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THE LIFE OF
SIR CLEMENTS R. MARKHAM
K.C.B., F.R.S.



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*Sir Clements R. Markham, K.C.B., F.R.S.
painted by George Henry, A.R.A.*

THE
LIFE OF SIR
CLEMENTS R. MARKHAM

K.C.B., F.R.S.

LL.D. CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY ; D.SC. UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS ;
COMMENDADOR OF THE ORDER OF CHRIST OF PORTUGAL ;
CHEVALIER OF THE ORDER OF THE ROSE OF BRAZIL ;
KNIGHT COMMANDER OF THE ORDER OF THE POLE STAR (1ST CLASS) OF SWEDEN ;
COMMANDER OF THE ORDER OF ST. OLAF OF NORWAY ;
ETC., ETC.

BY

ADMIRAL

SIR ALBERT H. MARKHAM

K.C.B.

AUTHOR OF "THE GREAT FROZEN SEA," "LIFE OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN,"
"A WHALING CRUISE TO BAFFIN'S BAY," ETC.

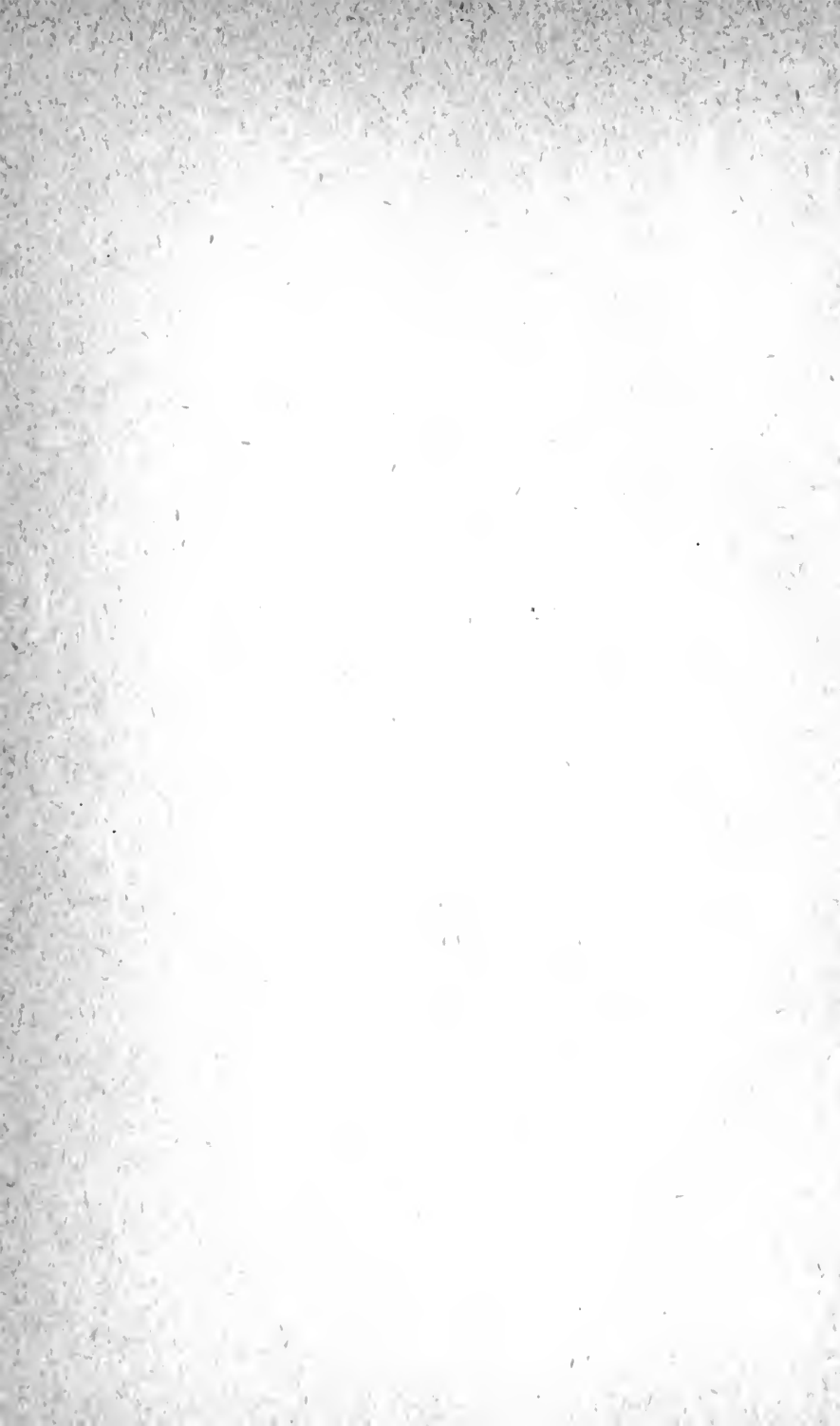
LONDON
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

1917

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TO
MINNA,

THIS IMPERFECT RECORD OF HER HUSBAND'S USEFUL
AND ACTIVE LIFE IS AFFECTIONATELY
INSCRIBED.



PREFACE

It seems to me that a few words are necessary in order to vindicate my presumption in undertaking such a work as the biography of Sir Clements Markham.

Among the men of science and letters, to whom his varied work appeals, there are many better fitted than myself to do justice to the memory of so distinguished a man. Nevertheless, when invited to write his life, I gladly consented to do so, and for the following reasons: There was no one outside his family circle who was more intimately acquainted with him. A close friendship had existed between us for over sixty years, and during more than half that period his house had been my home, whenever my professional duties enabled me to reside in this country. My love and reverence for him intensified as the years rolled by, and I felt that, apart from his scientific labours and geographical achievements, there was no one more familiar with his personal charm and lovable disposition than myself. Thus I felt that I was, perhaps, in a better position than anyone else to put together a record of his eventful and extended life. This must be my apology and justification for appearing now in the rôle of his biographer.

My aim in the present work has been, not so much to draw attention to his merits as a man of letters and a great geographer—they are already well known to the scientific world—but to emphasise the human touch, to

bring out, in other words, the distinctive characteristics of his personality both as a boy and as a man.

My task, on the whole, has not been an easy one, but it has been a labour of love, and one of absorbing interest, revealing, in episodes hitherto unknown to me, the unselfish springs of his generous nature, his love for the young, and, above all, his wondrous kindness and sympathy for those in trouble and distress.

I have acquired my information principally from his private journals and published works; where these have failed, my own personal knowledge and recollection, during our long and intimate fellowship, have enabled me, in several instances, to bridge over gaps in the written records of his long life. Much information has also been kindly placed at my disposal by many mutual relations and friends.

I am deeply indebted to Mr. Leonard Huxley and Captain P. B. M. Allan for the valuable advice and assistance they have given me in preparing the work for publication, and to Mr. Cyril Longhurst, C.B., for compiling the excellent Index, which he was kind enough voluntarily to undertake out of the love and respect that he bore for his old friend.

A. H. M.

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THE LIFE OF SIR CLEMENTS R. MARKHAM

CHAPTER I

CHILDHOOD AND SCHOOL-DAYS

IN the East Riding of Yorkshire, on that small tract of land between the Rivers Ouse and Derwent (which, flowing almost parallel to each other for a distance of about seventeen miles through the Vale of York, give their name to that particular wapentake), lies the old English village of Stillingfleet. This parish, forming one of the thirteen included in the wapentake, is mentioned in Domesday Book, and the village itself has been in existence since the first Anglian occupation of the country.

Owing in a great measure to the energies of the monks of Selby and York, the present beautiful Norman church of the parish was built during the twelfth century, and was dedicated to St. Helen and St. Mary. About a hundred years after its consecration, so much had the population of the parish increased, it was found necessary to make important additions. One of the chief features of this church, and a source of some pride to the parishioners, is the beautiful old south-eastern doorway, reputed to be one of the finest specimens of ecclesiastical Norman architecture in this country.

It was to this parish, with its fine old church, that the Rev. David F. Markham was inducted as Vicar in May, 1826. He was the son of William Markham,

of Becca Hall, Aberford, and the grandson of Dr. William Markham, who was Archbishop of York from 1777 to 1807.

In July, 1827, Mr. Markham received a letter from the Prime Minister, informing him that His Majesty had been graciously pleased to appoint him to a canonry of Windsor that had just become vacant.* This was of course accepted. A Windsor canonry in those days was worth from £1,000 to £1,500 a year, with a residence inside the walls of the Castle.

Shortly afterwards, in the same year, he married Catherine Frances Nannette Milner, daughter of Sir William Milner, Bart., of Nun Appleton. He was then twenty-seven years of age, and is described as being a strikingly handsome man, 6 feet 2 inches in height, strong and active, and of great personality; a good cricketer, and fond of all outdoor sports, especially shooting and hunting. The greater part of these recreations had at a very early stage to be abandoned, so that he might devote more time to his parochial and other more important duties. He had also given much time to the study of medicine. He was a great reader and eager in the acquisition of knowledge; he was a dexterous carpenter and turner, and very skilful in all work of a mechanical nature. He possessed a natural taste for painting and sketching, especially in connection with architectural designs. In addition to these accomplishments, he was an enthusiastic numismatist, and owned a valuable collection of coins, some of great antiquity, which he himself had collected.

It was here, at the old Vicarage of Stillingfleet, that Clements Markham was born, on the 20th of July, 1830, and on the following 10th of September he was baptised Clements Robert in the library at Becca.

* It may be mentioned that Dr. Markham, the late Archbishop, was private tutor to both King George IV. and King William IV.; hence the interest taken by His Majesty in the grandson of his old tutor, to whom he invariably showed great friendship.

His childhood was an exceedingly happy one, as well it might be, for it was spent in the constant care and company of his parents and of his brothers and sisters, three of whom were born at Stillingfleet. Sometimes, however, his childish temper would get the better of him. It is related on the first occasion that he attended church, being then a little over four years of age, he became so desperately bored that he began to pinch his elder brother, who was sitting next to him, by way of relieving his feelings. This, being naturally resented by his brother, resulted in a free fight, and Clements had to be carried out of church struggling and screaming.

Clements Markham always possessed a marvellous memory. He used frequently to say that the earliest recollections of his home at Stillingfleet and the village, as he saw them in his mind's eye in after-years, were derived from impressions received when he was not more than three years of age. He often averred that he could remember people he had met and events that had happened when he was between two and three years old, and in some rare instances before he was even two! Of his fourth year he had distinct recollections, not only concerning important events which occurred at that period, but of other occurrences of minor importance. It is, of course, quite possible that the knowledge of some of these incidents may have been imparted to him in after-life, but he always sturdily asserted that he had a very vivid recollection of events that occurred before he had reached his fourth birthday.

As we write, there are before us notes made by himself, giving minute descriptions of his friends and the houses in which they lived, visited by him when he was between three and four years of age. He remembered the guests that were staying in the different houses, some of whom he never saw again, yet he noted down many of their peculiarities and—may we say blemishes?

One old lady, for instance, is described as having a long neck, an eager little face, and a voice like a cockatoo ! One had a mole on her face; another was untidy in appearance; another wore little tight curls and was fond of genealogy; another had a habit of pouting with her under-lip; another was tall, good-natured, loud-voiced, and had straw-coloured hair; and so on. The dress worn by ladies and gentlemen in those days he describes most carefully, and he gives complete descriptions of the houses to which he was taken, with the number and positions of the rooms. He even enumerates the various pictures in those houses, the positions they occupied, with the names of the artists who painted them. These little incidents are typical of the man, his marvellous memory, and illustrative of his wonderful powers of observation and description. His notes were not limited to the friends and relations he met, but extended to the servants in the various houses he visited. Their names are all enumerated, more especially those who were kind to him, and the positions they filled; whilst in some cases even their family histories are recorded. All these descriptions were the recollections of a little child, for some of the people, alluded to by him, died before he had attained his seventh birthday.

He was always fond of acting in private theatricals and charades, but especially the latter; and in the notes which he has left of his early reminiscences he gives long and detailed descriptions of charades acted at Stillingfleet and elsewhere. These include the names of the performers, the parts that were allotted to them, the costumes they wore, the scenery that was used, and every minute detail connected with the performances. It must be noted that he left Stillingfleet before he was eight years of age.

His boyhood was spent principally at home, but there were short periods at Windsor, where his father had to be in residence for two months every year. At which of these places young Clements preferred to live is a

moot question. He loved his home at Stillingfleet, his garden, his associates, and everything connected with the place; but he was also very fond of Windsor, its history, and its surroundings. He loved the river on which he passed so many pleasant hours, and he delighted in the company of the Eton boys. Among the latter were several of his friends and young relatives, who, as may readily be imagined, always received a warm welcome at the Canon's house.

During the reign of William IV. it was the custom for the Canon in residence to dine every Sunday with the King and Queen. On these occasions the guests had to appear in evening dress with knee-breeches, silk stockings, and shoes with silver buckles. When his father returned from these dinners, he invariably brought back with him some delicious bonbons, which were much appreciated by young Clements. The death of the King he felt very keenly, and he was, perhaps, more perturbed when he realised that in future there would be no more bonbons; but he was especially grieved when he was informed by one of the curates that the prayer-book would have to be altered! This caused him intense sorrow, and, throwing himself on the sofa, he burst into tears. He was sorry for the death of the good old King, and he was grieved at the idea that there would be no more bonbons, but he was overwhelmed with despair at the thought that his religion (as he imagined) was going to be altered!

In March, 1838, Canon Markham was offered, and accepted, the rectory of Great Horkeley, near Colchester in Essex. The offer was not at first favourably entertained, nor was it accepted without some hesitation. His family were all much attached to Stillingfleet, and the Canon knew that they would not, at any rate at first, view with equanimity the substitution of the Essex home for the old one in Yorkshire. However, it was a larger and more important parish, and, as he anticipated, it would open up a wider field of usefulness

to which he could devote his energies. Great was the children's grief at having to leave their beloved Stillingfleet, endeared to them by so many happy memories. It was with heavy hearts and the shedding of many bitter tears that they bade farewell to their old home and set out to make a new one in another part of the country. Fortunately, however, grief does not last long with young children, especially when they have all the excitement and joy of seeing strange places and the making of a new home to look forward to. Their thoughts were soon engrossed in the multifarious arrangements for the comfort and happiness that they pictured would be acquired in their new domicile.

On their arrival they were delighted with everything they saw. The house was larger than the one they had left, the gardens were more extensive, and they set to work at once to make it as much like the old home as possible. In this they soon succeeded, but they always retained a warm corner in their hearts for the old house at Stillingfleet, where they had passed so many happy years.

The church and rectory at Great Horkesley were about four miles from Colchester, and some little distance from the straggling collection of houses and cottages that made up the parish. The rectory was surrounded by a large paddock, with glebe land and wood adjoining. Not far from the rectory gate flowed the River Stour, which at that particular spot formed the boundary between the two counties of Essex and Suffolk. The church was not so rich in architectural interest as the one at Stillingfleet, and many alterations and additions had to be made to the house in order to accommodate the family; but the grounds and gardens were speedily tastefully laid out under the personal superintendence of the Rector.

Just as the two boys were beginning to realise the comfort and happiness of their new surroundings, the fateful question of school was broached, then discussed,

and finally arranged. Clements was then eight years of age; his brother was two years his senior. It was decided that they should both be sent to a school at Cheam, which had been highly recommended to their parents. This school was conducted by the Rev. William Browne, on what he was pleased to call the Pestalozzi method. The main feature of his system consisted in never keeping the boys at their lessons for more than one hour, at the expiration of which time they were sent out to "air their brains" for a like period. The selection of this particular school was largely due to the fact that many of the friends and relations of the two boys were being educated there. Also it had an excellent reputation, which was certainly enhanced by results—at least in the case of these two brothers.

Clements Markham was nearly nine years old when he went to school. He travelled by coach from Colchester, but not without accident. While changing coaches in London, the string with which one of his many parcels was secured broke, and all his beautiful rice cakes (to which he was very partial) were scattered in the mud! Some were trodden under foot by the passers-by, and many were eagerly pounced upon by the street boys and hastily devoured. This incident, coming on the top of his departure from home and all it meant to him, was the last straw, and he burst into tears.

On arrival at Cheam he complained of pains "under his jaw," and soon developed mumps; so he was promptly isolated, and kept in quarantine for ten days. During the period of his confinement he amused himself by reading "Parry's Polar Voyages," and this, he always maintained, was the principal cause for the great interest he subsequently took in Polar exploration.

Altogether he thoroughly enjoyed his school life at Cheam, and made many lifelong friendships. He wrote out a description of every boy (and there were over

fifty in the school), including one of himself, the latter in the following words:

“When I went to Cheam I was a good-looking, well-made little boy of eight years and ten months, in a round jacket, turn-down collar over it, and a Tam o’ Shanter cap, black with red squares round the edge. I was always called Pope.* In my first half I had no friends, only G—— as a protector; and I especially hated D—— R——. But we at once made friends in the second half, became devoted to each other, and were inseparable *until dearer friends came.*”

His special companions were his cousin William Wickham (subsequently M.P. for Petersfield) and Raglan Somerset, for both of whom he entertained the warmest feelings of love and affection. Many of his schoolmates attained distinction in after-life; among them may be mentioned E. A. Freeman, the eminent historian, and Edward Parry (son of the great Arctic explorer), who died when Bishop of Dover and Dean of Canterbury.

His pen even then was busily occupied. He wrote a full and complete description of all the masters, ushers, and other officials, connected with the school, which certainly bears the impress of accuracy. He was fond of all outdoor games, and was fairly proficient in most of them. A game of cricket he enjoyed, but always regarded it as a man’s game; and, as he had no intention of devoting his life to playing games, he took but little interest in it. Jumping was his favourite form of athletics, and he was constantly engaged in endeavouring to beat his last record at the high jump.

He was an apt pupil, and was especially interested in the study of geography and astronomy, showing very clearly thereby that “coming events cast their shadows before.”

After three years spent at Cheam, his parents deemed it advisable to remove him to a larger and more impor-

* Presumably on account of his Christian name.

tant school, and one more in consonance with his age. It was decided, therefore, to send him to Westminster, the alma mater of many generations of the Markham family. Accordingly, he left Cheam in April, 1842. He took his departure with feelings of real regret; he had thoroughly enjoyed his school life, he liked his schoolfellows, he respected those set in authority over him, he listened whole-heartedly to all his masters taught him, and he had acquired much useful knowledge. He himself says, in connection with his life at Cheam, that it was really a good school for learning—better, in his opinion, than any school of the present day. He knew none where history, geography, and elocution, were taught so well, or where classics and mathematics could be taught better. He thought at the time that the boys were very hard in their criticisms of Mr. Browne and some of the other masters, but he naïvely observes “that, in thinking and speaking as we did, we invariably forgot his admirable system of teaching, his good intentions, his constant thoughtfulness for us, and his liberality.” This was a generous admission for a school-boy to make regarding the schoolmaster he was leaving. He always looked back with the greatest pleasure to the happy and profitable days he spent at Cheam, which certainly contributed towards the making of the man. His departure was much regretted by the boys, and especially by his particular friends, to whom he was sincerely attached.

Before going to Westminster he enjoyed a good long holiday. This he spent at Great Horkeley and Windsor, as well as in visiting many of his friends and relations. In addition, the time was rendered all the more pleasurable by the presence at home of some of his old schoolmates, who had been invited to stay with him. When not engaged in paying visits, or entertaining his many friends at Great Horkeley, he devoted his spare moments to literary work, and he undoubtedly earned the reputation, even at that early age, of wielding a

very facile pen. After reading the adventures of Robinson Crusoe and Masterman Ready, he composed, before he left Cheam, a romance founded on those two delightful works of fiction, in which he depicted himself in the character of the hero! This was followed by a History of England, in eight chapters, written when he was only ten years of age. He certainly brought it up to date, for it concluded with the following words: "Queen Victoria married Albert, Prince of Saxe-Coburg. They have got one daughter, and are going to have a boy"—a marvellous illustration of early prescience! To this latter work he added a map of England and Wales constructed entirely by himself, showing in colour the boundaries of the various counties.

Even at that age he admits that he strongly realised the necessity of a knowledge of geography for the full comprehension of history. His father happened to be in possession of a small printing-press, which he used for printing the parish notices, etc., and he was so pleased with the result of his boy's literary labours that he printed twenty copies of the History of England in small quarto form, had them neatly bound in leather covers, and distributed them to a few of his relations. By this act the boy's literary ardour was so much gratified that he decided unhesitatingly upon becoming an author! How he adhered to this decision time has shown.

His next literary effort was the compilation of a history of different countries and peoples, which included Egypt, Abyssinia, Macedonia, The Jews, Rome, Britain, Persia, Mexico, Peru, France, Scotland, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Poland, Hungary, Russia, Sweden, Ireland, Lapland, Germany, Prussia, Denmark, and Turkey. Nearly all in this series were illustrated by maps drawn by himself: a truly gigantic and ambitious project for a boy of his tender years, but it was one that was successfully accomplished.

Not content with the writing of historical works, he turned his attention during the holidays to biography,

and wrote the lives of those historical characters of all ages in whom he had been most interested. These were Sesostris, Cyrus, Cambyses, Darius, Alexander, Octavius, Edward the Black Prince, Henry V., Ferdinand and Isabella, Charles V., Solymán, Francis I., Andrew I. of Hungary, Gustavus Adolphus, Christina, Charles XII., Peter the Great, Catherine II., Alexander of Russia, Suvarrow, John Sobieski, Thaddeus, Kosciusko, Thaddeus of Warsaw, Stanislas Poniatowski, Napoleon, Wellington, and Nelson. A somewhat strange and complex assortment of heroes!

The next subject to which he turned his literary and scientific mind was a work entitled "Astronomy and Physical Geography," which was completed in September, 1842. In the former he describes the planets, comets, and constellations, and gives an explanation of the ecliptic and signs of the zodiac. In the Physical Geography he illustrates a series of definitions and explanations of natural phenomena. A somewhat pretentious work to emanate from the brain of a boy of twelve! Following this he wrote a book on heraldry, a subject on which in after-years he was a great authority. This work contained a summary of the different orders of knighthood existing in various countries. Unquestionably in his young days he was, as in after-life, a prolific and versatile writer.

During this time he had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Lord Ellesmere, who some years afterwards became President of the Royal Geographical Society. He was extremely kind to young Clements, the more so when he discovered that he was fond of geography and history, urging him to persevere in the study of these subjects. He related to him many engrossing tales of Arctic and Antarctic voyages, and gave him an interesting account of the geography of Central Asia; all of which young Markham carefully listened to, and treasured in his mind.

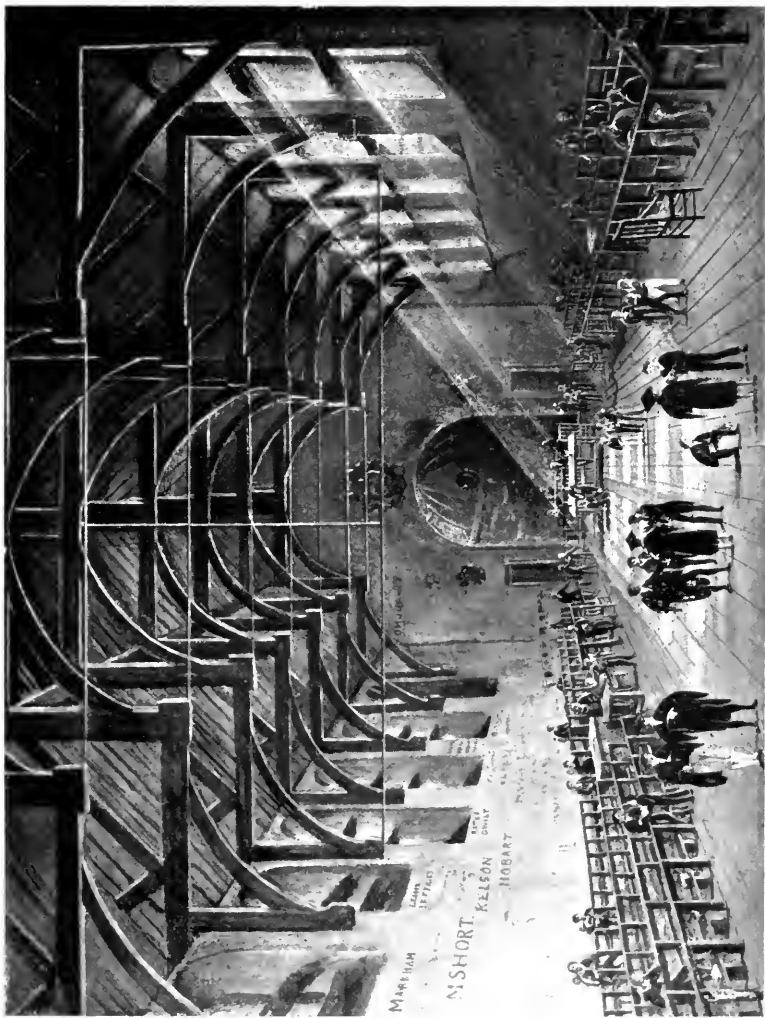
As a child, he was much interested in natural

history, and while at Stillingfleet he and his brother formed a large collection of the butterflies, moths, beetles, and other insects, to be found in that neighbourhood. Geology, conchology, and other scientific studies, were not neglected. In fact, his thirst for knowledge regarding everything pertaining to the earth and its inhabitants was as insatiable as a boy as it was in after-years when a man.

After a somewhat long holiday, which, however, was not unprofitably spent (as may well be realised from the foregoing account of his literary labours during that period), he entered Westminster School on the 27th of May, 1842, being then nearly twelve years of age. The grief connected with his home-leaving was somewhat softened by the knowledge that his brother David, and his cousin William Wickham, and Raglan Somerset (who were with him at Cheam), would be his schoolfellows at Westminster.

On the morning of his entry he was conducted, according to custom, "up school," and directed to sit behind the examination-table. To a boy of his age the whole procedure was a very awe-inspiring ordeal. The vast size of the room, with its lofty and open roof; the masters and scholars around him, attired in their college caps and gowns; the Latin prayers—all filled him with awe and wonder, with which, it must be admitted, was mingled a certain amount of nervousness due to the imposing surroundings. Then his name was called in a loud and commanding voice by the Head-Master, who interrogated him as to his general knowledge. The result of this examination was that he was placed in the "Upper School" in the "under fourth form."

According to the rules and regulations of the school, a boy in the same class as that to which the new boy is appointed was selected by the usher to act as his *Substance*, and to him the new boy became a *Shadow*. It was the duty of the *Substance* to initiate the latter in all the ordinary details connected with his



“UP SCHOOL,” WESTMINSTER.

school-life, and to see that his *Shadow* was in possession of the necessary books and other indispensable properties required for his education. The *Substance* had also to explain the localities of the various places frequented by the boys outside the precincts of the school, such as the shops where bats and balls, sweets, cakes, and other articles dear to a schoolboy's heart, were sold. It was also his duty to point out the limits that constituted "out of bounds," and other important details of a similar nature—such, for instance, as the hard-and-fast rule laid down by the boys themselves, that none but a sixth form boy was privileged to walk on the west side of Abingdon Street. In a few days the new boy was fully initiated into all the customs and routine of the school, and consequently ceased to exist as a *Shadow*, reverting again to a material body. It is interesting to know that this good old regulation regarding the *Substance* and his *Shadow* still exists at Westminster. It appears to be a very excellent school custom, tending to mitigate the sorrow and loneliness felt by a boy on leaving home, and frequently results in lifelong friendships.

Markham found that the change from a private school to Westminster was greater than he had anticipated. He was surprised to find that the boys had so much liberty, and there was a different tone and better mode of life among them. He was much impressed by the beautiful vista of cloisters, and the air of mystery and antiquity that surrounded them; also by the venerable old schoolroom in which they studied, and the glorious Abbey where the boys attended service on Sundays and saints' days. He was delighted with the proximity of the river, with the graceful "eights" and other craft gliding along its surface. All combined to excite his imagination, and he was wont to assert that Westminster School with all its attributes was a more wonderful and delightful place than he had ever imagined could exist even in his wildest dreams.

He became enthusiastic over the old school; and as the days went by this enthusiasm increased, until it developed into a love and admiration for the ancient institution and everything appertaining to it, growing in intensity as time went on.

No boy could have been more happy and more satisfied with his lot than was Markham during those hallowed and never-to-be-forgotten days at Westminster.

During his stay he was domiciled at Mr. Benthall's house, together with eight other boys whose ages varied from ten to seventeen years. It was the end house on the right-hand side, as Little Dean's Yard is entered. The ground-floor with the first and second floors were appropriated to Mr. Benthall and his family, his visitors, and servants; the nine boys were relegated to the garrets, where, however, they were very comfortable and well out of the master's way—an important consideration. Privacy was insured by what was called "poking the door"; this consisted in driving a red-hot poker through the floor against the door, and letting the end rest on the ceiling below. The boys in the school below the sixth form were all compelled to run whether coming up or going down school, even if they were called up for a flogging! An excellent practice for boys, and one that has been customary in the Navy from time immemorial.

Altogether Markham thoroughly enjoyed himself at Westminster. Directly afternoon school was over everyone went to "the Fields" for cricket and other games, or away to the boats. Markham invariably preferred the latter. He was generally selected as coxswain, and he was very proud of his skill in taking his boat through the arches of the wooden bridge at Battersea, with the oars almost touching on either side.

He loved boating, and his great ambition was to be selected for one of the eights. The great event of his first year was the race between Westminster and Eton.

He used to watch the training of the crew with the most intense interest, looked at them with the keenest admiration as they passed, and heard with wonder how the crew lived during their period of training on raw beefsteaks and porter! He was in the steamer accompanying the boats during the race; the result, to his intense joy, was that Westminster won by thirty-five seconds. He was hoarse for some days afterwards from cheering so vigorously.

The first of these races* was rowed in 1825, the course being then from Westminster to Eton *and back*, a distance of 86 miles! This was accomplished in twenty-two hours, including seven hours' detention in locks and other unforeseen stoppages. The first race with Eton was really in 1829, when Eton was victorious. Racing was kept up with the other public schools, but in a somewhat spasmodic manner, and with fluctuating fortunes, until 1884, when it finally came to an end so far as Westminster was concerned.

At Westminster, Markham made the acquaintance of James G. Goodenough, with whom he formed a lifelong friendship.

There can be no doubt that he derived great benefit from his studies at this time, and that his life was bright and happy during those two years is sufficiently testified by his constant allusions to the happiness he experienced at the school, and by the love and reverence with which he spoke in after-life of his Westminster days. He always took the greatest interest in the lives and careers of the boys who were educated there; and nothing gave him so much real pleasure, in the latter years of his life, as the honour that was accorded him when he was elected a member of the governing body of his old school, and was appointed one of the Trustees of Dr. Busby's Charity. His portrait, painted

* This was not a "race" in the ordinary acceptation of the term, but a friendly visit and a test of endurance between the two schools. A somewhat severe test it must be acknowledged!

in oils by Mr. George Henry, A.R.A.* (the best likeness of him that was ever painted), was presented to him in 1913 by his old Westminster friends and colleagues, when he resigned the presidency of the Elizabethan Club, and his membership of the governing body of the school. It was bestowed as "some acknowledgment of the great services which he has rendered to the school in his official capacities and otherwise."

* Mr. Henry has very kindly painted a replica of this picture, which he has presented to the Royal Geographical Society. In making the presentation, Mr. Henry writes that "it has been a labour of love to him to do so."

