-tree, so that it can be put forward or backward according to the load carried—the same principle as in an English dog-cart. The shafts run

through the cart, so as to form the support of a rack in the rear on which heavy luggage can be placed, and also in order to stop the cart at a convenient angle when it is tilted up in the inn-yard or elsewhere.

The internal dimensions are 2ft. 6in. in width by 4ft. in length, and the height is sufficient for one to sit on the floor and have a little space left between his head and the semicircular cover. It must not, however, be supposed that



HERE IS A "REKLA," A CURIOUS CONVEYANCE USED IN INDIA.  
From a Photo. by Del Tuffo & Co., Madras.



AN INDIAN BULLOCK WAGGON—ALTHOUGH PATRONIZED BY THE LADIES, IT IS NEITHER ELEGANT NOR COMFORTABLE. (Photo.)

the whole of this space is devoted to the use of the inside passenger; if he gets two-thirds of it he is fortunate. Smaller articles needed on a long journey are carefully stowed away in the rear of the cart, and one-half your mattress forms a seat, while the other half is bent up against the packages in the rear so as to form a support for your back. Into this partially-filled cart you have to creep and get as comfortably seated as you can, your feet extending so as to touch the tail of the mule and resting on a footboard, the ends of which form seats for the driver and Chinese attendant.

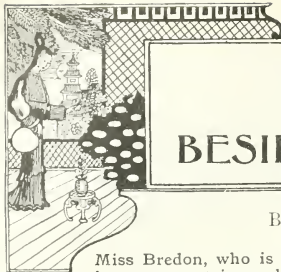
The mules are driven tandem; for two animals could not walk side by side through many of the "roads" of North China. There are rope reins, but these are little used. The driver has a long bamboo rod, like a fishing-rod with a long, light thong, and he guides the mules with whip and voice. The leading mule runs two or three yards ahead of the one in the shaft, so that it can choose its own ground to some extent. Again and again the road is through a bog in which the cart sinks up to its axle.

The usual travelling coach, or "gharry," of India is a sort of two-wheeled omnibus with a platform across the seats, a mattress covering the whole (for night travel), and a place for luggage underneath. On the mattress or cushions two persons, if necessary, can lie and

sleep through the night, as much as the joltings and frequent changes of bullocks will allow. There is a seat behind for a servant, with a strap for him to hold himself in, lest he fall off in his sleep. The driver sits on the carriage-pole, for the double purpose of putting weight on the bullocks' necks to hold down the light yoke, which is only a bent pole with ropes for

bows, and also that he may be in a position to twist the bullocks' tails with his bare toes to make them quicken their gait. This he does frequently, as being easier and more efficacious than whipping.

Next to riding on the back of a spirited horse perhaps the most exhilarating mode of travel is by dog-sled over the trackless wastes of snow in the Far North of Canada. These sleds are made comfortable by means of skin robes, and with a crack of the whip and a shout the wolf-like dogs are off like the whirlwind. One hundred miles in twenty-four hours is not excessive for this mode of travel. There are no roads in that vast country. The Frost King freezes up every lake and stream and hardens into adamant every quaking bog. The snow covers everything with its great mantle, and makes it possible to travel on snowshoes or by dog train through vast regions absolutely impassable in the summer months. The snow is, indeed, a great leveller. It fills up many a dangerous pitfall, and puts such a cushion on the logs and rocks that upsets or falls are only laughed at by the dog travellers as they merrily dash along. The only drawbacks to a tumble down a steep declivity of some hundreds of feet are the laughter of comrades and the delay incidental to digging one out of the snow-drift at the bottom, which is anywhere from 20ft. to 30ft. deep.



## A LADY IN BESIEGED PEKIN.



BY JULIET BREDON.

Miss Bredon, who is still only in her teens, is the niece of Sir Robert Hart, and her notes contain much information which has never before been published. Especially interesting are the impressions of a lady during that terrible ordeal, when "four hundred foreigners stood against fifty thousand drilled troops." The portrait of the authoress was taken immediately after the siege, when Miss Bredon went to Japan to recuperate.



WHEN the first Boxer outbreak occurred our little community had no idea of the terrible weeks in store for them. The storm gathered gradually, and from the first signs of trouble until almost the end of the actual siege we daily expected the arrival of Admiral Seymour's column. Without this hope it is doubtful if our small band would have had the courage to make a defence in the midst of a vast hostile city.

As early as the middle of May last year it was rumoured that Boxers were coming into the city by twos and threes. They were soon drilling openly in the streets near the Legations, and the population were growing restless and idling in front of the tea-houses. The Boxers wore a distinguishing uniform—ordinary Chinese grass cloth with red sashes and trimmings. They were for the most part boys and idlers led by a few bold spirits and armed with swords and lances. However, in spite of the indications of unrest in the city, the foreign Ministers persistently believed the assurances of the Tsungli Yamen that all was quiet and the Chinese officials were making strenuous efforts to put down the Boxer movement.

On May 26th, owing to the most urgent appeals of Monsieur Pichon, the French Minister, to the diplomatic body (M. Pichon being moved to action by the representation of his missionaries), guards for the Legations, to the number of about 350 (of whom fifty were American Marines from the *Newark*), were sent for. They arrived in Peking, after considerable delay, on May 31st. Almost immediately afterwards two men, unmistakably Boxers, were captured by the Germans brandishing their swords on Legation Street itself. The men were shot. It is believed that this precipitated matters, for affairs assumed a more serious turn in the first days of June. Foreigners not living in the Legations fortified their own compounds,

and kept guard night and day. Incendiarism was the greatest danger, as the Boxers, having no rifles, were unable to approach our compounds in force, and therefore adopted the tactics of burning us out.

From the 1st to the 8th of June small parties of Boxers and rowdies burned the railway stations and destroyed the track on the Tientsin and Pao Ting Fu railroads. The line from Tientsin to Shan Hai Kwan was untouched. At the first signs of trouble the employés bolted. The few engine-drivers and stokers who remained managed to run one train daily for passengers and freight during the whole of the disturbances. They divided the profits amongst themselves.

After the first week in June foreigners living in outlying districts abandoned their houses, which were at once burnt by the Chinese, and took refuge in the Legation quarter, the streets of which were cleared and barricaded by our Marines and Volunteers. On the 5th of June a message was sent to Tientsin for reinforcements, and a telegram to the London *Times* on the same day was the last message to go through before the wires were cut.

With the railway destroyed and telegraphic communication broken the position of the foreign community grew alarming. Even then, however, the gravity of the situation was not realized by the Legations, notwithstanding the fact that an Imperial Edict was issued censuring a defeat of the Boxers by the Chinese soldiers, and declaring them a patriotic organization not to be suppressed. Three days later the Chancellor of the Japanese Legation, driving alone in his cart to the railway station, with conveyances to meet the Japanese troops expected with Seymour's column, was dragged out on the road and brutally murdered by Chinese soldiers, the body being buried by the roadside. His carter escaped into the city and brought the news. The same night fires were started on all sides.

The American missionaries, with their converts, had taken refuge in the Methodist compound, which they fortified. The four big Roman Catholic churches—the Pei Tang (North Cathedral), which, occupied by forty French and Italian Marines and armed converts, was besieged for eight weeks and held out most gallantly; the Nan Tang (South Cathedral); the Shih Tang (West Cathedral); and the Tung Tang (East Cathedral)—all were crowded with Chinese converts from the country.

The Boxers chose June 12th to carry out what had long been planned—namely, a general massacre of all native Christians. The leaders had in their possession lists showing the houses and names of all shops selling foreign goods and of every Christian family. At half-past nine at night the frightful conflagration in the Chinese city commenced. The Boxers would gather round their fires dancing and muttering incantations, only to break out more wildly than before with cries of "Kill, kill, and burn!" The screams of the converts joined with the threats of the Boxers; the cries of a city in the horrors of revolution made a more terrible impression on our minds than even the attacks of the soldiers later.

To imagine that howling mob of fanatics bursting into the inner city gates and overwhelming us was too horrible. The suspense lasted an hour and a half, when the fury of the mob was mercifully diverted to another part of the Chinese city, leaving us in the Tartar city more or less safe. Chinese Christian women and children were murdered in the streets within our sight. Twice a body of our Volunteers charged and rescued several burning women, but we could do little to help because of our small number. Two of the big Catholic churches were fired that night, in one of which a poor old Father and 700 converts were burned. The fire, originally started to burn the houses of Christians, growing quite beyond control, it destroyed almost the whole of the Chinese city and one of the great gates upon the city wall,

held sacred by the Chinese. From this day on matters grew steadily worse; no more news of the outer world could be obtained. The race-track and railway station were burnt. The Chinese left the city in hundreds and shopkeepers closed their doors, so that provisions were not to be bought.

On the 19th June the Tsungli Yamen ceased its false promises of pacifying the city, and gave all the Legations and foreigners notice to leave Peking within twenty-four hours, since they could no longer be responsible for their safety; the Admirals having demanded the surrender of

the Taku Forts the previous day. It was War! Refusing the Chinese escort to Tientsin, our military officers after a council of war determined to hold the British Legation till help came—if possible.

Baron Von Kettler went to the Yamen by special appointment on the morning of the fatal 20th in order to explain our decision. Even had we trusted the good faith of the Chinese and the proposed escort, a march to Tientsin would have been impossible owing to the lack of transport. With the number of women and children with us the procession would have been over five miles long.

Baron Von Kettler and his interpreter, escorted by a few German Marines, started for the Yamen at nine o'clock. At our last

barricade the Chinese urged him to leave his escort lest they excite the populace. Accordingly the Minister and interpreter proceeded alone in their Sedan chairs with Chinese outriders. About twenty minutes after they had passed the barricade we were surprised by the sound of galloping on the deserted streets. The mounted outriders returned with the news that the German Minister had been shot through the head, and instantly killed, by an officer in the Chinese guard.

On the afternoon of June 20th all women, children, and civilians went into the British Legation before four o'clock, the time-limit fixed by the Yamen, and were assigned



THE AUTHORESS, MISS JULIET BREIDON.  
From a Photo. by A. Panamura, Yokohama.

quarters. In all, more than 1,400 people were living in the Legation. Even the chapel and the ball-room were filled; and in many cases thirty or forty persons occupied small four-roomed houses. The outposts were still held as before, except that the Germans and Americans seized and held that portion of the city wall directly overlooking the Legation. The Germans were later forced to retreat from their position, and the Americans, under their able and gallant Captain Mayers, held it alone with exceptional bravery, thereby saving us all.

The Japanese guard also held a most important position—the Palace of the Prince of Su, known as the Su Wang Fu. Facing directly upon the British Legation as it did, this position was a most important one, as well as the one to suffer most from the attacks. Over 2,000 native Christians were living in this place, and the Chinese soldiers used every means to capture it.

All credit is due to the French guard for the noble way they held their Legation—the third important position in the chain of outworks. From one barricade to another they were slowly pushed back by force of numbers, till all that remained to be defended was a small corner of the Legation. Through mines and the hottest rifle fire and cannonading they stood their ground. No praise is too high both for

the officers—of whom two were killed—and the men.

Promptly at four o'clock on the 20th the Chinese opened fire. Though it was known that the British Legation was to be the last stand in case of a siege, no preparations had been made for laying in provisions, and the first days were spent in raiding the grain and fuel shops near our lines. In addition to the work of provisioning there was that of fighting the fires started by the Chinese in buildings all around the British Legation, hoping that these fires would spread to us. A fire brigade was organized and the church bell made the signal for men, women, and children to help. Women and children formed lines to pass buckets of water, while men tore down houses near the Legation walls. The fires were made more terrible from the fact that the Chinese invariably seized the moment to make a violent attack upon us. However, after the first few days we suffered no more from this cause, as everything near the Legation was burnt, including the precious Han Lin Yuan, the sacred library, lighted by the Chinese themselves.

We were early obliged to retrench our lines, which were too thinly defended. The Austrians and Italians gave up their positions and reinforced weak points. The walls of the Legation



From a Drawing by

WITHIN THE WALLS OF THE BRITISH LEGATION.

[R. Caton Woodville.]

were in the meantime strengthened by earthworks and sandbags, of which there were thousands made by the ladies out of beautiful satin and embroideries when plain material was exhausted. The help of the native Christians, who worked on the fortifications under the able direction of American missionaries, both in the British Legation and at the outposts, alone made it possible for us to hold out. The Christians went willingly to positions of difficulty and danger, many scholars and teachers working with the common coolies. Rations from the commissariat were dealt out to them each day, and all Chinese were inspected at night to detect spies.

From amongst the native Christians were chosen the messengers sent to Tientsin. More than a hundred started, but three only returned. Many were no doubt seized and killed; others, frightened, went no farther than the city gates; still others gave themselves up to Prince Tuan and were given small official posts in return for their information about us.

Various rewards were offered for messengers—one man was promised 10,000 taels (about 15,000 Mexican dollars) if he returned with an answer. He was never heard of. Others received a certain sum, and in addition rations for themselves and families and promises of future employment. The first man to reach Tientsin was a young convert disguised as a beggar. His letter, written on a tiny square of paper, was sewed in the lining of his broad-brimmed hat. The journey of eighty miles took him twelve days, including the time he was captured by the Boxers and forced to work in the fields; and he reached Tientsin on July 2nd with the message: "Situation desperate."

Our hopes of Admiral Seymour's relief force were then very few. Rockets, etc., were seen to the west of the city, but after much discussion were found to be Chinese signals.

July 4th was a particularly bad day. A perfect hail of bullets fell everywhere—more especially in the American Legation, where a copy of the Declaration of Independence hanging on the wall was shot through. However, in spite of the heavy fire, our position at that time was slightly improved, owing to a most brilliant charge made by the Americans on the wall at 2 a.m. on the 3rd, in which Captain Mayers was wounded. The Chinese, who had been gradually approaching, were driven back. The charge cost several precious lives; however, it was difficult to keep up our spirits with the little graveyard and hospital filling rapidly.

A welcome rest was given to our men by a truce, which the Chinese proposed for a few days afterwards, but it lasted only one day,

during which the Celestials marched up to an arsenal in the north of the city for a new supply of ammunition. After that they used explosive bullets against us for a week of more or less uneventful days, differing only from each other in the frequency and fury of the attacks, most of which occurred at night.

During this time our life became more organized. A central Intelligence Bureau was established in the little tower which held the church bell. All notices were posted there, and volunteer corps and native Christians reported there each day for orders. It became the centre of our little world. Those not able to be on active service were organized into a general committee, with branches for sanitation, fortification, commissariat, etc. A laundry was established, to which each family was allowed to send a fixed number of articles every day.

While beef and mutton were plentiful rations, cut up by the British Marines' butcher, were served daily to each person. As it became scarce mutton was kept for hospital use and for invalids, horse or mule meat being served to the community instead. On the arrival of the relief force three mules and two ponies were all that remained of those brought in at the beginning of the siege. Dinner was a movable feast, consisting of stewed horse or boiled horse or roast horse and rice. Numbers of refugees lived in open *ting'zhs*, or pavilions, and they cooked on small Chinese stoves in the open air, dodging the bullets as they stirred their food over the fire. There was an ample supply of drinking water from five wells.

On July 12th Sir Robert Hart succeeded in getting a certain memorable message through to Tientsin: "Situation desperate."

July 14th was a day to be remembered, for cannon were then first used against us. In view of the fact that they were fired from the wall of the Imperial city by gunners in the Imperial uniform, the idea which the Chinese officials endeavoured to spread, and which gained some credence, that the Legation was attacked by Boxers only, is altogether ridiculous. When the first cannon were fired out the men dug bomb-proof shelters. The shelling, however, was never at close enough range to compel us to go into these shelters. The Chinese fired shrapnel, many of which passed over us and burst in their own city. They also fired solid iron shot.

The hot rainy weather made the work of defence much more difficult, intensifying the fearful smells and bringing lots of mosquitoes and poisonous flies. The latter rendered the task of keeping food exceedingly difficult.

For a few days following July 14th we suffered

much from heavy attacks. Then the Chinese Government, becoming frightened at the action of the Powers, again offered to cease hostilities and escort us to Tientsin. The truce lasted for ten days, more or less, with intermittent attacks, and was a merciful rest to our worn-out men, though guard was kept as vigilantly as ever.

tion was given to the Japanese by a Chinese soldier, most of it false. He received 35dols. daily for his stories, amongst which we received some truth and a certain amount of encouragement.

On July 20th Minister Conger was surprised to receive a cipher message from Washington



SIEGE OF THE BRITISH LEGATION—A SORTIE.

From a Drawing by J. Nash, R.I. From a Sketch by Captain F. G. Poole.

The Chinese soldiers came up to our barricades and sold eggs and fruits—even in some cases rifles and ammunition.

Though our force was well armed, ammunition was scarce. We had three machine-guns, including an American Colt, a one-pound gun belonging to the Italians, and an old cannon discovered in the Russian Legation, where it was left by the Allies in 1860. This old cannon, variously called "Betsy," the "Empress Dowager," and the "International," was placed on an improvised carriage and fired the Russian shells, the proper gun for which had been forgotten at Tientsin.

At this time the Chinese invested us so closely that no news from the outside world could possibly reach us. About this time informa-

through the Chinese Government—doctored, as he believed—but evidently genuine in the main. No other messages were delivered, and Mr. Conger was only allowed to send a reply to this one wire. The authorities refused the request of the Ministers that an official list of casualties should be sent home over the Government wire.

The first authentic news of the relieving force reached us on August 9th, in the shape of a letter from the Generals stating that they were pushing on with all haste. For the last few days the rifle attacks were heavier than before. The fire was constant and deadly. Many a sad little *cortège* passed on its way to the desolate cemetery in the British Legation. Of those who stood about the forlorn graves, bending to escape the bullets, no man knew that he himself



might not be the next victim. The Chinese were in the habit of directing their fire at even these pathetic little processions, which caused us to suspect the presence of spies in our compound.

The night of the 14th of August was one series of general alarms. Our men, so long forced to save ammunition, answered the Chinese fire with eagerness. About 11 p.m. our guards saw the *cortège* of the Empress Dowager leave the palace in great haste, amid shouts of: "Drive fast, drive fast!" Of course we were powerless to stop her.

At 2 a.m. we first heard the tap-tap-tap of the Maxim guns belonging to the relief force

Sikh Regiment—had arrived. It was followed almost immediately by the American troops. The Russians and Japanese, meeting with some resistance, were somewhat delayed, but they entered the city next day. They were forced to bombard one of the big gates. The British and Americans passed the wall of the Tartar city through the water-gate of the canal, thus saving considerable time.

Having been told ten minutes previously in the Chinese city that not a soul was left alive in the Legations the joy of the officers and men at finding us safe after their forced march was unbounded. Cheer after cheer went up from the impassive Indian soldiers as they filed in



SEIGE OF THE PEKIN LEGATION—THE ARRIVAL OF THE HEAD OF THE RELIEF COLUMN.

From a Drawing by W. Hatherell, R. I., and Frank Craig. From a Sketch by Capt. F. C. Poole.

clearing the streets of the city far away. The scene in the Legation was now indescribable. The long weeks of dreadful anxiety appeared to be wiped away in one moment. To those who have not lived for eight weeks in the midst of privations and sufferings, fearing the most dreadful of deaths, no pen can describe the immense sigh of relief which went up from everyone as those distant guns spelled out "Safe at last!"

During the rest of the night and the following morning the excitement in the Legation was intense. By three o'clock in the afternoon of the 15th the first troops to reach us—the British

singly past our gates and barricades, and cheer after cheer met them in response. The Generals stood with tears in their eyes to congratulate us. One old officer said: "I have been in many wars, and I was through the siege in Mafeking; but from your accounts that was not so severe, though it was longer than what you have been through."

Nor is this memorable siege ever likely to be forgotten by any of us. Remember, 400 foreigners stood against 50,000 drilled troops. No praise is too high for the brave men who defended us and brought us safely through one of the most curious experiences in history.

# A Record Journey in Savage Africa.

BY MAJOR A. ST. HILL GIBBONS (3RD EAST YORKSHIRE REGIMENT).

## PART III.

This month Major Gibbons continues his narrative of two and a quarter years of travel in Central Africa. This successful explorer has beaten the record in African travel, his expedition having covered 13,000 miles, exclusive of rail and steamboat travel. The routes of his expedition form a cross on the map of Africa—one line from the Cape to Cairo, and the other from Chinde, on the East Coast, to Benguela on the West. Among the principal points of Major Gibbons's narrative are: "The discovery of the sources of the Zambesi"—"No firearms used against the natives in travels of over 20,000 miles"—"The discovery of a curious race of Bushmen"—"Difficulties with carriers"—"Attacks by lions"—"Perils on the Zambesi"—"Exploration of the mysterious Lake Kivu"—"The 'Cooking Range' volcanic country"—"With the Belgians on the Upper Nile"—"Among the floating sudd," etc., etc.



FEW days after quitting the querulous village, with all its noisy bluster and harmless excitement, an incident occurred in which the tables were reversed. I had witnessed the terror which my meek and tractable donkeys, with sublime unconsciousness, struck into the souls of a couple of natives. There was a time when the steam-engine was looked on with something of awe, and the bicycle discussed as a marvelous invention of the devil; but that there are people in this world who are capable of going into paroxysms of fear at the sight of five sleepy old pack-donkeys seems scarcely credible to the most imaginative.

As was my custom, I was marching some distance ahead of the small caravan, accompanied by my servant Fernando, when we suddenly noticed two natives in the bush, eyeing the white man with some curiosity. They appeared undecided whether it would be safe to remain and converse, or whether the dictates of self-preservation required their presence elsewhere. A reassuring word from Fernando had its effect. They advanced timorously towards us. Simultaneously their eyes and mouths opened and they were struck with a great fear. At first I failed to grasp the situation, but on following the direction their eyes indicated it became apparent that the approach of two of the donkeys had disturbed their equanimity. On came the donkeys, step by step, covering the ground at the rate of quite two miles an hour, till only a few yards separated them from my two friends. Then, with the alacrity lent by fear, these two brave fellows climbed into the nearest tree and looked down in comparative safety from a height of 12ft. Had my donkeys realized that even without the aid of the proverbial lion-skin they could make man tremble their conceit would have known no bounds, and I fear they would have felt quite too big for their humble duties.

By the time I had recovered from the first effects of this ridiculous picture the idea struck me that the scene was worthy of being put on record. As usual, when wanted, the boy who carried my camera was last, so I raised my voice to hurry him up. One of the treed natives evidently thought I had turned angry as well as the donkeys, so he sprang from his perch and bounded into the bush. As the donkeys did not take up his spoor, or in any way behave aggressively, his companion in a few moments satisfied himself that the situation was not so critical as it appeared to be, and cautiously descended the tree. Thus for the second time within a few days actual danger and imaginative danger had been shown to be disproportionate.

The donkeys had had the laugh on this occasion, but—poor brutes!—their time was to come. A few more days of slow progress with the usual bridging of streams, corduroying of bogs, and cutting away of steep river-banks, and we were quietly moving along the dense line of matted forest trees which grew from both banks of a small Zambesi tributary. The sudden crackling of underwood and splashing of water told us that an elephant had been rudely disturbed by our approach and had made its way across the rivulet. We were only a short distance from the source of the stream, so the donkeys were hurried on with the object of rounding it, when I intended to take the spoor of the elephant with a view to bagging him if he were unfortunate enough to carry presentable teeth.

One donkey was an habitual wanderer, and seemed to take immense pleasure in leading his fellows astray and giving no end of trouble in the pursuit, so I ordered him to be tied by a long reim, or hide rope, to a small tree. Anxious to be at his old tricks again, however, he gave two or three very determined tugs at his reim which successively shook the slight sapling. In an instant a loud buzzing

was heard and the boys were to be seen running as fast as their legs could carry them. I then saw that myriads of enraged bees had attacked the unhappy donkey, whose head was soon almost obscured in the living cloud they formed. In an agony of fear and pain the unhappy beast dashed forward, snapped his rein, and galloped away, passing as he did so within a few feet of his companions. Simultaneously the remainder joined in the mad career as clouds of bees separated from the main body and vigorously attacked them also.

For a few minutes, but only for a few minutes, we managed to head them off and prevent them from breaking away. Now one of the maddened animals would dash through a bush in an effort to baffle his tormentors; then he would throw himself to the ground and try to relieve himself by rolling, but, like the poor at home, the bees were always with him. At length the last donkey had disappeared from sight, as one by one they galloped away in different directions.

The serious nature of my position now dawned fully on me, as I realized that this incident might deprive me of my carrying-power in a country where it would be impossible to provide substitutes, and where I was, so to speak, several weeks from anywhere. Even if I were fortunate enough to recover my donkeys, I was well aware that men and animals had been done to death by angry swarms of bees before this; and the question resolved itself into how far the tough constitution of the donkey could pass through the ordeal. The chase of the elephant thus degenerated into a donkey-hunt, and I sent the boys off in pursuit to right and left, taking up the spoor of one of them myself with Fernando.

With great difficulty we followed for a considerable distance, and finally returned unsuccessful.

The other boys, however, had recovered one animal, which was tied up under the lee of a fire, the smoke from which stupefied the few remaining bees that troubled him. Then, leaving one boy in charge, I took a line with Fernando and sent the remaining two away in another direction. After tramping a couple of miles an animal then in the bush raised my hopes; but instead of a donkey an old bull buffalo lumbered across my front. I rolled him over, and as water was handy returned with the intention of making a camp—which I feared might be my home for an indefinite period—near the meat. I was relieved to find on my return that three more donkeys had been recovered; thus there was only one absentee. In the early morning I sent the boys out to seek him, and by the afternoon five un-

happy and swollen-headed quadrupeds moped about the camp. The poor beasts were simply one mass of stings, and the rein or hide rope which had been



THE PERSECUTION  
OF THE DONKEYS  
IS LAID LOW.  
*From a Photo.*



softened by a shower of rain was literally studded with *sinks* from end to end. Each day the afflicted beasts grew thinner and thinner; and while I gave up all idea of their living to take my things into the Congolese station in Katanga, about 700 miles away, I hoped at least to so far lessen the distance as to be placed within reasonable communicating distance with the station by the time I came to a full stop.

Misfortunes, however, never come singly, and Fate still had another card up her sleeve for me. To make respectable progress it was often necessary to travel late in the afternoon. It was none the less necessary to give the donkeys every possible opportunity for grazing, and consequently on such occasions they were allowed to feed as late as possible. One evening the boys whose duty it was to see them graze within reasonable distance of the camp returned to say they had been unable to find the truant beasts. It was now quite dark, so further search was out of the question; still, I felt anxious, for it is proverbial that lions are particularly partial to donkey-flesh.

I had eaten my evening meal, and, there being no stars visible on which to observe, I was spending a lazy evening by the camp-fire when a desperate bray from a distance burst into the stillness of the quiet night. There was no need to discuss that agonizing bray: be it lion or be it hyena, one donkey was dead, that much I knew. And so it was that, before the sun had risen, Fernando drove four donkeys only into camp.

"Well?" said I, interrogatively. "Pandora," he answered, laconically. Half a mile from camp the dead donkey—or, more correctly speaking, half the dead donkey—lay. Round the remains the spoor told us that a lion, a lioness, and a couple of half-grown cubs had committed the felony. I determined to remain where I was for a day on the off-chance of getting a shot at the lions. In the late afternoon I stowed myself away within fifty yards of the "kill." But all I got in return was a good wetting, with which I returned to camp. I had intended running up a "skerm" of branches and sitting up during the night, but a drizzling rain and the consequent impossibility of seeing anything five yards away persuaded me that the game was not worth the candle. However, I was at the carcass again in the grey dawn, only to find that the lions had anticipated me; so after following their spoor for some distance, and losing it, I returned to camp and continued the journey. I did not find it necessary to cast away any portion of my scanty supply, for the loads were already lighter by the consumption of provisions during the previous

six weeks; and by redistributing the five loads into four the animals only carried some 10lb. more than their original loads.

The next days took us over magnificent uplands bordering on the sources of the Kabompo River—undulating, grassy downs relieved now and again by clumps of trees and streams of clear water—and this at an altitude of 5,000ft. In such districts the bracing air inspires the traveller with renewed vigour, and even in the hot season the nights are cool; nor is the maximum day temperature uncomfortably high.

The night after I had quitted these downs and once more entered the usual open forest land I found myself face to face with yet another misfortune. My boys slept in a bivouac of green branches eight or ten paces from my tent. The donkeys were tied in this intervening space and instructions were given that a good fire should be kept up. So I hoped—vainly, as it turned out—that everything was secure from molestation by marauding animals. I was, however, to be rudely disillusioned when, in the middle of the night, a great hubbub and scuffling immediately outside the tent brought me to my feet, rifle in hand.

"What is the matter?" I shouted. "Skelem," was the answer from the boys' shelter. Now, this expressive Dutch word, signifying as it does anything objectionable, from a rogue elephant to a mosquito, or a snake to a thistle, has come into use in almost every language from the Zambesi to Cape Town. I lighted a candle after firing a couple of rounds, in the hope of scaring the "Skelem"—whatever it was—and soon found that a lion had sprung in among the donkeys, one of which had broken away. Apparently the brute well knew what he was about, and had no desire to kill until he had scared his victim away from his human protector. The question now was, "Can the donkey be saved?" A movement told us of his whereabouts, so, taking my 16-bore, and closely followed by Fernando with the lamp, I advanced slowly, trusting that the marauder would recede before the light and enable us to recover the donkey. Unfortunately, being in the height of the wet season, the undergrowth was some 3ft. high, and capable of concealing a whole troop of lions within a yard of the hunter. In this case the enemy realized that the advantage was with him; but I am thankful to say he didn't make full use of his opportunity. I had only advanced ten paces when a low, threatening growl rose almost from my very feet; and yet, what with the long grass and intense darkness, I could see nothing. There could be no two opinions as to how to act; one of us must

retire, and as the lion had no apparent intention of doing so I took the initiative, and keeping my rifle ready and my face towards the hidden enemy I moved slowly backwards till I reached my tent. I then fired my two barrels in the direction of the growl on the off-chance of hitting the growler, but apparently without upsetting his equanimity, for not two minutes later a short, heavy gallop, followed by an agonized bray and a thud, told everything it was necessary to know, so I rolled myself once more in the blankets.

In the early morning I went out to examine the situation. The donkey met his death only thirty yards from camp, and was dragged another seventy yards away. He had been killed in the usual way, and not a scratch or blood mark was to be seen. Springing on the back of his victim, the powerful jaw of the lion had closed on the nape of the neck, and death must have been instantaneous. The lion had not been pressed by hunger, for he had been satisfied with a mere soupçon; therefore he would come again.

Now, the lion's methods in absolutely unshot countries are not tempered with the same amount of caution he practises in districts where he has learned to respect the power of the white man's weapon, when, fully persuaded that discretion is the better part of valour, he returns to his meat under cover of darkness.

However, I was not a little surprised when Fernando cautiously approached me and told me at about 9.30 that the "Skelem" was eating the donkey, and this within a hundred yards of the movement and chatter of my camp! I stood up, and there above the grass the hind leg of the donkey was to be seen, swaying to and fro as the "king of beasts" gnawed at the thigh. With too much confidence, having moved off to the left where I could see the top of his shoulder,

I gave him a shot at a hundred yards, instead of taking the trouble, as I should have done, to crawl to within fifty yards and make more certain of hitting him in the right place. He sprang up and cantered slowly away into the bush. Angry and ashamed of myself, I took his spoor and traced him to a rough rocky fastness, where huge boulders covered with dense brambles formed innumerable hiding-places. We searched



THE GREAT... HIEI MOKANDHANEI, WHO SUPPLIED MAJOR GIBBONS WITH PORTERS FOR THE JERSEY NORTH. From a Photo.



AFTER DINNER ON THE WEST SHORE OF LAKE MWERU (SEE THE SE PHOTOGRAPHED)—TAKING STEVENSON'S FLAG ON SHORE. (Photo.)

for him in vain for half an hour, and then returned to camp, fearing that not only had a good chance been thrown away, but that he had probably been warned enough to suggest to him the advisability of postponing his evening meal till he could take it in safety under cover of night. Thus, when I took up a position on the top of a huge ant-heap, within fifty yards of the kill, at about five o'clock, I did so with the feeling that I had thrown away my chance, and was therefore quite prepared to expiate my folly by sitting up near the carcass for a night shot. The wind was favourable, and Fernando—who alone of my four boys had experience in

hunting crouched by my side scanning the approach from the left, while I kept my eyes well to the front. The boys in camp had received special instructions to be absolutely noiseless.

At about half-past five Fernando quietly touched my arm; I followed the direction of his eyes, and there had the satisfaction of seeing a large-bodied lion approaching from the extreme left. We were in full view of him, but apparently he had not noticed our presence. We lay flat on our stomachs, and waited patiently till he should have placed the head of the ant-heap between him and ourselves. At length all danger of being seen had passed; so I raised my head slightly, and from under partial cover of a scrubby plant watched this magnificent brute. He was sixty yards off, and, were it not for the scrub, would have offered an ideal shot. If he would only advance another twenty yards nothing could deprive me of his skin. But, lo! the rattle of cooking-pots brought him to a sudden standstill. Fernando almost shook with rage, and I myself scarcely felt disposed to lavish much Christian love on those exasperating beings in camp! Old Leo stood motionless with his head half-raised for about five minutes, then, with a yawn, he lay down, fully persuaded that the waiting game was the best. Half an hour passed, while I spent the time admiring the magnificent animal before me. As a rule lions do not hold their heads so high in the air as do Landseer's monsters of Trafalgar Square. But this one—no doubt in order to afford himself a view over the long grass—was squatted motionless with fore-legs apart and head uplifted, so that in his quiet dignity he reminded me forcibly of the great artist's handicraft.

As the light began to wane I realized it was time to act, so screwing round my shoulder and keeping my balance as best I could on the steep ant-heap, I took an awkward aim—and missed! Up he sprang and cawkered away. I started to my feet and waited for him to stand, which he did about eighty yards off. I fired a better-directed shot, and he then continued his retreat, while the swaying of his hind-quarters told me he was badly wounded. In a few paces he was lost to view. I ascended another ant-heap, a short distance to the right of the course my quarry had taken, but nothing could be seen of him. Presently, however, a gurgling groan rose from the undergrowth some sixty or seventy yards from where he had received the ball, and I felt conscious of a two-fold fact—firstly, that the lion was as good as mine, and secondly that I never deserved a trophy less. I returned to camp at once to give him time to breathe his

last, and next morning found him dead, as I expected. The bullet had passed through his heart. He was a fine, large-bodied animal, with good head measurements, but undermanned. His forehead measured 2ft. 2 9-16in. in circumference, and his length along the curve of the back to the tip of the tail was 9ft.—so that he was a very creditable specimen. At one time of his life he had engaged in a severe struggle with another of his kind, and a black hairless patch over 2ft. long by half the breadth bore witness to the terrible nature of his wounds. Deep claw and teeth marks also remained to tell the tale of the titanic combat.

After I had removed the skin I found it necessary to re-arrange my transport and commissariat department—in fact, to proportion the latter to the capacity of the former. A hole was dug, and in it were buried 600 rounds of ammunition, as well as all my tinned provisions, books, and, in fact, everything that wasn't absolutely necessary to keep body and soul together for a few weeks, when I might find an opportunity for replenishing my stores. The next day—the 12th November, 1899—I made another start, and at the end of seven hours found myself but eight miles farther east. The donkey which had been most severely punished by the bees now showed signs of giving out, while the other two were only strong by comparison. For two days more we struggled slowly on, and I found that the poor brute just mentioned had gone quite blind, and had to be led by one of the boys.

In the evening during the preparation of a frugal meal (a plate of soup and rice was all I could run to, for game was scarce) I was hailed by a white man, to my intense surprise and delight. Here was I in one of the most remote and unknown parts of Africa, far from even a native trade route, turning over in my mind the best way out of a troublesome dilemma which in all human probability must be upon me in a few days at best. And yet, though in a country which, so far as I knew, had never been trodden by Europeans before, a white man suddenly breaks in upon me! So the good fortune which had never forsaken me was still *en évidence*. Of course we greeted one another with that cordiality common to all white men in the far interior, and promptly out flew the cork of my only bottle of whisky.

"My name is Michel," said he, "and I am a member of the Mission Scientifique du Katanga. A boy who passed you just now told our commandant, M. Lemaire, of your presence, and as he is laid up with a sore foot he sent me to greet you."

I thanked him and the conversation con-

tinued. I could see he was somewhat puzzled on hearing that this was my main and only camp, and, as he afterwards told me, he was very much taken with my "get-up"—a pair of home-made "limbo" breeches cut above the knees and a "trade" shirt. Englishmen alone of all Europeans move about Africa with legs and arms uncovered—in fact, I might almost say that we alone use our legs in preference to being carried about by natives or mules, and in consequence we go farther and last longer.

I took a visiting-card from my despatch-box and handed it to my new friend. The effect was quite startling. He sprang from his seat and exclaimed, in broken English: "Oh, it is the Major Jibbong! Why, the commandant at Lukafu has been expecting you for many weeks." I expressed my surprise that the commandant should ever have even heard of the humble English donkey-driver. He laughed and told me how the Governor-General of the State had sent instructions to Katanga to the effect that, as my expedition would probably pass through Katanga, its interests were to be furthered in every possible manner. And all this on his Excellency's own initiative.

It is easy to understand how deeply I appreciated this grateful act of courtesy. I declined to move on to M. Lemaire's camp that evening, but promised to join them early the following morning; and it happened that just as I was ready to start a "mashilla," or hammock, approached: M. Lemaire alighted and the usual courtesies were exchanged.

It transpired that his expedition was also defining the watershed in the interests of the Congo State, so I accepted his kind invitation to travel with him. I was most honourably

received at the camp, where I arrived on the morning of the Belgian King's birthday. We drank the health of our respective Sovereigns in dry champagne, and I soon felt quite at home with my new companions, of whom there were five. Thus ended my donkey journey, with all its uncertainty and excitement. Its most im-



A VIEW OF THE RUZIZI, WHICH CONVEYS LAKE KIVU AND TANGANYIKA.  
From a Photo.



A VIEW IN SUDAN—NOTICE THE SLOPE FROM A] ON THE TREES. (Photo.)

portant feature had been the discovery of the Zambesi's source at a point a good week's journey from the position allotted to it on the maps, as the result of calculations based on native reports.

In six weeks we were at Lukafu Station living in brick-built houses and sitting up to our meals at a well-appointed table. My companions enjoyed excellently cooked meat, supplemented by fruits and European vegetables—luxuries I had not even seen for ages. Unfortunately for me, however, I perforce had to watch all this with a basin of arrowroot in front of me, for, three days before reaching the station, I had been knocked over by dysentery. But in a fortnight I was well enough to continue the journey. Captain Verclick, the commandant, kindly engaged twelve excellent porters who undertook to accompany me as far as Lado

on the Nile, and I gladly gave him my good old donkeys as a souvenir in remembrance of many acts of kindness.

We will pass quickly over the next 750 miles through Lake Mweru, with its swamps in the south and its high, well-wooded shores in the west and east; Tanganyika, with its abrupt cliffs, mountainous surroundings, and violent hurricanes; and on to the recently discovered Lake Kivu—that gem of African lakes. It was an easy but interesting journey, rendered pleasant by the varying character of the route. There were 120 miles over a high, healthy plateau; followed by seventy miles of lake. Then came 150 miles through a rugged, mountainous district and 300 by water; next 100 miles along an inclosed valley, and then the deep, clear waters of Kivu, with a surface altitude 4,900ft. above the sea-level. This lake is about sixty miles long and is of comparatively recent volcanic origin. The lava-bound shores sink abruptly below the water's surface, and are so steep that, as a rule, the swimmer can take a header into deep water. Now, even small rivers in Africa hold crocodiles, and in all other lakes it is not safe to swim; but in unique Lake Kivu both crocodiles and hippopotami are unknown, and there is no danger of diving into the open mouth of a hungry "mugger." High undulations growing good grass rise one above the other to east and west and culminate in mountainous ranges. My highest camp after leaving the lake was between 7,000ft. and 8,000ft. above the sea. The northern waters wash the lava shed by the active volcano Kirunga, which is one of eight volcanic mountains, two of which are still active.

To the north of the lake we wound through a hilly country, which seemed to me an unnecessarily circuitous route, since a lava valley at the base of the volcano ran in a due northerly direction. On inquiry it transpired that we were avoiding a hostile tribe, through whose villages we should have to pass by the shorter road. As it was, the people were far from friendly, but their feelings merely prompted them to bolt as I approached. That night I camped at an altitude of 7,475ft. above the sea, and had a magnificent view of the beautiful lake stretching far to the south and west. In the evening the two askaris, contrary to their instructions, returned to their station, but the guide still remained.

A young chief visited me in the morning and told me that a village, a few miles in front, was filled with very bad people, and he offered to accompany me till I had passed its precincts. On the way we passed some twenty warriors armed "cap-à-pie." My guide halted and shouted to them to leave the path. This they

did, describing a semi-circle. The guide then placed himself in the rear until some distance separated us from the savages, who were evidently a detachment from the hostile village, for three miles farther on we were among them. Here I found myself surrounded by a cordon of armed savages, who lined the rising ground to right and left about a hundred and fifty yards away. As long as the country was open there was little chance of attack, but the cordon advanced with us, and in front a belt of thick bush offered good cover for an ambuscade. And so my boys thought, for, as we approached, I found myself surrounded by my little band. I confess this little act of devotion impressed me.

"Why do you close round me?" I asked.

"The people will attack you there," was the answer.

I told them I always had led them and always would, so saying I stepped in front. As we passed through that bush there was none of the usual chatter; everyone was on the *qui vive* for the first sign of attack. Still on we went, and once more prospective danger burst like a soap-bubble, for by the time we reached the open there was no sign of even the flanking parties we had left behind us. We passed the well-beaten track of the Congolese rebels by which they had returned two days earlier to their mountain stronghold in the west. The corpses of victims on the path and the vultures feeding on others in the grass beyond bore witness to the condition of the country. These rebels had revolted three years previously, murdered between twenty and thirty of their officers, and severely sjamboked others with the very hippopotamus-hides that had been used to punish offenders among themselves, and since then they had used their power on the natives for miles around. I was not sorry that these gentry were clear of my track.

The next day I moved on at the same rapid rate I always travel, and thus passed through district after district before the slow-working native mind had time to mature schemes of attack. An attempt to entrap me failed, and by the time I had cleared the hostile country I was none the worse, save for the loss of my "artificial horizon" and a rifle, of which two of my boys had been robbed under cover of affected friendship. Next I camped at a large cluster of villages where an army was concentrating that very evening to avenge raids on the outlying villages of their chief. In the early morning I witnessed the lines of warriors setting out for the scene of blood and vengeance. These people are reputed cannibals, and ominous-looking skulls on the outskirts of their villages may have been the remains of their victims. I



received no invitation to dinner, however, so am not prepared to give definite evidence.

By midday I was passing through the raided villages, and a pitiful sight it was. As I approached one everything was quiet save for the howl of a masterless dog. Human skeletons were strewn about here and there. By the time I had passed this village a starving boy rose from the grass and advanced towards me wringing his hands and—so far as I could understand him—begging me to spare his life. Then suddenly, apparently for the first time realizing that the stranger was a white man, he stood still and quiet in front of me. I had meat with me, and ordered my head man to cut a piece and give it to the poor lad. A small piece of gristle was handed to the boy, who, amid effusive thanks, made as though he would embrace the donor, who in his turn shrank back with a look of horror. I upbraided my head man for his meanness, then took the knife and cut off a large piece, which I myself handed to the wretched boy. And here a strange native characteristic showed itself; he took it, but neither looked nor spoke a word of gratitude.

On the following day I found myself on the south shore of Lake Albert Edward. Making a camp here I set off in the morning for a village four miles away, in the hope of engaging boats to take me to the north end of the lake. As I approached I passed a native lying across the path gasping his last.

The people in the village did not see me until I was within a hundred and fifty yards of the huts. Then great excitement ensued; many rushed to their canoes and made for an island, while the remainder ran to arms. As I approached the excitement increased, but I felt convinced it was more the result of fear than aggression. So handing my rifle to Fernando I told him to remain where he was and advanced

apparently unarmed, though I carried a revolver in my belt.

As I anticipated, the excitement ended. I told them I merely wanted canoes and would pay the paddlers well, and a message was sent to the chief to this effect. I then discovered that the village was famine-stricken, and the dead and dying were strewn about in all



HIPPO MEAT BEING DRIED INTO BILTONG.  
*From a Photo.*



MANY GUBBONS  
BOYS KILLING A  
DEAD HIPPO ON  
SHORE.  
*From a Photo.*

directions. I saw many distressing sights, but have no space to describe them here. Suffice

it to say that the chief—who, with his head man, was living in plenty in the midst of his people's misery

would neither provide me with canoes nor allow them to receive meat at my hands. And yet there was plenty of game in the neighbourhood, and four antelopes I had killed the previous afternoon were even then being converted into "biltong" at my camp.

After travelling for four days through a passively hostile country I arrived at a village

on the lake, where I succeeded in engaging a felucca. In this I left the goods and four boys, while the remainder were to follow in a second boat. The chief, however, treacherously robbed the boys of their clothing, blankets, and food, and took them as captives into the bush, whether it would have been futile for me to follow.

Hurrying on to Fort George, an English out-

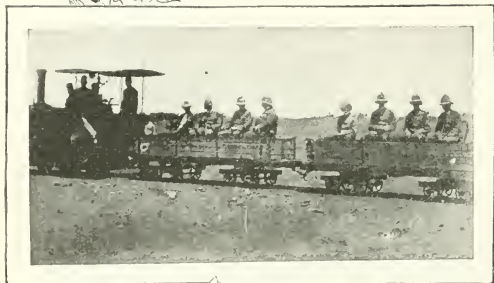
post to Egypt. In the meantime I added several north African heads to my collection, and was fortunate in bagging a white rhinoceros. Elephant and hippopotami are especially numerous on the Nile.

At length the steamer arrived with Major Saunders, the Governor of Fashoda, on board. It was only a matter of a fortnight to reach Khartoum. But what a dismal river this Upper Nile is! Low, swampy banks, innumerable mosquitoes, and far-reaching swamps. A useful river; but, save only for the opportunity I had of examining the sudd, a most uninteresting one to me. Here the river is probably at its widest and flows under this vast, floating mass of decayed vegetable growth—peat moss on a gigantic scale; the papyrus serving the same purpose as the moss does on the Irish bog. As far as the eye can reach is papyrus, papyrus, papyrus; and below the sudd, which attains a thickness of some 12ft., the Nile flows in an almost inappreciable current.

At Omdurman I was most kindly received by the Anglo-Egyptian officers, and in the three days of my sojourn was shown the rising city of New Khartoum. A magnificent three-story palace bears witness to what the combination

of Egyptian labour and British brains can effect.

Nine months after I entered Africa I first heard of the defeat of the Dervishes at Omdurman, and this huge monument was already some months old! I reached home on the 17th of September last, and was amused on reading extracts from papers in which imagination had to a large extent supplanted fact. Among other adventures, I learned that I had been killed no fewer than three times and eaten once! And yet on examination I could find no trace of violence on my thrice-resurrected body!

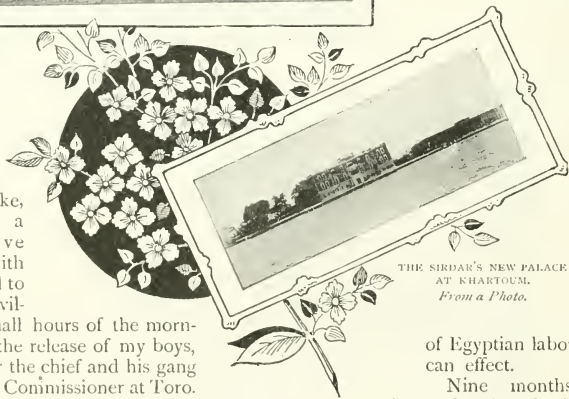


A HOUR OF INSPECTION ROUND KHARTOUM WITH THE ANGLO-EGYPTIAN OFFICERS.

*From a Photo.*

station at the north of the lake, I prepared a small punitive expedition, with which I hoped to surround the village in the small hours of the morning, demand the release of my boys, and hand over the chief and his gang to the District Commissioner at Toro. I was, however, saved the venture, for two hours before starting the boys arrived, having found their way on foot. The treacherous chief had to pay for his folly at the expense of his felucca.

I was soon at Toro, where I remained a fortnight and then, proceeding to Kampala and Lake Victoria, travelled down the Nile to Lado. Here I had the mortification of missing Major Peake's sudd-cutting steamer by four days, and was compelled perforce to remain in the district for three months awaiting a steamer to take me



THE SIRDAR'S NEW PALACE AT KHARTOUM.

*From a Photo.*

# A Lady in "Snaky" Texas.

AND WHAT SHE HAD TO ENDURE.

By MRS. NICHOLLS.

The following paper has been specially written for "The Wide World" by a lady who lived for many years in the "Lone Star State," and whose greatest trouble in life was that she was condemned to live in a "snaky" country. The episode of the rattlesnake and the sleeping baby is very dramatic.



T was an article in a former number of 'THE WIDE WORLD' that recalled very vividly to my mind some of our own experiences with the dread "rattlers" or rattlesnakes of Texas, several years ago.

At the time we were living on one of my husband's cattle ranches in the "Lone Star State" about thirty miles over rough roads and bridle trails from the city of San Antonio, then a small and very unimportant place, but now quite a large city. We had no near neighbours, and the small town from which we obtained supplies was exactly ten miles away. Though the ranch-house was large and comfortable, with every convenience and luxury that we could obtain so far away from civilization, I was nevertheless very lonely the greater part of the time. My little girl, at that time just beginning to walk, was too small to be very much company. My husband was occupied at least ten hours out of twelve in overseeing the cattle—their branding, shipping, etc.; while my two black servants were not even to be depended upon, much less to be considered in any way companionable or reliable. So you can imagine that, all in all, a ranch-woman's life in Texas in those days was not by any means pleasant or even safe.

I say "safe" because of the fact that Texas, at the time of which I write, was the "toughest" of places—a State in which law and order did not prevail; and, in fact, it was a mere dumping-ground for escaped criminals, outlaws, and murderers. I remember that when we first went to live there my husband was always asked the significant question: "What did you do?" No one, it seemed, went voluntarily to Texas: there was always a hidden and fully sufficient reason for so doing.

Several times we had visits and threats from rowdy characters. More than once we were robbed; and once, to my great terror, we were honoured by a call from a band of Indians who had escaped from their New Mexico Reservation. However, no accidents ever happened, and as time went on I developed into a very

good shot, with both revolver and shot-gun. Besides, being a strong woman, I soon learned to take things indifferently and philosophically.

One thing, however, I could never train myself to be indifferent over, and that was snakes. All my life I had loathed these horrible reptiles, whether harmless or not, and the presence of snakes on our ranch seemed to me to be the very last straw. Anything else, from a bucking broncho down to a drunken negro, I could endure, and even handle if occasion arose, but a snake it was impossible for me to face.

And yet we had all sorts, kinds, colours and conditions of them, from the small green ones that took a truly fiendish delight in wriggling across my path whenever I "took my walks abroad," right up to the deadly horned rattlesnake (*Crotalus cerastes*), called by the Texans the "Side-winder," because of its pleasant little habit of attacking its prey sidewise, or broadside on! Also we rejoiced in another particularly horrible rattler, the huge *Crotalus horridus*, or double-fanged snake, the bite of which is in eight cases out of ten sure to kill.

It was mainly due to the fact that our grounds had been only newly cleared, a thick forest surrounding us on three sides, that we were over-run with snakes. Especially during the season of "Northers" (the intensely raw, cold Gulf storms) were we obliged to exercise great care to keep clear of snakes, huge wood-ants, and even centipedes. It was a creepy time, I can assure you, and how we ever escaped with our lives, considering the poisonous pests with which we had to deal, I am sure I cannot imagine.

During the "Norther" times we kept house, stables, and grounds surrounded with thick, stiff, horsehair ropes pinned firmly down into the ground. This precaution kept away snakes to some extent. But they often crept through unguarded spaces, and for some wise purpose of their own—partly to warm themselves, I suppose—they would make direct for the kitchen, which, with pantries and servants' rooms, was located, in Texan fashion, some fifteen yards distant from the main house. I well remember hear-

ing one raw, damp day loud wails of terror issuing from the kitchen; and thinking that "Mammy" (the black nurse) had either caught on fire or was being scalped at least, I flew to the rescue—unfortunately forgetting to carry a revolver with me. Not that it would have been of use, for I could never have shot a snake; and it was a snake—and a rattler, too—that had caused poor Mammy's yells and objurgations!

Imagine the scene for yourself. It happened that cook, leaving a small fire in the stove, had gone to our supply-town, ten miles away, for some provisions, Mammy remaining in charge. She had tucked baby up for her afternoon nap.

To the oven door I held tightly, while Mammy screamed with might and main. Meanwhile the snake inside, incited by our yells and the heat (which was now getting too much for comfort), thrashed about wildly, shaking even the big stove and making the most tremendous noise. I did not dare to let go, for fear that the creature would burst open the unguarded door. And so we yelled in chorus, until it occurred to me to throw on more fuel, of which there was fortunately plenty at my feet, and cook the snake! Nothing else could be done, and after half an hour's baking, the stove soon waxing



"JUST IN THE ACT OF SPRINGING WAS A BIG YELLOW RATTLESNAKE!"

and then, wishing to brew herself a cup of tea, repaired to the kitchen. She put more fuel into the stove, and then, hearing a queer rattling sound issuing from the oven or body of the stove, she naturally looked through the half-open door to see what had caused it. Coiled inside, and just in the act of springing, was a big yellow rattlesnake! With a loud yell Mammy slammed the iron door just in time to catch the reptile. Then she began to emit the dreadful screams that had brought me to the rescue!

red-hot with the fuel that we tremblingly flung on, the snake ceased to thrash about; he no longer even stirred. We gave him an extra fifteen minutes, to make sure, and then Mammy peeped in through a very small "crack."

He was a very dead snake indeed—the first and last cooked one that I ever viewed! My husband, upon his return that evening, measured the creature: he answered to 4ft. 6in., while his rattles were enormous. They were removed, and presented to me with much *éclat* by my

husband, who has never ceased to make allusions to the time when I baked a rattlesnake!

And now I come to another rattlesnake adventure: one which came near having anything but a ludicrous ending, and one which I will never forget as long as I live.

The hot weather had come on, the hottest season that I ever remember, even in Texas. There had been no rain for weeks and the drought was intense. Worst of all, every day seemed to dawn brighter, clearer, and hotter than its predecessor! Everyone suffered; the servants moped about, almost incapacitated for work. I myself was half ill, and there had been several cases of sunstroke among our men. My poor baby, suffering from a combination of several new teeth and the heat, was very miserable and caused me much anxiety. As for the poor cattle, dying for want of water, it was agony to watch their sufferings, and I often felt that for a mere glimpse of my native Devonshire brooks and streams I would be willing to barter the riches of Golconda.

One absolutely stifling morning baby was so feverish and felt the heat to such an extent that I sent Mammy and the cook to our supply-town to get some precious ice, which had been shipped to us there from San Antonio, taking upon myself the care of baby and preparation of lunch in their absence. I knew that the two women would not be back before early afternoon, while my husband would also ride back from the ranch not before three o'clock. Therefore I hastily attended to our cold luncheon, wrote a letter, and then devoted myself exclusively to the keeping cool of poor baby, who was very fretful and wailed piteously.

Every Texas house has a wide veranda or, as they call it, a "gallery." Generally, one feels there such breeze, if any, as may be stirring, and therefore here baby and I betook ourselves, at twelve o'clock, when not a breath of air could be experienced elsewhere.

I placed her white fur rug upon the veranda floor, close to the door, and on it baby played restlessly for a while. But none of her toys pleased her. She flung away her treasured rag doll, would have nothing to do with her Noah's Ark and animals. She even wept when I introduced to her notice the usually well-beloved ivory and silver rattle. No, she wanted her "nake wattle" (meaning the rattles which we had taken from the baked rattlesnake). So, seeing that she was very tired and might perhaps fall asleep if I went to hunt the primitive rattle in question, I went into the nursery and found the desired article. Then I shut the windows and arranged her little bed for a nap before going back to her again.

For a few moments I could hear baby cooling away as though to someone, then her small voice ceased to be heard, and I sighed with relief, for at last I thought she must be asleep. I moved about softly, putting out her small bath robe and turning down the covers of her crib, after which I tip-toed softly out into the gallery to bring her in.

As I thought, she lay fast asleep, her battered old rag doll clasped tightly in her arms. But a second glance brought me to a pause in the doorway, absolutely paralyzed with horror, my hair positively rising on my head, and my flesh creeping with terror. And I think that any of you under similar circumstances would have been quite as completely demoralized. For, coiled up close to my darling child's side, his forked tongue inquiringly darting out just over her bare pink arm, was a great yellowish-brown snake—a rattlesnake, fully as large as the memorable one which Mammy and I had caught and baked in the stove!

Fortunately, I was so paralyzed with terror and utter helplessness for a moment that I stood perfectly silent and motionless, as I watched with fixed eyes the antics of this awful reptile. And *this*, oh, merciful Providence, was what my baby had been talking to while I was away from her! As this thought came to my numbed mind I made a motion to go to the child and at least endeavour to get her away from the snake. But it coiled tighter, and reared higher its hideous flat head in such a threatening way that I stopped short. I knew that the thing would certainly strike if once more annoyed: worst of all, it would not strike *me*, but baby herself. "No," I thought, "I must keep motionless and try to think of some plan to kill the snake or get the child safely away." Meanwhile, unmolested, the creature flattened its huge coils (its body was as thick as a man's arm) and wound itself up comfortably in the white fur rug, the tip of its tail, all covered with scaly rattles, just touching baby's arm. There it lay quietly, its coils quivering slightly now and then, and the flat, venomous-looking head perfectly still. I could not see its eyes, which I thought to be closed.

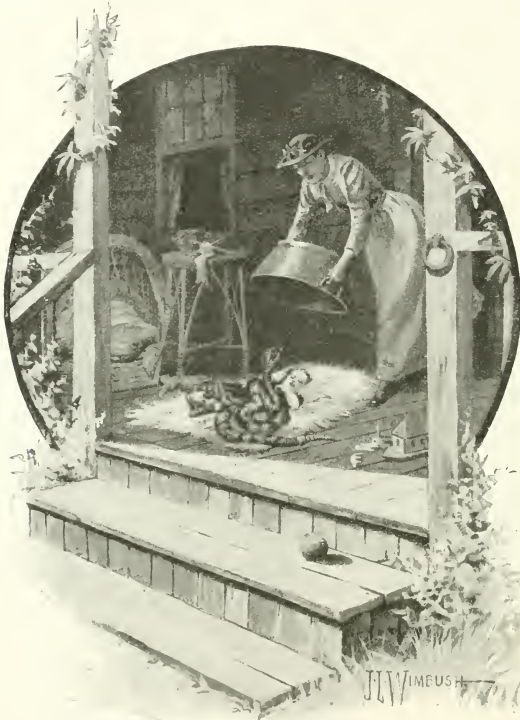
For the moment baby seemed safe, but what would happen if she stirred in her sleep, or threw her arm out, as she often did while asleep? A cold dew broke out on my face, and I realized that something had to be done, and that quickly, if it was only to get myself between the snake and the child. I dared not endeavour to shoot the rattlesnake, for a shotgun would also be fatal to the baby: while I could not trust myself with a revolver in my trembling condition. Then I thought, des-

perately, "Perhaps I can fling a thick blanket over the beast, and at least keep it from getting at baby."

As I edged away, to go into the hall at the back of me, I saw that the snake still lay rigid, while his brilliant coils moved regularly, as if asleep. Now was my time, if I hoped to do anything to save the baby. Presently she, at

quick look. Yes, the snake was still motionless, and its head was quiet—now was the time!