CHAPTER II

JOINS THE NAVY

DURING the time Clements Markham was at Westminster, he was a constant visitor at Langham House, the residence of his aunt, the Countess of Mansfield.* In May, 1844, he was present at a dinner-party given by Lady Mansfield, and on the retirement of the ladies from the dining-room he found himself sitting next to Rear-Admiral Sir George Seymour, who was at that time a Lord of the Admiralty.† He describes him as being a tall, handsome man in spite of the disfiguring marks of a severe wound on one side of his mouth received in Sir Richard Duckworth's brilliant action with the French Fleet in the West Indies in 1806. In the course of conversation, the Admiral asked Markham if he would like to enter the Navy and go out with him in his flagship to the Pacific, whither he was going as Commander-in-Chief. At first he did not quite realise the importance of the question, and how greatly his acceptance of the offer would influence his future life; but it appealed to his roving imagination, for he impulsively jumped at the proposal and unhesitatingly accepted it. He went back to Westminster that evening in a state of intense excitement. A few days later his father received a letter from Lady Mansfield announc-

* Langham House was at that time situated at the north end of Regent Street, facing Portland Place. The Langham Hotel now occupies the site of the old house and garden. The Countess of Mansfield was a daughter of Archbishop Markham.

† Sir G. Seymour's eldest son married the daughter of Lady Mansfield, and consequently became a cousin of Clements Markham.

ing the fact that his son would shortly receive an appointment as a naval cadet to H.M.S. *Collingwood*, about to be fitted out at Portsmouth as flagship of Sir George Seymour. This was conditional, of course, on his passing the necessary qualifying examination—an ordeal, however, that was not of a very strenuous or difficult nature.

He was taken to Portsmouth by his father on the 28th of June, and was told to report himself on board the *St. Vincent*, which was lying at Spithead. Arriving on board, and mentioning the object of his visit, he was shown into an office on the upper deck, where he found another youth, who also had just come aboard on a similar errand. There the much-dreaded examination took place. They were told to sit down and write the Lord's Prayer. The paper, however, was taken away from them before they had half completed their task, and the two candidates were informed that they had passed, and might consider themselves as officers in the Royal Navy, and that they would receive certificates to that effect in due course. Before, however, they were permitted to take their departure, a fat old doctor made his appearance, and, punching them violently in the wind, asked "if it hurt?" On their replying in the negative, he reported them as medically fit for the service.

Thus was Markham enrolled as a member of the Royal Navy with the exalted rank of Naval Cadet.* On landing with his father from the *St. Vincent*, they made all the necessary arrangements for his outfit at the first naval outfitter they passed. Clements then proceeded to spend the leave that had been granted him, in London visiting his friends.

The *Collingwood* was actually put in commission on the 4th of May. She was then a mere shell; her masts were not even in place. She had no guns, no fittings

* He was one of the first to be so called. Prior to 1844 officers of this rank were designated "first-class volunteers."

of any sort, no stores or provisions on board. The newly appointed officers and men had to provide, stow, and place, all these necessaries. In other words, they had to rig the ship from truck to keelson, and to prepare her for a full commission at sea for a period of anything under five years. Under these circumstances, as the officers and men could not well, or comfortably, be accommodated on board their own ship, they were hulked on board the *Victorious*, an old line-of-battle ship maintained in Portsmouth Harbour for such special services. On board this hulk they were kept until such time as their own ship would be ready for their reception. It was not considered desirable, however, that the younger officers should live on board these hulks while the ships to which they were appointed were fitting out, for the strict discipline maintained on board a regular man-of-war is somewhat relaxed in a hulk, where it is almost impossible to adhere strictly to the rules and regulations enforced on board a ship in commission. It is not surprising, therefore, that leave should be given to the younger officers to remain on shore until the ship was ready to receive them. This was an excellent arrangement, the more especially as we learn that in this particular instance "large jugs of beer abounded on the gunroom table "every evening," and that prize-fighters from the shore came off every night to initiate the senior members of the gunroom mess in the mysteries of the noble art of self-defence. "Sometimes the instructor was Bill Hayman, sometimes it was the 'Chicken.'" There were always nightly sprees on shore, when huge gilded boots, colossal spectacles, and other advertising symbols exhibited over the fronts of shop windows formed an irresistible temptation to young men overflowing with high animal spirits. These "signs" were often successfully purloined and taken on board the hulk and exhibited as trophies of courage and dexterity. It must be remembered that these so-called amusements were only indulged in at night, after

a hard day's work had come to an end. It was their way, in those days, of letting off steam.

While on leave in London, Markham used to go every morning to breakfast with Mr. Richmond, the celebrated artist, who was then engaged in painting in water-colours his portrait, in all the glory of his new uniform. That the result was a very charming picture may be judged by the illustration of it here given.

His time on leave passed all too quickly. There was so much to be done, so many friends to see, so many farewells to take. He could not help realising that a voyage to the Pacific Ocean meant going to the other side of the world, and remaining there for some years. There was no telegraphic communication in those days, posts were irregular, and letters took about six months to reach their destination. There was a real and pathetic meaning in the word "farewell." A departure for such a long and uncertain period was an event that entailed much sorrow and earnest thought. Still, to a boy of fourteen years of age there was much to make amends in the prospect of what lay before him: the new life he was about to lead, the strange places he was to visit, the wonderful sights he would witness, the thought of becoming personally acquainted with peoples of whom he had only read in books—all these combined to compensate him for the anguish he must otherwise have felt in parting from those he loved so dearly.

He rejoined his ship at Portsmouth, laden with presents and keepsakes from his numerous friends. But the gift he prized the most was a Bible and prayer-book, subscribed for by the boys in his house at Westminster, containing on the flyleaf the signatures of the donors.

On the 18th of July the officers and men of the *Collingwood* were "turned over" from the hulk to their proper ship, and the regular routine and discipline of a well-regulated man-of-war was henceforward enforced. Young Markham was duly initiated in the duties appertaining to his rank and position in the ship.



CLEMENTS MARKHAM AS A NAVAL CADET (AGED 14).

Painted by Thomas Richmond, 1844.

To face page 20.

Among his messmates was young Goodenough, who had been one of his principal chums at Westminster. This close friendship, renewed in the *Collingwood*, was maintained throughout the whole course of their lives.

On the 20th of July (Markham's fourteenth birthday) the *Collingwood* proceeded out of Portsmouth Harbour under all plain sail, and anchored at Spithead. It was a gallant sight, for those who were fortunate enough to witness it, to see this grand old line-of-battle ship, with her canvas swelling out before the breeze, threading her way between the numerous ships at anchor, and through the narrow entrance of the harbour, almost touching the old Quebec Hotel, which, being constructed on piles, projected out a considerable distance from the shore into the harbour, necessitating vessels, entering or leaving the port, passing in such close proximity to the building that the proverbial biscuit could be thrown with ease into the windows of the coffee-room. It was a common saying in those days that a ship in passing often poked the end of her flying jib-boom into the hotel window! But steam has revolutionised all this, besides which the old Quebec Hotel no longer exists.

Markham had a great love and admiration for his ship, as all sailors should; and as he gazed upon her sailing out of harbour that memorable morning, he expressed his opinion that "she was the most perfect and beautiful sight in the world; certainly she could not be surpassed for grace and beauty by anything afloat; her very appearance gave an air of power and grandeur that it was impossible to describe."

The journal which he kept at that time is a pattern of neatness, and contains a marvellous description of the ship and all her internal arrangements. Plans and sketches of the various parts are carefully drawn. All the flags used for the purpose of transmitting signals from one ship to another are beautifully painted in their correct colours. He enters into minute details regarding the daily routine, the various drills that were carried

out, the hours for their meals, their watches, their duties, and, in fact, everything connected with their daily life on board. Nothing is omitted; everything is described down to the smallest details, such as how the time on board ship is kept; who is responsible for the striking of the bell; and the method of heaving the log for the purpose of ascertaining the speed of the ship. The description and biography of every officer in the ship, from the Admiral down to himself, together with their several pedigrees and coats of arms, correctly emblazoned in colours, are clearly set forth. Even the names and histories of several members of the crew, more especially those with whom he was most closely associated in his watch and other duties, are set down. He loved his ship, and thought there was nothing in the world that could compare with her either in beauty or efficiency.

It was usual at that time for a flag officer, proceeding to the command of a foreign station, to take his family out as passengers in his flagship, provided, of course, there was no immediate probability of the ship being actively engaged with an enemy. Sir George Seymour took full advantage of the privilege, and on this occasion he was accompanied by his wife, four daughters, one son* aged six, and a full complement of servants of both sexes. The quarters they occupied are fully described by Markham in his journal, and he does not omit even to record where the cow which came on board with them at the last moment was located.

He made many good and stanch friends among the officers of the ship, several of whom rose to distinction in the service. Among these may be mentioned the Flag Lieutenant, Beauchamp Seymour,† Lieutenant William Peel,‡ Lieutenant R. Quin,§ Lieutenant Reginald

* Afterwards General Lord William F. Seymour, G.C.B. Died 1914.

† Admiral Lord Alcester, G.C.B.

‡ Afterwards Captain Sir William Peel, V.C., K.C.B.

§ Died Rear-Admiral Richard Quin. Married a sister of Clements Markham.

McDonald,* Algernon De Horsey,† Sherard Osborn, and James G. Goodenough.

Markham was always very conservative in his views and opinions on naval matters, especially in connection with all details regarding dress and appearance. At the time of which we write beards and moustaches were unheard of in the Service; in fact, the latter were only worn by cavalrymen. When Mr. Childers, who was First Lord of the Admiralty in 1870, issued an order making the abolition of the razor optional in the Navy, Markham declared the Service was "going to the dogs." This was a favourite expression of his when innovations were introduced, and he frequently remarks in his journal on events that happened before, or after, the Service had "quite gone to the dogs."

His descriptions of his brother officers are made at some length, and are very amusing. No one escapes his criticism, not even the Admiral or the Captain. The latter was "Smart‡ by name and Smart by nature—a good sailor, a strict officer, and a rigid disciplinarian." The Commander, Captain Broadhead, is "admitted to be the smartest and best commander in the Service: his mouth was that of a sybarite when at rest, but in anger it was compressed; but he had a very winning smile and he was a good fellow." Another officer—we dare not mention his name—he describes as "an old fellow with a large stomach, sly and deceitful, but outwardly a jolly old boy." Yet another was "well read, intelligent, and a thorough seaman." And so his journal goes on through the entire list of more than seventy officers that were on board the *Collingwood* when he joined the ship at Portsmouth. Of his young friend Goodenough he writes: "He was honourable, true, tender-hearted,

* Known in the Navy as "Rim" McDonald. Died a Vice-Admiral and a K.C.B.

† Admiral Sir Algernon De Horsey, G.C.B.

‡ Admiral Sir Robert Smart. Was Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean, 1864.

modest, brave, and a hater of all things evil. Everyone loved him, and he was a true and constant friend. We always called him 'Goodie.'" What a delightful description of one boy by another! A description that remained faithful and accurate all the days of his life.

His Admiral held very decided views regarding the habit of smoking, which perhaps would hardly be tolerated at the present day. On hoisting his flag on board the *Collingwood*, he issued a memorandum in which he denounced smoking as "a deleterious and filthy habit that destroyed the inner coating of the stomach and rendered the smoker unfit for social purposes." Although permission was given to the men to smoke, they could only do so at certain times and in places specially appointed for the purpose. With regard to the officers, the Admiral expressed a pious hope that they would not

"practise this dirty and disgusting vice. If any officer was unable to exist without smoking, he was to report himself to the Admiral, when a time and place would be allotted to him for the purpose of indulging in this pernicious habit."

It is needless to say that no officer dared so to report himself. The Captain of Marines, however, was an inveterate smoker, but, not wishing the Admiral to become acquainted with the fact, he continued at the risk of his life to enjoy (?) the fragrant weed by hanging out of the bow port on the main deck, with his feet resting on the bobstay. In this position he was able to escape from the visual as well as the olfactory sense of the Admiral. It is difficult in the present day to conceive a man-of-war in which the officers are practically prohibited from smoking. The habit is, if anything, steadily on the increase, and in many ships it is indulged in at all times and in all places, to the great discomfort and annoyance of those who do not practise the "vice."

Just before leaving England, Markham was invited to luncheon by the Admiral. Here he was greatly interested in meeting Lady Seaford, whose first husband had been Sir Thomas Hardy, Nelson's Flag Captain in the *Victory* at the Battle of Trafalgar. Many distinguished visitors came off to the ship, among them the Prince of Prussia (afterwards the first German Emperor), who was accompanied by the old Duke of Wellington and Prince Albert. The Lords of the Admiralty also visited her, more or less officially. On the completion of their inspection they were being entertained at luncheon by the Admiral, when suddenly a heavy splash was heard immediately astern of the ship, and therefore distinctly noticeable by the luncheon-party in the Admiral's after-cabin. This was quickly followed by two other splashes close alongside, and immediately afterwards the cry of "Man overboard!" resounded throughout the ship. Their lordships left their lunch in great haste, and rushed to the stern gallery, whence they beheld a couple of men struggling in the water, endeavouring to support a boy who had apparently fallen overboard. A boat speedily effected their rescue, and the three were safely brought on board. "My Lords" were full of praise and admiration at the gallant conduct of the two officers, who had, as they innocently supposed, risked their lives by plunging overboard to the assistance of their young messmate.

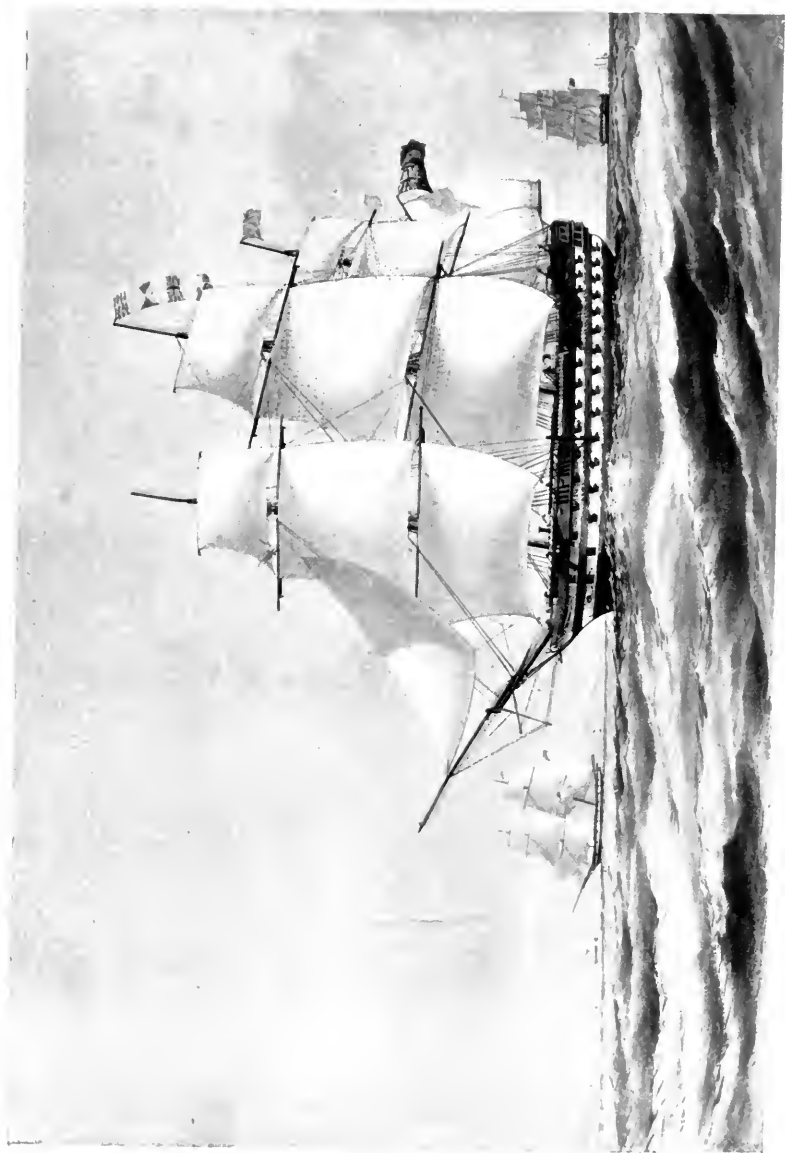
The Captain of the ship, however, being a very canny man as well as a strict disciplinarian, saw through the plot, and, sending for the two officers, instead of complimenting them on their gallant action, administered a severe wiggling to them on the quarter-deck; he further informed their lordships that the whole thing was a prearranged plot, craftily designed by the two officers to bring themselves to the immediate notice of their lordships with a view to promotion! They had induced the youngest naval cadet, after satisfying themselves that he could swim, to jump overboard through the stern

port in the gunroom; they then plunged into the sea to effect his supposed rescue! We hasten to add that Markham was *not* the consenting party.

On the 6th of September the Admiral's party embarked, and the following day at 2.30 p.m. the *Collingwood* weighed anchor and proceeded under all plain sail on her long voyage to the Pacific. She was followed for some hours by a crowd of yachts and sailing boats, containing friends of the officers, all wildly cheering and waving their farewells. Favoured by fine weather and fair breezes, the ship made good progress. The young naval cadet thoroughly enjoyed the new life, the threshold of which he had just crossed. He was never weary of gazing aloft and watching the great sails as they swelled out before the breeze, or lazily flapped against the masts and rigging when the wind fell. He loved to watch from the bowsprit the great ship ploughing her way through the bright blue sea, and to mark the waves rising and falling, their crests tumbling over in white foam into the hollows formed by their unceasing movements. All was new to him, he did not suffer from sea-sickness, and we can realise how thoroughly a boy of his creative imagination appreciated the new life upon which he was now embarking.

Markham was an exceedingly good-looking boy, and was a great favourite with all the officers, one of whom described him as "the most beautiful as well as the most engaging boy on board the ship." In another letter written to his father by one of his friends, reference is made to "his gentle, sweet manners and his extreme beauty."

He was of course appointed to keep watch, and was fortunate in being placed in that of the First Lieutenant, Mr. Hankey, an excellent officer and a good friend. The officer of the forecastle was Lieutenant Peel, in whose company he invariably passed the greater part of the watch, and to whom he was indebted for much useful advice on professional and other matters. In such in-



H.M.S. "COLLINGWOOD."

structive conversation the watches passed quickly and pleasantly, and he often regretted hearing eight bells strike, knowing that his duties were, for the time being, at an end.

After a pleasant run of thirteen days, the *Collingwood* cast anchor in Funchal Roads, Madeira. It was a day of great excitement for all the youngsters, especially for our Naval Cadet. Leave having been granted, it was not long before the shore was reached, and our friends, mounted on wiry little horses, went scampering about all over the island, the attendant horse-boys keeping up with them by hanging on to the tails of their steeds. Everything they did and saw was of the greatest interest to them. They were particularly amused with the head-dress of the natives, both men and women, which consisted of little blue skull-caps fitting closely round their heads, surmounted by a stiff standing-up tail, which they thought resembled an inverted wine funnel. Their stay on shore, however, was brief, for they were obliged to be on board by sunset, as they sailed the same night. The visit, however short, was a most enjoyable one, and afforded a pleasant relaxation after the monotony of being so many days at sea.

His life on board was not an idle one. In addition to carrying out his duties as a watch-keeping officer, which necessitated his being on deck about eight hours out of the twenty-four, he had to attend school under the Naval Instructor from 9 to 11.30 a.m. every day except Saturdays and Sundays. At 11.30 every morning the midshipmen assembled on the poop with their sextants or quadrants (as the case might be) for the purpose of observing the meridian altitude of the sun. The afternoons were devoted to the carrying out of various drills, such as gunnery, cutlass, and rifle exercises, seamanship, including knotting and splicing, and so forth. On particular days, also, they were made thoroughly acquainted with all the different parts of the ship by personally visiting them, and learning the purposes for

which they were utilised. The construction of the ship was explained to them, and they were taught the names of the spars, sails, rigging, etc., specially qualified petty officers being selected as the instructors.

On one occasion when one of these men was pointing out and describing, for the information of the youngsters, the names and uses of the various ropes, he casually remarked that "they were very dry." Markham, always thirsting for knowledge, innocently inquired, "Why should they not be dry, as no rain has fallen for some days?" and he also wanted to know "if wet weather was in any way prejudicial to the ropes."

"You goose!" said one of the midshipmen; "what he wants is a tot of grog!"

The Admiral and his family were very kind to him, and he was frequently invited to lunch or dine in the cabin. He was decidedly of opinion that the presence of the ladies on board added immensely to the charm of the voyage. Lady Seymour was extremely kind, especially to the young officers, and her daughters were most good-natured.

As they proceeded south, and the weather became warm, dancing was frequently indulged in on the quarter-deck in the evenings, the band largely contributing to the enjoyment of everyone. Any spare time they may have had at their disposal during the day, the youngsters spent in fishing from the end of the bowsprit for bonita, dolphins, and other denizens of the tropical seas. Sometimes success rewarded their efforts, and a very welcome addition was made to their breakfasts, but as a rule an empty bag was the result of their labour. At any rate, they had all the excitement and anticipation of success which is incidental to fishing, even at home!

As they approached the Equator, great preparations were made for the reception of Neptune, for it had been arranged that the customary ceremony was to be observed in full detail.

On the evening before reaching the line, just after

dark, a sonorous voice was heard, apparently a long way ahead, hailing the ship: "Ship ahoy! What ship is that?"

Amid intense silence Captain Smart from the poop solemnly answered: "Her Britannic Majesty's ship *Collingwood*."

Neptune then asked: "Are any of my children on board?"

To which the Captain replied: "Yes, several."

"Then, I will come on board to-morrow," said the Sea-God.

To which the Captain replied: "We shall be happy to see you."

Neptune then took his departure, apparently on a blazing tar-barrel, which remained in sight a long time in the wake of the ship.

On the following day, Friday, the 11th of October, the *Collingwood* crossed the line and entered the Southern Hemisphere. The youngsters were much excited, and those who perhaps thought they were a little unpopular with the men were in no slight trepidation regarding the treatment that might be meted out to them by the Tritons during the forthcoming ceremony. A large sail had been rigged up along one side of the main deck, and had been filled with water to the depth of four or five feet. When all was ready, the drum and fife band announced the arrival of the Sea-Potentate. A procession was formed at the fore end of the ship, which, accompanied by the strains of martial music, marched aft to the quarter-deck.

First came the bears and seals, inimitably got up. Then the Tritons attired in coloured bunting, with swabs* round their waists. These were followed by half a dozen men representing curious sea-beasts, drawing a car elaborately decorated with coloured bunting, on which, in solemn majesty, sat King Neptune. On his head was

* A swab is a long bundle of thrums or unravelled rope-yarns used in drying the decks of a ship.

a crown ingeniously constructed of tin, and in his hand he held a trident, or grains,* as a sceptre. He had on a crimson robe, with swabs hanging as a girdle round his waist, and his legs were bare. A long flowing beard, made of rope-yarns, reached down to his waist. Following close behind came his Queen, the beautiful Amphitrite, clad in a lovely white dress, with an elegant lace cap upon her head; on her mouth were fixed two rows of sharp iron teeth somewhat similar to those of a rat-trap. Next came Their Majesties' clerk, accompanied by the Royal Barber. The former wore a wig made of oakum in which were stuck a number of quill-pens; while the latter was provided with a tin pot containing a horrible concoction of tar, soft soap, and other abominations, wherewith to lather the faces of the candidates for initiation prior to being shaved. The Barber was provided with three different razors all constructed of hoop iron: No. 1 had a smooth edge, No. 2 had a rough edge, but No. 3 had a serrated edge with teeth like a saw. The different classes of razors were used on the victims in accordance with their popularity—or otherwise—with the men. There was also a Doctor in attendance, attached to His Majesty's suite. The candidates for initiation were only permitted to remain on deck long enough to witness the arrival of the procession; they were then summarily driven below by the Tritons to wait until their presence was required on deck.

The Admiral and the ladies viewed the operations from the poop with much interest and no little amusement. Markham and one or two of his particular friends were artful enough to find out beforehand the men who had been told off to represent the characters of the Barber and the Doctor, and had taken the precaution of "squaring" these important functionaries, so that they might be let off easily. When Markham's

* A species of harpoon, having several barbed points, used for striking dolphins, etc.

turn came, he was brought on deck and formally presented to Amphitrite, who, to his consternation, embraced him warmly. But in doing so she carefully avoided touching him with her iron teeth! The Doctor then approached and felt his pulse, and, remarking that he did not require any physic, turned him over to the Barber, who passed No. 1 razor over his face without the application of any "shaving soap." He was then tilted backwards into the sail full of water, seized by one of the attendant Tritons, who gave him one "delicious ducking" and then released him. After having successfully passed through the ordeal, he was at liberty to do what he liked and to take part in the fun.

The most unpopular person on board appeared to be one of the ship's corporals,* who probably by the rigorous performance of his duties had made himself somewhat objectionable to the ship's company. Amphitrite gave him a very vicious bite with her iron teeth, the Doctor stuffed into his mouth the most indescribable filth, which he was pleased to call medicine, and the Barber was lavish with his "shaving soap." Needless to say, he was operated on with No. 3 razor, the instrument whose edge resembled a "dissipated saw," and he was half drowned by the Tritons when they got him in the sail. The ceremonies terminated at about noon, when Neptune was triumphantly drawn round the upper deck in his car, and took his departure from the ship.

We have purposely described this function at some length so that the reader may gain a slight conception of what was a very ordinary custom on board an English man-of-war at that period. In these practical and somewhat prosaic days (at any rate before the outbreak of the war) it might be regarded as a nonsensical amusement, not altogether harmonising with the interests of discipline. But it must not be forgotten that in those earlier days ships were very often two or three months at sea at a stretch; and such an incident as the crossing of the

* A member of the ship's police.

Equator, with all its attendant ancient customs and ceremonies, was always looked forward to with pleasurable anticipation, even by those who were about to take part for the first time in this antiquated nautical rite. It must also be remembered that every soul in the ship was interested, and even associated, in the successful conduct of the pageant. It was a diversion that tended very materially to relieve the monotony of a long sea-voyage, and it seldom had any ill effect upon discipline.

On the 22nd of October the ship entered the magnificent harbour of Rio de Janeiro. It was a lovely day, and everyone was on deck admiring the glorious scenery presented by this most beautiful of harbours. On the port hand as they entered was the precipitous Sugar Loaf Mountain, while to the southward rose a curious peak known by the name of Lord Hood's Nose, in consequence, presumably, of its resemblance to the nasal protuberance of that distinguished Admiral. In the near distance, apparently dominating the town, rose the majestic Mount Corcovado. The bay is deservedly celebrated for its loveliness, and is regarded not only as one of the most beautiful, but also one of the most secure and spacious anchorages in the world.

The sound of the cable running through the hawse-pipe, as the anchor was dropped, had hardly ceased before Markham and three or four of his messmates were on their way to the shore. There was no changing into plain clothes—such a transformation was not even dreamt of in the days before *the service went to the dogs*—but, just as they were, dressed in their everyday uniform, with trousers that were only sufficiently white to comply with the dress regulations then in force, and possibly with not too much money in their pockets, they jumped into a boat and were rowed to the landing-place. After visiting the cathedral and other places of interest, eager for a jaunt, they hired horses and proceeded to ascend Mount Corcovado. This was successfully achieved, although not without difficulty, for the horses had to be abandoned some distance below the summit,

and the last part of the ascent was perforce made on foot. On reaching the summit their exertions were rewarded by a magnificent view of the surrounding country, which lay spread out as on a map at their feet. Their descent, however, was somewhat accelerated by a heavy shower of tropical rain.

They spent ten very happy days at Rio, seeing all there was to be seen in the town, and riding about the country to their hearts' content. On leaving, they encountered very heavy weather, but the *Collingwood* proved an excellent sailer, and, apart from the usual discomforts of a gale of wind, they had little to complain of. A course was shaped for the Falkland Islands, and as they proceeded to the southward the weather became appreciably colder, and they made the acquaintance of the mighty albatross, the different kinds of petrels, the pretty black and white Cape pigeons, and other sea-birds indigenous to the Southern Ocean.

Gales of wind accompanied by heavy seas do not add to the comfort of life on board a ship. To walk the deck even is a hazardous exercise; while any attempt to repose stretched out on the lockers in the gunroom often involves a disagreeable fall to the deck! Added to these troubles is the indescribable "fugginess" prevailing between-decks, owing to the lack of fresh air, all ports and hatchways being, of course, tightly closed. Markham, however, did not appear to be affected by these discomforts. He was a first-rate sailor, and seemed rather to enjoy a gale of wind than otherwise. He was indefatigable in his endeavours to acquire professional knowledge, and was intensely keen in observing all the precautions that were adopted in order to make the ship as easy and snug as the adverse circumstances would permit.

On the 17th of November, 1844, they arrived at the Falkland Islands. It was blowing very fresh at the time, and as the wind was dead ahead, they were obliged to beat up a rather narrow channel to the anchorage off Fort William. The settlement situated at the head of the

harbour was not a very large one, the inhabitants consisting only of the Governor, a company of sappers and miners under the command of an officer of the Royal Engineers, and a few farmers and other settlers with their families.

Markham was one of the first to land. The spirit of exploration had already taken firm hold of him. He was accompanied by several of his messmates. They succeeded in borrowing the naval instructor's gun, arranging among themselves that they were to shoot in turns. They had been informed that the island abounded with wild horses and cattle, besides wild-duck, teal, snipe, and rabbits, and they looked forward to a good day's sport, with the prospect of a rich and varied bag. They were also accompanied by the Admiral's dog, but with or without permission is not stated. The first signs of animal life that came under their notice on landing was a large crowd of penguins, which advanced steadily and solemnly against them in an unbroken phalanx. They tried to drive them off, but without success. The Admiral's dog was much too frightened to be of any assistance, and they were obliged to beat an ignominious retreat. After some little time they observed in the distance what they described afterwards as a "ferocious-looking calf." This was successfully stalked and slain. Elated at their success, they carried the carcass triumphantly on board as evidence of their prowess.

The ship proceeded on her voyage the same evening, but just as they were getting under weigh a boat came alongside with a very irate sergeant of sappers in it. In a state of intense excitement, he shouted out that the calf which had been shot was a tame one belonging to the Governor, and he demanded that it should be immediately handed over to him. This was a sad termination to their trip on shore, for not only did they lose what they expected would provide them with fresh food for the next two or three days, but the unfortunate youngster who shot the animal was punished by being put into "watch and watch" for a week: This meant

being kept on deck every alternate four hours, day and night, for seven days.

Very stormy weather was experienced after leaving the Falkland Islands, and one misfortune followed another in rapid succession. The first was the loss of one of their men, who accidentally fell overboard and was drowned. This was the third event of the kind that had occurred since leaving England. The next was a somewhat serious accident to Markham himself. Just as he was attempting to get into his hammock, the ship gave a tremendous lurch, and, losing his hold, he was flung backwards into the boatswain's store-room, a fall of about 12 feet. He was picked up unconscious and placed in Lieutenant Quin's cabin, who, with great good nature, had at once placed it entirely at his young friend's disposal. He did not recover consciousness until the following morning. Fortunately, no serious injury was sustained, and he was only on the sick-list for a week, when he returned to duty. He was well looked after by his numerous friends on board, and received constant visits from the ladies.

These untoward occurrences culminated on the night of the 4th of December, when the mainyard was carried away in a heavy gale. This necessitated the reduction of all sail on the mainmast. It was found necessary to get the injured spar on deck, so as to "fish" it, and render it serviceable again. This was no easy matter, with the ship pitching and rolling in a heavy sea, and with insufficient sail set to keep her steady. However, the men worked willingly, every man put his shoulder to the wheel, and the following evening the temporary repairs were completed, the yard swayed up to its proper place, and the sail bent and set. A very creditable performance.

On the 15th of December, after a somewhat eventful and tempestuous voyage, they anchored in Valparaiso Bay, glad to reach port and indulge in a real rest after their turbulent month at sea. On arrival, Admiral Seymour assumed command of the Pacific Station.