With my heart in my mouth I made a rush forward and slammed the tub down on the snake just as it was stretching its coils, doubtless preparatory to striking. So quick was I that the creature had no chance to uncoil entirely, and the heavy zinc-lined tub completely covered



I MADE A RUSH FORWARD AND SLAMMED THE TUB DOWN ON THE SNAKE."

any rate, would awake; and once she did so I knew there would be no hope.

As I tip-toed breathlessly into the hall I almost stumbled over baby's small bath-tub, which I had left there for the servants to refill; they had forgotten it. In the twinkling of an eye I snatched it up and moved stealthily back towards the veranda—the tub would be better than any blanket if I could *only* get it down over the snake. Well, I simply *had* to do it, or have my baby killed. Nerved by this thought I inverted the tub, and, taking a firm grip on it, paused in the doorway to take a

except for about three inches of rattle-covered tail, which writhed convulsively outside the tub.

Poor baby, who was grazed by the rim of her bath, awoke with an aggrieved wail, which was cut short by the sight of her mother in wild combat with the tub, which seemed disinclined to stand quietly, preferring instead to thump vigorously about on the floor. She sat up on her rug and stared, until I, gasping and inarticulate with my efforts, bade her sternly to go into the hall and shut the door. Evidently thinking she was being done out of a good thing she toddled away obediently, but

reluctantly, leaving me to battle in solitary glory with the snake.

I can laugh about it now, but I can assure you that at the time it was no joke. Baby was safe on the other side of a *closed* door, which was my great drop of comfort, but what would happen if the snake were to prove successful in its efforts to overturn the tub and get at me? You can imagine how firmly I held on to the tub, and how every fresh "thump" of the hideous reptile filled me with new horror!

As I held on like grim death, with the snake struggling and striking at its prison, I recalled helplessly that there was no whisky in the house—no permanganate—nothing, in fact, that I could apply in case the snake escaped and bit me! Therefore, if I couldn't hold on until the black women returned or my husband got home from the ranch I simply would have to take what I got.

How long this experience lasted I do not know, for I got so dizzy, and my head so light, that I remember little of it. I can remember holding on doggedly to the tub, the struggles under which seemed to get stronger and stronger as time

went on: I remember baby crying piteously for her bread and milk, and that is all.

Then, hours later, as it seemed, I became aware that someone, it was my husband, was dragging me away gently from the veranda; while a sturdy, tanned cowboy sat unconcernedly on the tub to which I still endeavoured to cling. As he soothed me, and said that "it was all right now," I crept away to baby. And very soon there was a single shot and renewed thumping on the veranda. I was called, and, peering cautiously from the door, saw that my enemy was dead—killed at a single shot from the cowboy's long-barrelled revolver.

We had that snake measured and afterwards stuffed. No: I will not say how long he was, or how many rattles he had! You might, if I told you the truth, think me to be giving you a genuine "Texas yarn," which this story *is not!* I can say, however, that the astonished cowboy stated that it was a "stem-winder of a rattler," the largest he had seen for ten years, its Latin name being *Crotalus horridus*. And another one like it I, as you can imagine, never again wish to see, living or dead!



"KILLED AT A SINGLE SHOT FROM THE COWBOY'S LONG-BARRELLED REVOLVER."

# The Pigeon-Post at Sea and in War.

BY ADRIEN DE JASSAUD, OF PARIS.

Describing how a great steamship company of France—the Compagnie Transatlantique—have organized and worked a regular service of pigeon-posts, whereby passengers leaving or entering the country can communicate with their friends. It will be news to most people that there are 600,000 carrier-pigeons in France, upon all of which the Government may call in time of war.



N France, during the siege of Paris, at a time when the German armies were surrounding the capital and cutting off the Parisian population from all communication with the outside world, Monsieur Rampont, the then Postmaster-General, conceived the idea of intrusting to pigeons the transmission of news, thus giving the inhabitants of Paris a knowledge of what was going on in the provinces. In this way those members of the Government who had remained in Paris were put in touch with their colleagues of the National Defence who were at Tours. In order to attain this object a certain number of pigeons were conveyed by balloon from Paris to Tours, whence they were set free, bearing messages photographically reduced to microscopic dimensions on very light collodion films. In those days the despatch was rolled up and inclosed in a quill attached to the tail of the pigeon. By these means over 150,000 official and, at the lowest, 1,000,000 private messages entered Paris.

As late as the year 1898 the impression existed that carrier-pigeons could only be of service ashore. Columbo-philés argued that, for various reasons, these birds would never be able to fulfil the same service at sea that they did on land. For instance, they contended, it was easy for the feathered messengers on land to cope, in the course of their flight, with any impediment they might unexpectedly encounter. For example, should a squall arise, the bird was free to halt on its journey until the wind abated or pursue its route by flying at a lower altitude, seeking the shelter of the forest or the valley. Or, again, should night overtake it ere it reached its cote it could rest—these birds never travel by night, by the way—and proceed on its course next morning. On the other hand, the bird at sea, if overtaken in its flight by the setting in of darkness or a raging storm,

would, like the Wandering Jew, be perforce compelled to pursue its course or perish. In such circumstances not even a pelting rain, or the spray rising from the crest of the waves, or the wind blowing a gale, or hunger or thirst—not any of these things will suffer it to pause in its flight. Fly it must.

The great French shipping company known as the Compagnie Transatlantique, ever anxious for the comfort and well-being of its passengers, deserves the credit of making the first attempts to establish what may truly be styled the *sea-post*. Would it not, the company argued, be a pleasure to passengers journeying by its steamships to send word to their relations and friends that their trip had begun under favourable auspices or that it was soon to come happily to an end? Nowadays there are taken aboard carrier-pigeons whose cotes are either on French soil or in New York. The former are sent forth on their errand the day following the sailing of the steamer from Havre, while the latter are set free on the day preceding the arrival of the steamer at New York; and the desired result is attained.



A VETERAN CARRIER—THIS BIRD IS OVER FOURTEEN YEARS OLD. (Photo.)

It is, however, not without trouble that the Compagnie Transatlantique has succeeded in its efforts. Numerous trials have had to be made, and the company has practically had to create a breed of sea-going carrier-pigeons. As already pointed out, all atmospheric conditions or the distances to be covered being equal, the strain put on the pigeon travelling over sea is far greater than the one it is subjected to on land. The bird must therefore be endowed with a special stamina and powers of endurance.

Hence the company selected the best-bred birds from various foreign cotes—those who, from their build or pedigree, were most fitted for the work about to be demanded of them. Following upon a series of experiments, the birds raised by the Columbo-philé Society of



Rennes, "L'Abeille," carried the palm over all their competitors, and it is such pigeons that are nowadays dispatched from Havre and from New York.

On March 20th, 1898, the steamship *La Champagne* took aboard, for the first time, eighty pigeons. Three batches of birds were set free at a short distance from the seaboard, and this in most stormy weather. The older birds safely reached their cote, while the younger ones, unable to withstand a pelting rain-fall, dropped into the sea in sight of those aboard.

On the following day, and under like unfavourable weather conditions, *La Champagne*, having covered 360 miles, rescued the crew of the doomed *Bothnia*. Seven pigeons were sent forth, each bearing a similar despatch. They took their flight at noon, and it was calculated that they should either reach land or some ship's mast. One of the birds dropped on the deck of the *Chatterton*, in the Bay of Biscay; the *Chatterton* cabled to Paris and to New York the loss of the *Bothnia*. A second bird was picked up by a freight steamer, which thereupon shaped its course for the locality of the disaster, came across the derelict, and towed it into an Irish port. A week later a third pigeon, wounded, and minus its despatch, reached its cote. The four others were never heard of again.

The advantages to be derived from the use of pigeons as shown in connection with the *Bothnia* confirmed the directors of the Compagnie Transatlantique in their opinion as to the necessity of persevering in the interesting experiments undertaken by them. If on the one hand it might prove a source of pleasure to steamship passengers to let their friends know how their crossing of the Atlantic had begun or how it was about to end, it was a matter of far greater interest to the company to feel that it had, in the event of a disaster at sea, a means at its disposal to summon help on behalf of a ship in distress.

It is assuredly a pleasurable pastime, nay, it constitutes a heartfelt emotion for the fair ones aboard, this dispatching of birds laden with their message-bearing tube. The ladies speak soft words to the pigeons, and, thrusting their dainty fingers through the bars of the wickerage whose door will soon be opened, they lovingly caress them. The little messengers are warned not to lose their way, to carefully guard the precious despatch which is to reassure a husband, a betrothed, or a mother, until they have reached their cote. But, should the sea be at its wildest, and the good ship, disabled by an accident, become storm-tossed, with

what poignant anxiety is not the departure of the messenger on whom salvation depends, perhaps, watched by all? Land is afar off, and the distance a pigeon can cover at a single flight is very much circumscribed in its limits. As darkness begins to set in the bird will cast about for a friendly mast which will afford him a perch until daybreak. Should he be seen and captured, the call for help will have been heard, and the relief so impatiently prayed for will ere long be at hand. If only at such a time the gallant little birds could but understand the injunctions pressed so earnestly upon them! And yet it would be but idle and wasted words. Their instinct is the strongest guarantee of their professional faithfulness. Should the call for help not have been heard it could only mean that death had overtaken the birds in their flight.

The pigeons employed by the Compagnie Transatlantique are selected with the most rigorous care. The head must be big and round; the bill relatively short and surmounted with a fleshy, heart-shaped excrescence; the eyes shine brightly; the breast must bunch out; the legs be short; and the wings must meet on a narrow and powerful tail.

In addition to being endowed with an extraordinary instinct for shaping its course, a good carrier-pigeon must possess great rapidity of flight and tremendous staying power. The first-named quality—the "homing instinct," which is innate—is not susceptible of any improvement. The two others may be secured by means of progressive and regular training. A pigeon's education begins when it is but three or four months old. It is conveyed a mile distant from its cote and then set free. The experiment is renewed daily, the distance on each occasion being imperceptibly increased. The bird's education cannot be considered complete, however, until it has attained the age of three years.

On land the pigeon is able to cover long distances, such as those between Rouen and Brussels or New York and Chicago. Its ratio of flight, under normal atmospheric conditions, is never less than 50 kilométres (31·15850 miles) an hour, and never exceeds 80 kilométres (49·85360 miles) on a long distance.

Experience has proved that out of a group of pigeons selected from among those which had travelled long distances overland, scarcely one-third were fit for sea-service, and even then some of them were, to an appreciable degree, useless. From March 15th to December 31st, 1900, a set of pigeons were shipped weekly from Havre. Out of thirty-six loosings, thirty-four met with full success. In two cases only not a single pigeon returned to its cote, and, as a conse-

quence, the messages were lost. The distances to be covered varied between 120 miles—the minimum distance—and 350 miles. Twenty dispatches took place for a flight covering between 120 miles and 150 miles; eight between 150 miles and 300 miles; and eight at a distance greater than 300 miles. Generally speaking these journeys were accomplished under twelve hours.

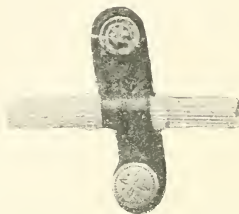
Prominent among the most brilliant achievements must be quoted the one from on board *La Lorraine*, on July 29th, 1900. The birds took leave of the ship at 5 a.m., reaching home the same evening, after a flight of 359 miles.

Out of 261 pigeons loosed between March 15th and December 31st, 1900, only 113 returned home; in other words, a loss of 56 per cent.

The pigeons are brought aboard the Transatlantic steamers in wicker cages having a drinking-trough. As soon as the French coast is out of sight passengers desirous of sending a

despatch are notified to prepare it. In pursuance of this object the passenger is handed a small rectangular card on which he is to write as legibly as possible what he wishes to communicate, plus the name and address of the receiver; the card is then handed to the clerk intrusted with the transmission of the message. The clerk puts the different messages into a group, photographs them on a plaque to which adheres a film, reducing the writing in the course of the operation to such a degree that it cannot be deciphered except with the aid of a magnifying glass. The proof is developed, the film detached and carefully rolled, and then placed in a small

bamboo tube, hermetically sealed, and weighing hardly  $1\frac{1}{2}$  grammes. To this tube is attached a light kid band, provided with an automatic button such as is sometimes used to fasten gloves.



THIS STRIP OF BAMBOO, CONTAINING THE MESSAGE, IS FASTENED ROUND THE PIGEON'S LEG.

As soon as the tubes are ready the pigeons are taken with the greatest care out of the baskets containing them. These birds are extremely delicate—the slightest crushing injures them and renders them unfit to do what is expected of them. The clerk attaches each tube to the leg of a pigeon by buttoning the kid band above described. A pigeon is able to carry a weight of fifteen grammes without its detracting from the rapidity of its flight.

The loosings take place in the morning, or, if the skies are too overcast, at latest before 2 p.m. Immediately upon being loosed the pigeons circle a few times about the ship, after which they head straight for France, in the direction of Rennes. On arrival at the home station

the tubes are taken off, the films extracted from them, and the photographic despatches enlarged to their original size. The proofs thus obtained are pasted on a glazed card ornamented with a pretty allegorical design.

It has often been asked what constitutes the marvellous faculty of shaping its course possessed by the carrier-pigeon. Neither sea nor mountains nor forests interfere with this faculty. The bird steers its course as if guided by a compass. As the pigeon flies at an altitude of not more than 160yds. to 180yds. it is not aided by its vision, for in that case, given the rotundity of the world, it would have to soar



Loosing Pigeons on Board a Steamship. [Photo.]



HERE ARE TWO OF THE PIGEON-AGE WAGGONS USED IN THE  
 (From a) FRENCH ARMY (Photo.)

to an altitude of 7,076yds. Now, according to aeronauts who have experimented in the matter, the bird at that altitude quickly drops to a much lower one. Are they then guided by magnetic currents? Are they endowed with a sixth sense? The matter remains a mystery.

There are those who propound the theory that the bird enjoys the faculty of a visual memory. This theory, however, cannot be accepted, consequent upon the experiments made on the steamships of the Compagnie Transatlantique. When once the coast-line is lost sight of the sea is the same in all directions, and it would be out of the question for the most observant and watchful of beings to discover any guiding mark. Moreover, from the time of their being taken aboard until their loosing the birds have been asleep, their eyes closed, and have thus been unable to note—supposing that they exist in so far as they are concerned—the guiding marks which escape our vision.

Several magazines have published articles voicing a new theory concerning the course-shaping faculty possessed by animals. It is stated, and with every show of likelihood, as regards the pigeon, that the faculty of shaping its course has for its basis the working of a special organ.

It is impossible for the pigeon carried away by a steamship to note

the course followed by means of one of his five senses, since, during his journey by rail from Rennes to Havre, as well as during the one by sea, he has been altogether cut off from the outer world. And yet the bird possesses so accurate a knowledge of the road it has travelled that it makes for its cote without the slightest hesitancy and at a very normal rapidity of flight.

The carrier-pigeon was of necessity to be made use of for national defence. During a campaign the success of operations depends at most times on the rapidity with which the commander-in-chief is informed of the enemy's movements. To this end use is made of cavalry patrols and of the field telegraph and telephone. But to insure the safe arrival of information none of these means is so reliable as the carrier-pigeon. Scouts are liable to be made prisoners or killed, telegraph or telephone wires may work faultily or be destroyed. These mishaps are avoided by the use of the carrier-pigeon.

In war time the rôle of cavalry consists more especially in seeing and in reporting what it has seen. It is often an easy matter to see, but to report is oftentimes attended by difficulties. At all events, granted that the patrol is able to rejoin unscathed the main body of the army, cavalry must perforce perform a double journey ere it can report to the commander who has dispatched it; hence, a loss of time.

Herein lies the value of the carrier-pigeon. Troops on the march are accompanied by portable cotes. They consist of huge wire cages



A DRAGON SCOUT—HE CARRIES A SUPPLY OF PIGEON MESSENGERS ON  
 (From a) HIS BACK. (Photo.)



THE SCOUT, HAVING WRITTEN A DESPATCH, IS ABOUT TO SEND OFF A PIGEON WITH IT TO HIS COMMANDER. [Photo. From a.]

provided with lateral shutters; the cage is transported on a two-horse four-wheeled wagon.

When it is found expedient to reconnoitre the position of the enemy or surprise its movements a few pigeons are taken out of the portable cote and placed in a wicker cage in shape like an infantry soldier's haversack; this cage is strapped on the back of a dragoon. Dragoons are preferred for this service, for they do not carry any carbine slung about them, so that the cage is more easily attached to their back.

The dragoons gallop off in the direction ordered, and before coming into touch with the enemy they commit to a very thin sheet of paper the result of their observations. The sheet is then inserted in a tube, and a little while after the loosing of the pigeon the officer at head-



THIS PIGEON IS WEARING THE CHINESE WHISTLE WHICH PROTECTS IT AGAINST THE ENEMY'S TRAINED HAWKS. [Photo. From a.]

quarters is in a position to read the despatch.

In order to fight the carrier-pigeons, to stop them in their flight and intercept the information borne by them, the Germans have trained hawks to hunt down these poor winged messengers. The undertaking was at first attended with difficulties, for, independently of the necessity of establishing on a large scale a system of falconry, the same despatch might be intrusted to several pigeons, and hence it would be sufficient for a single one to escape from the talons of the birds of prey to render useless all efforts made to capture the despatch. Moreover, the pigeons are protected from the assault of the hawk by means of a little Aolian or Chinese whistle affixed to its tail. This whistle sounds as the bird flies through the air, and frightens away the timid hawk.

In France carrier-pigeons are like horses—liable to be requisitioned in time of war. Every year owners of carrier-pigeons are compelled to state at the mayor's office the number of birds they own: while foreigners are no longer

permitted to breed carrier-pigeons in the country.

There are at present in Paris some 700 owners of carrier-pigeons, possessing 14,000 pigeons, 7,500 of which are subjected to a regular course of training. The total number of carrier-pigeons in France is 600,000.



A LIÈGE-BRED HOMER—THESE BIRDS SOMETIMES FETCH HIGH PRICES. [From a Photo.]

The price of a pigeon varies according to its pedigree, age, and degree of training. The breeds most preferred are those from Antwerp, Liège, or Verviers. Some few years ago, at a sale in England, seventy pigeons fetched 17,246 francs. One of the birds, a cross between the Antwerp and Brussels breed, brought 1,225 francs.

# The Recapture of the "Emily St. Pierre."

By JOHN G. ROWE.

The dashing exploit of a British merchant captain. With the assistance of his cook and steward only he boldly retook his vessel from a prize crew of fifteen U.S. man-of-war's men and sailed her into Liverpool, with all his late captors prisoners aboard.



REAL was the excitement in Liverpool among all classes, but especially among the shipping community, on the morning of the 22nd of April, 1862. The previous day a merchant ship of 884 tons, called the *Emily St. Pierre*, had arrived in port, manned only by her captain and two others of her original crew, and with no fewer than three officers and twelve men of the United States' Navy prisoners under hatches.

It was at a time when the eyes of the whole world were centred upon America, which was then the scene of one of the most terrible internecine wars of modern times. The North and South of the United States were in arms against each other. Several indecisive battles had been fought, and the Northerners, or Federals, had blockaded all the Southern, or Confederate, ports. As it was on those ports that Liverpool depended mainly for its cotton supply numerous shipmasters had attempted to run the blockade as early as June, 1861, but few had succeeded in getting through. A perfect panic set in on 'Change, fabulous prices were quoted, and the bitterest antagonism prevailed in the City against the Federals, who were looked upon as the cause of the famine in cotton. The reader can well imagine, therefore, the enthusiasm and delight of the entire population of Liverpool when the story of the captain of the *Emily St. Pierre* was told.

And, indeed, his story was sufficient to awaken enthusiasm in the hearts of the most unpatriotic and indifferent. Retold even now by my humble pen, it should bring a warmer glow to the heart of all who bear the proud title of Briton. To use the words of Mr. J. Beazley, a prominent Liverpool merchant at the time: "It is to be questioned if, in the naval history of this or any other country, so brilliant an act has been performed as the recapture of the *Emily St. Pierre*."

Seized by the Federals as a blockade-runner, she was being worked into a Northern port by a prize crew of three officers and twelve men, when her old master, Captain William Wilson, with only two associates, his cook and the steward, succeeded by the most heroic courage

and the ablest stratagem in recovering the command of the vessel, taking prisoners the whole of the prize crew, and navigating her a distance of over 3,000 miles across the Atlantic at the roughest season of the year.

The bare idea of such a feat almost takes one's breath away, but Captain William Wilson and his two gallant comrades actually did this.

The facts of the affair, as narrated by Captain Wilson himself before a crowded audience in the rooms of the Liverpool Mercantile Marine Association, on the occasion of a handsome presentation to him by the merchants of that city, are as follows:—

The *Emily St. Pierre* was built at Bath, Maine, in 1854, and formerly owned in Charleston, though at the time of her capture by the Americans she belonged to Liverpool. She left Calcutta on the 27th of November, and her captain's orders were to make the coast of South Carolina to ascertain whether there was a blockade. If there were none he was to take a pilot aboard and enter the port of Charleston; but, if a blockade did exist, he was to continue his course to St. John's, New Brunswick.

On the 18th of March, 1862, he was off Charleston Bar, about a dozen miles from the land, when he saw a steamer approaching. She proved to be the Federal war-vessel *James Adger*, and on coming up with the *Emily St. Pierre* she immediately dropped two boats to board and examine the latter.

The officer in command of the boarding party at once took possession of the ship and her papers and ordered Captain Wilson and his crew under arrest as blockade-runners. In vain Captain Wilson argued and remonstrated. The American officer stated that he had found contraband of war on board and that, therefore, the vessel was the lawful prize of the Federal Government. The man-of-war's men then braced the yards and steered their capture towards the squadron. Captain Wilson was ordered into a boat and taken before Flag-officer Goldbournsh, who told him that, as he had saltpetre on board his ship, it would be sent as a prize to Philadelphia. He might, if he liked, remain on board and be taken as a passenger to that port.

"My cargo is not saltpetre, and my ship is British property," retorted Captain Wilson, boldly. "You will have to restore her to her owners in Liverpool."

"Your ship is the lawful prize of our Government, sir," was the reply. "You were taken in the attempt to break the blockade, and you have contraband of war aboard."

"I deny that I was attempting to run the blockade. I was merely trying to learn if one existed. You have no right to seize my ship, and I shall appeal to the British Government in the matter."

But expostulation and argument were alike fruitless, and Captain Wilson returned to his vessel, an hour after, to find that the whole of his crew, with the exception of his cook and his steward, had been taken off to the *Florida* and a prize crew put aboard, consisting of a Lieutenant Stone, a master's mate, an engineer (who, of course, took no part in the working of the vessel, but was merely a sort of passenger aboard), and twelve men—fifteen in all.

Now, Captain Wilson, from the moment he became aware of the intention of leaving him on board his ship, came to the settled determination that she should never be taken into Philadelphia. He would regain possession of her on the voyage, he resolved—if mortal man could do it.

The *Emily St. Pierre* weighed anchor and, leaving the squadron, put out to sea: and all the next day her late commander was turning over in his mind the best means of effecting his object. Many another man would have abandoned the idea: and really it did seem utter madness—positive suicide, in fact, for one man to think of taking prisoners fifteen others, well armed as these were, and

with International law to a great extent on their side.

However, he decided on reflection to sound his cook and steward, and learn if they would be willing to join him in the desperate enterprise. In any case, he felt sure he could safely count on their silence—they would not betray him.

At about half-past four a.m. on the 21st of March, three days after the seizure of his ship,

having planned out his course of action during the sleepless hours of the night, Captain Wilson rose and softly woke the cook and steward, telling them to come to his state-room and make no more noise than they could possibly help. Wondering greatly what he wanted with them at that early hour of the morning, the pair obeyed; and then, after he had taken the precaution of locking the state-room door, Captain Wilson told them what he meant to do and unfolded his plans.

"I have made up my mind to have my ship or lose my life," he said, quietly but determinedly.

"Will you join me in possession of her?"

"Come, what do you say?"

"I am with you, sir," replied the steward, at once. His name was Matthew Montgomery, and he was a native of Dublin.

The cook, a German, belonging to Frankfort-on-Main, named Louis Schelvin, deliberated for a few minutes. "The odds are great, sir," he said. "We are only three against fifteen, and they are armed, while we are not."

"Quite true," answered Captain Wilson: "but we will surprise them in turn and possess ourselves of their arms. I know we will be running great risks, that we will be practically carrying our lives in our hands: but have my



"I DENY THAT I WAS ATTEMPTING TO RUN THE BLOCKADE."

ship I mean to! She shall never be taken into Philadelphia while I live."

"Say no more, sir," broke in Schelvin, hastily. "I, too, will help you in your attempt."

Captain Wilson thereupon gave each man a pair of irons and a sheet from his own berth, and then bade them follow him. The three truly heroic men crept out of the state-room in their stockinged feet, and along the alley-way to the cabin occupied by the master's mate, whose watch it was below.

Very softly Captain Wilson opened the door and entered the cabin. The master's mate was fast asleep in his bunk, and, without waking him, Wilson secured his revolver and sword and handed them out to his two assistants. Then one of these dextrously threw the sheet over the sleeping man's head so as to prevent him crying out, while Wilson seized his wrists and the third man slipped the irons upon him. In another minute the astonished Yankee was gagged with a strip of the sheet and his feet bound.

Returning to the alley-way, the three men repaired to the engineer's cabin, where the same mode of procedure was adopted; Captain Wilson first entering the room on tip-toe and securing the unconscious man's weapons, and then the cook muffling his head in the remnant of the sheet, while the steward ironed and gagged him.

Thus were the two subordinate officers captured and rendered helpless; but it was Lieutenant Stone's watch on deck, and how to overpower him and the five men who formed the watch was now the puzzle.

Captain Wilson quickly solved it, however. He told Montgomery and Schelvin to conceal themselves behind the door in the after-cabin and spread out the chart on the table.

"I will try to persuade Stone to come into

the cabin to prick out upon the chart the ship's position," he explained to them. "As soon as he enters you must spring out and seize him. If he attempts to give the alarm or shows fight at all, knock him down with the butt-end of your pistols."

Then he put on his shoes and went on deck, as if he had just turned out.

"Well, Stone, what is the position of the ship?" he inquired of the lieutenant, in a familiar manner, going up to him.

The officer replied that they were somewhere off Hatteras, and were about to change the course. Wilson walked the deck with him for about ten minutes, making various remarks about the weather, then he asked him down to the cabin to look at the chart. Unsuspectingly, Stone accompanied him, and as they approached the companion Wilson picked up an iron belaying pin, unseen by the lieutenant. The two entered the cabin, and Wilson at once closed the door and put his back against it, then, swinging the belaying-pin over his head, he told the astounded lieutenant:

"If you utter a sound it will be at your peril! This ship is not going to Philadelphia."

The lieutenant was too stunned to attempt to raise an alarm, and in a trice Schelvin and Montgomery threw themselves upon him and



WILSON AND MONTGOMERY WITH STEWARD, PHILADELPHIA, 1862.

overpowered him. A gag was quickly forced into his mouth, a pair of irons were clapped upon his wrists, and then he was pitched head first into a berth and his ankles tied. Captain Wilson locked him up, and after a short consultation went again on deck alone, his two gallant associates following him to the top of the companion and crouching inside the hatch, ready to rush out to his assistance if need should arise.

There were three men walking the deck, one at the helm, and another on the look-out. How to manage the first-mentioned three was a serious question, for one of them was a perfect Hercules of a fellow, and, in the event of a tussle, it might go hard with the daring trio, for a single shout would bring the seven men in the fore-castle to the assistance of their comrades.

But Wilson's ready wit stood him in good stead and suggested a plan. He went up to the men and boldly told them that Lieutenant Stone wanted a coil of rope out of the store-room. Unsuspicious of anything, they all three followed him aft, and he pushed off the hatch and pointed to some cordage which lay in a corner of the hold. The three jumped down, and Captain Wilson instantly shut the hatch again and fastened them in. Then, wheeling sharply round upon the man at the helm, he covered him with one of the captured revolvers and told him sternly that his life was not worth a moment's purchase if he moved or spoke. The fellow discreetly held his peace.

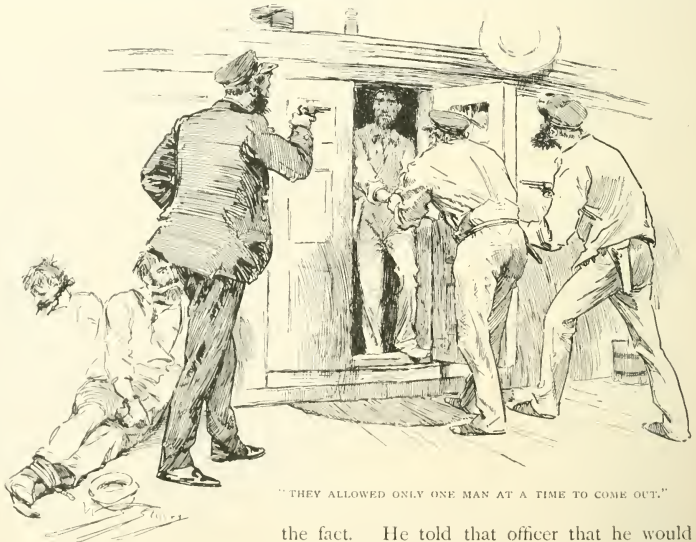
Schelvin and Montgomery now stole forward and tied up the fore-castle door so as to imprison the seven men inside and prevent them joining in the affray. Captain Wilson next called the look-out man aft, and backed by his faithful cook and steward (now armed to the teeth) asked the fellow if he would help to work the ship to a British port. The sailor was awed

by the force against him, but nevertheless refused to lend his captors any active assistance. He was thereupon ironed and gagged like the others.

Captain Wilson then undid the fastening on the fore-castle door and called the watch below. He and his two brave comrades stationed themselves just outside the door, with faces set grimly and hands ready to clutch their foes, as these came on deck in the disorderly, haphazard fashion in which sailors generally do "tumble up." The first two were pounced upon, ironed, and gagged before they could cry out, but the third man reached the deck in time to see the struggle, and, with a cry of alarm, he whipped forth his sheath-knife and ran at the steward. The latter fired at him with his revolver, and the bullet passed through the man's shoulder.

Wilson and Schelvin immediately re-fastened the door of the fore-castle and prevented the others rushing forth. Then, when the sailor was secured, the daring trio opened the fore-castle door half-way, and allowed only one man at a time to come out, ironing and disarming each of his knife as he appeared.

In this way the whole of the prize crew were captured without the loss of a single life and placed under hatches, and now Captain Wilson went below and informed Lieutenant Stone of



"THEY ALLOWED ONLY ONE MAN AT A TIME TO COME OUT."

the fact. He told that officer that he would remove the gag from his mouth and knock the irons off his wrists if he would consent to remain a prisoner in his berth. Stone gave the required promise, and dined at the table with Wilson



every day under guard of either the cook or steward.

Not the least difficult and dangerous part of their exploit, however, had yet to be performed by these three brave men, and that was to work the recaptured vessel home to England. They were at this time more than 3,000 miles distant, and neither the cook nor the steward, for all their willingness, could render much assistance to their gallant chief in the sailing of the ship. There was no one to relieve Wilson at the helm.

In this extremity the brave Englishman asked the prisoners who amongst them would lend a hand and help work the ship. After some consideration two volunteered rather than be kept in irons, but both were landsmen, and unaccustomed to the handling of a ship. However, Captain Wilson somehow managed to navigate his vessel with their help. When he wanted to reef the topsails he had to take the reef tackles to the capstan, and then climb aloft by himself and lie along the yards to pass the earings and tie the points, at the same time keeping his eye upon the ship's head and shouting down instructions to his faithful cook and steward how to move the helm.

He did not forget or overlook his prisoners for all the responsibility and weight upon his shoulders; the prize crew were supplied daily with bread, beef, and water. A few days after the recapture of the vessel two more of the prizemen offered to help in the working of the ship, and one of these was a sailor. This man attempted to induce his three fellow-countrymen to fall upon Captain Wilson and his two comrades and try to overpower them. His treachery, however, was discovered, and Wilson

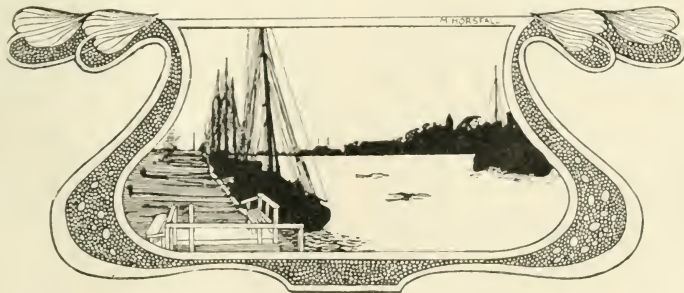
took prompt measures. The mutinous seaman was clapped into irons again, and the other three were told they would receive but scant mercy if they attempted any further treachery.

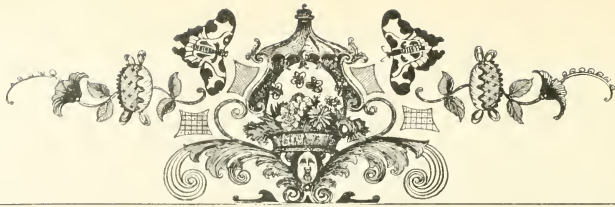
After this the ship experienced a heavy gale, in attempting to ride which her tiller was broken. But Wilson was a man of dauntless courage, as has been shown, as well as illimitable resource. He was more determined than ever that, if human hands could do it, the *Emily St. Pierre* should again see a British port.

The storm abated and, with the aid of his "landsmen sailors," he eventually succeeded, after a most eventful passage of thirty days, in which he met with all sorts of weather, in reaching Liverpool.

The owners of the *Emily St. Pierre* gave Captain Wilson 2,000 guineas as a token of their admiration of his gallantry; and 170 of the principal Liverpool merchants made him a presentation, on May 3rd, 1862, in the rooms of the Liverpool Mercantile Marine Association, of a gold pocket chronometer and a silver tea and coffee service. The cook and steward were presented each with a purse containing twenty guineas. A gold medal, with a suitable inscription, was also given to Captain Wilson by the council of the Mercantile Marine Service Association, and silver medals to Schelvin and Montgomery. The officers and crew of the *Emily St. Pierre*, who had just arrived in port from America, also came forward with a handsome testimonial to their late commander for his dashing achievement and kindness to them during the voyage from Calcutta to Charleston.

The Americans afterwards claimed the *Emily St. Pierre* as their lawful prize, but the British Government refused to restore the vessel.





## Twelve Thousand Miles Awheel in India.

By FANNY BULLOCK WORKMAN, F.R.S.G.S., M.S.A.S.

Dr. and Mrs. Bullock Workman are veteran travellers; and in our issue of December last the lady told "Wide World" readers something of their climbs in the Himalayas, during which she beat all previous records for lady climbers. In this article Mrs. Bullock Workman gives us an outline of the pleasures, hardships, and adventures that befell her and her husband during a long cycling tour in India, illustrating her narrative with photographs specially taken.



HAVING on long journeys in North Africa, Spain, and the other countries of Europe, except Russia, found cycling the most independent and agreeable means of travelling, we decided to take our favourite vehicles for a more difficult trip through India. As we went to the Himalayas to see mountains,\* so we went to the plains to see people and temples; and as the more we sought the more we found of both, it so happened that, in three "cold weather" seasons, we covered 12,000 miles awheel in India.

On this journey we rode Beeston Humber bicycles. The handle-bars are provided with strong light steel wire luggage-carriers, on which our effects were piled so high that we could not see the front wheel. My machine carried a good-sized leather cycling satchel in front, and another one that filled the triangular space in the frame. A parcel tightly rolled in rubber cloth was also attached behind the saddle by straps, which enabled us to dispense with the heavy rear metal carrier.

Our luggage consisted of a blanket weighing from 2lb. to 4lb., a light rubber pillow, teakettle, kodak, slippers, one or two changes of underclothing according to the time we were to be separated from our heavy baggage; medicines for emergencies packed in small compass, whisky and brandy, all necessary tools for repairing as well as extra small parts, such as screws, nuts, bolts, balls, etc. To these were added always small parcels of tea, sugar, and

salt, and two-quart aluminium water-flasks each, besides food in concentrated form sufficient for from one to four days.

Altogether we carried an average of 20lb. and 30lb., and on occasion these figures were increased to 30lb. and 50lb. We sent a servant with heavy baggage by railway, who met us wherever it was possible at night, and on these occasions we, of course, carried very little; but we were often away from the railway and separated from the servant for several days, consequently the kit detailed above had to be always in readiness.

During the "cold weather" we found thin woollen outside clothing and light merino underwear agreeable; but in the warmer season the thinnest and most loosely-woven cotton and linen fabrics were none too cool. Khaki, so much used by those exercising in India, we tried and discarded, as being non-porous and heavy.

We wore Elwood ventilating topees, which, though far too heavy, keep the head cool at all times, owing to the current of air passing through them. It is needless to say that we protected our eyes by moderately dark glasses.

In order to accustom ourselves to tropical conditions, such as torrential rain, fierce sunshine, venomous serpents, and uncanny insects, we cycled successfully for six weeks in Ceylon. Then having secured in Colombo a Madrassi servant who called himself a "hard-working man," but who while in our employ went out of his way to avoid work, we crossed to Tuticorin, sixty-five miles north-east of Cape Comorin.

The excellent hotels and well-ordered bunga-

\* See "Our Climbs in the Himalayas," by Dr. and Mrs. Bullock Workman, in THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE for December last.

low of Ceylon had not been precisely the best preparation for Indian inns, particularly those of the far south. We had been repeatedly told what *not* to expect in these, but no one had troubled to tell us what we *might* expect. As Tuticormin professed to have an hotel one hoped for at least a decent sort of shelter. Alas, for one's hopes!

It was not a shelter for travellers, or even for cats and dogs—such as the *Paris Herald* has been trying to establish—but a home for birds, bats, and rats. The sitting-room, dining-hall, bed and bath rooms and manager's office (barring a few shaky 6ft. partitions) were essentially one family room, over which the birds presided as if under Nature's roof. When the twittering creatures went to sleep at night their place was taken by bats, which swirled over our heads at dinner. Then as the lights gradually went out and the bats subsided hosts of rats began a merry-go-round in the sleeping rooms. Beginning to doze after a gruesome night, I was aroused by a harbinger of day chirping in the post of the mosquito netting above my head. The matin of the birds was beginning. Later, when the bearer brought *chota haari*, two large crows sailed in and impudently deprived me of my toast before I had tasted it. There was a bird or a bat for every hour of the day and night in that winged creatures' refuge. Truly a strange "hotel."

In other respects the hotel resembled the average in India; the absence of cleanliness and bedding being compensated for by the superabundance of unreliable food. A few of the best hotels of India stand on a higher plane and remind one less of an Oriental serai; but they are nowhere really comfortable.

In one respect, however, the hotel proprietors of India have my sympathy. They are expected to furnish *haari*—tea, toast, eggs, and jam—at 6 a.m.; at 9.30, a four-course meat breakfast; at 1.30 an equally ponderous tiffin; at 4.30 p.m., tea, etc.; at 8.30, a dinner of six courses—and all this for five rupees in the smaller and seven in the larger cities! What European inn-keeper would thus deplete his own pocket and ruin the digestion of his guest? It is no wonder that lunch in an Indian hotel is, so to speak, clad in the cast-off clothes of the previous day's dinner.

Dāk bungalows on the other hand, of which the cyclist sees many, may be placed in the list of Indian surprises. Indian roads are often excellent for ten or twenty miles, and then as suddenly become execrable for a long distance. Indian rivers likewise may have bridges or causeways; but the majority are as Nature made them, and you may push your cycle through half a mile of sand and trust to a native or a

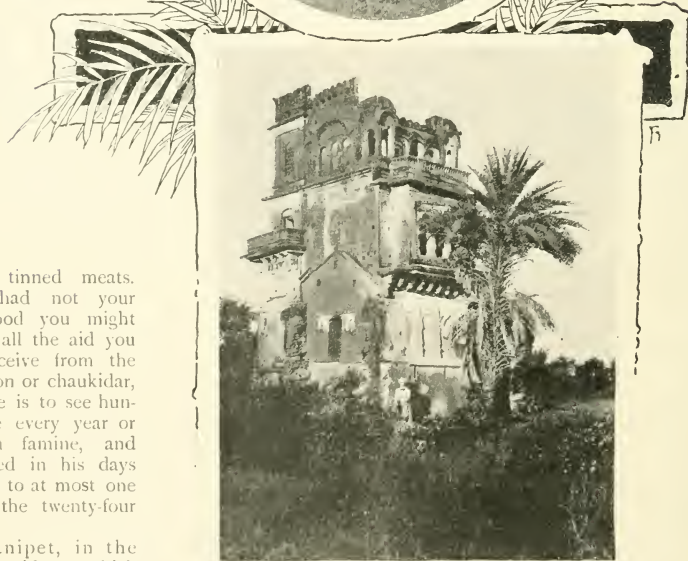
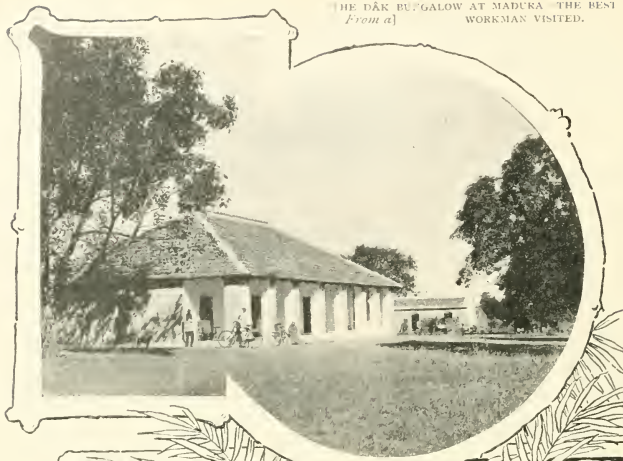
cart to take you over the water part. In default of either you can ford the stream yourself. Thus it will be seen that there is none of the monotony of miles of well-made roads and bridged rivers such as one finds in France, for instance, and it is the same with bungalows; they are full of the unexpected, and serve to swell the list of the eccentricities of road life in the Peninsula.

And the amusing part of it all is that no man twenty miles from any of these things can tell you how you will find them. He thinks he can, however, and gives a vivid description of either the bungalow or the river; but when you reach it, in nine cases out of ten you find it quite different from that man's description.

As examples of Indian bungalows I will cite three. A first-class dāk bungalow is in the hands of a *khansamah*, or cook, and two or three assistants; and the theory is that if you wire ahead and he is competent he will have rooms and dinner ready on your arrival at night. At Madura, one of the chief centres of Dravidian architecture, and one of the first places we visited in India, we found the model man and bungalow. Everything was clean—which is most unusual in India; the *khansamah* was attentive, the dinner served promptly and well cooked—in fact, there was nothing to complain of. Naturally, therefore, we expected after that to find neat, well-provisioned havens of rest sprinkled all over the southern turpikes, but we were soon undeceived.

To Chittambalam, another great temple centre, where there was supposed to be a dāk bungalow, we also telegraphed for dinner. We here realized that it is one thing to wire for your dinner and another to find it prepared on arrival. About 6 p.m. we wheeled up to the bungalow, which was two miles from the town, and found it locked. A search was next made for the *khansamah*, who proved to be only a keeper, as this was not a dāk, but an engineer's bungalow. He was found not far away, tilling the soil. He had received no telegram, and said it would not have helped matters if he had, as it would take him twenty-four hours to procure even eggs and rice.

An engineer's bungalow is a dismal place, for the reason that the engineer is sensible and carries his own kit about with him. This house had two rooms, each furnished with a chair, table, and cane-seated lounge. In addition it contained a wash-basin, iron tea-kettle, and teapot, so that had food been procurable there would have been no plates for serving it. As Chittambalam had a railway, however, our bearer drove up soon after our arrival with the heavy luggage, and we were thus enabled to

THE DĀK BUNGALOW AT MADRA. THE BENT MRS. BULLOCK  
*From a* WORKMAN VISITED. *(Photo.*SOME REMNANTS OF MEDIAEVAL INDIAN ARCHITECTURE AT MADURA.  
*From a Photo.*

dine off tinned meats. If you had not your tinned food you might starve for all the aid you would receive from the native peon or chaukidar, used as he is to see hundreds die every year or two from famine, and accustomed in his days of fulness to at most one meal in the twenty-four hours.

At Ranipet, in the Madras Presidency, which was reputed to have delightful accommodation, we met with another surprise. After a seventy-five mile run from Madras we dismounted, with some satisfaction, before an unusually large and noble-looking building, freshly whitewashed. On entering, a number of lofty rooms were found, but devoid of all furniture. One was closed off, being occupied by an officer on duty who had brought his furniture and servants.

There was no cook at the place, and as there was no railway station our servant had gone on farther and could be of no use; so we were rather in a quandary without beds or food.

The peon suggested that we should apply to an English resident of the town for furniture. This we did, and within two hours he and his kind wife had fitted out the bungalow with all

necessary articles. By that time home came the Madras lieutenant, who, delighted to find two Anglo-Saxons enconced for the night, invited us cordially to dine with him, and we passed a jolly evening together.

Owing to the hospitality which Anglo-Indians usually display toward each other, and toward strangers who need

on, in a village in the Bikanir desert, even that failed us.

We had a delightful journey through the

"OUR MOST AMUSING COMPANIONS WERE THE MONKEYS (THEY GAILY FEEDED US WITH TAMARIND PODS AND WATCHED US WITH A CURIOUS HUMAN INTEREST.

From a Photo.



"AMUSING! TODA WOMEN—THEY ARE THE MOST INTERESTING RACE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD."

(Photo.)

Madras Presidency (why call it the "benighted"?), stopping at Dravidian Vellore for a glance at its wonderful carved porches and gopuras, and putting up for three nights in rail-

way stations, as there were no towns of importance along the route. The larger stations, where there are ladies' waiting-rooms, are not uncomfortable—barring, of course, the fact that the door must remain open, and one may be disturbed at any hour of the night. Where there are many trains this chance is increased, and the noise is also trying. Many of these stations have restaurants attached to them.

We had to make runs of from sixty to eighty miles a day to reach a station at night, and in South India such distances are called abnormal.

The officer we met at Ranipet seemed to

their aid, we were very well off indeed. But it might have been quite otherwise. To have a roof over one's head is, however, the main thing on a cycling trip in India: and later

think the distance from Madras (seventy-five miles) unheard of for a woman to cycle in a day, and said he had been planning to make it a wheel in three stages with tents. At that rate he would be many years getting about India.

It was through a land of sylvan charm that we cycled to the base of the Nilgiri Hills. Onward we sped over good roads and sandy, but still never so bad that they could not be cycled, to the music of the loud cawing of ravens, the screech of green paroquets, the reiterative phrase of the "brain fever" bird, and the solemn, monotonous note of the turtle dove. Sometimes kingly banyans, wide-spreading tamarinds, and glistening pepuls—the sorrowless tree of Hindustan—interlaced their branches over the roadway for miles, forming a perfect shade. Who would look at trees in Europe when he has sat and cycled for months under the banyan of India or the waringin of Java, with their regal branches and weird trailing roots? To the right and left paddy-fields alternate with reaches of cocoa-nut palm, and on the horizon rise pinkish mauve hills to complete the charming South Indian aquarelle of vivid tone.

When we stopped for tiffin under a tree at noon, besides a stray cow or buffalo usually heard grunting about the roadside, our most amusing companions were the monkeys. Some were small and brown; others, much larger, were silver grey with long curling tails. Their favourite playground was the tamarind tree, and we usually chose to rest under one also at noon. If these monkeys think you are not looking they will twist their tails around a tree limb, and, leaning down between the leaves, look you over in a most comical manner. Looking up,

on one occasion, we saw them imitating us with their mouths. On another they gaily pelted us with tamarind pods, and at all times watched us with a curious human interest. But if we especially noticed or approached them they were off out of sight in a second.

After meeting centipedes in the jungle bungalows of Ceylon, and seeing two or more absolutely deadly snakes wriggle across the road in front of our cycles in the Moa district, it was a bit commonplace to sit under trees in

the company of monkeys and buffalo only—particularly as the crackling dead leaves scattered about made just the artistic setting for a grim-hooded cobra. But, alas! I never saw a land more devoid of serpents than India in the cold weather. I have seen more in half a day's walk about Schlangenbad, in Germany, than in three months in India.

Having climbed from the tropics below to the eucalyptus-clad hills of Nilgiri we had some delightful runs about Ootacamund at over 7,000ft. above sea-level.

We paid a visit to some Todas, the

most interesting aboriginal race of the Nilgiris, who, in spite of the presence of the white man and of other natives, still regard themselves as the rightful owners of the hills. They are tall and athletic-looking, and some of the women are rather comely with their long black hair parted on the crown and falling in curls on their shoulders. They live in hamlets called maunds, each of four or five curious huts built of bamboo with thatched roofs. They are indolent and good-natured—a wholly pastoral tribe, depending on their herds of buffaloes for support.

The story is told of how a few of the men were once employed by Government in felling



HERE IS ANOTHER TODA LADY—"SHE FELT OBVIOUSLY UNCOMFORTABLE  
From a] AT THE PROXIMITY OF MY LOADED BICYCLE." [Photo.

trees, but they found such labour too onerous and demeaning and soon gave it up. Their religion bears traces of ancestor and element worship, and their religious rites are wonderfully simple. The priest performs all these ceremonies without the assistance of the villagers, who bestir themselves only enough to utter such

snaky creepers which hang in festoons from their tops. It is the jungle which harbours dank pools into which a moss-covered bough falls with a splash that makes one shiver, even in a temperature of 90deg. Fahr. It is the voiceless jungle, where breezes never whisper and birds never sing—a fitting place for the lair of wild beasts.

In regard to the latter we were more fortunate than our servant, whom we came upon after two days. He and the driver were sitting in a cart near a serai, looking as frightened as two Indian mortals could. They had remained sitting there eight hours, afraid to push on, having encountered two wild elephants which had passed them snorting and at a fearful pace. We threatened the driver with non-payment if he did not move on, and



A TEMPLE AT BOLLANPESWAR, THE CITY OF THE SERPENTS, NOW REDUCED TO RUIN

*From a Photo*



INDIAN TEMPLE ELEPHANTS—OBSERVE THEIR EMBROIDERED TUSKHEADS.

*From a Photo.*

practical prayers as: "May all be well with the buffaloes."

On a lonely hillside, when leaving the Nilgiris, a snapshot was taken of a Toda woman, who felt obviously uncomfortable at the proximity of my loaded bicycle. In going down from these hills through the jungle of Mysore we were separated for several days from our bearer, who had to travel ahead with the luggage by bullock-cart. After the descent of the *ghaut* the road is not metalled, and is disgustingly heavy, so much so that long distances have to be walked under a burning sun.

This was particularly unpleasant, for, although unshaded, the road runs between jungle on both sides—jungle of rank vegetation, where great masses of bamboo form an impenetrable barrier, and where tall trees rise smothered with

we then stayed long enough to see them crawl off in frightened silence.

One of the most interesting provinces in India is Orissa, south of Bengal. On the wave-tossed coast of Puri is the Temple of Jagganath, at all seasons visited by thousands of pilgrims from every part of India. Twenty miles to the east is the famous Black Pagoda, which can boast of possessing the handsomest roof in India and to visit which one must be carried seven hours in palakis. And again, near

CYCLING ALONG THE PURI ROAD ON THE WAY TO  
*From a* JAGGANATHI. *[Photo.*



THE PALM LEAF UMBRELLA IS THE BADGE OF THOSE WHO HAVE MADE  
*From a* THE JAGGANATH PILGRIMAGE. *[Photo.*

Cuttack is the ancient Bhuvaneshwar, or City of 7,000 Shrines, now reduced to 500, which are quite enough for the ordinary person. As I am not asked to write a guide-book I will refrain from describing them, and simply add that we found some of the most wonderful architecture in India in this province. I would advise anyone wishing to tour in an out-of-the-way corner of the world to take his cycle and go there.

The railway projected between Madras and Calcutta, which was to pass through Cuttack, had not been built when we were there, and as there was no means of getting a servant over the

ground fast enough we piled our cycles high with luggage and prepared for a three hundred and fifty mile trip with what we could ourselves carry.

People said we should starve, as the bungalows mostly were unprovisioned. Had we listened to them our whole outfit would have consisted of meat-tins and Huntley and Palmer biscuits. The road we travelled over was the southern portion of the Grand Trunk, and each day scores of pilgrims were met coming and going. Those going, many of whom had walked a thousand miles or more,

looked worn and tired and had their feet tied about with rags. Those returning had a cheerful look, as if well satisfied with having paid their respects to Jagganath, and spent their last anna on the avaricious temple priests.

As seen in the accompanying photograph they carry the picturesque palm-leaf umbrella used by those who have beheld the glittering god; and attached to the inside of one is the bunch of red cane sticks, beneath the strokes of which the pilgrim is supposed to have done penance without the temple gateway.

The Grand Trunk road has its seamy side in



Orissa, as well as in the Punjab. Here its worst defects are want of shade and a preponderance of rivers. There are plenty of palms, but they never grow near together or lean protectingly over the turnpike as in Ceylon. Hindu mythology tells us that Varuna turned the channels of the rivers to suit himself, and while about it he must have cherished a spite against the Orissan highway, cutting it with floods of water and sand every fifteen or twenty miles.

Often we had to cross three or four streams in a day, and they waste time most seriously, for an Indian river that does not cover a width of from half a mile to a mile, including water and the prelude of sand, is no river worthy the name. Sometimes it seemed as if we should never get across, for the natives were fanatical, and would not shoulder us or the cycles; at other times the water was too deep for fording and there were no boats, and so we sat in the burning sun and waited for a cart to appear on the scene. On other occasions the natives carried us on their backs or a boat was available, but it was always an unknown quantity as to how we really should cross the great unbridged rivers. From punctures the tyres suffered pretty seriously, but water and not thorns is the cyclist's principal plague in Orissa.

It was well I carried my tea-kettle tottering above my other parcels, for those in the bungalows, when there were any, were not fit for use. As to provisions, what we had been able to stow away among the kit came in well, as there were but two or three *dāk* bungalows on the whole route.

The gentleman seen in the photograph robed in his English ulster is the Prime Minister of

the native State of Boondi, whom we photographed with his son on the roof of his palace one day. We were guests of the State while visiting this most picturesque capital, and very kind and attentive to our wants was this official in the absence of the Maharajah. He is a Rajput noble of ancient lineage, and a very clever man. It has even been hinted that he holds the reins of government of this small State quite in his own hands. In any case, although not speaking a word of English, he is quite abreast of the times, and imports his bicycle and sporting equipments direct from London.

Many and varied were our experiences with punctures in India, and particularly did our tyres suffer from the cyclist's *bête noir*, the thorn. On our route from Ajmere to Jodpur and Bikaner we had to cross a part of the Bikaner desert. One day's run of forty-seven miles from Bearwar to Sojat illustrated the delights of this region. A road had formerly led between these two places, but it had long since fallen into ruin. What there was left of it ran over an undulating dry sand waste, without tree or vegetation of any kind, and on which a scorching sun burned with tropical fervour.

Over the greater part of the distance the road-bed had disappeared, leaving a sandy track, which was only in places rideable. Three riverbeds of deep sand, each half a mile wide, had to be crossed, and pushing the cycles through them was most exhausting. Later came a stony stretch of several miles, where riding was possible but the jolting excessive. The route here was strewn for half a mile with thorns from a dismantled thorn hedge. After cycling over



THE GENTLEMAN IN THE ULSTER IS THE PRIME MINISTER OF BOONDI, A NATIVE INDIAN STATE. DR. AND MRS. WORKMAN WERE HIS GUESTS DURING THEIR STAY IN BOONDI. [Photo.]

this our tyres fairly bristled with thorns.

We managed to reach the outskirts of an isolated native village as the sun was setting in a golden bank of cloud. Nearly half a mile of heaviest sand cut us off from the village, which would certainly not possess a bungalow, and yet push for it we must, or sleep on the desert which rolled in dusky sand-waves toward the sinking sun. Near the village natives gathered about us, concentrating their attention upon our now collapsed tyres. We asked for the *tehsildar*, and they volunteered to take us to his house. The streets were simply paths of sand, which the hundred or more natives now surrounding us kicked up to such an extent in walking that we and our cycles marched in a dense cloud of dust.

At last a sort of hut, which proved to be the post-office, was reached. The post-master spoke no English and our Hindustani was limited, but luckily the inspector of post-offices for the district happened to be there and became to our aid. We explained that we must have something to drink and a place to lie down in for the night. After consultation they decided to put us up in an open porch or *choultrie* just off one of the streets.

Still accompanied by the whole village we transported our wounded cycles to this veranda, which was evidently part of an ancient palace, judging from the crenellated arches and well-carved stone pilasters. Having begged the post-master to disperse the crowd we seated ourselves on the porch to await the promised furniture. Night had well set in when it came, but



MRS. WORKMAN RESTS AT THE FOOT OF THE GREAT GARANDA PILLAR AT JODHPUR.

From a Photo.



A MONOTONOUS STRETCH BETWEEN FATEPUR AND BANDA.

From a Photo.

come it did. First two *charpoys*, then a chair, and oh! luxury, a table! Finally a native was stationed in the courtyard to make a fire and boil our kettle. We unpacked the kettle, also our two candles and tinned meats, and soon were brewing our own tea, which was vastly appreciated.

Instead of chatting over *café noir* we spent an hour mending a few of the punctures, and then, rolling ourselves in our blankets, went to sleep under the stars on Bikaner. Before daylight we were up and ready to leave, but the tyres were devoid of all air, and so we waited until dawn, and began to mend again. After two hours' work thirty more punctures were repaired, and by dint of frequent inflating we were at length able to go on. And this is how the Indian thorn bush served us on one occasion.

# THE HUMOURS OF AN AFRICAN JOURNEY.



By T. J. TONKIN.

A few of the lighter episodes of a journey across the country that is now called Nigeria. Dr. Tonkin is well known to "Wide World" readers by reason of the many incidents he has related out of his experiences as a member of the expedition organized by the Hausa Association, which was commanded by the present Canon Robinson of Ripon.



UPPOSE some dark night you are walking with a friend on the banks of a canal—a nice, deep, muddy canal—and your friend slips in. A sense of the ludicrous side of the occurrence will do much to support you under the shock which your friend's untoward mishap may have caused you. Just at first, perhaps, it may fail to be equally fortifying to the man in the canal, but it has helped you, which is the point I wish to emphasize. Later on, even he, when you explain to him before pulling him out how desperately funny the whole thing is, will see it too and try to clear his mouth of mud and stones and weed that he may laugh with you.

We had a deal of strengthening humour of this kind granted us in the course of our African journey. One afternoon one of our number went off to shoot crane. He walked some distance—miles, he says—before getting a sight of his quarry, but eventually, peering over some undergrowth towards the edge of a shallow gully, he made out a flock of the much-desired birds feeding on the other side. He was very anxious to get at them, and fearing lest, when crossing the gully, his heavy, iron-shod boots should make some sound on the

loose stones at the bottom and on the banks, he took them off and, depositing them at the root of a stub of mimosa, crossed barefoot. When he got to the other side the crane had moved on a little. While he was making up on them they moved on some more; and as he raised himself up and took the open to get a shot at them they moved on a great deal. In fact, they moved on altogether—permanently and, I regret to say, in safety. Then our sportsman, after hurling maledictions after the departing flock, went back to his boots. That is to say, he thought he was going back to his boots; but events proved that he was only going back for them. He did a good deal of going back for them, too. But they might have followed the example of the crane and moved on, for he never saw anything of them any more.

He said subsequently he had no idea there was so much mimosa in Africa—it was fairly growing wild. And as to the stones, it seemed to him that all the sharp-pointed, gritty stones on the continent had banded together to lay themselves out on the ten or fifteen odd miles he tramped looking out for those boots and on his way back to the camp. He said

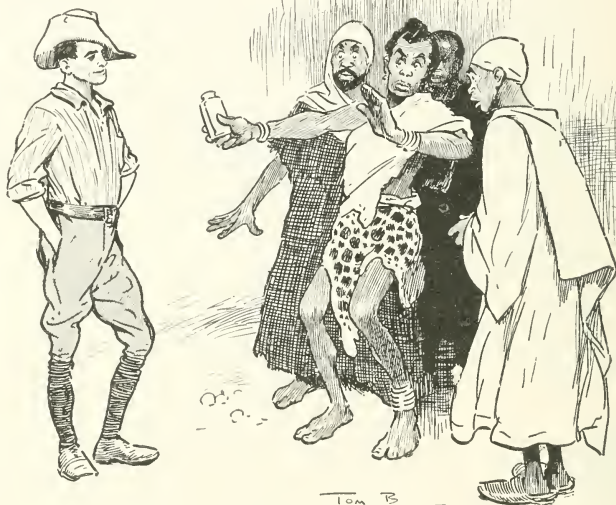
other things too—sharp, harsh, regrettable things—when he first came in and we were questioning him; but, as for us, that blessed sense of humour came to our aid, and we survived.

But all our humour was not quarried out at the expense of our companions. We had a nice little game at a town called Zaria over scent.

Being in want of money we sold some blocks of camphor which we had by us, and which, for some unknown reason, command quite a fancy price in the Soudan. No sooner was it known that we were selling camphor than we were besieged by all and sundry wanting to buy. But we had got all the money we wanted for the time being, and did not feel disposed to sell out any more of what was evidently a valued and much-sought-after commodity. The would-be buyers would not, however, take "No" for an answer. We tried to sell them other things—cloth, snuff, tin boxes, tea, and the like; but

they weren't to be deflected from that camphor—not even by fish-hooks. At last one man made a break in our favour. Well, if we wouldn't sell camphor, had we any other *abu-n-Kampshi* (smelly things) to dispose of? We said "No" at first, but on reflection an idea struck us, and we concluded we had. Further reflection on business lines made the idea seem good to us, and we determined to try it; so we boldly produced oil of peppermint and eucalyptus as choice European scents. To our surprise, they were snapped up greedily, the merchants, figuratively speaking, tumbling over one another to get them. Emboldened by this, we introduced to their notice more "twangy" things which we were burdened with, and which were of no particular use to us. The result was that in the course of a short afternoon's trade we ridded ourselves of an accumulation, including a quart of turpentine; some extract of male-fern that had gone wrong; a bottle of

green corn solvent, smelling strongly of ether; and a small quantity of toothache tincture. I pressed the matter. I was interested to see where they would draw the line. They drew it at iodoform. They looked at it, smelt it, passed it round, said it was "very pretty to look at—but——" I didn't wonder; I say "but" to iodoform myself.



"THEY DREW THE LINE AT IODOFORM."

At Zaria, too, we sold the fiddle, or rather what had been the fiddle. I don't know why we took a fiddle out to Africa with us at all, but we did. It was probably one of those aimless acts that even persons of great mental capacity occasionally commit. I fancy at the back of it all there was the idea that round the camp fire at night we would be able to cheer and soothe the artless savage with dulcet strains. None of us could play the violin, but I think we all flattered ourselves that, given the mellowing influences of the camp fire and a full stomach, we could produce strains of a sufficiently dulcet nature to soothe persons who had no previous knowledge of the instrument. For myself I thought that perhaps I might do even more than this; and in Tunis, where we bought the thing, I made the resolution that I would set apart a portion of each day for violin practice. I started doing this, but after one or two days my companions made such offensive

remarks about the matter that I was obliged to give up practising. Thereafter, I trusted to native genius. From Tunis we carried that fiddle round by Marseilles, Paris, London, Liverpool, Sierra Leone, and the Niger, about six thousand miles clear into the heart of Africa. But the fiddle was all we ever got there; the "duleat strains" did not arrive with it. Duleat strains are probably not included with fiddles at five-and-thirty francs a time. But we did our best with it. We took it out one night to play it. We all had different theories as to how the thing should be wound up, but eventually the matter was left in my hands, which, as I was going to do the playing, was nothing more than just. So I fixed it up my way. I got four strings, tacked them on to the heel-piece, hung them out over the bridge, and proceeded to clew them up with the screw things at the top. Meanwhile the artless savages were waiting, for they had been given to understand there was a treat in store for them. I clewed and clewed, but didn't seem to be getting the strings any tighter. Then I found they were wet and stretching like so many worms. I dried them at the fire and tried again. Then the fiddle came to pieces. Mr. Robinson\* said we ought to have expected it, that the moisture and heat in the West African air had melted the glue, and that any fiddle, even one of the best manufacture, would have come to pieces under similar circumstances. I think, however, that the fiddle was of inferior quality, glued together instead of nailed, and I feel confident, knowing tropical climates as I do, and being acquainted with the construction of fiddles, that if I had wood and screws and time enough I could make an instrument that would stand the racket of any climate, and, perhaps, play a little into the bargain.

Talking of fiddles reminds me of cooking. There is a wonderful deal of good wholesome amusement to be got out of cooking if you only go the right way about it. While we were in Africa we all took a turn at cooking now and again—in fact, occasionally we all took it together, when the only advantage that could be urged in favour of the results was that none of us were able to criticise them, being all equally implicated, as it were. We usually made a success of rice. It is fairly easy to cook rice, if you only begin soon enough, but when it came to complicated matters like jam and bread the results were sometimes at variance with our expectations—or at least with our desires. Our most brilliant ideas were sometimes the forerunners of our most disastrous failures. I had a brilliant idea

myself once. It was when we were leaving Kano, the capital of Mohammedan Central Africa, for the coast and had to face the prospect of weeks—perhaps months—without being able to get bread or even flour. To provide against this contingency I said I would make some bread on the Jewish principle, as they used to make it in the good old Bible days for Passover purposes; that is to say, without barm, and in thin cakes with holes punched through them like Huntley and Palmer's biscuits. The others said the idea seemed good, so I set to work. What I wanted was something that would keep, and not go sour or soft, or do anything foolish like that. I made my dough out of flour and salt and water, and spread it out in thin films on the bottom and sides of an old tin trunk cut up for the purpose. All went well until I baked it. I don't know why it didn't go right then. It was the most ordinary-looking dough you can think of. Nice, brown, podgy, promising dough, with nothing remarkable about it at all. You would have thought you could have made anything out of that dough—anything in the bread or pastry line, I mean. As a matter of fact, the only things that *could* have been made out of that dough with any show of success were temples or pyramids or something of that kind—articles in which extreme durability is to be looked for. But I did not know this at the time. I was aiming at bread.

I put my first batch of cakes in the oven. I did not bake them too long, but just long enough, as you may say—three or four hours perhaps. Then I took them out with the tongs and set them by to cool. By-and-by Bonner† came along, looked at the cakes, felt them, and so on.

"Seem hard," he said, briefly glancing my way. "Hard? No, crisp," I said. "Crisp is the word to use when speaking of pastry."

"Well, I should call 'em hard," was the uncompromising response.

I took a look at them myself. They certainly were hardish, but doubtless that was just the first effect of the heat and would pass off. It didn't, however. At tea we discussed those cakes again. Mr. Robinson tried one, looked doubtful, asked how many of 'these things' I had made. I told him a large bag full.

"Ah, well," he said, prudently laying aside the one he had taken; "it seems a pity to eat things that will keep now when we have plenty of stuff by us that won't; we must reserve these for future use."

It was later on, on the road, that I ascertained to the full the mind of my companions on the matter of those cakes.

\* The leader of the Hausa Association Expedition, and now Canon of Ripon.

† The baggage-master of the Expedition.



"It seems to me," said Bonner, on one occasion, "you must have had in your mind as a model some piece of cake that had actually been made by the Israelites on their memorable journey, and preserved as a relic in a monastery ever since!"

As for our chief, he just put one of them on a piece of rock and battered away at it plaintively but uneventfully with a mallet. I tried to brazen it out, but it was no use. I hadn't a case. Those cakes were not to be defended. You couldn't chew them; you couldn't soak them; you couldn't batter them to pieces on the mill-stones without pounding off so much of the stone that the porridge made from the resulting meal resembled cement. You could only look at them, lug them around, swear about them, and finally give them up for a bad job. At least, that's all I could do with them.

I think cooking is one of the most disastrous things for an amateur to meddle with—for an amateur with only average intelligence, of course, I mean. I remember a case in point.

I was living in a certain French town with a bachelor companion. We were living all alone in the strictest sense of the term, with none but male servants to look after us. We worked the housekeeping ourselves. It fell among my share of duties to engineer the cooking. I thought I was getting on fairly well. I was stuffing fowls and making cakes, any way, and I did not think

my companion comprehended to the full the immense degree in which my capabilities in this direction ministered to our mutual comfort. And so one day, with an extra successful cake for an example, I spread myself out on the subject. I did not scoop up much appreciation. In fact, my companion took the matter coldly. He did not think there was anything wonderful in being able to make a cake—at least, such a cake as the one before us on this occasion—and he offered to make the next himself. He also sug-

gested significantly that his cake would be a cake in which the currants would *not* sink to the bottom. He was quite right; it was.

There was nothing, he declared, when a day or two later he set about tackling the practical part of the business—nothing difficult about making a cake. You had only to stick to the directions and you were bound to turn up right. He was a Cambridge man, and said it was merely a matter of mathematics; so much flour, so much salt, so much water, so much cooking—and there you were—a cake! Where was the cookery book? It was handed to him. He ran through the index: almond cake, beef cake, bride cake, cocoa-nut cake, nice useful cake, plum cake—yes, here we are. Plum cake (nice), page 1,885. Tried to find it and failed. Grumbled about there not being 1,885 pages in the book—then was told the numbers referred to paragraphs, not pages. He grumbled again, something about "senseless system" this time; but he got on the track of the cake recipe at last.

(Reads aloud) "Nice plum cake.—Ingredients: half a pound of flour, quarter of a pound of butter, half a pound of sugar, half a pound of currants, two ounces of candied peel." Then he laid the book down with a slam. "Now, then, the flour first. Johnny" (to our servant), "where's the flour?"

"Here, master."

"Ah, yes. See how much!" (Looks at book.)  
 "Half a pound—h'm—that's about half a pound, I should think." (Dumps it on the table.)  
 "Now, what next?—quarter of a pound of butter. See, those are kilo pats—yes—oh, half a one will be near enough. No, don't want a plate, thanks—will do on the table. Now, is the sugar there and the currants?"

"Yes."

"Well, half a pound of sugar—there, I should

Then the fun began. For the next few minutes the sound of laboured breathing and the rhythmic thud of metal spoon on crockery basin filled the room. The "ingredients" didn't seem to mind it. The noise increased. Still the ingredients remained unaffected. Then the rhythm got disturbed—but the ingredients still held out. There did not seem to be the makings of proper cake dough among the lot of them. Sometimes for a moment or two the



"THEN THE FUN BEGAN."

think that will do" (deals out a handful); "half a pound of currants—these the currants? Don't think there is half a pound, is there? Well, we'll put in the lot; two ounces candied peel: I don't care for candied peel, do you?"

"No."

"Well, we'll leave that out—can't do the cake any harm" (it couldn't). "Half a pint of milk—what, no milk? Johnny, run out and get some milk. Now the soda: I should think four of these tabloids will do—that's all, I think. Oh! the milk. Yes, here's Johnny with it. Come along, hurry up—can't waste all day about a cake. That all the milk you could get for ten cents? Well, I suppose it's enough; half a pint—that's a glassful. Yes, just enough. Now, how do you mix the thing?"

(Refers again to book—reads half aloud.)

"Mode—put flour . . . basin . . . sugar . . . currants, peel—we're doing without the peel—beat butter . . . mix ingredients . . . milk . . . stir . . . add . . . dough . . . beat the whole well together till everything is thoroughly mixed."

(Then repeats reflectively, putting down book.)

"Yes—beat the whole—well together—till everything is thoroughly mixed—gimme a spoon."

mess would begin to look like dough and all would be hopeful, but the next, a swipe of the spoon would fetch another layer of undigested flour into view, and the heated expressions would begin again.

At last the would-be cake-maker got worried and handed the mixing business over to Johnny on the pretence that the tin in which the cake was to be baked wanted greasing. I moved up nearer to the compounder. It seemed to me the spoon worked a bit grittily now and again as it edged along the side of the basin and I ventured a remark about the currants.

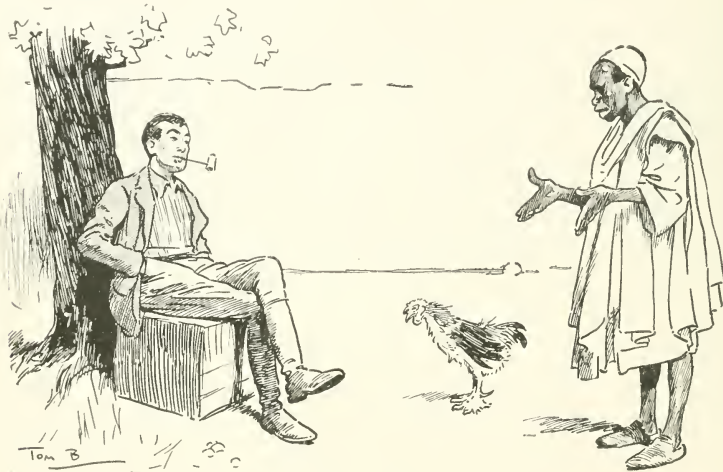
"The currants? Not washed 'em. Well, they don't want washing—they're washed before you buy them, aren't they? At any rate, they looked clean; if they'd looked dirty I should have washed them, of course. Where's the bag? No, *they're* all right—look at the bag—quite clean. *Now, haven't you mixed that cake yet?* Here, gimme the spoon."

Thud! Thud! Thud! More earnest endeavour; more hard breathing; more muttered earnestness. But at last a set expression crept up over my companion's face—such an expression as might settle on the face of a man who has committed a murder, and is just about to dispose of the body of his victim. I knew what

it meant. It betokened fierce determination to bring that business to a close—to jam that cake dough, properly mixed or not, as might happen to be the case, into that greased tin, hurl it into the oven, and slam the door on it to bake or burn as it jolly well liked. He carried his determination into effect. Then he went off upstairs, banging the doors on his way with unnecessary violence. I don't know why he was so angry. He was quite right about the cake—perfectly right. The currants did *not* sink to the bottom of it, they stayed right where

the worst of it is, you can't look after everything yourself, and you often get these feathered relics in your soup. I'll just give you one instance, which was the more aggravating because I had refused the fowl myself, with scorn.

I was alone in camp one afternoon, and a man walked in with some kind of bundle under the flap of his country gown. Did I want to buy a fowl? I said I did. He threw back his robe: he had one tucked under his arm. He took it out and stood it upon the ground. It stood still. He said: "There is a fowl."



"IT STOOD STILL."

they were when the dough was first put in the oven. They had no choice. Currants weighing a hundredweight each could not have sunk to the bottom of that cake.

But I must return to Africa once more. This article is about fun in Africa—not fun in a kitchen. The egg and cock-a-doodle business is a standard African wheeze. Wherever you go as rough travellers you want eggs and fowls to live on. You often want them very acutely, but even when you get them you are sometimes better without them. I have not space in this article to do more than touch on the subject: it wants a brace of articles to itself. But, wherever you go, the very greatest discrimination is required in buying these two commodities. "Bad" is no word to describe the condition of the bulk of the eggs that will be offered you for sale; and as for "ancient," why, the stock African rooster simply isn't in sight when "ancient" passes the post. And

"Yes," I said, "I see; and it's going to remain a fowl—at least, so far as I am concerned."

He asked me what I meant.

I said: "Well, my friend, that fowl has lived a long and doubtless honourable life; it seems needless to offer it violence now—why not let it end its days in peace?"

The man listened to me, then made an astounding statement. "That fowl, O my master, is young."

"Oh!" I replied, "he's young, is he? Perhaps that's why he stands so still—not begun to walk yet, I suppose. And what's the matter with his comb?" (it was shrunken and all on one side).

"Oh!" he said, "that's his breed; fowls like him always have combs like that."

I did not feel that I could conscientiously object to the last part of this person's statement, so I contented myself by remarking that per-



haps his breed accounted for the dry, bald patches all over him as well—too high bred to bother about holding his feathers in. The man said "No." That curious fowl got those bald patches scratching himself; he was one of the cleanest fowls on earth, was this fowl, and if he couldn't get the dirt off with his claws without rending out feathers, why, the feathers had to come out too. That was all.

Up to this the fowl had not stirred from the place where he had been put down—had not moved a muscle, in fact. Now, however, as the man finished his remark he half-opened an eye, fixed me with it, gave his head a slow and painful jerk backward, and coughed. I saw his difficulty at a glance. He wanted to talk; that's what was the matter with him. You could almost see the words sticking in his throat. He wanted to say, "Don't you believe him, young man; it's age, simple, downright, chronic, undiluted age that makes me the sealy monstrosity that I am. I'm old, my boy, old; and I couldn't claw myself if I wanted to."

I bent down, and taking up one of the fowl's feet called the would-be vendor's attention to the length of his spurs. The old bird cocked his head on one side and had a look at them too. What had the owner to say about them? The fowl had been born with them. This was apparently too much for the poor old bird. He pulled himself up, closed his eyes, and smiled

internally. I let go of his leg. He put it down on the ground and relapsed into coma.

"Young man," I said, impressively, to the fowl's owner, "take your fowl away—it would be disrespectful to eat him; besides, it would not be possible—take him away."

He took him away.

That evening at supper I fished out of the stew-pot the leg of a rooster that didn't seem to have much meat on it. I busied myself with it for some time and then took a look round our little circle of faces.

"Which of us bought this fowl?" I asked.

"I did," said Bonner.

"Oh, you did, did you? When did you buy it?"

"This afternoon: met the man on the road just outside!"

"Oh! you met the man on the road just outside? Did he happen to say it was a young fowl?"

"Yes, I believe he did."

"Was it a fowl that kept his eyes shut and had bald patches all over him?"

"Yes; why?"

I told the story, and as I did so the remains of that fowl were dropped back with reverent promptitude into the soup and we wiped our mouths.

"But," said Salem, the cook, "you know"—and here he stopped to giggle insanely—"you've had his chest in the soup!"



"YOU'VE HAD HIS CHEST IN THE SOUP!"



*From a Copyright Photo, by H. R. Locke.*

BY ALFRED BURKHOLDER.

This episode, the twenty-fifth anniversary of which was celebrated on the 25th of June last, has no parallel in the history of Indian warfare. Speaking of General Custer, Mr. Burkholder writes: "While living he was the idol of millions of Americans, and his tragic death only served to intensify the reverence with which he was looked upon by all who admire courage in a man. Few narratives are more impressive than that of the annihilation of General Custer and his 300 men by the savage Sioux."



JUNE 25th of the present year was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the memorable Custer massacre, which on land is the counterpart of the disaster suffered by the Americans on the sea when the battleship *Maine* was blown up in the harbour of Havana. A curious coincidence is the fact that the loss of life in each of the disasters was practically the same.

This year, in accordance with the practice during the past few years, the anniversary of the massacre was observed by the various posts of the Grand Army of the Republic in Montana and Northern Wyoming; and appropriate services were held on the Custer battlefield, which is situated on the Little Big Horn River, in Southern Montana. Owing to this being the quarter-century anniversary of the massacre the



GENERAL CUSTER, WHO, WITH 300 MEN, WAS MASSACRED BY THE SIOUX INDIANS.

*From a Photo, by D. F. Barry.*

services this year attracted even more than the usual attention.

This historic spot is the chief attraction for sight-seers who visit that portion of the Great West. The battlefield, made sacred to all Americans who revere the memory of the gallant and fearless Custer and his brave men, will ever be looked upon with feelings of awe as the visitors recall that 25th day of June, 1876, when the brave soldier and his faithful troopers went forth to battle with an overwhelming force of blood-thirsty Sioux Indians, only to be the victims of a massacre which has no equal in the annals of Indian warfare.

The story of this disastrous conflict between the heroes who wore the blue and the tawny and naked savage who grants no quarter to his pale-face foe will always be read with interest. Numerous theories have

been advanced as to the causes which led to the surprise and annihilation of General Custer and nearly three hundred men of his command.

General Custer, who will always be considered the popular American cavalry leader, graduated at West Point just in time to take part in the Battle of Bull Run at the commencement of the Civil War. He served with his regiment—the 5th Cavalry—for a time, but was eventually appointed aide-de-camp to General McClellan. At the age of only twenty-three he was promoted from captain to brigadier-general.

After the close of the War of the Rebellion he was assigned duty in Texas as a major-general of Volunteers, remaining there about one year. In 1866 he returned to his old home at Monroe, Mich., and in the autumn of that year was sent to Kansas, where he remained for five years. He was then ordered to Kentucky, where his regiment was distributed through various portions of the South on the disagreeable duty of breaking-up illicit distilleries and suppressing the "Ku Klux." After being stationed at Elizabethtown, Kentucky, for about two years the General and his regiment were, in the spring of 1873, ordered to Dakota.

The order to proceed to Dakota was hailed with joy by Custer and every man in the regiment, as it meant active duty once more instead of the seemingly unsoldierly life which they had led during their stay in Kentucky and other parts of the South. Little did the General and his men dream that he himself, many of his brave officers, and several hundred of his dashing troopers were to meet their death in the then little-known region west of the Missouri River—and that in a manner that would shock the entire civilized world.

In the spring of 1873 railroads had not yet reached Yankton, but had been completed to a

point about one mile from that town. There the regiment and its equipments were unloaded, and the men went into camp on an open plain near the end of the railroad. Although the month was April the cavalrymen were destined to be welcomed to Dakota by one of the worst blizzards in its history, and the superstitious regarded as an ill-omen the harshness of the greeting which the elements gave them.

While the tents were being erected the air suddenly grew chilly, the bright sun of the morning disappeared, and rain began to fall. As the afternoon advanced the wind blew colder, and by night a howling blizzard was sweeping over the hastily-erected camp. Knowing the scarcity of fuel and the danger to the horses from exposure to the rigour of such weather after their removal from a warm climate, General Custer late in the evening ordered the soldiers to take their horses and make their way to Yankton, and ask the citizens to give them shelter in their homes, cow-sheds, and stables. The townspeople, true to the unvarying Western hospitality, did everything possible for the comfort of the "boys in blue."



"THE WINDSWEPT TO EVERYBODY'S DOOR FOR THE COMFORT OF THE 'BOYS IN BLUE.'"

Several soldiers who became lost while striving to make their way to the shelter of the town were badly frozen, and afterwards had to have their feet and some of their fingers amputated. The storm continued all that night, the following day, and the next night, and caused



FORT ABRAHAM LINCOLN, SOUTH DAKOTA, WHERE GENERAL CUSTER AND HIS REGIMENT WERE STATIONED BEFORE STARTING ON THEIR ILL-FATED EXPEDITION. [D. F. Barry.]

great suffering among those who were not provided with good shelter.

When the snow had disappeared and the country had dried off sufficiently to permit of travel the regiment made the long overland journey up the Missouri River to Fort Abraham Lincoln, opposite Bismarck, where head-quarters were established. During the remainder of that year the regiment was engaged in what has since

been known as the Yellowstone Expedition. In 1874 General Custer penetrated the Black Hills, and a geologist with his command confirmed the report of the presence of gold in that region.

In the spring of 1876 matters were in a very



CHIEF RAIN-IN-THE-FACE, WHO TOOK A PROMINENT PART IN THE MASSACRE.

From a Photo. by D. F. Barry.



CHIEF GALL, WHO WAS IN SUPREME COMMAND OF THE INDIAN FORCES.

From a Copyright Photo. by D. F. Barry.

unsettled condition. Sitting Bull refused to make a treaty with the Government and would not consent to live on a reservation. Besides his constant attacks on the white settlers, driving back even the most adventurous, his warriors were incessantly invading and stealing from the land assigned to the peaceable Crow Indians. These appealed for help to the Government, who had promised to protect them.

Accordingly an expedition was organized to hunt down and force the warlike Sioux to cease their depredations. The expedition consisted of the 7th Cavalry, twenty-eight officers and about 700 men. There were two companies of the 17th Infantry and one company of the 6th

Infantry—eight officers and 135 men; one platoon of Gatling guns, two officers and thirty-two men (of the 20th Infantry), and forty "Ree" Indian scouts. Brigadier-General Alfred H. Terry, the department commander, was in command of the expeditionary forces.

The little army left Fort Lincoln on the morning of May 17th, 1876. Previous to the departure the 7th Cavalry marched around the parade ground with a band at the head playing "Garryowen," the battle tune of the regiment, which was first used when the regiment charged at the battle of the Washita.

The 7th Cavalry was divided into two columns (right and left wings), commanded respectively by Major Marcus A. Reno and Captain F. W. Benteen. Each wing was subdivided into two battalions of three troops each. Nothing of special interest occurred until the 27th of May, when the regiment had reached the Bad Lands of the Little Missouri River. On the 30th General Custer was sent with four troops to make a scout up the Little Missouri for about twenty miles. He returned the same day without having discovered any recent "Indian signs." On the 31st the command crossed the Little Missouri without difficulty. On the 1st and 2nd of June the troops were compelled to remain in camp owing to a snow-storm.

For three days the troops remained in camp on the Powder River. General Terry went to the Yellowstone to communicate with the supply steamer *Far West*, which was at the mouth of the Powder. He also went up the Yellowstone to communicate with General Gibbons's command, which was known as the "Montana Column," and was composed of four troops of the 2nd Cavalry and several companies of the 7th Infantry. Before General Terry left it was given out that the 7th Cavalry would be sent to scout up the Powder River, while the waggon-

train, escorted by the infantry, would be sent to establish a supply camp at the mouth of the Powder.

When General Terry returned orders were issued on June 10th for the right wing, six troops, under Major Reno, to make a scout up the Powder River. They were provided with twelve days' rations. The following day the rest of the command marched to the mouth of the Powder. Up to this time not a single hostile Indian had been seen. The trail of a small party of perhaps a half-dozen tepees was discovered, the supposition being that they were agency Indians on their way to join the hostiles. The indications were that the hostiles were west of the Powder, and information from General Gibbons was to the effect that they were south of the Yellowstone River.

Some of the officers expressed the belief that no Indians would be found at all, and that the expedition would be back at Fort Lincoln by the middle of August. Major Reno was ordered to scout to the forks of the Powder, then across to Mizpah creek, follow it down to near its confluence with the Powder; then cross to Pumpkin creek, follow it down to Tongue River, scout up that stream, and then rejoin the regiment at the mouth of the Tongue by the time his supplies were exhausted. A supply depot was established at the mouth of the Powder. This was guarded by the infantry, and here the waggon-train was left.

General Terry with his staff took passage on the supply steamer *Far West* and went to the mouth of the Tongue River. General Custer, with the left wing, marched to the mouth of the Tongue, where he remained until the 19th waiting tidings from Reno as to the result of his scout. On that date word came from Reno that he had discovered the trail of a large body of Indians leading up the Rosebud River.



MAJOR RENO, WHO WAS IN COMMAND OF THE TROOPS SURROUNDED ON THE BLUFFS.  
From a Photo, by D. F. Barry



DR. H. B. PURDIE, THE ONLY SURVIVING MEDICAL OFFICER WITH GENERAL CUSTER'S COMMAND.

From a Photo, by D. F. Barry.

Custer's command then pushed forward and rejoined Reno, who informed them that as near as could be judged there were about three hundred and fifty lodges of Indians, and their trail was about three weeks old.

General Custer and his troopers reached the mouth of the Rosebud River about noon on June 21st. As the result of a conference between Generals Terry, Gibbons, and Custer on the steamer *Far West* it was decided that the 7th Cavalry, under General Custer, should follow the trail discovered by Reno. Accordingly at noon on June 22nd the regiment left camp. As it passed out it was reviewed by Generals Terry, Gibbons, and Custer, the former having a pleasant word for each officer as he returned the salute. On the 23rd and 24th a great many Indian camping-places were passed, all appearing to be of nearly the same strength, but one much larger than any of the others was seen. The grass for a considerable distance around it had been cropped close, indicating that large herds had been grazed there. The frame of a large "sundance" lodge was yet standing, and in it was found the scalp of a white man, probably

one of General Gibbons's command, who had been killed some weeks previously. The command halted here, and General Custer had a consultation with his troop commanders. "At this time," wrote Captain E. S. Godfrey, of Troop "K," a stiff southerly breeze was blowing. As we were about to separate the General's head-quarters flag was blown down, falling

toward our rear. Being near the flag I picked it up and stuck the staff in the ground, but it fell again to the rear. I then bored the staff into the ground where it would have the support of a sage-bush. This circumstance made no impression on me at the time, but after the battle an officer asked me if I remembered the incident. He had observed it, and regarded the fact of its falling to the rear as a bad omen, and felt sure we would suffer a defeat."

The command had little rest on the night of

the 24th, the General being anxious to get as near the divide near the Little Big Horn, over which the Indian trail led, as possible before daylight. Here the command would be concealed during the day, and give ample time for the country to be studied; also to locate the village and to make plans for the attack which was intended to be made on the 26th.

A little after two o'clock on the morning of the 25th the command was halted to await further tidings from the scouts. Shortly before eight o'clock General Custer rode to the several troops himself, and gave orders to be ready to march at eight o'clock, stating that the scouts had discovered

the locality of the Indian village or camp in the valley of the Little Big Horn, about twelve or fifteen miles beyond the divide. At ten o'clock in the morning the command was again halted. A ravine furnished shelter, and the men were instructed to maintain quiet and do nothing that would reveal their presence to the enemy.

It was not long, however, before several



"BEING NEAR THE FLAG, I PICKED IT UP AND STUCK IT IN THE GROUND."

Indians were observed moving along the summit of the ridge, and the command knew that its presence had been discovered. Therefore further concealment was unnecessary, and it was decided that in order to prevent the escape of the hostiles it would be necessary to attack them without delay. The column was soon on the march once more, and a little before noon crossed the dividing ridge between the Rosebud and Little Big Horn valleys. Soon after passing this point the regiment was divided into battalions. The advance battalion, under Major Reno, consisted of troops "M," "A," and "G," together with the Indian scouts and an interpreter.

The ill-fated battalion under General Custer consisted of troop "I" (Captain Keogh and Lieutenant Porter), troop "F" (Captain Yates and Lieutenant Reilly), troop "C" (Captain Tom Custer and Lieutenant Harrington), troop "E" (Lieutenants Smith and Sturgis), troop "L" (Lieutenants Calhoun and Crittenden); Lieutenant Cook was the adjutant and Dr. G. E. Lord the medical officer.

The battalion under Captain Benteen was composed of troops "H," "D," and "K." The pack train was in charge of Lieutenant Mathey, and was under escort of troop "B" (Captain McDougall). The battalions under Custer and Reno did not meet any Indians until Reno arrived at a burning tepee, in which was the body of a warrior who had been killed in the battle with General Crook's troops a week before. Near the tepee a few Indians were seen. They did not appear to be surprised at seeing the troops. Neither did they make an effort to delay the advance of the soldiers,

but kept far enough in advance as if to invite pursuit.

Reno's command and the scouts followed them closely, until Reno received orders "to move forward at as rapid a gait as he thought prudent, and charge the village afterwards, the whole outfit would support him." The order was received when Reno was not very far from the Little Big Horn River. His battalion then moved at a trot to the river, where Reno delayed about ten or fifteen minutes watering the horses and reforming the column. Reno now sent word to Custer that he had everything in front of him and that the enemy was strong.

Custer had moved off to the right, being separated from Reno by a line of high bluffs and the river. After moving forward about half a mile Reno formed his battalion in line of battle and advanced across the valley.

After proceeding a mile farther he deployed the battalion as skirmishers. A body of hostiles was in front of him, which, although being steadily reinforced, fell slowly back, firing occasionally, but apparently making no determined effort to check Reno's advance. Suddenly the hostiles developed great force, opened a brisk fire, and made a dash toward the foot-hills, on the left flank, where the Ree scouts were. The scouts immediately fled, some of them abandoning the field altogether.

Reno, not observing any troops coming to his assistance, did not obey his orders to charge the village, but dismounted his men to fight on foot. His loss up to this time was one wounded. The position in which he found himself was a strong one, well protected in front by the bank of the river and fringe of timber,



CAPTAIN "TOM" CUSTER, WHO DIED WITH HIS BROTHER.  
From a Photo. by D. F. Barry.



"CHARLEY" REYNOLDS, GENERAL CUSTER'S  
FAVORITE SCOUT. HE WAS AMONG  
THE KILLED.

From a Photo. by D. F. Barry.

somewhat open in the rear, but sheltered by timber in the bottom. Those present differ in their estimates of the length of time the command remained in the bottom after they were attacked in force. Some say "a few minutes"; others, "about an hour." While Reno remained there his casualties were few. The hostile Indians had him nearly surrounded, and there was some firing from the rear of the position by Indians on the opposite bank of the river.

One man was killed near Reno, and directly afterward Reno gave orders to those near him to "mount and get to the bluffs." This order was not generally heard or communicated. While those who did hear it were preparing to execute it he countermanded the order, but soon afterwards he repeated the same order, "to mount and get to the bluffs." Again it was not

got jammed, and lost all semblance of organization.

Reno's casualties thus far were three officers and twenty-nine enlisted men and scouts killed, seven enlisted men wounded, and one officer, one interpreter, and fourteen soldiers and scouts missing. Nearly all the casualties occurred during the retreat and after leaving the timber. The Ree scouts continued their flight until they reached the supply camp at the mouth of the Powder River on the 27th, while the Crow scouts remained with the command.

What occurred with reference to General Custer can be best told in the words of Captain Godfrey, as written by him twelve or fourteen years after the massacre. He was with the battalion commanded by Captain Benteen: "Not long after leaving the water-hole a sergeant



From a Photo. by

THE SCENE OF THE MASSACRE.

(D. F. Barry.)

generally understood. Individuals, observing the preparations of those near Reno, informed their troop commanders, who then also gave orders to mount.

Several men who did not hear the orders to mount and make for the bluffs were left behind and did not make their escape until night, one not being able to make his way across the river until the following day, when the appearance of fresh troops drove the Indians away. Reno's command left the bottom by troop organizations in column. The commander was foremost in this retreat, or "charge," as he designated it in his official report. Owing to the strength of the Indians the battalion could not get to the ford where it had entered the valley, but was fortunate enough to strike a crossing farther above, where a pony trail led to the top of the bluffs on the farther side. Here the command

met him (Captain Benteen) with an order from Custer to the commanding officer of the pack-train to hurry it up. The sergeant was sent back to the train with the message; as he passed the column he said to the men, 'We've got 'em, boys.' From this and other remarks we inferred that Custer had attacked and captured the village.

"Shortly afterward we were met by a trumpeter bearing this message signed by Colonel Cook, adjutant: 'Benteen, come on. Big village. Be quick. Bring packs,' with the postscript, 'Bring packs.' The column had been marching at a trot and walk, according as the ground was smooth or broken. We now heard firing—straggling shots, and as we advanced the engagement became more and more pronounced, and appeared to be coming toward us. The column took the gallop with pistols



drawn, expecting to meet the enemy, which we thought Custer was driving before him in his effort to communicate with the pack-train, and never suspecting that our force had been defeated.

"We were forming into line to meet our supposed enemy when we came in full view of the valley of the Little Big Horn. The valley was full of horsemen riding to and fro in clouds of dust and smoke, for the grass had been fired by the Indians to drive the troops out and

overlooking the valley, and were discussing the situation. Among our number was Captain Moylan, a veteran soldier, and a good one too, who was watching intently the scene below. . . . At this time there were a large number of Indian horsemen in the valley. Suddenly they all started down the valley, and in a few minutes scarcely a horseman was to be seen. Heavy firing was heard down the river. During this time the questions were being asked: 'What is the matter with Custer that he doesn't send



"WE WERE FIRING EACH OTHER AND MERELY SHOOTING THEM."

cover their own movements. On the bluffs to our right we saw a body of troops who were engaged. But an engagement appeared to be going on in the valley, too. Owing to the distance, smoke, and dust it was impossible to distinguish if those in the valley were friends or foes. There was a short time of uncertainty as to the direction in which we should go, but some Crow scouts came by, driving a small herd of ponies, one of whom said 'Soldiers!' and motioned for the command to go to the right. Following his directions we soon joined Reno's battalion, which was still firing.

"Reno had lost his hat and had a handkerchief tied about his head. He appeared to be very much excited. . . . A number of officers had collected on the edge of the bluff

word what we shall do?' 'Wonder what we are staying here for?' etc., thus showing some uneasiness.

"But still no one seemed to show great anxiety, nor do I know that anyone felt any serious apprehension that Custer could or would not take care of himself. Some of Reno's men had seen a party of Custer's command, including Custer himself, on the bluffs about the time the Indians began to develop in Reno's front. This party were heard to cheer and seen to wave their hats as if to give encouragement, and then they disappeared behind the hills or escaped further attention from those below. It was about the time of this incident that Trumpeter Martini left Cook with Custer's last orders to Benteen, viz.: 'Benteen, come on.

Big village. Be quick. Bring packs.—Cook, adjutant. P.S.—Bring packs.' The repetition in the order would seem to indicate that Cook was excited, or flurried, or that he wanted to emphasize the necessity of escorting the packs.

"It is possible—even probable—that from the high point Custer could then see nearly the whole camp and force of the Indians, and realized that the chances were desperate; but

"During a long time after the junction of Reno and Benteen we heard firing down the river in the direction of Custer's command. We were satisfied that Custer was fighting the Indians somewhere, and the conviction was expressed that 'our command ought to be doing something or Custer would be after Reno with a sharp stick.' We heard two distinct volleys which excited some surprise; and, if I



"GENERAL CUSTER HAD BEEN SHOT IN THE TEMPLE AND IN THE LEFT SIDE."

it was now too late to reunite his forces for the attack. Reno was already in the fight and his (Custer's) own battalion was separated from the attack by a distance of two and a half to three miles. He had no reason to think Reno would not push his attack vigorously. A commander seldom goes into battle counting upon the failure of his lieutenant; if he did, he certainly would provide that such failure should not turn into disaster.

mistake not, they elicited the remark from someone that 'Custer was giving it to them for all he was worth.' I have but little doubt now that these volleys were fired by Custer's orders as signals of distress and despair and to indicate where he was. . . .

"The Indians were seen by them (Captain Weir and Lieutenant Edgerly) to ride about what afterwards proved to be Custer's battlefield, shooting into the bodies of the dead men.

Looking towards Custer's field on a hill two miles away we saw a large assemblage. At first our command did not appear to attract their attention, although there was some commotion observable among those nearest to our position. We heard occasional shots, most of which seemed to be a great distance off, beyond the large groups on the hill. While watching this group the conclusion was arrived at that Custer had been repulsed, and the firing was the parting shots of the rear-guard. Presently the firing ceased, the groups dispersed, clouds of dust arose from all parts of the field, and the horsemen converged towards our position."

After being besieged on the bluffs until the morning of the 27th Reno's and Benteen's battalions were relieved by the arrival of General Terry, when they learned of the disaster which had befallen the gallant Custer and his command. On the 28th the dead were buried. All the

bodies except a few had been stripped of their clothing. Nearly all were scalped or mutilated in some manner, but there was one notable exception, that of General Custer, whose face and expression were natural: he had been shot in the temple and in the left side. The killed of the entire command was 265, while the wounded numbered fifty-two. In memory of the gallant dead the Government some years ago erected a large monument on top of the hill near where the bodies of General Custer and many of his officers and men were found. On this monument are engraved the names of the dead heroes. On each spot where a body was found a marble headstone has been erected, a cross marking the place where

Custer's body was found. The extension a few years ago of a railroad through the vicinity of the Custer battlefield renders it easy of access, and year by year the number of tourists who visit the spot soaked with the blood of heroes is increasing.



"COSMANCHE," THE ONLY LIVING THING THAT ESCAPED THE MASSACRE.  
From a Photo. by D. F. Barry.



"CUSTER'S HILL," SHOWING THE NATIONAL MONUMENT AND THE GRAVES OF THE FALLEN. GENERAL CUSTER'S GRAVE IS MARKED BY A CROSS.

From a Copyright Photo. by H. R. Locke.

# AN OVERLAND.

## JOURNEY IN QUEENSLAND.

BY MAJOR A. J. BOYD, OF BRISBANE.

This straightforward narrative of travel and adventure in Tropical Australia conveys an accurate picture of pioneer work in the unexplored territory. Major Boyd and his companion had an exciting and interesting journey, which, however, terminated in a very tragic manner.



EVERY little idea can the present generation of Australians form of the state of North Queensland, beyond tropical Townsville, in the days when there was no town and no settlement of any kind except Cardwell and the little Government township of Somerset, situated on a picturesque site on Albany Passage, the most beautiful part of the Queensland Coast. Thence to Cape York, both on the coast and inland, the primeval bush was still held in possession by the wild blacks. Thousands of square miles of magnificent rolling downs covered with succulent grasses and herbs, stately forests of huge eucalyptus and pine trees, dense tropical jungle, clothing the richest description of agricultural land, lay undisturbed save for the occasional passage of a band of native hunters, who, in the pursuit of game, often set fire to the grass on the vast plains, the feeding grounds of countless kangaroos, emus, bustards, and other game.

No white man, except some venturesome explorer, had ever set foot on this northern paradise, and these only went there at the risk of their lives, the natives being numerous, fierce, and

treacherous. They would dog the footsteps of a stranger, black or white, follow him up until they caught him off his guard, and then spear him in his sleep when he least suspected danger.

It was in those days, then, that a chum and I left Townsville on a trip which has left a lasting impression on my mind. We each had two horses, riding one and using the other to carry our pack-bags, which contained everything needed by a bushman. This, as all know who have travelled in the bush, means very little, for not much baggage is needed by an Australian bushman for a trip of a thousand miles or so. He can make shift to cross the great State of Queensland from east to west or from north to south with no more than 50lb. weight of baggage; and it is this that makes his great value as a mounted infantry soldier. That 50lb. will include all his food in the shape of flour, tea, sugar, and beef, as well as tobacco and blanket. His food he supplements easily on his journey with the help of his rifle and fishing-lines.

There is nothing very exciting in a journey on horseback from Townsville to within a hundred miles of Georgetown. The monotony of the

day's ride was rarely broken by any adventure beyond a run after a native dog or emu. The country is in some parts, especially about Hill-grove, Bluff Downs, Maryvale, and other well-known cattle stations, very beautiful, well grassed, and with watered plains alternating with wooded ridges, affording splendid shelter for cattle in the hot northern summer. At Oak Park the blacks used to be very dangerous, and when the station was first formed many a solitary stockman or swagsman in search of work was speared by them.

It was here that we had our first trouble with the natives. We had chosen a pleasant grassy spot on the bank of a clear creek, and soon had the saddles and packs off the horses. Our next business was to carefully wash their backs and rub them down, as the dust, if allowed to cake on their coats, would soon give them sore backs, the terror of every bush traveller. The animals were then hobbled out. My mate, Monty, made a fire and put on the billy whilst I cut twigs and grass for our beds. A bit of corned beef, a piece of damper, and a billy of tea formed our supper, which we were careful to carry away to a distance from the light, knowing that we were in "bad black country."

During the night nothing occurred to disturb us, and at daylight I started out with the bridles to get in the horses, while Monty got breakfast ready and packed up the blankets, etc.

It happened to be the end of the wet season, and the spear grass grew in some places to an enormous height. This made it exceedingly difficult to find the horses. I listened anxiously for the bell which one of them wore round its neck, but no sound reached my ear. Easy enough to track them, I thought, so I followed the broad track made by the hobbled beasts till I came to a shallow, sandy watercourse. Here the tracks ended. Evidently the animals had gone either up or down stream, keeping in the water. I followed its course for over a mile, not feeling at all comfortable, although I had both my Snider carbine and revolver with me. The banks of the creek were now high, and should any blacks observe me I would be completely at their mercy. So, thinking discretion the better part of valour, I turned up stream, intending to try for the horses in that direction.

As I once more approached the camp I heard a shot fired. I knew that it must be Monty, for no one else had camped near us on the previous night, and I also knew that he would never fire a shot when I was away unless he were in danger. I crawled as quietly as possible through the long grass, and as I emerged from it I saw my mate behind a tree with his carbine at the ready. I rushed towards

him, seeing no blacks about, and had got about ten yards into the open when he shouted, "Look out, Alick!—look out behind!" I turned and saw a couple of natives standing just at the edge of the grass, both in the act of throwing their spears. I threw up my carbine and fired just as Monty did the same, and both natives fell apparently dead, for they never moved again. But were these the only two? Below our camp and across the creek all was clear. There was neither brushwood nor tall grass, and we could see for over a mile. We soon knew, for in a few minutes our horses came galloping in as fast as their hobbles would allow them, two with spears sticking in them. We both "treed," but no black could we see nor did they make any sound. It was, however, useless to remain here any longer; the sooner we got away the better. Monty, therefore, kept guard whilst I, behind a tree, saddled up and loaded the pack-horses. We then lighted our pipes and, mounting, rode away without further molestation.

As we travelled along I remarked: "That was a rum start, Monty."

"Very rum," he answered; "and you may be cock-sure that the beggars are ahead of us now, and they'll watch us to to-night's camp. Then it will be a case of look out."

"Well," I said, "we shall have to euchre the brutes, that's all."

"How?" he asked, sceptically.

"H'm," was my oracular reply, and we rode on in silence.

We were approaching a place where afterwards the Gilberton Gold-field broke out. The country was terribly rugged. I think, indeed, that those Gilbert Ranges are rougher on horses than any other place I have seen in Australia, bar one, which I shall come to in due course. We had no choice of track. Either we must pick our way along the boulder-strewn gullies, or climb the steep face of the rugged mountains. As a matter of fact, we did both during that day, and at four o'clock, finding that our horses were about played out, we looked out for a good camping-ground. From all the signs we had seen during the day's march we knew that the blacks were numerous hereabouts, so we were careful to make no fire, neither did we let our horses wander away. As soon as it was quite dark we silently shifted camp to the opposite side of the dry river-bed. If, as was more probable, the blacks had seen us at our first camp, they would believe that we would not make another move after dark and would remain quietly in their own camp till dawn, when they would make their attack on us.

We took turns at watching and sleeping up to the small hours of the morning, when we prepared to receive the enemy. Sure enough, at about 4 a.m. the faint dawn enabled us to notice some half-dozen blacks armed with spears sneaking along the river-bed, close under the bank, until they arrived beneath the spot we had vacated on the previous evening. We could easily have shot them all down from where we were hidden, but did not care for such cold-blooded work. They then crawled up the bank till their heads were level with

In this we were not disappointed, and we met with no further trouble with blacks until we arrived at a place called Stockman's Creek. Here there were excellent grass, plenty of good, clear water, fish in the pools, and game in the bush. In fact, it was an ideal place for a camp, and we determined to make the most of it and spell our horses for a day or two. It was a fatal decision.

The horses being hobbled out, we lighted a fire and soon had a good hot meal ready, the first for three days. Then we lay on the



"THEY CRAWLED UP THE BANK."

the top. Not seeing us, one of them lay flat on the ground and crawled about looking for tracks. In a few minutes he returned and pointed out the broad, well-defined track we had made in the sand. They looked across the river, but we and our horses were too securely concealed, even for their prying eyes. Suddenly they entered the bush and disappeared. We knew too much, however, to think we had done with them, so after a rough and ready cold meal we got on the march again, hoping to clear these dangerous mountains before night.

ground smoking and watching the horses cropping the abundant grass.

"Not a bad camp this, Monty, is it?" said I.

"It's rather too good, to my thinking, old man," was the reply.

"Why so?" I asked. "The horses have got all they want, and that's the main thing."

"Yes, that's right enough. But what troubles me are the fish and the turkeys. Then look at all the kangaroos and emus we've seen as we came along. I don't half like it, Alick. It's

right down good nigger country, that's what it is, and I vote we shift camp at daylight to-morrow."

"Oh, bosh!" I cried. "You're always looking out for niggers. Here we've come along three hundred miles through nigger country, and we're not wiped out yet."

"That doesn't say that we mightn't be wiped out now," said my chum.

"Oh, you've got the blues, old man. Roll into your blanket for a couple of hours. I'm not sleepy, so I'll keep a look-out."

So Monty wrapped his blanket round him, put his saddle under his head, and in a few minutes was fast asleep.

I confess I did not feel too comfortable, sitting at the foot of a tree, watching, carbine in hand, for I knew not what. I could hear the thud, thud of the kangaroos and wallabies as they hopped slowly past our camp. I could hear the uncanny wailing screams of the curlews and the "more pork," as the bush people call the great Australian goat-sucker (*Podar us*), uttering its dismal imitation of those words; and I caught myself straining my ears to catch other sounds beyond these. Indeed, I gradually worked on my imagination until I became actually nervous. Should I wake Monty, I

looked for some signs which would tell me if any blacks were about. Unthinkingly I wandered quite half a mile from the camp, when I suddenly smelt smoke. Thinking it was only a puff wafted from our own fire I was about to return, when I noticed a spark some distance ahead of me. There could now be no mistake that blacks were about. I crawled as quietly as possible from tree to tree, till I reached the spot where the fire lay. It was a piece of lighted ti-tree bark, such as the gins carry with them on the march. I quickly got to where the horses were feeding and brought them into camp. Waking Monty up, I told him what I had seen.

"Just as I thought," he said: "saddle up quick!"

We had just finished buckling the surcingle of the pack-horse when a loud yell in our rear told us the blacks were upon us. Then came a flight of spears. One struck my saddle-horse, but luckily did not stampede him. We turned and pumped a dozen bullets from our Winchesters in the direction whence the spears had come. These apparently took no effect, for a crowd of blacks now appeared dodging behind the trees, not twenty yards from us, and spear after spear



"A SPEAR HAD PIERCED HIS SIDE."

wondered? A chat and a smoke with him would restore my courage. It seemed a pity to disturb him, however; so I strolled down to the creek bank, crossed to the other side, and, by the brilliant light of the stars,

was thrown. Monty had just discharged his rifle into the throat of a black fellow when to my alarm I saw my companion throw up his hands and fall forward on his horse's neck. A spear had pierced his side. He recovered his

balance, however, wrenched the spear out, and, calling on me to follow him, charged madly into the bush, emptying his revolver at any black who crossed his path. I did the same, and soon we had left the yelling mob a couple of miles behind.

When all danger was over I asked Monty to dismount and let me examine his wound, but he refused.

"No, let's push on while I'm warm, Alick. Once I get off and cool down there'll be no more mounting in this world for me."

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, "is it as bad as that, old fellow? For God's sake, let us camp and see to your wound."

"No! no!" he cried, "let's get on. I can hang on for another five miles till we get out of this thickly-timbered country."

Seeing that he was quite determined I pushed along after him, and in an hour after daylight we emerged from the bush upon a large plain, where we soon found a clear water-hole. Here we unsaddled and I examined poor Monty's wound. It was a very ugly one, deep and ragged, owing to his having wrenched out the spear. I washed away the blood and bound his side up with a couple of pocket handkerchiefs.

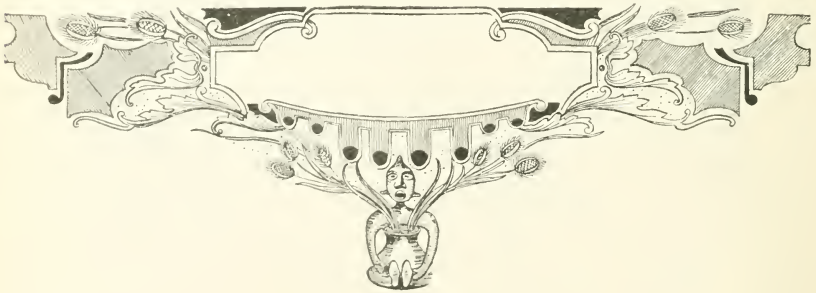
"Now," I said, cheerfully, "you'll do, old man, and when you've had some warm tea and a day or two's spell you'll be all right again."

"Listen to me, Alick," he said, unsteadily. "I told you at Stockman's Creek that I had a presentiment of evil. It's come now. I can't live till midday. I—I——"

Then his face turned ashy pale. He tried to murmur something, and then fainted. After a while he recovered, but it was evident that he was going fast. He took my hand and said:—

"Good-bye, dear old chum. I'm sorry I brought you into this country. But it's grand cattle country. When you've buried me get back, old chap, as fast as you can, and take it up; yes, take it up."

He gave me one more look and fell back dead. Poor Monty; I dug a grave for him with my tomahawk and piled a solid mound of stones over it. I was now, indeed, alone in the wilderness. I had no object in going any farther north, even had it been prudent to do so alone. I therefore made my way back to civilization, meeting with very few difficulties on the road and without a single adventure with the natives. I saw numbers of them, however, and once came right into one of their camps. But they invariably proved friendly. On arrival in Townsville I examined my dead mate's papers, and, finding the address of his people in Sydney, I sent his few belongings to them, together with a full account of his tragic and pathetic death.





# In the Mad Mullah's Clutches.

BY MARVIN DANA.

An Anglo-Indian journalist relates a terrible personal experience. He slips away from the troops and rides through the jungle intending to telegraph to his paper an account of an engagement. His capture, his escape, and a race for life are vividly described.



It was the Mad Mullah—that wild fanatic who has given so much trouble on the Indian Frontier—who began it. While talking about him one evening at dinner a certain well known Anglo-Indian journalist related to me the following incident from his early experiences in India. A modest man, he has never made the story public, and it was only by much persuasion that I secured his permission to tell his story for him. The following is the tale essentially in his own words:—

“The year 1889 will ever be a memorable one in the Western Punjab, on account of the devastations which were caused at frequent intervals by certain of the tribes who came down from the Suliman Mountains and raided the villages, burning, slaying, and carrying off goods and cattle. It will be particularly memorable to me on account of what I may term the most terrible adventure that ever befell me in my nomadic career.

“I had at one time a strong desire to see some fighting. And so it was my ambition to join one of those punitive expeditions of which we hear so much in India, and which are necessary on account of the frequency with which the frontier tribes descend from their mountain homes upon the villages of the plains to pillage and plunder.

“One day a telegram arrived from Multan stating that a force of two hundred men under Captain Brodie, with Lieutenant Leckie as second in command, were to depart immediately to punish the raiders, and it was expected there would be some sharp fighting.

“In less than an hour after obtaining permission to go I was off, and reached Multan only a few hours late. Pushing on I contrived to catch up with the expedition next day, and received a cheery welcome from Captain Brodie and Lieutenant Leckie, both of whom I found the most genial of young fellows. It was something new to them to have a Press correspondent with them on such a mission; but they assured me they would not get off without some hard fighting this time, and promised that soon I should have all the excitement I sought. So I had, but not quite in the fashion they meant.

“A couple of days later our scouts came into camp with the news that a tribe known as the Watis, some eight or ten hundred strong, had just finished off the village of Deena, and were now making for a small place known as Guttapur.

“Brodie made up his mind in a moment what he should do. To save Guttapur was impossible, but we might cut off the raiders as they returned to the mountains.



“IT WAS A AWFUL SLAUGHTER.”

"His plan was successful. When we learnt that the Watis were returning to the hills a careful watch was kept, and as they approached we managed to secure a splendid position. We held two ledges, one just above the other, behind which we were completely concealed. Captain Brodie with about a hundred and forty men held the one, and Lieutenant Leckie with the remaining sixty men the other.

"The lieutenant's party was the first to fire. The Watis were completely taken by surprise, but quickly rallied and showed that they possessed plenty of pluck. It was very evident, however, that they thought they had a mere handful of men to deal with. With a wild yell they made a rush for the hill with the evident intention of carrying the position by storm. But another big surprise was in store for them. The whole two hundred guns, from above and below, poured a murderous fire upon them. It was an awful slaughter, mowing the men down at very close range. They broke and fled down the hill, leaving about two hundred dead and wounded on the mountain-side, while we had not lost a man. But they were not yet done with us by any means. They numbered more than double what we were told; and their strength no doubt made them courageous. We saw them divide into three parties, one marching rapidly away to the right and the second to the left, while the third retreated into a bit of jungle behind them. The movement certainly looked like mischief. But we had good guides, by whose assistance we were able to shift our position for the better, and when the attack which we expected from above came we were able to give the rascals a warm reception once more. Again we defeated and scattered them. The third division, who had concealed themselves in the jungle, seeing the day was lost before they could render any assistance, fled without firing a shot. But we did not escape without loss in this second conflict, for we had seventeen killed and many more wounded.

"Naturally anxious to get off a description of the engagement to my paper, I wanted to ride to Chillanpur, the nearest Government telegraph station, which was about thirty miles distant. But Captain Brodie would not hear of my attempting such a mad thing. There was no proper road, he pointed out, and there would be no moon after ten o'clock. Besides, on the march of the morrow they would pass within a few miles of Chillanpur.

"But I was determined to reach the telegraph station that night, notwithstanding. If Brodie got his report to head-quarters on the wire at the same time as my message the result of the engagement would appear in all the Indian

papers as soon as my description, and I did not by any means relish that notion.

"Therefore, about seven o'clock I contrived to slip away from the camp and took what I thought to be the straightest road to Chillanpur. I had not gone far before I began to fear I had made a mistake. I heard strange sounds, which told me that there were wild animals about. But I was lucky. I met nothing to give me any trouble, and after four hours' riding reached a village, which to my great relief and delight I found was the station I was making for.

"I found a place to rest my pony, and sat talking till past midnight with the telegraph clerk who took my message. The hospitable fellow tried hard to dissuade me from proceeding on my journey, and even offered me a bed till daybreak; but I was anxious to be on my way. By proceeding due west till I came to the base of the mountains, and then turning south, I thought I could not fail to meet Brodie and his troops. But the best-laid schemes, I was to find to my cost, do not always work out successfully. I soon discovered how foolish I had been in not remaining at Chillanpur for the night. Instead of having an unbroken stretch of sandy plain to cross, I had not gone many miles when I struck the jungle. This bothered me, for I did not like to venture far in there in the night. It meant that I should in all probability lose myself, to say nothing of the wild animals I might encounter. But as it happened I was destined to meet with something far worse.

"I was riding quietly on the outskirts of the jungle wondering how I should proceed, when my pony suddenly gave a loud snort and reared. At the same moment I found myself surrounded by what seemed to me about a dozen dark forms. Then I did a most reckless thing, for what was one man against so many? I drew my revolver and fired. There was a yell, and I saw one of the dark figures leap into the air and fall. I had only time to fire a second shot, which missed, when I was overpowered and thrown on the ground. But for the leader of the band I should have been murdered on the spot by the angry savages. As it was I was badly mauled, bound hand and foot, and lashed on to my own pony's back.

"I was then carried into the dark jungle deeper and deeper, till I found we were slowly ascending. Clearing the jungle I could see that we were at the base of the mountains. Up and up we went, through a narrow gorge with high precipices on either hand. Then round and round a narrow path till we reached a level, open space, surrounded by high peaks. Here we halted.

"I was now pulled from my pony and dragged into a cold, damp cave. Then by torch-light I was searched. My revolvers had already been taken from me, and the robbers found nothing more to relieve me of than my watch and my belt, which contained only a few currency notes for small sums and a very little silver.

"With an exclamation of disgust the brute who searched me gave me a vicious kick and departed with his comrades, leaving me lying bound on the damp ground.

"As to what next was to befall me I was not

Captain Brodie's advice and let that confounded message wait till morning. My paper would be first to publish the news of the battle, certainly; but at what cost!