CHAPTER III

THE PACIFIC STATION

VALPARAISO in those days was, as it still is, the principal seaport of the Republic of Chile. It possesses a fairly good anchorage except when a severe "norther" is blowing, when ships invariably have to put to sea. The approach of one of these storms is generally indicated by a heavy swell setting into the bay, and this gives the vessels at anchor in the harbour sufficient warning to put to sea in time. The excessive depth of water in the bay is one of its chief disadvantages as an anchorage.

The town is prettily situated along the coast, and has for a background the distant range of the Cordilleras of the Andes, with the snow-covered peak of Aconcagua rising above the ridge. The lesser mountain, called the Compañía of Quillota (which, by the way, strongly resembles Mount Aconcagua in shape), occupies the middle distance. The cliffs which fringe the bay rise abruptly from the sea, and the town has the appearance of nestling at their base. There are three hills at the back of the town, much frequented by our sailors when they have leave to go on shore, named by them the Fore, Main, and Mizen Tops. These are literally covered with grog-shops, which may perhaps account for their attraction to the bluejackets.

When Markham was at Valparaiso the place was replete with reminiscences of Lord Cochrane. In 1821, with a small force specially organised by him and under his immediate command, he paralysed the movements of the Spanish Viceroy at Lima, thus practically securing the independence of Chile. Many of Lord

Cochrane's officers married Chilian wives and settled in the country. To this fact may be attributed the large number of English names borne by distinguished Chilians, such as Williams, Edwards, Simpson, and Lynch. The contractor who provided the *Collingwood* and other English men-of-war with supplies during their stay at Valparaiso was an old Scotsman named Macfarlane, who had been purser under Lord Cochrane. Markham says concerning him, "he was a fine old fellow" who supplied them with most excellent provisions, but his biscuits "could only be nibbled at the sides; inside they were like marble."

The ship's stay at Valparaiso was most enjoyable. The midshipmen had plenty of leave, of which they took the fullest advantage; and Markham, being a universal favourite, was frequently taken on shore by one or other of the wardroom officers. Lieutenants Quin and Peel were particularly good to him in this respect; in fact, they invariably showed him the greatest kindness. On one occasion he was out riding with the last-named friend, when, he relates, his horse suddenly stopped dead, its legs wide apart, as if its rider had lassoed a bullock. The immediate result was that Markham shot over its head; but, fortunately, he was none the worse for his fall. Proceeding, they came to a plain some twelve miles across, bounded by a range of lofty mountains. They set off at full gallop, urging the horses to their utmost speed, when again his horse stopped short, and again was he shot over its head. After remounting, he persuaded Peel to try to pick up his handkerchief from the ground when at full gallop. The result was a fall for Peel, and his horse, being freed of its rider, started off "full pelt" for Valparaiso, hotly pursued by Markham. After a long and provoking chase, he succeeded in heading the runaway, and eventually caught it and brought it back to its rider. With daily incidents of a somewhat similar character, it is not to be wondered that the time at Valparaiso passed all too quickly.

Meanwhile the ship had been thoroughly refitted, the mainyard had been repaired in an efficient manner, the rigging overhauled and set up, and all defects made good. On the 13th of January the Seymours, having rented a nice house on shore, left the ship, much to the regret of all the officers; and two days later the *Collingwood* put to sea bound for Arica. The Admiral hoisted his flag in the *Cormorant* (a steam-sloop), with the object of visiting all the intermediate ports between Valparaiso and Arica.

On the 21st of January they obtained their first glimpse of the dreary coast of Peru with its rocky cliffs and sandy wastes, and the following day they anchored off the port of Arica. The surrounding country presented a barren and uninviting appearance. Here the Admiral rejoined them. A small dance was given on board, and several Peruvian ladies came off to it. Markham found that his perseverance in making himself acquainted with the Spanish language met with its due reward, for he succeeded in talking with tolerable fluency to his partners in their own tongue.

Their next anchorage was Callao, the seaport of Lima, the capital of Peru. From the bay could be seen the numerous towers of Lima, and beyond these were the high peaks of the Cordilleras of the Andes, some of them reaching into the clouds. The view filled Markham with delight, for there before him, only a short distance off, lay the "City of Kings," the far-famed capital of the Great Spanish Viceroys, about which he had recently been reading with intense interest in Robertson's narrative of Pizarro's career. He longed to rush off and see for himself all the wondrous sights in this most wonderful city, the subject of his thoughts by day and of his dreams by night. But he had to curb his impatience for a few days; his duties had to be attended to on board, and for a time he was unable to obtain the leave that was necessary to enable him to visit Lima.

Mention has already been made of the great friend-

ship that had sprung up between Markham and Lieutenant Peel. It was an important one, for it was a friendship that did much to shape Markham's character, and one that exerted a beneficial influence on his after-life. During the long night watches many were the talks they had together as they paced up and down the fore-castle. Peel's view was that an officer in the Navy should devote all his talents and all his energies to the Service; that his own interests, his aims and studies, should be subservient to the Navy. But he held that a good naval officer, besides being a good sailor, must be well informed, especially in history, geography, and poetry. He recommended Markham to read Milton's "Paradise Lost," because, he said, "it is the grandest poem in our language, and it is the richest storehouse of good English words and phrases." He also advised him to read all the most memorable voyages and travels, and impressed upon him that a naval officer, who kept his eyes open, possessed unequalled opportunities of becoming a sound geographer. He frequently dilated upon the rules of conduct which from the first he had established for his own guidance in the Navy.

In these conversations there was never any assumption of superiority, no attempt to be didactic, only an eager desire to impart useful advice to one for whom he entertained a sincere regard which amounted almost to affection. That it was so accepted, and appreciated, by his young friend is evidenced by the following extract from Markham's journal in reference to his mentor:

"His noble thoughts and good advice sank into my heart gradually as the golden fruit of much converse, for the most part light and merry. We often discussed Service questions, and he explained in detail numerous points in seamanship and gunnery which I had failed to grasp. At other times he dwelt upon the life-stories of naval worthies, discussing their respective merits and their battles. He also talked of friendships: how they were formed, and how they ought to be maintained."

These conversations with an officer so much his senior, and for whom he had such a high regard, made a deep impression upon young Markham, who was of a most impressionable nature; and his distress may well be imagined when he was informed, by Peel himself, that the Admiral was about to send him to England as the bearer of important dispatches to the Admiralty, and that he would not, in all probability, return to the *Collingwood*. He was to be transferred to the *America*, put on shore on the coast, and ordered to find his way across Mexico, arrangements being made for an English man-of-war to meet him on the Atlantic side. He left on the 16th of February, 1845.

Markham writes, after he had bidden him farewell: "My heart is like lead. I went down into one of the cabins, and shed bitter tears." He regarded this parting as the turning-point of his career. Peel was the one man to whom he invariably looked for support and advice, and he had a great influence for good over the young cadet. In after-years Markham frequently asserted that, although his zeal for the Service would never under any circumstances have abated, still, the intensity of his interest in the Navy considerably diminished after the departure of Lieutenant Peel. He continued, however, to be as zealous as ever, and he strove to carry out his duties in a manner that he knew would have given pleasure to his friend. He was a boy who really needed such a guide, and he felt that without him it would be difficult to avoid going astray. He ceased all attempts to conquer his temper and his self-will; in other words, he neglected to take any interest in himself. His friend had been called away to fulfil a glorious destiny, and he felt hurt at not being able to share it with him.*

* On his arrival in England with the despatches, Peel was at once promoted to the rank of Commander. He was appointed to the command of the *Daring* brig, in which he distinguished himself in the West Indies, and was promoted to the rank of Captain. His

It is probable that this assumed loss of interest in the Navy (although he was still as eager as ever to make himself thoroughly proficient in everything connected with his duties, and did his best to maintain discipline so far as in him lay) was caused in a great measure by the severity of the punishments that were inflicted on the men for what, to him, appeared to be but slight breaches of discipline. The practice of corporal punishment was carried to excess in those days, and the infliction of it was most repugnant to him. Although he had, in common with every officer and man belonging to the ship, to be present on those lamentable occasions, he always placed a considerable distance between himself and those who were suffering, so that he could neither see nor hear what was going on. Perhaps it is not too much to assert that it was in great measure due to the severity of the punishments inflicted on the men in the ships in which he served, that Markham retired from the Service to which he was really endeared and to which he was so proud to belong. He always regarded corporal punishment, as then administered, cruel and barbarous; and no one was more pleased than he when informed that flogging in the Navy had been

geographical instincts led him to turn to African exploration. He reached Khartoum, and penetrated as far as El Obeid, when a serious illness compelled him to return to England. In 1852 he was appointed to the command of the *Diamond*, and was sent out to the Black Sea on the outbreak of the war with Russia. He was landed with the Naval Brigade during the siege of Sebastopol, when his heroic and distinguished conduct in the trenches earned for him the C.B. and the Victoria Cross. In 1856 he was appointed to the *Shannon* in the East Indies, and commanded the Naval Brigade that was sent up to Lucknow during the Indian Mutiny. For his services he was created a K.C.B., but, alas! he was attacked by smallpox, and died at Cawnpore in April, 1858, at the age of thirty-four. Markham writes: "Very few men have crowded so many glorious achievements into so brief a space of time. Still fewer have done so much good by their example and their influence. He was the perfect model of what a British naval officer ought to be."

practically abolished. But, alas! that did not take place until many years after he had severed his active connection with the Service.

It was a fortuitous chance that, on the day following the departure of Lieutenant Peel, Markham obtained permission to go up to Lima in company with Mr. Johnson, the Naval Instructor; and thus his thoughts were temporarily diverted from the sorrow he felt at the loss of his friend. Three of his messmates, among whom was young Goodenough, made up the party. Railway service between Callao and Lima had not then been introduced, and they had to travel up in the ordinary omnibus that plied between the two towns. After depositing at an hotel the small amount of baggage they had brought with them, they started off to see everything that could be seen in this most interesting city. Markham, by virtue, possibly, of having already written a history of the country when he was a boy,* acted as cicerone to the party. Every place of importance or of historical interest, we may be sure, was visited. On going into the cathedral they found High Mass was being celebrated, at which the acting President of the Republic was present, attended by a numerous staff of officers and Court functionaries. The Archbishop of Lima was the celebrant. A strong military force, consisting of about a thousand men, was drawn up in the *plaza* as a guard in the event of any disturbance taking place, a not unlikely incident in the city of Lima at that time. During their peregrinations they crossed the River Rimac by an excellent stone bridge, and explored the suburb of San Lazaro. They also visited a *pulperia* (small tavern), where they were regaled with a delicious Peruvian drink called *chicha*.

Next morning they continued their inspection of the city. They went to see the Church of Santo Domingo, where there is a beautiful recumbent marble statue of Santa Rosa, the patron saint of Lima. Further afield

* See p. 10.

they visited the great cemetery outside the city walls. The gates were locked, but bars and bolts had to give way to the vigorous efforts of the midshipmen, and they were speedily forced open. Markham states that "the system of interment was curious, and well repaid the visit." They were also much interested in seeing a flock of llamas, which are the principal beasts of burden in that country. The museum containing the Inca antiquities was not neglected, nor were the series of portraits of the Viceroys of Peru collected under the same roof.

Thence to the crypt of the cathedral to see the remains of Francisco Pizarro, the conqueror of Peru. The skeleton with the skin dried on it was lying in a niche in the wall. It is related that one of the party tore off a joint of the fore-finger and took it on board the *Collingwood*. Subsequently it was made into the handle of a silver seal, with the word KISMET engraved on it. They returned to the ship that evening, having spent two most interesting days at Lima.

Markham paid many more visits to the city, and was never so happy as when engaged in his researches in the history of the ancient Incas, which always had an extraordinary fascination for him, even to the end of his eventful life. He enjoyed visiting the banks of the Rimac, and in company with some of his messmates passed the time in "fishing, and spearing camerones,* roasting potatoes, and bathing." Having been warned of the danger attached to this particular locality, of being robbed and stripped by the truculent negroes of the neighbouring haciendas, they hid some old trousers under large stones, so that, if they were deprived of their clothing, they would be able to return to Callao with some show of decency! Occasionally Markham would borrow the Naval Instructor's gun, and set off in quest of doves, sandpipers, and other birds that frequented the valley of the Rimac. But he never really cared for shooting as a sport; his repugnance to taking

* Small species of crustacea found in South American rivers.

life not unnaturally interfered with his keenness in this direction. What he loved was the outdoor life untrammelled by naval discipline or quarter-deck conventionalities, free to do as he liked and responsible to no one for what he did. He was always a great reader, and, thanks to the Admiral and other officers in the ship who placed their books at his disposal, he was able to gratify his craving for literary knowledge. He seems to have preferred staying on board and reading "Paradise Lost," Hall's "Fragments," and the Voyages of Dampier, Burney, Cook, Vancouver, and others, even to visiting his beloved banks of the Rimac.

After short visits to different places along the west coast, the ship returned to Valparaiso, where, it will be remembered, the Admiral had left his family. Markham was invited to spend a week with them in their house. To his great delight, he was able to accept, and a most pleasant week it was. They were all very good to him; as he himself says, "It was so pleasant to be in an English home so far away from England, with all the home comforts and associations, everybody so kind and agreeable." The days passed all too quickly. He accompanied the young ladies wherever they went, making the acquaintance of various Chilian families. Among those whom he met in this manner was the prima donna, Signorina Rossi, whose friendship he retained until he left the station, besides other members of the operatic company then performing in Valparaiso. A grand ball was given by the Admiral and officers of the *Collingwood*, and a very minute description of the arrangements carried out on board is given in his journal. "Nothing to be compared with it," he writes, "had ever been seen on board a man-of-war at Valparaiso or anywhere else. It was a perfect scene of enchantment." After a pleasant fortnight at Valparaiso, they returned to Callao, arriving at that port on the 7th of May, 1845.

On their arrival, they found that diplomatic relations between the Republic of Peru and Great Britain

were much strained. It appeared that the Prefect of Tacna had very grossly insulted the British Vice-Consul at Arica. Fortunately, in Sir George Seymour we had a clear-headed, prompt, and vigorous man of action. He demanded an immediate apology, together with the instant supersession of the Peruvian official. The usual subterfuges were resorted to by the Peruvian authorities; but the Admiral was not to be trifled with, and the President of Peru was informed that, unless a successor was sent by the next steamer to relieve the Prefect at Tacna, hostilities would begin. In the meantime the English men-of-war in harbour made all the necessary preparations for immediate action. In the *Collingwood* all the cabin guns were mounted and placed in their proper ports, the stays, backstays, and rigging, were "snaked" to prevent their falling on deck if severed by gunfire, and the ships were moved to within gunshot of the castle and other fortifications. Needless to say, all on board were wildly excited at the prospect of a fight.

Just before the departure of the steamer to Tacna, however, the President, General Don Ramon Castilla, prudently yielded, and our terms were accepted in full. Friendly relations were completely restored, and on the following Sunday the President visited the *Collingwood* to express his regret that the action of his official at Tacna should for a moment have impaired the amicable relations that had always existed between the two countries. He was received on board with full honours: a salute of twenty-one guns was fired and the yards were manned. It is stated that the President's only complaint to the British Minister was that the Admiral's Flag Lieutenant, when he was sent to deliver the ultimatum, marched down the street "with himself on one side, and his sword on the other, as if all Lima belonged to him." This can easily be imagined by those who had the honour and pleasure of the acquaintance of the Flag Lieutenant!

The President on this occasion was attired in a gorgeous uniform, and wore an enormous pair of cavalry boots. These attracted so much attention that the officers of the *Collingwood* forthwith nicknamed him "Old Boots," by which name he was always known thereafter on board!

It may perhaps be of interest to hear how St. Patrick's Day, or rather Night, was celebrated in the gunroom mess of a British man-of-war on a foreign station seventy years ago. The proceedings were organised by the Senior Assistant Surgeon, Dr. Nicholls, and carried out under his special supervision. He was an Irishman, and is described by Markham as a tall, good-looking man with bushy auburn whiskers, a very good fellow. We are told that the entire mess sat round the gunroom table, at the head of which was Dr. Nicholls. In front of him were three large soup tureens and an abundant supply of the necessary ingredients for the brewing of punch, of which the doctor had the reputation of being the best compounder in the Navy. In due course of time thirty-four tumblers containing the steaming and insidious beverage were passed round the table, one for each person. The proceedings then commenced by Dr. Nicholls singing "Kathleen Mavourneen." This was followed by many of Dibdin's songs, such as "Tom Bowling" and others. Those who did not sing helped at any rate to swell the choruses. At 9.30 the Sergeant of Marines poked his head into the gunroom and reported three bells, and demanded, in accordance with the regulations of the Service, that the lights be extinguished. As this would effectually put a stop to the conviviality of the evening, a request was sent up to the Commander that lights might be specially granted for another hour. The request, however, was refused, and the lights were ordered to be put out at once. It was an order that had to be complied with; so the doctor addressed a few well chosen words to his messmates, apologising for the unceremonious interruption, and concluding with the

remark that, as the order must be obeyed, they would sing the last songs in the dark. The tumblers were refilled, the Sergeant received a glass of punch, the lights were put out, and the hilarity continued. The last song, "Come, landlord, fill the flowing bowl," was sung in profound darkness; at its conclusion they all retired to their hammocks, "after spending a very pleasant evening."

CHAPTER IV

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS

AFTER a stay at Callao lasting over a couple of months, the Admiral decided, for political and other reasons, to pay a visit to Tahiti and the Sandwich Islands. The prospect of making personal acquaintance with these lovely islands of the tropical Pacific was hailed with delight, especially by the younger officers in the ship, who were getting somewhat weary of their long spell off the coasts of Chile and Peru. On the 16th of July, 1845, the *Collingwood*, accompanied by the corvette *Modeste*, sailed from Callao, and, favoured by a fine fresh trade wind, made excellent progress towards Tahiti. The wind was aft, the yards were square, studding sails on both sides were set, and the ship was making seven to eight knots an hour. Everybody was in good spirits, happy and contented, and Markham was thoroughly enjoying the voyage.

He was much interested in the study of navigation, so closely associated as it is with astronomy. He loved taking celestial observations during his night watches, and he devoted much time and attention to navigation, nautical astronomy, and trigonometry. He strove to remember and to act upon all the good advice given to him by his friend Lieutenant Peel, and did all in his power to behave in such a way as would have pleased him, especially in attending zealously to every branch of his professional duties. He also arranged for himself a regular course of reading, perusing only those books from which he could acquire good and useful knowledge. Yet he always found plenty of time for skylarking!

Sunday, the 20th of July, was his fifteenth birthday. He dined that day in the wardroom as the guest of one of the wardroom officers, and afterwards kept the six to eight watch, called the "last dog watch."* Everything seemed bright and happy, yet even then dark clouds were gathering above Markham's head, which were fated to burst before the lapse of many days.

It appears that the Naval Instructor had worked out a lunar observation (as an example for the midshipmen to adopt) in the details of which Markham unfortunately detected a mistake. It was not in the simple addition or subtraction of the figures, or in the taking out of a logarithm, but in having made use, erroneously, of a printed table which was not the right one. Markham stupidly made a joke of it, which not unnaturally made the Naval Instructor very cross, and this ill-humour increased as time went on. Every Saturday it was the rule of the Captain to inspect the log-books of the junior officers to see that they were correctly written and up-to-date, and to receive reports of the general conduct and behaviour of the midshipmen during the current week. On this particular occasion the Naval Instructor reported that Markham's conduct was extremely unsatisfactory. He further stated that he was very conceited, and that he was at times most im-

* The watches on board ship are divided during the twenty-four hours into five watches of four hours each—namely, the forenoon watch (commencing at 8 a.m.), the afternoon, the first, the middle, and the morning watches. The two "dog watches" are from 4 p.m. to 6 p.m., and from 6 p.m. to 8 p.m. The latter are so called facetiously because these watches are "cur-tailed"! Some assert that they are so named in consequence of the deck being left during these hours to the charge of a dog, while the skipper and mates go below for rest and their evening meal. The object of splitting up the period from 4 p.m. to 8 p.m. into two dog-watches, is to divide the twenty-four hours into an *uneven* number (5) of watches. If the day was divided into an equal number of watches, each of four hours' duration, the officers and men would be keeping always the same watches each day and night. To obviate this the 'dog-watches' were instituted.

pertinent. He added that Markham had called the author of a book which he had lent him to read a "donkey" in a most offensive way. Poor Markham was aghast at hearing these unfounded accusations, and endeavoured to explain that the book in question was not lent to him by the Naval Instructor, but by one of his messmates, and he explained that when he designated the author of the work as a "donkey," the Naval Instructor cordially agreed with him.

The Captain, however, would not listen to any explanation or excuses, but, saying "This will never do," ordered him to be punished by standing on the poop from eight o'clock in the morning until sunset. Markham was furious at what he considered the injustice of his punishment. But his cup of bitterness was not yet filled, for a few days after this occurrence he learnt that Carr, one of the captains of the maintop who had been disgraced by the Captain for drunkenness at Callao, was to be flogged the next morning for a repetition of the offence. Filled with uncontrollable remorse, and carried away by his extreme sensitiveness, without thinking of the breach of discipline that he was committing, he impulsively ran into the Captain's cabin, neglecting even the formality of knocking at the door. Full of pity for the poor man who had, in his opinion, been sentenced to so cruel a punishment, he took all the blame on his own shoulders, telling the Captain that he (Markham) had given Carr a bottle of rum at Spithead which must have been his ruin, and piteously pleaded forgiveness for the man. The Captain, as may well be supposed, was very angry at this intrusion, followed by such an unheard-of request, and replied: "How dare you come into my cabin without knocking, and with such nonsense! Leave the cabin immediately."

Carr received thirty-six lashes the next morning, and Markham went about with hatred in his heart and clouds on his brow. His friends Sherard Osborn and Good-enough did their best to soothe his ruffled spirit, and

endeavoured to bring about a reconciliation with the Naval Instructor, but all to no effect. His veracity had been impugned, his honour had been called in question, he had been unjustly punished, and he declared that he hated the Service, he hated the Captain of the ship, and he would never speak to the Naval Instructor again except on duty; that he despised him, would never forgive him, and would never enter his cabin again.

His anger at the treatment he had received knew no bounds. He candidly admitted in after-years that he was at that time the most mutinous person in the ship. He purposely carried out his drills and instruction in a slovenly manner, and when sent for by the Gunnery Lieutenant he refused to come. Goodenough eventually persuaded him to obey, and when Lieutenant Bathurst asked him why he was so long, he would not deign to reply. The Lieutenant then gave him a single-stick, and, taking another, proceeded to fence with him. Seeing that Markham was careless and indifferent, he said: "If you do not defend yourself better, and show the proper guards when I call them, I shall hit you." He would not show the guard when called, but instead hit the Gunnery Lieutenant as hard as he could over the shoulder. This was reported to the Captain, and he was placed under arrest. The Captain informed him that he would make a special report of his conduct in writing to the Commander-in-Chief, as it was far too serious a case for him to deal with. Lieutenant Bathurst was terribly perturbed about it all, and eventually persuaded the Commander to intervene with the Captain. The result was that Markham was ordered to return to duty, and nothing more was said or done about it.

The harshness of the treatment he had received at the hands of the Captain and the Naval Instructor, however, rankled in his mind for a long time, and gave him a distaste for the Navy which was very real. He was a boy that could only be managed by tact and sympathetic kindness; severity did not appeal to him in

any way, and after the unpleasant incidents to which we have alluded he felt very unhappy and forlorn. The wardroom officers were, however, most kind to him, and several, including Mr. Wemyss and Beauchamp Seymour, gave him the free run of their cabins. The former officer had shelves put up for his young friend's books, and the latter told him to come and sit in his cabin every afternoon, adding characteristically: "I shall kick you out whenever I want the cabin to myself; at other times, you are always welcome." But, as Markham remarked at the time, "What is a palace with a sore heart and a discontented mind?"

Arriving off Tahiti, the Admiral and his staff proceeded on shore, leaving the *Collingwood* outside cruising under easy sail off the harbour, but within signal distance of the shore. When the Captain was keeping his own table, which only occurred when the Admiral was away, it was his invariable custom to invite the midshipman of the morning watch to breakfast with him. When it came to Markham's turn, and the steward approached him to announce that breakfast was ready, he sent a message begging to be excused. A few minutes afterwards the officer of the watch sent for him, and informed him that it was the Captain's *orders* that he was to breakfast with him, and that he was to go in at once. He had to go, but with a very bad grace and a look of great discontent. The Captain, however, received him with a grim smile, piled up his plate with the good things on the table, and spoke so kindly about the wisest way to take things, even if they should be disagreeable (without, however, alluding in any way to recent incidents), that his heart was touched; and he went out of the cabin with a much more friendly feeling towards his Captain, and a conviction that, in punishing him as he did, he only intended to carry out what he considered to be his duty. This made his mind more at ease, and as a consequence he became less discontented.

The Admiral having rejoined, the *Collingwood* pro-

ceeded to the Sandwich Islands without affording the officers an opportunity of landing at Tahiti, much to their disappointment. It was very provoking to be so many days in sight of this beautiful island, with its coast fringed with cocoanut-trees and the distant mountains covered to their summits with forest, without being able to pay it a visit. They were, however, in a measure compensated for this disappointment by their proximity to the harbour, whence they were able to obtain an immense quantity of luscious tropical fruit and vegetables, such as bananas, cheri moyas, bread-fruit, oranges, yams, etc., which were sent off to them as presents.

During this cruise Markham became somewhat more settled; but the unfortunate occurrences which gave him so much pain and distress during the early part of the cruise caused a veritable revolution in his thoughts and feelings. He brooded much over what he considered the unjust treatment that had been meted out to him, and the tyrannical way in which (in his opinion) punishment generally was administered. New places and new scenes, however, served in a great measure to distract his attention from his own troubles, and it was with a real feeling of pleasure that he rushed on deck to feast his eyes on the beautiful island of Hawaii, as they sailed up to the anchorage in Byron's Bay on the 10th of September. High above on the hills bright cascades were falling over the rocks into the sea, green lawns extended in all directions at the bases of the hills dotted with clumps of cocoanut and bread-fruit trees, while the graceful banana and other tropical plants were a refreshing sight to those who had gazed on nothing but the boundless ocean for so many days.

Immediately the ship cast anchor she was surrounded by a crowd of canoes laden with turkeys, chickens, pineapples, water-melons, and cocoanuts, which the natives endeavoured to dispose of to the best advantage. The men in the outside canoes would jump into the water, dive under the boats nearest the ship, and come up

alongside the gangway with their merchandise in their hands. It was a lively and amusing spectacle. The canoes, fitted with an outrigger on one side to prevent them from capsizing, were about 12 feet in length, and capable of carrying one man besides the goods that were brought off for sale.

Needless to say, there was an immediate rush for the shore by those who were granted permission to land, and Markham was one of the fortunate ones. The village, which stood at the head of the bay, consisted only of the beef-contractor's house, the shop of a Chinaman, and two or three huts. The first thing they did on landing was to make a native climb up a cocoanut-tree and throw down some of the nuts, from which they enjoyed a most refreshing drink. Then they turned their steps inland, and rambled about the country, visiting a magnificent waterfall over 70 feet in height whose waters dashed down into a large clear pool below. Here they bathed in company with a number of native boys and girls, who were thoroughly enjoying the sport. Being very hungry, and having nothing wherewithal to appease their appetites, they indicated their requirements by signs to some amiable native women whom they met. They were at once taken into a hut in which were some fowls. Two were promptly caught and killed, and the party were then led to another larger hut constructed of cocoanut poles thatched with fara leaves and furnished inside with mats. The chickens were cooked in a calabash over an oven made of hot stones sunk in the ground. While dinner was being prepared, their new friends entertained them with music by playing on a reed instrument bent like a bow, having five strings of cocoanut fibre stretched across it. The meal, which was excellent, included a dish of tara root, with cocoanut milk to drink. It is needless to say it was much relished after their long and fatiguing walk.

On the following day Markham formed one of a party from the ship, which landed at 5 a.m. with the express

object of ascending the volcanic mountain of Kilauea, 4,000 feet above sea-level. Horses carried them for some fifteen miles, after which came a steady climb up a steep stony ascent for about twelve miles, which brought them to a hut when they were almost ready to drop from fatigue. Here they rested for a while, and were attended to by some charming native girls who proceeded to *knead* them, a process that had a marvelously revivifying effect! The operation was called *lomi-lomi*. Continuing the ascent, the crater was eventually reached. It is described as an immense basin, eight miles in circumference, with perpendicular sides. A fifth part of the area of the crater was literally a burning lake of lava of an ashy colour by daylight, with a livid tint; but at night it was a perfect sheet of fire, and presented a truly magnificent effect. They passed the night in the hut, and got on board the next evening at seven o'clock, very weary, but having thoroughly enjoyed their expedition to Kilauea.

Two days' sail with a fair wind and lovely weather brought them to the island of Oahu, where they dropped anchor, outside the reef in the open roadstead off Honolulu. The latter part of the voyage had been most delightful, the ship having to thread her way through the narrow channels between many of the principal islands comprising the group. On the day after their arrival Markham was sent ashore to deliver an official letter to a Mr. Wylie, who held the responsible position of Minister for Foreign Affairs in the Government of the Sandwich Islands. On learning the name of his visitor, Mr. Wylie asked him if he was any relation to Mrs. Mure of Caldwell, to which Markham replied: "Yes; she is my aunt." Mr. Wylie then informed him that he was the son of a tenant farmer on the Caldwell estate, and therefore he would be happy to use all the influence he possessed to promote Markham's wishes in any way, in memory of his young days in Ayrshire. On returning to the ship, Markham boasted to the Flag Lieutenant, with

pardonable exuberance of boyish conceit, that he had considerable influence with the Minister for Foreign Affairs, which would be of inestimable value in the event of the Admiral desiring to carry out any important negotiations with the Government. The Flag Lieutenant's only comment to this offer was: "Prodi-gious! we shall now know to whom to apply!"

While at Honolulu, the King of the Sandwich Islands paid the ship a visit. He was accompanied by his Ministers, including Mr. Wylie, and by several chiefs, one of whom was an enormous man 6 feet 8 inches in height, and weighing 23 stone 6 pounds. He also brought with him the heir-apparent, his son, named Alexander Liko-liko. All the officers were presented to His Majesty, who was then shown round the ship. He was keenly interested in everything he saw, especially in the details connected with the preparations for battle. Markham describes him as a middle-aged man of olive complexion, wearing a coat covered with gold lace, and a large cocked hat.*

* The history of the sovereignty of the Sandwich Islands is brief but interesting. In 1795 Kamehameha, Chief of Hawaii (the largest of the Sandwich Islands), succeeded in conquering the whole group, and proclaimed himself King, establishing the seat of government at Honolulu, in the island of Oahu. Dying twenty-four years afterwards, he was succeeded by his son Liko-liko, who ascended the throne under the name of Kamehameha II. He embraced Christianity in 1818, and his subjects followed his good example two years later. This monarch offered the protectorate of the islands to Great Britain, an offer that was most unwisely declined. In spite of this refusal, the King insisted on placing the Union Jack in the upper canton, or quarter, of the national flag, which till then consisted of nine alternate blue, red, and white horizontal stripes. In July, 1824, the King and Queen paid an official visit to England, where, unhappily, they both died of measles. Their remains were conveyed to Honolulu in H.M.S. *Blonde*, with many expressions of regret and sympathy from this country. The King was succeeded by his nephew, who became Kamehameha III. He renewed the offer of the sovereignty of the islands to Great Britain, and it was accepted for England by the senior naval officer on the station, Captain Lord George Paulet, of H.M.S. *Carysfort*, and the British flag was hoisted at Honolulu. His lordship's action was not, how-

Markham made good use of the time he spent at Honolulu. Various excursions were made both on foot and on horseback, and he carried away with him many happy recollections of his visit. In company with one or more of his friends, he would start off for a walk to the Salt Lake, a distance of ten miles over a very difficult country, in sultry weather; and many times he longed for the delightful *lomi-lomi* process that had proved so efficacious on their ascent of the Kilauea volcano! The water in this lake is reputed to be five times more salt than seawater; it leaves thick white saline incrustations along the banks of the lake.

Another most delightful excursion he made with some of his brother officers was to a place called Pari, about eight miles from Honolulu. After riding for about an hour through tara fields which, like the paddy-fields of China, are kept under water in order to promote more rapid growth, they emerged upon a totally different scene. They found themselves in a deep narrow valley, bounded on each side by stupendous mountains clothed with trees to their summits, while numerous cascades poured their waters down the hills into the valley. Proceeding, they reached a dense wood through which there was a narrow path which eventually brought them to a scene which they described as the most magnificent they ever beheld. They were standing literally on the edge of a precipice 3,000 feet above the level of the sea. Below was a verdant plain interspersed with hill and dale, woods and hamlets, and beyond was the deep blue sea. Behind were the lofty tree-clad mountains, and on each side they beheld perpendicular precipices over which it is said Kamehameha drove and destroyed the army of the Chief of Oahu in 1790. Nowhere in the world is it possible to find scenery to

ever, approved by the English Government, and the British flag was hauled down again by Admiral Thomas in 1843. Thus were lost to our country these beautiful islands, with their simple and loyal inhabitants, who had always evinced a strong desire to become politically attached to Great Britain and its free institutions.

exceed, or even equal, the transcendental loveliness of this beautiful island: it is absolutely incomparable!

On one occasion Markham was invited to the house of Dr. Rooke, an Englishman, where he played "rounders" with his adopted daughter, Emma Rooke, who subsequently married the heir-apparent. She came to England in 1865 on a visit, and was known and respected as "Queen Emma of the Sandwich Islands." It was during this visit to Honolulu that he first made the acquaintance of Lieutenant M'Clintock,* with whom in after-years he was so closely associated in the search for Sir John Franklin, and subsequently in matters relating to Polar exploration. M'Clintock at this time was serving as a lieutenant in H.M. brig *Frolic*.

During their stay at Honolulu they experienced a violent gale of wind which lasted over forty-eight hours, during which time the safety of the ship was seriously imperilled. Happily, no untoward event happened. From Honolulu they returned, much to their delight, to Tahiti, which at that time was passing through a somewhat serious political crisis. On their way the ship sailed close along the land at Kealakekua Bay in Hawaii, a place rendered memorable as the scene of the murder of Captain James Cook by the natives on the 14th of February, 1779.

On the 4th of November they sighted the mountains of Tahiti, and shortly afterwards were boarded by Captain Hammond, of the *Salamander*, who from the foreyard piloted them safely through the narrow entrance in the reef—only 200 yards in width—to their anchorage in Papeete Harbour. The French protectorate flag was flying, and was duly saluted by the *Collingwood* with twenty-one guns.

It will not be out of place here to give a brief account of the events that happened immediately prior to the arrival of the ship, and which really led to the *Collingwood's* visit. This beautiful island was discovered

* Admiral Sir Leopold M'Clintock, K.C.B., F.R.S.

by Captain Wallis in 1767, and though at first the natives opposed his landing, friendly relations were speedily established and the English met with a warm and friendly reception.

Oberea, the Queen Regent, accompanied by Tupia, her Minister, paid several visits to the ship, and the utmost harmony and good feeling existed between the natives and their visitors. This visit of Captain Wallis was followed shortly after by the appearance on the scene of a French man-of-war commanded by M. de Bougainville. This gentleman created much bad feeling by shooting some of the natives, in consequence, so it was reported, of turbulent and aggressive behaviour on their part. In 1769 Captain Cook arrived, for the purpose of observing the transit of Venus. He found that Otu, nephew of Oberea, was King. Captain Cook was again at Tahiti in 1772, and again, for the last time, in 1778. Nothing could be better or more encouraging than the good feeling that existed between the natives and ourselves at that period.

Shortly after the departure of Captain Cook, however, a formidable confederacy was formed, having for its object the deposition of King Otu; and civil war was the inevitable result. It was at this time that the *Bounty* in charge of the mutineers returned to Tahiti.* They threw in their lot with the King and enabled him to gain an important victory over the rebels, after which they took their departure from Tahiti, and sailed for Pitcairn Island, where, having married Tahitian wives,

* The *Bounty*, it will be remembered, had been despatched from England under the command of Lieutenant Bligh for the purpose of collecting plants of the bread-fruit tree and transporting them to the West Indies for cultivation. So enraptured were the crew with the islands, and especially with the inhabitants of Tahiti, that on proceeding to sea they mutinied, put their Captain and nineteen men into a boat with a small supply of provisions near the Friendly Islands, and took the ship back to Tahiti. Here they married Tahitian wives, and migrated to Pitcairn Island, where they settled. Their descendants still inhabit Pitcairn and Norfolk Islands.

they settled down. King Otu married Idia, heiress of the neighbouring island of Eimeo, and took the name and title of Pomare I. In 1797 English missionaries arrived and were well received, and Christianity was introduced and adopted by a great majority of the inhabitants.

In 1810 Rua, an important chief, seized the sacred god Oro, as well as the regalia, and was thus the cause of another civil war. He was, however, defeated and killed, and the rebellion was successfully crushed, only, however, to be followed by another rising, when the King (Pomare II.) was forced to take refuge in his island of Eimeo. During his exile he became a Christian; and returning to Tahiti in 1815, he engaged and defeated the rebels in a great battle. Pomare behaved with much clemency to the vanquished, many of whom he persuaded to become Christians. The god Oro and all the idols were destroyed, and the shocking custom of infanticide was abolished. Schools were established under the auspices of the missionaries, and a new code of laws was framed and put in force in 1819.

King Pomare died in 1824, his loss being much regretted by the chiefs and people. His son, Pomare III., was then an infant, and died when he was only seven years old. He was succeeded by his sister Aimata, who was proclaimed Queen when she was sixteen years of age, and took the name of Pomare IV. She married a young chieftain named Arifaiti. In 1832 a rebellion broke out, but was speedily suppressed, and the young Queen's affairs began to prosper. At this juncture a Mr. Pritchard, who had been a coppersmith and had become a missionary, was made British Consul at Tahiti, a most unwise and ill advised appointment.

During all this time the inhabitants were clamouring for the British Government to assume a protectorate over the islands, which would have assisted the Tahitians to work out their destiny in their own way, and would have saved them from what they most dreaded—a French occupation. But this request was refused by us in spite

of the earnest entreaties of the islanders. Our error and want of foresight in not acceding to their request was only too soon made apparent. Intrigues were promoted by sending French priests to Tahiti. They were requested to leave, and eventually took their departure, but not before they had spread broadcast the imaginary benefits to be derived by the annexation of the islands to France.

Shortly after their departure Captain Du Petit-Thouars arrived in command of a French frigate, and threatened to bombard Papeete if an indemnity was not immediately paid for some imaginary insults offered to the priests. The merchants and missionaries collected the money, and the indemnity was paid. Subsequently an adventurer named Moerenhout unjustifiably possessed himself of a piece of land, but was compelled to restore it to its rightful owner. In consequence of this unlawful seizure, the French corvette *Heroine* was despatched to Tahiti, with orders to destroy the town if Moerenhout did not at once receive back the land which he had originally stolen and appropriated. At the same time this man received the appointment of French Consul.

Of course all these demands, although most unjust, had to be complied with, for the people were not in a position to resist. One demand followed another. Under the stress of *force majeure* in the shape of the guns of a French frigate, all demands had to be acceded to. Land had to be given, on which to build a Roman Catholic chapel, and priests of that denomination were to be granted permission to reside in the island, with leave and authority to convert any one desirous of embracing that faith.

In 1842, during the absence of the Queen at Eimeo, attempts were made to induce the disaffected chiefs to ask for a French protectorate over the islands. They would not, however, be traitors to their country, and declined. Another pretext had to be found. It came at last. During a street brawl a Frenchman declared

he had been pushed and assaulted by the natives. The French Admiral was sent for. He arrived in the *Reine Blanche*, and demanded, under the usual threat of bombardment, an indemnity of \$10,000. He then invited the chiefs on board his ship, plied them with good cheer, and persuaded them to sign a document. The Queen, who was very ill at the time, was also induced to sign. This document purported to be a grant to the French of a protectorate over Tahiti and Eimeo, including also the whole of the Society Islands, over which, however, Pomare *had no jurisdiction*. A Governor with a large escort of troops was sent out from France, and protection for the islands was practically enforced by the construction of fortifications.

The people were utterly taken by surprise, for they had always relied (not without good reason) on *English* protection and support. Certainly they had excellent grounds for such reliance. Tahiti was discovered by the English; both countries had traditions of the happy intercourse with Cook and his officers; English missionaries had converted the islanders to Christianity; and civilisation had come to them through the help and advice of the Captains of English men-of-war. For more than half a century they had intimate and happy relations with our country, and they earnestly desired to be placed under our protection. A statesman with the knowledge of these facts before him, and with any foresight, would have acceded to their request in time to prevent another nation from stepping in and assuming, *vi et armis*, the protectorate.

Abandoned by us, the Tahitians were not prepared to hand over their country to a foreign Power without a struggle for liberty. In March, 1844, they rose in arms, and assembled a large and fairly well equipped army. Mr. Pritchard, the British Consul before alluded to, was accused of aiding and abetting the natives. He was arrested, imprisoned in a blockhouse, and his own house was attacked and pillaged. After a long detention he was eventually sent on board H.M.S. *Vindictive* on the

urgent demand of her Captain. Queen Pomare escaped and took refuge on board H.M.S. *Basilisk*, and was taken to the island of Raiatea in the Society Group.

Meanwhile the French Governor, supported by a couple of men-of-war, landed troops and field-guns and proceeded to attack the islanders. The ships opened fire with shell and grape, but there was a gallant defence. Eventually the Tahitians retired, and took refuge in a forest in their rear. The French casualties on this occasion amounted to 200. Several skirmishes followed, and early in 1845 the native army met with some slight successes, in spite of the French having the command of the sea, and were on that account placed in a better position for carrying out warlike operations.

This was the position of affairs when the *Collingwood* arrived in Papeete Harbour in November, 1845. Sir George Seymour's instructions were to acknowledge the French protectorate at Tahiti and Eimeo, it being *un fait accompli*, but he was to prevent the extension of the protectorate to the other islands of the group, if possible, by collating evidence of their absolute independence of Tahiti, and by negotiations based on such evidence.

QUEEN POMARE'S LAMENT.

I gaze upon the sea where, as a child,
 Each billow loved me as it laved the shore;
 'Tis crimsoned now! its rush is sad and wild,
 And sea-birds scream where rest they found before.

I gaze upon the beach where banners gay
 Once greeted poor Pomare and her son;
 But pirates stole my rightful flag away,
 While Britons stood and wept—yet saw it done.

Proud Britain told me, should those pirates send,
 She would protect me from their thirsty hate;
 Alas! e'en Britain's Queen forgets her friend:
 Pomare falls, and murderers rule her State.

Farewell, Tahiti! once again farewell!
 When future tribes recite Pomare's fall,
 The gushing tear may speak her feelings well:
 She falls, an injured Queen—deceived by all.

CHAPTER V

CRUISING IN THE PACIFIC

THE conditions prevailing at Tahiti on the arrival of the *Collingwood* in Papeete Harbour have been briefly narrated in the preceding chapter. Markham was intensely excited over the events that were being enacted within the ken, at any rate, of his mental vision. His sympathies were, as they always have been, with the oppressed; and these feelings were shared by all his shipmates, although perhaps with less enthusiasm. He writes that on their arrival at Papeete "two chiefs paid us a visit from the patriot camp at Bonavia, and entreated the Admiral to attack the French. On being told this was impossible, they went away very sorrowful, but with our warmest sympathy."

Many of the officers of the *Collingwood* were boiling over with indignation at the treatment their beloved islanders were being subjected to at the hands of the French, and earnestly implored that they might be permitted to assist the army of patriots in fighting for their liberty, their homes, their country, and everything that was worth living for. Markham, although only a boy of fifteen, was even more emphatic than his shipmates in his endeavours to assist the islanders in as practical a way as could be devised. As he was not allowed to take up arms on their behalf, he determined to get as much information regarding the strength and position of the French forces as was possible, and communicate it to the islanders. He did not consider that in so doing he was committing a serious breach of neutrality, and that it was an act that would certainly be regarded as espionage by the French.

The first time he went on shore, it was with the deliberate intention of reconnoitring the French position, and of obtaining as much information as he could regarding their intentions and strength. He drew up a plan of the various fortifications, the size and number of the guns, the positions of the powder-magazines, and all such information as he considered to be of military importance. He also went on board a couple of French men-of-war in the harbour, the *Uranie* and the *Phaeton*, and, although on duty, he carefully noted all particulars regarding their armaments, the numerical strength of the crews, and all other particulars that he regarded as likely to be of value to the Tahitians.

Having completed what he was pleased to call his "reconnaissance," he discovered, after some inquiries, that there was an Englishman named Miles who kept a public-house in the town, who would in all probability be of use to him. Accordingly, he went to this man, found him at home, asked him a few guarded questions, and was convinced by his replies that he was on the side of the patriots. Under a solemn vow of secrecy, Miles informed him that the military adviser of the native chiefs was a Maltese named Vincente, and that he sometimes visited Papeete in disguise. Markham, speaking in a whisper, said he had something of great importance to communicate to him, and begged that he would arrange a meeting. This Miles agreed to do in a few days. Markham returned on board that evening brimming over with delight at the fascinating idea of being a conspirator. Doubtless the French would have called him by another name!

Having drawn up his report and completed his plans, he obtained leave for the whole day on the 11th of November, and, so that no time should be lost, left the ship at five o'clock in the morning, accompanied by three of his brother officers. Breakfast was ready for them at Miles's house, after partaking of which they proceeded on foot through a most enchanting country,

along a path in a dense wood of guava bushes. Above them rose clumps of tall cocoanut-trees, while groves of orange-trees waved their graceful branches overhead. With these and other delicious fruits they constantly refreshed themselves. At length they entered a beautiful valley bounded by lofty mountains, and having a rippling stream flowing down the centre. This was the Fatona Valley. Presently they found a clear, inviting pool, in which, as a matter of course, they bathed. At the end of the valley was a cluster of huts. One of these was the abode of an old chief named Tomafas, who invariably hoisted the British Flag on a staff over his hut whenever any Englishman passed. They came to the conclusion that the Tahitian huts were neater and cleaner than those in the Sandwich Islands, and that the men were more handsome and the women more beautiful.

Thoroughly tired with their long walk, they returned to Papeete in time for the dinner which was being prepared for them at Miles's inn. While waiting, Miles made a sign to Markham to follow him out to the back of the house, where he found a repulsive-looking ruffian drinking spirits. This was Vincente. Markham questioned this ferocious-looking individual regarding details of the native army and their entrenched camp. The man boasted extravagantly of his personal deeds and what he was going to do. Markham then gave him for conveyance to his military commander his report and plans of the French positions, and intimated to him that the English would willingly fight on their side if only they were permitted to do so. All this conversation of the conspirators was carried on in a whisper. On being interrogated about his previous life, Vincente said he had lived a long time at the Marquesas, and told harrowing stories of the different sorts of people he had eaten during his residence there. Fortunately, Markham was called away by the announcement that dinner was ready; and he does not seem to have had any further communication with this rascal.

Markham was not the only one among the officers of the *Collingwood* who were willing to risk almost anything and everything in order to evince their personal interest in the cause of the Tahitians. Mr. Grant, one of the mates, was even more enthusiastic, if possible, than his younger brother officer, and was quite ready to sacrifice his position in the Navy, and even his life, if by so doing he could assist the islanders to gain emancipation from the thralldom of the French. He was furious at the way in which they were being treated, and was wild to join the ranks of the patriots. He was, perhaps, a little mortified that Markham should have rendered so much material assistance by disclosing the dispositions of the French, while he had not been afforded the opportunity of doing anything of so important a nature.

Early on Sunday morning, however, Mr. Grant went on shore without indicating to anyone what he was going to do. Markham was very anxious about him all day. He returned very late, and was extremely reticent as to his doings; but Markham felt sure he had been to visit the patriot army, which was entrenched near Bonavia, on the west side of the island. On the following day the Admiral himself went to the camp at Bonavia, in order to satisfy himself regarding the state of affairs among the troops of the native army, and also to advise them to submit quietly to the French.

The ship was ordered to sea the next morning. Everyone was taken by surprise, and Markham was much alarmed, for he could not help connecting the Admiral's visit to the camp with the sudden putting to sea of the *Collingwood*; and he feared that their departure was associated in some way with Mr. Grant's expedition on the previous Sunday. His fears were soon realised, for no sooner was the ship outside the harbour than the Captain sent for all the gunroom officers on the quarter-deck. There was an ominous scowl on his face, indicative of anger and displeasure. He asked "if any officer had given a British flag to the insurgents; if so

he was to confess at once." There was perfect silence for a moment or two; then Mr. Grant stepped forward and acknowledged that he had. Markham fully expected that the next question would be: "Has any officer given any important military advice to the Tahitian General, or supplied him with plans and information?" He had made up his mind to step proudly forward as a second conspirator and acknowledge his share in the confederacy. But the question was not put, and the officers were dismissed.

Mr. Grant was placed under arrest. On going below he sent for the barber, and told him to shave his head, observing that he would at any rate "be cool and comfortable." He afterwards informed Markham that it was quite true: he had visited the camp at Bonavia, and had been received with demonstrations of joy by the patriots; he had presented them with an English boat's ensign, which was immediately hoisted; and had urged them to attack the French, assuring them that, when they did so, he and others would come out and lead them to victory under that flag. When the Admiral visited the camp the day after Grant's escapade, he was shown the boat's ensign with great manifestations of pride and delight.

Whether this episode hastened their departure from Tahiti or not was never known. No doubt Sir George Seymour sailed because he realised that his presence at Papeete was no longer necessary. Markham was filled with shame and despair; he had been living in hopes that Grant would have held a high position in the Tahitian forces; that he (Markham) would have been his aide-de-camp; and that one of the jollyboat boys named Moray, in whom he was particularly interested, would have been his orderly. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

Grant reproached himself for not having joined the patriots on the spot; he fully intended doing so, but the sudden and unexpected sailing of the ship capsized all his arrangements. He was kept under arrest during the

remainder of the voyage, then dismissed his ship, and sent home in another man-of-war. Markham writes of him:

“ He was a hero. He could not endure injustice or oppression. He was absolutely without fear. No better fellow ever trod a deck, and it was a bitter moment for me when I bade him farewell.”

Meanwhile the *Collingwood* visited many of the islands of the Society Group, making inquiries from the chiefs as to whether they were under the jurisdiction of Queen Pomare. On being informed that they had absolute autonomy, and owed no allegiance to any other Sovereign, the Admiral advised them to keep quiet and peaceful among themselves; “ but,” he added, “ if any foreign Power attempts to land an armed force on your islands with a view to annexation, your resistance will be justifiable.” At Tahiti Sir George Seymour was directed, by positive instructions from home, to recognise the French Protectorate; but at the Society Islands he had the much more congenial task of preventing them from falling under the same foreign yoke.

Among other places visited by them during this cruise was the island of Bola-bola. Before anchoring, the *Collingwood* was boarded outside the harbour by an officer from the French man-of-war *Phaeton*, with instructions from the French senior naval officer to inform the Admiral that the harbour was blockaded by order of the French Protectorate, and that the ship could not be permitted to enter.

The Admiral was very angry. No notice of a blockade had been promulgated, nor were there any indications of the existence of one. The Admiral therefore regarded the message as a piece of official presumption on the part of the French authorities; and, sending for the officer, he said: “ Tell your Captain from me that the French Protectorate of Tahiti has no jurisdiction here, as he well knows; and if there is a blockade, I shall break it.” The French officer having been thus somewhat sum-

marily dismissed, the *Collingwood* entered the harbour and anchored close alongside the *Phaeton*!

Otiavanna Harbour, the principal port in Bola-bola, is an excellent anchorage, well protected, and capable of accommodating a large number of ships. It is formed by a small island covered with cocoanut-trees stretching across the mouth of the bay, thus acting as an efficient breakwater. The "town" consisted of a church, the house of the missionary, and the royal residence, besides a few huts. At the back of the "town" was a magnificent mass of rock rising to a perpendicular height of 4,000 feet, covered with trees at such places as were not absolutely precipitous.

Immediately after the ship's arrival, the Flag Lieutenant was despatched to the native camp with an invitation to the chiefs to meet the Admiral, who was in a position, he stated, to promise them protection from the French. They willingly accepted the invitation, and in the evening assembled in an open space in front of the King's house to the number of about 600.

Sir George Seymour addressed them, and tendered them the same good advice he had given to the natives of the other islands. On the following day crowds of natives visited the ship. They performed special native dances, and the best of good feeling was established between the islanders and the officers and men of the *Collingwood*. It may be remarked here that Sir George Seymour had been indefatigable in his endeavours to collect conclusive evidence that Tahiti did not, then or at any other time, possess jurisdiction over the Society Islands. As a consequence of his representations, a treaty was signed in London on the 19th of June, 1847, in which England and France acknowledged the absolute independence, free from all French jurisdiction, of the smaller islands of the Society Group. These especially included the islands Huaheine, Raiatea, and Bola-bola, together with the smaller islands dependent on these greater ones. The

treaty also stipulated that neither France nor England should ever "take possession of the said islands, nor of any one or more of them, either absolutely or under the title of a protectorate, or in any other form whatever." This treaty was signed on behalf of England by Lord Palmerston, and of France by the Comte de Jarnac. But in recent years this solemn pledge has been unscrupulously broken by the French, and, so far as we know, without any protest on the part of the British Government.

Christmas day of 1845 was spent at sea, when all the youngsters of the gunroom mess were entertained at dinner by the wardroom officers, who regaled them with turkey and mince-pies. On the 29th of December, after having been thirty-four consecutive days at sea, the ship anchored at Valparaiso.

On landing, Markham's first visit was to Lady Seymour to thank her for all the kindness she had shown him when he was last at that port. She replied, thoughtlessly, that she was sorry to hear he had not been such a good boy during the last cruise. This showed him only too clearly that all his troubles had been reported to the Admiral, had been brought to the knowledge of the Admiral's family, and, as he thought, possibly presented in a garbled and one-sided version. At this time a little kindness and sympathy would have worked wonders with the boy. At heart he was exceedingly unhappy, more especially when his thoughts turned on the important question of his future career in the Navy. A great change had unconsciously come over him. During the past six months he had been treated with what he considered gross injustice; his passions had been aroused; he had learnt to distrust and to be suspicious. He had undoubtedly lost his best friend and adviser when Lieutenant Peel left the ship. It is true he made other friends, but none were comparable to the one he had lost. His heart had been scorched by strong emotions and seared by disappointment.

There was no one in whom he could confide. He felt helpless and friendless, and he began to discuss, even if he did not criticise adversely, the Navy as a profession. He was then fifteen and a half years of age, but was both mentally and physically in advance of his years.

Fortunately, however, there was much going on in the ship which had the effect of distracting his thoughts and turning them from his own grievances, whether imaginary or real, into channels which could not be otherwise than interesting. The mizen-mast was reported to be in an unsound condition. It had to be hoisted out, towed on shore, surveyed and made efficient, and then put back in its place and rigged. A merchant ship arrived from England with a new main-yard and other spars for the *Collingwood*; these had all to be received on board.

It is customary in a man-of-war to appoint to each of her boats a midshipman who is entirely responsible for its cleanliness, its efficiency, its crew, and everything appertaining to it. Markham, being the junior Naval Cadet in the ship, had not been selected for the command of a boat, in spite of his earnest entreaties for the position. His delight may be imagined when he was sent for by the Commander, and informed that he had been appointed to take charge of the dinghy. Now, the dinghy was the smallest boat in the ship and had a crew of only two boys; moreover, in this instance one was a "lanky white-headed boy," and the other a "negro." Yet he was as pleased and as proud of his command as a young Captain when selected for his first ship. He almost lived in the dinghy, and kept it scrupulously clean and always ready for instant service. It was a source of unceasing interest, and assisted materially in alleviating those morose feelings that obtruded themselves in his thoughts, whenever he reflected on what he considered to be the unjust treatment he had received in the ship.

On one occasion he and Goodenough decided upon having a good long ride, as far as they could go and return in one day, along the highroad to Santiago. They started as early as they could get away, and rode at a brisk pace to the first post-house, where the landlady, Mrs. Diggles, supplied them with a lunch of bread and cheese and beer. Mrs. D. had a black eye, and she informed Markham confidentially that Diggles was an escaped convict, leaving him to assume that her husband was the cause of her temporary disfigurement. Proceeding, they cantered over the wide grassy plain with which he and Lieutenant Peel had become acquainted during their previous visit to Valparaiso. Crossing a range of hills of considerable height, they reached a country well timbered and interspersed with small villages and haciendas.

After a long and hot ride of thirty-five miles, they arrived at Casa Blanca, a pretty little town fringed with poplar-trees and surrounded by ranges of high hills. Here they found a very nice inn, kept by a Mr. and Mrs. Fenwick, where they baited and rested their horses, and themselves enjoyed a good dinner followed by some excellent quince jelly. The hostess was plump and charming. She addressed her guests as "darlings," and informed them that she was the daughter of an officer, and it was only the financial difficulties of her dear papa that induced her to marry Fenwick. Apparently she was of a very confiding nature, especially to strangers. She endeavoured to prevail upon them to stay the night, as the distance to Valparaiso was too great for them to ride back that evening. Markham willingly assented, but Goodenough, here as always, stepped in as his guardian angel, and insisted that they should return at once. He knew full well that his friend would only get into trouble again if he broke his leave. Sore and tired himself, he ordered the horses to be brought out, and compelled Markham to mount. He did so most reluctantly, and they set off at a brisk pace.

On reaching the wide plain already alluded to, a guacho riding at full gallop made a dash at Markham, trying to unhorse him with his knee. Being unsuccessful in his attempt, he endeavoured to lasso him, but, fortunately, also failed in doing so. Goodenough charged him, and he galloped away across the plain. They were of opinion that he was either drunk or mischievously inclined. At length, weary and sleepy, they reached the first post-house, where Markham besought Mrs. Diggles to get a bed ready for him, as he could proceed no farther. But here again Goodenough put his foot down, and said that whatever happened they must go on, for he was determined that so long as Markham was with him, he should do his utmost to prevent him from getting into another scrape. At length, more dead than alive, they reached Valparaiso, and got on board the ship at about 10.30 p.m. This long ride together, and the firm attitude for his good taken by Goodenough, cemented, more solidly if possible, the friendship that already existed between the two boys. They became much more intimate, and frequently talked and exchanged ideas with each other; and they even succeeded in arranging for Goodenough to be transferred to Mr. Hankey's watch, so that they should be together. It was a friendship that continued to the end of their lives, becoming more real and indissoluble as the years went by.

Markham made many interesting excursions from Valparaiso during the stay of the ship at that port. His knowledge of Spanish and his lively disposition made him a valuable acquisition to any shore-going party of officers. On board the *Collingwood*, too, he had opportunities of practising his Spanish. Many friends were made by the officers, and there were frequent dances on board. Markham relates that, on one occasion when he was the officer of the boat engaged in landing the ladies after a dance, the boat suddenly heeled over, causing the fair occupants to scream—but not solely on

account of the listing of the boat. A man—a naked man—had suddenly caught hold of the gunwale of the boat and was climbing into it! He was promptly covered with flags, and laid down in the bottom of the boat well screened from the eyes of the fair passengers. It turned out that he was a seaman named Harrison, one of the best and smartest sailors in the ship. He had just missed the boat sent in to bring off the liberty men, and having spent all his money, he was unable to hire a boat to take him on board. So he coolly made up his mind to swim off to the ship with his clothes made up in a bundle, and tied on his head, rather than break his leave.*

Leaving Valparaiso, the ship worked her way northward, touching at Callao, the Lobos Islands, and Payta, the latter place a small seaport situated in a barren and, apparently, sterile country without a blade of vegetation to be seen. The city of San Miguel de Piura was at too great a distance to be visited in the short time at their disposal. As Markham truly observed, "It is one of the most tantalising parts of naval life that we are often so near places of the deepest interest which we cannot visit." However, he paid a visit to the church at Payta, which town had been sacked by Admiral Anson in 1741. Shortly after their departure from Payta, they had the misfortune to lose two of their men, who died from fever; their bodies were committed to the deep at the same time. It was the first occasion on which Markham had witnessed the solemn funeral service at sea, and it made a deep impression upon him.

During this cruise Markham saw a great deal of the Flag Lieutenant, Beauchamp Seymour, who was always very kind to him, and they spent many afternoons

* When Goodenough was Captain of H.M.S. *Victoria* at Malta in 1865, a gentleman called upon him who turned out to be this same man Harrison. He was then employed as Lloyd's agent, and drawing a salary of £700 per annum!

together in his cabin, which he had given his young friend permission to use. Markham was much impressed by his industry and his capacity for work. From the time he entered the Service, Seymour had kept careful journals, jotting down everything that he considered might be of use to him for reference in after-years. He showed Markham the plan he used in writing his diary, and advised him to adopt it also. These journals were patterns of neatness and legibility. He always maintained that a naval officer should be well read, and well informed on general subjects as well as on professional matters.

During this voyage, when Markham was working up for his examination for a midshipman, he and the Naval Instructor became better friends, the latter apparently having buried in oblivion all their differences of opinion and the causes that led to those unfortunate dissensions. He always spoke to Markham with studied kindness, saying very often that he was most anxious that he should pass his examination for a midshipman well and creditably. His pupil was quite ready to meet him halfway, and did so, but it could never be the same again. The past could never be dismissed from his thoughts; unkind words and unfriendly acts could never be forgotten. He felt it was owing to the Naval Instructor that he was changed; he was no longer, he thought, the same young zealous naval officer that his friend Peel had known, but a totally different character, less zealous, more absent, and more occupied with affairs distinct from his professional duties.

Finding much time at his disposal on this particular cruise, he conceived the somewhat audacious idea of writing a history of the Pacific Station. Its boundaries were—to the north, the Arctic Circle; to the west, the 170th meridian of west longitude; to the south, the Antarctic Circle; and to the east, the American coast to the meridian of Cape Horn. There were to be chapters

on the Russian-American Territory, on Oregon, New Albion, California, Mexico, Central America, Nueva Granada, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, Chile, Patagonia, and on the Sandwich, Society, Georgian and Marquesas Groups, together with the Galapagos and smaller islands. He worked zealously on this task during the voyage, his authorities and references being all the books on the various subjects which he could find in the ship. Arnold, the seamen's schoolmaster, succeeded in making a nice book for him to write in. We have not been able to ascertain the result of this marvellous project of his; but it shows very clearly his love, even as a boy, of collecting knowledge, especially when it was of a geographical character, and gathering it all together in a condensed form for the information of others.