"I was taken back to the cave. My feet were tightly bound again, and once more I was left alone in that awful darkness. There I pictured to myself the horrible death I was to die in a few hours; for it could not be long now before dawn came. I could see the awful structure with its swinging pole. I could see the dreadful hook, and almost imagine I felt it as it was thrust through my spine. I could see myself hanging, struggling, kicking frantically, as I was



left long in doubt. The men shortly returned and unbound my feet, but I was so numb with cold that I could hardly stand.

"Half pushed, half dragged, I was taken out of the cave. Round a blazing fire more of the robber band were assembled. I was led up to one whom I took to be the chief—to be sentenced, I soon discovered, for killing one of their number when I was captured. They spoke a broken Hindustani, but I could understand enough to learn that on the morrow, or rather later in the day, I was to die by the dreadful hook-swinging. I turned faint at the bare thought, and no wonder; for of all the tortures ever invented by the most savage mind, that of hook-swinging is perhaps the most terrible.

"How bitterly I now wished I had taken

swung over the fire burning under my swinging body. The thought was too horrible. It maddened me, and nerved me to make a desperate effort to regain freedom. Freedom! But how? I tugged and gnawed at the cords of tough grass which bound my wrists. I rolled over and over, and tried to cut them against the rocky sides of the cave. I sawed and sawed, scraping the skin from my hands and wrists; but the pain only made me the more frantic. The bonds gave way at last, and my hands were free. I dragged myself about the floor of the cave till I found a stone, with which I succeeded in freeing my feet. I rubbed my swollen ankles

to restore circulation, and swung my arms vigorously to warm myself. But how was I to get away from my prison?

"Daylight was beginning to break. I crept cautiously to the mouth of the cave. I felt my heart leap with hope as I saw the two sentries squatted on the ground, their heads resting on their folded arms. Quietly I stole close up to them, and glanced quickly to right and left. There was no one in sight. Now was my time. I laid my hands

gently but firmly upon the rifle held by one of my guards. With a sudden, vigorous jerk I snatched it from him and with the butt-end dealt him a savage blow upon the head. He fell over on his side without a groan; but the other was awake and on his feet in an instant. He shouted an alarm and raised his gun, but as he fired I knocked the muzzle up and the shot whizzed harmlessly over my head. With a desperate blow I felled him too, then threw down the rifle and fled. But the alarm and the shot had roused the robbers from their slumbers, and I was soon pursued by a crowd of savages.

"Crack! crack! crack! went the reports of their guns, and bullets whizzed passed me. On I fled down the mountain-side—I knew not, cared not whither. I struck what I thought was the path up which I had been carried during the night. I was amazed at my own speed. I had never before in all my life run or leaped as I did now. Still, crack! crack! crack! went the rifles above me. But they seemed farther away

now. Could it be possible that I was to escape after all?

"Ah! What was that? A sting in my left thigh. I stumbled on. More firing. This time from below. My heart sank. My flight was surely cut off. I stumbled again and fell crash over the side of the path, down—down!

"I was not killed, but very near it. When Captain Brodie picked me up and put me on the ambulance he thought it was a corpse he was sending back to Chillanpur.

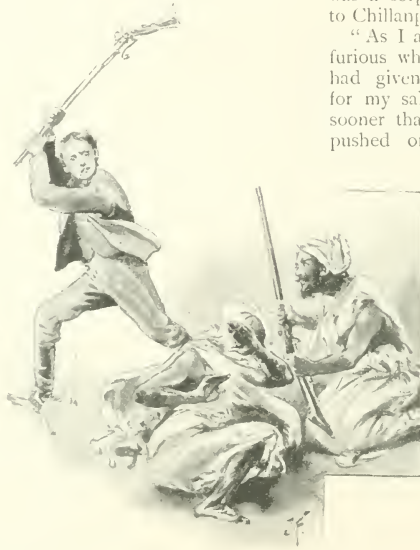
"As I afterwards learned, he was furious when he discovered that I had given him the slip. It was for my sake that he struck camp sooner than he had intended and hoping to pick me up somewhere on the route he guessed I would take.

"Luckily he halted at the base of the mountain up which I had been taken prisoner, and sent out search parties to look for me, just at the time I made my escape.

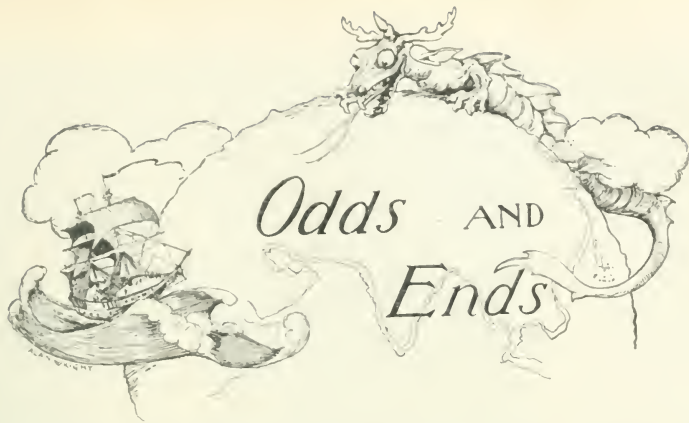
"Hearing the shots up the mountain, it struck him, strangely enough, that I might have got into trouble; and he sent Lieutenant Leckie forward with a small body of men to ascertain the meaning of the firing. They saw me coming down the hill. They

saw my pursuers, and it was their answering shots which made me imagine I was being attacked in front as well as in the rear. They saw me fall, and it was Captain Brodie himself who came along and picked me up.

"My adventure in the Suliman Mountains effectually quenched my thirst for active service; I never again volunteered to join a punitive expedition."



"WITH THE BUTT-END I DEALT HIM A SAVAGE BLOW."



A Nine-Year-Old Widow—Mr. Onesiphonus Smith—A Military Funeral in Benin—Ladies as Car Conductors—An Indian Oil Press—The Penalty of Greed—The Tallest Policeman in America.



OUR first illustration shows Chundra Lela, who was formerly a Brahmin, and the daughter of a wealthy land-owner of Nepaul. In accordance with Hindu customs she was married at the age of seven, but two years afterwards, while still in her father's house, news was brought

her that her boy husband was dead. What it means to be a child widow in India none can fully know but the miserable girls themselves. Chundra Lela some years afterwards was called to undergo another bereavement. Her beloved father died, and her lot was then desolate, indeed. She had been taught to read the Hindu sacred books, and from them she learned that the loss of husband and father was a punishment for some sin she had committed. The only way that she knew of to atone for it was to go on pilgrimage. For more than seven years she painfully toiled over the mountains and plains of India, travelling on foot from one shrine

of reputed sanctity to another, making offerings, and bathing in the sacred rivers. But she gained no assurance that her sin was forgiven. Then the idea of self-torture fastened itself on her mind. Stripping herself almost naked, she seated herself on a deer-skin rug under the broiling sun, and lighted five fires

around her. There she vowed that she would sit day and night without moving during the six hot months of the year. During winter she vowed to spend her nights in a pond with the water up to her neck. Three years passed away in these tortures, and at the end she was as far away from peace as ever. One day she was at Midnapore, and there for the first time she came in contact with Christianity. A sister of Dr. Phillips, the American missionary, saw her and told her the Gospel story. The woman's heart thrilled under it. She went to Dr. Phillips for teaching, and after a few months embraced Christianity and was baptized.



1.—THIRTY-SEVEN YEARS AGO, THIS GIRL BECAME A WIDOW AT NINE YEARS OF AGE AND HAS BEEN TERRIBLE TORTURED TO ATONE FOR HER SUPPOSED SIN. [Photo.]

Most of us excel at one particular accomplishment, but the handsome gentleman in the policeman's helmet who figures in our next photo. takes precedence in *two* different arts. He can make a bigger grin than anyone else, and he can eat hot plum-pudding against time and all comers. For these curious qualifications he received a couple of medals at a village fair held in honour of Her Majesty's Diamond Jubilee. He is often to be met with in the Hampshire hop-gardens, where he is a sort of local "character." In spite of his air of concentrated wisdom, Mr. One siphonus Smith—for that is the gentleman's name—is an interesting and merry soul, though probably he could not give a satisfactory explanation of how he came by the large flower in his button-hole.

The next photograph to be considered may



2.—MR. ONE SIPHONUS SMITH, A WELL-KNOWN CHARACTER IN THE HAMPSHIRE HOP-GARDENS  
*From a Photo.*

puzzle you a little. As a matter of fact, we are looking at the funeral of an unfortunate marine, killed in action during the advance on Benin City, in West Africa, and buried *en route* in the pathless jungle. If you look closely enough through the dense undergrowth and parasitic plants you will make out a line of officers and men standing close to the grave of the unfortunate man. The popular and enterprising officer who took the photo. explains that one of the amiable customs of the Beninese was to exhume and mutilate the dead, so it was necessary to conceal the grave of this poor marine.

Hence the body was carried some distance into the impenetrable bush, and there the grave was dug. In the right-hand corner can be seen the helmets of the marines and a little to the left is the grave itself.



*From a*

3.—A MILITARY FUNERAL IN THE HEART OF THE BENIN JUNGLE.

*Photo.*



From a] 4.—THE LADY STREET-CAR CONDUCTORS OF CHILICOTHE, OHIO. [Photo.

The group of young ladies seen in our next photograph is especially interesting, in that here we see the much talked-of street car conductors of Chillicothe, Ohio, U.S.A. As the earnings of the cars did not justify the employment of men at the high rate of wage paid to conductors, women were advertised for at \$4 a week salary. There were over 100 applicants for the positions, and from these seven young ladies of good families and attractive personality were chosen. The first day they went to work the receipts of the line jumped up over 30 per cent., and since then this increase has been steadily maintained. The young ladies, who declare the positions to be greatly preferable to any of the indoor occupations open to women,

wear a serviceable and attractive uniform consisting of a sailor hat, on the front of which is a band bearing the word "Conductor"; a light shirt-waist and dark bicycle skirt. In cold or rainy weather they wear a close fitting dark blue jacket.

Our next photo. reveals, among other things, an ideal life of lazy contemplation. It represents an oil-pressing machine drawn by patient oxen, which are guided by the man who is sitting smoking his hookah, or pipe, and finding ample time for meditation and rest in his easy, though monotonous, task. This oil-press is a rude, primitive, wooden machine, and the seeds are placed in the large tub. The huge cylinder, moving steadily up and down, extracts the vegetable oil, which is much patronized by the natives of India. It is not purified for use, and is cheap. This is a scene truly characteristic of Northern India, especially in cities and villages



5.—A NATIVE OIL PRESS IN NORTH INDIA—THE OX DOES ALL THE WORK, WHILE THE "DRIVER" SITS AT HIS EASE AND SMOKES. [Photo.

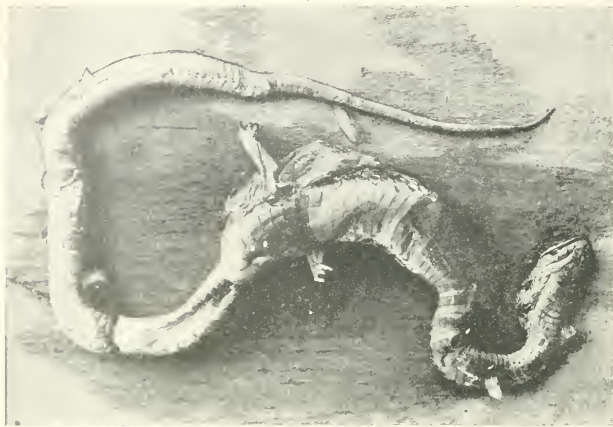


FIG. 7.—THE SNAKE SWALLOWED A FAT TOAD, WHICH PUSHED ITS LEGS THROUGH THE SNAKE'S SIDES. (From a) —THE SNAK WHO FOUND IT THOUGHT HE HAD DISCOVERED A DRAGON! [Photo.]

where Western ideas and Western methods have not as yet penetrated. In the background of the picture are the native huts, the homes of the workers. Very bare and poor are these, and covered with some rough straw mats.

At first sight our next photo. resembles nothing so much as a mediæval dragon writhing in its death agonies. As a matter of fact, however, it is nothing of the kind, but a hybrid monstrosity which resulted from the voracity of a small Indian grass-snake. The story of this queer-looking creature, as told to us by a distinguished officer in the Royal Army Medical Corps, is as follows: "The snake—an innocuous one, by the way—met a toad, which it promptly swallowed whole in the pleasant way that snakes have. The toad was taken somewhat by surprise, but still retained his faculties sufficiently to object strongly to being sacrificed. When well on his way down the snake's capacious interior he suddenly 'bumped' himself, with the result that the distended sides of the reptile burst open, the toad's legs protruding from the gaps. The snake was found by a private of the 5th Fusiliers, on the golf links at Sitapur, Oudh. The good man brought it to me in a state of great excitement, evidently thinking he had made a great zoological discovery. 'Sir,' he cried, triumphantly, 'I have found a snake with legs!' But on wash-

ing the specimen free from blood and grass the true inwardness of the thing became apparent, much to the disgust of the soldier, who found his dragon resolving itself into a very ordinary snake. The right side of the reptile was ripped right up, and from this gash the right fore-leg of the toad projected, while on the left side the other leg stuck out through a small hole.

A policeman to be feared and respected is next depicted. He is one of the chief attractions of the City of West Superior, Wisconsin. His name is Gustave

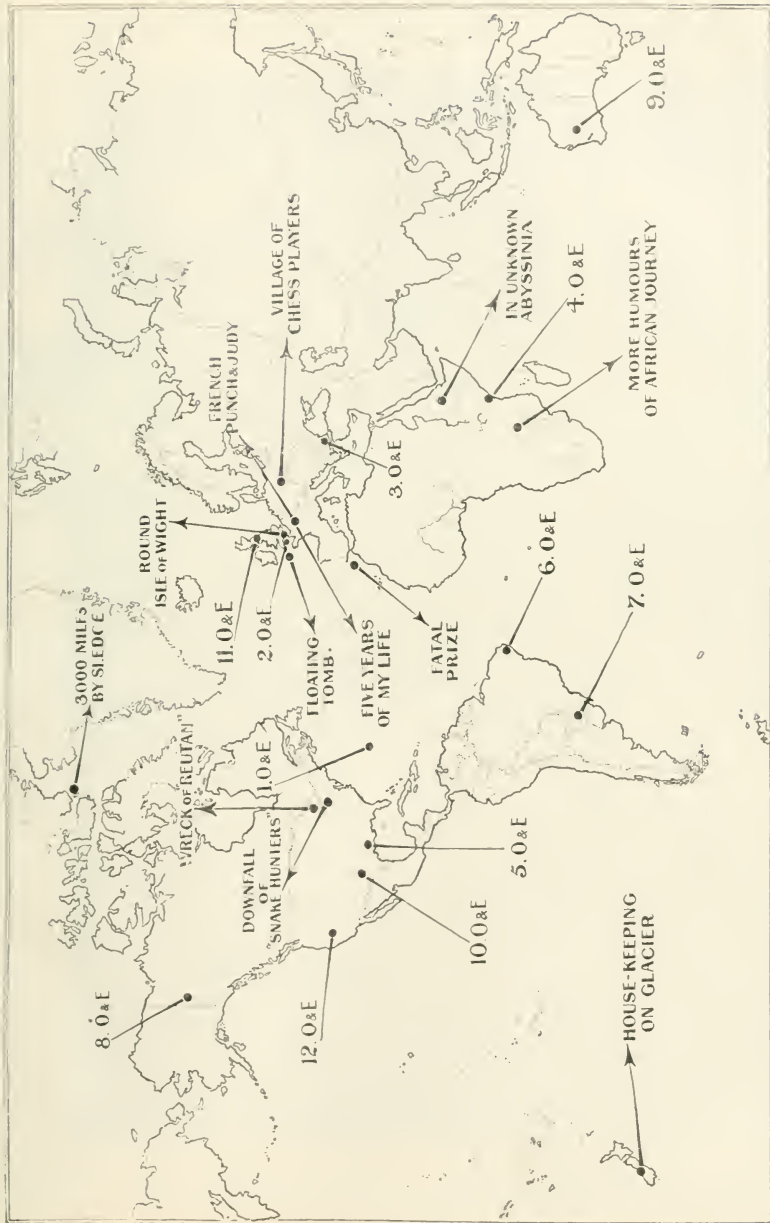
Anderson, of the police department, and he has the distinction of being the tallest limb of the law in the whole of the United States, if not in the entire world. He is not yet twenty-three years of age, and weighs 325 lb. His height is a shade over 7 ft. 5 in., and his strength is enormous. He is a Swede, born at Medal Park, fourteen miles out of Stockholm. He declares, with that strange persistency common to giants, that he is "still growing," and he thinks it will be yet some time before he has reached full growth.



7.—THE TALLEST POLICEMAN IN AMERICA—HE IS TWENTY-THREE YEARS OLD, IS 7 FT. 5 IN. IN HEIGHT, AND SAYS THAT HE IS STILL GROWING!

Photo. by Anthony Goranski, Wis.





THE NOVEL MAP-CONTEXTS OF "THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE," WHICH SHOWS AT A GLANCE THE LOCALITY OF EACH ARTICLE AND NARRATIVE OF ADVENTURE IN THIS NUMBER.



(R. Caton II edville,

"ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF THEM."

THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE BECOMING AFTER THE BATTLE OF MAGERSFONTEIN.

From a Drawing by)

R. Caton II edville

# THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE.

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No. 2.

## *The Great Boer War.*

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

This narrative is published in "The Wide World Magazine" by arrangement with the Author and with Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co., the publishers of the complete work, "The Great Boer War." The American Edition of Dr. Conan Doyle's book is published by Messrs. McClure, Phillips, and Co.

### CHAPTER IX.

#### BATTLE OF MAGERSONFONTEIN.

**L**ORD METHUEN'S force had now fought three actions in the space of a single week, losing in killed and wounded about a thousand men, or rather more than one-tenth of his total numbers. Had there been evidence that the enemy were seriously demoralized the General would no doubt have pushed on at once to Kimberley, which was some twenty miles distant. The information which reached him was, however, that the Boers had fallen back upon the very strong position of Spytfontein, that they were full of fight, and that they had been strongly reinforced by a commando from Mafeking. Under these circumstances Lord Methuen had no choice but to give his men a well-earned rest and to await reinforcements. There was no use in reaching Kimberley unless he had completely defeated the investing force. With the history of the first relief of Lucknow in his memory he was on his guard against a repetition of such an experience.

It was the more necessary that Methuen should strengthen his position, since with every mile which he advanced the more exposed did his line of communications become to a raid from Fauresmith and the southern districts of the Orange Free State. Any serious danger to the railway behind them would leave the British army in a very critical position, and precautions were taken for the protection of the more vulnerable portions of the line. It was well that this was so, for on the 8th of December Commandant Prinsloo, of the Orange Free State, with a thousand horsemen and two light seven-pounder guns, appeared suddenly at Enslin and vigorously attacked the two companies of the Northampton Regiment who held the station. At the same time they destroyed a couple of culverts and tore up three hundred yards of the permanent way. For some hours the Northampton's under Captain Godley were closely pressed, but a telegram had been

dispatched to Modder Camp, and the 12th Lancers with the ubiquitous 62nd Battery were sent to their assistance. The Boers retired with their usual mobility, and in ten hours the line was completely restored.

Reinforcements were now reaching the Modder River force, which made it more formidable than when it had started. A very essential addition was that of the 12th Lancers and of G Battery of Horse Artillery, which would increase the mobility of the force and make it possible for the General to follow up a blow after he had struck it. The magnificent regiments which formed the Highland Brigade—the 2nd Black Watch, the 1st Gordons, the 2nd Seaforths, and the 1st Highland Light Infantry—had arrived under the gallant and ill-fated Wauchope. Four 5in. howitzers had also come to strengthen the artillery. At the same time the Canadians, the Australians, and several line regiments were moved up on the line from De Aar to Belmont. It appeared to the public at home that there was the material for an overwhelming advance; but the ordinary observer, and even perhaps the military critic, had not yet appreciated how great is the advantage which is given by modern weapons to the force which acts upon the defensive. With enormous pains the dark Cronje and his men were entrenching a most formidable position in front of our advance, with a confidence which proved to be justified, that it would be on their own ground and under their own conditions that in this, as in the three preceding actions, we should engage them.

On the morning of Saturday, December 9th, the British General made an attempt to find out what lay in front of him amid that semicircle of forbidding hills. To this end he sent out a reconnaissance in the early morning, which included G Battery Horse Artillery, the 9th Lancers, and the ponderous 4.7 naval gun, which, preceded by the majestic march of thirty-two bullocks and attended by eighty seamen gunners, creaked forwards over the plain. What

was there to shoot at in those sunlit, boulder-strewn hills in front? They lay silent and untenant in the glare of the African day. In vain the great gun exploded its huge shell with its fifty pounds of lyddite over the ridges, in vain the smaller pieces searched every cleft and hollow with their shrapnel. No answer came from the far-stretching hills. Not a flash or twinkle betrayed the fierce bands who lurked among the boulders. The force returned to camp no wiser than when it left.

There was one sight visible every night to all men which might well nerve the rescuers in their enterprise. Over the northern horizon, behind those hills of danger, there quivered up in the darkness one long, flashing, quivering beam, which swung up and down and up again like a seraphic sword-blade. It was Kimberley praying for help, Kimberley soliciting for news. Anxiously, distractedly, the great De Beers search-light dipped and rose. And back across the twenty miles of darkness, over the hills where Cronje lurked, there came that other southern column of light which answered, and promised, and soothed. "Be of good heart, Kimberley. We are here! The Empire is behind us. We have not forgotten you. It may be days, or it may be weeks, but rest assured that we are coming."

About three in the afternoon of Sunday, December 10th, the force which was intended to clear a path for the army through the lines of Magersfontein moved out upon what proved to be its desperate enterprise. The Third or Highland Brigade included the Black Watch, the Seaforths, the Argylls and Sutherlands, and the Highland Light Infantry. The Gordons had only arrived in camp that day, and did not advance until next morning. Besides the infantry, the 9th Lancers, the mounted infantry, and all the artillery moved to the front. It was raining hard, and the men, with one blanket between two soldiers, bivouacked upon the cold, damp ground about three miles from the enemy's position. At one o'clock, without food and drenched, they moved forwards through the drizzle and the darkness to attack those terrible lines.

Clouds drifted low in the heavens, and the falling rain made the darkness more impenetrable. The Highland Brigade was formed into a column—the Black Watch in front, then the Seaforths, and the other two behind. To prevent the men from straggling in the night the four regiments were packed into a mass of quarter-column as densely as was possible, and the left guides held a rope in order to preserve the formation. With many a trip and stumble the ill-fated detachment wandered on, uncertain

where they were going and what it was that they were meant to do. Not only among the rank and file, but among the principal officers also there was the same absolute ignorance. Brigadier Wauchope knew, no doubt, but his voice was soon to be stilled in death. The others were aware, of course, that they were advancing either to turn the enemy's trenches or to attack them, but they may well have argued from their own formation that they could not be near the riflemen yet. Why they should be still advancing in that dense clump we do not now know, nor can we surmise what thoughts were passing through the mind of the gallant and experienced chieftain who walked beside them. There are some who claim on the night before to have seen upon his strangely ascetic face that shadow of doom which is summed up in the one word "fey." The hand of coming death may already have lain cold upon his soul. Out there, close beside him, stretched the long trench, fringed with its line of fierce, staring, eager faces, and its bristle of gun-barrels. They knew he was coming. They were ready. They were waiting. But still, with the dull murmur of many feet, the dense column, nearly four thousand strong, wandered onwards through the rain and the darkness, death and mutilation crouching upon their path.

It matters not what gave the signal, whether it was the flashing of a lantern by a Boer scout, or the tripping of a soldier over wire, or the firing of a gun in the ranks. It may have been any or it may have been none of these things. As a matter of fact, I have been assured by a Boer who was present that it was the sound of the tins attached to the alarm wires which disturbed them. However this may be, in an instant there crashed out of the darkness into their faces and ears a roar of point-blank fire, and the night was slashed across with the throbbing flame of the rifles. At the moment before this outflame some doubt as to their whereabouts seems to have flashed across the mind of their leaders. The order to extend had just been given, but the men had not had time to act upon it. The storm of lead burst upon the head and right flank of the column, which broke to pieces under the murderous volley. Wauchope was shot, struggled up, and fell once more for ever. Rumour has placed words of reproach upon his dying lips, but his nature, both gentle and soldierly, forbids the supposition. "What a pity!" was the only utterance which a brother Highlander ascribes to him. Men went down in swathes, and a howl of rage and agony, heard afar over the veldt, swelled up from the frantic and struggling crowd. By the

hundred they dropped—some dead, some wounded, some knocked down by the rush and sway of the broken ranks. It was a horrible business. At such a range and in such a formation a single Mauser bullet may well pass through many men. A few dashed forward and were found dead at the very edges of the trench. The few survivors of companies A, B, and C of the Black Watch appear to have never actually retired, but to have clung on to the immediate front of the Boer trenches. The rest of the brigade broke and, disentangling themselves with difficulty from the dead and the dying, fled back out of that accursed place. Some, the most unfortunate of all, became caught in the darkness in the wire defences, and were found in the morning hung up "like crows," as one spectator describes it, and riddled with bullets.

Who shall blame the Highlanders for retiring when they did? Viewed, not by desperate and surprised men, but in all calmness and sanity, it may well seem to have been the very best thing which they could do. Dashed into chaos, separated from their officers, with no one who knew what was to be done, the first necessity was to gain shelter from this deadly fire, which had already stretched six hundred of their number upon the ground. The danger was that men so shaken would be stricken with panic, scatter in the darkness over the face of the country, and cease to exist as a military unit. But the Highlanders were true to their character and their traditions. There was shouting in the darkness, hoarse voices calling for the Seaforth's

for the Argylls, for Company C, for Company H, and everywhere in the gloom there came the answer of the clansmen. Within half an hour with the break of day the Highland regiments had re-formed (a company and a half left of the Black Watch), and, shattered and weakened but undaunted, prepared to renew the contest. Some attempt at an advance was made upon the right, ebbing and flowing, one little band even reaching the trenches and coming back with prisoners and reddened bayonets. For the most part the men lay upon their faces, and fired when they could at the enemy: but the cover which the latter kept was so excellent, that an officer who expended one hundred and twenty rounds has left it upon record that he never once had seen anything positive at which to aim. Lieutenant Lindsay brought the Seaforth's Maxim into the firing line, and, though all her crew except two were hit, it continued to do good service during the day. The Lancers' Maxim was equally staunch, though it also was left finally with only the lieutenant in charge and one trooper to work it.

Fortunately the guns were at hand, and, as usual, they were quick to come to the aid of the distressed. The sun was hardly up before the howitzers were throwing lyddite at four thousand yards, the three field batteries (18th, 62nd, 75th) were working with shrapnel at a mile, and the troop of Horse Artillery was up at the right front trying to enfilade the trenches. The guns kept down the rifle-fire, and gave the wearied Highlanders some respite from their troubles. The whole situation had resolved itself now into

another Battle of Modder River. The infantry, under a fire at from six hundred to eight hundred paces, could not advance and would not retire. The artillery only kept the battle going, and the huge naval gun from behind was joining with its deep bark in the deafening uproar. But the Boers had already learned—and it is one of their most valuable military qualities that they assimilate their experience so quickly—that shell fire is less dangerous in a trench than among rocks. These trenches, very elaborate in character, had been dug some hundreds of yards from the foot of the hills, so that there was hardly any guide to our artillery fire. Yet it is to the artillery fire that all the losses of the Boers that day were due.



From a THE BARBED WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS AT MAGERSVELD. [1907]

The cleverness of Cronje's disposition of his trenches some hundred yards ahead of the kopjes is accentuated by the fascination which any rising object has for a gunner. Prince Kraft tells the story of how at Sadowa he unlimbered his guns two hundred yards in front of the church of Chlum, and how the Austrian reply fire almost invariably pitched upon the steeple. So our own gunners, even at a two-thousand-yard mark, found it difficult to avoid

the mounted infantry and the 12th Lancers, skirmishing on foot. It was in this long and successful struggle to cover the flank of the 3rd Brigade that Major Milton, Major Ray, and many another brave man met his end. The Coldstreams and Grenadiers relieved the pressure upon this side, and the Lancers retired to their horses, having shown, not for the first time, that the cavalryman with a modern carbine can at a pinch very quickly turn himself into



From a

THE BOER TRENCHES AT MAGERSFONTEIN.

[Photo.

overshooting the invisible line and hitting the obvious mark behind.

As the day wore on reinforcements of infantry came up from the force which had been left to guard the camp. The Gordons arrived with the first and second battalions of the Coldstream Guards, and all the artillery was moved nearer to the enemy's position. At the same time, as there were some indications of an attack upon our right flank, the Grenadier Guards with five companies of the Yorkshire Light Infantry were moved up in that direction, while the three remaining companies of Barter's Yorkshires secured a drift over which the enemy might cross the Modder. This threatening movement upon our right flank, which would have put the Highlanders into an impossible position had it succeeded, was most gallantly held back all morning, before the arrival of the Guards and the Yorkshires, by

a useful infantry soldier. Lord Airlie deserves all praise for his unconventional use of his men, and for the gallantry with which he threw both himself and them into the most critical corner of the fight.

While the Coldstreams, the Grenadiers, and the Yorkshire Light Infantry were holding back the Boer attack upon our right flank the indomitable Gordons, the men of Dargai, furious with the desire to avenge their comrades of the Highland Brigade, had advanced straight against the trenches and succeeded without any very great loss in getting within four hundred yards of them. But a single regiment could not carry the position, and anything like a general advance upon it was out of the question in broad daylight after the punishment which we had received. Any plans of the sort which may have passed through Lord Methuen's mind were driven away for ever by the sudden

unordered retreat of the stricken brigade. They had been very roughly handled in this which was to most of them their baptism of fire, and they had been without food and water under a burning sun all day. They fell back rapidly for a mile, and the guns were for a time left partially exposed. Fortunately the lack of initiative on the part of the Boers which has stood our friend so often came in to save us from disaster and humiliation. It is due to the brave, unshaken face which the Guards presented to the enemy that our repulse did not deepen into something still more serious.

The Gordons and the Scots Guards were still in attendance upon the guns, but they had been advanced very close to the enemy's trenches, and there were no other troops in support. Under these circumstances it was imperative that the Highlanders should rally, and Major Ewart with other surviving officers rushed among the scattered ranks and strove hard to

But as the evening wore on it became evident that no attack could succeed, and that therefore there was no use in holding the men in front of the enemy's position. The dark Cronje, lurking among his ditches and his barbed wire, was not to be approached, far less defeated. There are some who think that, had we held on there as we did at the Modder River, the enemy would again have been accommodating enough to make way for us during the night, and the morning would have found the road clear to Kimberley. I know no grounds for such an opinion—but several against it. At Modder Cronje abandoned his lines, knowing that he had other and stronger ones behind him. At Magersfontein a level plain lay behind the Boer position, and to abandon it was to give up the game altogether. Besides, why should he abandon it? He knew that he had hit us hard. We had made absolutely no impression upon his defences. Is



From a]

LORD METHUEN WATCHING THE BATTLE OF MAGERSFONTEIN.

[Photo.

gather and to stiffen them. The men were dazed by what they had undergone, and Nature shrank back from that deadly zone where the bullets fell so thickly. But the pipes blew and the bugles sang, and the poor tired fellows, the backs of their legs so flayed and blistered by lying in the sun that they could hardly bend them, hobbled back to their duty. They worked up to the guns once more, and the moment of danger passed.

It likely that he would have tamely given up all his advantages and surrendered the fruits of his victory without a struggle? It is enough to mourn a defeat without the additional agony of thinking that a little more perseverance might have turned it into a victory. The Boer position could only be taken by outflanking it, and we were not numerous enough or mobile enough to outflank it. There lay the whole secret of our troubles, and no conjectures as to what

might under other circumstances have happened can alter it.

About half-past five the Boer guns, which had for some unexplained reason been silent all day, opened upon the cavalry. Their appearance was a signal for the general falling back of the centre, and the last attempt to retrieve the day was abandoned. The Highlanders were dead-beat: the Coldstreams had had enough; the mounted infantry was badly mauled. There remained the Grenadiers, the Scots Guards, and two or three line regiments who were available for a new attack. There are occasions, such as Sadowa, where a general must play his last card. There are others where, with reinforcements in his rear, he can do better by saving his force and trying once again. General Grant had an axiom that the best time for an advance was when you were utterly exhausted, for that was the moment when your enemy was probably utterly exhausted too, and of two such forces the attacker has the moral advantage. Lord Methuen determined -- and no doubt wisely -- that it was no occasion for counsels of desperation. His men were withdrawn -- in some cases withdrew themselves -- outside the range of the Boer guns, and next morning saw the whole force with bitter and humiliated hearts on their way back to their camp at Modder River.

The repulse of Magersfontein cost the British nearly a thousand men, killed, wounded, and missing, of which over seven hundred belonged to the Highlanders. Fifty-seven officers had fallen in that brigade alone, including their Brigadier and Colonel Downman of the Gordons. Colonel Codrington of the Coldstreams was wounded early, fought through the action, and came back in the evening on a Maxim gun. Lord Winchester of the same battalion was killed, after injudiciously but heroically exposing himself all day. The Black Watch alone had lost nineteen officers and over three hundred men killed and wounded, a catastrophe which can only be matched in all the bloody and glorious annals of that splendid regiment by their slaughter at Ticonderoga in 1757, when no fewer than five hundred fell

before Montcalm's muskets. Never has Scotland had a more grievous day than this of Magersfontein. She has always given her best blood with lavish generosity for the Empire, but it may be doubted if any single battle has ever put so many families of high and low into mourning from the Tweed to the Caithness shore. There is a legend that when sorrow comes upon Scotland the old Edinburgh Castle is lit by ghostly lights and gleams white at every window in the murk of midnight. If ever the watcher could have seen so sinister a sight it should have been on this the fatal night of December 11th, 1899. As to the Boer loss, it is impossible to determine it. Their official returns stated it to be seventy killed and two hundred and fifty wounded, but the reports of prisoners and deserters placed it at a very much higher figure. One unit, the Scandinavian corps, was placed in an advanced position at Spytfontein, and was overwhelmed by the Sea-forths, who killed, wounded, or took the eighty



THE BATTLE OF MAGERSFONTEIN.  
From a Sketch by Mr. Fred. Villiers.



men of whom it was composed. The stories of prisoners and of deserters all speak of losses very much higher than those which have been officially acknowledged.

In his comments upon the battle next day Lord Methuen was said to have given deep offence to the Highland Brigade by laying the blame of the failure upon them. This statement obtained wide credence at the time, but was entirely without foundation, the General's remarks being entirely complimentary. One thing is certain: that the reply to this is the obvious one that the brigade had certainly not been prepared for the attack, and that it is asking too much that unprepared men after such terrible losses should carry out in the darkness a scheme which they do not understand. From the death of Wauchope in the early morning until the assumption of the command of the brigade by Hughes-Hallett in the late afternoon no one seems to have taken the direction. "My lieutenant was wounded and my captain was killed," says a private. "The General was dead, but we stayed where we were, for there was no order to retire." That was the story of the whole brigade, until the flanking movement of the Boers compelled them to fall back.

The most striking lesson of the engagement is the extreme bloodiness of modern warfare under some conditions and its bloodlessness under others. Here, out of a total of something under a thousand casualties, seven hundred were incurred in about five minutes, and the whole day of shell, machine-gun, and rifle fire only furnished the odd three hundred. So also at Lombard's Kop the British forces (White's column) were under heavy fire from 5.30 till 11.30, and the loss again was something under three hundred. With conservative generalship the losses of the battles of the future will be much less than those of the past, and as a consequence the battles themselves will last much longer, and it will be the most enduring rather than the most fiery which will win. The supply of food and water to the combatants will become of extreme importance to keep them up during the prolonged trials of endurance, which will last for weeks rather than days. On the other hand, when a general's force is badly compromised, it will be so punished that a quick surrender will be the only alternative to annihilation.

On the subject of the quarter-column formation, which proved so fatal to us, it must be remembered that any other form of advance is hardly possible during a night attack, though at Tel-el-Kebir the exceptional circumstance of the march being over an open desert allowed the troops to move for the last mile or two in a more extended formation. A line of battalion

double company columns is most difficult to preserve in the darkness, and any confusion may lead to disaster. The whole mistake lay in a miscalculation of a few hundred yards in the position of the trenches. Had the regiments deployed five minutes earlier it is probable (though by no means certain) that the position would have been carried.

The action was not without those examples of military virtue which soften a disaster and hold out a brighter promise for the future. The Guards withdrew from the field as if on parade, with the Boer shells bursting over their ranks. Fine, too, was the restraint of G Battery of Horse Artillery on the morning after the battle. An armistice was understood to exist, but the naval gun, in ignorance of it, opened on our extreme left. The Boers at once opened fire upon the Horse Artillery, who, recognising the mistake, remained motionless and unflinching in a line, with every horse and gunner and driver in his place, without taking any notice of the fire, which presently slackened and stopped as the enemy came to understand the situation.

But of all the corps who deserve praise there was none more gallant than the brave surgeons and ambulance bearers, who encounter all of the dangers and enjoy none of the thrills of warfare. All day under fire these men worked and toiled among the wounded. Beevor, Ensor, Douglas, Probyn—all were equally devoted. It is almost incredible, and yet it is true, that by ten o'clock on the morning after the battle, before the troops had returned to camp, no fewer than five hundred wounded were in the train and on their way to Cape Town.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE BATTLE OF STORMBERG.

SOME attempt has now been made to sketch the succession of events which had ended in the investment of Ladysmith in Northern Natal, and also to show the fortunes of the force which, on the western side of the seat of war, attempted to advance to the relief of Kimberley. The distance between these forces may be expressed in terms familiar to the European reader by saying that it was that which separates Paris from Frankfurt, or to the American by suggesting that Ladysmith was at Boston and that Methuen was trying to relieve Philadelphia. Waterless deserts and rugged mountain ranges divided the two scenes of action. In the case of the British there could be no connection between the two movements, but the Boers by a land journey of something over a hundred miles had a double choice of a route by which Cronje and Joubert might join hands, either by the Bloemfontein-Johannesburg-Laing's Nek Rail-



"ALL DAY UNDER FIRE THESE MEN WORKED AND TOILED AMONG THE WOUNDED."

way, or by the direct line from Harrismith to Ladysmith. The possession of these internal lines should have been of enormous benefit to the Boers, enabling them to throw the weight of their forces unexpectedly from the one flank to the other.

In a future chapter it will be recorded how the Army Corps arriving from England was largely diverted into Natal in order in the first instance to prevent the Colony from being overrun, and in the second to rescue the beleaguered garrison. In the meantime it is necessary to deal with the military operations in the broad space between the eastern and western armies.

After the declaration of war there was a period of some weeks during which the position of the British over the whole of the northern part of Cape Colony was full of danger. Immense supplies had been gathered at De Aar, which were at the mercy of a Free State raid, and the burghers, had they possessed a cavalry leader with the dash of a Stuart or a Sheridan, might have dealt a blow which would have cost us a million pounds' worth of stores and dislocated the whole plan of campaign. However, the chance was allowed to pass, and when, on November 1st, the burghers at last in a leisurely fashion sauntered over the frontier, arrangements had

been made by reinforcement and by concentration to guard the vital points. The objects of the British leaders until the time for a general advance should come were to hold the Orange River Bridge (which opened the way to Kimberley), to cover De Aar Junction, where the stores were, to protect at all costs the line of railway which led from Cape Town to Kimberley, and to hold on to as much as possible of those other two lines of railway which led, the one through Colesberg and the other through Stormberg, into the Free State. The two bodies of invaders who entered the Colony moved along the line of these two railways, the one crossing the Orange River at Norval's Pont and the other at Bethulie. They enlisted many recruits among the Cape Colony Dutch as they advanced, and the scanty British forces fell back in front of them, abandoning Colesberg on the one line and Stormberg on the other. We have then to deal with the movements of two British detachments. The one which operated on the Colesberg line—which was the more vital of the two, as a rapid advance of the Boers upon that line would have threatened the precious Cape Town-Kimberley connection—consisted almost entirely of mounted troops, and was under the command of the same

General French who had won the Battle of Elandsplaagte. By an act of foresight which was only too rare upon the British side in the earlier stages of this war French, who had in the recent large manoeuvres on Salisbury Plain shown great ability as a cavalry leader, was sent out of Ladysmith in the very last train which made its way through. His operations, with his instructive use of cavalry and horse artillery, may be treated separately.

The other British force which faced the Boers who were advancing through Stormberg was commanded by General Gatacre, a man who bore a high reputation for fearlessness and tireless energy, though he had been criticised, notably during the Soudan campaign, for having called upon his men for undue and unnecessary exertion. "General Back-acher" they called him, with rough soldierly chaff. A glance at his long, thin figure, his gaunt, Don-Quixote face, and his aggressive jaw would show his personal energy, but might not satisfy the observer that he possessed those intellectual gifts which

for the general. The man's strength and his weakness lay in the incident.

General Gatacre was nominally in command of a division, but so cruelly had his men been diverted from him, some to Buller in Natal and some to Methuen, that he could not assemble more than a brigade. Falling back before the Boer advance, he found himself early in December at Sterkstroom, while the Boers occupied the very strong position of Stormberg, some thirty miles to the north of him. With the enemy so near him it was Gatacre's nature to attack, and the moment that he thought himself strong enough he did so. No doubt he had private information as to the dangerous hold which the Boers were getting upon the colonial Dutch, and it is possible that while Buller and Methuen were attacking east and west they urged Gatacre to do something to hold the enemy in the centre. On the night of December 9th he advanced.

The fact that he was about to do so, and even the hour of the start, appear to have been



THE PASS OF STORMBERG, SHOWING THE COUNTRY IN WHICH GENERAL GATACRE OPERATED.

qualify for high command. At the action of the Atbara he, the brigadier in command, was the first to reach and to tear down with his own hands the zareba of the enemy—a gallant exploit of the soldier, but a questionable position

the common property of the camp some days before the actual move. The *Times* correspondent under the date December 7th details all that it is intended to do. It is to the credit of our generals as men, but to their detriment

as soldiers, that they seem throughout the campaign to have shown extraordinarily little power of dissimulation. They did the obvious, and usually allowed it to be obvious what they were about to do. One thinks of Napoleon striking at Egypt: how he gave it abroad that the real object of the expedition was Ireland, but breathed into the ears of one or two intimates that in very truth it was bound for Genoa. The leading official at Toulon had no more idea where the fleet and army of France had gone than the blindest caulker in the yard. However, it is not fair to expect the subtlety of the Corsican from the downright Saxon, but it remains strange and deplorable that in a

trained in open trucks under a burning sun, and for some reason, at which the impetuous spirit of the General must have chafed, were kept waiting for three hours. At eight o'clock they detrained at Molteno, and thence after a short rest and a meal they started upon the night march which was intended to end at the break of day at the Boer trenches. One feels as if one were describing the operations of Magersfontein once again, and the parallel continues to be painfully exact.

It was nine o'clock and pitch dark when the column moved out of Molteno and struck across the black gloom of the veldt, the wheels of the guns being wrapped in hide to deaden



*Drawn by Frank Craig.]*

THE NIGHT MARCH OF GENERAL GATACRE'S COLUMN.

*[From a Sketch by a British Officer.]*

country filled with spies anyone should have known in advance that a so-called "surprise" was about to be attempted.

The force with which General Gatacre advanced consisted of the 2nd Northumberland Fusiliers, 960 strong, with one Maxim; the 2nd Irish Rifles, 840 strong, with one Maxim; 250 Cape Mounted Rifles, with four light guns, and 250 Mounted Infantry. There were two batteries of Field Artillery, the 74th and 77th. The total force was well under 3,000 men. It has been stated that of the two infantry battalions engaged one had been out early upon a field day on the day of march and the other had been engaged in laborious fatigue work. About three in the afternoon the men were en-

the rattle. It was known that the distance was not more than ten miles, and so when hour followed hour and the guides were still unable to say that they had reached their point it must have become perfectly evident that they had missed their way. The men were dog-tired, a long day's work had been followed by a long night's march, and they plodded along drowsily through the darkness. The ground was broken and irregular. The weary soldiers stumbled as they marched. Daylight came and revealed the column still looking for its objective, the fiery General walking in front and leading his horse behind him. It was evident that his plans had miscarried, but his energetic and hardy temperament would not

permit him to turn back without a blow being struck. However one may commend his energy, one cannot but stand aghast at his dispositions. The country was wild and rocky, the very places for those tactics of the surprise and the ambushade in which the Boers excelled. And yet the column still plodded aimlessly on in its dense formation, and if there were any attempt at scouting ahead and on the flanks the result showed how ineffectively it was carried out. It was at a quarter past four in the clear light of a South African morning that a shot, and then another, and then a rolling crash of musketry, told that we were to have one more rough lesson of the result of neglecting the usual precautions of warfare. High up on the face of a steep line of hill the Boer riflemen lay hid, and from a short range their fire scourged our exposed flank. The men appear to have been chiefly Colonial rebels, and not Boers of the back veldt, and to that happy chance it may be that the comparative harmlessness of their fire was due. Even now, in spite of the surprise, the situation might have been saved had the bewildered troops and their harried officers known exactly what to do. It is easy to be wise after the event, but it appears now that the only course that could commend itself would be to extricate the troops from their position, and then, if thought feasible, to plan an attack. Instead of this a rush was made at the hill-side, and the infantry made their way some distance up it only to find that there were positive ledges in front of them which could not be climbed. The advance was at a dead stop, and the men lay down under the boulders for cover from the hot fire which came from inaccessible marksmen above them. Mean while the artillery had opened behind them, and their fire (not for the first time in this campaign) was more deadly to their friends than to their foes. At least one prominent officer fell among his men, torn by British shrapnel bullets. Talana Hill and Modder River have shown also, though perhaps in a less tragic degree, that what with the long range of modern artillery fire, and what with the difficulty of locating infantry who are using smokeless powder, it is necessary that officers commanding batteries should be provided with the coolest heads and the most powerful glasses of any men in the service, for a responsibility which will become more and more terrific rests upon their judgment.

The question now, since the assault had failed, was how to extricate the men from their position. Many withdrew down the hill, running the gauntlet of the enemy's fire as they emerged from the boulders on to the open ground, while others clung to their positions,

some from a soldierly hope that victory might finally incline to them, others because it was clearly safer to lie among the rocks than to cross the bullet-swept spaces beyond. Those portions of the force who extricated themselves do not appear to have realized how many of their comrades had remained behind, and so as the gap gradually increased between the men who were stationary and the men who fell back all hope of the two bodies reuniting became impossible. All the infantry who remained upon the hill-side were captured. The rest rallied at a point fifteen hundred yards from the scene of the surprise, and began an orderly retreat to Molteno.

In the meanwhile three powerful Boer guns upon the ridge had opened fire with great accuracy, but fortunately with defective shells. Had the enemy's contractors been as trustworthy as their gunners in this campaign our losses would have been very much heavier, and it is possible that here we catch a glimpse of some consequences of that corruption which was one of the curses of the country. The guns were moved with great smartness along the ridge, and opened fire again and again, but never with great result. Our own batteries, the 74th and 77th, with our handful of mounted men, worked hard in covering the retreat and holding back the enemy's pursuit.

It is a sad subject to discuss, but it is the one instance in a campaign containing many reverses which amounts to demoralization among the troops engaged. The Guards marching with the steadiness of Hyde Park off the field of Magersfontein, or the men of Nicholson's Neck chafing because they were not led in a last hopeless charge, are, even in defeat, object-lessons of military virtue. But here fatigue and sleeplessness had taken all fire and spirit out of the men. They dropped asleep by the roadside and had to be prodded up by their exhausted officers. Many were taken prisoners in their slumber by the enemy who gleaned behind them. Units broke into small straggling bodies, and it was a sorry and bedraggled force which about ten o'clock came wandering into Molteno. The place of honour in the rear was kept throughout by the Irish Rifles, who preserved some military formation to the end.

Our losses in killed and wounded were not severe—military honour would have been less sore had they been more so. Twenty-six killed, sixty-eight wounded—that is all. But between the men on the hill-side and the somnambulists of the column, 600, about equally divided between the Irish Rifles and the Northumberland Fusiliers, had been left as prisoners. Two guns, too, had been lost in the hurried retreat.

It is not for the historian—especially for a civilian historian—to say a word unnecessarily to aggravate the pain of that brave man who, having done all that personal courage could do, was seen afterwards sobbing on the table of the waiting-room at Molteno and bewailing his "poor men." He had a disaster, but Nelson had one at Teneriffe and Napoleon at Acre, and built their great reputations in spite of it. But the one good thing of a disaster is that by examining it we may learn to do better in the future, and so it would indeed be a perilous thing if we agreed that our reverses were not a fit subject for open and frank discussion.

It is not to the detriment of an enterprise that it should be daring and call for considerable physical effort on the part of those who are engaged in it. On the contrary, the conception of such plans is one of the signs of a great military mind. But in the arranging of the details the same military mind should assiduously occupy itself in foreseeing and preventing every unnecessary thing which may make the execution of such a plan more difficult. The idea of a swift sudden attack upon Stormberg was excellent—the details of the operation are continually open to criticism.

Passing over the fact—the root, probably, of all the trouble—that the plan was known in the camp at least two days before it was carried out, what can one say about the work to which the troops were subjected before starting on their tiring expedition? When the column had traversed a longer distance than that between Molteno and the place to be attacked, was it not time to halt and reconsider the whole position? When daylight found the column wandering in an enemy's country, was it not advisable to advance in open order with flanking scouts? Could not the attack be guided into some direction which was not inaccessible? There were troops, the Royal Scots, in Molteno. Could they not have been left on the line of retreat so as to form a rallying point in case of a mishap? These are a few of the questions which suggest themselves to the mind of the least censorious of observers.

How far the Boers suffered at Stormberg is unknown to us, but there seems in this instance no reason to doubt their own statement that their losses were very slight. At no time was any body of them exposed to our fire, while we, as usual, fought in the open. Their numbers were probably less than ours, and the quality of their shooting and want of energy in pursuit make the defeat the more galling. On the other hand, their guns were served with skill and audacity. They consisted of commandos from Bethulie, Rouxville, and Smithfield, under

the orders of Olivier, with those Colonials whom they had seduced from their allegiance.

This defeat of General Gatacre's, occurring, as it did, in a disaffected district and one of great strategic importance, might have produced the worst consequences. Fortunately, no very evil result followed. No doubt the recruiting of rebels was helped, but there was no forward movement, and Molteno remained in our hands. In the meanwhile Gatacre's force was reinforced by a fresh battery, the 79th, and by a strong regiment, the Derbyshires, so that with the 1st Royal Scots and the wing of the Berkshires he was strong enough to hold his own until the time for a general advance should come. So in the Stormberg district, as at the Modder River, the same humiliating and absurd position of stalemate was established.

## CHAPTER XI.

### BATTLE OF COLENSO.

TWO serious defeats had within the week been inflicted upon the British forces in South Africa. The dark Cronje, lurking behind his trenches and his barbed wire entanglements, barred Methuen's road to Kimberley, while in the northern part of Cape Colony Gatacre's wearied troops had been defeated and driven by a force which consisted largely of British subjects. But the public at home steeled their hearts and fixed their eyes steadily upon Natal. There was their senior General and there the main body of their troops. As brigade after brigade and battery after battery touched at Cape Town, and were sent on instantly to Durban, it was evident that it was in this quarter that the supreme effort was to be made, and that there the light might at last break. In club, and dining-room, and railway-car—wherever men met and talked—the same words might be heard: "Wait until Buller moves." The hopes of a great Empire lay in the phrase.

It was upon October 30th that Sir George White had been thrust back into Ladysmith. On November 2nd telegraphic communication with the town was interrupted. On November 3rd the railway line was cut. On November 10th the Boers held Colenso and the line of the Tugela. On the 14th was the affair of the armoured train. On the 18th the enemy were near Estcourt. On the 21st they had reached the Mooi River. On the 23rd Hildyard attacked them at Willow Grange. All these actions will be treated elsewhere. This last one marks the turn of the tide. From then onwards Sir Redvers Buller was massing his troops at Chieveley in preparation for a great effort to cross the river and to relieve Ladysmith, the guns of which, calling from behind the line of

northern hills, told their constant tale of restless attack and stubborn defence.

But the task was as severe a one as the most fighting general could ask for. On the southern side the banks formed a long slope which could be shaved as with a razor by the rifle fire of the enemy. How to advance across that broad open zone was indeed a problem. It was one of many occasions in this war in which one

The most obvious criticism upon the operation is that if the attack must be made it should not be made under the enemy's conditions. We seem almost to have gone out of our way to make every obstacle—the glacis-like approach, the river, the trenches—as difficult as possible. Future operations were to prove that it was not so difficult to deceive Boer vigilance and by rapid movements to cross the Tugela. A military



From a Facsimile Sketch of BULLER'S AND HIS SKILLINGS ACROSS THE TUGELA. [Mr. F. J. Stewart.]

wondered why, if a bullet-proof shield capable of sheltering a lying man could be constructed, a trial should not be given to it. Alternate rushes of companies with a safe rest after each rush would save the troops from the continued tension of that deadly, never-ending fire. However, it is idle to discuss what might have been done to mitigate their trials. The open ground had to be passed, and then they came to—not the enemy, but a broad and deep river, with a single bridge, probably undermined, and a single ford, which was found not to exist in practice. Beyond the river was tier after tier of hills crowned with stone walls and seamed with trenches, defended by thousands of the best marksmen in the world, supported by an admirable artillery. If, in spite of the advance over the open and in spite of the passage of the river, a ridge could still be carried, it was only to be commanded by the next; and so, one behind the other, like the billows of the ocean, a series of hills and hollows rolled northwards to Ladysmith. All attacks must be in the open. All defence was from under cover. It was a desperate task, and yet honour forbade that the garrison should be left to its fate. The venture must be made.

authority has stated, I know not with what truth, that there is no instance in history of a determined army being stopped by the line of a river, and from Wellington at the Douro to the Russians on the Danube many examples of the case with which they may be passed will occur to the reader. But Buller had some exceptional difficulties with which to contend. He was weak in mounted troops, and was opposed to an enemy of exceptional mobility who might attack his flank and rear if he exposed them. He had not that great preponderance of numbers which came to him later, and which enabled him to attempt a wide turning movement. One advantage he had, the possession of a more powerful artillery, but his heaviest guns were naturally his least mobile, and the more direct his advance the more effective would his guns be. For these or other reasons he determined upon a frontal attack on the formidable Boer position, and he moved out of Chieveley Camp for that purpose at daybreak on Friday, December 15th.

The force which General Buller led into action was the finest which any British general had handled since the Battle of the Alma. Of infantry he had four strong brigades: the 2nd (Hild-

yard's), consisting of the 2nd Devons, the 2nd Queen's or West Surrey, the 2nd West Yorkshire, and the 2nd East Surrey; the 4th Brigade (Lyttelton's), comprising the 2nd Cameronians, the 3rd Rifles, the 1st Durhams, and the 1st Rifle Brigade; the 5th Brigade (Hart's), with the 1st Inniskilling Fusiliers, the 1st Connaught Rangers, 1st Dublin Fusiliers, and the Border Regiment, this last taking the place of the 2nd Irish Rifles, who were with Gatacre. There remained the 6th Brigade (Barton's), which included the 2nd Royal Fusiliers, the 2nd Scots Fusiliers, the 1st Welsh Fusiliers, and the 2nd Irish Fusiliers—in all about 16,000 infantry. The mounted men, who were commanded by Lord Dundonald, included the 13th Hussars, the 1st Royals, Bethune's Mounted Infantry, Thorneycroft's Mounted Infantry, three squadrons of South African Horse, with a composite regiment formed from the mounted infantry of the Rifles and of the Dublin Fusiliers, with squadrons of the Natal Carabineers and the Imperial Light Horse. These irregular troops of horse might be criticised by martinets and pedants, but they contained some of the finest fighting material of the army, some urged on by personal hatred of the Boers and some by mere lust of adventure. As an example of the latter one squadron of the South African Horse was composed almost entirely of Texan mulcteers, who, having come over with their animals, had been drawn by their own gallant spirit into the fighting line of their kinsmen.

Cavalry was General Buller's weakest arm, but his artillery was strong both in its quality and its number of guns. There were five batteries (thirty guns) of the Field Artillery, the 7th, 14th, 63rd, 64th, and 66th. Besides these there were no fewer than sixteen naval guns from H.M.S. *Terrible*, fourteen of which were 12 pounders and the other two of the 4.7 type which had done such good service both at Ladysmith and with Methuen. The whole force which moved out from Chieveley Camp numbered about 21,000 men.

The work which was allotted to the army was simple in conception, however terrible it might prove in execution. There were two points at which the river might be crossed—one three miles off on the left, named Bridle Drift, the other straight ahead at the Bridge of Colenso. The 5th or Irish Brigade was to endeavour to cross at Bridle Drift, and then to work down the river bank on the far side so as to support the 2nd or English Brigade, which was to cross at Colenso. The 4th Brigade was to advance between these, so as to help either which should be in difficulties. Meanwhile on the extreme

right the mounted troops under Dundonald were to cover the flank and to attack Hlangwane Hill, a formidable position, held strongly by the enemy, upon the south bank of the Tugela. The remaining Fusilier brigade of infantry was to support this movement on the right. The guns were to cover the various attacks, and, if possible, gain a position from which the trenches might be enfiladed. This, simply stated, was the work which lay before the British army. In the bright, clear morning sunshine, under a cloudless blue sky, they advanced with high hopes to the assault. Before them lay the long, level plain, then the curve of the river, and beyond, silent and serene, like some peaceful dream landscape, stretched the lines and lines of gently curving hills. It was just five o'clock in the morning when the naval guns began to bay, and huge red dust-clouds from the distant foothills showed where the lyddite was bursting. No answer came back, nor was there any movement upon the sunlit hills. It was almost brutal, this furious violence to so gentle and unresponsive a country-side. In no place could the keenest eye detect a sign of guns or men, and yet death lurked in every hollow and crouched by every rock.

It is so difficult to make a modern battle intelligible when fought, as this was, over a front of seven or eight miles, that it is best perhaps to take the doings of each column in turn, beginning with the left flank, where Hart's Irish Brigade had advanced to the assault of Bridle Drift.

Under an unanswered and therefore an unaimed fire from the heavy guns the Irish infantry moved forward upon the points which they had been ordered to attack. The Dublins led, then the Connaughts, the Inniskillings, and the Borderers. Incredible as it may appear after the recent experiences of Magersfontein and of Stormberg, the men in the two rear regiments appear to have been advanced in quarter column, and not to have deployed until after the enemy's fire had opened. Had shrapnel struck this close formation, as it was within an ace of doing, the loss of life must have been as severe as it was unnecessary.

On approaching the Drift—the position or even the existence of which does not seem to have been very clearly defined—it was found that the troops had to advance into a loop formed by the river, so that they were exposed to a very heavy cross-fire upon their right flank, while they were rained on by shrapnel from in front. No sign of the enemy could be seen, though the men were dropping fast. It is a weird and soul-shaking experience to advance over a sunlit and apparently a lonely



country-side, with no slightest movement upon its broad face, while the path which you take is marked behind you by sobbing, gasping, writhing men, who can only guess by the position of their wounds whence the shots came which struck them down. All round, like the hissing of fat in the pan, is the monotonous crackle and rattle of the Mausers; but the air is full of it, and no one can define exactly whence it comes. Far away on some hill upon the skyline there hangs the least gauzy veil of thin smoke to indicate whence the six men who have just all

war, but it may be questioned whether they will not prove to be among the last of mortals to be asked to endure such an ordeal. Other methods of attack must be found or attacks must be abandoned, for smokeless powder, quick-firing guns, and modern rifles make it all odds on the defence!

The gallant Irishmen pushed on, flushed with battle and careless for their losses, the four regiments clubbed into one, with all military organization rapidly disappearing, and nothing left but their gallant spirit and their furious

Boer "Long Tom" here.