On the 3rd of April they sighted the coast of Mexico, and the following day anchored off the port of San Blas, a small town situated on an isolated rock about 150 feet above the sea. In spite of the intense heat and the swarms of pestilential stinging insects that abounded, Markham seems to have thoroughly enjoyed his short visit to San Blas. He relates that while they were indulging in a bathe at the mouth of the river they heard a great clatter of horses' hoofs, and saw a tall, handsome man with fair hair come down to the place where they were bathing. He was accompanied by a number of loose horses in charge of a couple of Mexicans. As he was looking somewhat fatigued and thirsty, one of the party offered him a flask containing spirits which he had brought with him. The stranger at once tossed off its contents, saying: "Thank God for all His mercies, and you for your brandy and water." He then announced that he was Captain Charles Seymour of the Scots Guards, brother of the Flag Lieutenant, and that he had ridden across Mexico to pay his uncle and brother a visit. He remained in the ship for nearly two months, and went back the

way he came on the return of the *Collingwood* to San Blas.*

Having completed with water, in those days a very necessary and important duty, they worked their way up to Mazatlan. This, in consequence of a continuous head-wind, took them four days to accomplish, although the distance as the crow flies is not more than sixty miles. Here they found H.M.S. *Talbot*, also a formidable American squadron, for at that time the United States and Mexico were at war. They were unable to obtain sufficient fresh beef for the ship's company, but they succeeded fortunately in catching large quantities of fish and turtle during their stay. On one occasion they made such a successful haul with the seine† that every man in the ship was provided with turtle soup for dinner. To Markham's great annoyance and no small indignation, his boat the dinghy was hoisted on board and filled with water, and used as a tank in which forsooth the turtle were kept alive until required.

Markham enjoyed his stay at Mazatlan. The favourite place of resort for the officers was a skittle-alley belonging to a Mr. Bush, who came from Yorkshire, with whom he became great friends. Sometimes he would go on shore with one or more of his messmates. They would take a long walk, and finally would hire a canoe and explore the lagoons and intricate channels near the mouth of the river. On these occasions Markham would borrow Mr. Wemyss' gun (not the Naval Instructor's, be it observed), and shoot green and brown parrots, which they cooked for tea! Sometimes he would be taken by Mr. Wemyss, or one of the other wardroom officers, for a ride along the coast or into the interior, which he enjoyed above all things; but he

* He subsequently served in the Crimea, as Assistant-Adjutant-General to Sir George Cathcart. When his General fell he, although wounded at the time, gallantly sprang off his horse, and, striding across the body of his chief, vainly endeavoured to protect him, but both were bayonneted.

† A large fishing net supplied to each of our ships of war.

did not like the heavy and high Mexican saddles, which he found most uncomfortable. At midday they invariably halted at some native *pulperia* (grog shop), where they had a meal—and a very good one—of eggs and *frijoles* (beans), and the day always wound up with a delicious bathe in the river.

On the 4th of May H.M.S. *Juno* arrived, the *Spy* having come in a few days before. Now, the facilities for procuring water at Mazatlan were most crude and inconvenient, not to say dangerous. Large boats had to be used, and a bar had to be crossed on which there were always rollers, and often a heavy surf breaking. The principal danger was when the boats came out deeply and heavily laden, for, if they did not rise easily to the rollers, they were invariably swamped or capsized. In this way one of the boats of the *Juno* was unfortunately capsized in the surf. Young Goodenough was sent in the whale-boat to the rescue. In rendering assistance, one of the officers fell overboard, but, luckily, succeeded in getting hold of a cask, on which, says Markham, "he went round and round like a white mouse in its cage" before he was rescued. On this occasion one man, the coxswain of the *Juno's* boat, was unfortunately drowned. As a sequel to this accident, Markham made a plan of the mouth of the river with soundings taken from an old Spanish chart (which had been lent him by the Naval Instructor). This he took to the Captain, who commended him for the diligence and accuracy with which it had been made.

Having served the necessary period as a naval cadet, Markham was now eligible to qualify for a midshipman, and on the 25th of June was examined, with nine other cadets, as to his knowledge in the following subjects: arithmetic, algebra, and trigonometry. The next day he was examined in geometry and mensuration, navigation and nautical astronomy, and the adjustments of the sextant. The candidates were then examined as to their knowledge of knotting and splicing, and finally

they were taken before the Captain and Commander to be examined in seamanship. This last was perhaps the most trying and crucial part of the examination, for it was conducted *viva voce* in the presence of two of the most dreaded officers in the ship. However, all went off well, and all were successful in passing. Prior to the examination, Markham felt assured that Goodenough would be ahead of him; but he was somewhat mortified to find that in the result one of the other candidates, young Hamilton, separated him in the list from his friend. Goodenough, as was expected, was at the top of the list; then came Hamilton, then Markham, who was a very good third, and only twelve marks below his friend Goodenough. He had every reason to be satisfied with the result of the examination and his position on the list. On Sunday, the 28th, he had the gratification of appearing as a full-blown midshipman, with the white patch on his collar, and his sword dangling from his side, when the men were mustered at Divisions. Another gratifying event happened at the same time—namely, his promotion from the dinghy to the command of the jollyboat.

In the meantime they left Mexico, and had a delightful cruise to the entrance of the Gulf of California, and subsequently on to Monterey. It was a voyage that occupied rather more than a month, but was most enjoyable in every respect. On the 16th of July they anchored in Monterey Bay, where they found an American squadron which had taken possession of the place the previous week, the Mexicans having retired to Pueblo de los Angeles.

The town of Monterey was small, but very picturesque. It consisted of isolated houses built on grassy lawns, with only one short street. The surrounding country has been likened to an English park, with hills and dales, thickets and clusters of trees, and grassy slopes. Marines from the American men-of-war were occupying a long building that had been erected by the Mexicans

and used as barracks. Sentries and outposts were placed in commanding positions on the outskirts of the town, so as to guard against any surprise that might be contemplated by General Castro, whose forces were in fairly close proximity to Monterey. The Americans had also taken possession of a "small place" some seventy miles to the northward, called San Francisco, which had a splendid harbour!

Markham's duties as midshipman of the jollyboat, or, as it is called in naval slang, the "blood-boat,"* were of a somewhat arduous and diversified nature, as the following account, by himself, of his morning duties at Monterey exemplifies. Every morning at four o'clock he had to take his boat to a wharf in the neighbourhood of the beef-contractor's house, near which a herd of cattle was penned in a corral, or enclosure.

"A native was sent in to the corral to lasso a bullock, but he had no sooner got the beast out of the yard than it charged another man and knocked him off his horse, and then galloped as hard as it could go over the plain. The two fellows picked themselves up, and one of them let me have his horse. We then galloped after the bullock. It was a long stern chase, and my attempts with a lasso were failures. At length my companion lassoed the bullock again, and after about an hour brought him back, when the beast was killed, skinned, cut up, and taken down to the jollyboat."

Rarely indeed do midshipmen of the present day have such exciting experiences when sent in the jollyboat to bring off the fresh provisions to their ship!

Monday, the 20th of July, was his sixteenth birthday. He moralises on the troubles, the excitements, and the anxieties, he had experienced during the past twelve months, and is pleased when he reflects that all is calm again, and that his interest in and zeal for the Service had again revived.

Their visit to Monterey was a most pleasant and in-

* So called for being employed in the daily transfer of fresh meat, etc., from the shore to the ship when in harbour.

teresting one, and they were all sorry when the day of their departure arrived. A slashing fair wind, and plenty of it, carried them across to Honolulu in twelve days, the old *Collingwood* quite distinguishing herself by her brilliant sailing qualities. At Honolulu they met H.M.S. *Grampus*, just arrived from England, and Markham made many friends with the young officers on board that ship, among them being Lord Gilford * (" an exceedingly good-looking boy "), Baird † (" a very nice youngster "), Elphinstone, ‡ and others. With them he had some delightful excursions on shore —among others a very jolly picnic given by about twenty gunroom officers of the *Grampus* to an equal number of the gunroom officers of the *Collingwood*. Markham alludes to it as a " very memorable event " to him.

On the 3rd of September they left for Valparaiso, a voyage that took sixty-nine days to accomplish! This was the longest time they had been at sea at one stretch, and without sighting land or even a sail. Their fresh provisions were all consumed long before they reached Valparaiso, and they had to be content for many days with ship's fare. Before they left Honolulu, sad news had reached them regarding French atrocities at Tahiti, which aroused Markham's indignation to fever-heat. During the long sea-voyage across to South America he was very irate, and nervously excited whenever he thought of it. He was perfectly all right when he was with his messmates in the gunroom, or when he was under instruction, or reading; but during his night watches, when he was by himself and had nobody to talk to, he would brood over the unhappy state of the natives, and plan all sorts of schemes by which the poor Tahitians could be freed from their oppressors. He called it " building castles in the air."

* Admiral of the Fleet the Earl of Clanwilliam, G.C.B.

† Admiral Sir John Baird, K.C.B.

‡ Lord Elphinstone.

His great idea was to fit out a corsair with Mr. Grant as captain, then to get all the Pacific islanders to rise against the French and drive them away. He was so absorbed at times in the construction of his aerial fortresses as to neglect, or rather forget, his duties, and to such an extent as to call forth on one occasion a rebuke for inattention from Mr. Hankey, his officer of the watch. However, he knew very well how to get restored to favour—namely, by going down below and making him what he called “a hot brew.” This consisted of a wine named “bucellus” mixed with spice, sugar, and other ingredients, which compound, it appears, invariably condoned any unimportant dereliction of duty.

On their arrival at Valparaiso, they found H.M.S. *Carysfort* commanded by Captain George Henry Seymour, the Admiral's son, but the most exciting news was the promotion of their Commander and First Lieutenant, Commander Broadhead and Lieutenant Hankey. The loss of the two senior executive officers of the ship was a very serious one, especially as they were both such excellent officers. The Commander was regarded as one of the smartest officers in the Navy, and he had undoubtedly been mainly instrumental in making the *Collingwood* a smart and happy ship. Markham felt their loss very keenly. They had both taken a great interest in him, had always treated him with kindness, and had given him their friendship.

CHAPTER VI

HOMeward-BOUND

GREAT and important were the changes that had to be made in the *Collingwood* consequent on the promotion of the officers referred to in the last chapter. Mr. Somerville became the Commander, and on him devolved the arduous and important work that is inseparable from the special duties of the senior executive officer of a large man-of-war. But the shoes of so good and popular an officer as Commander Broadhead were not easy to fill. Beauchamp Seymour had been promoted to Acting Commander of the *Cormorant*, and Mr. Kynaston had taken his place as Flag Lieutenant to the Admiral. Sherard Osborn had been promoted to Lieutenant, but, although he left the gunroom mess, he remained in the ship as Gunnery Lieutenant. Many other new officers joined, among them Count Ladislav Karolyi, who had been educated at Eton, but was in the Austrian Navy. He was a charming Hungarian, and he and Markham became great friends. Two other Lieutenants, Shears and Lacey, and a large batch of naval cadets, also joined, so that Clements Markham was relieved of the position he had held so long—namely, that of being the junior officer in the ship. Two other youngsters were also received aboard, one “squinted frightfully,” and the other was “like a white nigger”; and so, being much too ugly for the *Collingwood*, they were promptly sent away to other vessels!

Christmas Day, 1846, he spent on shore at Lady Seymour's, where they had great fun, ending up with a

dance in the evening; but what gave Markham most pleasure was to find that the family was as cordial to him as ever. He always enjoyed being with them, and was a frequent visitor at their house.

Some little excitement was created one night by the sudden outbreak of fire on board two of the merchant vessels at anchor in the harbour. As it happened during Markham's watch, he was sent in one of the *Collingwood's* boats to render assistance. Before the flames had made much progress, he pluckily went aloft, followed by his boat's crew, and cut away the sails from the yards of one of the vessels that was threatened by the fire, while the other boats towed her away from the conflagration. Thus she was saved, but two other ships in the immediate vicinity were completely destroyed. It was a beautifully calm, starlight night, and the work on which he was engaged was most exciting.

He made many friends on shore, at whose houses he was always a very welcome guest. This enabled him to improve his knowledge of the Spanish language, which he found of great value in after-years. Among others, he made the acquaintance of a family named Valdivia, residing in a charming villa on the outskirts of the town. The household consisted of an old lady called Mamita, and six very pretty and agreeable daughters, named respectively Carmencita, Pepita, Ponchita, Merced, Dominga, and Tomasa. During his first visit he was accompanied by one of his young messmates, Mr. Jones, who was nicknamed "Gallows" Jones (a nickname that stuck to him throughout his naval career), and we must assume that he was introduced to the ladies under that appellation, for they always alluded to the two friends as Don Clemente and Don Galloso!

At this time two of his shipmates, Dr. Spear and Mr. Wemyss, who had been very ill for some time, were about to be sent to the hospital in Valparaiso. Markham thought it would be better, and certainly more amusing

for them, if his kind friends would take them in at their villa. They were only too delighted to do so. Markham undertook all the necessary arrangements, and personally superintended the conveyance of the two invalids to the "Valle del Duque," where they were kindly received and hospitably entertained by the whole family. He saw them comfortably established and, as he says, "with all the nice girls to wait on them and amuse them." Possibly he was a little disappointed that he could not also be ill, and sent to the villa, so that he might be waited on by such charming attendants.

It was with great reluctance that they bade farewell to their kind Chilian friends, and on the 23rd of March, 1847, they sailed from Valparaiso. Ten days' sail took them to Callao, during which time Markham succeeded in completing his History of the Pacific Station.* He had made many friends among the officers of other ships on the station, and many of these became lifelong friends. Some rose to great distinction in the Navy and in other walks of life. But what was of more importance was, that he became more reconciled to his career in the Service, and was even on good and friendly terms with the Naval Instructor! Perhaps the event which assisted most materially in making him more contented with his lot, besides giving him great pleasure, was his selection by the new Commander for the appointment of midshipman of the foretop, a position he had long desired. The first thing he did on obtaining it was to make out a list of all the foretop men, about 100 in number, in which he gives a full description of their personal appearance, their zeal, activity aloft, family histories, and every little incident connected with their lives that came to his knowledge; and more especially any particular accomplishments in which they individually excelled.

* It is much to be regretted that there is no trace of the existence of this ambitious work. It would be exceedingly interesting to compare it with our knowledge of the station at the present time.

He made a point of never reporting any of these men to the Commander. If, in his opinion, they had misconducted themselves in such a way as to deserve punishment, he gave a broad hint to the captains of the foretop, who would administer summary castigation to the offenders during a night watch. This he found was very efficacious, and he also had the satisfaction of being made aware that the men preferred this mode of punishment to being reported to the Commander. He used to remonstrate with them on the pernicious and injurious habit of drinking, but he would never report them for getting drunk; for, as he used to say, "he disliked others to meddle with his foretop men." His ideas had undoubtedly a somewhat socialistic tendency; but needless to say he was beloved by all the men, especially by those who came directly under his authority. Sailors—and we allude especially to the British man-of-war's man—love to be taken notice of, even if that notice is only the result of finding fault: better that than no notice be taken of them at all! But when it comes to being interested in their personal history, their domestic lives, and everything they have done or seen since they can remember, and when this interest emanates from one of their own officers, it is not only appreciation that they feel, but an esteem that binds them to that officer with an iron bond of friendship and affection, genuine and enduring.

Markham had now attained the zenith of his desires, the height of his early professional ambition; he was midshipman of the foretop, and he was placed in charge of the jollyboat. What more could a young officer desire? It stimulated his zeal, it gave him fresh interest in the ship and in the Service, and it satisfied the ambitious wishes he had formed when first he set foot on board the *Collingwood*.

During the stay of the ship at Callao several of the gunroom officers (including Markham) clubbed together

and rented a small house, consisting of three rooms, with iron gratings for windows, having a flat roof and a backyard. This they found extremely convenient, for it gave them a place in which to keep the things they required for their frequent picnics and excursions to the banks of the Rimac. On one occasion seven of the gunroom officers sustained a siege in this house by an enraged mob of natives, which might have led to serious consequences. Markham shall tell the story in his own words:

“ One day we came back to our house at dusk. We had Boy Osborn * with us to carry the picnic basket. It was nearly dark, and we were shifting our clothes, when a man rushed in (I think he was the mate of an English merchant ship), and asked for protection, saying that he was being hunted by an infuriated mob of natives. We asked him what he had done, and he said he had inadvertently run one of them through the arm with a sword stick. We resolved to defend the place. In less than five minutes the mob was howling round the premises, banging at the door, which we just had time to bar, and prising at the *rejas*.† Most of the negroes had long knives. It was clearly necessary to hold the roof as well as the backyard. The door and window gratings were pretty safe for a time. There were eight of us, counting the fugitive. Four of us went on the roof, and the rest watched the door, and passed up missiles from the backyard. There was, luckily, a great heap, chiefly broken pieces of adobe‡ in a corner. Boy Osborn, being a negro, would easily get through the crowd, so, as the liberty men would be about assembling at the pier to wait for the boat, I sent him down to say that we were besieged, and to tell the men to come and help. We put him over the backyard wall and away he went. At that moment the half of a huge negro appeared above the wall on the other side. I sent a lump of adobe right into his face, and he disappeared. The fun now became fast and furious. Those on the roof kept pelting the mob in the street with missiles

* Boy Osborn was the negro boy who formed half the crew of the dinghy when Markham was in charge of her.

† The iron gratings in the windows.

‡ Sun-dried brick.

which we passed up to them while we defended the back-yard. This went on until the door began to show symptoms of yielding to the efforts of the besiegers. All was lost if it failed us, and things began to look serious. Just then we heard a cheer, and the liberty men dashed into the crowd and soon dispersed it. We then went down to the boat surrounded by our rescuers."

No mention is made of anybody getting into trouble in consequence of this somewhat unseemly fracas. Had the irate mob succeeded in getting into the house, its defenders would without doubt have fared badly at their hands.

It was during this visit to Callao that Markham first had the pleasure of meeting Captain Kellett,* of H.M.S. *Herald*, who was then engaged in the survey of various parts of the Pacific. From him he received much kindness and instruction in nautical surveying, being frequently taken across to the island of San Lorenzo for practical training in the work of this particular and important branch of the naval service.

Meanwhile his studies and his yearnings had aroused ambitions altogether foreign to his profession. The height of his aspirations now was to become an explorer and a great geographer. It was not very long before his ardent desires were to be fully realised. He had been much impressed by the lines of Shakespeare in which the poet refers respectively to the three noblest careers of man—the warrior, the explorer, and the student:

" Some to the wars to try their fortunes there,
Some to discover islands far away,
Some to the studious universities."

He had cause to be dissatisfied with the first of these callings, and he therefore turned his hopes to the other two. He thought it would be possible for him to carry out his wishes in combination with his work in the Navy,

* Captain Kellett was subsequently employed in the Arctic Regions in the search for Sir John Franklin.

and even went so far as to write to his father and request him to take steps with a view to his being appointed to some other ship on the Pacific Station, after the *Collingwood* was paid off. But he had misgivings after his letter was despatched, for he felt that he was drifting away from his friend Lieutenant Peel's ideal.

The old Inca antiquities at Lima had always fascinated him. To visit Cuzco, the ancient capital of the Incas, now became the goal of his ambition. He even attended a grand ball given by the President of Peru at the palace in Lima, not so much, we are convinced, on account of the dancing or other pleasing diversions, but because he wanted to be shown the room in which Pizarro had been assassinated. He was informed, however, to his great disappointment, by one of the President's staff, that the house in which Pizarro was killed was on the opposite side of the *plaza*, and not in the palace.

After a long stay of four and a half months at Callao, the *Collingwood* returned to Valparaiso, and there she remained waiting for her relief for over seven months (if we except a short trip to the island of Juan Fernandez), until she sailed for England.

Markham was always a great reader, and he was especially devoted to historical works, such as Alison's "History of Europe," Schiller's "Thirty Years' War," Prescott's works, Robertson's "America," and books of a like description. But at the instance of Mr. Wemyss, who advised him to keep up his knowledge of Latin, he perused all the books in that language he could get hold of; these included the works of Virgil, the Odes of Horace, and others. Some of these he read with Mr. Wemyss, who most good-naturedly described the places in the Mediterranean alluded to by Virgil, which he himself had visited. He also explained to him the allusions to Homeric stories and episodes in the "Æneid."

He made many excursions in the neighbourhood of Valparaiso during their long stay there, and on one

occasion, it is interesting to note, he met " a fat English lout riding horses bareback " at a farm. He was named Arthur Orton, and afterwards attained unenviable notoriety as the Tichborne Claimant. But one of the most enjoyable trips he made was at the invitation of Captain and Miss Seymour, who invited him to accompany them as their guest to Santiago, the capital of Chile, to witness the ceremony of the celebration of the anniversary of the Independence of that nation. In order to do honour to the occasion, Markham invested in a white felt sombrero with long silver tassels, a very expensive gray poncho beautifully embroidered with leaves in green silk (to wear over his uniform jacket), black leggings with green stripes, and large Chilian spurs! The party consisted of Captain and Miss Seymour and her maid, Count Karolyi, Mr. Gore, and Markham. The men rode; Miss Seymour and her maid followed in a *veloche*.*

The first night they slept at Casa Blanca, where Markham was very affectionately greeted by his old friend Mrs. Fenwick,† the landlady of the inn, to the great amazement of his companions, who ever afterwards alluded to the good lady as " Markham's aunt." Sending their luggage on ahead, they started again early the following morning. To quote Markham's diary:

" We rode through a very beautiful country reminding me of a neglected English park bounded ahead by the range of mountains we had to cross. Arriving at the foot of the pass, called the Cuesta de Zapata, we had to dismount and lead our horses up a very steep but good zigzag road. From the summit there was an enchanting view of the next valley, with a still higher range of mountains beyond. Descending the pass, we reached the pretty village of Curacavi, surrounded by fruit-trees in full blossom. It being noon, we had dinner and rested for a couple of hours. Riding through many miles of pastureland interspersed with bushes and clumps of trees, we at last came to the more for-

* A two-wheeled vehicle with a hood.

† See p. 73.

midable Cuesta del Prado where we had no less than thirty-seven zigzags up which we had to lead our horses. From the summit a magnificent view burst upon us. Immediately below, the extensive plain of the Maypu stretched before us, green and fertile, with the towers of Santiago just distinguishable in the far distance. Beyond was the long range of the Andes, appearing to rise like a wall out of the plain, and terminating in snowy peaks. The evening was clear, and there were no clouds. The snowy heights rose quite dazzling with the light of the setting sun. After we had descended the pass and ridden for some miles across the plain, it began to get dark, and I was very tired when we arrived at Santiago late at night. Captain and Miss Seymour were hospitably received in the house of our old friend Don Rafael Correa, but, owing to the hotel being nearly full, Count Karolyi, Mr. Gore, and myself, had to sleep in one room."

The day after their arrival they were presented to the President, General Don Manuel Bulnes, who greeted them very cordially, and invited the whole party to form part of his personal staff at the official ceremony. He is described as a very fat man, and when they all dismounted from their horses, and were taken into a tent for luncheon, His Excellency remained on horseback, and "devoured his mutton chop on the pommel of his saddle," the exertion of dismounting being too much for him.

After the festivities incidental to the celebration of this important anniversary had been brought to a conclusion, they spent a couple of very happy days at the hacienda of some friends situated on the banks of Lake Aculeo, some forty miles from Santiago. The journey both ways was accomplished on horseback. The scenery was magnificent as well as interesting, for they traversed the battle-field of Maypu, and had the main features of the contest (which resulted in the independence of Chile) clearly explained to them. The hacienda, which they reached shortly after sunset, was a long low building with a wide

verandah in front. An excellent dinner awaited their arrival, but the bedrooms had very scant furniture. Markham shared a room with Count Karolyi, having only "beds on the floor and a bucket to wash in." The following day was spent "on the lake, wandering in the woods, bathing, sitting under the trees, and chatting with the señoritas, who sang songs to a guitar accompaniment." On this trip they were away for fourteen days.

While at Valparaiso, Markham did not neglect his friends at Valle del Duque, where he was a constant and most welcome visitor. The ladies used frequently to visit the *Collingwood* and have tea in the gunroom mess.

In order to prevent the officers and men from getting rusty by too long a stay in harbour, the Admiral took the ship over to the island of Juan Fernandez, and remained there for about ten days. This greatly delighted everyone on board, especially young Markham, to whom the island of Robinsoe Crusoe was a veritable enchanted isle of history and romance! From the ship, as she sailed up to her anchorage, the valleys looked green as emerald, the lofty peaked mountains being clothed to their summits in verdure. The shore itself was still more delightful. Forest trees and brilliantly coloured flowers grew in all directions. The little stream that trickled down to the sea was lined with flowers of every hue, and wild peach and apple trees flourished in abundance. The inhabitants consisted only of one Chilian family and an American carpenter. These lived in five huts with their poultry and domestic animals. In the more secluded parts of the island were herds of wild-goats. Fish were easily obtainable, consequently fishing lines and hooks were in great demand. Rock cod and crayfish abounded, and were caught without much trouble.

The day after their arrival, Markham and Good-enough landed with the intention of exploring the island together, and enjoying a really happy day, but

the result was somewhat disastrous. They were both well acquainted with the history of the island, from reading De Foe's enchanting work, and they were eager to satisfy themselves regarding the exact site of the cave and the position of the lookout place of Alexander Selkirk. In doing so they attempted to climb a long spur thickly covered with dense vegetation, with steep precipices on either side. After scrambling up through the thick scrub for a long time, they thought they must have reached the summit, when Goodenough turned at right angles to the direction in which they had been travelling, followed by Markham a few paces behind. Suddenly the latter heard a crash and a faint cry of "Stop!" This was probably the saving of his life. Instead of being on the summit of the ridge as they thought, they had actually reached the edge of one of the precipices forming the sides of the spur up which they had been climbing, and over this poor young Goodenough had fallen.

Markham, realising the situation, crawled to the edge, but he could see nothing owing to the dense vegetation by which he was surrounded. Goodenough's voice sounded very faint and far below him. He was able, however, to tell Markham that he was lying on a narrow ledge, and that there was a steep precipice immediately below him. He was hurt and required immediate assistance. Markham did all he could to mark the exact spot, and then made the best of his way to the beach. Fortunately, he found a boat there which at once took him off to the ship. A relief party started without delay, provided with ropes, axes, and all necessary appliances, not omitting blankets and a medical officer. But, alas! it was dark before they reached the shore, and the darkness became more intense as they advanced into an almost impenetrable forest. It soon became evident that further progress was impossible, so, accepting the inevitable, they lay down as they were in the bush, and got what sleep they could in the intervals

of shouting and listening for a reply. But all was silent; no answering hail came from the poor sufferer; nothing but the screech of an owl responded to their calls.

At earliest dawn they renewed the search, and at length they were rewarded by hearing a faint response, but high up on the face of the precipice. While the necessary arrangements for rescue were being made, the object of their search suddenly appeared and gave the following account of his adventure: He had fallen over the edge of the cliff as Markham had related, but had landed on a narrow ledge which broke his fall. He had passed the night in this perilous position without daring to move, and suffering great pain from a badly sprained wrist and a much bruised body. He had heard the shouts from the relief-party during the night, and had endeavoured to reply to them. When it was daylight he found he was just able to creep along the ledge, although at the imminent risk of falling 200 feet. Eventually the ledge seemed to get wider, and he had less difficulty in making progress. At last he came out on the spur and was safe. Curiously enough, the first person he met was Sir George Seymour, for nearly everybody had landed from the ship in order to join in the search and the rescue. Goodenough certainly had a miraculous escape, but with God's blessing he was spared to complete a life most serviceable to his country, and to meet an honourable death in the performance of his duty. Few names are more revered or held in more affectionate remembrance in the annals of the Navy than his.

On the 17th of December the ship returned to Valparaiso, and two or three days afterwards Markham was laid up with a severe attack of dysentery, probably the result of his exposure at Juan Fernandez. In a week's time he became worse, and had to be confined to a cot in the sick-berth.* But he was not happy and was very irritable. The sick-bay attendant provoked him,

* Commonly called the "sick-bay"—*i.e.*, the ship's hospital.

and he could not bear him to approach his cot. He became slightly delirious, and insisted on having two of his beloved jollyboat boys to attend him. This the Commander kindly consented to, as the doctor reported that he must not be in any way agitated or have his wishes thwarted. They did everything for him—sat by his cot, made his bed, fed him when he was too weak to feed himself, and proved most gentle and attentive nurses.

One day the doctor looked especially grave, and the chaplain, who as a rule only visited the sick-bay on Sundays, came in and read prayers to him. Markham asked his jollyboat attendant if he was dying. The boy replied: "You must not think of such a thing." Markham said: "The doctors must have given me up, because the chaplain has come to see me on a weekday." He got much weaker, and then he had a long refreshing sleep. When he woke up, one of his jollyboat boys was holding his hand, and he put some fresh milk to the invalid's lips. Markham felt then that he was not going to die, and began rapidly to mend. In a week's time the doctor told him he would pull through, but that he had been at death's door.

While convalescent, reading was his favourite occupation, and before he was quite well again he read through the whole series of Sir Walter Scott's novels, commencing with "Ivanhoe." It was six weeks before he entered the gunroom after leaving it for the sick-bay. When he was well enough to go on shore, his kind friends the Seymours insisted on his going to their house for a fortnight, where he was soon restored to complete health and strength. He returned to his duties on the 20th of February, 1848, and what gave him more pleasure than anything else was the warm reception that was accorded him by the foretop men and the crew of the jollyboat!

On the 3rd of April, to the great joy of everyone on board the *Collingwood*, their relief, H.M.S. *Asia*, for

whose appearance they had been patiently waiting for so many months, arrived and anchored in the bay. The new Commander-in-Chief was Rear-Admiral Phipps-Hornby, his son, Geoffrey Phipps-Hornby, being his Flag Lieutenant.

Then came the inevitable farewells. They were many, for Markham had many friends, and the adieux were all of a more or less affectionate nature. There were his dear friends at the Valle del Duque, Mamita and all her daughters; the prima donna, Signorina Rossi; even Mrs. Diggles at the "first post-house"; the landlord of the hotel; the confectioner; the shoemaker; the proprietors of the livery stables; and, as Markham naïvely remarks, he "had paid all their bills." No one was forgotten.

On the 11th of April the *Collingwood*, homeward-bound, sailed out of Valparaiso Harbour amid the cheers from the squadron assembled to bid her farewell. Fine weather was experienced, and they made an excellent passage, passing well in sight of Cape Horn on the 27th of April, and reaching Rio on the 13th of May, where they spent ten very pleasant days. They passed within sight of the Azores on the 3rd of July, and on the 9th anchored at Spithead, after an absence from England of nearly four years. During this period they had sailed a distance of over 83,000 miles, and Markham had practically passed from boyhood to manhood. He had visited many countries, had become intimately acquainted with their inhabitants, his mind had expanded, his views regarding the necessity of protecting natives that are unable to defend themselves had widened, and his love for geography, especially for geographical discovery, was more ardent than ever.

On the following day the *Collingwood* entered Portsmouth Harbour, where his father, mother, and brother, had arrived to welcome him home. He had a long and serious conversation with his father regarding his future, and expressed with some shyness and reticence

his wish to leave the Service, without putting his real reasons fully before him. His father, however, did not consider his reasons sufficiently forcible to justify such a course, more especially in view of the excellent account he had received regarding his conduct, progress, and zeal, from Captain Smart; and he hoped that his son's wish to leave the Navy was only the expression of a temporary discontent which would pass away when the causes that gave rise to it were no longer in existence. He therefore urged his son to give up the idea, saying that there was really nothing to make him disheartened. Young Markham was unconvinced, but he agreed to defer to his father's wishes.

The old *Collingwood* was paid off on the 20th of July, Markham's eighteenth birthday. He bade farewell to all his foretop men with great regret, and he had much to say to each member of the jollyboat's crew, shaking hands with them all and bidding them good-bye before proceeding to his home at Windsor. In spite of his vexatious troubles on board the *Collingwood*, he always regarded the time he served in her as among the happiest years of his life. He made many good and lifelong friends, was never tired of praising the ship as being one of the smartest and most efficient men-of-war in the Service, and was impressed with her immeasurable superiority as regards discipline, smartness, and comfort, over all other ships of which he had experience. In after-years Markham writes of her:

"The *Collingwood* never had another commission. It was as if the desecration could not be allowed of other men with lower tone and other ways in the same ship which once gloried in the presence of the Seymours and their friends. One such commission was to stand alone, and the beautiful hull was left for years to come as a sad monument of its glories."

Thus the *Collingwood* ever remained as his beautiful ideal of what a British man-of-war should be. In his eyes she was a perfect model of beauty and efficiency,

and her officers (with perhaps a few exceptions) were in his opinion the most capable, the most cultured, the most agreeable, of any set of officers that he had ever met. She was certainly a very happy ship during the four years she spent on the Pacific Station, and there is little doubt that the general good feeling which existed on board was largely due to the courtesy, friendliness, and good example, shown by their gallant Admiral, who was not only their chief from a naval point of view, but also their friend and adviser on all occasions. He was indeed a *preux chevalier* of the old school.

CHAPTER VII

IN THE MEDITERRANEAN

MARKHAM'S return, after an absence of four years, was a source of no little delight both to his home circle and to himself. He longed for the love and attentions of those nearest and dearest to him, he was eager to pour out all his troubles into their sympathetic ears, and to obtain from them that advice with regard to his future which he knew would be of the greatest value and comfort to him. Nor was he disappointed. His father listened attentively to all he had to say, and gave him such counsel as made him happy and contented. Thus was he enabled thoroughly to enjoy his well-earned leave.

But all good things must come to an end, and within a few weeks of his return he received instructions to report himself on board the *Victory*, the guardship at Portsmouth. Here he was kept for six weeks with very little advantage either to himself or the Service, when he was ordered to join the *Bellerophon* for passage to the Mediterranean, having been appointed to H.M.S. *Sidon* on that station.

The *Bellerophon*, which he joined on the 16th of October, was an old line-of-battle ship carrying seventy-eight guns. She had been recently employed in the transport of troops and in the conveyance of naval supernumeraries to foreign stations. The state of her discipline, efficiency, and cleanliness, afforded a striking contrast to the *Collingwood*, and tended to renew that distaste for the Service which had possessed Markham



CLEMENTS MARKHAM AS A MIDSHIPMAN (AGED 18).

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during the past two or three years. He was astonished and disappointed.

As an instance of the lack of discipline that prevailed on board, he relates the following incident that occurred at the time he joined her: The Commander was investigating on the quarter-deck the case of a marine who had been charged with drunkenness. The Captain, happening to come on deck, walked up to the Commander and inquired what the man had been doing. The prisoner told the Captain to "mind his own business," and promptly knocked him down. In all probability the man was under the influence of drink. He was tried by a court-martial and sentenced to be hanged, but this was subsequently commuted to transportation for life. Such discreditable and mutinous occurrences were unknown on board the *Collingwood*, and would naturally contribute to the feeling of disfavour with which he regarded his new ship. The contrast between the two vessels was most marked; and this, together with the radical principles that existed in the gunroom mess, helped to revive the old discontent. At the time this was much to be deplored; but it was in reality a blessing in disguise. There is no doubt that it was in consequence of his immediate surroundings, intensely displeasing to him, that he made up his mind to leave a Service with which he was so little in sympathy.

Yet, in spite of the feeling engendered by his experiences on board the *Bellerophon*, he left her with real regret; for although he expressed himself very strongly regarding her inefficiency as a man-of-war, he always acknowledged that she was "full of charming fellows," whose kindness to him and delightful friendship always afforded him the most pleasing recollections. They were all so bright and full of fun, and this made the time he spent on board a very happy period, replete with amusing incidents.

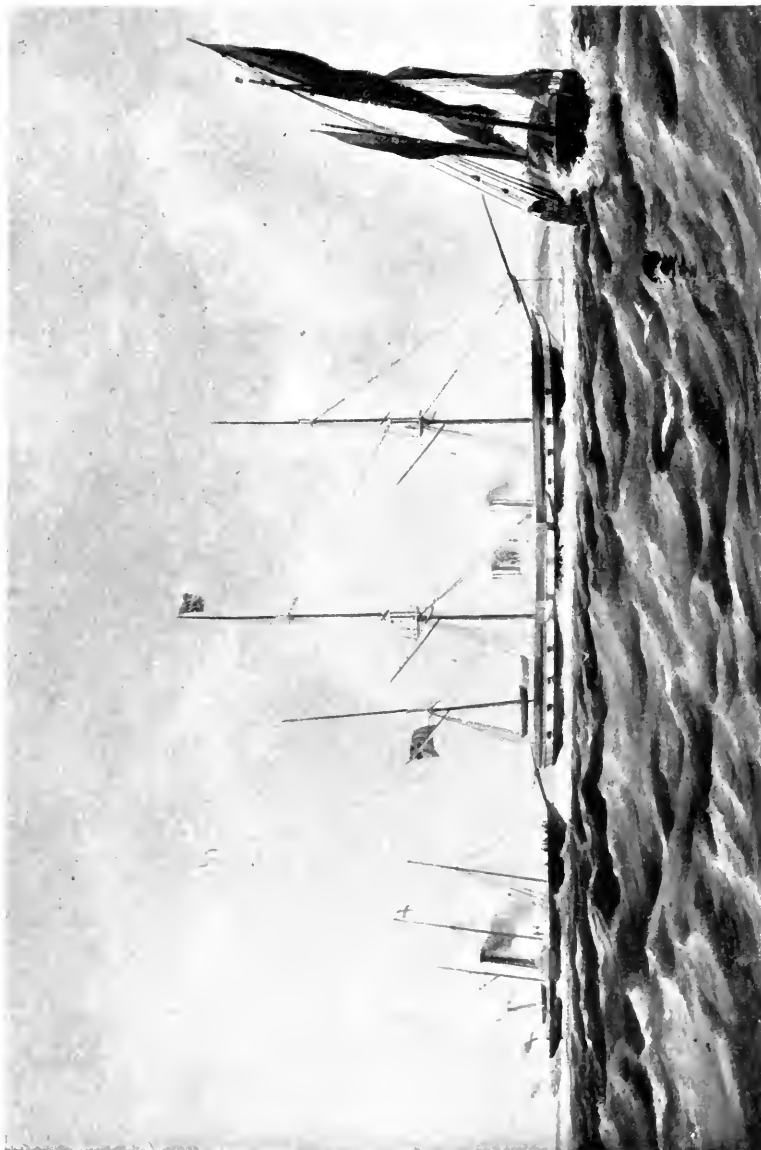
On their arrival at Palermo, they found that the Independence of Sicily had been proclaimed and a

National Flag had been hoisted, but, as it had not been recognised by the Great Powers, it was not saluted. The emblem on the flag was " three red legs kicking out on a white field." From Palermo they went on to Naples, where they were placed in quarantine for ten days owing to the existence of cholera in England.

At Naples he was transferred from the *Bellerophon* to the *Howe* (a three-decker), in order to await the arrival of the *Sidon*. He was allowed plenty of leave, an indulgence of which he took full advantage, and he made many friends on shore. To his great joy, he found that his old *Collingwood* friend " Gallows " Jones was on board the *Odin*, one of the vessels forming the English squadron, and they had many excursions together. Of course Vesuvius was ascended, and he had the questionable gratification of looking down the crater from the summit and inhaling strong whiffs of sulphurous vapours! He visited Pompeii, and spent a pleasant day in the palace and gardens of Caserta. In short, he went to every place of interest that could possibly be reached, always in the company of one or more of his old friends.

Their visit to Naples was made during a most unsettled period, for it was during the interval between the great fight in the Strada Toledo and the arrival of the Pope from Gaeta. Affrays in the streets between the military and the populace were frequent. On one occasion Markham was witness of the savage butchery of a poor one-armed man who was mercilessly cut down in the street. On another occasion he happened, unwillingly, to be present at a street fight among the lazzaroni at Santa Lucia. Knives were drawn, pots and other such missiles were thrown about, and eventually one of the combatants was stabbed. In an instant the crowd disappeared as if by magic, and nothing human was to be seen except the bleeding corpse lying in the middle of the road.

The King did not dare to show his face in public, but he very kindly placed two boxes in the opera-house at



H.M.S. "SIDON."

the disposal of the foreign officers every night, so that Markham was frequently able to indulge in his favourite visits to San Carlo.* On one occasion he relates how a young prima donna was hissed, and in a fury she rushed off the stage and refused to return. Presently she was brought back to the front by a couple of soldiers and *compelled* to sing. He does not say how the compulsion was effected.

Being at the opera one evening, one of his messmates rushed in and informed him that his chest and all his belongings had been sent on board the *Vengeance*, and that she had sailed for Malta. This was indeed alarming intelligence. He rushed out of the opera, flew down to Santa Lucia, hired a boat, and, without even going on board the *Howe*, started in pursuit. Fortunately it was almost calm, and he actually caught the *Vengeance* off Ischia, and reported himself on board. It was however "touch and go," the situation being only saved by his quick decision and resolute course of action. It was not until the 30th of December that he had the satisfaction of seeing and joining his new ship at Malta.

The *Sidon* was classed as a steam-frigate carrying twenty-two guns, and was one of the first steam men-of-war constructed by the Admiralty. She was the special emanation of the brain of Sir Charles Napier, and is thus described by that worthy:

"In 1845 Sir George Cockburn, with the sanction of Sir Robert Peel, invited me to build a steam-frigate, which I then undertook to do, and chose as my builder Mr. Fincham, and for the engine-maker Mr. Seward, and finally the *Sidon* was determined. She carries upwards of 630 tons of coal, her main deck ports are nearly 7 feet out of the water, and she has a complete armament of twenty-two sixty-pounders, having a clear main-deck. . . . She is impelled by an engine of 560 horse-power."

Markham's description, after personal experience of her sea-going qualities, was that "she was lopsided,

* The Opera House.

would never keep upright, and, in spite of two large bilge pieces, rolled excessively." However, her internal accommodation was very satisfactory, and he was very comfortable in her. By the Navy generally she was regarded as an innovation, and was not looked upon with great favour, although the fact that she was able to proceed from one port to another, independent of wind, naturally enhanced her capabilities as a fighting ship. Even the most stubborn supporters of the old naval blue-water school had to admit this. Yet there were many who preferred to rely entirely on sails as the motive power of a ship, and not upon engines and boilers that could be rendered impotent by shot and shell in a few minutes of effective action. Seventy years have indeed witnessed a great revolution in the construction, armament, and mobility of our vessels. At that time there were none of those marvellous controlling arrangements by which everything on board a modern man-of-war is not only centralised, but duplicated, and in some places triplicated.

Markham soon made friends with all on board. His manners were most engaging, his knowledge on general subjects (especially history and geography) were universally acknowledged, he was a most excellent and interesting companion, and his society was in great demand. After leaving Malta they had a short stay at Gibraltar, then crossed over to Tangier and visited all the ports on the coast of Morocco. This cruise aroused in him a great interest in Arabian history, and particularly in the civilisation of the Arabs in Spain.

On their return to Gibraltar they found the Mediterranean Fleet, under the command of Sir Charles Napier, at anchor there. As was to be anticipated, it was not long before they received a visit from the Commander-in-Chief, who was eager to inspect his creation, the "lopsided old *Sidon*," as Markham so irreverently called her. He is described as "a short, broad-shouldered man with a large face and staring eyes, his legs too far through

his white duck trousers, his cocked hat athwartships (in imitation of Nelson), and his nose and upper lip covered with snuff." He was much addicted to the habit of snuff-taking, and invariably kept a large supply loose in his waistcoat pocket.

Just at this time intelligence reached Gibraltar of an outrage committed by the Riff pirates on the coast between Melilla and Ceuta. They had seized, whilst becalmed, an English brig laden with powder and other Government stores for Malta, the captain and crew escaping in their boats on the approach of the pirates. The brig was towed into a harbour and completely gutted by the looters. This act of piracy must have taken place almost at the same time that the *Sidon*, all unwittingly, was cruising in the immediate neighbourhood. Sir Charles Napier determined upon the immediate punishment of the offenders and the salvage of the brig. Hoisting his flag on board the *Sidon*, and embarking the 34th Regiment in the same ship at very short notice, he proceeded to sea. The expedition arrived the following day at Melilla, a small Spanish settlement to the east of Cape Tres Forcas. They steamed along the coast round the cape to the position where the brig was found. Much excitement prevailed on board, and all were expecting to receive the order for an immediate landing of the troops augmented by men from the ship, with the object of inflicting condign punishment on the perpetrators of the outrage. But, much to their disappointment, no action of an offensive nature was taken, and, after cruising backwards and forwards along the coast between Melilla and Ceuta for five days, the *Sidon* returned to Gibraltar and disembarked the troops. Subsequently, as the result of diplomatic interference, and a combination of threats and persuasion, the stores captured from the brig were given up, the vessel herself having been recaptured meanwhile and taken to Gibraltar by the *Polyphemus*. Markham was terribly disappointed at

what he called this fiasco. He was longing to "flesh his maiden sword," and had actually taken it to the armourer to be sharpened, in the hope of being attached to the landing-party that had been organised in readiness for any eventuality.

Shortly afterwards the *Sidon* was ordered home. She arrived at Portsmouth on the 28th of March, and was paid off on the 1st of April, 1849. Markham appears to have been very happy on board, although his service in her was but little over three months. During the time he was on leave he tried very hard to get an appointment to the *Arrogant*, which had just been commissioned, and to which a great many of his old shipmates in the *Collingwood* had been appointed. But, instead of complying with his wishes, the Admiralty promptly appointed him to the *Superb*. This want of consideration, as he thought, on the part of the Admiralty, and failure to fulfil a promise made to his father, that he should be appointed to the *Arrogant*, sealed his fate so far as remaining in the Navy was concerned. The ship to which he was appointed remained at Spithead in a state of absolute idleness for six months waiting for her crew, and then another weary six months were spent at anchor in the Cove of Cork.

During all this time he read steadily and worked hard, but principally on those subjects unconnected with the Service which he had now fully resolved to leave. He was much interested in the perusal of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," Prescott's "Conquest of Peru," and Malcolm's "History of Persia." His careful study of these works gave rise to theories in his mind which led him into all sorts of researches and speculations regarding the origin of the Incas, to the study of which he had already devoted much time and attention. He had also been much engrossed in studying works on geology and metaphysics, which last he was never weary of discussing. In addition, he brought out a weekly newspaper in the gunroom entitled *The*

Superb, which invariably found its way into the ward-room. Several of his messmates contributed excellent articles on various subjects, especially on gunnery and other professional matters. Unfortunately, a paragraph was inadvertently inserted reflecting on the personal appearance of one of the senior officers of the ship, and the paper after a brilliant, though brief, career, was suppressed "by order."

He relates an amusing incident that occurred during his watch one afternoon while the ship was at Spithead. He was looking over the side, when he saw a number of small kegs floating near the ship. He at once reported this to the officer of the watch, who sent the dinghy to pick up as many as was possible before the Custom-house officials, who were observed pulling out from Portsmouth Harbour, could arrive. About forty kegs were secured and quickly sent down to the gun-room mess. They contained the most delicious cherry brandy. Presently a Custom-house officer boarded the ship, and inquired of the officer of the watch if he had seen any kegs of cherry brandy floating past. To which the officer replied "Is *that* what they were? I wish I had known it!" This answer, although somewhat vague, seemed to satisfy the Custom-house official, who promptly took his departure and proceeded to pick up the few kegs that were still floating in the water. They were afterwards informed that the kegs had been sunk by smugglers in Langstone Harbour, and had accidentally broken adrift. Markham observes dryly that there were very few kegs left for the Custom-house officers to pick up.

In the early part of 1850, while the *Superb* was lying inactive in the Cove of Cork, to his great delight he met his dear old messmate Sherard Osborn, then in command of the gunboat *Dwarf*. The pleasure of meeting was mutual, and, as may well be imagined, Markham poured out all his grievances, more especially his distaste for his present inactive life, into the sym-

pathetic ears of his old friend. The latter was ready with a panacea for all Markham's troubles, a remedy that effectually dispelled his dejection.

Osborn was full of enthusiasm about the Arctic Regions and the attempts that were being made to rescue and relieve Sir John Franklin's expedition, and he speedily transmitted a very large share of this enthusiasm to his younger friend, who was only too ready to adopt it. Five years had passed away since the *Erebus* and *Terror* had left England on their search for a North-West Passage to India through the icy seas of the Arctic Regions. No tidings having been heard of the ships during this long period, a search expedition had been despatched in 1848 under the command of Sir James Ross. It returned the following year without any news of the missing ships. When it was too late, the country was thoroughly aroused. Ross's ships were recommissioned and sent out to search from the direction of Behring's Strait; while Captain Horatio Austin was to lead another expedition by way of Baffin's Bay. The latter was to consist of two ships, the *Resolute* and *Assistance*, and they were to be accompanied by two steam-tenders, the *Pioneer* and *Intrepid*. Markham's friend Sherard Osborn had been promised the command of one of these tenders, the *Pioneer*, and was naturally much elated at the prospect before him.

It did not take long to work up Markham's enthusiasm for the project. The very idea of being engaged in the exploration of unknown regions, more especially when connected with the cause of humanity, stimulated him to such a degree that he at once wrote off to his father, and all his friends who had any interest at the Admiralty, begging them to use their influence in order to get him appointed to the new search expedition. Osborn also promised to do what he could for him, and if possible to take him in his own ship.

There was no thought now of leaving the Service; his interest had been aroused, and his great object in life

at present was to be employed in the search for Sir John Franklin and the lost ships. He was ready to sacrifice anything and everything in order that his wishes might be realised. He wrote again to his father urging him to leave no stone unturned in getting him appointed to the expedition, and he persuaded Osborn to write to his father and to the Hydrographer recommending him for such an appointment. The *Superb* returned to Plymouth on the 1st of April, when he found that his exertions had not been in vain; for on communicating with the shore he was informed that he had been selected, and appointed as midshipman to the *Assistance*, and that he was the only midshipman in the expedition.

In spite of the inactive, and to him useless, life that he had led for more than twelve months in the *Superb*, and his delight in being selected for such important and interesting service, he again speaks of the regret with which he left his ship. As it was with the *Bellerophon* and *Sidon*, so it was with the *Superb*: he had made many friends and was loath to bid them farewell. Many of the men and boys implored him to take them with him to the *Assistance*. All were sorry to lose him. The boatswain, in bidding him good-bye, said: "Mark my words: you'll perish like the upper hank of a Greenland's jib." Another told him he was joining the vanguard of England's chivalry. He gave a dinner to all his special intimates, at the hotel, and after paying his bill found that he had just sufficient money left to take him up to London—third-class by the night train.

CHAPTER VIII

THE SEARCH FOR SIR JOHN FRANKLIN

MARKHAM proceeded at once to Woolwich to take up his appointment on board the *Assistance*. He was kindly received by his Captain (Erasmus Ommanney), and was introduced to Captain Horatio Austin, who commanded the expedition. The officers and men were still living in hulks, the ships not being ready for their reception. Among the former he was delighted to find many old friends of his *Collingwood* days, notably Lieutenants Sherard Osborn, M'Clintock, Mecham, and Dr. Donnet, the surgeon.

After reporting himself, he obtained a week's leave, which he spent partly at Horkesley and partly in visiting his friends and relations, and also in preparing his outfit in London. He was fortunate in seeing something of his old friend Captain Peel, who warmly encouraged his Arctic enthusiasm, and who, we may be sure, gave him many valuable hints and good advice. Reaching home, he found his parents in great distress. They had just received news of the serious illness of his brother David at Madeira, whither he had been sent for the benefit of his health. This necessitated their immediate departure for Madeira, thus unhappily diminishing the short time Markham hoped to spend with them. His brother died on the 17th of May, in his father's arms, on board the vessel that was conveying him home, and was buried at sea. The sad news did not reach England until after the expedition had sailed, and was brought to Markham in the Arctic Regions

by the transport sent out to complete the expedition with stores.

April was a very busy month for everyone connected with the enterprise. Stores and provisions to last for an estimated period of three years had to be taken on board and stowed in their allotted places; the crew had to be selected and duties apportioned to them for which they individually appeared to be specially suited; sledges and their equipments had to be carefully examined, instruments tested; in short, everything that was considered necessary had to be provided, and carefully stowed away, by those officers who were responsible for their safety and efficiency. On the 28th of April the Lords of the Admiralty inspected the ship; many others, such as the Speaker of the House of Commons and Cardinal Wiseman, also came on board. Sir Edward Parry came to bid them farewell, and spoke words of kind encouragement to Markham, remembering having seen and spoken to him when he was a schoolboy at Cheam.

The expedition sailed on the 4th of May. The *Resolute* and *Assistance* were towed out by a couple of steam-tugs which took them up the East Coast and through the Pentland Firth as far as Cape Wrath, where they were cast off on the 14th. The last home letters were written and despatched, and amid much cheering the tugs bade them farewell.

In addition to the four ships under the command of Captain Austin, the Government deemed it expedient to employ a couple of whaling brigs under Captain Penny, a skilful and experienced whaling skipper. Nor would that old veteran Sir John Ross be denied, but accompanied the expedition in a little schooner named the *Felix*, which had been fitted out entirely at his own expense. Lady Franklin had also sent out a small vessel named the *Prince Albert* to examine Prince Regent Inlet, where she thought it very possible that traces of the missing ships might be discovered. Altogether there were no less than ten vessels engaged in

searching the neighbourhood of Baffin's Bay for the *Erebus* and *Terror*.* All these vessels, it is needless to add, were especially prepared for ice navigation, being strengthened not only at the bows, but in every way that experience and ingenuity could devise.

A splendid feeling of comradeship, and a determination to do all in their power to promote the success of the enterprise, animated every member of the expedition. Many were the discussions regarding their prospects of success, and conjectures as to the particular regions that should be searched. They confidently expected that, guided by cairns and records and by their own enthusiasm and resolution, they would be the means of solving the mystery of the fate of Franklin and his gallant followers. Five years had elapsed since the Franklin expedition had left England, and nothing had been heard of it since it was seen by the whalers in Melville Bay during the summer of 1845. The ships, it was known, were provided with provisions to last for three years. Surely, out of the 130 men who comprised the crews of the two vessels, some must still be alive? So they fondly hoped.

Speaking of his brother officers, Markham writes:

"There never were more united messmates; hot arguments in abundance, anecdotes and good stories innumerable, and never told twice, but never an unpleasant or ill-natured word, never a sentence to cause regret or annoyance."

This is the true spirit that should prevail among the members of such an expedition.

In spite of the fact that their thoughts were so constantly engrossed in the serious nature of their work, they appear to have enlivened the daily routine, every now and then, by social diversions of a somewhat con-

* This number includes two vessels under the American flag, named *Advance* and *Rescue*, sent out through the munificence of Mr. Grinnell, of New York, to co-operate with the English ships in the search.

vivial nature. For instance, in the early days at sea a strip of paper was brought into the gunroom of the *Assistance* one day, bearing the following invitation:

CAPTAIN OMMANNEY

AT HOME.

Coffee and Music at seven.

In response, all the officers that could be spared from duty at that hour assembled in the Captain's cabin. Here they found entertainment consisting of "coffee, sweet biscuits, and cakes, an organ, a tambourine, sherry, brandy and water, a flute, a fiddle, chess, backgammon, and singing." What more could be desired? It is not stated who performed on the various musical instruments, but that they thoroughly enjoyed themselves goes without saying. The evening was finished by all singing, at the top of their respective voices, "A rare old plant is the ivy green." These soirées were continued once a week, so it is quite certain that they were appreciated.

During the voyage it was arranged to bring out a monthly paper called the *Aurora Borealis*. Dr. Donnet was the editor. Markham's contributions to the first number were "The Ruin of a Greenland Colony," a poem on the *Assistance* and *Intrepid*, and an acrostic on Sir John Franklin. He was, we may be assured, a frequent contributor.

On the 28th of May, just before they rounded Cape Farewell (the southern point of Greenland), they sighted their first ice. It consisted of loose streams, but was sufficient warning of heavier ice to come. Consequently the crow's-nest was hoisted and secured at the foretopmast head. From this a clear view could be obtained, for some miles, of the general movements of the ice, and from it the ship was invariably navigated when in the pack. Icebergs were now constantly met, some of huge dimensions. One was measured, and found to be 350 feet above the level of the sea. As ice floats

with seven-eighths of its bulk submerged, it follows that the lower part of this berg must have reached a depth of 2,450 feet (nearly half a mile) below the surface!

During his spare time Markham carefully read every Arctic book that had been published, and was regarded as quite an authority among his messmates on Arctic history; so that he was frequently consulted regarding the work accomplished by Arctic explorers from the earliest times. Prior to his departure from England, he had made himself familiar with the instructions that had been given to Sir John Franklin for his guidance. Based on this knowledge, he formed the opinion that the lost expedition had proceeded up Wellington Channel, but numerous discussions on this particular and interesting subject subsequently induced him to change his views.

On the 15th of June the squadron reached the Whalefish Islands, and here they filled up with stores and provisions from the transport that had been sent out for that purpose. The islands abounded with bird-life; eider-ducks were seen in great quantities, also long-tailed ducks, red-throated divers, guillemots, razorbills, kittiwakes, and puffins. Gulls sat in crowds on the unruffled surface of the sea, and the beautiful Arctic terns darted about in all directions. Continuous daylight, a calm sea, a clear blue sky, warm weather, and excellent sport, contributed to the enjoyment of their visit to this group of islands.

Proceeding northwards, threading their way through innumerable icefields, they passed Upernivik, the most northern Danish settlement in Greenland, on the 25th of June. Here they came in sight of several whalers, also Penny's brigs, all detained at the edge of the ice in Melville Bay, waiting for the pack to open. Although they took every advantage of the opening, or slackening, of the pack, using every means in their power to destroy or loosen it, even to blasting the ice with heavy charges of gunpowder, it took them forty-five days to reach the

“ North Water ” off Cape York. So unyielding was the pack that on one occasion they advanced but a mile in nineteen days !

Off Cape York they met several Eskimos belonging to the tribe named by Sir John Ross the “ Arctic Highlanders.” Here they made a gruesome discovery. They were told that a quantity of human remains were collected together in a hut in the vicinity. Thinking it possible that these might be associated in some way with the Franklin expedition, they visited the hut, in which they discovered a heap of human bodies huddled together at one side. They were covered over with sealskins, and it was at first uncertain whether they were our own countrymen or not ; but on further investigation the long black hair, the copper-coloured skin, and the high cheek-bones, proclaimed them to be the remains of some Eskimos who had probably perished in a recent epidemic.

Prior to reaching the “ North Water,” they experienced the usual difficulties of navigation in ice-encumbered seas. For six weeks they were constantly engaged in battling with the ice. On occasions, in order to save the ships from being crushed by the closing in of the ice, docks had to be constructed in which the vessels could be safely berthed until the pressure of the pack relaxed.

Alarms were frequent, not a day passed without the occurrence of some excitement ; and as the vessels were in close proximity to each other, the officers and men were able frequently to visit their friends in the other ships by walking over the ice. Sometimes the ships were severely nipped, and the pressure was only relieved by the explosion of an improvised bomb placed under the ice at the point of greatest pressure. The ships comprising the expedition were severely handled in their combat with the pack, but their crews persevered in their efforts to get through, and at last they emerged on the iceless “ North Water.” The whalers, which had been in their company

for so long, gave up the attempt some days earlier, and returned south. But, as Markham observes, "the whalers thought it was impossible to get through this season; but for us there could be no such word as impossible. Get through we must." During the time that they were beset, Markham celebrated his twentieth birthday, but, as someone facetiously remarked, "he was still the youngest person in the expedition."

The time which they spent in the ice of Melville Bay was thoroughly enjoyed by Markham. It was a time never to be forgotten. Daylight was continuous, the scenery was of marvellous beauty, and there was constant excitement as well as hard work. Yet in the sunlit hours of night there was a strange silence away from the ships, a stillness as if all Nature was at rest.

Crossing the northern part of Baffin's Bay on the 18th of August, they entered Lancaster Sound and passed into uninhabited regions. Here they were destined to spend the ensuing twelve months without communication with the outside world.

As they sailed along the land, a careful search was made by the squadron for traces of the missing expedition. The various ships were allocated to different localities the more efficiently to carry out the search. Great excitement was caused by the discovery at Cape Riley (at the eastern entrance to Wellington Channel) of undoubted indications of the lost ships. A boat's crew had been despatched from the *Assistance* to erect a cairn on the highest point of the cape. The beach on which they landed was found to be strewn with empty preserved meat tins, pieces of rope, and articles of the like nature; while somewhat higher up the cliff were fragments of wood and iron hoops, a cairn of stones, broken bottles, and a few charges of shot scattered about. The discovery of the name GOLDNER on the meat tins proved conclusively that a party from the *Erebus* or *Terror* must have landed at this particular spot, for Goldner was the name of the contractor in England who had

supplied Sir John Franklin's ships with preserved provisions. These were the first visible signs of the direction in which the lost expedition had proceeded in its search for a North-West Passage.

As may be imagined, excitement reigned supreme. It was an important discovery, for it was an indication that they were on the right scent. Heated arguments there were in the gunroom as to whether the débris had been left on the first visit of the ships, or by travelling or perhaps shooting parties that had encamped there for a few days. That they were, however, *bona fide* indications of the missing ships was placed beyond doubt by the discovery on Beechey Island, a few days later, of indisputable evidence that Sir John Franklin and his two ships had actually spent their first winter in the immediate neighbourhood. This consisted in the finding of three graves with neatly carved oak headboards, erected to the memory of a seaman and a marine belonging to the *Erebus*, and a young man belonging to the *Terror*. To their intense disappointment, however, no record, no intimation, could be found as to the direction which Sir John had decided to take after his ships had broken out from their winter-quarters. So it was with feelings of profound regret and disappointment that they left Beechey Island early in September to continue the search. But their hopes had been raised greatly by their recent discoveries.

Meanwhile the *Assistance* was beset and severely nipped by the ice in Wellington Channel, and was in imminent danger of being crushed. Provisions were hoisted up from below, boats were got ready and fully equipped, and all preparations made for the immediate abandonment of the ship. Before this was necessary, however, the pressure of the pack eased, but not until the vessel had been raised bodily out of the water to a height of 6 or 7 feet by the tremendous force and lifting power of the floes. Other exciting incidents followed, and the

ships had several narrow escapes from destruction. The season grew late, and further progress was barred by the young ice then rapidly forming. It was therefore decided that the squadron should winter where it was—namely, in the pack in Barrow Strait, about a mile from Griffith Island and eight miles from Cornwallis Island. In this exposed and somewhat precarious position they remained from the 22nd of September until released the following summer.

The four vessels were secured in close proximity to each other, and were made as comfortable and as safe for the winter as circumstances would admit. They were housed over with large awnings made of waggon-cloth which completely covered them in, protecting them from wind and snow, and converting the upper deck into a large and spacious room. The deck itself was covered with a layer of snow 2 feet deep, and the hull was further protected from the cold by snow being banked up round it to the height of 5 or 6 feet. All superfluous gear was stacked on the ice outside the ship and several snow houses were constructed on the floe for various purposes, such as astronomical and magnetic observatories, powder-magazine, and the housing of stores, so as to provide extra space in the ship.

Before settling down to a regular winter routine, travelling-parties were despatched to lay out depots of provisions as far as possible along the routes on which the main sledging-parties would be employed the following summer. These routes, which had been thoroughly discussed, were already decided upon by those who were to be engaged in the search, subject of course to the approval of Captain Austin. Three parties were despatched. One was under the command of Lieutenant M'Clintock, who reached a position on Cornwallis Island about forty miles from the ship; another was under Lieutenant Aldrich, who placed his depot on Somerville Island; and the third was commanded by Lieutenant Meham, who established his

to the eastward. They started on the 3rd of October, and were all safely back by the 10th. The departure of the sun prevented these depot-forming parties from remaining out longer than the end of October; even then the days were very short and the nights correspondingly and uncomfortably long. These depots were of the greatest importance. It was incumbent on Captain Austin to search in every direction from their winter-quarters, which he took as the central starting-point not only on account of the knowledge they had gained of the visit of Franklin's ships to Beechey Island, but also in conformity with the instructions that Sir John Franklin had received from the Admiralty. The search in Wellington Channel was entrusted to Captain Penny, who, with his two brigs, was wintering at no great distance from Assistance Bay.