Boer camp behind here.

Trench held by 2nd Brigade.

Boer advanced position shelled by Naval gun.

Colenso village.

Fort Wyke, demolished by Naval Gun.

Boer advanced position.

Amulhwan—big guns here shell Ladysmith.

Where the ten guns were lost.



Armoured train.

Flatlayers' house used as an hospital during the battle.

Kafir kraal

PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE BATTLE OF COLENSO—THE FIGHT AGAINST A HIDDEN ENEMY.

Drawn by C. E. Fripp & F. C. Dickinson. From a Sketch by Captain W. S. Carey.

fallen together, as if it were some grim drill, met their death. And somewhere else, up yonder among the boulders, there rises a horrible quacking, a dreadful, monotonous hyena laugh, which comes from the worst gun of all, the malignant one-pounder Maxim, the hateful "Pom-pom." Into such a hell-storm as this it was that the soldiers have again and again advanced in the course of this

desire to come to hand-grips with the enemy. Rolling on in a broad wave of shouting angry men, they never winced from the fire until they had swept up to the bank of the river. Northern Inniskilling and Southern man of Connaught, orange and green, Protestant and Catholic, Celt and Saxon, their only rivalry now was who could shed his blood most freely for the common cause. How hateful seem those

provincial politics and narrow sectarian creeds which can hold such men apart!

The bank of the river had been gained, but where was the ford? The water swept broad and unruddled in front of them, with no indication of shallows. A few dashing fellows sprang in, but their cartridges and rifles dragged them to the bottom. One or two may even have struggled through to the farther side, but on this there is a conflict of evidence. It may be, though it seems incredible, that the river had been partly dammed to deepen the Drift, or, as is more probable, that in the rapid advance and attack the position of the Drift was lost. However this may be, the troops could find no ford, and they lay down, as had been done in so many previous actions, unwilling to retreat and unable to advance, with the same merciless pelting from front and flank. The naval guns had silenced the Boer artillery, but who could silence the unseen riflemen? In every fold and behind every anthill the Irishmen lay thick and waited for better times. There are many instances of their cheery and uncomplaining humour. Colonel Brooke, of the Connaughts, fell at the head of his men. Private Livingstone helped to carry him into safety, and then, his task done, he confessed to having "a bit of a rap meself," and sank fainting with a bullet through his throat. Another sat with a bullet through both legs. "Bring me a tin whistle, and I'll blow ye any tune ye like," he cried, mindful of the Dargai piper. Another with his arm hanging by a tendon puffed morosely at his short black pipe. Every now and then, in face of the impossible, the fiery Celtic valour flamed furiously upwards. "Fix bayonets, men, and let us make a name for ourselves," cried a colour-sergeant, and he never spoke again. For five hours, under the tropical sun, the grimy, parched men held on to the ground they had occupied. British shells pitched short and fell among them. A regiment in support fired at them, not knowing that any of the line were so far advanced. Shot at from

the front, the flank, and the rear, the 5th Brigade held grimly on.

But fortunately their orders to retire were at hand, and it is certain that had they not reached them the regiments would have been uselessly destroyed where they lay. It seems to have been Buller himself, who showed extraordinary and ubiquitous personal energy during the day, who ordered them to fall back. As they retreated there was an entire absence of haste and panic, but officers and men were hopelessly jumbled up, and General Hart—whose judgment may occasionally be questioned, but whose cool courage was beyond praise—had hard work to reform the splendid brigade which six hours ago had tramped out of Chieveley Camp. Between five and six hundred of them had fallen—a loss which approximates to that of the Highland Brigade at Magersfontein. The Dublins and the Connaughts were the heaviest sufferers.

So much for the mishap of the 5th Brigade. It is superfluous to point out that the same old omissions were responsible for the same old results. Why were the men in quarter column when advancing against an unseen foe? Why had no scouts gone forward to be certain of the position of the ford? Where were the clouds of skirmishers which should precede such an advance? The recent examples in the field and the teachings of the text-books were equally set at naught, as they had been, and were to be, so often in this campaign. There may be a science of war in the lecture-rooms at Camberley, but very little of it found its way to the veldt. The slogging valour of the private, the careless dash of the regimental officer—these were our military assets, but seldom the care and foresight of our commanders. It is a thankless task to make such comments, but the one great lesson of the war has been that the army is too vital a thing to fall into the hands of a caste, and that it is a national duty for every man to speak fearlessly and freely what he believes to be the truth.

*(To be continued.)*

# The Wreck of the "Reutan,"

## AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

By FREDERICK T. O'LANIGAN.

The story of what is probably the most extraordinary land dispute on record. Beginning with the wreck of a steamship on a sandbank in Lake Michigan, it led up to the formation of a "Sovereign State" within the very borders of the City of Chicago, an enterprise which had to be suppressed by soldiers and police. Even now the last has not been heard of Captain Streeter and his extraordinary "District of Lake Michigan."



AROUND the wreck of the light-draught steamship *Reutan* on a Lake Michigan sand-bar, near Chicago, Ill., the 10th of June, in 1886, has been woven one of the strangest and most complicated romances of American history; a romance in which Captain George Wellington Streeter of the wrecked vessel has figured prominently, together with the authorities of Illinois, Cook County, and Chicago. The last chapter of the romance is yet unwritten, and Streeter and his clan still claim the two hundred and odd acres of land on the lake shore, in the heart of Chicago, which has been washed up around the *Reutan's* hulk by the storm-swept waters, or deposited there by municipal rubbish-carts in the space of fifteen years.

The area of land which Captain Streeter claims "by right of discovery" is worth at least £5,000,000, if not more. Streeter calls his territory "The District of Lake Michigan." He has been elected by his followers a delegate to the National Congress, and only last April was in Washington to see what was going to be done about the matter.

There was a time when the United States refused to



GEORGE W. STREETER.  
From a Photo.



GEORGE W. STREETER, WHO CLAIMS  
"THE DISTRICT OF LAKE MICHIGAN."  
From a Photo.

see the land, which is located in one of the richest residential sections of the Windy City, along the North Shore Drive. Later the officials "saw" the land, but denied a title right to it.

The story of the shipwreck which resulted in the casting up of the "District of Lake Michigan" is an integral part of the romance, and demands consideration. It appears that some months previous to the stranding of the *Reutan* George Wellington Streeter agreed with representatives of the Honduras Government to form an American settlement at a spot called Reutan in that country.

Some thirty people were to be transported thither by ship, via the Illinois and Michigan Canal to the Illinois and Mississippi Rivers, and thence over the Gulf of Mexico to the appointed place. Under these conditions, and in preparation for the migration, the steamship *Reutan* was built. That the *Reutan* might traverse the waterways which were her destined course careful planning was needful. No vessel of great size could pass the canal, and so the *Reutan* was built with light draught. She set forth from Milwaukee to the Windy City, was caught in a terrible storm, and in less time almost than it takes to tell it her machinery was disabled. In the driving grasp

of the storm the steamer struck a tiny and unobtrusive sand-bar. With that bar's accretive growth grew the Stretcher claim.

Captain Stretcher says his ship was wrecked 45 ft. off shore, but to-day the spot is half a

but after he had shown that he intended to stay where he was things began to get somewhat lively.

To the north is the shed which was formerly occupied by Stretcher as his boathouse and erstwhile fish market. The "Capitol Building"



THIS IS THE FAMOUS NORTH SHORE DRIVE—BUILT ON PART OF THE STRETCHER CLAIM.  
*From a Photo.*

mile inland. He could not get his vessel off the bar, so he stood by and "let things happen." After a while it became possible to walk ashore on the growing sand-bar, and soon the city authorities began to dump their refuse there. To-day a boulevard borders the water, and off in the other direction runs the North Shore Drive.

Not far from this drive, for a distance of maybe 200 ft., there runs a low ridge. On the western declivity of this the ill-fated *Reutan* was wrecked, and the ridge is made up of the sand which the lake piled up round the vessel. For a time after Stretcher put in his sudden appearance on the sand-bar that memorable 10th June in 1886 people pitied him on account of the loss of his ship,

occupied a position of prominence on the summit of the sand-heap until it was captured and wrecked in the memorable fight between Stretcher's force and the adjoining landowners about two years ago. After the "home office" had been smashed a tiny brick hut was built near by and a guard was stationed therein. The guard is still maintained.



WHERE THE ILL-FATED "REUTAN" WAS WRECKED—THE SPOT IS NOW HALF A MILE INLAND.  
*From a Photo.*



CAPTAIN STREETER'S HOME, THE  
GABLE, SITUATED ON THE CORNER OF ONE  
OF THE RICHEST RESIDENTIAL STREETS  
[in Chicago] OF CHICAGO. [1890]

In 1890 Captain Streeter started to refit the wrecked vessel for use on the lake. In anticipation of this he put up a two-storey home on a flat-boat and moved in. Then it was that Mr. N. K. Fairbank, a meat packer, gave a family named Avery permission to construct a boat-house on the Streeter claim. Of course, Mr. Fairbank thought he had a right to do this, since his own estate adjoins the Streeter territory. The Avery family started to put up a fence between Streeter and the lake. There were sundry heated disputes, and one day a gun went off—aimed, to say the least of it, in the general direction of Captain Streeter. Streeter got angry and put a charge of fine shot into Samuel, of the Avery family, for which he and his wife Maria were arrested. Acquittal followed the trial, and more fence-building began again on the part of the "enemies." Streeter resisted them, and, although arrested and fined, victory ultimately rested with him, for he had the instigator of the trouble imprisoned for wrecking real estate, and there is little doubt that the man would have gone to gaol but for the failure on the part of the captain to show clearly that he actually owned the property destroyed.

Streeter then had a map of his "District" properly drawn to scale and duly filed with the Cook County Registrar of Deeds. After this he sold the property, and ere many moons there was a village on the site. Captain Streeter spent weary weeks in a study of maps, and finally recorded his claim with the Land Office at the National Capitol. He had come to the conclusion that the land was "unknown" till he

"discovered" it, and that no authority in Illinois had any claim upon it. Not satisfied with his single claim at the National Capitol he took out two "military territorial warrants" covering some two hundred acres, a homestead claim, and 6,000dols. in script. After much cudgelling of brains on the part of the Secretary of the Interior Streeter got a "location certificate," since it had been decided that the United States Government had no claim or title to the land. Now Captain Streeter was happy; he had obtained an official national document recognizing his claim.

Then began a bitter fight. In the end the national authorities surveyed the land and the Registrar of the Land Office calmly announced that it was Government property. This decision naturally roused Captain Streeter's anger, but he finally convinced Secretary Bliss that the "District" was "new" land, located by Nature in an international highway.

Secretary Bliss said the Land Registrar was wrong and reversed his decision. The Land Registrar thereupon handed in his resignation, which was accepted.

Then the indefatigable Streeter played another trump card. He got the people who resided on his curious plot of ground to organize a "Government." This occurred, to be exact, on the first Tuesday in April, 1899. The Constitution of the United States was adopted, the American Flag was chosen by unanimous vote as the emblem of the community, and the place was styled "The District of Lake Michigan." Laws for the government of the "District" were framed, and Captain George Wellington Streeter was made clerk. The other chief officers were as follows: Judges of the "District"—T. Lamoreaux, F. C. Pichel, G. B. Stevenson; Notaries Public and Justices of the Peace—H. James, W. H. Niles; Marshal—J. E. Murray; Supervisor—J. Mine; District Surveyor—G. P. Wilson.

This body of men, on April 25th, 1899, filed into the office of Clerk Burnham, of the United States Court for the Northern Illinois District, and formally took oath to uphold the United States laws in their "District." The Mayor of Chicago, with the police chief and such other

officers as were intimately concerned, were directly thereafter warned that, beginning with the next May Day, they would be looked upon and treated as trespassers should they intrude on the territory of the "District."

On May 5th Streeter and some twenty-five citizens of his "District" took possession of "The District of Lake Michigan." Streeter's home was made the centre of Government, and above it the American flag was hoisted. Chicago awoke to the ringing alarms of war. At the City Hall it was decided that Captain Streeter must be suppressed by force, and a

against the combined authority of city, county, and State on behalf of their self-constituted Sovereign State of the "District of Lake Michigan."

The police planned to make a demand for a formal surrender of the handful of men, first through the Lincoln Park Police, and, if that plan failed, through the high sheriff himself. "Governor" Niles accepted the advice of Park Officer Walter Hayes, and surrendered ere his diminished force of five men was still further reduced. There was a good deal of shooting during the day, and when the casualty list was



THE RIDGES IN THE CENTRE OF THE PHOTOGRAPH SHOW WHERE "MILITARY GOVERNOR" W. H. NILES CONSTRUCTED HIS RIFLE-PITS.

hundred soldiers were sent to perform the work. "Military Governor" William H. Niles objected. He and fourteen of his men were captured and put into gaol for "unlawful assemblage," and on the 6th of May Streeter's settlement was wrecked by the neighbouring landowners. But no court could be found wherein to try the Streeterites. They were released, and immediately sued their captors for false imprisonment.

A year later—on Saturday, May 26th, 1900—there was another exciting fracas. Streeter's force had again entrenched itself and was ready for business. In the afternoon of that day five hundred city police-officers were mobilized, and, armed with rifles and revolvers, they prepared to advance on Niles and his men, who held possession of the property on the lake shore between Oak and Huron streets.

The news flew around like wildfire that the "invaders" had landed on the water-front at 1.30 that morning, had thrown up two formidable rifle-pits, hoisted the American flag, and were offering armed and riotous resistance

made out it was found that eight men and a girl had been more or less hurt. It was shortly after three o'clock when the surrender was announced. The evacuation of Fort Streeter was made as follows: Niles had been several times in conference with some of the Chicago police officers. Suddenly he turned and began picking up his trappings. He threw a full cartridge-belt over his shoulder, called in three of his pickets, and headed towards the fourth. A park officer led the parade. As the small body of captives marched away a horde of detectives closed in about the rifle-pits and temporary forts, surrounding them on all sides. On the way to the station Niles was nearly pummelled to death, but by whom no one knows, even now, though the "Governor" has always maintained it was the police.

The war was over, for a time at least. After his arrest Niles made a statement: "I am the military governor of the District of Lake Michigan," he said, "and was elected to that position by the citizens of the district. When

the police assaulted me on the way here I tried to get hold of my revolver, and if I had I would have killed two or three of them. What are they going to do with us? A year ago they couldn't find a court to try us in. Judge Kohlsaat, in the Federal Court, ruled that he had no authority to grant the release of one of our men, who was held prisoner by force—which, by the way, was all that caused us to surrender to-day. The judge gave as his reason that he had no jurisdiction. Our man was carted back to the county gaol and then quietly

let go. We claim the ownership of the land through right of discovery. The survey of 1821 established the line of the State of Illinois, and there has been no territory annexed to the State since that time. There is a clause in the Constitution which gives people with the standing we have the right not to be interfered with when we are covered by a treaty, and we are covered by a

treaty, which the United States made many years ago with Great Britain. Why, they couldn't find a court to try us a year ago, and they can't find one now! They have been all through the courts, and that is the net result of their work.

"We claim we own approximately 186 acres lying in the District of Lake Michigan, east of and adjoining fractional sections three and ten, township 39 north, range 14 east of the third principal meridian, U.S.A. I appealed to the captain of the gunboat *Michigan* lying in the Chicago Harbour for protection, to United States Marshal Ames, and to President McKinley, but heard nothing from any of those appeals."

Captain Streeter was angry, and when he received word that "The District" army had been forced to surrender he expressed himself

in no uncertain way. "It's an outrage!" he shouted, "an outrage! The Supreme Court of the United States will settle it. The City of Chicago has no authority in the District of Lake Michigan, neither has the State of Illinois, and much less the Lincoln Park Board."

Not long after Captain Streeter said this the heavy hand of the law was laid upon him, and he was told that he was a party to all the charges of conspiracy. In October the arrested men were brought before the Judge of the Criminal Court, and tried on an indictment alleging conspiracy with murderous intent. "Military Governor" Niles was unkindly set down by the prosecution as a "bandit," and Streeter was pointed out as the principal. The counsel for the prisoners argued that Niles was not so black as he had been painted; that he had rights to some of the land through purchase from Streeter, and that he had told his



"FORT STREETER," CAPTURED BY THE CHICAGO POLICE ON MAY 26TH, 1900.  
*From a Sketch.*

"let him do the shooting." The verdict was "Not Guilty" -- and "The District of Lake Michigan" is still a very cumbersome bone of contention.

What will happen next the future alone will tell. Streeter was in Washington as late as April of this year demanding that he be recognised as a duly elected delegate to the National Congress from "The District of Lake Michigan." He says he will build a police-court on his curiously-acquired land—if his it be—and that a defensive force will be organized forthwith. Whether Streeter wins his queer contention at the last; whether Chicago City wins or whether the State of Illinois is victorious, "The District of Lake Michigan" will be pointed out by future generations as one of the most remarkable plots of land in the whole world.

# A French Punch and Judy Show.

By KATHLEEN SCHLESINGER.

*Illustrated with photographs by Paul Géniaux.*

English boys and girls, and possibly their elders also, will be interested to know that "Mr. Punch" is as well known in France as he is here. In this little article Miss Schlesinger describes the quaint little Guignol Theatre in the Champs Elysées, Paris—a veritable aristocrat among Punch and Judy Shows. The article is illustrated with a set of snap-shots specially taken by M. Paul Géniaux, of Paris.



It is on a Friday that you must go to the Champs Elysées to see the "Guignol Anatole" to perfection; that is the gala day on which the best performances take place. Then

the seats and chairs are full of well-dressed children and their parents or nurses, and they pay for their places as at a proper theatre. How much they and the humbler spectators, who patronize the back rows or stand, enjoy the exciting drama can be seen from the accompanying photographs.

This Guignol Anatole, or French Punch and Judy Show, is known to all Parisian children; it has been established in the Champs Elysées since 1836, when it was founded by M. Pierre Dumont in close imitation of the original Guignol of Lyons. It passed into the hands of M. Anatole, whose name it retains, although the present owner is M. Ernest Blondel.

This really clever artist is just the typical Paris gamin, neither more nor less. He is full of ready wit, bubbling over with fun and energy, and able to turn everything to the best advantage. He has the news of the day at his fingers' ends, and is in his way a brilliant satirist,

who cracks endless jokes at the expense of judges, deputies, and officials of all kinds; he exposes their little foibles, their errors of judgment, and passes a fantastic running commentary on the events of the day.

The first snap-shot shows Ernest Blondel making his preparations for the day's performance. He sets about it in a business-like way, making a bench of his knee. One of the puppets is receiving a new outfit, and the nail fastening the new hat on to the forehead must be knocked in with care to avoid injuring the complexion. The actors in these stirring dramas have been taken out of their prison-box, where they are kept under padlock and key, and are suspended all in a row to be passed in review by the owner and stage-manager.

While they are thus all together they may as well be introduced to the reader. They form the permanent troupe of the Guignol Anatole, and with rare exceptions they suffice for the whole *répertoire*.

Beginning at the right we see the stage-manager, who comes forward, announces the beginning of the show, and occasionally delivers asides to the audience; he is quite the dandy.



BLONDEL PREPARES FOR THE PERFORMANCE.



A greater contrast could not be imagined than Brise-Montagne, the thief, who is all teeth and hair. His smile is benevolent enough, but beware! for if he catches you in his web he will fleece you without mercy. Law is duly represented by the judge, the attorney-general, who has had much to say day by day on the celebrated "Affaire Dreyfus." Next to him stands the worthy policeman, Soupe-à-l'Ail, a good old soul, innocent as a child, whose wits have run to seed. He is easily taken in and constantly suffers for his naiveté, being buffeted, cheated, and imposed upon by all good-for-nothing rascals such as the debonair Guillaume, his right-hand neighbour.

This son of the famous Guignol is a type of the clever, witty valet, who robs his master right and left, but is always plausible and ever ready with a brilliant repartee. No sooner in a scrape than his ready wit gets him out of it again, and no sooner out of one scrape than he falls, like the pancake, into a worse one.

The centre-piece, the time-honoured Polichinelle, needs no further introduction; he corresponds to our Punch.

Next to him is Guignol, the typical coachman, a slow-witted and ill-natured scandal-monger, who, lacking his son's graceful wit, resorts to the stick to settle his disputes. Le père Pipelet is the type of the Parisian concierge, who holds it in his power to make things supremely comfortable for you in the house or

to make you feel that life is not worth living, unless you can manage to keep in his and mere Pipelette's good graces. Endowed with a lively imagination, he will spread the most monstrous rumours all over the *quartier*. Pipelet, in a word, is an autocrat and a despot, who must at all costs be propitiated.

Besides this worthy pair is the typical gamin de Paris, Oeil-en-bois, who elbows his way through life, as his attitude indicates. Last of all we have Cassandre, the gentleman of private means, the jovial old *rentier*, whose rôle consists in being beaten and hustled through life, and yet he remains, with Mark Tapley, cheerful under all circumstances.

Having duly inspected his forces, Blondel calls for a rehearsal. The puppets are suspended head downwards on a string ready to hand. Seizing Brise-Montagne in his left hand, the operator inserts his middle finger in the left sleeve, his thumb in the right, and his first finger in the head, and the puppet immediately becomes animated. His gestures may occasionally be a trifle awkward, but they are all the more comical for

that; he is no longer a wooden doll, but a living being who acts and talks freely, thinks, laughs, makes love, and weeps.

The beauty of these comedies is that Blondel invents them, improvising the dialogue as he goes along and keeping them thoroughly up-to-date. He is so clever with his fingers that he actually makes his puppets juggle with little



THE REHEARSAL.

bells and sticks, throwing them up and catching them again.

Of course, when you use puppets on wires you have the advantage of being able to introduce more than two actors at the time on to your stage; but, then, what havoc it plays with realism! Clever as you may be in manipulating the intricate wires, the marionettes remain puppets, and nothing but puppets—the breath of life has not been breathed into them. They may excite admiration for the cleverness of the showman, but they fail to put themselves into touch with the audience.

In the next snap-shot we see the little theatre

and it speaks well for the little theatre to see them open-mouthed and absorbed, following every incident with intense interest.

The favourite comedy is "Le Journal de Cassandre." Cassandre, who is old and somewhat infirm, lives alone with his coachman Guignol and his servant Guillaume. He has not lost interest in the affairs of the world, however, and in order to keep himself *au courant*, he sends Guillaume every day to buy a newspaper. The latter goes out ostensibly to get it, but on the way it strikes him that it is a great waste of money to buy papers; so, like "Sentimental Tommy," he

wanders slowly on deep in thought until he finds a way of keeping the money for himself. He sees an old newspaper lying in the gutter, and, putting the



THE THEATRE AND AUDITORIUM.

THOSE WHO PAY AND THOSE WHO DO NOT PAY.

at the Elysées and the auditorium; the play has just begun.

The Venetian shutter just under the stage, on which Anatole's name is printed in large letters, is a new and ingenious contrivance invented by Blondel to enable him to make himself heard without exhausting his voice. The slanting laths effectually hide him from view, while allowing his voice to carry to a great distance.

If we look round at the audience we find two classes of spectators: those who pay for seats and those who are satisfied with standing room behind the rope inclosure. It is curious that grown-up people seem to be in the majority,

coin in his pocket, he runs gleefully towards the paper and sits down on the curb to smooth it carefully out on his knee. Then he pays a visit to certain friends of his who are well up in the news.

Old Cassandre cannot read the news himself, so Guillaume pretends to read out the events of the day, the proceedings of the deputies in the Chamber, etc., making them up more or less near the truth as he goes along.

This is Blondel's opportunity. He gives a loose rein to his fancy, and he delivers through



"IT'S EXCRUCIATINGLY FUNNY."

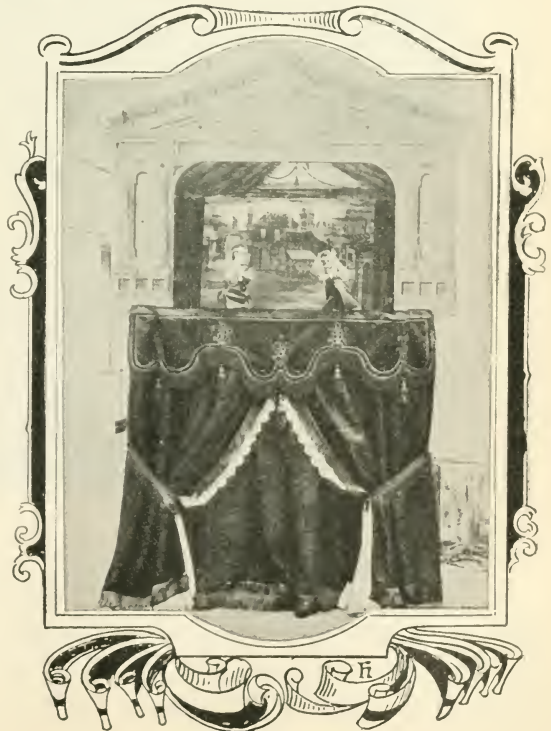
scene can of necessity hold more than two actors at the time, owing to certain restrictions in the anatomy of man, who is unfortunately limited to a single pair of hands, the dramatic situation is apt to become strained at times; then the stick pops out opportunely, and creates a diversion, putting an end to quarrels, giving a striking illustration of a "New Way to Pay Old Debts," chastening rebellious wives, avenging injured innocence. It is, in fact, the *Deus ex machina* of this miniature world.

It is a case of might is right, for Guignol and his worthy son beat everyone—the debtors, the friends, the women, even

the mouth of the valet a ceaseless flow of sarcastic humour and fun. At last, Cassandre having retired for a *siesta*, Guillaume goes out for his own pleasure, and meets Soupe-à-l'Ail. Judging from the faces of the little ones the meeting is excruciatingly funny. Guillaume is a great hand at practical jokes, and he delights in them. Frequently, however, as in the present instance, the laugh turns against him, and at last he finds himself in a terrible fix. What is to be done? Sapristi! but it's easy enough! He has with him a friend in need who is ever ready to help him. This friend is the stick he wears tucked into his belt.

In the little scene depicted in the next illustration the street is deserted and quiet, only a vegetable stall in the background is tenanted by an old woman who sits nodding drowsily among the cabbages. The friendly stick is well worn and old, having seen much service. In the twinkling of an eye Guillaume draws it out and lays about him on the policeman's broad back with right good will till the blows echo and re-echo on his poor wooden body and head.

In a Guignol theatre, where no



GUILLAUME IS GOING TO BEAT THE POLICEMAN.

the judge. The more the blows rain down, the greater the laughter of the crowd.

But when the good-natured and long-suffering officer of the law receives a second beating at the hand of Guignol, without in the least deserving it, the camera shows us that the youngsters, in whom the instinct of justice is always very strong, are not quite sure whether it is so very funny after all. Some of the little faces look puzzled and even quite serious.

Only one little lad laughs, but then he is a soldier, and is bound to bear stoically all pains and aches, for such are the penalties of war.

Hush! there comes M. le Juge, stately and dignified. He has witnessed the whole scene from the window, and, dispensing with any further formalities, he seizes Guignol and drags him off to prison.

This dramatic scene works upon the feelings of the audience, as shown in the next photo-



GUIGNOL ALSO BEATS THE POLICEMAN.



A DRAMATIC SITUATION—GUIGNOL DRAGGED OFF TO PRISON.

What if poor Soupe-à-l'Ail should be really hurt? He lies there in the street all of a heap groaning piteously. They call to mind that when they fall down and hurt themselves their tears are dried with kisses, yet there is no one to comfort the poor gendarme; this cannot be right, surely.

graph, where little Jeanne is almost tearful at the thought of the mysterious horrors of that prison with which her foolish nurse used to threaten her, when she had been more than usually fractious and naughty. Little Yvonne at her right is knitting her tiny brows in her anxiety lest Guignol should escape and perhaps beat others too. Who knows whether he might not even descend, with his terrible stick, among the audience?

Guignol struggles valiantly at first, then resolves to try what a little tact will do, seasoned with judicious flattery and an attitude of dejected contrition. The ruse succeeds, M. le Juge relaxes his grasp little by little; of course, Guignol is not slow to take advantage of this. Out comes the ever-ready faithful stick, blows rain down upon the unfortunate victim's head and shoulders in such rapid succession that they seem to come from all points of the

Blondel's puppets are the work of Ferri — who is a specialist for this particular branch of the drama — and the stage costumer is Madame Barrette, a leader of fashions for the Guignol Theatre.

In the good old days of the Empire the Guignol Anatole attained great fame and popularity, and the takings yielded an average of 100 francs (£4) a day. But things are changed now and rent is



A GALA DAY. THE SCENE OF THE PERFORMANCE.

compass at once. The judge, quite stunned by the first blow, is convinced before he sinks senseless to the ground that he has to deal with a gang of cut-throats. In the last illustration we get an idea of the size of the audience on a gala day, although it must be understood that the camera has only taken in part of the large circle of spectators. The performance is drawing to a close, and all ends well.

dearer at the Champs Elysées. Blondel has to pay no less than 600 francs a year for his little theatre, and 100 francs a year to the fund of the "Assistance Publique" — a sort of poor-rate; but although Dame Fortune's wheel revolves but slowly, she favours the brave, and there are doubtless good times in store yet for the valiant little Guignol Theatre.

# The Downfall of the "Snake Hunters."

By WM. LORD WRIGHT, OF BELLEFONTAINE, LOGAN CO., OHIO.

A journalist on the staff of the Bellefontaine "Daily Index" tells how a band of outlaws were routed out and captured. The so-called "Snake Hunters" surrounded themselves with a good deal of mystery, but they lived by poaching on the rich Fish and Game Preserve of Ohio State. They resented the efforts of the State Game Wardens to interfere with their living, and even attempted to let loose the waters of the great Lewistown Reservoir by way of revenge. The author himself assisted at the operations which resulted in the breaking up of the gang.



HE Managing Editor of the *Daily and Weekly Index* (Bellefontaine, Logan Co., Ohio) was standing at a desk dashing a pencil through some verbose copy. He was doing the night editor's work, and consequently was not in the best of humour. With a gesture indicative of impotent wrath the great man summoned me to his side.

"I can get nothing definite from the Reservoir," he grumbled; "so I guess you'll have to go up in the morning. Send us all you can get on the 'Snake Hunters,' and report on the condition of the fishing."

So saying the Managing Editor snatched at a bundle of "Press," and was immediately lost to the surrounding world.

That same evening I had also received a telegram from another paper, for which I was then an accredited correspondent. The message read as follows: "Wire 200 Friday about bass fishing at the reservoir; names of anglers if possible."

Now, the bass fishing at Lewistown Reservoir at that period was undoubtedly bad. To obtain the "names of anglers if possible" was manifestly impossible, for owing to the "Snake Hunters" depre- dations the "anglers" were probably conspicuous at the Reservoir by their absence. Moreover, I had no pressing desire

to visit the resort, and would have greatly preferred a more attractive assignment. But it was the evident determination of both my journals to discover the exact condition of affairs at the Ohio Fish and Game Preserve, and so there was no other alternative for me but to obey my orders.

Someone has said, "The life of a newspaper man is not always a bed of roses." Ere I had returned from the assignment the sterling qualities of the above assertion were impressed most forcibly on my mind. I had never fully appreciated the truth of the saying until this opportunity was given me to chronicle what chanced to be a desperate warfare, waged by two brave game wardens against the dreaded "Snake Hunters."

But in order to appreciate the story a short digression is necessary.

Lewistown Reservoir, the scene of these adventures, is worthy of a more extended description in the pages of THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE than I can here give. On the map



THE AUTHOR, MR. W. L. WRIGHT, WHO HELPED TO BREAK UP THE "SNAKE HUNTERS." From a Photo. by Besant, Bellefontaine, Ohio.

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RECEIVED BELLEFONTAINE, O., 706 A. M. STAND May 12 189

Dated Cincinnati O May 1  
 To W L Wright  
 Bellefontaine O  
 How is bass fishing in reservoir  
 wire fifty words Thursday night  
 J R McLean

of the great State of Ohio, and in the famous old County of Logan, you will find this practical head and main feeder of the historical Miami River and Canal. It is the largest combined natural and artificial body of water on the globe, one of the highest in the world, and consists of thousands upon thousands of acres of bright, clear water and wooded islands. The name, Lewistown Reservoir, is derived from the Indian village of Lewistown, once situated in Logan County. A brief history of the place is that the United States Government, some years ago, discovered the spot to be so high above the sea-level that water would flow from it either north to great Lake Erie or south to the Gulf of Mexico. Hence the reservoir's construction.

But to the followers of old Izaak Walton Lewistown Reservoir is particularly noted as the home of the "Oswego," or black bass. These gamy fish grow to an enormous size there, and are always coveted by the city epicure. In fact, the angling there is in such marked contrast to the usual and proverbial luck of the rod and reel devotee, that Ohio long ago made the Lewistown Reservoir a State fish and game preserve.

The scenery of the place is most picturesque. Bordering the reservoir on every side are almost primeval forests, and they cast inky and uncouth shadows into the clear waters. The forests also abound in game of many kinds and prove veritable wonderlands to the modern Nimrod.

But it is concerning the once-dreaded "Snake Hunters," the uncanny poachers of Lewistown Reservoir, that this tale has to do.

Did you ever hear of a "Snake Hunter": or, rather, of a clan of supposedly civilized white persons residing in the midst of an intelligent and up-to-date people—a clan who, it is said, hunted for and worshipped reptiles? The "Snake Hunters" of Lewistown Reservoir settled in the fastnesses of the Ohio fish and game preserve many years ago. Even to the old settlers residing in the neighbourhood of

the State waters the early history of these people is unknown. They were seemingly always there. The "Snake Hunters" lurked in the wild places of "Sassafras Point," "Turkey Foot," and "Goose" Islands. These islands lie some miles north from the Reservoir's bulkhead, and these people gained their subsistence by illegally netting the magnificent bass in the State waters.

It was constantly whispered, and even believed among the credulous, that these poachers tamed and actually worshipped the deadly American rattlesnake. They certainly had many opportunities to come in contact with these reptiles, for snakes were always numerous at the Reservoir, particularly infesting the several islands of the "Snake Hunters." It was stated that the

few women among these people spent their leisure time searching for and collecting rattlesnakes; and it was confidently stated that the serpents would never sting one of the clan. Stories of weird and revolting snake ceremonies conducted by these people at the midnight hour were told by old sportsmen to the new-comer. Several even went so far as to state that they had been present and witnessed some one of the many sould-



"SNAKE HUNTER" WOMEN—THEY WERE POPULARLY SUPPOSED TO SPEND THEIR leisure time searching for and collecting rattlesnakes. [Frank B. Shirley.]

harowing orgies. All these tales were received with open mouth by the unsuspecting.

Now, most of the stories told of the "Snake Hunters'" doings may be put down as mere yarns. Some of the legends, however, have never been fully discredited, and what little is known of this gang of poachers gives colour to the belief that some unusual superstition governed their lawless actions.

In time the Ohio fish and game preserve became simply ravaged by the grim "Snake Hunters." Their gill, trammel, and trap-nets formed a veritable web stretching from one end of the reservoir to the other, and thousands of the valuable "Oswego" bass were netted yearly and sold contrary to law. At length it came to the point that not only bass angling but even the lives of many law-abiding citizens would

come to an untimely end if the "Snake Hunters" were not checked. Then it was that the State of Ohio took a hand in the game.

In obedience to my unwelcome orders I started for the Lewistown Reservoir one Friday morning. *En route* I became acquainted with a couple of gentlemanly strangers who were bound for the same destination. Their names were Frank and John Shirley, and by profession they were game wardens. It appeared shortly that they had recently received orders from the Ohio Fish and Game Commission immediately to repair to the State preserve and destroy all the fish nets, and also arrest the people detected poaching.

These wardens were reported "cool as the proverbial cucumbers." From successfully enforcing the game laws on Lake Erie they had been chosen by the State Commission as the only officers adapted to cope successfully with the poachers of Lewistown Reservoir.

"We are here," they quietly announced at the little bulkhead hostelry, "to destroy the trap-nets and to arrest everyone caught stealing fish."

Had a bombshell fallen into the midst of the reservoir denizens more astonishment would have been impossible. And then this bold statement was received with something very much akin to incredulity.

"What," chorused the local sportsmen, "you two men 'pull' the nets and capture these vindictive poachers? Why, it's impossible! Others have endeavoured to check these 'Snake Hunters' before, and you know the result. Boys, you'd better go back. You'll only succeed in rousing these outlaws and getting them down upon us."

The natives then paused expectantly to await events. They were not long in coming. And before another week had passed I heartily wished myself anywhere but at the Ohio Fish and Game Preserve.

Early on the morning following their arrival Game Wardens Frank and John Shirley started on a tour of destruction. Within four-and-twenty hours they had "pulled" and destroyed four boat-loads of trammel and gill nets.

This was certainly prompt and decisive, and the game wardens then paused in their hostilities. Not a single "Snake Hunter" had been seen so far. The officers had experienced little or no trouble in performing their work of destruction. But the poachers had never before encountered such sudden and decisive opposition. Evidently "snake stories" had no terrors for these two strangers, and so time was required by the outlaws fully to comprehend the men's audacity. It was the calm before a storm.

Then came the experiences of two innocent sportsmen, whose love of duck hunting was the cause of their being mistaken by the "Snake Hunters" for the two obnoxious game wardens.

Thomas Edmonson and Lee Todd, both of Urbana, which is situated in Champaign County, Ohio, ventured out from the little bulkhead hostelry one Monday morning in a boat. They were in search of ducks, and about noon found themselves near "Sassafras Point." From that point they started at once to return to the bulkhead. The waters of the Reservoir, however, were very rough, and the hunters found themselves unequal to the battle with the waves. After floundering about and well-nigh losing heart and strength the men came upon a supposed fisher's shack built upon a pile of snags, and decided to secure their boat and stop at the place until the waters should subside and they could safely start again for the Reservoir's bulkhead.

The afternoon hours dragged wearily enough, and, the pangs of hunger coming on, a fire was built, and one duck secured during the morning was picked and boiled. Three potatoes found in the hut were cooked and a can of coffee was warmed up.

Tuesday came and dragged slowly by. Wednesday came, and the last vestige of food which they had jealously guarded was gone, and now hunger's pangs began to be experienced in addition to the men's other discomforts!

The storm was somewhat abated by Thursday morning, and, in the small hours, several boats glided into the waters near the refuge of the castaways. The boats were filled with the "Snake Hunters." They were there for the pur-



MR. FRANK B. SHIRLEY, THE BRAVE GAME WARDEN WHO AVERTED AN APPALLING CATASTROPHE.  
From a Photo. by Bishop & Co., Sandusky, Ohio.



pose of securing the only craft in the possession of the Urbana men, and, after appropriating the boat, they quietly rowed away again into the darkness. The two duck hunters, cast away on that desert spot, were now quite without means of escape. The vengeance of the "Snake Hunters" on two supposed game wardens was, it seemed, to be gratified. A terrible retaliation was evidently intended, for by stealing their boat these two Urbana citizens were left on a little island to experience a horrible death by starvation!

When the hunters awoke on Thursday morning from a night of terror they found that the boat they had used was gone. Here, then, was a serious predicament, and realizing the alarm their disappearance must have created, and their inability to move a peg, the starving hunters were wrought up to a pitch which baffles description.

Thursday morning wore away and still succour came not, but not long after the hour when dinner was wanted very much indeed, and the vitals of the "islanders" were receiving a vigorous gnawing, one of the numerous parties organized to search for the missing men discovered their signal smoke curling heavenward from a point in the vicinity of "Goose" Island.

When the parties came together there was great joy. Now there was mutual rejoicing and explanations, and as soon as the bulkhead hotel was reached Messrs. Todd and Edmonson were cared for by kind hands. They were almost famished, and so weak that they were unable to stand. One more day upon the refuge of snags and the men must have perished miserably.

As soon as they were able to travel the "duck hunters" left Lewistown Reservoir for their Urbana homes. And it is safe to say that the men will never forget their narrow escape from death at the hands of the "Snake Hunters."

I would have preferred to follow the good example of these gentlemen and leave the troubled affairs of Lewistown Reservoir far behind. But things were becoming decidedly interesting. The initial retaliatory move of the poachers had been checkmated and other sensa-

tional happenings were sure to follow. All this, I reflected, would make "good copy," and it was my duty to my journals to remain on the scene of action. As the sequel will show, I did obtain an abundance of "good copy," and the best portion of it has never before been written.

The events following the rescue of the Urbana men came in rapid succession. Early in the next evening a dirty fragment of paper was thrust under a door of the bulkhead "house of entertainment." A few almost indecipherable words were scrawled upon the paper, and read something as follows:—

"Ef yu no bisness yu beter lok out or yu will be burned up. Yu beter go back were yu cum.—WACHER."

This was considered as a threat of the "Snake Hunters" to burn the little bulkhead hotel.

A careful watch was at once instituted and every approach to the house well guarded. The "Snake Hunters," already rendered furious by the loss of many valuable nets, and foiled in their first attempt at vengeance, might readily undertake to burn our only shelter. No such attempt was made that night, however. Possibly the outlaws considered "discretion the better part of valour," in view of the warm reception we had prepared for them.

Early on Monday morning the Shirley brothers "pulled" nearly another waggon-load of nets. The majority were gill-nets, and

they were brought in boats to the Reservoir embankments and there heaped into one enormous pile and burned. The poachers made no sign, but the game wardens' seeming bravado was adding insult to injury, and the "Snake Hunters" were stung into more decisive measures.

I was sitting on the porch of the hotel one Tuesday evening, conversing with Warden Frank B. Shirley about the serious state of affairs, when suddenly a strange apparition appeared before us. It was a man wild and uncouth, and his fierce-looking face, covered with a dense growth of whiskers, leered at us vindictively. An old and ragged felt hat was slouched over one eye and his feet were bare. Clutched in one hand was an obsolete-looking squirrel rifle. Eyeing



GAME WARDEN JOHN SHIRLEY, WHO WAS TAKEN PRISONER BY THE OUTLAWS.

*From a Photo. by Lloyd, Sandusky, Ohio.*

us sharply for an instant, he then centred his sneering gaze upon Shirley.

"Humph," observed the stranger, contemptuously. "Yer ought ter know that we-uns kin easy stop yer goins on. Yer ought ter see what we-uns did ter th' last man as cum 'ere breakin' up peep'e's livins as nefer tiched him. Wen any of yu-uns cum's around 'ere braggin' 'bout whats yer goin' ter do—— But yer better be kerfull," abruptly concluded the spectre, raising his voice to its shrillest pitch in his almost ungovernable rage. "Yer better be kerfull, or we-uns intind ter drown yer all out! Ya! drown yu-uns like yer was rats in 'er hole!"

Without further ceremony the repulsive-looking individual then turned on his heel and disappeared as quickly and as mysteriously as he had come.

"That's 'Web-Footed Bill,'" slowly remarked Shirley, after a short, astonished silence. "He is considered one of the most dangerous of the 'Snake Hunters.' You may rest assured there will be a struggle from now on—a struggle worth seeing, too," added the game warden, contemplatively.

This was truly pleasant information. For my own part I had no desire to see any struggle, and I at once made up my mind to pack up my traps and, figuratively speaking, shake the dust of that dangerous place from my journalistic feet. The exciting experiences of that night and the following day, however, changed my intention.

That evening, along with the "visit" of "Web-Footed Bill," another warning was found pinned conspicuously on the hotel door. The note this time was full of significance. The grim "Snake Hunters" had at last been truly roused from their seeming lethargy, for the note signified their intention to force open the mighty flood-gates at the bulkhead of Lewistown Reservoir. The restless waters, ever beating against their barriers, would suddenly be released, and the poachers would not only rid themselves of their enemies, but by their plans hundreds of innocent people would also perish miserably.

It was three in the morning. John Shirley had been standing guard, hour after hour, near the flood-gates. His brother, Frank, was the solitary sentinel on the Reservoir embankment a hundred feet away. They were both heavily armed, watching for the expected visit of the "Snake Hunters."

Presently two dug-outs, filled with men, glided noiselessly past the bulkhead and then into the shadow of the embankments.

The dull, deep booming of the pent-in waves must have caused a momentary drowsiness, for

even the lynx-eyed John Shirley failed to hear the nocturnal visitors as they moored their boats and crept ashore. For a moment the men stood like a group of statues in the shadowy morning. Then with stealthy tread several of them stole up behind the unsuspecting warden.

He stooped to pick up a pebble, and his lurking assailants paused irresolutely.

He idly tossed the pebble into the whirling waters and began to hum a little tune.

The men crept nearer.

Another moment passed, and then, despite the desperate struggles of the brave officer, he was quickly overpowered. Securely bound and gagged, the warden was thrown, a helpless captive, into one of the "Snake Hunters' " dug-outs.

Near the bulkhead there is a short lever that is used sometimes to raise or lower the flood-gates. The leader of the poachers, afterwards known to be "Web-Footed Bill," ran and secured the bar of iron, and in a moment or two more the dastard's awful work would be accomplished and the backed-in waters, ever striving for liberty, would quickly be released, and many lives would be lost and homes destroyed in the flood's dread sweep of the lowlands beyond.

But Frank Shirley, standing above on the Reservoir embankment, suddenly heard, over the waters' roar, a cracking and rending of giant timbers. Let him describe his own experience.

"I instantly surmised," says he, "the true state of affairs. I thought, of course, that my brother John had been killed and thrown into the lake, and my only thought at the time was for vengeance. I ran at once to a spot on the bank where I could command the scene of action, and, quicker than it takes to tell it, I had covered a cluster of the rogues with my gun. You can easily imagine the scene. It was nearly daylight, and, huddled into a crowd, under the muzzle of my Winchester, were the reckless scoundrels. And they were pretty well cowed too. I was keeping one eye on 'Web-Footed Bill,' who was a little in the foreground, and who didn't seem to relish the look of my rifle a little bit.

"For a moment I stood facing the men. I was afraid to fire, believing that the death or injury of one of the scamps would rouse them all to action. I didn't dare to lower my gun either, for 'Web-Footed Bill,' though shrinking there in the foreground, would instantly have taken advantage of the fact and risked a shot at me.

"These so-called 'Snake Hunters,' however, are at heart arrant cowards. When they saw that I had the drop on them and proposed to keep it they sullenly retreated to their boats and

piled in. It didn't take them more than an hour to row away, either. I didn't dare to risk a shot, for I saw my brother John seated conspicuously in one of their boats, and I was afraid of hitting him.

"But, strange as it may seem to you, I was glad to see him there, for I had thought before that the demons had killed him."

Outside the short account of this affair written by me for the *Daily Index*, of Bellefontaine, Ohio, no newspaper or other publication has ever before given an authentic account of Game Warden Frank B. Shirley's heroic action. The hundreds of people residing in the rich lowlands of Southern Ohio may, nevertheless, thank this man for their lives. Had the miles of pent-up water in Lewistown Reservoir been let loose by the poachers that night many would undoubtedly have been drowned.

But to resume the story. Here, indeed, was a predicament. Although baffled in their desperate attempt on the Reservoir's embankments the "Snake Hunters," nevertheless, had captured one of the hated wardens. Would these poachers dare to take the life of this brave officer? Undoubtedly. The repeated raids on their nets and the two ignominious defeats of attempted retaliation must certainly have rendered them bloodthirsty. Decidedly, in my own opinion, the chances were against ever seeing John Shirley again.

But a posse was at once organized to pursue the "Snake Hunters" and, if possible, to rescue the captive game warden. Several boats were launched, and two dozen men, heavily armed, speedily started for the poachers' haunts.

"Potato," "Sassafras Point," and "Turkey Foot" Islands looked dark and dreary even in the morning sunlight. There was now no sign of the men who, but a few hours before, had attempted such a desperate deed. We first landed on "Potato" Island and prepared for

a thorough search. Into the wild interior we plunged resolutely. Poisonous reptiles glided across our path; we were often obliged to hack our way through clinging branches and vines and the wet, dense underbrush. We often sank to the hips in the swampy marsh land. The first few hovels discovered and visited we found deserted. But there were evidences that they had recently been occupied. Fires were yet smoking on the primitive hearths, and there were many other signs of a hurried departure. It was plain that most of the "Snake Hunters," instead of offering resistance, had fled, and were even then hiding in obscure places accessible to themselves only.

In the first shanty found on "Turkey Foot" four of the "Snake Hunters" were captured. Wild and uncouth-looking creatures they were, scantily clothed and savagely indifferent. They had been engaged in manufacturing nets, but they surrendered sullenly and without a struggle. Boxes of the fine "Oswego" bass were discovered here by Frank Shirley, all ready to be towed to the main land and there disposed of.

We were in no mood to be trifled with, and in response to our stern inquiries as to the whereabouts of the captive warden the wretches unwillingly guided us to a miserable shelter standing far away in the interior of "Sassafras Point" Island. As we clambered over fallen trees and waded through swamps nearly impossible to anyone but the almost uncivilized

inhabitants we kept a careful lookout for treachery, and, with rifles and revolvers ready for action, advised our guides of their certain fate in case we were ambushed. When we reached the hovel and had forced in the door, sure enough we found John Shirley. He was tightly bound with fishing-lines to a stake which had been driven into the earthen floor of the hut. The lines had cut most cruelly into his flesh, but otherwise he was sound and well. Needless to say, he was overjoyed



A "SNAKE HUNTER'S" STRONGHOLD ON TURKEY FOOT ISLAND, VISITED BY THE SEARCH PARTY. (From a Photo. by) [Frank B. Shirley]

to see us, and we also were jubilant, for several of our party were dubious as to the fate that was in store for this brave man.

Shirley's account of his experiences after being taken captive by the poachers is short, but to the point.

"After the 'Snakes' had rowed away with me I worked constantly at the fish-line they had tied me up with, for I was in hopes of getting my hands free and then selling my life as dearly as possible; but it was impossible, I was bound too tightly. I only succeeded in cutting my wrists fearfully.

"The scoundrels whispered among themselves and kept looking back as if expecting close pursuit. I looked from the boat's wake, too, for I considered that a prompt pursuit of the 'Snakes' was my only hope for life.

"After 'Sassafras' was reached they hurried me into the interior of the island. When the hut was at last reached they pushed me into it and tied me to a stake driven into the earth floor. The men offered no violence during that time, but I tell you that if scowls and harsh words could kill I would have never lived to tell you this tale. It is my fixed belief that they intended I should die of starvation like the Urbana men."

Our party continued the raid of destruction through the islands of the "Snake Hunters," destroying all the huts discovered, and appropriating all the fish and nets. Several of the Reservoir denizens who were with us looked anxiously about for the much-heralded "dens of rattlesnakes," and were much disappointed when they were not found. Warden Frank Shirley was anxious to effect the capture of the impudent "Web-Footed Bill," but no trace of him could be found anywhere. We then loaded all the spoils into the "Snake Hunters'" boats and, with a good half-dozen of the offenders, captured during the course of the raiding, returned to the main-land.

The result of this and of several later raids was very soon evident. The settlements of "Snake Hunters" were completely broken up and scattered. Many of the outlaws were captured and convicted. And a number of these poachers are even at this time serving well-deserved penitentiary and workhouse sentences.

But the lawless "Web-Footed Bill," the real leader in the attempt on the Reservoir's flood-gates, was yet openly defying the law, and the wardens determined not to leave the State's preserve until he was captured.

One fine morning the relentless Shirleys closed in upon a hovel on "Goose" Island, where it was conjectured "Web-Footed Bill" was in hiding. And he was there, sure enough. But the desperado had discovered the officers' approach, and when they entered the door he escaped from a back window.

Springing into a dug-out the man then rowed frantically towards the main-land. But Frank Shirley had spied him, and an exciting boat race ensued across the Lewistown Reservoir. Closer and closer drew the game warden's skiff to the fleeing poacher. The "Web-Footed One" was handicapped with a dug-out, while the swift-est craft on the Reservoir waters

was rapidly overhauling him. Determined, however, to resist to the last, the "Snake Hunter" dropped the paddles and reached grimly for his squirrel rifle. But it was too late! The sharp-eyed officer had anticipated his intention, and when "Web-Footed Bill" faced his pursuer it was only to gaze into the chambers of a Colt's revolver. He then despairingly held up his hands, and the steel bracelets were immediately snapped upon his wrists. And so "Web-Footed Bill" was at last captured, and is now serving a long sentence. The "Snake Hunters" of Lewistown Reservoir are now no more. They have long since been scattered, and fishing can be indulged in with perfect safety.



THIS IS THE HUT IN WHICH JOHN SHIRLEY WAS PLACED AFTER HIS CAPTURE.

From a Photo. by Frank B. Shirley.

# Through Unknown Abyssinia.

BY CAPTAIN P. H. G. POWELL-COTTON, NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.

Captain Cotton's ten months' journey through unknown Abyssinia is a remarkable one. Captain Powell-Cotton is a well-known sportsman who has travelled in various parts of the world. On this occasion he resolved to penetrate to the far north of Abyssinia in search of the extremely scarce ibex that frequent the snowy mountains of the mysterious Simien country. Although trips across Abyssinia to Adis Ababa, the quaint capital, are not uncommon, a journey from the extreme south to the far north has not been accomplished in recent years.



N the course of my various travels I have had experience of nearly every sort of transport, from mule-carts in China to yak in Tibet; from boats in the Sunderbunds to jinrickshas in Japan. But of all such experiences the first night's camp with camels is the most trying.

Sunday evening, November 12th, 1899, saw three companions and myself, bent on an expedition to Rudolf and Fashoda, arrive at Warabol, eight miles from Zeila. We had with us three Europeans, seventy-two natives, seventy-five camels, and ponies, donkeys, and sheep. Confusion reigned supreme at this, the scene of our first camp.

Our tents had arrived, but the pegs were missing. The cook was hunting for his pots, and everyone was falling over what he did not want in his effort to find what he did want. However, matters soon got ship-shape, and we eventually got a meal and turned in to sleep — or, rather, lay down and sweated till dawn. The first part of our journey lay over the hard, sandy Maritime Plain, where we had excellent sport, bagging a few gazelle and the little dik-dik. At



CAPTAIN P. H. G. POWELL-COTTON, OF THE NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.  
From a Photo. by C. E. Fry & Son.

Arruweina, about ninety miles from the coast, while halting to rest the camels, I was lucky enough, a few days after the start, to find on the summit of the bare, rocky hills some of the rare Baira antelope, of which I bagged two couple. The long hair of this animal is a beautiful pale mauve on the back, merging into white on the stomach, and the large ears, with the slender horns set wide apart, show up well. This particular buck in the picture stood 22½ in. at the shoulder, weighed 22lb. as it fell, and had horns 4½ in. in length.

At the important town of Gildessa, with its curious conical-roofed huts, we first met an Abyssinian Shûm, or Civil Governor. This dignity was refreshed with a mixture of brandy, lemon powder, and water fizzed up in a sparklet bottle; and, *en passant*, I may remark that the more brandy there was the better he liked it. At Gildessa

travellers going to the capital by the direct road to Adis Ababa *via* Harrar have to exchange camel for donkey transport; but we turned off in a more westerly direction on what is called the Hawash route. On this road there is more sport, and camels can travel all through, but it is seldom used



ONE OF THE RARE MAUVE-COLOURED BAIRA ANTELOPE BAGGED BY THE AUTHOR.  
From a Photo.

by caravans, owing to the evil reputation it has acquired by reason of the exactions of Tombacca, chief of the Oderali. The latter has a method of exacting blackmail from the hapless traveler, the amount of which is determined not by the number of loads in the caravan but by the strength of the party. On the banks of the River Erer we encountered this chief, a repulsive-looking, scantily clothed savage. Even while talking he was continually chewing a quid of tobacco and wood ashes, and he opened the ball by demanding silk

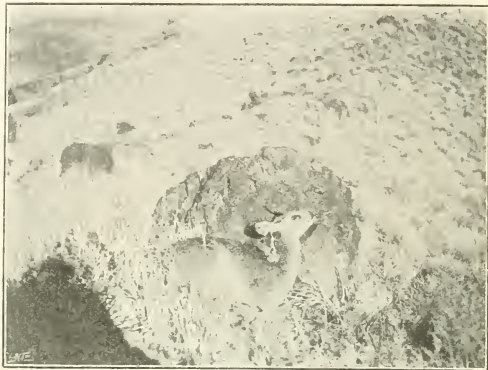
clothes for his men, and any amount of rice, beads, and dollars for himself. This, he said, all Frenchmen from Jibuti paid him. We, being a fairly strong party, and English, declined to accede to his extortionate demands, and merely gave him a small present. One of our camps in his country was at the foot of a detached rocky hill called Frugdeha, on the summit of which some of the party while mapping in the surrounding country espied some klipspringer. So next morning, when the caravan started, I remained behind to try for them. A hot and rough climb of nearly 1,000ft. took me to the top, and with the glasses we soon located three "sassa" (the Abyssinian name for klipspringer); but, unfortunately, they also found us, and moved off before I could get a shot. Crawling to the edge of the precipice I saw one standing sentinel-like on a rock below, some 225 yards off; and by using a rest and the telescopic sight on the Mannlicher my aim proved fatal, and he fell in a heap shot through the heart. Taking out my camera, I photographed him. He stood 21½in., and weighed 18lb. clean.

A fortnight later, when we were crossing the wide, muddy Hawash River, a body of Galla

horsemen arrived on the scene, galloping up in little groups. At first we were a bit uncertain as to their intentions, but on questioning the first arrivals our interpreter learnt that they

were off on a big elephant-hunt. They were a fine-looking body of men, naked except for a loin cloth. They were armed with a throwing and stabbing spear and a curious large knife. Their rulers, the Abyssinians, forbid them the use of firearms. They were mounted on strong, wiry, unshod ponies, accustomed to picking up their living anywhere. These animals were

decorated in a remarkable manner. Their harness was gay with brass discs, and the saddles were covered with the skins and tails of beasts. If the owner had killed a lion its mane would be flung round the pony's neck. I was fortunate in getting a snap-shot of this interesting group, and a close inspection of this picture will show that the grey animal in the centre wears the mane of the lion slain by its owner. The ivory bangle on his master's right arm denotes that an elephant has fallen to his spear. These picturesque people were much interested in us and our belongings. Probably not one of them had ever seen a white man



KLIPSPRINGER ANTELOPE, SHOT BY MEANS OF A TELESCOPIC SIGHT ON A MANNLICHER RIFLE. [Photo.]



From a

GALLA HORSEMEN AT THE HAWASH RIVER.

[Photo.]

before, and they plied us with all sorts of questions. Among other things they asked us why we wore boots, and they were greatly astonished to hear that we had toes like theirs.

Later in the day we crossed the Cubananoar, a narrow stream running between steep banks, and much blocked with tree-stumps. The accompanying illustration is that of a refractory camel who thought fit to lie down in mid-stream, upon which much shouting and cursing ensued, as his load had to be uncorded, carried ashore, and reloaded before the beast could be dragged and pushed up the bank.

Three days later, on December 28th, I reached our main camp, which had been formed at Tadechamalca, a little hill 100ft. above the Kassan River, in the neighbourhood of beautiful glades of mimosa trees.

I found the others had gone on with the riding animals and a few camels with their personal kit, and I did not catch them up until the afternoon. We travelled hard over the next eighty miles, and the first of the year saw us in the British Agency Compound at Adis Ababa, the capital of Abyssinia. Menelik's town is a scattered collection of villages and buildings, many inclosed in stockades. Covering a small hill in the centre, and commanding the place, stands the palace or gibi, consisting of a number of buildings and workshops, and including a new double-storied building connected by a gallery with an observatory tower. The audience-hall of the Negus is a splendid apartment—153ft. by 97ft.—said to be capable of seating 5,000 people at a time. The whole palace is inclosed by a stone wall with a stockade built into it, and further protected by sharp-pointed sticks projecting outwards.

On the evening of our arrival we had a festive New Year's dinner at the house of Captain Nicodocolá, the Italian representative, which was followed by some Abyssinian songs and dances. The former were rather monotonous chants, accompanied by two-stringed instruments, and the latter would be more aptly described as strutting about rather than dancing as we understand it.