The winter passed pleasantly enough. Indeed, it could hardly be otherwise with such cheery and contented crews. Captain Austin was an excellent organiser and his directions even to the minutest details were carried out with such an enthusiastic spirit that spoke volumes for the happiness of all under his command. Markham bears testimony, also, to the admirable work, in his own ship, of the First Lieutenant, M'Clintock, whose special care were the dryness and cleanliness of the ship, the exercising of the crew, and the scrupulous carrying out of those regulations specially framed for the health and comfort of all on board. Special clothing (gratuitously provided by the Admiralty) was distributed to each officer and man; and everything that could possibly be thought of seems to have been done for the comfort of the men. In case of an outbreak of fire, a hole was cut in the ice close to the side of the ship. This had to be kept open by the quartermaster of the watch, who was also obliged to report it "open" to the officer of the watch every four hours. Every small detail is carefully noted by Markham in his journal.

On the 4th of November the sun just peeped above

the horizon at noon for the last time that year, then disappeared and was seen no more for ninety-five days. But there was always a dim twilight along the southern horizon at mid-day, even in the depth of winter. There was much visiting between the officers and men of the different ships. Numerous dinner-parties were given, besides theatrical and other entertainments to which everyone was invited. The monthly journal known as the *Aurora Borealis* continued its circulation, and retained its popularity to the end. Markham wrote a series of articles for it on the "History of Griffith and Cornwallis Islands," commencing with the trilobites in the Silurian Age. This was completed in five numbers. In addition to the numerous articles which he wrote for the *Aurora Borealis*, he was also a frequent contributor to the *Illustrated Arctic News*, a journal brought out on board the *Resolute* under the joint editorship of Sherard Osborn and McDougal. In January yet another periodical made its appearance on board the *Resolute*. It was entitled *The Gleaner*, and had a humorous tendency. The editors were incognito, but their personality was suspected. Thereupon Markham, determined that the *Assistance* should not be behindhand in these matters, began the issue of another paper on board his ship. Under its title *Minavilins** he announced that "one of the editorial duties would be to keep a sharp watch on the *Gleaner*." Now, it happened that the second number of the *Gleaner* contained a scurrilous and quite unwarrantable attack on one of the officers of the expedition. This was Markham's chance. It was promptly answered by an article in *Minavilins* which not only withered up the *Gleaner* with scathing satire, but also emphasised his remarks by means of several humorous illustrations. But there was something worse than Russian censorship on that wintry icepack. This par-

* "Minavilins" was a term well known and frequently used in the Navy to designate "odds and ends" that are lying about on the deck. It is now seldom used.

ticular number was promptly confiscated by order of the senior officer, and at the same time both the *Gleaner* and *Minavilins* were suppressed altogether.

Schools were instituted for the men, and lectures given by the officers. At all of these Markham took a leading part. The winter festivities were opened by a very jovial soir ee given by Captain Austin on board the *Resolute*, at which there was a great display of musical talent. Guy Fawkes' Day was the next popular "function." It was very dark, but the floe was lit up by many torches. The "culprit" was carried in procession round all the ships, and was then duly burnt in a large fire lighted on an iron grating raised above the ice. But the great event of the "season" was the opening of the Royal Arctic Theatre on board H.M.S. *Assistance* on the Prince of Wales's birthday (November 9th). Everything was beautifully arranged, and, with so many excellent artists in the expedition, the scenery, especially the drop curtain, was a real work of art. The theatre, to use a nautical term, was "rigged" on the upper deck, under the housing, where plenty of space was available. The performance opened with the well-known extravaganza "Bombastes Furioso," and subsequently the historical play "Charles the Twelfth" was produced. The entertainments given were very popular, and were frequently repeated, generally with a complete change of programme. All were eager to assist, so there was no scarcity of performers. Each ship vied with the others in the variety and popularity of these entertainments, and they assisted very materially in making the winter pass, not only quickly, but happily and cheerily.

But all these festivities, however splendid, were eclipsed by a "Grand Bal Masqu e" given in the "Royal Arctic Casino" on board H.M.S. *Resolute*. Fancy dress was of course compulsory. The scene on board was of unequalled magnificence. Captain Ommanney assumed the character of Sir Greasy Hyde Walrus, Mayor

of Griffith Island; but space does not permit a description of the characters and dresses of all those who took part. There were "Smugglers," "Blue Devils," "Red Devils," "Black Dominos," "Highlanders," "Japanese," "Niggers," and no less than seven appeared in female costumes. Markham came as "Allegory." His dress was designed to illustrate the indignation which he felt at what he considered the unjust treatment he had received by the unwarrantable suppression of *Minaivilins*! Twice during the evening he was asked, once by an "Old Chair-mender," and again by someone made up to represent a "Blacking Bottle," what was the meaning of his dress. To which he replied in sepulchral tones: "It is an allegory." Both the interrogators turned out to be the same individual—namely, Captain Austin who had appeared in two different disguises! But no one seems to have understood the allegory until it was explained to him.

Christmas Day was kept, of course, as it generally is on board an English man-of-war. Later on, a very cleverly written pantomime composed by one of the officers of the expedition was produced. It was called "Zero, or Harlequin Light," and was intended to illustrate the dangers, annoyances, and difficulties that are specially attached to sledge travelling, such as "Frost-bite," "Scorbutus," "Hunger," etc., who were represented as evil sprites always on the lookout to attack the weary, but unwary, sledger. Eventually they were driven away by the good spirits, who appeared under the names of "Sun," "Daylight," etc. The last performance in the theatre was given on the 4th of March, when Markham seems to have particularly displayed that great histrionic talent which he undoubtedly possessed. At the termination of this performance it was announced that the theatrical "season" had now terminated.

It must not be thought that Markham, in his eagerness to assist in the amusements of the men, neglected his

more serious studies. This was far from being the case. During the winter he read carefully many historical books besides Southey's poems and Shakespeare's works. Prescott's "Conquest of Peru" always fascinated him; in fact, in his spare time he wrote a tragedy in blank-verse on the fate of Tupac Amaru, the last of the Incas. He also translated the first of Virgil's Eclogues, and wrote an essay on Pastoral Poetry. He was a great student, too, of Arctic history, and devoured every work connected with it that he could get. But, in spite of congenial friends and the happiness of his immediate surroundings, he was still resolved on leaving the Service directly he returned to England. His one great thought was to devote his time, at any rate in the near future, to the exploration of Peru, in accordance with the resolution he had formed at Callao in 1847. By great good luck he found that Dr. Donnet, the surgeon, had a Quichua grammar on board, which he had picked up at Lima. Markham borrowed it, and was thus enabled to acquire a smattering of the language of the Incas. He was indefatigable in his study of this grammar, and longed for the time to arrive when he could carry out his plans for revisiting Peru.

Throughout the winter, preparations had been going forward for the spring and summer sledge travelling. M'Clintock thought out and elaborated every little detail. A system for exploration, such as had never been attempted before, had been organised, and was eventually brought to such a pitch of perfection that it has been handed down for all time as the pattern to be followed in Polar exploration. It is interesting to know that even during the winter months various methods were carried out by which the presence of the expedition and its exact locality might perhaps be made known to the men they were in search of. Small balloons made of gold-beater's skin were inflated and set free. Attached to them were numerous slips of paper containing information as to the whereabouts

of the relief expedition. By the attachment of a time fuse these slips were liberated at intervals when the balloon was high in the air, and so would be scattered far and wide. By these means they hoped to communicate with the survivors, if any existed, of the *Erebus* and *Terror*. With the same object in view, foxes were caught in traps, and liberated after small cylindrical tin cases containing information as to the position of the relief ships had been tied round their necks, in the hope that some of these animals would be caught by the missing men. The winter was a very cold one, the temperature often falling to -48° ; but all were well clothed in garments suitable for such a climate, and they suffered but little inconvenience from its severity.

The scheme of search to be carried out by the sledge parties was now communicated to the officers concerned. The sledge crews also were exercised daily, their sledges being loaded with the exact weights they were designed to carry. Needless to say, the greatest enthusiasm prevailed amongst officers and men. The plan adopted for the summer campaign of 1851 was to organise the sledging-parties into two separate divisions, both to operate to the westward. One was to search in the direction of Melville Island; the other was to pursue its investigations towards Cape Walker and its vicinity. To each of the main divisions were attached auxiliary or supporting sledges, whose duty it was to accompany the main party as far as their provisions would permit. They were then to complete the main party with provisions, and return to the ship in readiness to carry out a further supply to the depots. This insured supplies for the main parties on their return journeys. Everything was admirably arranged, though, unfortunately, the route selected was not the one chosen by the retreating crews of the *Erebus* and *Terror*.

No less than eighteen sledges, with 132 officers and men, were employed in the search. Captain Ommanney was in command of the Cape Walker division, and

Lieutenant M'Clintock had charge of the one to Melville Island. In addition to these two extended divisions, small independent parties were employed in the examination of all localities in the neighbourhood of their winter-quarters, especially in the channel separating Bathurst Island from Cornwallis Island. Markham was constantly engaged in one or other of these independent sledge-parties, and was frequently away for many days at a time. He describes minutely all that came under his observation, especially the practical details of sledging work, such as the weight of all necessaries that were carried; the quantity, weight, and description of the provisions; the distance that could be accomplished in ordinary circumstances during a day's march; the number of men to each sledge; the system of haulage; the most economical kind of fuel to be used; the best time of day for marching; the description of clothing to be worn; in short, all the multifarious matters connected with Polar travelling. Although to the uninitiated these matters may appear to be insignificant, yet in reality they are of the greatest importance, and affect very materially the success of such expeditions as these—not to mention the comfort of those concerned.

The sledging-parties left the ships on the 15th of April, 1851, travelling together until they branched off in the various directions allotted to them for search. They enjoyed continuous daylight, for the sun had returned on the 26th of February; but its altitude even at noon was not very high, and the heat which it gave out was infinitesimal, temperature at the time being considerably below zero.

It is unnecessary here to describe in detail the work accomplished by the different parties. Suffice it to say that, although their exertions were not crowned with success, they added by their discoveries largely to our knowledge of the geography of the Arctic Regions. By their conduct throughout, their cheerfulness, their patient endurance under the most trying conditions,

their untiring perseverance, numerous disappointments and privations, they added yet another page to the glorious records of our Navy.

After leaving winter-quarters, the squadron continued to search for the lost ships, especially in the sounds situated in the northern part of Baffin's Bay. The two steamers were found very useful in steaming up the channels and searching all the bays and inlets that were free of ice. Their handiness in comparison with the clumsy bluff-bowed old sailing ships was most marked. In consideration, however, of the lateness of the season and the impossibility of reaching a secure harbour, Captain Austin, acting upon his instructions, decided to return home. The expedition reached Woolwich on the 1st of October, 1851, after an absence from England of seventeen and a half months. They were all much disappointed in not having attained the main object they had set out to achieve; yet satisfied in knowing that they had accomplished as much as could possibly be expected of them in the time and with the knowledge at their disposal. The entire coast-line from Beechey Island, where the traces of Franklin had been discovered, to the extreme western point of Melville Island, a distance of some 350 miles, had been thoroughly searched. In addition vast tracts of land fully 500 miles in extent had been carefully explored. To the south of Cape Walker 400 miles of new land was discovered, and as far as possible surveyed and delineated on the map. Jones Sound and Wellington Channel had been traced for a considerable distance. But, with the exception of the discovery on Beechey Island, not a vestige had been found of the ill-fated ships *Erebus* and *Terror*. Still, they had the gratification of knowing that by their exertions the field for further research had been considerably narrowed, and with this small measure of success they had perforce to be content.

CHAPTER IX

TRAVELS IN PERU

THE ships were paid off at Woolwich on the 10th of October. Of the warm and hearty welcome that was extended to the officers and crew of the expedition by their countrymen at home, it is unnecessary to speak. Markham was in excellent health and spirits. His father notes in his journal: "He is looking handsome and well, not a jot the worse for all his hardships." He was grieved, however, to part with the many friends he had made on the expedition; for he had spent an exceedingly happy time with them all. But he was not sorry to be at home once more to renew home ties and resume old friendships. He was not permitted, however, to spend his leave altogether in gaiety and idleness. In the eyes of his neighbours he had become a public man, and he received many invitations to deliver lectures on the interesting experiences in which he had recently taken so active a part. Some of these invitations he accepted, so that he was kept fairly well occupied during the time he was at home. His lectures were beautifully illustrated by diagrams, maps and pictures drawn by his father from descriptions given to him by his son.

But now came the time for making the most momentous decision of his life, for on it depended his whole future career. His distaste for a naval life had in no way diminished since he left the *Collingwood*. Mention has already been made of his dislike to the severe discipline, more especially in regard to corporal punishment, which was enforced at that time. He had enjoyed every moment of the time he served in the Arctic Regions,

for there, punishments of any sort were practically unknown; also he was engaged on work that was in every way congenial to him. But the prospect of returning to a life where he would be a constant witness of the things that he most abhorred, was anything but pleasing. Yet, apart from his aversion to the harshness of the punishments inflicted in the maintenance of discipline, he had a great love for the Navy itself; and his greatest friends were naval men. Even after he had severed his active connection with the Service, he was never, perhaps, so happy as when cruising in a man-of-war as the guest of one of the officers. He adored above all the young midshipmen, who would frequently pour out all their little troubles into his sympathetic ears; he entered into all their fun and frolic; it may almost be said that he encouraged them in some of their minor and harmless delinquencies! His sympathies were always with the oppressed, and when he became aware of any particular case of punishment that he considered to be unduly severe—especially if it had reference to a lad or young man—he never rested until he had succeeded either in getting the punishment mitigated or remitted altogether.

He had now to decide as to the course of life he was going to lead. It was a crucial moment. The Navy had been tried, and it had failed to satisfy him. Some other profession must be found. His was not a disposition that could tolerate idleness.

It was with some misgiving that he consulted his father, but no advice could have been more kind and sympathetic than the counsel his father gave him. Seeing that he was really in earnest in his desire to leave the Navy, he sorrowfully consented, but told him that he thought he was making a profound mistake in doing so. He pointed out that he had served with credit for six years in the Navy, during which time he had made many influential friends. He had acquired an excellent name for himself as a clever, zealous, and

painstaking officer, one who could be entrusted with the execution of important duties. If it was really his desire to leave the Service, however, he would not stand in his way; but he thought in his own interest that, as he had completed his six years in the Navy as naval cadet and midshipman, he was in a position to apply to be examined for the rank of Lieutenant, and that he ought to do so. To this his son willingly assented; but he explained to his father that during the time he was at Woolwich fitting out in the *Assistance* he had lost a box which contained his logbooks for a period of over five years—that is to say, for the whole time he had served in the *Collingwood* and in the Mediterranean. He represented to his father that it would be absolutely impossible for him to present himself for examination in seamanship without these logs, and he considered it would be a great waste of time, especially as he was going to leave the Service, for him to write them all up again. He suggested, therefore, that he should pass the gunnery examination only, for in those days it was optional as to the order in which the home examinations should be taken. To this his father consented, and it was arranged that directly his leave expired he should present himself on board the *Excellent* to be examined in gunnery. This was accordingly done, and when the eventful day arrived he was examined as to his general knowledge of gunnery, which included everything connected with the fighting arrangements of a man-of-war, from the size and weight of the guns and their projectiles, to his qualifications for stationing and drilling men at the guns, and his knowledge of cutlass and rifle exercises, etc. The result of the examination was very satisfactory, and on the 24th of December he was given a first-class certificate. Thus he was enabled to spend Christmas Day at home with his family at Horkesley.

He now took his final leave as an officer in the Navy, and was able to concentrate all his thoughts and all

his attention to the working out of the details connected with his projected expedition to Peru. This plan, however, for the present he kept to himself. His father's idea was that he should go to Oxford and take his degree, and then be called to the Bar. Unforeseen difficulties, however, arose regarding this project, and it was eventually decided to give up the idea of Oxford altogether, and that he should begin the study of law at once. With this object in view, he commenced reading Blackstone's "Commentaries."

At this time there was a good deal of sharp and unkind criticism in the Press, not only of Captain Austin, but of the manner in which the late expedition had been conducted generally. The Admiralty had appointed a committee of Arctic experts and others to examine the details connected with the recent search, and to report what further action should be taken. The result of this was the despatch of another expedition consisting of the same ships, with definite instructions as to the localities to be searched. The majority of the officers who came to the front in Austin's expedition were reappointed to their old ships for a further term of service in the Arctic Regions. Markham was most indignant at these attacks, and he considered the appointment of the committee unnecessary, and as reflecting somewhat adversely upon the leaders of the expedition. In order to make known his views and to enlighten the public regarding the good work that had been achieved by Captain Austin, he resolved, with his natural impulsiveness, to publish a narrative which should embrace the proceedings and results of the late expedition. This came out under the title of "Franklin's Footsteps," a most interesting little work which deservedly obtained a wide circulation.

The day before the sailing of the new expedition, Markham went down to Woolwich to bid farewell to his old shipmates, many of whom, such as Osborn, M'Clintock, Meham, and Hamilton, to name a few, he regarded

as old and valued friends. He could not help feeling depressed and disappointed that he was being left behind, for without doubt he would willingly have accompanied them had the opportunity been afforded him. But it was not to be; he had severed his connection with the Navy, and "as he had made his bed so must he lie on it." It was with a heavy heart, however, that he wished them all good-bye and godspeed.*

For some time after his visit to Woolwich, he was unable to shake off a feeling of nervous depression that seemed to have settled upon him, and which he was unable to conceal from his father. Perhaps it was due to the fact that he had not yet summoned up sufficient courage to divulge to him the whole of his Peruvian plans? However, on the 1st of July, being at Windsor, the two went for a long walk in the Park, when he laid his whole scheme before his father and explained to him everything in detail. The elder man listened with great attention, but he could not help showing his disapproval of such a project. However, after much explanation and much consideration, he turned a favourable ear to his son's earnest request (for, as Markham says, "he never refused me anything"), and before they reached home he consented to give him £500 towards defraying his expenses.

Markham was jubilant at the success of his appeal, and he became an altered man. His depression disappeared as if by magic. The days flew rapidly by, he went to stay with many of his old friends, and they returned his visits both at Horsham and at Windsor. London was visited several times in order to arrange about his outfit, his passage across the Atlantic, and the further journey thence to Lima. He had also to obtain letters of introduction to people who he thought would prove useful in furthering his plans. He was now just

* This second expedition was as unsuccessful as the first with regard to its main object. But good geographical work was done and much hitherto unknown coast-line mapped.

twenty-two years of age, full of the vigour and enthusiasm of youth. It was the dawn of his long-dreamed-of scheme, and he did not intend that it should fail for the lack of anything it was in his power to do.

He left Windsor for Liverpool on the 20th of August, 1852. His father was up early in the morning helping him to pack his things, for he was anxious about his son, and hoped the scheme would turn out to be more successful than at first sight it seemed likely to be. "But," he writes in his journal, "it is a long lonely business, and I have not much heart about it." This was the last time he was destined to see his father.

On reaching Halifax in Nova Scotia, after a pleasant run across the Atlantic, Markham found H.M.S. *Cumberland* at anchor in the harbour, flying the flag of his old chief, Sir George Seymour. After depositing his things at the hotel, he went on board the *Cumberland* and renewed acquaintance with a number of old "Collingwoods." They were delighted to see him again, and insisted upon his living on board; an invitation he was only too glad to avail himself of. He generally dined on shore with the Seymours at Admiralty House, but the remainder of his time he spent in the company of his old shipmates, walking and driving about the town. It was like old times, and he thoroughly enjoyed it. On the 12th of September he left Halifax, and was accompanied across Nova Scotia by two old "Collingwoods," namely, Ashby and Jones (Don Galloso), and when he said good-bye to them at Windsor (N.S.) he felt that he had really started on his Peruvian expedition, and that he had taken his last farewell of the Navy. He writes in his journal on the 12th of September, 1852:

"My last day of actual service was on board the *Excellent* on Christmas Eve, 1851. So long as I was writing 'Franklin's Footsteps,' which I looked upon as a duty connected with my naval service, I felt that I was in the Navy. As I waved my handkerchief to Ashby and 'Gallows' Jones, who stood on the pier at Windsor (N.S.) watching my steamer start, I felt, with

a pang, that the last tie was severed. I had been very happy in the Navy, I had made many friends, yet my resolution was probably a wise one. Still, I felt a pang of sorrow and regret."

From Windsor (N.S.) Markham travelled to St. John's, New Brunswick, and thence to Boston, where he met W. H. Prescott, the historian, and spent ten days with him at his country-house. From him he obtained much valuable information during their numerous interesting discussions concerning the Incas and the conquest of Peru. He certainly could not have gone to a higher authority on those particular subjects. Prescott unhesitatingly approved of Markham's expedition to Cuzco, strongly supported the object he had in view, wished him the greatest measure of success obtainable, and declared that no history could be perfect unless the writer of it was personally acquainted with the localities he described. Occasionally they passed the evenings in playing whist; but Markham observed that his host was so much under the thralldom of his servants (as, indeed, everybody in those parts appear to have been at that time), that they were obliged to hide the cards under the table when the servant appeared with tea, as that individual did not approve of card-playing!

Leaving New York at the end of September, he took steamer to Colon, whence he crossed the isthmus to Panama. This crossing of a strip of land only about fifty miles in breadth was a novel experience for him, and a great deal more difficult than it is at the present day. A railroad, it is true, was in course of construction, but it was only completed for a distance of about twenty-five miles, to a place called Barbacoas. The remainder of the journey had to be made, first, in a boat up the River Chagres, and thence on a mule along a narrow path through dense tropical vegetation. This brought him to the parting of the waters, where the rivers flowed down to the Atlantic and Pacific respectively, one on

either hand. Here he had to take to a flat-bottomed boat which provided accommodation for about twenty passengers, with a certain amount of luggage. The river flows with great rapidity, and the boat was managed by a long pole, which was also used for punting when necessary. Just before dark he reached a miserable village called Gorgona, and, with the other passengers, was obliged to spend the night at a mean-looking hovel called an "hotel," which swarmed with mosquitoes and other obnoxious insects. The passengers were on the move at early dawn the next day, travelling some little distance in the boats until navigation by water became impossible, when they had recourse again to the mules, which they had to guide along the most execrable roads imaginable. Reaching a rest-house about midday, Markham was able to obtain some tea, but at the exorbitant price of \$2 a cup. Rain in heavy tropical showers fell during the day, and all the passengers were drenched to the skin. At length, after dark, they reached a long hut, at which they spent another night. Panama was reached the following afternoon. It had taken three days and two nights to cross the isthmus, a journey that can now be accomplished in two or three hours.

Markham's arrival in Panama took place at a somewhat unfortunate time, for it happened to be immediately after the discovery of gold in California. There had been a rush of people, especially loafers and adventurers of all kinds, with the object of trying their luck at the gold-diggings; and a radical transformation had come over the hitherto sleepy old town of Panama. It was now crowded with all sorts and conditions of men. Modern vulgarity was everywhere to be seen, more especially in the flaring advertisements posted everywhere to catch the eyes of new arrivals. Innumerable buildings hastily erected were in evidence on all sides proudly announcing the fact that they were "hotels" and would provide "good lodging," "brandy smashes,"

“egg nogs,” etc. Needless to say, Markham did not stay longer in Panama than he could possibly help; for he took the first steamer leaving for Callao, where he arrived on the 16th of October. He proceeded immediately to Lima. Here he remained for nearly two months, surrounded by old friends, and busy completing his preparations for the great enterprise upon which he had embarked.

Lima had changed but little since he was there in the *Collingwood* days. His old friends, a little more advanced in years perhaps, but still the same kind people whom he had previously known, were delighted to see him again, and not only lavished their hospitality upon him, but assisted very materially in preparing for his great journey. He was provided with letters of introduction to the President of Peru, and other leading men in Lima, all of whom went out of their way to show him kindness. One placed a horse at his disposal, and sent a groom round every morning for orders; another gave him a box at the opera; in fact, he was overwhelmed with kind attentions; for not only were all impressed by the charm of his personality, but the work that he had undertaken was regarded as one of national importance. A good deal of time was spent in the Public Library and Museum; and he left untapped no source available to him of obtaining information regarding the history and traditions of the Incas. Doubtless some of the information he acquired was somewhat unreliable, being of a mythical nature; but on the whole it was of great assistance to him when at last he began his own researches, for many links were thus supplied which would otherwise have been missing. His study of the Quichua grammar on board the *Assistance* in the Arctic Regions now bore good fruit, and amply rewarded him for the labour he had expended upon it.

As the time at his disposal was only about twelve months, he resolved to devote it exclusively to his researches in the history of the Incas. His journey, he

decided, was to include a portion of the coast from Lima to Nasca, thence to Cuzco, and so crossing the Andes in two different directions. At Cuzco he proposed to remain for some time, making researches in the neighbourhood, as well as by excursions into the Montaña. Thence back to Lima by way of Arequipa. This route he adhered to as far as possible. Not only did he carry letters of recommendation to influential persons in the districts through which he would pass, but the President was good enough to write to the Prefects of the different departments desiring them to afford Markham all possible assistance and information.

Before starting on his main expedition, he made many interesting trips to places in the neighbourhood of Lima. One of these was to the famous temple of Pachacamac, the "Creator of the World," the "Supreme God," worshipped by the Indians of Peru. Owing, however, to a somewhat "festive luncheon" he did not get away from Lima until late in the afternoon, and so, to his disappointment, the time left for his exploration of the "City of the Dead" was somewhat limited. The temple, which originally had been constructed of adobe (*i.e.*, sun-dried bricks), was entirely in ruins, but there remained sufficient to enable him to form some idea of the extent and principal features of the ancient building. From the summit, 400 feet above the level of the sea, he obtained a glorious view. On the return journey he was attacked by a gang of negro robbers who, fortunately for him, had unsaddled their horses and turned them into a neighbouring corral. One ruffian stepped out into the middle of the road and seized the bridle of his horse. Markham drew his revolver and fired at the negro, who instantly dropped. Seeing that the remainder of the gang were preparing to attack him, he put spurs to his horse and galloped off into the desert, firing two more shots at his assailants as he departed, and thus succeeded in effecting his escape. His intention was to ride back

and seek shelter at a hut which he had passed on the way out; but, as it was now quite dark and there was no visible road, he soon lost his way. Finally he was obliged to pass the night in the desert; so he lay down to snatch what sleep he could, having first taken the precaution of tethering the horse to one of his legs. This he did by means of the lasso which invariably forms part of a rider's equipment in Peru. He slept at intervals, and did not start homewards until there was sufficient light to enable him to find his direction by compass. He then rode off briskly, arriving at Chorrillos* at about half-past seven, man and beast completely famished. His assailants were captured the next day by a detachment of cavalry. Seven were shot, and their bodies laid out in the Plaza de la Inquisicion, where Markham was able to recognise three of them as having been among his assailants.

During his stay at Lima, Markham paid many visits to the valley of the Rimac and neighbourhood to study the *huacas* there, in which he was especially interested. These *huacas* are vast artificial hills built on the plains, of adobe bricks. Some are of enormous size. One near the village of Magdalena is more than an acre in extent, and is 70 feet high. It is generally supposed, from the immense quantity of human skulls and bones that have been dug up during excavations, that they were ancient burial-places. They were in existence at a period anterior to the conquest of the valley of the Rimac by the Incas, though it is assumed by some that they were built by people of the same race.†

The arrangements for his expedition being at length complete, he started from Lima on the 7th of December, 1852, in light marching order, leaving all his heavy

* A pretty fashionable watering-place near Lima much frequented by Lima society.

† According to Prescott the word *huaca* is extensively used in connection with any consecrated object, such as a tomb, temple, or even a jar. Also with any natural formation remarkable for its size or shape.

baggage in the safe custody of the hotel authorities. He was accompanied by a black cavalry soldier appointed by the Peruvian Government as an escort (who, however, proved of no value, Markham describing him as "useless and certainly no ornament"), and a pack-mule laden with all the requirements of the journey in the shape of clothing, instruments, etc. Both he and his escort bestrode mules. His equipment was cut down to the barest necessities, for, as he himself wrote:

"For the real enjoyment of travelling in the interior of Peru, it is necessary to throw aside all superfluity of luggage, and set forth with a small pair of leather saddle-bags and a few warm ponchos for a bed, so as to commence the journey with a perfect absence of care or anxiety. Thus, unhampered by luggage, the traveller may wander through the enchanting scenery whithersoever his fancy leads him, and, taking his chance for a lodging or a supper, roam amidst the majestic Cordilleras and pass a time of most perfect enjoyment."

Acting on this principle, he set forth on his lonely quest full of enthusiasm, and determined not only to bring it to a successful conclusion, but to enjoy himself thoroughly into the bargain. The main object of his enterprise was to obtain, at first-hand if possible, accurate historical records of the somewhat mythical origin of the Incas. Their history was full of interest, but so far the books which dealt with Peru and its history had been devoted almost entirely to the exploits—generally cruel and bloody—of the Spanish *conquistadores*. It was a field of investigation that was almost entirely untouched, and it was with the object of throwing some light on this fascinating, yet hitherto neglected part of the New World's history that Clements Markham set out upon his journey to Cuzco, the imperial city of the Incas. Here he hoped to collect much valuable and reliable information, visiting the actual scene of the deeds of the Incas, that delightful land of lovely valleys which

teem with the remarkable architectural remains of a very ancient civilisation.

In a week's time he arrived at Cañete, one of the richest sugar-yielding districts in Peru, having received the greatest hospitality from the inhabitants of the various villages through which he had passed. Whenever possible, he endeavoured to arrange his daily stages so as to obtain accommodation for the night at one of the large haciendas, or farmhouses, that lay on his route. At many of the places where he spent the night, remuneration was politely but decidedly refused. Everything was at the señor's disposition, and nothing in the way of payment would be accepted. He was much amused by the stories told by the old men who would come in to have a chat while they drank their *pisco*.* On one occasion a garrulous old fellow described a battle (in which he had taken part) between four Generals, each of whom contended for power on the death of the President. Markham, asking in whose favour the battle terminated, was told that it ended by the four Generals running away!

Slavery was at that time the only way of obtaining labour, and strict regulations were enforced for the proper supervision and housing of the slaves, who were generally negroes. On the whole they were well cared for, and their religious instruction was not neglected. The Peruvian Government had already adopted an excellent scheme of gradual emancipation by which every child born after 1821 was to be free at the age of fifty.† They were principally employed in the refining of sugar.

During the journey Markham visited many interesting people and places. Sometimes he would be entertained at large dinner-parties in the haciendas or country-

* An ardent spirit much favoured by the Peruvians. It takes its name from the seaport town of Pisco.

† A decree was issued in 1856 proclaiming the general emancipation of all slaves.

houses. On one occasion the Bishop of the province happened to be one of the guests. It was a Sunday, and the reverend gentleman became intensely excited over a cockfight, on the result of which he staked large sums of money. Later, on the same day, this high dignitary of the Church might have been seen playing *écarté* for high stakes! Sometimes, however, our traveller had to be content with a lodging in an adobe hut, with perhaps nothing but a piece of bread and a cup of chocolate for his supper. But wherever he might be, whether partaking of the good things of this world in the highest company, or sharing a humble meal with a ragged peasant, he was always cheery and happy, always sympathetic, and ever-anxious to obtain information from anyone who was in a position to assist him in his researches.