I had not been long in Adis Ababa before I heard that the rains would prevent our proposed trip being carried out in its entirety, and that, owing to a great drought in the Omo district, the region where we looked for good sport would have to be passed through as quickly as possible, giving but little time for shooting. Despite the poor outlook, however, the others determined to go on with the programme, but I decided to go north and try for the Abyssinian ibex said to exist there.

The Emperor was away when we reached the capital, but soon returned and granted us an audience. He does not look his fifty-eight years, but his dark brown face is deeply marked by small-pox. He has a short, greyish beard and whiskers, and his pleasant smile and hearty laugh show a set of even, but not very



A CAMEL WHO OBJECTED TO CROSS A RIVER AND LAY DOWN IN MID-STREAM.  
From a Photo.

white, teeth. The Emperor received us very courteously, and readily granted the others the necessary permission to go on to Rudolf. Menelik took great interest in my proposed journey north. He told me that the ibex (known to the Abyssinians as uala) were only to be found in the mysterious snow-covered country of Simien, and having sent for a natural history book he promptly turned up their picture. Before we left the audience chamber he asked us to lunch with him on the following Sunday, and also arranged to be present at a coursing meeting which was to be held in a few days. He much impressed us with his shrewdness and affability.

Sunday, January 7th, being the second day of the Abyssinian Christmas, the Imperial lunch, to which we were invited, was preceded by a religious ceremony, which took place in front of a tent specially pitched for the occasion on a large level plain some half-mile from the palace. The officiating priests wore gorgeous vestments of brocaded velvets or silks, and carried incense burners, large silver perforated crosses, or crutch-sticks with silver or brass handles. The service commenced with the reading of a portion of the Scripture and the solemn kissing of the Bible by the two Archbishops and the



THE EMPEROR, MENELIK (CENTRAL FIGURE ON DARK PONY) ATTENDS A COURSING MEETING.  
*From a Photo.*

Emperor. Then commenced the ecclesiastical dance before the ark, symbolized by the three holy books, each of which was rolled in rich brocaded silks, and borne on the heads of priests. This dance, which is accompanied by the beating of systrums and silver drums, is something like a quadrille, consisting of sets of eight, in each of which four of the dancers face the Emperor. After each bar these latter make a deep obsequance before the Negus and retire, another set taking their place. At the conclusion of this curious ceremony we repaired to the palace for lunch. The meal was indeed excellent, served in European fashion on tables placed beside the throne in the great hall, and close to the small Imperial table where Menelik ate alone. The Rasas and great officers of State were seated on the floor on either side of the Emperor. What struck us most were the attendants, who stood by each group of officers and held shoulder-high enormous joints of raw beef. From these joints each guest cut thin slices, put one end into his mouth, and cut off the remainder close to his lips. When the Emperor had finished his repast the curtains hiding him and us from the rest of the hall were drawn back and disclosed to view some 4,000 soldiers who were to be entertained to a meal of raw meat, bread, and tej (mead).

The next photograph shows the Emperor (the figure in the centre on the dark pony) attending the coursing meeting a few days later. This took place at five in the morning on the plain just outside the British Residency. When the Negus arrived

from the gibi with his escort of nearly 500 men, two parties of about fifty each were extended on either side as beaters. The Emperor and the Rasas, as shown in the photo., rode in the centre of the gathering, the bulk of the following being ordered to keep a quarter of a mile behind. Soon a hare was put up, which after a good course was killed by the black dog Zulu, presented by the late Queen to the Emperor. Menelik was much pleased, saying that this

was the first hare he had ever seen killed by a dog. A jackal gave a second course, but went to ground. On the conclusion of the meet the whole cavalcade set out for the British Residency. On the journey many of the Abyssinian officers gave an exhibition of the national game of "Gucks," which consists of one horseman pursuing another and throwing a light spear-shaft. After the Negus and all his principal officers had been regaled with champagne and biscuits by Captain Harrington at the Residency they left, and we strolled round the compound, discussing the events of the morning and taking photos.

In the next picture, on the left, Captain Harrington, H.B.M. Diplomatic Agent in Abyssinia, is seen standing in front of one of the Residency buildings, Mr. Baird, his secretary, being on the extreme right; the other figures are those of the members of the expedi-



CAPTAIN HARRINGTON, HIS SECRETARY, AND SOME MEMBERS OF THE EXPEDITION, OUTSIDE THE BRITISH RESIDENCY. *[Photo.]*





HOW ABYSSINIAN MEN BEGINS TO DIG THE FOUNDATIONS OF A HOUSE. [Photo.]

tion who had decided to go on to Lake Rudolf.

Before I finally left the capital the new Residency, consisting of a group of six "Turrets," like Martello Towers, connected by passages, had the roof timbers laid. The next photo. shows the Abyssinian method of digging foundations preparatory to building a house. A narrow trench 18 in. deep by 6 in. wide is excavated with an iron shod stick, the earth being lifted out by hand. In this trench split wood uprights are placed to form the walls and tied together. These are then sawn off even round the top,



"WE HAD A GREAT TIME SORTING ALL THE SKINS." [Photo.]



From a) "A CURIOUS AND PICTURESQUE PERSON IN THE CAPITAL" [Photo.]  
Vol. vii.—71.

after which the conical roof, as shown in the previous picture, is tied on, the walls daubed with mud, the roof thatched, and your building is complete.

Here is a portrait of a curious and picturesque person in the capital—an old Greek curio dealer, called Balam Baras Giorgis. I visited him on several occasions, and found that he had taken military service under Menelik, and fought at Adoa against the Italians. I persuaded him to let me take his photo. in Abyssinian dress. In the picture he is wearing the cloak denoting his rank, and on his left wrist is seen the armlet of silver-gilt work pre-

sent to him for valour in the field.

After some stay in the capital I returned with the others to our main camp at Tadechamalea, where, as seen in the picture, we had a great time sorting and packing all the skins and trophies we had so far collected, afterwards starting them off for the coast on six camels and ten mules. Then I returned to Adis Ababa, and finally left there alone for the north.

I did not get any big-game shooting until I reached the Blue Nile, where I found a big school of hippopotami, and I bagged three in twenty minutes. Two of these great beasts, though hit in the brain, plunged about considerably

before obligingly walking ashore on our side, when I dropped them in shallow water. The third sank immediately in mid-stream, but floated for three-quarters of an hour, and was swum ashore by my men, as shown in the picture. On reaching the water's edge the carcass was rolled up the shore, and the scalp, skull, and feet cut off. We reached Debra Marcus, the capital of Gogam, without special incident. I entered the town on a market day, and at once proceeded to get some mules. My arrival created much excitement, and a large, good-natured crowd followed me about,



HOW THE AUTHOR'S MEN SWUM A DEAD HIPPO ASHORE IN THE BLUE NILE.  
*From a Photo.*



ONE OF CAPTAIN POWELL-COTTON'S HIPPOS ROLLED OUT ON TO  
[From a] THE BANK. [Photo.

my servants being plied with questions as to who I was and my business there. I got a good many photos., including the one here reproduced, in which the market people may be seen curiously looking at my camera.

The next large place we reached was Burgay, where Ras Wurgay, the Abyssinian official in charge, sent an escort of 200 men to receive me, and afterwards feasted all my caravan.

A few marches from this place, when some forty



A SCENE IN THE MARKET-PLACE OF DEBRA MARCUS, THE CAPITAL OF GOGAM.  
*From a Photo.*

miles south of Lake Tana, I was forced to stop for three weeks, as the local Shûm refused to let me go off the road to shoot, and practically kept me a prisoner. Explanations were useless, and I had to send a messenger to Menelik to acquaint him with the state of affairs.

During the journey my man was set upon and all his letters stolen, but he escaped by night and succeeded in reaching the



KING FARCEL'S CASTLE AT GONDAR.— REMAINS OF ONE MORE OF A RUINED CASTLE.  
*[From a PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY A RUSSIAN.]*

capital and telling his story to the Negus. The Emperor at once issued strict orders that I was to be taken wherever I wished to shoot, and every information given me, under threat of severe punishment.

On the return of my messenger I gladly packed up my traps and struck west down to a great bamboo-covered plain on the edge of the Soudan. Here I had good sport with roan antelope and hartebeest. I saw, too, a lot of elephants, but none of them had good tusks.

My route now lay along the grassy bays and wooded spurs on the western shore of the beautiful Lake Tana, which is dotted with islands and shut in on the farther side by the blue hills of Begueneder. We also passed the bone-strewn battle-field of Gohel (where King Taklahaymanot repulsed the Dervish horde) on our way to Gondar, the ancient Abyssinian capital, north of the lake. The city was sacked by the Dervishes twelve years ago; all but one of its forty-four churches were burnt, and thousands of the inhabitants put to the sword, but fire could make but little impression on the ruins of the magnificent forts and palaces built in the seventeenth century by Portuguese architects. The most imposing of these is King Farcel's Castle, a view of which is given in the photograph. This

great pile is nearly square, with five towers, and with walls over 6ft. thick, reminding one more of a Rhine castle than of a ruin in the centre of Abyssinia. Some of the doors of solid Sanker wood are still standing. From Gondar I went towards Metemneh in search of buffalo, but although I found a small herd I was unsuccessful in my attempt. However, a fine lioness, one of a troop we came on as they were drinking in a river, proved some compensation. Besides water-buck, tora, and smaller game, a fine old war-hog gave grand sport. He was the pluckiest beast I have yet met, as, although mortally wounded, he charged three times, and was only finally dropped by a bullet through the brain, his head falling almost on

my foot. On this part of the journey we saw the fine spectacle of a herd of forty-seven elephants, which were standing after their bath under some shady trees eighty yards from us. Without heeding our presence the whole herd slowly walked towards us over perfectly open ground, until the nearest was only thirty yards to our right. Then they stopped dead for half a minute and made off at a shambling trot. There were several fine bulls among them, but none with good ivory.

After returning to Gondar we set out for the mountains of Simien, the region of snow and cloud known as the Abyssinian Himalayas and the home of the ibex. We travelled at first over undulating, well-watered grass country, dotted with small woods and patches of jungle. The



CROSSING A DIFFICULT FORD ON THE WAY TO THE MOUNTAINS OF SIMIEN. *[Photo.]*

fords were often very muddy, and caused much delay to the caravan. In the picture my men can be seen picking their way over one of those fords. When we reached the ibex ground we found ourselves in a land of cloud, snow, and ice, and, in contrast with the steaming Soudan, from which we had just come, the cold struck us as intense. Twenty miles from a point where we were sweltering under mosquito-nets the cold was so great that we shivered under four blankets.

In Simien good luck attended me, and in a week I had bagged the only three ibex bucks on the ground, as well as one doe. Then the clouds shut down, and snow, sleet, and hail drove us down the Attabar Valley over awful rock staircases, called paths, where the mules were continually falling and loads shifting and getting damaged. A specimen of one of these "roads" is seen in the picture.

Proceeding towards Erythrea we crossed the River Takuzzy safely, but lost our way, and were double the time reaching Adua that we should have been. Here I visited the famous battle-field where, in March, 1896, the Italians lost 4,000 killed and had 2,000 taken prisoners by the Abyssinians. Near by is Axsum, the sacred city of the Ethiopians, with its wonderful series of obelisks, from the first rough unhewn stone

to the beautifully finished and decorated monolith, 60ft. high. This is carved to represent a nine-storied temple, is entered by a door, and has an altar at its foot. It contains inscriptions

dating from the fourth century, and on its line of pedestals stood great statues of gold, silver, and brass.

My last photograph shows the most sacred place in this sacred city—the church, which every Christian Abyssinian believes to contain the true ark which Menelik, son of the Queen of Sheba, brought from Jerusalem. Once within its

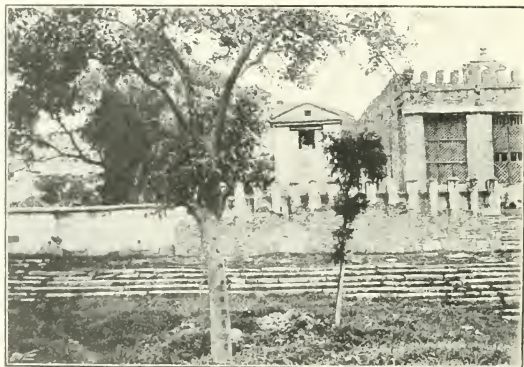
inclosure the male criminal is safe from justice, but no woman may approach it. On some stones in front of the sacred edifice every Emperor of Abyssinia must be crowned before he is recognised as Negus Negasti (King of Kings).

The remainder of my journey across the Marab River and through the Italian colony of Erythrea (where I received a most cordial welcome) to Massawa was safely accomplished.

I embarked on an Italian mail steamer for Aden, where I caught the P. and O., and finally reached England after an absence of nine and a half months in the fascinating land of the Negus. On reaching home I found letters announcing that the others had had to abandon their trip to Fashoda and turn south, coming out at Mombasa.



A FAIRLY REPRESENTATIVE "ROAD" IN THE ATTABAR VALLEY.  
*From a Photo.*



THE CHURCH OF THE TRUE ARK IN THE SACRED CITY OF AXSUM.  
*From a Photo.*

# Round the Isle of Wight in a Canoe.



From a Photo by F. Smith & Co.

A plain, straightforward account of an out-of-the-way feat. Fired by a smoking-room discussion concerning records, Mr. Richards stole away one morning and set off in an old "Rob Roy" canoe to paddle right round the Isle of Wight, his only equipment, besides a pair of opera-glasses and a baler, being a flask of whisky and a paper bag of sandwiches!



**A**BOUT three years ago a half-dozen of us were sitting in the smoking-room at Norris Castle talking of athletic performances and adventure generally. It was late when we finally parted, and as I stalked along the stone corridors leading to the bachelor quarters I kept thinking over our conversation, and I fell asleep dreaming of record-breaking.

The next morning I awoke about five; there were no drawn blinds to keep the light out, and the glare from the sea and sun had a habit of rousing us betimes. It was a glorious day, and the sea looked like a placid pond. It was then that the idea first occurred to me of paddling around the Island. It would be a great joke, I thought, and I could be back in time to spring my adventure on my companions at dinner. I had no idea of the exact distance, or how long it would take; but excursion boats advertise to do the trip in six hours, and they, of course, fly from point to point, cutting off

all the corners. But the idea sounded fascinating, and, though I was in no sort of training, without more ado I set about business. I hastily pulled on a pair of trousers and a shirt. Hurrying down to the kitchen, I stuffed some sandwiches into a paper bag and filled a flask with whisky. This completed my commissariat arrangements.

No one knew of my project, so that in case of failure there could be no jeering, and none of those irritating "told you so's" which always grate on the unsuccessful. I got down to the

boat-house unobserved, and dragged my canoe across the shingle down to the edge of the water. I didn't bother about an oilskin, nor even a seat cushion; but I did look to see if the corks were in properly. My craft was an ordinary "Rob Roy" canoe, but of rather an antique pattern—decked in fore and aft, with (nominally) water-tight compartments. I should not like to vouch for these latter, however, for I have some recollections of a large hole that yawned in the fore canvas; but I had a baler



MR. NELSON RICHARDS.  
From a Photo. by S. J. Porter, Ventnor.

and a pair of opera glasses, and with these I felt prepared for anything. Besides, I cherished the fond idea that I would never get out of swimming distance of the shore.

Well, off I went. It was simply glorious when I started, and the waves splashed and danced me into the best of spirits. There was a swinging tide under the keel, but I soon discovered that my good resolution of hugging the shore was impracticable, and that the thing to do was to fix a point and make for it, and this was the plan I generally worked upon. I headed straight for Ryde pier-head, a distance, as the crow flies, of about seven miles. I raced past Osborne, past the Royal bathing boat which has since been wrecked and gone to the bottom

and began to run into a few early morning bathers near Ryde. I could see, with the aid of my glasses, that the tide was very low, and knew from experience that the long sandbanks running far out to sea would be likely to give me trouble. So, instead of trying to shoot the pier, I headed out to sea, hoping the tide would drift me down to Sea View.

I had now paddled for about three hours without pulling up, and contemplated the prospect of breakfast eagerly. I was right in the midst of the Channel traffic, and had to exercise great care in dodging the wake thrown off by the paddle-boats. But it was all very jolly, and I slackened speed and opened my bag of sandwiches. After a while, thinking I was clear of the banks, I headed in, only to find myself aground high and dry about three-quarters of a mile off-shore. I got out of my canoe and walked, pushing her in front of me. The change of exercise was rather agreeable than otherwise, as a canoe is distinctly cramping to one's limbs. But I soon floated and drew along Sea View and abreast of the Old Chain Pier. From here on for miles the coast was perfectly familiar to me—at least, I thought it was—and I paddled gaily, not bothering much about anything. I had put twelve good miles behind me, and was going strong. It was very hot, however, and I pulled off my shirt. I

regretted this later, for my arms and the upper part of my body blistered and swelled terribly.

I was now off the Foreland with the white Culver cliffs towering above me, and here I had the misfortune to run foul of the Bembridge ledge. I wobbled and jerked in my efforts to break away, but without success, and it seemed extremely likely that an ignominious "puncture" would put an end to my adventure. So, removing my remaining garment, I slipped overboard, and, treading water slowly, towed my "ship" into safe water; then crawling over the stern quarters I got to work again.

The mishap was of no consequence, except that it put a damper on what little food I had left; it also shook my confidence. For

obviously I wanted to keep in-shore, but if I did so there was always this difficulty of sunken rocks.

Just about Bembridge the tide turned, and I had my first taste of hard work. I tried to shoot across from Bembridge to Dunnose, and thus avoid the long circuit of Sandown Bay, but I could make nothing of it; in fact, I rather lost way. So in-shore I came, so close, indeed, that the paddle often struck the shingle. There were some soldiers of the Sandown dépôt on the beach, and they made sport of my bedraggled costume, which was spread out on the decks to dry. So, deeming discretion the better part of valour, I completed my toilet before proceeding further. The bay was full of life. Hundreds of

people were bathing and boating, and it was quite a task to thread my way through. Occasionally I dipped my legs over the sides, but I never eased in the paddling. I longed to get out and have a good stretch, but thought it best to keep at full speed. Besides, the muscles of my arms were hardening, and the perpetual motion did not tire me, though it bored me not a little. All this time the sun was pouring down on my devoted head and shoulders, and I was slowly turning a fine lobster colour. An occasional sandwich, very wet and very salt, relieved the monotony, but I have never liked sandwiches since.



From a] READY TO START. [Photo.



From a Photo. by

PASSING VENTNOR

[F. Frith &amp; Co.]

Off Lucombe there is a nasty spot called the "Race." The point is treacherous, and there is always a little sea there, no matter how fine the day may be, for the full force of the Channel waves dashes here against the red sandy cliffs. I found it impossible to avoid shipping small seas, and they came over the sides and low into my lap. These trifles destroyed what little interest I had hitherto taken in my appearance, and I began to feel rather battered. My glasses were so wet that I could see only with difficulty; my handkerchief, of course, was soaking wet, and those miserable sandwiches were thoroughly sodden.

It was a dull paddle past St. Boniface Down and Bonchurch, though the rocks in-shore require constant watching. The prospect of getting dinner at home was growing smaller and

smaller. At Ventnor I spoke a passing boat man, who told me I should have a fair tide down to the Needles. I also waited here a few minutes to repair my stock of sandwiches. The time was about one o'clock, and sensible people were having their lunch. How I envied them! The weather changed and the sea roughened, but my friend the boatman was right, and the tide took me along at a rattling pace. Now and again a coast-guard turned his glass upon me; otherwise no one took the slightest interest in me. By this time Steephill Castle and the Old Park estate had slipped behind, and I was at St. Katherine's, well known to all schoolboys as an important geographical point. That day it was impossible to keep close to the light, and outside there was a nasty little swell. There is a groodly

collection of rocks, too, which added to the natural fear one has of passing a point guarded by a lighthouse. So to be on the safe side I doffed my shirt for the last time, and from that point on right through the night I wore nothing over my body.

Thus prepared for the worst, I went ahead, and weathered the point in grand style, though with much inward sinking. Far away in the distance I could just see the Needles some sixteen miles away.

Off Blackgang the currents buffeted me



From a Photo. by

BLACKGANG.

[F. Frith &amp; Co.]

horribly, baulking me for hours and drifting me out to sea. The "Race" off Roehen End is well known to local mariners, and I wasted untold horse-power dragging myself in-shore again and again, only to find myself being forced out to sea and all this without making

was irritating, because I only wanted about fifty yards to round the corner, and, although putting forth all my strength, I could make no headway. At last I got a brilliant idea. I caught hold of the rocks with my hands, and dragged the canoe along bodily. These tactics were eminently successful, and finally I turned the corner in triumph. Here I was in full view of the lighthouse which is built on the outermost base of the Needle Rocks, where its powerful light marks the entrance to the Solent. I could even see the lighthouse-keeper watching me with a calculating eye, and I fancied he was wondering what I would fetch if found keel uppermost.



*From a Photo. by*

ARCHED ROCK, FRESHWATER BAY.

*[F. Frith & Co.]*

the slightest headway. It was miserably discouraging! At last I paddled in-shore and got out, or rather rolled out, on to the sand. My legs were so stiff that I could not stand, and as for the inner man, I felt as the redoubtable Succi must have done after his famous fast. A youngster on the foreshore bolted at the sight of me, and no doubt I looked a strange sight. I was sorry he bolted, however, as it increased my sense of loneliness.

But I could not afford to halt long, and in five minutes I was afloat again. The sun was getting very low now, and I was still on the wrong side of the Needles; and to shoot the Needles in darkness might well mean disaster. I had my head pointed to the Needles for hours that evening, paddling steadily and fighting against the outwash. I was now heartily sick of the whole business. Just there, by Freshwater Bay, the cliffs rise 400ft. or more perpendicularly out of the sea, and the water rushed by the cliffs at a terrific pace. The work of getting forward appeared well-nigh impossible. The situation

Should I run outside the Needles or shoot between? The outside passage was most uninviting, for the broken water might very easily smash in my frail canvas decks or dash the canoe on to the rocks. On the other hand, running through the Needles meant a jump over an evil-looking snag which showed ugly and grim between the rise and fall of the waves. Of course, if I were lucky, I might ride over it, and if it came to the worst I could clamber on to the rocks till rescued. But before I had made up my mind I was literally rushed through the inner channel on the back of a sturdy wave. It was very short work, and very exciting while it lasted. There was a slight scrunch, a small sea shipped, and I was across in smooth water. I could not help looking back and grinning at the light keeper, and it seemed to me that he grinned too.

I had now been about twelve hours afloat, and had at least twenty more miles to cover. I felt distinctly tired, and could have done with some dinner. But one thing cheered me, and that was that the tide which had been against me on the one angle of the island going westward now helped me along as I shaped eastwards on the homeward tack. So I jogged on, leaving Totlands and Yarmouth behind me in the night. Here and there a light on shore served as a star, otherwise it was quite dark, and



the coast unknown to me ; but during those last long hours I never stopped. Off Hurst Castle I could hear the sea lapping on the shingle banks, and all around me the tiny breakers betrayed shallow water. It was pitch dark ; I paddled on close to the direct track of steamers trading to and from Southampton. Once I nearly gave in, and thought of finding a pilot, but I abandoned the idea as cowardly. I do not know whether I was near the shore or half a mile off. I strained my eyes and tried my hardest to see Cowes, but Cowes was still a good ten miles away. Then there came a slight sea fog, and I could hear steamboats blowing their whistles constantly as they slowly picked their way up and down Channel. I imagined, deliciously, that perhaps they had come out

scraped a rock I hardly noticed. My eyes were always searching the horizon, with an occasional furtive look over my shoulder. My paddling was quite mechanical, and in a quiet way I think I dozed. My legs were rigid ; the strain of paddling for eighteen hours on end, with a minimum of food and drink, was beginning to tell ; I was drawing on reserve capital.

And when the lights of Cowes suddenly rose before me, as I turned "Egypt Corner," I hardly realized it. But there lay the town, without a doubt. I wondered whether I might not as well go ashore here and call it a day's work, but all the same I headed for Norris, determined to finish where I had begun. I made a bold sweep, abandoning the coast entirely, and shot across the mouth of the river, taking my chance of being



FROM A PHOTO BY

THE AUTHOR.

17. WALKER'S ISLE.

to find a canoe, last seen off the Needles, and thought to be lost on the Shoals. But now I didn't want to be found. Four or five hours more of work were of no earthly consequence, for nothing really mattered. The shore was so gruesome-looking that I avoided it ; there was no habitation for miles, and the marsh land with its weeds and shingle pools suggested all sorts of horrors. I think I must have been getting a little strange in the head from hunger and sheer exhaustion, and the darkness oppressed me. Fish jumped aboard, attracted by my decks, and then flopped back into darkness. If the keel grated on shingle or

run down. The old guardship and hundreds of small craft were lying moored in the Roads, and I picked my way among them as best I could.

I was a long way off-shore, but away in the darkness I could see outlined against the sky the boat-house which I had left at six a.m. Norris itself lay wrapped in sleep, and no brass band received me as I paddled along the stone front, heading for a ladder which ran from the beach to the top of the wall. I made my canoe fast to the bottom rung and scrambled wearily up the ladder, leaving everything behind me, just as the stable clock struck midnight.



BY JOSEPH MYERS.

Sailor-men can usually tell narratives of adventure that are worth hearing. Here is the record of a prize at sea which was somewhat in the nature of "catching a Tartar." It is probable that the crew of the derelict barque had mutinied, and were afraid of detection when the "Rajputana's" men came aboard.



HERE used to be, and is now, for all I know to the contrary, a well-known tavern in one of our principal seaport towns much frequented by the officers of the mercantile marine who visited that town. To me the usual public lounge and an adjoining billiard-room seemed at first to form the only attractions of the place, but as the evening advanced and the seafarers trooped in I soon altered my opinion.

Quietly seated around tables in the lounge were specimens of those men who have helped so much to make our merchant navy the envy of our neighbours; and, to while away the time, these adventurous fellows, who had been in every clime, related their experiences on the ocean. Steam has not destroyed all the romance of the sea, and I assure you that some of the stories related by these sailor-men to another were of a kind that would make the fortune of a professional writer of sensational fiction. Only they were absolutely true—mere straightforward narratives of adventure at sea, one story elicited by another, and told solely with the object of interesting a few sympathetic comrades.

Sitting opposite to me one evening was a

chief officer—to judge by his appearance—who had been taking in all that was said without comment; and I ventured to suggest that possibly one of his experiences might be worth hearing.

"Well, youngster," he said, "I was just thinking so, too; but I didn't care about interrupting the conversation."

With one accord we voted that his turn had come, and without more ado he turned his grave face to us and began:—

In the year 1884 I was bo'sun of the good steamer *Rajputana*, bound from New York to the Mediterranean, and, after a splendid run across the Atlantic, we were about 400 miles from Gibraltar when we fell in with a prize, as we thought, but which proved a very dear one for us.

At about "two bells" on the midnight watch I was roused from my bunk in the starboard alley-way by the sudden stopping of the engines. The telegraph was rung just as I had nicely opened my eyes, and I guessed by that peculiar motion they make that the engines were put "Full speed astern." I was soon on deck, you may be sure, and there in the darkness right ahead of us was a large barque, with no lights visible

Repeated blasts of the steam whistle seemed to have no effect, and we only escaped dashing into her by a hair's breadth. As we slowly backed away from the mysterious vessel I heard the second mate remark to the captain, "Queer fellow, that, sir. I can't see any signs of her crew."

He was looking through his night-glasses at her, and his remark caused the captain to do the same.

"What! a prize at last?" said he, excitedly. "I've heard a lot about them, but never had one yet! Bo'sun," turning to me, "launch the port jolly-boat, and let's have a look at her."

The engines were stopped, and in a trice we had the boat in the water and a crew in her. The sea was calm and a few minutes' pull brought us alongside the barque. We hailed her several times, but still got no response, so we then made fast and jumped aboard.

All seemed in fairly good order on deck, and after a general scrutiny our captain and I went into the cabin and lit a candle we had brought with us. Here a scene of wild disorder

met our gaze, greatly to our astonishment, as you may suppose. The cabin was practically a ruin, and had been on fire; the spirit-locker had been rifled of its contents, and dozens of "dead marines," as the sailors call them (empty spirit bottles), lay broken all over the floor. The captain's state-room had evidently been the theatre of a most desperate struggle, for blood—some of it still wet—was spattered and smeared all over the floor, bunk, and furniture.

Further search revealed no signs of life on board, and as the ship's boats were missing we concluded that the crew, or such portion of it as had survived the conflict, had left the ship after throwing overboard the bodies of their victims. This was the first theory we built up, but it was plain that we were all puzzled from our captain downwards. The mysterious ship—you can't call her a derelict, she was in such

good order—had a remarkably valuable cargo, and had evidently come from a British or Scandinavian port; but no papers of any kind were found to give us reliable information. We had to be content with the "*Notre Padre, Genova*," on her stern, which was at least something.

Our captain was not long in deciding to tow his prize into Gibraltar, and a prize crew, consisting of the second officer and myself, with four sailors (one of whom was an Italian), was soon put on board. After our carpenter had made a temporary repair of the damaged rudder and had fitted new pump-boxes to the windmill, a couple of hawsers were passed on board

and we were soon following faithfully in the wake of our own vessel, the *Rajputana*. (This, by the way, is *not* her name, but as the vessel is owned in London it may be advisable to suppress the real name.)

Our second officer was a typical north-country seaman—one of those men on whom his inferiors learn instinctively to put their trust; and he somewhat startled me, before we had been on board his first command an hour, by



THE CAPTAIN'S STATE-ROOM HAD EVIDENTLY BEEN THE THEATRE OF A MOST DESPERATE STRUGGLE.

saying he heartily wished the affair was over, and so saying he pointed ominously to the sky. In truth I had not had much time to notice the weather signs since leaving my bunk in the early morning, and when I did so I quite agreed with him that we were in for a "blow."

However, we made ourselves as comfortable as possible, and set to work to put our charge into something like order. The whole day was practically taken up by our preparations for the storm we knew was brewing, and particularly in getting rid of the water that was in the vessel, for she had somehow shipped a good deal more than our officer cared about seeing in her.

About midnight the second mate and two of the sailors went below, leaving me with two other seamen in charge. The blood-stained cabin was not a very nice place to sleep in, as you may suppose, but there was one berth leading out of the steerage which was remarkable for the absence of any signs of conflict, and this the officer chose as his dormitory, while the two sailors slept outside the door. In this steerage was a hatch evidently leading to a store-room or lazarette extending under the saloon. To this day I can't understand why we hadn't examined this store-room, which was apparently filled with cargo-mats and partition cloths. Certainly we had looked down from the hatch, but then our time had been fully occupied, and as we didn't expect to be on board more than three or four days at most, we hadn't bothered about it. Well, I confess that I was anything but comfortable as I stood at the wheel watching the stern light of our own trim steamer ahead, for there were evident signs of a gale springing up, and I knew that if we got adrift from the *Rajputana* there were not enough hands on board to handle the barque successfully. The rudder, too, was far from satisfactory, and, although the carpenter had done his best with the makeshift, it kicked in a very nasty and even dangerous way when I least expected it.

I had sent both sailors forward to look after the two towing-ropes, and you may guess I felt a little bit lonely on the poop of that mysterious, deserted ship with a rudder under me that was as much as ever I could possibly manage.

In those days, by the way, we used to buy revolvers in the States and sell them at a big profit in Italy; and on leaving the *Rajputana* I had casually put one of these shooting-irons into my pocket in case I needed it. Now, as I stood there all alone I mechanically loaded my Colt and dropped it into my hip-pocket. I don't know why I did it, except that I imagined I saw our Italian sailor Antonio sneaking round the galley-side, and I fairly hated the sight of

that man, and knew he owed me a grudge for keeping him to his work—the lazy skunk.

The gale burst upon us almost before I had time to call the other sailor, Anderson, from the fore-castle head to help me hold the wheel, which was now getting unmanageable. When he did come along I asked him where Antonio was, and he said he had missed him for some time, but had thought he was with me.

I told Anderson to go below and see where the Italian was, as every man we had on board would presently have his work cut out. Anderson had not been gone perhaps five minutes when I heard him give a hoarse cry. A moment or two later he came dashing up the companion-ladder and sprang towards me. He was greatly excited, and all I could hear him yell above the shriek of the gale was, "We'll be murdered! I'm stabbed! Come on; leave the wheel!" and he dragged me away by main force.

Before leaving my post, however, I lashed the wheel as well as I could with a signal halliard lying close by, and then made for the galley. Anderson told me to secure the doors, and while I was doing so he fell on the floor in a heap, and I, thoroughly bewildered, sprang towards him, and found to my horror that he was stabbed in the back. Just judge if you can of my amazement—nay, utter stupor! I am a plain, ordinary man, not overmuch given to emotion, but I confess I was on that occasion fairly overcome. What was going on? Who could possibly have stabbed Anderson? What was going to happen next?

I did all I could for him—staunches his wound with a piece of my coat lining, and then, lifting him on to the seat, I propped up his head with a pannikin. I was preparing to go back to the wheel, for I hadn't even then grasped the situation (and duty always comes first), when I heard several people talking on deck. They were coming towards the galley, and I recognised Antonio's voice in a minute. What fairly floored me, however, was that he was talking and being replied to in his own language, which I knew none of our fellows understood, being true British seamen with a hatred of the foreigner.

Like a flash of lightning it dawned on me that some of the crew of the barque must have managed to hide themselves away in the lazarette, that they were now bent on recovering possession of the vessel, and that Antonio—our Antonio, their fellow-countryman—was evidently going to help them. I concluded that my companions had been murdered in their sleep by these bloodthirsty wretches, and that I should meet the same fate if I ventured out of the galley. Here surely was as tight a place as ever a man

found himself in. But there was no time to waste on surmises, so I firmly secured the galley doors and prepared to sell my life as dearly as possible.

Suddenly the barque gave a heavy lurch, and the seas broke over her in so thunderous a style that I felt sure the rudder had carried away and her foundering was only a question of time. What followed was enough to appal the stoutest heart. Down came the main-mast with a heavy crash, and, in doing so, it knocked off a corner of the galley-top, through which the sea instantly poured in torrents. Poor prostrate Anderson

avail. I thought I was all right, until something was thrown at me, which just missed my arm, and when I picked it off the floor it proved to be a long stiletto. I felt the end could not be far off. Nothing short of a miracle could save me. One of the scoundrels had climbed on to the roof, where he could see me, and had thought to finish me off easily by hurling the dagger at me javelin-wise. Looking up I could see his head and shoulders, so, taking as good an aim as I could considering the rolling of the ship, I fired point-blank at him. What a horrible shriek that fellow gave! I fancy I



"I FIRED POINT-BLANK AT HIM."

slid to and fro on the galley-seat with the motion of the vessel, and I soon had to turn surgeon again and staunch his awful wound as best I could.

My feelings can be better imagined than described, and if ever I uttered a prayer of contrition for past delinquencies it was at that moment, for Death seemed to stare me in the face on all sides.

But the Italians, for such I now felt pretty certain they were, hadn't found me yet. Presently, however, I heard Antonio at the lee door crying out: "You in there, bo'sun? Come out, you Inglesi; we kill you too." But I kept silent while they tried to open the door without

can hear it now. He rolled off the galley-top on to the deck with a heavy thud, and his companions bothered me no more that night.

But I had other enemies to contend with, for the elements seemed to increase in fury; and how the old barque floated as long as she did in that sea, and without a rudder, too, is a marvel to me, for a toboggan slide is child's play to the capers she cut.

By-and-by I managed to climb up and look through the hole in the roof, and there, some mile and a half on the weather-beam, was the *Rajputana*, her lights clearly burning in the blackness of night. Of course, she had long ago cast off her sorry prize. Just as I was about

to drop down from my perch, for I was holding on in a painful position, the *Rajputana* threw up a rocket, and as its ghastly light lit up the raging waste of waters it showed me that a boat was leaving her side. Our captain must have been very anxious about the safety of his prize crew or he wouldn't have launched a boat in that sea, which by this time was running like a mountain.

The boat neared us, and I wondered what kind of a reception its unsuspecting crew would meet with. Every now and then I could see mysterious forms crawling along the barque's deck, and they were evidently in anxious consultation. Suddenly it occurred to me that it would be just as well to fire a shot in the direction of the approaching boat—taking care not to hit anybody—just to warn our men that something was wrong. When they were about three hundred yards off I loosed off my revolver into the darkness—once, twice, thrice; and just at that moment another lurid rocket lit up the weird scene, and must have shown the officer in the boat that there were more men on the barque's deck than he could account for. Anyhow, he turned round and pulled for the steamer, evidently to report to her master.

After much weary waiting I saw to my joy that the steamer was coming very near us, and when only a quarter of a mile off the boat was again dropped into the water.

Twilight was just dawning when she was within hailing distance, and I yelled out, "Murder, come and help us!" with all the frantic energy of which my lungs were capable. Those sailors needed no second invitation, and

in less time than it takes to relate it I was talking to my chief officer through the hole, while the sailors were battering their way into the cabin to which the Italians had fled. We tried to open the galley doors, but the mainmast in its fall had so sprung the sides that they wouldn't open, and we had literally to break the side to pieces with crow-bars to get poor Anderson out, and sadly we lowered him into the boat.

A hasty examination of the barque proved to us that if we intended to recover the bodies of our comrades we had no time to lose, for she was foundering under us. We smashed the sky-light to pieces and dropped into the cabin, but the Italians were nowhere to be seen. Our own poor fellows had evidently died without a struggle. We were just lowering the second mate's body into the boat when the barque gave a terrific lurch, and we jumped clear of her to save being drawn under as she foundered.

When all had scrambled into the boat we looked round and found that the *Notre Padre* had got to her long home and taken the living cut-throats with her, as well as the bodies of our poor dead comrades.

Thus ended our efforts to secure a prize; and to make matters worse the harbour-master at Gibraltar required some very convincing proofs of the manner in which three of the crew of the ss. *Rajputana* met their deaths, when two days later our vessel put into that port for bunkers. It was, perhaps, just as well for me that Anderson did recover, after a long illness in the hospital, because otherwise I might have found myself in Queer Street.



"I COULD SEE MYSTERIOUS FORMS CRAWLING ALONG THE BARQUE'S DECK."

# Three Thousand Miles by Sledge.

MR. ANDREW J. STONE'S PENETRATION OF THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE.

By FRID. A. FALGOUT.

Mr. Andrew J. Stone, of the American Museum of Natural History, has achieved some renown as an explorer of Arctic America; and in this interview he gives the author an account of his penetration of that North-West Passage which cost Sir John Franklin his life. Mr. Stone's sledge-journey constitutes a record. Since 1896 he has been travelling in North-West British Columbia, the North-West Territories, and Alaska in the interests of ethnology and zoology. The photographs illustrating this narrative give a realistic idea of the hardships of exploration in those regions.



THE heroic but futile attempt of Sir John Franklin to penetrate the North-West Passage is one of the saddest narratives in the annals of Arctic Exploration. It was in 1845 that this intrepid explorer, accompanied by a crew of 128 men, set out on his perilous journey in the two vessels, *Fox* and *Terror*, imbued with the highest hopes of success. Neither he nor any of his gallant band was ever seen again. Probably it was the tragic end of that expedition that has deterred other Polar explorers from exploiting the ground attempted by Sir John Franklin. Consequently, comparatively little is known regarding the northern coasts of British North America, and the maps of this part of the country are imperfect and fallacious. That Sir John Franklin was correct in his theory that a north-west passage connected the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans has been substantiated by the discoveries of Mr. Andrew Stone, of the American Museum of Natural History.

This energetic explorer and Arctic hunter only returned from the field of his labours a few months ago, and the fruits of his expedition are of incalculable value to science. He has succeeded in unravelling a vast amount of the mystery of that region, and has partially completed the work commenced more than half a century ago by Franklin.

Mr. Stone is a typical American of middle age and genial disposition. Prolonged exposure to the hardships and cold of the frigid zone has made him strong, wiry, and agile. When I met him in New York on behalf of THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE, he had scarcely adapted himself to the exigencies of civilization, though he was not slow to acknowledge his appreciation of company and life after some three years of comparative loneliness in the Arctic wilderness. Yet Mr. Stone is so enthusiastically immersed in his work that even then he was busily engaged in making preparations for his next expedition.

"I have always been deeply interested in the subjects of natural history and Arctic research."

remarked Mr. Stone, in answer to my question as to what induced him to take up this work. "There is a peculiar fascination and spirit of adventure about it which always strongly appeals to me. While engaged in business at Montana I studied the above-named two subjects assiduously, and even determined to set forth upon an expedition myself whenever a favourable opportunity presented itself. I indulged in a rigorous system of training. I would start out early in the morning without any breakfast, and climb over the mountains all day, never pausing to take nourishment of any description. By this means I became inured to hardship, and when at last the opportunity for which I had been longing for so many years did arrive I was in first-rate fettle."

Mr. Stone pursued his investigations under the auspices of the American Museum of Natural History. When all the arrangements for the expedition had been completed he crossed the continent by train to Seattle, in Washington. Curiously enough, Mr. Stone prefers to pursue his explorations alone, only enlisting when necessary the services of the natives inhabiting the various districts through which he passes and occasionally a white man at a trading-post. His transport consists entirely of sledges and boats improvised as the emergencies arise. The journey he planned on this occasion was so rough that it could be covered only by the aid of dog teams, so that it was absolutely out of the question to transport any great bulk of supplies. As he proceeded he established small store bases, or "cachés," as they are termed by hunters, at various points, so that he was able to make small détours from his projected route and to replenish easily his supplies whenever this became necessary.

"I entered the Arctic Circle by way of British Columbia," continued Mr. Stone. "Fort Wrangel was my point of departure on July 9th, 1897. I ascended the Stickine River to Dease Lake, and then crossed the Divide to the head of the lake, a distance of seventy-five miles. At this point I left my baggage in charge of a companion. Mr. Simpson. From here I made an



MR. STONE'S CAMP IN THE ROCKIES, WELL WITHIN THE ARCTIC CIRCLE—HE HAD GRAND SPORT IN THIS REGION. [Photo.]

extended trip into the Cassiar Mountains, penetrating the country to a distance of 100 miles in search of game. I was accompanied by a white boy and an Indian. For four days the travelling was exceedingly arduous, but upon the fourth night we pitched our camp. It was while engaged upon this hunting expedition that a funny incident occurred. The day after our first search for game I dispatched my companions to bring it into camp. The whole day passed without their returning, and when night fell and they were still absent I became apprehensive as to their safety. After waiting vainly for another two hours I fired three shots into the air to serve as a guide to the camp in case they had lost their way. Immediately there arose a succession of frantic and unearthly shrieks. My alarm at this startling turn of events can be better imagined than described, because I imagined myself far remote from any human habitation. The yelling continued, and I was at my wits' end to account for it. In a few minutes, however, two Indians came rushing frantically towards me brandishing their knives and jabbering excitedly, 'You kill Klootchman!' I was terribly frightened by the maniacal behaviour of these unwelcome visitors, and also somewhat unnerved by the piercing, blood-curdling yells which were still maintained with great gusto. However, I contrived to maintain my composure, and with the best sternness I could command under the circumstances ordered the Indians to stop where they were, at the same time keeping a firm grip upon my rifle in case it should be necessary to use it. When they calmed down somewhat I learned that the cause of the uproar was that my rifle-shots had

thrown an Indian woman into violent hysterics, and her companions were convinced that she would die. I endeavoured to reassure them to the contrary, but only pacified them by sending them away with my only bottle of liniment. Shortly afterwards my two assistants returned with the spoil of the chase, and the Indians as a precaution removed their

camp a greater distance from mine.

"When we wended our way back to Dease Lake camp we had a magnificent bag of sixty specimens of game, one of which, the mountain caribou, was a new species. Upon our arrival at Dease Lake camp I found that Mr. Simpson had gathered a supply of wood sufficient to last the winter, and had made our quarters enticingly comfortable. But the prospect of spending some months indoors, with its attendant monotony, did not appeal to my restless nature, and I was anxious to proceed. We thereupon loaded our two sledges with flour, rice, bacon, blankets, rifles, ammunition, and other necessaries, and made our way to Hell Gate Canyon. By the time we reached this point I hoped the spring would have arrived, so that we could continue our journey by boat. I also intended to locate another caché at this point, which would be convenient as a starting-point for other expeditions. Travelling, however, was both slow and difficult. The snow was deep and soft, causing us to sink into it so that we made little progress. Often we had to cut our way through miles of ice-jams to enable the sledges to be hauled through. The banks of the river, however, were well wooded, so that we experienced little difficulty in pitching our camps in sheltered positions, and we were, moreover, able to build roaring fires, which considerably refreshed us after the fatigues of the day.

"On erecting my caché at Hell Gate Canyon I left my companions and proceeded to explore the Liard River alone. When I had travelled about 100 miles, however, I received some disquieting news, which caused me to hurry back to





ALONE IN THIS FRAIL LITTLE CANVAS CANOE THE STONE EXPLORED THE LIARD RIVER.  
From a Photo.

Hell Gate with all possible speed. I learned that there was a band of renegade Indians—a thieving, murderous gang, composed of the outlaws of various tribes, whose frightful depredations had alarmed the whole country—encamped in close proximity to my caché. These renegades had committed some of the most atrocious murders, and I was fearful of the safety of my companions and stores. When I reached the camp not a sign of my companions was to be seen, and a careful and prolonged search failed to discover their whereabouts. Sick with fear, I expected to find that my caché had been looted, but strange to say found it intact. I subsequently learned that the renegades were unaware of its existence. While I was busily engaged in overlooking it some of these Indians ventured to approach and inquire about its contents, but I only returned evasive replies. I did not fail to observe, however, that they disbelieved me, and fearing attack I firmly resolved to maintain a strict watch, and defend the caché at the cost of my life if necessary. Conceive my position. Here was I alone in the midst of a number of treacherous Indians, who would not hesitate to murder me to obtain possession of my stores. The situation was most unpleasant,

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and I scarcely knew what to do. However, I cleared a large space round the caché, built a huge fire, and waited on the *qui vive* for any developments. My faithful dog watched beside me, and I relied upon its sagacity to warn me of any impending danger while I snatched a few minutes' sleep. Although they never dared to attack me, I was harassed incessantly by them. During the day they would loaf about my camp and regard the caché with greedy eyes, begging this or that article. One fellow was specially troublesome. He

was always visiting me, and refused to leave the camp when ordered to do so. Finding that he could not induce me to give him anything he one day became insolent, and I was so exasperated that I seized a club that was lying near by and drove him away. I became thoroughly worn out under the strain of watching, while my nerves were strung to their highest tension. This weary vigil continued for days, and there appeared no possibility of its speedy termination. To aggravate matters, I learned that one of the tribe was stricken with consumption, and I felt convinced that if he succumbed to the disease his death would be attributed to me and that the renegades would



MY STORES AT HELL GATE CAMP—MY LIFE WAS IN DANGER NIGHT AND DAY  
FROM AN OUTLAW BAND OF RENEGADE INDIANS.

[Photo.

seek vengeance. However, while plunged in the greatest depths of despair, one day I discovered that my unfriendly neighbours had disappeared suddenly, and you can imagine my delight on discovering this fact."

"Did you experience any difficulty in conversing with these Indians?" I inquired.

"Very little. Fortunately, I knew several Indian words and understood Chinook, but I depended mainly upon the sign language to interpret my meaning. This language is indispensable to travellers in this region, and can only be acquired by contact with the natives; its utility is incalculable. When the Indians left me I set to work to construct a boat with which to transport my ton of stores and so forth

haunted me. To cook the same food day after day, and to eat it in silence and alone, became intolerable. I made a close companion of my dog, and I verily believe that but for the brute's companionship I should have become demented. My sensations during those weeks are indescribable. I consider it the most trying ordeal of my life.

"After a short sojourn at Fort Liard I continued my journey to the point where the Rocky Mountains cross the Arctic Circle. Here I pitched my camp and stayed several weeks. I then went on to Fort McPherson, the most northerly of the Hudson Bay Company's trading posts, in latitude 67deg. 30min. From this post I traversed on sledges the Mackenzie Delta



[Photo.]

HEAVY WORK ON THE MACKENZIE DELTA—IT TOOK THIRTY DOGS TO DRAW THE BOAT OVER THE ICE.

[Photo.]

to Fort Liard, a Hudson Bay trading post, 150 miles lower down. This journey was fraught with considerable danger, since I had to deftly steer my boat, a small canvas argo, among huge ice-floes and snags and over whirling rapids."

"Did you suffer any ill-effects from your enforced solitude?" I asked, having on several occasions learned from such travellers that loneliness has a most depressing influence.

"It was a fearful strain upon the nerves. For weeks I was quite by myself, with only my faithful dog to keep me company. I grew quite restless under the monotony. Even the renegade Indians, despite their atrocities and thieving propensities, were far preferable to utter loneliness. I worked hard and incessantly to distract my mind, but it was of little avail. My appetite disappeared; I could not sleep at night; and the tragic stories I had heard and read about other hunters, whose predicaments had been analogous to my own, constantly

and the Arctic Coast westward for 250 miles as far as Herschel Island, returning in December. The cold was intense and curtailed my zoological investigations somewhat, but I gleaned much valuable information concerning the topography of the country and the characteristics and habits of its Eskimo inhabitants. It was in this region that I spent my Christmas Day. Of course we were enveloped in the all-pervading stillness of the Arctic night, but I did not permit this circumstance to hinder my work. We travelled over the ice by the light of the moon, and the experience was distinctly novel. The silence was oppressive, being broken only by the occasional barking of the dogs, the swish of our feet over the hard frozen snow, and our own voices. Even the bells on the dogs' harness only gave forth a muffled tone, for the ice had frozen upon them, so that we were deprived of even their merry jingling to vary the monotony of the journey. On Christmas Day I awoke at



HERE IS A TYPICAL CAMP SCENE, WHICH WILL GIVE YOU AN IDEA OF THE DESOLATE NATURE OF THE COUNTRY TRAVELED. (Photo)

one o'clock in the morning. Two hours later, having partaken of a scanty breakfast, owing to the scarcity of provisions, we started on our way. One of the Indians who was with me ran on ahead to guide us, and in a few minutes we were swinging along at a brisk pace. The morning air was cold, but there was not a breath of wind. The moon was rapidly sinking and diminishing in brilliancy. The sky graduated from a light blue round this satellite to a dark, heavy purple upon the distant horizon. A magnificent aurora spanned the heavens, casting its coruscating and welcome light over the level, snow-covered country. As I ran along beside my sledge I could not refrain from comparing my Christmas Day in this ice-bound and desolate region, devoid of vegetation and peopled only by a few nomadic Eskimos, with the warm, bright, and merry fireside of my old home. I ran along as if in a dream, stumbling and slipping, but never heeding such slight obstructions, nor experiencing the slightest fatigue. My movements seemed mechanical, and when I glanced at my watch after what seemed only a few minutes I found that we had been travelling for twelve

hours at an average speed of three and a quarter miles an hour—by no means a bad day's run.

We now struck a small Eskimo colony—one of the numerous habitations that are dispersed over this inhospitable region—and I determined, if it were at all possible, to pass the night here. The Eskimos re-

ceived us kindly, and in a few moments my Indians had unloaded the bedding from one of the sledges and carried it into the hut or 'igloo,' as the dwellings are called. These huts are extremely crude and cramped habitats, and resemble small heaps of driftwood covered with snow, so that it is possible to pass one without even being aware of its existence. We had to enter the dwelling by crawling upon our hands and knees through a low passage-way, and then we entered a small apartment measuring 11 ft. in length by 10 ft. in breadth and 5 ft. in height. The atmosphere was stifling. Notwithstanding its small dimensions the igloo comprised the home of two families, numbering nine people in all, not to mention numberless dogs. When we entered several dogs were turned outside to make room for us. A meal was also prepared for us, which was destined to be our Christmas dinner. But



FROM A PHOTO TAKEN AT THE CAMP OF THE BATHING—HERE ARE A FEW HOUSES TO BE SEEN. (Photo)



IN THE L. O. J. X. H. F. MR. STONE ATE HIS CHRISTMAS DINNER—FISH CHOPPED UP  
*From a* WITH AN AXE AND STRONG TEA WITHOUT SUGAR. *Photo.*

what a dinner, to be sure! No white man would have deigned to give it even to his dog. The menu was *losh*, the most detestable, non-nutritious fish ever caught, and strong tea—which, by the way, I provided—without sugar. The *losh*, of course, was frozen hard, and had to be broken up with an axe, the large chunks being thrown into a capacious but filthy kettle, filled with dirty water. The meal was certainly loathsome, but we had experienced a hard day's travel and were hungry and weary, and so could not afford to be fastidious. I gulped down the meal with the best grace I could muster, but I can assure you it required considerable effort. Still, nauseous though it was, I could not help comparing my lot with that of Sir John Franklin, who over fifty years before had been lost in the very neighbourhood in which I was. Compared with the unhappy lot of that expedition my Christmas was indeed comfortable, and I felt grateful.

"After we had finished our dinner seven other Eskimos entered the hut. Trying as our situation had been hitherto in this confined camp, the atmosphere of which was fetid and sickening, it was accentuated by these latest arrivals. Conceive nineteen people and three dogs herded together in a small room 10ft. by 11ft., without any light or ventilation. One small oil-lamp shed a sickly, flickering light over the dingy hole, which, however, only seemed to emphasize the misery of our condition. But we could not afford to complain, since our plight would have been worse had we not encountered these

friendly denizens of the Frozen North, so we resignedly wrapped ourselves in our skins and settled down for the night.

"During the night I had an unpleasant experience. I woke up with a start, and partially opening my eyes observed one of the Eskimo men peering intently at me. His face was one of the most villainous I have ever beheld, and I was somewhat apprehensive of his

intentions. I watched him intently, and he never for an instant took his eyes away from my face. I lay perfectly quiet and watched him. The minutes dragged like hours. Presently I gave a sigh of relief, for the Eskimo, with a grunt, rolled himself up and went to sleep. Early the next day we set off. The Eskimos pressed us to share 'breakfast' with them, but after our meal the previous evening we declined, preferring to subsist sparingly upon our own stock of provisions. A week later I was comfortably ensconced over the fire in my comfortable little cabin at Fort McPherson, but the experience of



THE ESQUIMAUX, ALTHOUGH THEY NEVER WASH, AND DO NOT KNOW THE MEANING  
*From a* OF CLEANLINESS, WERE OF GREAT ASSISTANCE TO THE EXPLORER. *Photo.*

that Christmas Day and the conditions under which I celebrated it will never quite be effaced from my memory.

"Did you find the Eskimos a hospitable race?" I interrogated.

"They are extremely courteous and always endeavoured to make us comfortable, after their own fashion; but the crude ideas of comfort of this unsophisticated and lonely people scarcely coincide with the white man's ideals in this direction. With the exception of the renegades I encountered at Hell Gate I never once had cause to complain of the treatment I

received at the hands of these nomads of Arctic America. They were always willing to give us any information in their power, but, unfortunately, they have no idea

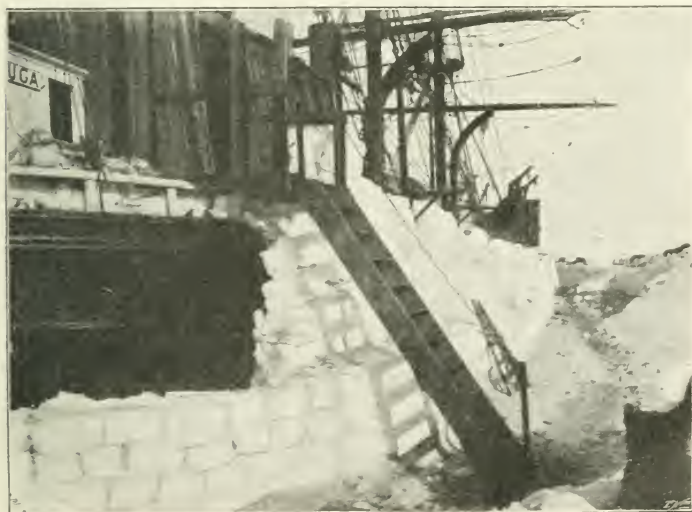
of distance or size, and consequently their information was often erroneous and misleading. They are also extremely dirty in every respect. They never dream of washing, either themselves, their clothes, or their culinary articles. The men with the bone ornaments, called 'tootucks,' thrust through their lips have a very forbidding appear-



THE COURSE OF SPRING ON THE ELLIOT RIVER, WHICH ON THESE MOUNTAINS IS 200 MILES IN A CANVAS CAMP. (Phot.)

ance. These tootucks, however, are highly prized by the wearers, being considered to be worth 100 white fox skins a pair.

"When I reached Fort McPherson I made preparations for my 1,000-mile sledge trip to the East. I was accompanied by M. Corbusier, and together we traversed the Arctic Coast through Franklin Bay to Cape Lyon. I was partly induced to take this trip because I anticipated meeting some whaling vessel at Cape Bathurst, which would convey my valuable zoological specimens back to New York or some other port. In this respect



From a] THE SEA-FAR WHEEK "THE UGA" THE WINTER QUARTERS AT CAPE BATHURST. (Phot.)



CAPTAIN H. B. D. ELDRIDGE, OF THE "BELUGA," IN WINTER ATTIRE.  
*From a Photo.*

I was favoured by fortune, for we met the *Beluga*, from San Francisco, and were hospitably received by the crew. We wasted little time, however, but pushed on to Cape Lyon. The country hereabouts we discovered to be very rugged, and travelling became so rough that we were compelled to abandon the journey, since our provisions both for ourselves and the dogs became entirely exhausted. We thereupon returned to Langton Bay to re-provision the sledge and make another attempt to penetrate this region. The day we

reached Langton, however, my companion, M. Corbusier, was so stricken with snow blindness that he had to be hauled upon the sledge, while my Indian assistant was knocked over with a serious illness, which subsequently proved to be scurvy. To add to the misery of the situation my own eyes succumbed to snow blindness, and for eleven days I lived in total darkness. We were still a thousand miles from Fort McPherson and the ice was beginning to soften. We had two alternatives—either to return to Fort McPherson with all possible speed or to remain where we were until the next winter, when the ice would permit of our sledging again. Although the temptation to remain was very strong we decided to return, and on May 11th commenced our homeward journey, reaching Fort McPherson on June 16th, 1898. We had spent the months of March, April, May, and part of June upon sledges travelling incessantly, and the journey is remarkable as being the longest continuous sledge ride ever accomplished. In July I crossed the Rockies, descended the Bell River, and then down the Porcupine to the Yukon, which was reached on August 14th. I continued down the Yukon to St. Michael's, where I took steamer for Seattle, in Washington, which was safely reached twenty-four months and four days from the time of starting."

Mr. Stone proposes to continue and, if possible, to complete the work he has so ably commenced, so that within a few years the whole of the coast of British North America will be as perfectly known as the more inhabited regions.



*From a* THE OFFICERS OF THE WHEALER, WHO RECEIVED MR. STONE MOST HOSPITALLY.

*[Photo.*

# A Village of Chess-Players.

BY ANNIE B. WOODRICK

The quaint little village of Strobeck, in the Hartz Mountains, is the home of a race of chess-players. Every man, woman, and child in the place is an expert player, and their spare time is devoted entirely to the study of new openings and the discussions of knotty problems. A man may not even marry unless his prospective bride has a good knowledge of chess! Every five years a great chess tournament is held, which is attended by champions from all parts of Germany and the neighbouring countries.



In the wide, fertile plain that stretches to the north-west of the Hartz Mountains, and about seven miles from the ancient town of Halberstadt, is situated an extremely interesting village, in its way absolutely unique, not only in Germany, but in the world. In size, architecture, and general appearance it differs little from the ordinary type of small village with which all travellers in

ignorance of the game or an indifferent style of playing would not be tolerated on the part of any of the villagers, whose *esprit de corps* in all matters concerning their cherished pastime is quite wonderful.

In olden days a considerable amount of time was evidently spent in the study of the game, and now every moment of leisure is devoted to chess-playing. Difficult problems are discussed, and new openings puzzled over at the club meetings, whilst all items of news concerning the game and its devotees in different parts of the world are read with the keenest interest. The reflex of this absorbing devotion to the noble game, continued as it has been through so many generations, finds expression in many quaint ways in the village, as, for example, the

extraordinary phenomenon of a large iron chess-board, utilized as a weather-cock on the spire of the church; the device of a chess-board in black and white marble, built into the frontage of a house formerly occupied by a president of the chess club, and again in the title "Gasthof zum Schachspiel," by which the principal inn has for a couple of centuries been known. Nor are there wanting numerous



GENERAL VIEW OF STROBECK.  
*From a Photo.*

northern Germany are familiar. Possibly the red-roofed houses look a little more comfortable, the gardens neater and gayer, and the inhabitants more prosperous than in the majority of instances, but these details have little to do with the distinction which attaches to Strobeck as the home of a race of chess-players! For many centuries all its men, women, and children have played chess, and have without almost any exception played this scientific game extremely well. Indeed,



THE HOME WITH A CHESS-BOARD FRONT.  
*From a Photo.*

other indications of the extraordinary influence that chess has exercised over the minds, manners, and customs of these villagers. It enters even into their matrimonial arrangements, for a young Ströbecker may not wed a girl from

which one meets at every turn in Ströbeck. This applies especially to the children. The hands of both young and old are also very striking, not only for their good shape, but for their well-cared-for condition — characteristics not usually associated with an agricultural people. In this, too, the influence of chess may be traced, as the prominent manner in which hands are displayed over a chess-board has evidently induced their owners to keep them in good order.

It is curious that, though any number of traditions are current respecting the origin of chess-playing in this remote part of Germany, nothing absolutely authentic is known. Records, however, exist, show-



THE CHESS TOWER.  
*From a Photo.*

any of the neighbouring villages unless she is a good chess-player. If he has the temerity to do so, he must pay a certain sum of money into a fund, which is devoted to defraying the expenses of the quinquennial chess tournament.

Chess playing may be described as the ruling passion as well as the sole recreation of the Ströbeckers, who are a particularly hardy, industrious race, differing a good deal in appearance from the inhabitants of the neighbouring Hartz districts. Possibly the constant study and concentration of thought needed to master difficult chess problems are indirectly responsible for the clever, earnest faces



*[From a]*

AT THIS HOUSE THE COLLECTORS ASSEMBLE.

*[Photo.]*

ing conclusively that chess was played in the twelfth century in Ströbeck, or Ströpke, as the hamlet was then called. It appears that, in the year 1011, a certain Count Guncellin was made a prisoner of war by the famous Bishop Arnold



of Halberstadt, who for security shut his captive up in a square tower, that stands to this day in the centre of Strobeck, and is known as the "Schachthurm," or "Chess Tower." Not being willing, or possibly able, to pay the heavy ransom demanded by the Bishop, the Count remained a long time in captivity, and to wile away the months he manufactured a set of chess men, scored the little table in his cell to represent a chess-board, and taught the various moves and rules of the game to the villagers whom the Bishop had deputed to keep watch and ward over his aristocratic prisoner. Soon the pupils became deeply interested; everyone wanted to learn this new and absorbing pastime, and by the time of his tardy release there were quite a number of good chess-players in Strobeck.

About the middle of the twelfth century the Strobeckers obtained the right of calling on any land-owners or strangers to play a game of chess before allowing them free passage through the village, and this custom, continued up to quite modern times, may even now be traced in the courteous invitation extended to all strangers to try their skill in the game. It may be mentioned here that any stranger taking up the challenge is invariably defeated.

Sunday is the great day at Strobeck, and as many as two hundred chess-boards are often requisitioned to accommodate all the players, many of whom are children, who show as keen an interest in the game as their elders. There is a chess club for women as well as for men, and these clubs are affiliated with the other clubs in the Hartz districts, known as the "Harzer Schachbund."

The children are taught while mere infants to distinguish the pieces, and as soon as they enter school they are systematically instructed in the moves, and encouraged to puzzle out problems for themselves. Every Easter examinations and matches take place, when the three boys and three girls that remain victors are presented with well-made, serviceable chess-boards, bearing the inscription, "The Reward of Diligence." Expert chess-playing is, therefore, a necessary qualification in any schoolmaster or school-mistress seeking employment in Strobeck. Amongst boys and girls under twelve years of age it is not at all unusual to find extremely clever players, able to work out difficult problems and defeat adversaries double and treble their age. Indeed, amongst the most interesting features of the Chess Congress are the children's games, some of which are prolonged for hours, each move being the outcome of grave thought, and when the triumphant pronouncement of "Schach" proclaims the winner many older people might

copy the perfect good humour and amiability with which the vanquished accept their defeat.

It was in June of last year that I first made acquaintance with Strobeck, arriving there on Whitsuntide Eve, when the village was being decorated in honour of the Chess Congress, which was to open the following Monday. Across the streets were suspended garlands of evergreens and flowers, banners fluttered in many directions, and on either side of the doors opening on the streets huge boughs of shimmering silver birch were fixed in the ground, this being the traditional decoration for Pfingsten (Whitsuntide). Already visitors were arriving, and bustle and excitement reigned everywhere, for as the congress takes place only once in every five years it is a great event in the annals of this extraordinary village.

For a couple of weeks before going to Strobeck I had been in correspondence with Herr Solig, the proprietor of the Gasthof zum Schachspiel, who informed me that intending competitors were entertained at the cost of the village. Not desiring to take part in the competitions, I thought I would prefer to pay my way and to engage rooms; but on my arrival I found such a proposal was quite contrary to custom, and that the committee had allotted me as a guest to the pastor and his family, whose kindness and hospitality greatly conduced to the pleasure of my sojourn in chess land.

On Whit Sunday, after service in the somewhat dreary-looking church, I saw something of the Sunday chess-playing, but was informed that it was on a much smaller scale than usual, as all the best players were reserving themselves for the serious work of the next day, when the tournament would begin.

All the matches took place in the Gasthof zum Schachspiel, where an immense hall is set apart for the purpose. The furniture is of the plainest description, long narrow tables to accommodate some thirty players each, with wooden forms on either side, no carpets or curtains, and, with the exception of some portraits of the three Kaisers, no attempt at wall decoration. Here at an early hour the competitors began to assemble. Various nationalities were represented, but, of course, the majority of the players were Germans. It was very interesting to note the marvellous *camaraderie* existing between all classes during the congress. Indeed, Strobeck gave me the impression of a little Utopia, where a well-balanced social equality prevailed, and in which the observance of the laws of hospitality played no inconsiderable part. As the only Britisher who attended I am glad to have an opportunity of

mentioning the kind welcome I received from the Schultz, the committee, and all connected with the tournament, and the universal courtesy and friendliness extended to me during my stay, and this at a time when national feeling was supposed to run very high on the subject of the war in South Africa.

Some important chess matches then taking place in Paris rather interfered with the Ströbeck tournament, and several well-known players who had entered their names failed to put in an appearance. There were more than sufficient competitors, however, to make the matches extremely interesting. Some of the games were of quite short duration, when a comparatively mediocre player was drawn against some veteran hand; whilst other matches were prolonged for many hours, when two redoubtable tacticians were pitted against each other. Visitors flocked in and out of the Schachsaal all through that sultry day, walking round the tables, chatting, laughing, and criticising; while facing each other in silent mental combat sat the players, apparently quite oblivious of the noise and movement going on around them. It was very disappointing that the light in the hall was not sufficient to secure a good snap-shot, and a time exposure was impossible, owing to the number of people passing to and fro.

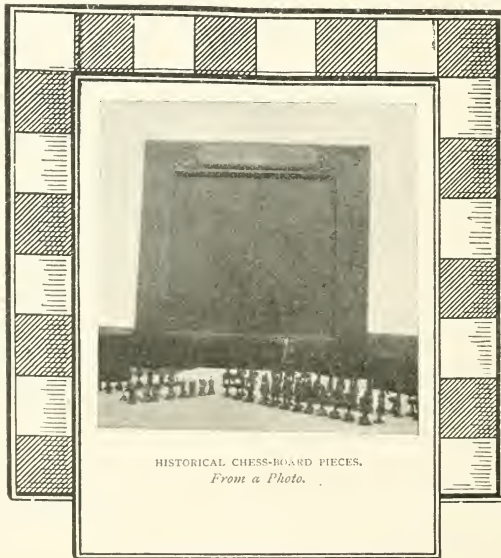
No section of the players afforded me so much interest as the children, whose enthusiasm was quite infectious, while their young companions who thronged round the tables seemed no less interested, and evidently found it very difficult to repress exclamations of satisfaction or disappointment as a popular competitor made a wise move or the reverse.

At one side of the hall was a long table on which were displayed the prizes, some of which were exceedingly handsome, as much as 400

marks being sometimes given for a piece of plate, which means a good deal when the low price of silver in Germany is taken into consideration. Besides the prizes there were to be seen some very interesting curios, such as the ancient chess-board presented to the villagers, in 1651, by the Great Elector, Frederick William, who, in one of his numerous tours, chanced to pass through Ströbeck, and, falling in with the local custom, indulged in several games of chess with some of the neighbouring land-owners. The chess-board is curiously inlaid with yellow wood and ebony. The reverse of the board is marked out in squares, but to the number of thirty-two more than are needed for chess, this being intended for "Kurierspiel," a game of which all knowledge is now lost. The chess-men belonging to the board are never played with now, but remain in the care of the Schultz; they are exquisitely carved and are of great value, the white being inlaid with silver and the black with gold. Of equally beautiful workmanship are the forty pieces for playing the mysterious "Kurierspiel," the two sets being preserved in a curious round box of the same period.

Another treasured possession

of the villagers is an autograph letter of William I. of Prussia, dated 1861. In that year a deputation consisting of five of the best chess-players in Ströbeck waited on the King and Queen and presented them with an address and a handsome chess-board. Shortly after the King forwarded a most complimentary letter to the Schultz and the villagers, together with a beautiful gold medal to be retained by the village, and silver medals for each of the members of the deputation "for superior chess-playing." Only one of the recipients is still alive, but in each of the other families the medal is preserved as a precious heirloom, whilst the King's letter, handsomely



HISTORICAL CHESS-BOARD PIECES.  
*From a Photo.*

framed and glazed, and the gold medal in its case are proudly displayed at the tournament and on other gala occasions.

The first prize in the matches open to all

the inhabitants and the visitors sitting round on benches, with tables in front, on which rested the inevitable beer mugs, without which no German concert is complete. Later in the evening a dance took place in the Schachsaal, at which all the young people of the village were present. Nothing was left undone on the part of the Stroberkers

that could conduce to the comfort or add to the enjoyment of the strangers who attended the congress, and who, without exception, appeared to be delighted with their reception in the strange village of chess-players.



WINNERS OF THE GIRLS MATCHES.  
*From a Photo.*

Tomers was won last year by Herr H. Solig, whose portrait I reproduce. He is an extremely clever player, son of the proprietor of the Gasthof zum Schachspiel.

Just before leaving Strobeck I obtained a snap-shot of the three boys and three girls who took the prizes in the games for children: the girls received fully furnished work-boxes, while sets of well-made chess-men were bestowed on the boys. A tombola in connection with the tournament insured a small prize to each person who had won a single match, and altogether an immense number of prizes were distributed.

The tournament lasted two days, and concluded with an excellent concert, which took place in the village square, all



HERR H. SOLIG,  
WINNER OF THE BOYS' PRIZE.  
*From a Photo.*



From a [Photo.] WINNERS OF THE BOYS' MATCHES.

[Photo.]

# Dreyfus's Great Book,

ENTITLED

## "FIVE YEARS OF MY LIFE."

The case of Alfred Dreyfus, as everyone knows, was one of the most extraordinary dramas of real life, and also one of the greatest miscarriages of justice, the world has ever known. The farcical trial of 1894, conducted with closed doors, the monstrous sentence of degradation and banishment, and the terrible years of torture in the fever-stricken swamps of Cayenne—all these make up a narrative of human suffering and endurance of surpassing interest. When, after the trial at Rennes, the result of which was awaited with breathless interest by the whole civilized world, it became known that Captain Dreyfus intended to write the story of his experiences from the moment of his being accused to the triumphant acquittal at Rennes, it was at once seen that the book would be absolutely unique, both as to its contents and the circumstances under which it came to be written. It was published simultaneously in the principal European languages, and at once attained an enormous and unprecedented success. "Wide World" readers now have an opportunity of reading this wonderful life-story from the pen of the unfortunate Dreyfus himself. The story will be profusely illustrated with photographs, portraits, and drawings. A few unessential letters have been omitted in order not to detract from the vividness of the narrative.

### I.



WAS born at Mulhouse, in Alsace, the 9th of October, 1859. My childhood passed quietly under the gentle influence of my mother and my sisters, and of a father deeply devoted to his children, and under the careful protection of brothers older than myself.

My first sad impression, of which the painful souvenir has never faded from my memory, was the war of 1870. On the conclusion of peace my father chose to remain a Frenchman, and we were obliged to leave Alsace. I went to Paris to continue my studies.

In 1878 I entered the Ecole Polytechnique, which I left in 1880 to enter as pupil sub-lieutenant of artillery at the Military School of Fontainebleau. The 1st of October, 1882, I was appointed lieutenant in the 31st Regiment of Artillery, in garrison at Le Mans. At the end of the year 1883 I was classed in the horse batteries of the first division of Independent Cavalry at Paris.

On the 12th of September, 1889, I was promoted captain in the 21st Regiment of Artillery, detached as assistant at the Central School of Military Pyrotechny at Bourges. In the course of the winter I became engaged to be married to Mlle. Lucie Hadamard, who became my devoted and heroic wife.

During my engagement I prepared myself for the Ecole Supérieure de Guerre, which I entered on the 20th of April, 1890. The next day I was married. I left the Ecole Supérieure de Guerre in 1891 with the note "very good" and the brevet of staff officer. My class-number on leaving the school entitled me to a subordinate place on the General Staff, which I entered on the 1st of January, 1893.

A brilliant and facile career was opened to me—the future appeared under bright auspices.

After the day's labours I tasted the repose and the charms of family life. Interested in all the manifestations of the human mind, I delighted in reading during the pleasant evenings passed at my own fireside. My wife and I were perfectly happy, and our first child enlivened our home. I had no worldly anxieties; the same profound affection united me with the members of my own and my wife's family. All that renders life happy seemed to smile upon me.

### II.

THE year 1893 passed without any occurrence of note; my daughter Jeanne came to shed a new ray of sunshine in our home.

The year 1894 was to be the last of my service on the General Staff of the army. During the last quarter of that year I was designated for the regulation period of service in a regiment of infantry stationed at Paris.

I commenced my duties on October 1st; on Saturday, the 13th of October, 1894, I received an official note requesting me to go on the following Monday morning at nine o'clock to the War Department, to be present at the general inspection, it being expressly enjoined upon me to appear in mufti. The hour named seemed to me very early for the general inspection, which ordinarily takes place in the evening, and the order to appear in civilian dress also surprised me. But after remarking these singularities when I read the official note I attached little importance to them and forgot them speedily.

On Sunday evening my wife and I dined as usual at the house of her parents, which was left full of gaiety, and light-hearted as we always were after an evening passed in the family circle.

On Monday morning I took leave of those dear to me. My little son Pierre, then three and a half years old, who was accustomed to

go with me to the door when I went out, accompanied me that morning as usual. This circumstance became one of my keenest remembrances in my misfortunes. Often in my nights of agony and despair I have recalled the moment when I had clasped my child in my arms for the last time, and that recollection seemed to endow me with renewed strength and will.

The morning was fine and cool, the sun had risen above the horizon, dissipating the thin, light fog, and everything indicated a splendid day. As I arrived at the War Office a short time in advance I strolled for some moments before the building, and then went up to the offices. Upon entering I was received by Commandant Picquart, who seemed to be waiting for me, and who at once took me into his private room. I was surprised to see none of my comrades, as officers are always assembled in groups at the general inspection. After a few minutes of trivial conversation Commandant Picquart conducted me to the private office of the Chief of the General Staff. My surprise was great upon entering. Instead of meeting the Chief of the General Staff I was received by Commandant du Paty de Clam, in uniform. Three persons, in civilian dress, who were completely unknown to me, were also present. These three men were M. Cochefert, Chief of the Secret Police, his secretary, and M. Gribelin, Keeper of the Records. Commandant du Paty came up to me and said in a trembling voice, "The general is coming; whilst you are waiting, as I have a letter to write, and have a sore finger, will you kindly write it for me?" However singular this request, made in such circumstances, I at once assented. I sat down at a little table already prepared, and Commandant du Paty seated himself close to me, following my hand with his eye. After first directing me to fill up an inspection form he dictated to me a letter in which certain passages recalled the letter of accusation, which I heard of afterwards, and which was known by the name of the "Bordereau." In the course of the dictation the commandant said sharply, "You tremble." I did not tremble. At the court-martial of 1894 he explained this brusque exclamation, saying that he had noticed that I did not tremble during the dictation, and that he had consequently thought I was playing

a part, and had, therefore, endeavoured to shake my self assurance. This vehement remark surprised me greatly, as well as the hostile attitude of Commandant du Paty. But as there was no suspicion in my mind I supposed he was finding fault with my handwriting. My fingers were cold, as the temperature outside was chilly, and I had only been for a few moments in a warm room. I therefore replied to him, "My fingers are half frozen."

As I continued to write without emotion Commandant du Paty tried a fresh manoeuvre, and said to me violently, "Pay attention: it is a serious matter." Though surprised at conduct as rude as it was unexpected, I said nothing, and simply endeavoured to write better. From that moment Commandant du Paty, as he stated before the court-martial of 1894, considered that I had all my presence of mind, and that it was useless to continue the experiment any further. The scene of the dictation had been arranged in advance in every detail, but the result had not answered the expectations of those who had devised it.

As soon as the dictation was finished Commandant du Paty rose, and, placing his hand on my shoulder, exclaimed in a loud voice: "In the name of the law, I arrest you. You are accused of the crime of high treason!"

Had a thunderbolt fallen at my feet the effect produced upon me could not have been more violent. I stammered a few disconnected words, protesting against an infamous accusation which nothing in my life could justify.

Then M. Cochefert and his secretary rushed upon me and searched me: I did not offer the slightest resistance, but cried to them: "Take my keys, open everything in my house. I am innocent." Then I added: "Show me at least the proofs of the infamous act which you pretend I have committed." "The charges are overwhelming," they replied, but refused to give me any information concerning their precise nature.

I was then taken to the military prison in the Rue du Cherche-Midi, by Commandant Henry, accompanied by an officer of the Secret Police. On the way Commandant Henry, who was fully informed of what had just taken place, as he had been present, hidden behind a curtain, during the entire scene, asked



From a COLONEL PICQUART. [Photo]

me of what I was accused. My reply was made the subject of a report of Commandant Henry, of which the falsehood was made evident by the interrogatory itself to which I had just been subjected, and which was subsequently renewed during several days. On my arrival at the prison I was locked in a cell whose grated window looked upon the yard used by convicted felons. I was placed in solitary confinement, no communication with even my family being permitted. I had at my disposal neither paper, pen, ink, nor pencil. During the first days I was placed on the diet of convicted criminals, but this rigorous measure was afterwards cancelled.

The men who brought me my food were always accompanied by the sergeant of the guard and the warder, who alone possessed the key of my cell, and even they were forbidden to speak to me. When I found myself in that gloomy cell, under the atrocious impression of the ordeal to which I had been subjected and the monstrous accusation brought against me; when I thought of the dear ones I had left full of joy and happiness only a few hours before, I fell into a state of terrible excitement and wept with despair. I walked up and down my dungeon, beating my head against the walls. The governor of the prison came to see me, accompanied by the warder, and quieted me for a short time.

I am glad to be able to give expression here to the gratitude with which Commandant Forzinetti, Governor of the Military Prisons, inspired me. I found in him, allied with a strict sense of a soldier's duty, the highest feelings of humanity.

During the seventeen days that followed I underwent numerous interrogatories by Commandant du Paty, who was invested with the functions of officer of Judicial Police. He always came late in the evening, accompanied by his clerk, the Record Keeper, Gribelin. He dictated to me fragments of sentences quoted from the incriminating letter, showing me rapidly, in the uncertain light, words or fractions of words taken from the same letter, asking me at the same time if I recognised my handwriting. Apart from that which has been recorded in my various examinations he made all sorts of veiled allusions to facts concerning which I understood nothing, and then withdrew with a theatrical flourish, leaving my brain filled with insoluble riddles. I was still in ignorance of the basis of the accusation brought against me, notwithstanding my reiterated demands. I could obtain no light upon the monstrous charge brought against me. I was simply struggling in a vacuum.

If my brain did not give way during those interminable days and nights it was not the fault of Commandant Du Paty. I possessed neither pen nor ink with which to record my ideas. At every instant I turned over and over in my memory the fragments of phrases which I dragged from him, and which only served to increase my bewilderment; but however acutely I was tortured, my conscience never failed to dictate to me my duty. "If you die," said the silent monitor, "you will be thought guilty; whatever happens, you must live to shout your innocence in the face of the world."

At last, on the fifteenth day after my arrest, Commandant Du Paty showed me a photograph of the incriminatory letter, since known as the "Bordereau."

I had not written this letter: I was not its author.

### III.

WHEN the examination of Commandant du Paty was closed the order was given by General Mercier, Minister of War, to open a regular inquiry. My conduct, however, was irreproachable; nothing in my life, my actions, or my communications with others could be impeached.

The 3rd of November, General Saussier, Governor of Paris, signed the order of inquiry. The conduct of the investigation was confided to Commandant d'Ormescheville, Judge Advocate of No. 1 Court Martial of Paris, who was unable to find any precise offence imputed to my charge. His report was a tissue of mendacious allusions and insinuations. Justice was done to this document at the court-martial of 1894. At the last hearing the Government Commissioner terminated his indictment by recognising that everything had disappeared except the "Bordereau." The Prefecture of Police, having investigated my private life, had made an absolutely favourable official report. The detective Guénée, who was attached to the bureau of the War Office, produced, on the other hand, an anonymous report made up entirely of calumnious stories. This latter report was the only one which figured in the court-martial of 1894. The official report of the Prefecture of Police, which had been placed in Commandant Henry's hands, had disappeared. The magistrates of the Supreme Court found the minutes of it in the dockets of the Prefecture, and caused the truth to be made known in 1899.

After seven weeks of inquiry, during which I remained as before in solitary confinement, the Commissary of the Government, Commandant Brisset, on December 3rd, 1894, proposed the indictment, "the presumptions being sufficiently well founded." As a matter of fact, the pre-

sumptions in question were founded upon the contradictory reports of experts in handwriting. Two of these, M. Gobert, expert of the Bank of France, and M. Pelletier, concluded in my favour; two other experts, MM. Teyssonnières and Charavay, concluded against me, though at the same time pointing out numerous differences between the handwriting of the "Bordereau" and mine. M. Bertillon, who was not an expert, pronounced against me for pretended scientific reasons. It is well known that at the court-martial at Rennes, in 1890, M. Charavay publicly recognised his mistake.

On the 4th of December, 1894, General Saussier, Military Governor of Paris, signed the order of trial.

I was then placed in communication with Maître Demange, whose devotedness sustained me in the midst of all my troubles.

I was still refused the privilege of seeing my wife. At last, on the 5th of December, I received permission to write to her an open letter.

"Tuesday, 5th December, 1894.

"MY DEAR LUCIE,—At last I am able to write you a word. I have just been informed that my trial takes place on the 19th of this month. I am not allowed to see you.

"I will not describe to you all that I have suffered; there are no terms in the world strong enough in which to do so.

"Do you remember when I used to say to you how happy we were? All life smiled upon us. Then suddenly came a terrible thunderclap, from which my brain is still reeling. I, accused of the most monstrous crime that a soldier could commit! Even now I think I am the victim of a terrible nightmare.

"The truth will come to light at last. My conscience is calm and tranquil, it reproaches me with nothing. I have always done my duty; I have never wavered. I have been overwhelmed, prostrated in my dark prison, alone with my thoughts. I have had moments of wild madness, I have been light-headed even, but my conscience kept watch. It said to me: 'Lift up your head and look the world in the face. Supported by your conscience, walk straight on and right yourself. This is a terrible experience, but you must submit to it.'

"I will not write at greater length, for I want this letter to leave this evening.

"I embrace you a thousand times, for I love you, I adore you.

"A thousand kisses to the children. I dare not speak more to you of them; tears come to my eyes when I think of them.—ALFRED."

The day before the trial commenced I wrote to my wife the following letter; it expresses all the confidence I had in the loyalty and conscientiousness of the judges:—

"At last I have reached the end of my sufferings, the end of my martyrdom. Tomorrow I shall appear before my judges, my head held high, my soul at rest.

"The experience I have just gone through, a terrible experience though it was, has purified my soul. I shall return to you better than I used to be. I want to consecrate all that remains to me of life to you, to my children, to our dear relatives.

"As I told you, I have gone through terrible crises. I have had moments of real, wild madness, at the thought of being accused of such a monstrous crime.

"I am ready to appear before soldiers as a soldier who has nothing to reproach himself with. They will see my face, they will read my soul, they will gain the conviction of my innocence, like all those who know me.

"Devoted to my country, to which I have consecrated all my strength, all my intelligence, I have nothing to fear. Sleep peacefully only,

my darling, and have no care. Think only of the joy which will be ours when we find ourselves shortly in one another's arms, quickly forgetting these sad and sombre days. . . .

"Awaiting that happy moment, a thousand kisses.—ALFRED."

On December 19th, 1894, the trial began, and was conducted with closed doors, in spite of the strenuous opposition of my counsel. I earnestly desired the publicity of the proceedings, in order that my innocence should be proclaimed in broad daylight.

When I entered the court, accompanied by a lieutenant of the Republican Guard, I could see nothing, hear nothing. I knew nothing of what was going on around me. My mind was completely engrossed by the frightful nightmare that had weighed upon me for so many long weeks, the monstrous accusation of treason, the inanity, the emptiness of which I was about to demonstrate.



From a) COLONEL EUGÈNE PATY DE CLAM. (Photo.)

I could only distinguish at the back, on the platform, the judges of the court-martial, officers like myself, comrades before whom I was at last going to completely prove my innocence. When at length I was seated in front of my counsel, Me. Demange, I looked at my judges. They were impassive.

Behind them were the deputy judges, Commandant Picquart, the Ministry of War delegate, and M. Lepine, the Prefect of Police. Opposite me was Commandant Brisset, the Government Commissary, and Valecalle, the clerk.

The first incidents, the battle fought by Demange to obtain the publicity of the proceedings, the violent interruptions of the President of the court-martial, the clearing of the court, did not turn my mind from the aim towards which it was strained. I was anxious to come face to face with my accusers. I was anxious to destroy the miserable evidence of an infamous accusation and to defend my honour.

I heard the false and heinous deposition of Commandant du Paty de Clam, the lying deposition of Commandant Henry, on the subject of the conversation between us on the way from the Ministry of War to the prison of the Rue du Cherche-Midi on the day of my arrest. I refuted them both energetically and calmly. But when the latter came back a second time to the Bar, when he said that he had it from an honourable person that an officer of the Second Bureau was a traitor, I rose in indignation and violently demanded that the person whose words he quoted should be brought forward. Then, striking a theatrical attitude and beating his breast, he added: "When an officer has a secret in his head he does not tell it to his cap." Then, turning to me: "And there is the traitor!" In spite of my violent protestations I could not get the meaning of these words made clear; therefore I could not prove the falseness of them.

I heard the contradictory reports of the experts; two of them gave evidence in my favour, two against me, though at the same time pointing out numerous dissimilarities between the writing of the "Bordereau" and mine. I attached no importance to Bertillon's evidence, for it seemed to me to be the ravings of a madman.

All the secondary allegations were refuted at

the sittings. No incentive could be brought forward to explain such an abominable crime.

At the fourth and last sitting the Government Commissary abandoned all the secondary counts, retaining only the "Bordereau" as evidence against me. He took up this document and flourished it, crying:—

"There only remains the 'Bordereau'; but that is enough. Let the judges take their magnifying-glasses."

Me. Demange, in his eloquent speech, refuted the reports of the experts, pointed out all their contradictory statements, and concluded by asking how they could attach so much importance to such an accusation without the production of any evidence.

An acquittal seemed to me to be certain.

I was found guilty.

I learned, four years and a half later, that the uprightness of the judges had been overcome by the deposition of Henry as much as by the production, in the Council Chamber, of the secret and unknown documents of the prosecution—

documents some of which were irrelevant and others forged.

The production of these documents in the Council Chamber was ordered by General Mercier.

#### IV.

My despair was intense; the night which followed my condemnation was one of the most tragic in my tragic existence. I turned over the most extravagant projects in my mind. I was tired of all these atrocities, revolted at so much wickedness. But the thought of my wife, of my children, prevented me from making any definite decision, and I resolved to wait.

The next day I wrote the following letter:—

"23rd December, 1894.

"MY DARLING,—I suffer much, but I pity you more than I do myself. I know how you love me; your heart must bleed. On my side, my loved one, my thoughts are always with you, day and night.

"To be innocent, to have led a blameless life, and to be convicted of the most monstrous crime that a soldier can commit—what can be more dreadful? It sometimes seems to me that I am the plaything of a horrible nightmare.

"It is for you alone that I have borne it until now; it is for you alone, my loved one, that I have endured this long martyrdom. Will



From a] GENERAL MERCIER. [Photo.



my strength allow me to continue until the end? I know not. You alone can give me courage; it is from your love that I hope to derive it. . . .

"I have signed my petition for a revision.

"I dare not speak to you of the children; the thought of them breaks my heart. Tell me about them; let them be your consolation.

"My bitterness is so great, my heart so envenomed, that I should have already rid myself of this sad life if the thought of you had not stayed me, if the fear of increasing your grief still more had not withheld my hand.

"It is the most shocking moral torture for a man to have heard all that has been said to me when he knows in his soul and conscience that he has never faltered, that he has never committed even the slightest imprudence.

"I will try, then, to live for you, but I need your aid.

"What is of the first importance is, no matter what becomes of me, to seek out the truth, to move Heaven and earth to discover it, to expend, if need be, our fortune to rehabilitate my name that has been dragged in the mire. The undeserved stain must be washed out at all costs.

"I have not the courage to write to you at greater length. Embrace your dear parents, our children, and everyone for me.—ALFRED.

"Try to get permission to see me. It seems to me they cannot refuse it to you now."

On December 23rd, the same day, my wife wrote to me:—

"23rd December, 1894.

"What a misfortune, what torture, what disgrace! We are all terrified, crushed by it. I know how brave you are, I admire you. You are an unhappy martyr. I entreat you, bear these new tortures bravely still. Our life, the fortune of all of us, shall be devoted to seeking out the guilty. We will find them—we must! You shall be rehabilitated.

"We have spent nearly five years of absolute happiness; we must live on the remembrance of it. One day justice will be done and we shall be happy again. The children will love you. We will make of your son a man like yourself; I could not choose a better example for him. I trust I shall be allowed to see you. In any case be certain of one thing: that, however far away they send you, I shall follow you. I do not know whether the law allows me to accompany you, but it cannot prevent my joining you, and I will do so.

"Once more, courage! You must live for our children—for me."

"23rd December, Evening.

"I have just had, in my intense grief, the joy of having news of you, of hearing Me.

Demange speak of you in terms so warm, so cordial, that my poor heart was comforted.

"You know that I love you, that I adore you, my own dear husband; our intense grief, the horrible infamy of which we are the object, do nothing but tighten the links of my affection.

"Wherever you go, wherever they send you, I will follow you; we shall bear exile more easily together, we will live for each other. . . ; we will educate our children; we will give them a soul well fortified against the vicissitudes of life.

"I cannot do without you, you are my consolation; the only gleam of happiness that is left me is to finish my days by your side. You have been a martyr, and you have still to suffer horribly. The punishment which will be inflicted on you is odious. Promise me that you will bear it bravely.

"You are strong in your innocence; imagine that it is someone other than yourself who is being dishonoured; accept the unmerited punishment; do it for me, for the wife who loves you. Give her this proof of affection; do it for your children; they will be grateful to you one day. The poor children embrace you, and often ask for their papa. "LUCIE."

I had signed, without hope, my appeal for revision before the Court of Military Revision. As a matter of fact, a revision could not be referred to this tribunal except for an informality; I did not then know that my conviction had been illegally declared.

Days passed in agonizing suspense; I vacillated between my duty and the horror which a punishment as infamous as it was undeserved inspired in me. My wife, who had not yet been able to obtain permission to visit me, wrote me long letters to sustain me and help me to bear the punishment of degradation.

"24th December, 1894.

"I suffer beyond anything that you can imagine on account of the horrible tortures that you are undergoing; my thoughts do not leave you for a moment. I see you alone in your sad prison, a prey to the most gloomy reflections; I compare our years of happiness, the sweet days we spent together, with the present time. How happy we were, how good and devoted you were to me! With what perfect devotion you cared for me when I was ill, what a father you have been to our poor darlings! All this passes and repasses in my mind; I am unhappy at not having you with me, at being alone. My dear loved one, we must, we absolutely must, be together again; we must live for each other, for we cannot exist without each other. You must resign yourself to everything, you must bear the terrible trials that are in store for

you; you must be strong and proud in your misfortune. . . .”

“25th December, 1894.

“I weep, and weep, and then weep again. Your letters alone bring me consolation in my great grief; they alone sustain me and comfort me. Live for me, I entreat you, my dear friend; gather up your strength and strive—we will strive together—until the guilty man is found. What will become of me without you? I shall have nothing to link me with the world. I should die of grief if I did not hope to be with you once more, and to spend many happy years by your side. . . .”

“Our children are charming. Your poor little Pierre often asks after you; I can only answer him with tears. This very morning he asked me if you were coming back this evening. ‘I am worried, very worried, about my papa,’ he told me. Jeanne changes enormously; she speaks well, makes sentences, and improves very much. Take courage, you will see them again one day; our dreams, our plans will be renewed, and we shall be able to carry them out.”

“26th December, 1894.

“I have been myself to take your things to the prison office; I have been in the sad prison where you are undergoing such a horrible martyrdom. For a moment I had the feeling that I was nearer to you; I should have liked to pull down the cold walls that separated us and go to you and embrace you. Unfortunately that is one of the things that the will is powerless to accomplish—one of the cases in which all one’s physical and moral strength are not strong enough to conquer. I am waiting very impatiently for the moment when we shall be allowed at last to throw ourselves into each other’s arms. . . .”

“I am asking an enormous sacrifice of you—that of living for me, for our children, of striving for reinstatement. . . . I should die of grief if you were no more; I should not have the strength to continue a struggle for which you alone of all the world can strengthen me.”

“27th December.

“I am never tired of writing to you, of talking to you; they are my sole happy moments; I can only do this and weep. Your letters do me so much good; thank you. Continue to

spoil me. I will give the children the toys from you; there is no need of that to make them think of you. You were so good to them that the little ones do not forget you. Pierre asks after you often, and in the morning they both come to my room to admire your photograph. Poor friend, how you must suffer through not seeing them. But keep up your courage; the day will come when we shall all be together again, all happy, when you can caress and love them.

“I beg you will not trouble yourself about what the crowd thinks. You know how opinions change. . . . Let it suffice you to know that all your friends, all those who know you, are on your side; intelligent people are trying to solve the mystery.”

“28th December, 1894.

“I see that you have gathered courage again, and you have given it to me also. . . . Go through the sad ceremony bravely, raise your head and proclaim your innocence, your martyrdom, in the faces of your executioners.

“When this horrible punishment is over I will give all my love, all my tenderness, all my gratitude, to help you to bear the rest.

When one’s conscience is free, with the conviction that one has done one’s duty always and through everything, and with hope in the future, one can bear everything. . . .—LUCIE.”

On December 31st, 1894, I learned that the appeal for revision had been refused.

The same evening Commandant Du Paty de Clam presented himself at the prison. He came to ask me if I had not committed some act of imprudence, some act of enticement to others. I answered him, earnestly protesting my innocence.

Directly after he had left I wrote the following letter to the Minister of War:—

“MONSIEUR LE MINISTRE,—I have received, by your order, the visit of Commandant Du Paty de Clam, to whom I have again declared that I am innocent, and that I have never committed even the least imprudence. I have been found guilty; I have no favour to ask. But for the sake of my honour, which I hope will one day be restored to me, it is my duty to beg you to be good enough to continue your researches. When I am gone, let them still continue to search; that is the only favour I beg.”

I wrote afterwards to Maitre Demange to inform him of this visit.



From a

MAÎTRE DEMANGE.

[Photo.

I had previously informed my wife of the rejection of the petition.

"31st December, 1894.

"MY DEAR LUCIE.—The petition has been rejected, as was to be expected. I have just been informed of it. Ask again for permission to see me.

"The cruel and disgraceful punishment is close at hand; I shall face it with the dignity of a pure and calm conscience. If I were to say that I shall not suffer it would be to tell an untruth; but I shall not falter. . . .—ALFRED."

My wife replied: "1st January, 1895.

"I sent yesterday afternoon to the place with my request, and the answer was waited for in vain. Perhaps permission to see you will come to me to-morrow. For what reason can they refuse now? It would only be cruelty, barbarism. Poor, poor friend. . . . How I long to embrace you, console you, and comfort you. My heart bleeds at the thought of the tortures that you have to undergo.

"To think of a beautiful soul like yours, with such lofty ideals, such unchanging goodness, such exalted patriotism, being tortured with such cruelty, such persistence, and having to pay the penalty—though innocent—for another who is basely hiding himself behind his villainy. It is not possible, if there be any justice, that this traitor should not be discovered, that the truth should not be brought to light.—LUCIE."

At last my wife was allowed to see me.

The interview took place in the prison parlour. This is a grey room, divided in the middle by two parallel latticed gratings; my wife was on one side of one of the gratings, I was on the other side of the second one.

It was under these dreary conditions that I was allowed to see my wife after all these sad weeks. I was not even allowed to embrace her, to clasp her in my arms; we were forced to talk from a distance. Nevertheless, the joy of seeing her dear face again was great; I tried to read it, and to see the traces that suffering and grief had left on it. After she had gone I wrote to her:—

"Wednesday, 5 o'clock.

"MY DARLING,—I want to write you these few words, so that you may find them to-morrow when you wake.

"Our conversation, even through the prison bars, did me good. When going down my legs trembled under me, but I stiffened myself so that I might not sink to the ground with emotion. Even at the present moment my hand is not very steady; this interview has shaken me greatly. If I did not insist upon your remaining longer it was because my strength was exhausted: I wanted to go and

hide myself and cry a little. Do not think by this that my heart is less courageous or less strong, but my body is rather weak after three months of prison.

"What did me most good was to feel that you are so courageous and so brave, so full of affection for me. Let us continue, my dear wife; we will force the world's respect by our attitude and our courage. As for me, you must have felt that I have made up my mind to everything; I want my honour, and I mean to have it: no obstacle shall stop me.

"Thank everybody: thank Maitre Demange in my name for all he has done for an innocent man. Tell him how grateful I am to him; I was not able to say so myself. Tell him I count upon him in the struggle for my honour.—ALFRED."

The first interview had taken place in the prison parlour. Events had endowed it with such a tragic character that Commandant Forzetti asked and obtained permission to allow me to see my wife in his study, he being present.

My wife came to see me a second time; it was then that I made her a promise to live and to face bravely the affliction of the lugubrious ceremony that was awaiting me. After her visit I wrote to her:—

"I am calm. The sight of you has done me good. The pleasure of embracing you, openly and fully, did me an immense amount of good.

"I could hardly wait for this moment. Thank you for the joy you have given me.

"How I love you, my good darling! Let us hope that all this will come to an end some time. I must husband all my strength."

I saw for a few moments also my brother Mathieu, of whose admirable devotion I was fully conscious.

On Thursday, January 3rd, 1895, I learned that the punishment was to take place the next day but one.

"Thursday Morning.

"I am told that the supreme degradation takes place the day after to-morrow. I was expecting it, I was prepared; nevertheless the shock was great. I will resist, as I promised you. I will derive the strength that is still necessary for me from your love, from the affection of all of you, from the thought of my darling children, from the supreme hope that the truth will be brought to light. But I must feel that your affection is radiating all around me; I must feel that you are striving with me. So continue your researches without truce or rest. . . —ALFRED."

V.

THE degradation took place on Saturday, the 5th of January. I underwent the horrible torture without breaking down.

Previously to the terrible ordeal I waited for an hour in the garrison adjutant's room at the Ecole Militaire. During those trying moments I summoned all my strength; the remembrance of the fearful months which I had just passed came back to me. In broken accents I recalled the last visit which Commandant du Paty de Clam had made to me at the prison. I protested against the vile accusation which had been brought against me. I reminded those around me that I had again written to the Minister to assure him of my innocence. By distorting the words I then uttered Captain Le-Brun Renault, with a strange lack of conscientious scruples, afterwards gave currency to the story of a so-called confession, of which I first learned even the existence only in January, 1899. If I had been informed of it before my departure from France, which took place in February, 1895, that is to say more than seven weeks after my public degradation had taken place, I should have endeavoured to stifle this fable at the outset.

After the interval of waiting I was conducted by an officer and four men to the centre of the square.

Nine o'clock struck. General Barras, who commanded the squad of execution, gave the order to shoulder arms.

I was suffering martyrdom, but I straightened myself and made a supreme effort to rally my strength, trying to sustain myself by the remembrance of my wife and children. Immediately after the formal reading of the sentence I exclaimed to the troops:—

"Soldiers, an innocent man is degraded. Soldiers, an innocent man is dishonoured! Vive la France! Vive l'armée!"

An adjutant of the Republican Guard came up to me and rapidly tore the buttons from my coat, the stripes from my trousers, and the marks of my rank from my cap and coat-sleeves, and then broke my sword across his knee. . . . I saw all these emblems of honour fall at my feet. Then, in the midst of my agony, but with head erect, I shouted again and again to the soldiers and the assembled people, "I am innocent!"

The parade continued. I was compelled to march round the entire square. I heard the howls of a deluded mob; I could feel the shudder with which it looked upon me in the belief that the condemned man in their presence was a traitor to his country, and I made a superhuman effort to create in their hearts the commiseration due to an innocent man unjustly condemned.

The march round the square was at last completed, the torture was over, as I thought,



THE DEGRADATION SCENE IN THE COURTYARD OF THE ECOLE MILITAIRE.

but in truth the agony of that memorable day had only just begun.

I was handcuffed and was taken in the prison van to the common lock-up on the other side of the Alma Bridge. . . .

On reaching the end of the bridge I saw through the grated ventilator of the van the windows of the house where many pleasant years of my life had been passed, and where all my happiness was centred. My anguish at this pathetic sight was unspeakable.

On arriving at the lock-up, in my torn and ragged uniform, I was dragged from room to room, searched, photographed, and measured. At length, towards noon, I was taken to the Santé prison and locked in a convict's cell.

My wife was permitted to see me twice a week in the private office of the governor of the prison, who at all times during my stay under his charge treated me with great kindness and consideration.

My wife and I continued to exchange numerous letters during this period.

## VI.

I LEFT the Santé prison on January 17th, 1895. As usual in the evening, I had put my cell in order and lowered my couch, and I went to bed at the regular hour, nothing having transpired to give me the slightest hint of my impending removal. I had even been told during the day that my wife had received permission to see me two days later, as she had not been able to come for nearly a week.

Between ten and eleven o'clock at night I was suddenly awakened and told to prepare at once for my departure. I had only time to dress myself hastily. The delegate of the Minister of the Interior, who, with three warders, had charge of the transfer, showed revolting brutality. He had me hurriedly handcuffed while I was scarcely dressed, and gave me no time even to pick up my eyeglasses. The cold that night was terrible. I was taken to the Orléans railway station in a prison van, and then brought in a roundabout way to the freight entrance, where were waiting the cars built specially for the transportation of convicts on their way to the penal colonies of Guiana or New Caledonia. The cars are divided into narrow cells, each barely accommodating a man in sitting posture, and when the door is closed it is impossible to stretch one's legs. I was locked up in one of these cells, my wrists handcuffed, and with irons on my ankles. The night was horribly long; all my limbs were numbened. The next morning I was trembling with fever, and able to obtain only, after many demands, a little black coffee with some bread and cheese.

At last, towards noon, the train arrived at La Rochelle. Our departure from Paris was not publicly known, and it on arriving the authorities had embarked me at once for the Ile de Ré, I should have passed unrecognised.

But there were at the station a few loungers who were in the habit of coming to see the arrival of the convicts on their way to the Ile de Ré. The warders thought it best to wait until the onlookers had gone. But every few minutes the chief warden was called away from the train by the delegate of the Ministry of the Interior, and then would return to give mysterious orders to the other guards.

Each of these warders went out in his turn and came back bustlingly, now closing one grating and now another, and whispering in each other's ears. It was clear that this singular manoeuvring would end by attracting the attention of the curious, who would say, "There must be an important prisoner in the van, and as he has not been taken out let us wait and see him." Then once the warders and delegate lost their heads. It seemed that someone had been indiscreet that my name was pronounced. The news spread abroad and the crowd increased rapidly. I had to remain all the afternoon in the car, hearing the crowd outside, which was becoming more turbulent as time went on.

At last, at nightfall, I was taken from the car, and as soon as I appeared the clamour redoubled and blows fell on and around me. The crowd made sudden and angry rushes. I stood impassive in the midst of this throng, for a moment even almost alone, ready to deliver up my body to the fury of the mob. But my soul was my own, and I understood only too well the outraged feelings of these poor deluded people. I should have wished only, in leaving my body to their mercy, to have cried out to them their pitiful error. I pushed away the warders who came to my assistance, but they answered that they were responsible for me. How heavy, then, is the responsibility weighing on those others who, torturing a man, have also abused the confidence of an entire nation.

At last I got to the carriage which was to take me away, and after an exciting journey we came to the port of La Palice, where I was embarked in a long-boat. The intense cold had continued and my body was numbened, my head on fire, and my hands and ankles bruised by the irons. The trip lasted an hour.

On my arrival at the Ile de Ré in the black night I was marched through the snow to the prison, where I was received brutally by the governor. At the bureau of registry they



THE DEGRADATION OF CAPTAIN DREVILS: THE LAST ACT OF THE CEREMONY AT THE ÉCOLE MILITAIRE.

stripped and searched me. Finally, towards nine o'clock, crushed in body and soul, I was led to the cell which I was to occupy. A guard-room adjoined my cell, with which it communicated by means of a large grated transom opening above my bed. Night and day, two warders, relieved every two hours, were on guard at this window, and had strict orders not to lose sight of my slightest movement.

The governor of the prison notified me the

same evening that when I had interviews with my wife they would take place at the bureau of registry, in his presence, that he would be placed between my wife and myself, separating one from the other, and that I should not have the right to embrace her, nor even to approach her.

Each day during my stay at the Ile de Ré, after the walk I was allowed to take in the yard adjoining my cell, I was stripped and searched.

A high wall completely separated the yard from the buildings and courtyards occupied by convicts.

But when I went to the yard for my daily walk all the guards were stationed as sentries along its walls.

The letters exchanged between my wife and myself convey our impressions of this period. The following are a few extracts:—

“Ile de Ré, January 19th, 1895.

“On Thursday evening I was roused from my sleep to set out for this place, where I only arrived last evening. I will not tell you about my journey for fear of breaking your heart; suffice it to say that I have heard the justifiable cries of a nation against one whom it thinks a traitor, that is to say, the basest of the base. I no longer know whether I have a heart. . . .

“Will you be good enough to ask, or get someone to ask, the Minister for the following favours, which he alone can grant: (1) the permission to write to all the members of my family, father, mother, brothers, and sisters; (2) permission to write and work in my cell. . . . At the present moment I have neither pen, ink, nor paper! They give me the single sheet of paper on which I write to you, and then they take away my pen and ink.

“I do not advise you to come until you are perfectly well. The climate is very severe, and you need all your strength for our dear children in the first instance, and for the object you have in view in the second. As to my routine here, I am forbidden to speak of it.

“I remind you again that before coming here you must furnish yourself with all necessary permits to see me, you must ask for permission to embrace me, etc. . . .”

“Ile de Ré, January 21st, 1895.

“The other day, when I was insulted at La Rochelle, I wanted to escape from my warders, to present my naked breast to those to whom I was a just object of indignation, and say to them: ‘Do not insult me; my soul, which you cannot know, is free from all stain; but if you think I am guilty, come, take my body, I give it up to you without regret.’ Then, perhaps, when under the stinging bite of physical pain I had cried ‘Vive la France!’ they might have believed in my innocence!

“But what am I asking for night and day? Justice! justice! Is this the nineteenth century, or have we gone back some hundred years? Is it possible that innocence is not recognised in an age of enlightenment and truth? Let them search. I ask no favour, but I ask the justice that is the right of every human being. Let them continue to search; let those who possess powerful means of investigation use them

towards this object: it is for them a sacred duty of humanity and justice. It is impossible then that light should not be thrown upon this mysterious and tragic affair. . . .

“I have only two happy moments in the day, but they are so short! The first is when they bring me this sheet of paper that I may write to you; then I spend a few moments talking to you. The second is when they bring me your daily letter. . . .

“I dare not speak of our children. When I look at their photographs, when I see their sweet, gentle eyes, sobs rise from my heart to my lips. . . .”

“Ile de Ré, January 23rd, 1895.

“I receive your letters every day, but I have not yet received one from any member of the family; and I, on my side, have not received permission to write to them. I have written to you every day since Saturday; I hope you have received my letters.

“When I think of what I was only a few months ago, and compare my present miserable condition with it, I confess that I falter, I give way to fierce tirades against the injustice of fate. As a matter of fact, I am the victim of the most terrible mistake of our time. At times my reason refuses to believe it; I feel I am the plaything of a horrible hallucination, that it will all vanish. . . . but, alas! the reality is all around me. . . .—ALFRED.”

From my wife:—

“Paris, January 20th, 1895.

“I am in a stupor of terror at not yet having news from you. I suffer horribly; it seems to me that as they go on torturing you they tear pieces out of my flesh. It is atrocious.

“How I wish I could be near you now, to sustain you with the depth of my affection, to speak some gentle words that might warm again a little your poor heart. . . .”

“Paris, January 21st, 1895.

“. . . Very fortunately I had not read the newspapers yesterday morning; my people had tried to conceal from me the knowledge of the ignoble scene at La Rochelle, otherwise I should have gone mad with despair. . . . What unspeakable anguish you must have endured. . . . But the conduct of the mob does not astonish me; it is the result of reading those wicked journals which live only by defamation scandal, and which have published so many lies. . . . But be assured, among people who reason, a great change has taken place.—LUCIE.”

“Paris, January 22nd, 1895.

“Still no letter from you; since Thursday I am without news. If I had not been reassured as to your health I should be bitterly anxious. . . .

I think of you unceasingly; not a second passes without my suffering with you, and my suffering is so much the more terrible that I am far away from you without news, and that to this torture of every moment there is added such poignant anxiety. It seems as if I could not wait for the permit to rejoin you and hold you in my arms. How many things I shall have to say to you. First the news of us all, of our poor children, of the whole family; then the superhuman efforts we are making to discover the key of the enigma. . . .—LUCIE."

"Paris, January 23rd, 1895.

"I have just telegraphed to the director of the prison to request news of you, for I can no longer control my anxiety. I have not received a single letter from you since you left Paris; I do not understand at all what has happened, and I am so dreadfully worried. I feel sure you must have written me each day, but if so, what is the reason of this delay? I am unable to find an answer. If only you have received my letters, so that you shall not be uneasy about us. It is fearful to be so far from each other and to be deprived of news. I should like to know that you are strong and courageous, to be reassured about your health, and to know that you are less rigorously treated.—LUCIE."

From the Ile de Ré:—

"January 24th, 1895.

"After your letter dated Tuesday you will have received none from me. How you must be suffering, my poor darling! What horrible martyrdom for us both! . . ."

"Ile de Ré, January 25th, 1895.

"Your letter of yesterday has crushed me; grief is written in every word. . . ."

"I do not know on whom or what to fix my ideas. When I review the past anger rushes to my brain; it seems so impossible that I should have been bereft of everything; when I think of the present my situation is so miserable that I look upon death as on the forgetfulness of everything; it is only when I turn towards the future that I have a moment of consolation. . . ."

"Just now I was looking for several moments at the portraits of our dear children, but I could not bear the sight of them for long; sobs almost choked me. Yes, my darling, I must live, I must endure my martyrdom until the end, for

the sake of the name that the dear little ones bear. They must learn one day that that name is worthy to be honoured, to be respected; they must know that if I esteem the honour of many people below mine, I set none above it. . . ."

"Henceforth I shall only be able to write to you twice a week."

"Ile de Ré, January 28th, 1895.

"This is one of the happy days of my sad life, for I may spend half an hour with you, chatting and talking. . . ."

"Every time they bring me a letter from you a gleam of joy penetrates my deeply-wounded heart.

"I can no longer look back. Tears overcome me when I think of our past happiness. I can only look forward, with the supreme hope that soon the great day of light and truth will dawn."

"Ile de Ré, January 31st, 1895.

"Here at last is another happy day, when I can write to you. I count them, alas! as happy days! I have received no letters from you since the one that was handed to me on Sunday last. What overpowering suffering! Up to now I had every day one moment of happiness—when I received your letter. It was an echo of all of you, an echo of all your sympathies to warm my poor frozen heart. I read over your letter four or five times, I drank in every word; little by little the written words transformed themselves into spoken words; I soon seemed to hear you speaking to me, quite close to me. Oh! delicious music that went to my soul!

Then, for the last four days, nothing more, gloomy sadness, overpowering solitude. . . ."

From my wife:—

"Paris, January 24th, 1895.

"At last I have received a letter from you. It reached me only this morning. I was wildly anxious. Oh, the tears I have shed over this poor little letter, which comes to me after so many days of misery! Even now the news I receive is only from the 19th, the day after your arrival, and this does not reach me till five days later. How little pity they must have to thus maltreat and torture two poor beings who adore each other, and who have in their hearts only upright and honourable feelings, with but one aim and one dream—to find the guilty one, and thus to vindicate their name, the name of their children, which has been unjustly dishonoured. . . ."



COLONEL HENRY.  
From a Photograph.



"Paris, January 27th, 1895.

"This morning I received your dear, kind letter: it gave me a moment's joy. Forgive me my first letters, which were so despairing. I was discouraged for an instant, it is true. I was without news of you and ill with anxiety.

"That time is past, my will has regained its sway once more. I am strong again for the fight. We must both of us live, we must strive for your rehabilitation: the light must break forth irresistibly. We shall only have the right to die when our task is accomplished, when our name has been cleared of this stain. Then happy days will return; I shall love you so much; your grateful children will love you so tenderly, that all your sufferings, frightful as they may have been, will be forgotten.

"I know that all these letters do not alleviate the fearful sufferings of the present, but you have a noble soul, a will of iron, and a conscience absolutely pure. With such safeguards you must resist, we must both resist together.

"Pierre employed himself this morning in looking at all my photographs of you, on horse-back, on your travels, at Bourges. He was happy at showing them to his little sister and prattling about everything that entered his mind. Jeanne listened to him with grave attention.—LUCIE."

"Paris, January 31st, 1895.

"No news this morning, as I had hoped. Oh, what a life from day to day, in the hope of a brighter to-morrow.—LUCIE."

From the Ile de Re: "February 3rd, 1895.

"I have just spent a horrible week. I have been without news from you since Sunday last, that is to say, for eight days. I have imagined that you were ill, then that one of the children was . . . I have had all sorts of ideas in my fevered brain . . . I have invented all sorts of chimeras.

"You may imagine, my darling, all I have suffered, all that I still suffer. In my horrible solitude, in the tragic position in which events as strange as they are incomprehensible have placed me, I had at least the single consolation—that your heart was near me, beating in unison with mine, sharing all my tortures. . . ."

"Ile de Ré, February 7th, 1895.

"I have been without news of you for ten days. It is impossible to say how much I suffer.

"As to you, you must keep up all your courage and all your strength. I ask it in the name of our deep love, for you must be there to wash from my name the stain that has been put upon it, you must be there to make brave and honest people of our children. You must be there to tell them one day that their father, a

brave and loyal soldier, was crushed beneath an overwhelming fatality.

"Shall I have news of you to-day? When shall I hear that I may have the pleasure and joy of embracing you? Every day I hope to do so, and nothing comes to break my horrible martyrdom.

"Take courage, my darling; you will have need of much, much; you will all need it, both our families. You have not the right to allow yourself to be cast down, for you have a great mission to fulfil, no matter what becomes of me.—ALFRED."

From my wife:—

"Paris, February 3rd, 1895.

"Every morning I suffer a fresh disappointment, for the post brings me nothing. What am I to think? At times I ask myself if you are ill, what is happening to you. I fancy to myself everything dreadful, and during the long nights I am a prey to terrible dreams. If I could only be near you to console you and care for you, to help you to get back your strength. . . . I have not yet obtained permission to come and see you. It is so long; it will soon be three weeks since you left for the Ile de Ré, without any one of your family being allowed to embrace you.—LUCIE."

"Paris, February 4th, 1895.

"I have had the happiness of receiving your kind letter. Think a little how happy I am to have news of you, although it has been so long coming, and is dated a week ago Monday. A long week for your gentle words to come to me. . . ."

"Paris, February 6th, 1895.

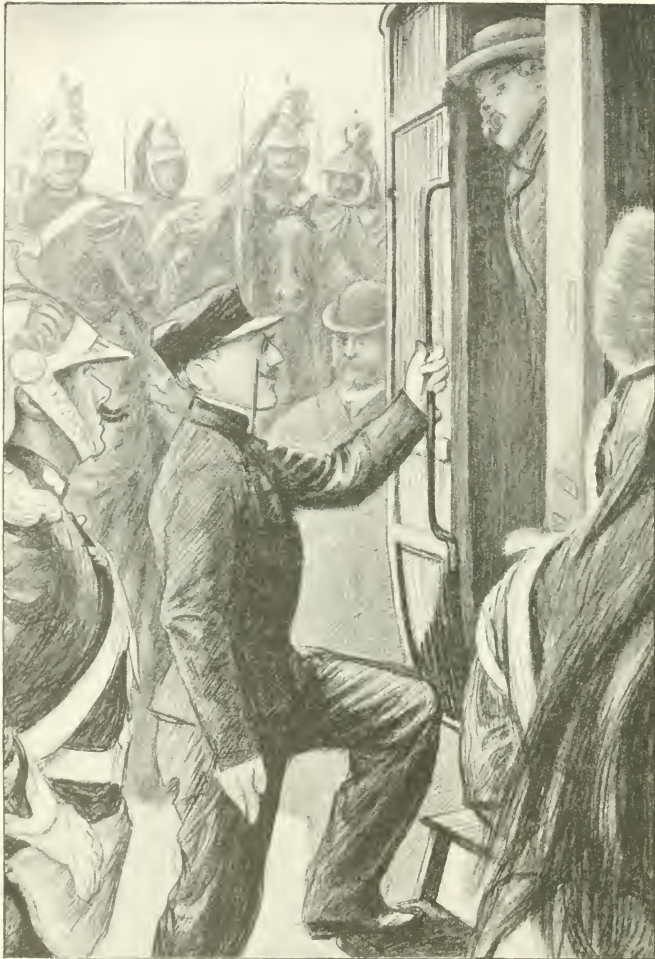
". . . I feel such sorrow when I look at our poor children to think what happiness would be yours to have them near you, and to see them grow up, to watch over their education, and I cannot sometimes keep back the tears that fill my eyes.

"It is now nearly four months since you saw the poor darlings, and they have greatly changed. . . .—LUCIE."

"Paris, February 7th, 1895.

"Your last letter was dated January 28th. It took eight days to reach me, and since then I have had no news. It is very hard. I hoped with all my heart to be able to speak with you, if not by word of mouth, at least by letter. And now the scanty bits of news, which take so long a time to come, seem to reach me more and more seldom.

"I am still waiting impatiently for my permit to visit you, and hope to have it soon. I feel the greatest impatience to see you and embrace you, and to read in your eyes your courage, your patience, and your admirable self-denial and devotion to our children. . . .—LUCIE."



ON THE WAY TO HIS LIVED GRAVE: THE CONDEMNED MAN, LEAVING THE PRISON VAN AFTER HIS DEGRADATION.

Paris, February 9th, 1895.

"This morning I received your letter of January 31st. Your sufferings break my heart. I have wept and wept long hours, with my aching head between my hands, and the caresses of my little Pierre were needful to bring back a smile to my lips; and yet my sufferings are as nothing compared with yours. . . .

"Do not be anxious when you receive no letters from me. I write to you every day. It

is the only good hour I have. I would not for worlds deprive myself of it.—  
LUCIE."

Paris, February

10th, 1895.

"I felt all the glee of a child yesterday evening when at last I received permission to see you twice a week.

"At last the time is coming when I shall have the joy of pressing you to my heart and giving you new strength by my presence.

"I am distressed at your not receiving my letters; I have not failed a single day in writing to you. I cannot understand the reason of this harsh treatment; my letters express nothing but honourable and natural feelings—bitter grief for a situation so frightfully unjust, and hope that the wrong may soon be redressed.—LUCIE."

My wife had been authorized to see me twice a week, for one hour at a time, on two consecutive days. I saw her the first time on February 13th, without having been notified of her arrival. I was brought into the register office of

the prison, which was a few steps from the door leading out to the courtyard. The office is a small, long, narrow room, whitewashed and almost bare. My wife was seated at one end, and the governor of the prison in the centre of the apartment, midway between my wife and myself. I was required to remain near the door, at the opposite end of the room. In front of the door outside were posted several warders.

The governor notified us that we were forbidden to speak of anything concerning my trial.

Cruelly wounded as we were by the ignominious conditions under which we were allowed to see each other, and anxious as we were at feeling the minutes slip by with dizzy speed, we still experienced great inward joy at being again together.

Our greatest comfort was to feel acutely that our two souls henceforth were—both one, and the intelligence and will of both would henceforth be directed towards the accomplishment of a single purpose—the detection of the truth and of the guilty one.

My wife came back to see me the following day, the 14th of February, and then returned to Paris.

The 26th of February she came again to the Ile de Ré; our last two interviews took place on February 20th and 21st.

From my wife after her return to Paris:—

“Paris, February 16th, 1895.

“What emotion, what a fearful shock we both felt at seeing each other again, especially you, my poor, beloved husband. You must have been terribly shaken, not having been warned of my arrival. . . . The conditions under which they allowed me to see you were really too heartrending. Now that we have been separated so cruelly for four months, to have the right to speak to each other only at a distance is atrocious. How I longed to press you to my heart, to clasp your hands in mine, to be able to console you with my love, poor, dear, lonely one! My soul was rent asunder when I left Saint Martin, going away. . . . —  
LUCIE.”

“Ile de Ré, February 14th, 1895.

“The few moments I passed with you were full of joy to me, though it was impossible to tell you all that was in my heart.

“I spent the time in gazing at you, in filling my mind with the remembrance of your face, and in asking myself through what unheard-of fatality I was thus separated from you.”

From Ile de Ré, after having seen my wife:—

“Ile de Ré, February 21st, 1895.

(The day of my departure, though I did not know it.)

“When I see you, the time is so short, I am so anxious for an hour to pass rapidly (which is now so strange to me, for all other hours seem to me so horribly long), that I forget to tell you all of what I had intended. . . .

“I wanted to ask you whether the voyage

fatigued you, and if the sea had been smooth. I wanted to tell you all the admiration I feel for your noble character, for your admirable devotion! More than one woman would have lost her reason under the repeated attacks of a fate so cruel and so unjust.

“I wanted to speak to you at length of the children. . . .

“As I told you, I will do my best to still the beating of my wounded heart, to bear this horrible and long martyrdom, that I may witness with you the happy day of my rehabilitation.

ALFRED.”

My wife, at the second interview, begged in vain that they should tie her hands behind her back, and let her approach me and kiss me; the governor returned a rude refusal.

On February 21st I saw my wife for the last time. After the interview, which was from two to three o'clock, without either of us having been informed, I was suddenly told that I must get ready for my departure. The preparations consisted in making a bundle of my clothing.

Before the departure I was again stripped and searched, and then led between six warders to the dock. There I was embarked on a steam-launch which brought me in the evening to the roadstead of Rochefort. I was taken directly from the launch to the transport *Saint-Nazaire*. Not a word had been spoken to me. Not a hint had been given as to the place to which I was to be transported. As soon as I reached the *Saint-Nazaire* they placed me in a condemned prisoner's cell, closed by a simple grating, and situated on the fore deck; the part of the deck in front of the convict cells was uncovered. The night was dark and the cold fearful, nearly 14deg. Centigrade (about 7deg. Fahrenheit). But only a hammock was given to me, and I was left without food.

The remembrance of my wife, whom I had left a few hours before in complete ignorance of my departure, and whom I had not even been permitted to embrace, the remembrance of my children and all the dear friends whom I had left behind me in sorrow and despair, my uncertainty as to the place whither they were taking me, the situation in which I found myself—all these reflections plunged me into a state which cannot be described; I could only fling myself upon the floor in a corner of my cell and weep through the dark, cold night.

The next day the *Saint-Nazaire* weighed anchor.

(To be continued.)

# Housekeeping on a Glacier.

By MRS. MALCOLM ROSS, OF WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND.

Mrs. Malcolm Ross is a mountaineer of renown in New Zealand, and in this article she describes her amusing experiences as housekeeper and cook to a merry party who spent their holidays camping on the great Tasman Glacier. The cooking apparatus was of the simplest, and the tinned foods turned out a melancholy fraud, but in spite of everything the unique holiday was a triumphant success.



BEFORE I was the proprietor of a mansion of my own I started housekeeping on a glacier, for our honeymoon trip was spent in the Alps, and was my first experience of ice in bulk. In New Zealand, beyond the

golden tussock plains and the blue foot-hills, there lies a very wonderland of beauty—the New Zealand Alps. There great frozen rivers curve and creep between huge mountains draped with gleaming ice and purple precipices. There the air is an elixir of life, and the aged and the world-weary, breathing it, become youthful and care-free.

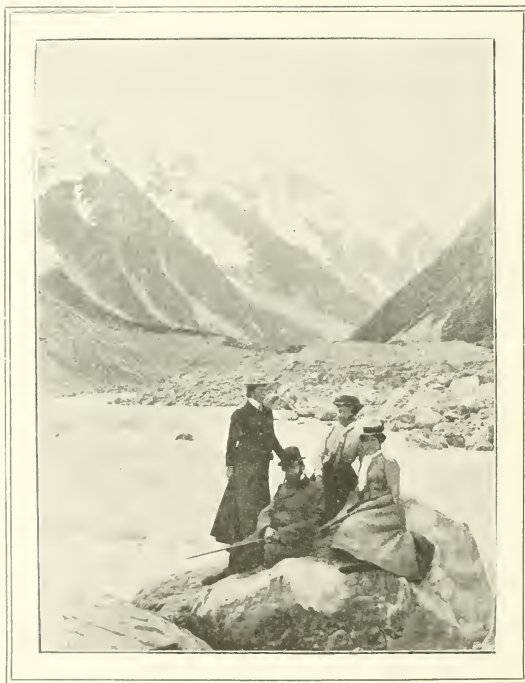
It was necessary to carry our provisions with us, as no tradesman had been pushing enough to start business on the great Tasman glacier. Now a days a paternal Government has provided comfortable huts stocked with food and blankets. We were pioneers, however, and had to carry tents, blankets, and a change of clothing, as well as the provisions. It did not matter how aristocratic one's back was, it had to bear the burden.

I was the second woman to go so far up the glacier in those early days, and, by reason of my sex, I was constituted housekeeper and

chief cook in our gipsy camp under the shoulder of Aorangi. Our two tents stood on a grassy plateau. Near by a little stream clattered down from the lily-covered slopes, to be silenced presently by the icy touch of the glacier. Here we got water and our dessert—a little red berry

that grows on an Alpine pine. It took a great many to make a mouthful, but fortunately we had plenty of time. We cooked outside on a fire-place made of stones, and when the meal was ready we beat two tin plates together to summon the party, who sat around on more stones and ate largely. Never have we seen such appetites as the glacier air produces. Cliques go for naught when an Alpine hunger is to be assuaged, and people who would not call on one another in the far-off world fraternize affectionately as they eat sardines with their fingers and fish for bits

of bacon out of a frizzling frying-pan. Wisdom in the shape of a ponderous German professor, and wealth and frivolity incorporated in the person of a pretty heiress to many thousands, drink tea together out of one battered, red-hot mug, and gather the scanty firewood with merry laughter. My husband still recalls with gusto the memory of a stew of reas or Mount Cook parrots, kept



"HUGE MOUNTAINS DRAPED WITH GLEAMING ICE AND PURPLE PRECIPICES."  
From a Photo.

in a crevasse instead of an ice-chest. It was made with many onions and much pepper, with a dash of Liebig to render it less pallid and more tasty. He has dined well many times since, but he would give all the *chefs d'œuvres* of a *ordon bleu* for a replica of that meal eaten on the glorious heights of the Tasman glacier.

Our utensils were few, two billies and a frying-pan, and it required a master mind to grapple with the difficulties of making tea,

savoury contents of those tins kept us up. Life is a vale of tears. One after one those tins were opened. At first the party used to collect around and lick its lips in prospective delight. The perfidious tin might be labelled *paté de foie gras* or devilled chicken, but it always contained stewed kidneys. At first they were eaten, but gloomily. But stewed kidneys are apt to pall after having them six days running, and when from the seventh tin,



FRANK PHILIPPE.

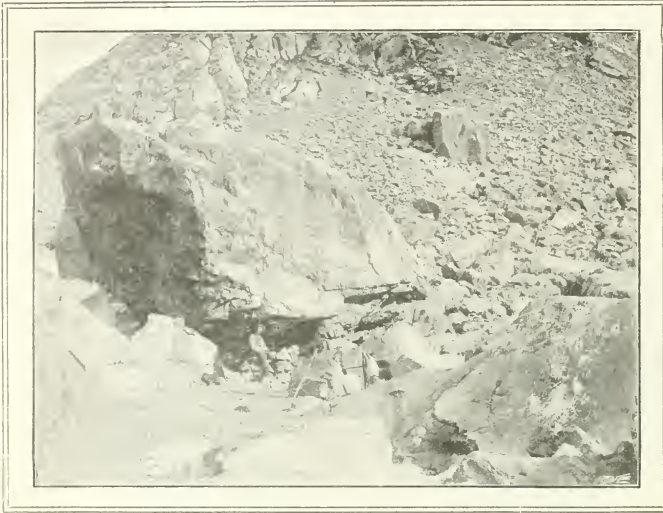
THE LAST HUT—TASMAN GLACIER.

(Mr. Malt in Retra.)

stewing chops, and heating water to wash up with, all at the same time and on the same gipsy fire-place. The firewood, too, was of the scantiest. In one place a twig the size of a pencil was swooped upon in triumph, and water had to be carried up a mountain path 300ft. high. We did without frequent ablutions in that particular camp!

Experience teaches one what provisions to take a-camping, and while you are learning you will probably suffer. We did. On one expedition a Glasgow man was to make his *début* on the Tasman glacier, and he resolved the commissariat should be most *recherché*. We ordered all sorts of luxuries in tins, delicious things with French names, and, as we stumbled over the rough moraine and riddled our ankles with the spear-grass, the thought of the

called, I think, "beefsteak pie," the well-known odour floated out, a tremendous swear word broke the silence, and the wretched thing was hurled far out of sight on the glacier. Even our mountaineering appetites could not manage a *ménu* consisting solely of stewed kidneys. When our party returned to civilization a wrathful deputation waited on the tradesman who had deceived us. We laid our case before him. "The tins *do* get labelled wrongly sometimes," he said, calmly. "But stewed kidneys! That's strange! Why, we haven't had tinned kidneys for years! You must have got very old stock." We came to the conclusion that the only way to make sure was to sit by while the tins were filled and to carry them away directly after. Another error that resulted in much bad language occurred soon after. There is a biscuit,



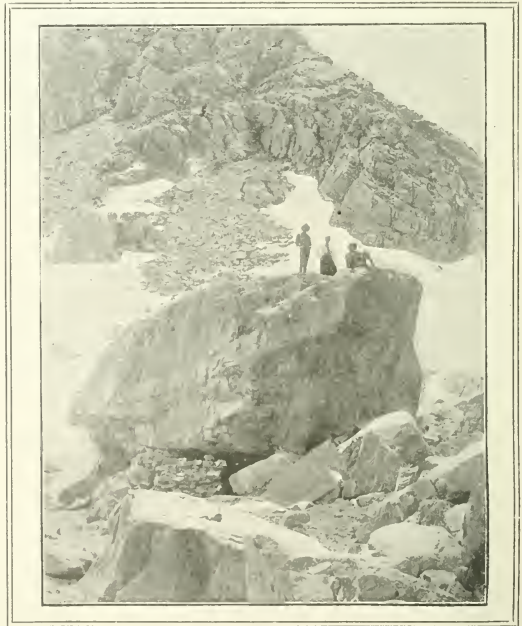
THE BIVOUC ROCK, MOUNT TASMAN, WHERE THE PARTY SAW THE NEW YEAR IN.  
*From a Photo. by Mrs. Malcolm Ross.*

a kind of sandwich of sultanas, that campers-out much affect. Six pounds of these were lugged up sixteen miles of glacier, in addition to tremendous "swags" of blankets and other provisions. And it must be understood our glaciers are crossed by great embankments of sliding, slippery stones, and gashed by crevasses, the largest of which must be traversed till a bridge is found, while the smallest can be jumped over. One becomes so proficient at this leaping method of progression that one is afraid of developing a permanent walk *à la kangaroo*.

In our camp, under a huge rock fallen from the glacier above, we saw the New Year in, heralded by the crash of avalanches and the loveliest of rosy sunrises. Whether because of the festive season or not, our bread was soon done, and we had to fall back on our biscuits. To our horror we discovered the idiotic grocer had packed sultana raisins instead. For a day and a half we had no bread, and I remember seeing one man sorrowfully scraping together some precious crumbs from a previous meal that had got into a rock-cranny,

moistening them with water, and eating the resulting dough with keen relish. These raisins were not taken back, and if anyone cares to go to the Bivouac Rock, and look under the farther side, he may find them still.

The flies are a serious drawback to housekeeping on a glacier. A camp is fixed and a meal prepared, when suddenly a familiar buzz is heard. The blow-flies have scented us out and are coming to call — to stay, if the prospect pleases them. If they



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE BIVOUC ROCK - SHOWING THE PARTY ON THE SUMMIT.  
*From a Photo. by Mr. Malcolm Ross.*

come in myriads, as they did in our camp near the great volcano Ruapehu, the meal bids fair to be an exciting chase between insect and human, with the odds on the insect. Desperate dashes must be made for food, and everything covered over to protect it from the ravenous pirates.

The memory of one dinner will be ever green in my mind. As a rule, on the glacier, meals are movable, and it was not always easy to know whether it was dinner, tea, or breakfast, especially as the menu, towards the end, lacked variety, and the billy, with its fragrant brew, appeared regularly. This particular meal, however, was dinner, and a late dinner, later indeed than we intended, for the leg of mutton that was to be the *pièce de résistance* took many hours to boil tender. We dressed for dinner—in our flannel dressing gowns—about seven, perching ourselves on the bunks and waiting with impolite impatience, but it was half-past ten before that mutton was dished. This was because our only mode of cooking it was outside the hut in a big billy swung over an oil-can, in which the fire was set; and, as it was raining in



A BILLY DEAL OF THE HOUSE OF BARKER—  
*From a Photo. by Mr. Malcolm Ross.*

simply for the sake of that mutton. It was our lodestar in the gloom, for mutton had become a weariness, and bacon merely a fragrant memory. When it was brought in how we enjoyed it, and never heeded the chill tin plates that turned the gravy into white fat. It was delicious, and we all had two large helpings. Bed was voted much too prosaic after such a banquet, so we played poker—for screw nails, for no one had any money in that Arcady—and at one o'clock had hot coffee and cake and turned in, feeling delightfully Bohemian. That merry night, while the rain dashed on the little hut and the wind tore at the wire ropes which supported it, our cares fell from us, and we felt like happy children.

On another occasion we ran short of bread. Among our stores was self-raising flour, and I in a rash



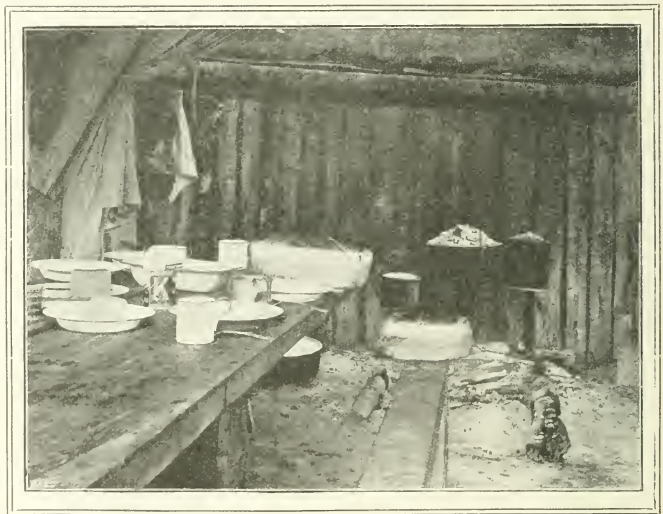
COOKING SCENE AT THE HILL HUT AT THE FOOT OF MOUNT  
AORANGI—TAHARUA GLACIER.  
*From a Photo. by Mr. Malcolm Ross.*

moment volunteered to make some scones. I mixed them in a billy, and set the dough in a frying pan over the huge log fire. There were five men, and three of them sat smoking on a bench and contemplated that frying-pan and its contents. The pan was an invention of my husband's. Instead of having a long handle, it had a semicircular handle that could be laid down for ease in carrying. It was a good idea; but if you were to even wink at the pan when it was swinging it would turn over. One of the hungry watchers sneezed, and the inevitable happened—overturned the pan, and my dough, rising in a beautiful white sponge, fell into the red embers. By the way, baking scones over an open wood fire for five hungry men is a very hot and arduous occupation. A cake tin and two plates—one with a hole in the bottom—were all our apparatus. As fast as the scones were cooked they were eaten, and though I only mixed, superintended, and ordered about the amateur stokers, my complexion never recovered from that fiery ordeal. I seemed to spend the whole of two days over that hearth—days when we had no bread, and swollen creeks barred our getting more. But it was fun all the same, especially when one looks back on it.

One day, after a stiff and successful climb, we found it was someone's birthday, and resolved to have what the Oxford man vulgarly called "a regular blow-out." The menu was written on a piece of slate picked up on the moraine. It comprised plum-pudding, into which we stuck eidelweiss, and, pouring brandy over it, lit up. It made a nasty smell and a worse taste, but we ate it all the same. Tinned asparagus was also on the bill of fare, and the frugal housekeeper, to economize the water—which had to be carried up from the glacier 300ft. below—heated the tin in the same water

she used afterwards to make the tea! As we were clamouring for our second cups the pessimist of the party remarked gloomily that the solder of a tin contained poison, and that probably serious symptoms would soon set in. The rest laughed him to scorn, but, nevertheless, felt most uncomfortable all the evening. We were quite prepared to see one of the party suddenly writhing on the stone floor in strong convulsions.

Never have we tasted such bread as we got in a surveyor's camp where for a night or two we pitched our tents. The survey party was the most hospitable of hosts, and Frank, the cook, an old soldier, was a regular artist. His raspberry puffs were a dream of delight, and his loaves, made in the big camp ovens over



THE IDEAL LOAF FIRE-PLACE IN SURVEY CAMP NEAR RUAFERU VOLCANO.  
From a Photo. by Mr. Malcolm Ross.

the huge log fire, deserving of an epic. The photograph does not do them justice, for they were most exquisite harmonies of gold, brown, and ivory, and their fragrance was delicious.

But I must stop these scattered memories. Some of those who read them may come themselves to see our magnificent New Zealand mountains and enjoy the free, joyous life of a glacier camp. It is the ideal of a holiday—present delight, a store of health for the coming years, and a host of pleasant recollections.





BY RICHARD PEARCE, FRENCH CONSULAR AGENT AND AGENT TO LLOYD'S AT THE TIME.

Being the plain, unvarnished narrative of an extraordinary shipwreck.



HE brig *Nerina*, of Dunkerque, sailed from that place on Saturday, the 31st of October, 1840, under the command of Captain Pierre Everaert, with a cargo of oil and canvas for Marseilles. Her burden was about 114 tons; the crew consisted of seven persons, including the captain and his nephew, a boy fourteen years old.

At three o'clock in the afternoon of Monday, the 16th of November, they were forced to heave-to in a gale of wind, at about ten or twelve leagues S.W. of the Scilly Islands. At seven o'clock of the same evening, still lying-to under their close-reefed maintop-sail and balanced reefed main-sail, a heavy sea struck the vessel, and she suddenly capsized, *turning completely bottom up*.

The only man on the deck at the time was named Boumelard, who was instantly engulfed in the ocean. In the fore-castle were three seamen, Vincent, Vantaure, and Jean Marie; the two former, by seizing hold of the windlass-bitts, succeeded in getting up close to the keelson, and so kept their heads above water. Poor Jean Marie was not so fortunate. He must have been in some measure entangled, as, after

convulsively grasping the heel of Vantaure for a few seconds, he let go his hold and was drowned. His body was never seen afterwards. The other two, finding that the shock of the upset had started the bulkhead between the fore-castle and the hold, and that the cargo itself had *fallen down on the deck*, contrived to draw themselves on their faces close alongside the keelson (for it could not be called on their hands and knees for want of height) towards the stern of the ship, from whence they thought they heard some voices.

At the time of the accident the captain, the mate (Jean Gallo), and the boy (Nicolas Nissen) were in the cabin. The captain caught the boy in his arms, under the full impression that their last moments had arrived.

The mate succeeded in wrenching open the trap-hatch in the cabin deck, and in clearing out some casks which were jammed in the lazarette (a sort of small triangular space between the cabin floor and the keelson, where stores are generally stowed away). Having effected this, he scrambled up into the vacant space and took the boy from the hands of the captain, whom he then assisted to follow them.

In about an hour they were joined by Vincent and Vantaure from the forecabin. There were then five individuals closely cooped together in a kind of living tomb, which floated helplessly on the bosom of the ocean. There was no escape, because the ship was completely upside down. As they sat they were obliged to bend their bodies for want of height above them, whilst the water reached as high as their waists. From this irksome position one at a time obtained some relief by stretching at full length on the barrels in the hold, squeezing himself up close to the keelson.

They were able to distinguish between day and night by the light striking from above into the sea, and being reflected *up* through the cabin sky-light, and then into the lazarette through the trap-hatch in the cabin floor.

The day and night of Tuesday, the 17th, and day of Wednesday, the 18th, passed without food, without relief, almost without hope; but still each encouraged the others, when none could really hold out hope to himself, endeavouring to assuage the pangs of hunger by chewing

before he had succeeded in accomplishing his object, the result of which must have proved fatal, as the confined air alone preserved the vessel in a sufficiently buoyant state.

In the dead of the night of Wednesday, the 18th, the upside down vessel suddenly struck heavily; on the third blow the stern dropped so much that all hands were forced to make the best of their way, one by one, further forward towards the bows. In attempting this, however, poor Vincent was caught by the water and drowned, falling *down* through the cabin floor and sky-light.

After the lapse of an hour or two, finding the water was ebbing, Gallo got down into the cabin, and whilst seeking for the hatchet, which was usually kept there, was forced to rush again for shelter to the lazarette, to avoid being drowned by the sea, which rose on him with fearful rapidity. Another hour or two of long suffering succeeded, when they were rejoiced to see by the dawning of the day of Thursday, the 19th, that the vessel was fast on the rocks, one of which projected *up* through the sky-light.



"THE MATE ENDEAVOURING WITH HIS KNIFE TO CUT A HOLE THROUGH THE HULL."

the bark stripped off from the hoops of the casks, want of fresh air threatening them with death by suffocation. The mate worked almost incessantly for two days and one night in endeavouring with his knife to cut a hole through the hull. Happily the knife broke

The captain then went down into the cabin and found that the quarter of the ship was stove; and, looking through the opening, he called out in French to his companions above: "Thank God, we are saved! I see a man on the beach!" Immediately after this the man

approached and put in his hand, which the captain seized, almost as much to the terror of the poor man as to the intense delight of the prisoners in the inverted ship. Several people of the neighbourhood were soon assembled; the side of the ship was cut open, and the four poor fellows were liberated from a floating sepulchre, after an entombment of three days and three nights in the mighty deep.

The spot where the vessel struck is called Porthellick, in the island of St. Mary's, Scilly. No doubt the incident is still remembered. She must have been driven on the rocks soon after midnight, at about the period of high-water, and was discovered lying dry at about seven o'clock on Thursday morning by a man accidentally passing along the cliffs. In another half-hour the returning tide would have sealed the fate of the entombed men.

The body of Vincent was thrown on the rocks at a short distance from the wreck, and was interred in the burial-ground of St. Mary's, with the usual rites of the Established Church.

Not the least remarkable part of the narrative is that on the afternoon of Wednesday, the 18th, the wreck, floating bottom upwards, was fallen in with, at about a league and a half distant from the islands, by two pilot boats, which took her in tow for about an hour; but their tow-ropes breaking, and night approaching,

with a heavy sea running and every appearance of bad weather, they abandoned her, not having the least suspicion that there were human beings alive in the hold of the vessel, which was floating with little more than her keel above water! Had the vessel not been so taken in tow the set of the current would have drifted her clear of the islands into the vast Atlantic.

The hull was, of course, a complete wreck and soon went to pieces, and only a small portion of the cargo was saved. The survivors experienced at the hands of the inhabitants the utmost kindness and hospitality, which they acknowledged with gratitude.

I, the undersigned, Richard Pearce, French Consular Agent and Agent to Lloyd's, at Penzance, having personally examined and taken the depositions of Gallo and Van-taure on the 25th of November, and Captain Everaert and the boy Nissen on the 24th of December, on their landing at this place from Scilly; and having also conversed with several of the

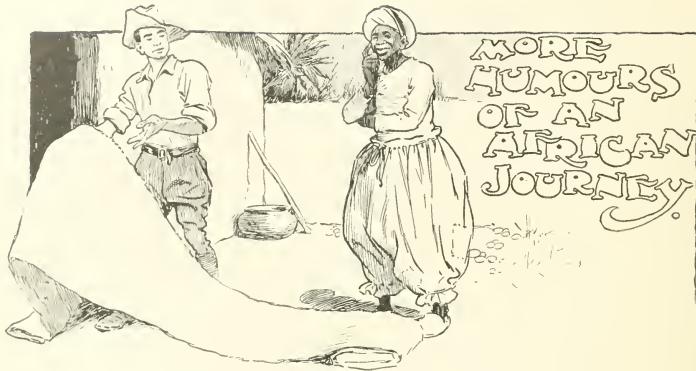
inhabitants of the islands (amongst others Augustus Smith, Esq., the Lord Proprietor), some of whom actually assisted in towing the *Verina* as she floated bottom up, on the 18th, whilst others were present at and assisted in cutting open the quarter of the vessel and liberating the poor fellows on the 19th of November, hereby certify the correctness of the whole of the foregoing statement.

(Signed) RICHARD PEARCE.

Dated Penzance, 24th December, 1840.



"THE MAN RECOVERED AND BY HIS HAND, WERE THE CAPTIVES SEIZED."



A FURTHER PAPER BY DR. TONKIN ON THE LIGHTER EPISODES OF A JOURNEY ACROSS THE BASIN OF THE RIVER NIGER.

By T. J. TONKIN, LATE MEDICAL OFFICER OF THE HAUSA ASSOCIATION'S CENTRAL SOUDANESE EXPEDITION.

This is, perhaps, the first time that the humorous aspect of a serious and important Central African Expedition has been brought out by one of the members of the Expedition, for the sense of humour is often lacking in the explorer, who prefers to lay stress on the dangers and hardships rather than the fun and comedy of Central African travel.



IN dealing with the natives of Africa in matters of trade, ingenuity and resource are of more service than ordinary business ability. For instance, to sell a man a brush as a brush is a fairly simple thing—especially if he happens to want a brush; but supposing he doesn't, to gauge accurately what that man does want, and then to sell him the brush as an instrument absolutely designed by Providence to meet that want, is an exhibition of more than mere business ability—it is a manifestation of capacity that borders on genius. And it can be done!

Now, I do not suppose that anyone could conceive of two more distantly related things in this world than a pound of lint and a pair of trousers; and yet it is one of the triumphs of my short and comparatively ill-spent life to have once at least brought these two into brilliant conjunction. It may never happen again, so I will chronicle the occurrence. I was burdened with a pound of lint. It was of no particular use to me. To keep it clean it wanted more careful packing than was always convenient to give it, and, being rolled up into a package about a yard long, it was awkward to accommodate in the

boxes. Moreover, when we chipped corners off ourselves we found ordinary cloth as good as lint to bind them on again with, and as for the natives, there were always leaves. So the lint became an incubus. I decided to part with it. But it is easier to decide than to carry decision into effect. As lint, that roll proved a veritable drug. In vain I set forth the softness of the texture, and the caressing way in which it would take the two edges of a wound and simply compel them to unite together. It was no go. The natives would not buy. Powdered leaves, they said, made excellent dressing for wounds; and as for forcing them to heal, why there was nothing more efficacious than Koran plaster. And they were supplied in that line. But I was fed up with that lint and determined to get rid of it. Opposition only lent backbone to my purpose. The next place we stopped at I tried to sell it again—this time as turbaning. There is nothing like trying to sell an article if you want to find out its capabilities, or incapacities. The lint was too heavy for turbaning. Then I put it on the market as a new veil stuff for women. I looked upon this as a really smart stroke. I pointed out that as a veil for a woman on horseback the stuff hadn't an equal within

the scope of human invention, for she could breathe through it as easily as she could breathe through the business end of a rake. The natives to whom I was trying to sell it held it up to the light.

"But she couldn't see through it."

"Well, get someone to lead the horse then."

They left me to get someone else to buy that new veil stuff.

It looked like sticking on our hands, did that lint, but I didn't relax my endeavours on that account. It didn't much matter what man came into our camp to buy, I always tried to sell him the lint first. If he wanted cotton cloth I would tell him that he could have more for his money, both in whiteness and woolliness, in lint than in ordinary calicoes. If he wanted a comb and brush I would try to persuade him that he could clean his head with handfuls of lint almost as well as with a comb and brush, and at much less cost. Indeed, I was so wound up about the matter that if it had gone on much longer I think I should have been telling the people who came to buy fish-hooks that if they could only get a good-sized ball off that lint, tied to a string, well swallowed, and wait for it to swell, they could pull up fish just as effectually as if they were armed with the biggest hook in our collection. But I was saved that; it did not go on much longer.

One day a man came into our compound to buy cloth to make a pair of trousers. He wanted white cloth. "White cloth? Certainly"—and the lint was produced. "What did he think of *that* for white cloth?" He looked at it, felt it, smelt it. Now the Sudani wear trousers made like a sack—only to be like the trousers the sack must be 6ft. wide and have holes at the bottom corners to let the feet out. He gathers the trousers up with a cord at the waist, lets the rest hang loose, and ornaments the feet-holes with little cuff-like additions of embroidery that cover the ankles. I unrolled the lint and displayed its dimensions to the possible purchaser. It was about 4yds. long, more or less, and a yard deep, or thereabouts. I called his attention to the advantage of these particular dimensions to the trouser-maker. "You see, you've only got to double it up, join the bottom and the open side, stitch the tunnel round the top for the cord to run through, and tack on the ankle-cuffs, and there you are." "Yes," he said—he saw.

I think it was this peculiar convenience of shape that hooked that man. Native cloth is woven in narrow strips, which have to be stitched together to make a large piece before you can construct anything out of it, and, I fancy, when he bought the lint the man thought

he was getting something specially designed by fate to save him trouble. What he thought subsequently, when he had worn the trousers a few times, I was, unfortunately, unable to ascertain; but even if he did find that they came to pieces under the strain of an afternoon's wear he'd no one but himself to blame, for he bought the lint with his eyes wide open, staring straight at the stuff, and if he couldn't see that it wasn't exactly as tough as sail-cloth—well, all I can say is, it wasn't *my* place to tell him. What were his eyes for?

Talking about trousers reminds me of a pair I made myself when in the Sudan—not out of lint, however. When you are off the track of ordinary travel and want anything made out of the ordinary line you have to make it yourself, or go without. Now, as I had made, or helped to make, boots, bread, harness, sugar, soap, as well as having built, or rather helped to build, stables, I did not see, when my last pair of Europeans were hanging in tatters, why I shouldn't make pants. So I set to work and commandeered some Irish tweed among the stores as material. I know just about as much about tailoring as I do about the phases of Jupiter's moons—hardly as much, perhaps—but I thought that as I was intending to make a nice roomy pair of pants there wouldn't be much difficulty about "fit." I hadn't any pattern for roomy garments, all my raggy relics being upon approved European lines; but as I say, I did not feel any anxiety as to my ability to circumnavigate the cutting-out difficulty, on account of the amount of latitude I intended to allow myself.

The tweed was in a long roll—a "piece" I believe it is usually called. As near as I can recollect, it would be about a yard wide and, of course, of indefinite length. I measured myself from the waist to the ankle, and then cut off two lengths of tweed, one for each leg, of corresponding dimensions. Then I measured the length of my legs alone, and doubling each piece of tweed longways I stitched up sufficient of it to make the tube part of the affairs. When I had fastened the remaining open portions of those seams together, the back-half of the one to the back-half of the other, and the fronts likewise, it will be seen that I had on hand a sort of gigantic pyjama nucleus, so to speak—a rough trouser foundation, out of which anything in the way of trousers could be made with ease.

Now the idea I went on was to make the trousers like pyjamas, only bigger—to gather up the bottoms with embroidery cuffs, as the natives did, and to have a cord round the waist to support them by. I followed this out. But

there were difficulties. The first thing I saw about the frame-work when I had finished it was that I hadn't left enough length of cloth at the waist to turn over to make the channel for the cord. This was a minor matter; I stitched more on. Then I found that the ruching (I believe that is the term to use) of the bottoms, so as to make them fit evenly on to the edges of the cuff, was not the easy work it appeared, but I surmounted that, too.

Then the stitches all came out—not *en masse*, here and there, but in sufficient quantity to assure me that, owing to the looseness of the fabric, the ordinary methods of trouser-stitching as understood by me would be of no use in this case, and that I must devise something more holding. I overcame this last and greatest difficulty by closely buttonhole-stitching every inch of the seams of that garment, taking a grip on each stitch of sufficient depth and power to hold a man-o'-war. Then I held up those trousers and looked at them, feeling like William the Conqueror may have felt after the Battle of Hastings. They were done. And if I had only wanted them to look at, they would have been well done, too; for they were lovely trousers to look at—so smooth and flat and even. They hung over a line beautifully, just like a real pair of trousers; better, in fact. Then I tried them on.

Alas for appearances! The moment I got into them I knew there was more work ahead for me. There was something wrong about them. They didn't seem to have the properties of the ordinary average pair of trousers. You could put them on, it was true; you could stand in them if you stood up very straight. You could even lie down in them if you got someone to lay you down all in one piece; but you couldn't bend in them, you could not sit down in them, and you couldn't stoop in them to save your mortal life. I felt that this was a disadvantage. Out in Africa you don't want garments that go in for specialist business—you want all-round practitioners. But I did not feel sure what was wrong, so I consulted

my companions. Bonner, our baggage master (an eminently practical man), came to my rescue. With an old pair of his own pants in his hand he demonstrated the deficiencies of mine. What I wanted, he said, was "seat angle"; I had left that out. I had always thought that trousers were made of cloth and buttons and thread, but he made it appear that without seat angle all the cloth and buttons and thread in the world couldn't make a satisfactory pair of trousers. He explained that seat angle was the arrangement that produced the bulgy appearance at the back of the garment, and as he stood there with the trousers in his hand and the words in his mouth I saw that it was so, and wondered how I could have overlooked it. I sighed and asked him how he thought I might best set about acquiring this blessed attribute. He advised the splitting open again of the back seam from the waist-band to the bifurcation of the leg tubes, and the insertion, points up and down, of a square piece of cloth about the same



"HE ADVISED THE SPLITTING OPEN OF THE BACK SEAM."

length as the open seam. It was done, and it did. It produced a pair of trousers that possessed every known quality (except pockets) that has ever been possessed by earthly trousers, and perhaps a few over. You could stand

in them: you could walk in them, you could run a sack race in them. If you were an ordinary person, and didn't care to get into them the ordinary way, you could pass your head and shoulders up one leg, and step over the partition into the other. They were airy, and they were durable. I wore those trousers nearly six months, and then when I got back to the coast again where that sort of garb was inapplicable I handed them over to Salim, our cook. I did not see the last of them till we got to Grand Canary, where the boy left us, going down the accommodation ladder of the good ship *Avim* with these strange trousers going flip flap, en route for Monastir in Tunisie, where the boy lived.

My next story is a money story. It is about some cowries (shell currency) that were sent us by the King of Kano\* on our arrival in his gates. When a traveller of any distinction arrives at a large Hausa town there are a good many social requirements to be observed on both sides. The etiquette is probably a shade stricter than it would be in the case of a foreign Royalty housed at Buckingham Palace, and one of the principal observances is the interchange of presents between the head or King of the town and the chief of the visiting party. Hanging on to this are certain minor Court customs, and one of these relates to the tipping of the official who comes in charge of the present from the King. It is usual to make the chief official in these cases a present of about a tenth part of any sum of money that may be included in the Royal gift.

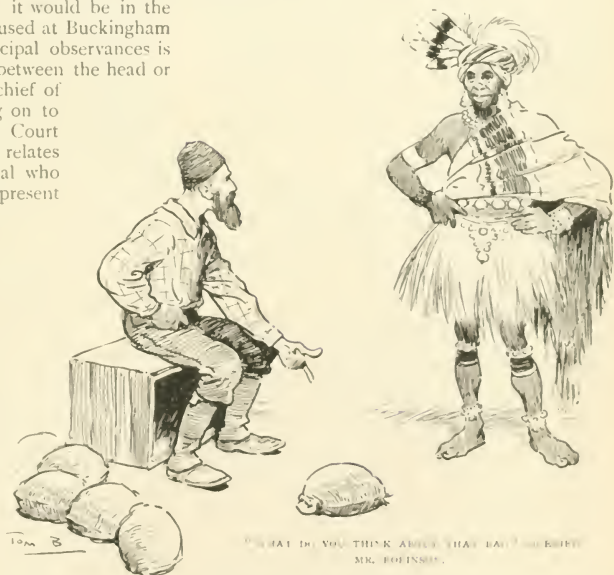
Now, one day, soon after our arrival in Kano, the King of that town was pleased to send us the usual gift, and it included among other things—such as corn, an ox, fruit, bread, etc.—one hundred and twenty thousand of the cowry (small shell) currency of the country. These cowries were sewn up in the usual manner in basket-work bags, each containing twenty

thousand. When they arrived at our house it was evident that some greedy person had been at work on one of those bags. The corner stitches had been broken open, and, as near as we could guess, from three to four thousand of the shells had been abstracted. When all the stuff—the bags of corn, and the ox, and the baskets of bread, and the fruit, and the honey and eggs—had been carried into out-houses and stored away, the slaves who had done this work departed, and the official in charge stayed behind ostensibly to felicitate us on our arrival, but, of course, really to receive his tip.

The bags of money still lay on the floor. Now this is Canon Robinson's story—he is the man who engineered this little piece of business, and I must say he did it well. He went over to the suspected bundle, and then beckoned the official.

"Come you here and have a look at this bag."

"Well," said the darkie—who, by the way, was dressed, doubtless to impress us, in an ultra magnificent fashion—"what is it?"



WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT THAT BAG?—MR. ROBINSON.

"What do you think about that bag?" queried Mr. Robinson.

"Oh, the bag is all right."

"You're sure it's all right?"

"Oh, yes; certainly."

"Very well, then," went on Mr. Robinson;

\* Kano is the great metropolis of Mohammedan Central Africa, which the recent Church Missionary Society's Expedition failed to reach. Dr. Tonkin, Canon Robinson, and the rest of the Hausa Association's Central Sudanese Expedition are among the very few who have penetrated to this remote and fanatical city.

"but as it's loose you'd better count your ten thousand out of it."

I should say here that there is always a deal of dispute about the paying of cowries. The usual way of paying them is to count them out yourself, then the receiver counts them again and finds them so many short, then you count them again yourself and find that you have given too many—then you quarrel and do not succeed in settling matters till you have wasted half the day. So it will be seen that our way, "count them yourself," was somewhat of an innovation. The darkie looked upon the proposition as simple greenness and promptly set to work, doubtless mentally thanking Allah for having put in his way infidels who were idiots enough to let him count out his own cowries.

However, he subsequently changed his mind with regard to the imbecility of those infidels, but meanwhile paid attention to his counting. So did we. He counted on a most curious principle—a sort of one and five is two and seven is ten; and by the time he had finished he had collected together some thirteen odd thousand cowries instead of the ten he was entitled to, and he seemed in every way in a satisfied frame of mind.

He beamed round on us benignantly. He said he had finished.

"Quite?" queried the chief of our Expedition.

"Yes, quite," was the reply.

That particular bag full of cowries was now, of course, divided into two parts. The thirteen thousand or so that the man had counted out lay in a heap on the floor; while the poor remnant of the impoverished bag remained inside the basket.

"Now," said Mr. Robinson, returning to the attack, "you're sure that bag originally contained twenty thousand shells?"

The man said "yes"; he was quite sure about that. "Hubba! Who should steal when he was in charge?"

"And," went on Mr. Robinson, soothingly, "you are *certain* you have only taken ten thousand out of it?"

"Now *did* we think he would try to do us like that? Oh, it was *too* much!"

"Then," continued the chief, as if following up a mental chain and unconscious of the impassioned challenge, "there must be ten thousand cowries still remaining in there?" And in the silence that followed the announcement of this irrefragable conclusion he raised his foot and kicked the hollow ribs of the now nearly empty bag, when the few shells remaining rattled about inside the hollow skip like

the beads in a baby's rattle. By this time the man's mouth was getting rather dry, but he cleared his throat and made an effort. "Yes—of course" (and here he managed to conjure up the ghost of a smile) "of course there were—ten thousand—still in there—certainly!"

"Then," said Mr. Robinson (and the man hung on his words, wondering what was coming next), "you'd better take them yourself, you know—being in the bag they will be more convenient for you to carry. Salama!" (Good-day.)

I've often wondered what that man thought as he took himself off through the *sgifa* (entrance porch) and down the road. He said never a word. He just got up, picked up the bag, dropped his jaw like the lower part of the face of a ventriloquist's figure, jerked out a short, hard, metallic, gramophonic cackle, and left.

That was on our entry into Kano. Our departure therefrom was also the occasion of a laugh, and that laugh, by a curious coincidence, was also connected with a gift from the King. We were leaving the town just after the fast month, Ramadan. Now, when Ramadan closes it is the correct thing in Mohammedan circles to visit your friends as soon as possible (early next morning is the general rule) to greet them and give them presents. In our case the King of Kano did not wait till next morning. Just after the gun had been fired at the Fada (palace), officially ending the month of privation—while the hum of gladness with which the great city greeted the announcement was still quivering in the air and the midnight calls yet going up from the mosques—he sent the Maji, his chief magistrate, to convey to us his greetings, and tell us that early next morning an ox would be brought us from his own stock farm in order that we—the guests within his gates—might kill, eat, and be merry.

It was awfully good of the King, but we were all as sick as we could be, so the idea of roast ox was not so alluring as it might have been under other circumstances; and as we were just about to leave the town and were experiencing great difficulty in getting sufficient donkeys, after a few minutes' consultation we thanked the Maji in suitable terms, but told him that if it were all the same to the King we would rather have donkeys in place of the ox. The Maji kindly consented to manage this for us.

From the subsequent course of events it appears that the Maji's retinue got hold of the fact that we had refused the ox without finding out that we were going to have anything instead; they got on to the ox end of the business, so to speak, without tumbling to the donkeys.



Of course they passed on the mutilated bit of information to others. By dawn the news would seem to have got all over the town, for early next morning people that were passing began to drop into the courtyard and take a wondering look at us before they went on their way. By about ten o'clock there was quite a crowd in the neighbourhood of our dwelling, and it was steadily increasing. What on earth did it mean? we asked ourselves. Staid, elderly men, to all other appearances sane, would stalk in through the *sgifa* (entrance porches) and stand and stare at us with open-mouthed

of English he had picked up during a visit to Lagos.

"Ha! Ha! Ha! How you do? Yes, yes, goo' morning. Ver' fine day. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!"

I froze on to him at once.

"Koul, Koul," I roared, "in Heaven's name, what is it?"

"What's what?"

"Why this tamasha."

"Don't you know?"

"Haven't the ghost of an idea.

"Well, my boy, you're a sort of natural



WILLIAM REYNOLDS, R.S.A.

assiduity, till the jostling in the rear awoke them to the fact that manners required that they should move on—not to leave us in peace? Oh, no! But rather that they should move on and let someone else have a stare.

Then Koul—Koul came—an old Arab friend, elbowing his way through the crowd, hardly able to move for laughing. He was wriggling along, airing the little bit

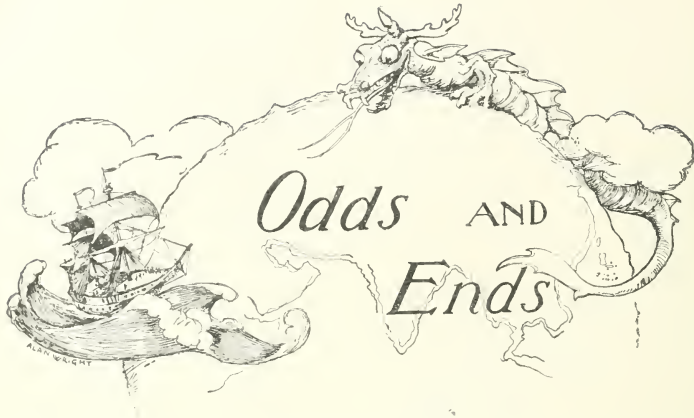
curiosity. You've done a thing unparalleled in the experience of the oldest inhabitant of Kano—you've refused an ox! That's what you've done, and that's what all the hubbub is about."

"Alla?" (You don't say so?)

"Al Koran." (It's right enough.)

And he finished out his laugh.

When we had finished clearing out the courtyard we laughed too.



A Field of Bermuda Lilies—The Fate of the "Dinnington"—The Tombs of the Sultans—Dennis, the Pet Pig—The Largest Oil-well in the World—How they Carry Goods in Pernambuco—Where Three Republics Meet—A Klondike Eviction—West Australian Transport—A Texan Quack at Work—Half a Ship is Better than no Ship—The Geyser Canyon of Sonoma County.



THE accompanying photograph gives one an idea of the lavish prodigality of Nature in her gifts to the beautiful islands of the West Indies. It shows a large field of Bermuda

lilies in full flower, reflecting the picture, with his hoe stuck carelessly into the ground beside him, will be seen a negro labourer, sleeping contentedly in a fibre hammock, his dusky face and arms affording a curious contrast to the background of purest white.

lilies in full flower, reflecting the tropical sunshine in a blaze of dazzling whiteness. This spectacle, once seen, can never be forgotten. The magnificent blooms are thought surprisingly little of locally—no doubt on account of their profusion—but large quantities are sent away to the States and Canada, where they are used for church decoration, for which purpose they are peculiarly suitable. In the foreground of



From a

1.—A FIELD OF BERMUDA LILIES IN FULL BLOOM.

[Photo.

On the 21st of March last, at about half past nine in the evening, the small steamer *Donnington* was gliding into Portland Harbour on the top of the tide, when she suddenly ran upon the rocks which form the breakwater of that splendid haven. This breakwater is in course of construction, being made of huge masses of rock quarried in the neighbouring Isle of Portland, and at high tide it is hidden beneath the water. The ill-fated *Donnington* missed the opening which led into the harbour, and got literally "hung up" on the rocks, which, when the tide went down, held her in the curious position shown in the photograph. She has forged forward almost to her engines, and it looks as if a little further effort would have



21.—THE DONNINGTON STUCK UP ON THE ROCKS AT PORTLAND. (Photo.)

carried her right over the obstruction. When completed, of course, the breakwater will be high above the surface, and any such accident as this will be impossible.

A more eccentric mode of burial than that adopted by the Turks for their honoured dead could hardly be found, and one of the most curious sights in Constantinople is the interior of the Royal mausoleum within the precincts of the Valide's Mosque at Stamboul. In the outer chamber are about three dozen coffins, all enclosed in oblong wooden receptacles higher and broader at one end than at the other, and rising to a roof like ridge at the top. These boxes are draped with costly shawls and rich brocaded stuffs, the coffins of the

carried her right over the obstruction. When completed, of course, the breakwater will be high above the surface, and any such accident as this will be impossible.



From a Photo. by

3.—THE TOMBS OF THE SULTANS—THE ROYAL MAUSOLEUM AT STAMBOUL.

(Delah & Joullier)

Princes being distinguished from those of the Princesses by the white turban fixed at the head. The last resting place of a Sultan is inclosed by a balustrade of walnut-wood, ornamented with inlaid work in mother-of-pearl. In the inner chamber lies the foundress of the mosque and its dependencies, the Validé Sultana Tarkhan, who, as Regent for her son Mohammed IV., practically ruled the great Turkish empire.

It is the tombstone of a warship's queer pet which is shown in our next photo. A tomb-



4.—THIS IS THE GRAVE OF "DENNIS," THE PET FIG OF H.M.S. "SWALLOW"—HE IS BURIED AT MOMBASA.  
From a Photo. by J. A. Bailey.

stone erected to the memory of a pig is, we imagine, something of a rarity, if not absolutely unique. "Dennis," of H.M.S. *Swallow*, was picked up somewhere on the West Coast of Africa, and promptly became a favourite with the crew. Often the tars would take him for a scamper along the beach, and he enjoyed nothing better than being petted and made a fuss of generally. But at last he succumbed to some porcine disorder, and he was buried with great ceremony under a cocoa-nut tree at English Point, Mombasa, East Africa; a handsome tombstone was placed over his grave, as you can see for yourself. This, unfortunately, was made of wood, and the terrible white ants soon destroyed it. But, although all trace of his last resting-place has now disappeared, it will be long before the lads of the *Swallow* forget "Dennis" the pet pig and his merry ways.

Few oil-wells have given such trouble to

their owners and anxiety to the neighbouring inhabitants as the giant "gusher" seen in our illustration. The well—which is supposed to be the largest in the world—was discovered near Beaumont, in South-Eastern Texas. From the moment it was struck it has been spouting uninterruptedly at the phenomenal rate of 25,000 barrels a day, the stream rising nearly 200ft. into the air. After it had been gushing at this terrific rate for some weeks its distracted owner offered a reward for a method of stopping the flow. At last an enormous embankment was thrown up around the "gusher" and a huge lake of oil was immediately formed. As the sub-soil is clay the petroleum cannot soak through,



5.—THE LARGEST OIL-WELL IN THE WORLD—IT SPOUTS AT THE RATE OF 25,000 BARRELS A DAY, AND RISES NEARLY 200FT.  
From a (Photo.) INTO THE AIR. (Photo.)

and the oil in this reservoir is declared to be worth many thousands of dollars. Before the embankment was made the oil flowed into a neighbouring river in such a huge stream that it gave considerable anxiety to the people of the immediate district. At Beaumont, six miles

away, the smell of petroleum is unmistakable. The unusual character of this well may be gauged from comparison with a West Virginia well, hitherto regarded as the largest of its kind in existence. This gives a daily output of 6,000 barrels.

Pernambuco, in Brazil, has been jocularly described as a place where one half the inhabitants wear top-hats and frock coats and the other half nothing at all. Be that as it may, there are certainly some strange sights to be seen in this delectable seaport. Look, for example, at the photograph here reproduced, which shows a piano in its case being carried on the heads of eight stalwart Brazilian "niggers." They disdain to use their hands for so trifling a burden, and as they go along, headed by their foreman, they sing a



From a] 6.—HOW THEY CARRY LOADS IN PERNAMBUCO. [Photo.]

peculiar kind of chant. The effect, to say the least of it, is peculiar, for when seen in the distance it seems as though a huge, many-legged spider were approaching the spectator.

The accompanying photograph shows us the place where three South American Republics meet.

This photo. is a scene on the Paraná River, that mighty stream which drains the very heart of the South American continent, at a point upwards of 1,000 miles from the sea, where it is joined by the Rio Iguaza. It is one of the most interesting spots on the whole length of the river, as it is here the three Republics of Argentina, Brazil, and their small but plucky rival Paraguay meet. The nearest city of any importance is Asuncion, the capital of the last-named, which is about



From a] 7.—WHERE THREE REPUBLICS MEET—AT THE JUNCTION OF THE RIO IGUAZA AND THE PARANA RIVERS.

[Photo.]

180 miles due west on another arm of the great Silver River. A trip on a river steamer, one of which may be seen in the photo., up from Buenos Ayres, and through this little-known part of the continent, is a most enjoyable expedition. Far away from the beaten tourist track, where even Cook's coupons are unknown, steaming through an avenue, as it were, of wildly luxuriant tropical vegetation, with occasional glimpses of the boundless pampas, the tastes of both traveller and sportsman may easily be gratified to the full.

Klondike is not exactly an ideal winter resort. The wintry side of the climate is just a trifle too pronounced, and Nature is for ever springing little surprises on you in the way of avalanches,



KLONDIKE "EVICTIONS."—WHEN THE OCCUPIERS OF THIS HUT  
CAME BACK FROM WORK HE FOUND THAT A GLACIER HAD  
[Photo.] [Photo.]  
OBTERATED HIS HOME!

spring had flowed down the mountain-side behind his establishment, and, freezing as it came, had turned into a miniature glacier, completely burying two huts and partially covering about a dozen others. It is distressing little contretemps like this—Klondike "evictions"—which form the drawbacks to residence in Arctic Canada.

Methods of locomotion in the Western Australian gold-fields are extremely varied. One of the most interesting is shown in the accompanying photo-

graph—a "buck-board" buggy, drawn by a pair of camels. The shape and position of the pole are sufficiently striking, and the vehicle itself would probably create a sensation in Hyde Park. The same buggy, by the way, is used to drive a



[Photo.] [Photo.]  
WESTERN AUSTRALIAN TRANSPORT. A "BUCK-BOARD" BUGGY DRAWN BY CAMELS.

blizzards, and similar disconcerting phenomena. There was a Dawson City settler some time ago who went out to do a little gold-washing in the creeks. When he returned, after a short interval, he discovered his hut in the condition depicted in the annexed photograph. A soda

four-in-hand of bush horses. On the front seat are a well-known mining manager and his wife. In the background behind the trees may be seen a glimpse of a huge "salt lake," wherein the salt is crystallized, presenting a hard, even surface, on which it is a pleasure to ride or drive.



10.—THIS QUACK IS OFFERING A CURE FOR SNAKE-BITES, AND TO PROVE ITS EFFICACY IS ALLOWING SATTLESNAKES TO BITE HIM. (Photo.)

The accompanying photograph shows a "quack" who visited the little town of Terrell, Texas. This individual caused much excitement throughout the State by professing to have discovered an infallible antidote for snake-bites of all kinds. Part of the interest he aroused was due to his announcement, widely advertised, that he would handle any snakes brought to him, including even the deadly rattlesnake itself, and allow them to bite him, curing himself on the spot. The enterprising inventor of the antidote was giving an exposition of its efficacy when our photograph was taken. A curious sidelight is thrown upon the methods of "Out-West" storekeepers by the bold notice of "Dr. Harter's Little Liver Pills," on the house in the background. This seems to indicate that the proprietor of the store does not object to sharing in the prestige of certain largely-advertised pills not unknown in this country.

As will be seen, the ship in the next photo. is only half a ship, so to speak, and the story of how she came to be in this condition is very interesting. The *Milwaukee* grounded on a rock near the coast of Scotland during a recent storm, and she took the ground so firmly that the salvagers were utterly unable to move her. She was quite a new vessel, and they were naturally reluctant to lose more of her than they could help: so, after closing her watertight compartments, they fastened a rope

of gun-cotton right round her just a little way forward of the bridge, and blew her in two. The most valuable half of the vessel, containing all the machinery and engines, was in this way saved. In our photo. we see the tail end of the *Milwaukee* proceeding triumphantly in tow of a tug down the Tyne, her own engines being employed to aid the process. She soon lay in the Northumberland Dock, about six miles from Newcastle, awaiting the con-

struction of a new forward half, which was to be fixed on to the old piece, when the reconstructed steamer would plough the waves once more.

No tourist travelling through Western America should fail to see the geysers of Sonoma County, which are considered one of the wonders of America. The geysers are situated ninety-six miles from San Francisco. You go by train



11.—THIS SHIP WAS WRECKED, BUT THE ENTERPRISING SALVAGERS CUT OFF THE REAR HALF, TO BE BUILT UP FIRST, AND LEFT A NEW FORWARD ON TO IT.

From a Photo.

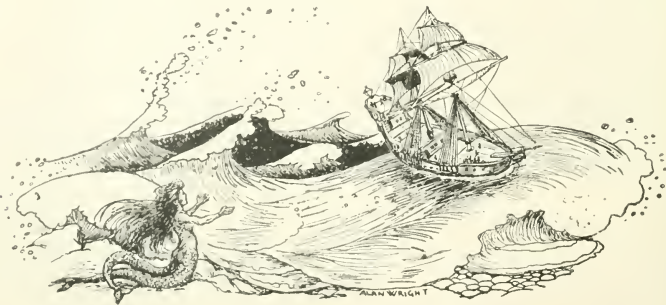


12.—THE WONDERFUL GEYSER CANYON SITUATED IN SONOMA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.  
*From a Photo.*

to the town of Calistoga, and from there by stage coach for twenty-five miles through beautiful country. The round trip from San Francisco costs 8dols., and a first-class hotel caters for the tourists. The first evidence one has of anything unusual are strange rumbling sounds, as of an incipient earthquake, and upon entering the Geyser Hotel Park sulphurous smoke is seen rising from the earth and a pandemonium of sounds is heard. By following up Geyser Canyon, which is shown in the accompanying photo., a fine view may be obtained of all the various

worthy of Hades itself. The geysers are by no means a mere show-place. They constitute one of the most popular medicinal springs in America. The Indian spring, Indian mud springs, iron spring, alum, hot alum, acid, and other springs contain proportions of sulphates of sodium, potassium, and magnesium, which render them of great medicinal value. Quite apart from the geysers the surrounding country abounds in beautiful drives, and good hunting and fishing may be had. The fishing stream is appropriately named the Pluton, and well repays the trout-fisher.

points of interest. As one ascends the rumbling and hissing increase. The rocks are hot to the touch, and great clouds of steam pour forth from the fissures. The most interesting points are the "Devil's Arm-chair," the "Devil's Kitchen," "Pluto's Punch Bowl," "Geyser Smoke-stack," "Witches' Caldron," and the "Devil's Canopy, Ink-stand, and Pulpit." Everything, in fact, has been appropriately dedicated to his Satanic Majesty, and is on a scale







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