Christmas Day, 1852, was spent at Cañete, and in a most festive manner. He shall describe it in his own words:

“ After church I went by previous invitation to dinner at the Cura’s house, the Bishop* completing the party. The dinner consisted of an excellent roast sucking pig, pastry made of young green maize, and sweets. After dinner the prelate took his gamecock out of a basket and put it on the table, the Cura did the same with his, and about eighteen neighbours came in. The two ecclesiastics were soon busily engaged in fastening the *navajas* (well-sharpened steel spurs) on their respective birds. Then the battle began, feathers flew in all directions, the excitement reached fever-heat, the betting rose higher and higher. In the end the cock of the sporting old prelate was victorious, and much money changed hands. The conquering bird rejoiced in the name of *Pilato!*”

Leaving Cañete he proceeded on his way, crossing the river of that name, and passing the extensive ruins of the old Inca fortress of Hervay. Here he spent some time, making a plan of the ruins. This ancient fortress

* The reverend prelate of sporting proclivities already alluded to.

and palace was undoubtedly constructed by the Incas; it was built on a dominating rise of ground, apparently, to overawe the inhabitants of the rich valley which was afterwards called Cañete. Prior to reaching Pisco, he relates a pathetic incident that occurred on his journey. A little way up one of the ravines an object attracted his attention. On approaching it he found it to be a female figure in the well-known costume of an Inca Indian. Her face was buried in the sand. He took one of her hands, and she turned her face towards him with an expression of the most heartrending grief. It was a beautiful face, and she appeared not more than sixteen. She pointed to a small bush a few yards off, where he discovered a little baby quite dead. He placed some money by its side, and, seeing that he could be of no assistance, reluctantly rode off, leaving the poor girl alone with her great sorrow.

Pisco was reached on the 30th of December, and here he was most hospitably entertained. After visiting the Chincha Islands, famous for their enormous deposits of guano (some of which was being transported into the ships by convict labour for conveyance to Europe), he returned to Pisco. Leaving here early in the morning of the 6th of January, 1853, accompanied only by an Indian boy, he shaped a course to the eastward, passing over a tract of soft sand which made the travelling somewhat heavy. Not a few troubles were experienced *en route*. Sundry articles of his equipment were lost, and not recovered without difficulty, before he reached the large town of Yca, situated some six or eight miles from the foot of the Cordilleras and about thirty miles from Pisco. It was a large town situated in a fertile and beautiful plain covered with extensive vine and cotton plantations. It has suffered much from the effects of earthquakes, especially from one which occurred in 1745, when it was entirely destroyed. At the time of Markham's visit it contained a population of about 10,000.

At Yca he made the acquaintance of two gentlemen, one a Peruvian, the other an American, who were about to visit the coast on business; they invited Markham to accompany them. Although this involved a slight détour from the route which he had planned, he gladly accepted their invitation and they started on the 8th of January. When they were crossing the River Yca at a shallow ford, the stream was running so swiftly that the mule Markham was riding was swept off its feet. He was thrown on his side in the river, with one leg under the mule, pinned down in such a manner that he was unable to keep his head above water. The mule kicked and struggled, and so did he, until he was extricated by his companions. Fortunately, with the exception of being drenched to the skin, he was none the worse for this unpleasant adventure, which might have had a more disagreeable termination.

Arrived at the coast, they remained four days in a small hut constructed of bamboos, which constituted the "port" of Lomas! Here his friends were busily employed in loading with cotton a ship called the *Jenny Lind*. Having completed her cargo, she sailed on the 18th, and the party broke up, Markham continuing on his way to Nasca, the others returning to Yca.

He now proceeded southwards along the coast to a little place called Santa Ana, thence due east to Nasca. His only companion as far as Santa Ana was an old fisherman named Manuel, of whom Markham relates:

"He was a good fellow, but, unfortunately for himself, the poor old chap is a murderer. In the middle of the night he often jumps up and runs screaming among the sand-hills, thinking he is chased by devils and goblins."

He was much interested in the beautiful valley of Nasca, which owes its present fertility to the skill and industry of its ancient inhabitants, under whose care an arid wilderness has been converted into a Garden of Eden, and so it has continued to this day. During his

short stay at Nasca he visited the deserted gold-mine of Cerro Blanco, the working of which had been abandoned for want of capital. He also inspected some Inca ruins in the neighbourhood. But his stay here was brief, and after crossing the Rio Grande he reached Yca again on the 24th of January. Here he spent a very happy week among friends who showed him every kindness, and it was with real regret that he bade them farewell. But the main object of his expedition still lay before him, and he could not afford to waste time. Preparations were hastened, and before leaving Yca he was fortunate in finding a most trustworthy and useful servant. This man, named Agustin Carpio, he engaged to guide him across the Andes and to assist generally in the daily work.

CHAPTER X

CUZCO TO LIMA

MARKHAM'S arrival at Yca completed the first section of his journey to Cuzco. To enable the reader better to follow his route, it may be stated here that Peru is divided geographically into four longitudinal regions. These regions are called the *Coast Region*, which is a rainless district; the *Puna*, which comprises the lofty and uninhabited part of the Andes; the *Sierra*, or inhabited part; and the *Montaña*, or eastern forests of the Amazonian basin.

He was now to cross the Andes, and the route chosen was along a narrow unfrequented path. Moreover, he was setting out at the worst possible time of the year, for it was the height of the rainy season. But Markham, in his determination to succeed, was undaunted by such difficulties. His first day's journey from Yca took him some miles up a fertile valley in which were many grazing farms, well stocked with cattle, horses, and mules. Thence he travelled through a wild, uninhabited region, along a ravine bounded on either side by steep, and in some places precipitous, cliffs. Here he came across a herd of eight llamas, the first of these animals he had seen. Emerging from the ravine, he ascended a zigzag path, and came into a land bright with flowers. Behind him the view was glorious. Thence his path lay through another green valley in which were fields of alfalfa and vegetables. And so he went on and on, ever ascending, through ravines and valleys, halting at noon for lunch, and spending the nights in some poor peasant's hut, where he and his guide were always welcome to rest and remain as long as they wished.

On reaching the mountainous district they experienced heavy rains, a novelty to them after being for so long in the rainless part of the country. It had, moreover, the disadvantage of making the roads much more difficult for their mules, and added considerably to their personal discomfort; they also lost a good deal of time owing to the swollen state of the rivers and streams that had to be crossed. Still ascending they reached the *Puna*, or lofty uninhabited part of the Andes. The thermometer now stood at 30° F. (it had been 90° F. on the plains a few days before), and the torrential rain was succeeded by snow and hailstorms of great violence. They passed many vicuñas, graceful animals not unlike llamas, but of a light fawn colour, with a very fine and silky fleece, and having long slender necks.

Attaining at length the region of snow, they pushed on in order to reach before dark a small natural cave on the summit of the pass, known to the guide, where they had planned to spend the night. The scene was wild and dismal, but they succeeded in reaching the cave just before dark. It consisted of an overhanging rock in the face of the cliff, but, to their great disappointment, they found it full of water, while streams were trickling into it from the roof. The ground outside was covered with tufts of long grass full of snow, and did not offer a very inviting place to repose. Snow was falling fast, and, to add to their misfortunes, the matches which they carried were damp, and they were unable to obtain a light. Agustin, the guide, was profuse with his apologies, and was much downcast; but it was not his fault, and they prepared to pass the night as best they could. To lie down was impossible, so, wrapping themselves up in their ponchos, they stood up against the mules, resting their heads on the animals' necks; and thus passed a miserable night, snatching what sleep they could in this uncomfortable position. Nor was this the only discomfort they experienced; for at this high altitude they suffered a good deal from

the difficulty of breathing, though not to any serious extent. Continuous sleep, however, was quite out of the question. The thunder roared loudly above, around, and below them, while vivid flashes of lightning lit up the scene with a dazzling light, brilliantly outlining the craggy peaks of the Cordilleras between the intervals of utter darkness.

Next morning they were not long in making a start, and with the advent of dawn pursued their journey. Snow ceased to fall, the heavy mist rolled down into the ravines, and things generally assumed a more cheerful aspect. Agustin also began to recover his spirits, which had fallen very low during the night. The travelling, however, was atrocious, especially for the mules, handicapped as they were by their heavy burdens.

After the summit of the pass had been crossed, they began to descend a very steep declivity across slippery rocks with waterfalls tumbling over them. In some places the mules had to jump from one ledge to another where a false step would have plunged beast and rider to the bottom of an abyss. Occasionally they had to skirt the edge of a precipice, traversing a path so narrow that, while one leg was rubbing uncomfortably against the rocks on one side, the other was hanging over the chasm. Many of the rivers were impassable, being in spate, and consequently circuitous and often lengthy routes had to be taken ere a ford could be reached.

The first human habitation which they came across on the eastern slope of the Andes was a shepherd's hut. It was circular, about 8 feet in diameter, and its only inhabitant was a small boy, who was very civil and obliging, and provided them with hot water to make their chocolate for breakfast. He also guided them to a little bridge which enabled them to cross the River Palmite Grande. One day was almost a repetition of its predecessor: ravines, valleys, rivers, all had to be negotiated; mountains had to be crossed by climbing up

on one side, and descending on the other; it was apparently an endless and wearisome journey rendered endurable only by the grandeur of the scenery and the thought that every mile brought them nearer to their goal.

They had now passed the region of snow, and were entering a more temperate climate. Travelling conditions were much improved, and they made better progress. Solitary shepherd's huts were more frequently met, for the lower slopes of the hills were clothed with a rich pasturage on which sheep and cattle were grazing in large numbers. Proceeding onwards, the travellers came to a little hamlet; it consisted only of a cluster of small roofless stone huts, with trees growing in the empty rooms. The sole inhabitant of this deserted village was the old sacristan of a little chapel, who told them that once a year folk came from the neighbouring districts to celebrate the festival of the Virgin. More hermit than sacristan he seemed to be!

Large flocks of llamas and alpacas were observed grazing on the slopes of the hills.

Crossing the vast pampa of Cangallo, they eventually reached the important town of Ayacucho, in the vicinity of which the decisive battle was fought in 1824, which practically resulted in the extinction of Spanish power in South America. Riding straight to the Prefect's house, Markham received a most kindly welcome, and was hospitably entertained by the Prefect, Don Manuel Tello y Cabrera, and his sisters.

The town of Ayacucho is situated at a height of over 10,000 feet above the level of the sea. In the month of February the climate is equable and agreeable, the temperature ranging from 64° to 69° F. The town itself is prettily situated, and can boast of some fine buildings, notably the cathedral, with its arcades of stone pillars and circular arches. Ayacucho was founded by Pizarro in 1539.

The Prefect, Don Manuel, was so insistent that Markham should remain as his guest for at least a month

that he not unwillingly consented, especially as there were many places of historical interest in the neighbourhood that he was desirous of visiting. He was anxious, also, to increase his knowledge of the Quichua language, a wise decision which he never regretted. With Don Manuel as his guide, he visited every place of interest in the neighbourhood, and obtained much knowledge both of the country and its folk-lore. Incidentally he acquired a great deal of information on certain ancient traditions of the Incas, hitherto unknown to him. He much enjoyed the evening parties given by his kind host the Prefect. Here the wit and beauty of Ayacucho assembled, and as the young ladies of the Sierra town were renowned alike for their beauty and intelligence, small wonder that he writes: "Their names will ever find a place in the memory of the traveller who has enjoyed the privilege of their society."

The study of the Indians and their language was a source of daily occupation for him, and, as these studies were conducted under the personal tuition of one of the charming señoritas referred to, doubtless he made good progress! Under these pleasing conditions the month soon slipped away, and it was with feelings of poignant regret that he said good-bye to his kind friends and set out again on his travels. The parting was a most affectionate one, for he had become a great favourite with them all, and they could not conceal their sorrow at his departure.

After leaving Ayacucho, the road branched away to the south-east along deep ravines overgrown with beautiful wild-flowers. The whole country appeared capable of cultivation, and of being able to sustain more than ten times the population then existing. Leaving the temperate region of the Sierra, Markham now entered a tropical valley covered with tall stately aloes, huge forest trees, and thick undergrowth. Flocks of green parrots wheeled screaming above their heads, while richly coloured little humming-birds flitted from

flower to flower, their brilliant hues sparkling in the bright sunshine.

Rapid torrents were crossed by means of swinging bridges made of the twisted fibres of the maguey, which swung to and fro in a somewhat alarming and tremulous manner as they passed over. The scenery through which they passed varied from day to day. Sometimes they journeyed across peaceful plains and through valleys dotted with huts and cultivated plots; another day their path would probably lie through narrow gorges with precipitous cliffs on either side, and swirling mountain torrents dashing over the rocks that formed their bed. Their shelter for the night consisted usually of a peasant's rude hut, for it was but rarely that the travellers reached a hacienda. On such occasions, however, they were always assured of a hospitable welcome from the owner and his family, and a nice comfortable bed to sleep in.

When he was about 100 miles from Ayacucho, Markham was overtaken by a Dr. Taforo, a very earnest and popular missionary whose acquaintance he had made at Ayacucho; and as he was also going to Cuzco, they agreed to travel together. So popular was this good man, that the journey thenceforward, Markham relates, became a sort of triumphal progress; for whenever they approached a village the natives would run ahead to announce their arrival; and in passing through the villages the people would flock round them, eager to kiss the worthy man's hand or even to touch the hem of his garment. Markham was delighted, and considered himself most fortunate in having so interesting a man as a companion on the road. At the village of Huancarama they were hospitably received in the house of a widow with three daughters. Their hostesses, however, were in great distress owing to the mysterious disappearance of the husband and father. It was assumed that he had met his death by falling over some precipice.

After supper they were shown their bedroom. Dr. Taforo's bed was in one corner, and Markham's in another. In the dead of night Markham was awakened by a noise in the room. There was a bright moon shining, by the light of which he distinctly saw the figure of a man with a poncho thrown over his shoulders, and with a ghastly face, gliding slowly across the room. At the same time he became aware that Dr. Taforo was sitting up in bed pointing with his forefinger at the apparition, and pronouncing words that appeared to be an exorcism, interspersed with portions of the service for the Burial of the Dead. . . !

No word was said by Markham that night, but next morning he asked his companion for an explanation of what he had witnessed. He was informed very curtly that the widow had complained of the appearance of an apparition in that particular room, and so he had requested that they should occupy it for the night. "It will not come again," he added significantly. Nothing more was said of the incident, but Markham not unreasonably thought that, under the circumstances, he might have been given the option of sleeping on the verandah !

They left Huancarama on the 15th of March, and were accompanied for some distance by the Cura and several others on horseback. Crowds of pretty girls lined the road on either side, and literally covered them with roses and other flowers as they departed. At the different places at which they stopped, the preaching of Dr. Taforo aroused the greatest enthusiasm, for he was regarded almost as a saint, a representative of St. Francis, an apostle !

Continuing their journey, they toiled up steep ascents, now down sharp gradients, then along zigzag paths, till they came to the turbulent Apurimac River, dashing noisily along between the mighty barriers that confined it. They crossed by a swinging bridge 150 feet in length, suspended some 300 feet above the foaming

river. The scenery was magnificent. On either side the lofty Cordilleras rose almost perpendicularly, the waves of the river actually dashing against their bases and making their sides so smooth that even a blade of grass could not find root. The strata in the cliffs ran in distinct lines at an angle of about 70° . From the bridge they ascended a steep winding path, and eventually reached the village of Mollepata, where they had a princely reception. Girls again showered roses on them, strings of dollars were suspended across the road, while twelve of the principal inhabitants rode out to meet and offer them hospitality. In the evening Dr. Taforo preached in the church, and met with the usual enthusiastic reception.

The next morning they passed through valleys and plains devoted, apparently, to the cultivation of sugar. There were also large fruit-gardens and fields of vegetables. On the following day Markham visited the ruins of the old Inca palace of Limatambo, built in a lovely spot that commanded an enchanting view of the valley. The interior of the palace was utilized as a fruit-garden. Thence they entered the vast pampa of Surite, where was fought the great battle which decided the supremacy of the Incas. Here also took place the defeat and capture of Gonzalo Pizarro.

They now proceeded along a swampy road, their progress much retarded by a violent thunderstorm accompanied by heavy rain. As is not unusual in mountainous regions, the storm abated quickly, the clouds dispersed, and the moon shone out brilliantly. Just as they reached the summit of a range of hills, it cast its bright rays upon the city of Cuzco, which lay spread out below them. The object of their long journey was attained at last, their goal was in sight, and all their troubles, anxieties, and discomforts, were forgotten in the realisation of that hope in which for long he had so ardently indulged.

It was quite dark when they entered the city, shortly

after 8 p.m., on the 20th of March, 1853. The journey from Lima, a distance exceeding 300 miles, had been made over the most mountainous country in the world. Markham and his companion were received under the hospitable roof of General Don Manuel de la Guarda, who had been expecting their arrival for some time. After an excellent supper, to which, doubtless, the travellers did full justice, Markham was shown into a comfortable bedroom, where he slept without a break for twelve hours. Not even the appearance of the Huancarama apparition would have disturbed his rest!

When he awoke the next morning, it was difficult for him to realise that he was actually in Cuzco—Cuzco, the ancient city of the Incas, the hallowed spot where Manco Ccapac's golden wand sank into the ground! Here in years gone by a high state of civilisation had been attained under a paternal government; works were conceived and completed which to this day are a source of wonder to the traveller. Here was the chief city of an ancient empire ruled in the past by a virtuous race of monarchs, whose wonderful temple surpassed in splendour even the fabled palaces of the Arabian Nights! Cuzco, the mysterious city of his dreams! It was indeed difficult for him to realise that his castle in the air had at length assumed a concrete form—that his ambition, ever since he had become acquainted with the city in the pages of Prescott, was a reality at last.

It may be of interest to state here that the legendary founder of the Inca state was Manco Ccapac. It is not known whence he came, this mysterious lawgiver of Peru. Many are the theories that have been hazarded regarding his origin. One authority has no doubt whatever that he was a son of Kublai-Khan, the first Emperor of China of the Yuan Dynasty. Another declares that he came from Armenia about 500 years after the Deluge; while still others assert that he was an Egyptian, a Mexican, and even an Englishman! There

is no doubt, however, that (whatsoever his antecedents) he introduced a new and a foreign civilisation, he established a well-organised government and a system of religious worship, he was the author of every useful art the Peruvians possessed, and he founded a great empire the subjects of which were never oppressed, never poor, and were always protected by a patriarchal administration. The reigning Inca himself was the father of his people. He studied their comfort, he apportioned their work, he arranged their holidays, all with the assistance and under the rigid supervision of his officers. His favourite title, and the one of which he was the most proud, was "The Friend of the Poor."

Markham was provided with letters of introduction to many eminent men in Cuzco, and these he at once proceeded to make use of. He made many friends, all of whom were ready and willing to assist him in his researches. During the three weeks that he spent at Cuzco he laboured incessantly to acquire as much knowledge as it was possible to obtain concerning the Incas. He inspected every place of historical interest in the city and its neighbourhood, and paid frequent visits (often at a considerable distance) to the ruins which tradition pointed out as the most ancient buildings of the Incas still in existence. He also devoted considerable time to visiting and writing descriptions of those structures that were erected by the Spaniards at the time of the conquest, and subsequently. Finally he described the state of the city of Cuzco and its inhabitants at the time of his visit. Needless to say, he devoured every book and document he could lay his hands on that was in any way associated with the traditions of the Incas; and he constructed from personal inspection elaborate plans of all the palaces, forts, and other important buildings visited. In short, he compiled, in that detailed and masterly manner which was always so characteristic of him, an exhaustive history of the ancient city of Cuzco and its rulers.

Yet with all this important work on his hands he did not neglect his social obligations. His society was much sought after, for his friends were many, and all were desirous of making his visit to Cuzco a pleasant one. His host, Don Manuel de la Guarda, was untiring in his exertions. Dinner-parties were frequent, and there were evening receptions to which all the rank and fashion of Cuzco were invited. But Markham was not the man to allow gaieties to interfere with his more important work, and the thoroughness of his researches may be gauged by the book which he published (in 1856) shortly after his return to England. This volume, entitled "Cuzco and Lima," contains not only a graphic and absorbing narrative of his travels and experiences in Peru, but also a concise account of the history, language, manners, customs, literature, and antiquities of the Incas, together with a survey of the history of the modern republic of Peru.

Before leaving Cuzco, he resolved to make an excursion of about three or four weeks' duration to the country lying north-east of the city, where several interesting ruins were situated. Taking with him the two mules which had been his faithful beasts of burden since his departure from Lima, and engaging the services of a young Indian named Andres as a guide, he proceeded down the valley of the Vilcamayu in a northerly direction. This valley is often alluded to by Peruvian writers as the "Paradise of Peru," for here, it is said, "the warmth is not heat, and the coolness is not cold." As he journeyed along, Markham mixed much with the country-people, especially in the villages where he had to pass the nights; and he would sit for many hours together listening to their native ballads.

The first halt was made at a village named Maras, where he put up for the night at the residence of a hospitable Cura. The view from here was magnificent. To the north were the lofty mountains of Vilcapampa, rising between the Rivers Apurimac and Vilcamayu.

To the north-east a plain stretched away into the distance, ending in a precipitous descent, and beyond rose the mighty Andes, with their snowy peaks lost to view in the clouds. The lights and shades on the sides of the mountains intersected by deep ravines were very beautiful.

Markham devoted some time to the examination of Incarial ruins in the town of Ollantay-tambo, ruins that appeared to him to have been constructed originally at different periods, some Incarial, some of the megalithic age. Ollantay-tambo was in reality a fortress, specially constructed for the defence of the pass into the valley, against the incursions of hostile tribes from the Montaña region to the north. It is one of the most interesting places in Peru, whether from an historical or a legendary point of view. Here close together, standing erect on a small level piece of ground, were five huge blocks of stone, with others of immense size lying scattered round. One of them was found to measure 15 feet 4 inches by 4 feet 8 inches by 3 feet. Markham came to the conclusion that these colossal stones at one time formed part of the interior of the great hall of this palatial fortress. He succeeded in piecing the various fragments together in his imagination, so constructing a plan of what he conceived to have been the original form of this ancient building. Numerous other ruins in the neighbourhood were visited, and he was much impressed with the great architectural talent combined with the methodical means of defence that were displayed by the Incas at such an early period. He found Ollantay-tambo a most fascinating place, but the means by which these colossal monoliths were conveyed to the positions in which he found them always remained a mystery to him. The descriptions which he gives of the various ruins visited in this neighbourhood are lengthy and minutely detailed, and they are especially interesting in connection with what are known as "the tired stones."

These are the huge monoliths, accurately shaped, which lie on the ground in diverse places and positions, as if too weary to proceed any farther. Some of these were over 20 feet in length by 15 feet broad and $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet in thickness.

Thence he pursued his way to Urubamba and Chinchero, where more ruins of Inca palaces were seen, then on to the village of Laris. This *détour* was occasioned by his hearing, quite casually, that the best version of a Quichua drama was to be seen in the village of Laris, "on the other side of the mountains," as his informant airily remarked. He at once set out for this spot, although it was considerably out of his way, to obtain if possible a copy of the manuscript. In this he was successful. It was a task that took him more than four evenings to accomplish, but the time, he considered, was not misspent. The document from which he obtained the copy was an original one, and he sat up until long after midnight each evening translating and writing by the light of a small tallow candle. The old Cura (a descendant of the Incas) with whom he was staying excused himself from remaining up so late by pleading a bad headache. At this announcement the attendant suddenly entered, and proceeded to "stick coca leaves all over the worthy Cura's temples," and he went to bed, says Markham, "with a green forehead." Next morning a magic cure had been effected, but, alas! it was only temporary, for the headache recurred again that evening, and every evening of Markham's stay! Nothing, however, could exceed the attentions that the Cura paid to his guest during the daylight hours, and from him Markham acquired a great deal of Inca lore.

Travelling by way of Calca and Urubamba, Markham now set out for Pissac, on his way to the Montaña of Paucartambo. At Pissac there were more Inca remains for him to examine. By the time he had completed his examination, darkness had already set in, and it

suddenly occurred to him that he was ignorant of any place where he could spend the night. However, his guide Andres was a lad of resource, and, crossing the bridge over the Vilcamayu, he soon returned with an invitation from the Governor of Pissac to stay at his house, which Markham was glad to accept. The next day he took his departure for Paucartambo. The road was rough and mountainous, and it was late before he arrived at his destination. As he approached the town, he observed several horsemen coming from various directions towards the bridge into the town. He subsequently found that the Prefect, having received notice of his arrival and the object of his visit, had invited the neighbouring *haciendados* to assemble and bid him welcome. He was very cordially received by the Prefect and all these local gentry, who were full of information about the Montaña. They were all entertained at an excellent supper, and afterwards Markham was glad to be able to spend the night in a comfortable bedroom.

After receiving advice next morning as to the various routes that might be followed, he decided on taking the one which led to the village of San Miguel, for the sole reason that a certain old friar, Bovo de Revello, who was a great authority on everything connected with the Incas, lived there. This route was generally regarded as a very dangerous one, owing to the presence of hostile Indians, and he was strongly urged to apply to the authorities for an armed escort. Considering, however, that it would be an unnecessary precaution, he started off, to the consternation of his hosts, with only one mule and a guide. Crossing the eastern range of mountains, and reaching an altitude of 13,000 feet, he commenced a laborious descent into the forest below by a difficult zigzag path. The route to him was intensely interesting, for it was the very one by which the Incas, centuries before, had penetrated into the Montaña, as related by Garcilasso de la Vega and

Sarmiento. He soon reached a country bright with the blossoms of a rich subtropical vegetation; and before dark, so rapid was his descent, he came to the tall forest trees and palms of the tropical region. That night he slept in a small ruined hut, in which he had the curious experience of being attacked by a vampire bat, which, his hosts said, must have come down from the rafters. Apparently it had fixed upon Markham's toe and sucked under the nail, for when he awoke in the morning one of his feet was covered with blood. Such incidents, he was told, were not uncommon. It is said that, while sucking the blood, they fan their victim gently with their wings. But he suffered no inconvenience, and was afoot early.

Arriving at San Miguel, he was entertained with the usual Peruvian hospitality by Friar de Revello and Senor Pedro Gil, the *Administrador*. The information he gleaned from them fully repaid the extra toil of his journey to San Miguel, for it was here that Markham's attention was first directed to the value of the careful cultivation of the cascarilla-trees* with which in later years his name was to be so intimately associated. His two friends at San Miguel descanted in glowing terms on the great future of the Montaña, and referred most hopefully to the cultivation of these trees which grow so luxuriantly on the slopes of the Andes.

In the Montaña region, as was to be expected, he experienced intense heat, and travelling was rendered all the more arduous by the dense tropical vegetation through which he had to cut his way. It was while struggling through this thick scrub that he obtained a glimpse—his only one—of the broad Madre de Dios River, near the spot where it is formed by the confluence of the Rio Pinapina from the north-west, the Rio Turo from the west, and the Rio Cosnipata from the south. It was a grand sight and aroused all his geographical enthusiasm.

* Of the genus *Cinchona*, whence quinine is obtained.

At length, after an interesting but somewhat fatiguing journey of thirty-four days, he reached Cuzco. It had been a profitable excursion. His knowledge of Inca lore had been largely increased, and he had traversed a portion of the interior of South America hitherto but little known to European travellers. He had every reason to be pleased and satisfied with the results of his journey. His former host, Don Manuel de la Guarda, welcomed him back, and insisted that he should occupy his old quarters. Dr. Taforo, too, had much to tell him, for in Markham's absence he had made all the necessary arrangements for the journey to Arequipa, and thence onwards to Lima. In addition he had arranged to accompany Markham to Lima himself, with a party which consisted of Dr. La Puerta (who was going to Lima with his daughter Victoria to take up his appointment as Judge of the Supreme Court), Don Manuel Novoa, and three youths returning to the college at Lima. It was a large party, and it promised to be a lively one.

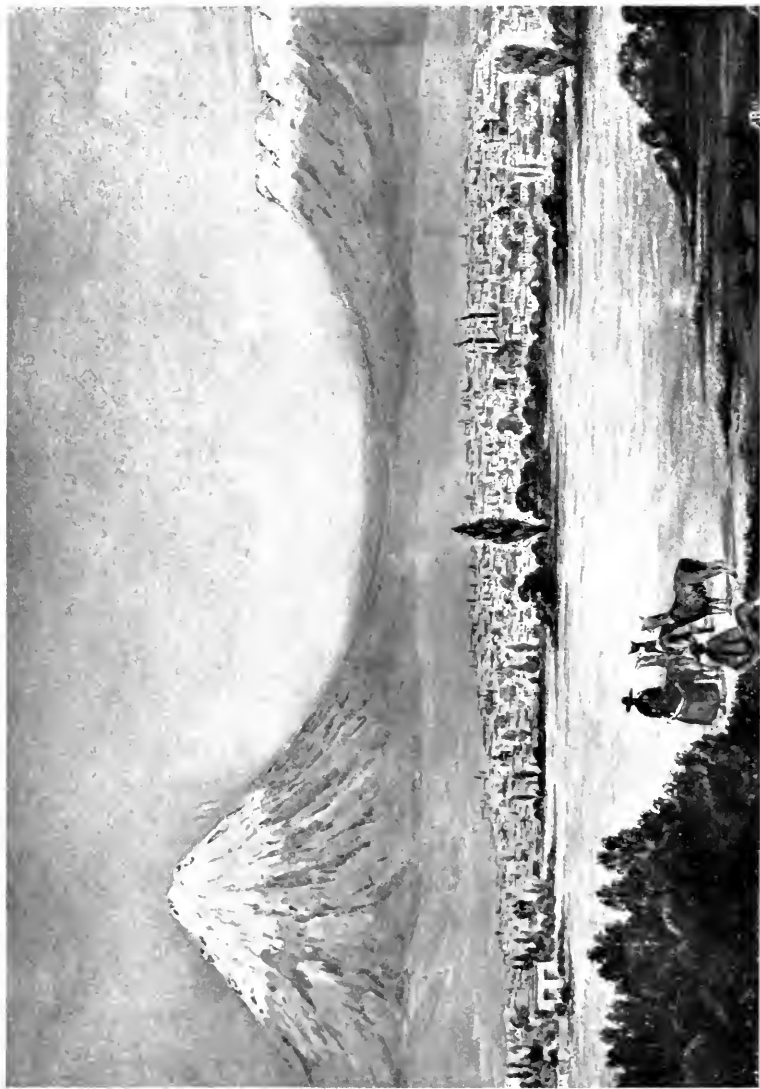
Markham had reached Cuzco on the 16th of May, and their departure was fixed for the 18th, so that he had not much time to spare for saying good-bye to the numerous friends who had received him so kindly. Probably he would never see them again, and, in the short time he had been among them, so friendly and hospitable had they been that he had come to regard them almost with affection. He was leaving, too, the zenith of his dreams, the city of the Children of the Sun, the heart of Inca history and tradition. It was with a sad face that he took his last look at the Enchanted City, and his heart was very full as he turned to follow his companions.

As they rode out of Cuzco, the cavalcade consisted of no less than twenty-two mules. The route travelled was new to Markham, who delighted in the magnificent scenery that surrounded them. Passing the great lake of Tungasaca, they spent the night at the little town of Yanaoca, probably the highest town in the world, for

it is some 14,250 feet above sea-level. It is situated in the midst of a large grassy plateau on which herds of llamas and alpacas were grazing. Shortly afterwards they reached a succession of still more elevated plains, many of them covered with flocks of the graceful vicuña. One night the little village of Langui was selected as their resting-place, for it was historically interesting to Markham as being the spot where Tupac Amaru and his family were taken prisoners and carried off to Cuzco to be tortured to death. As evening closed, their path lay along the shore of Lake Tungasaca; waves were breaking at their feet, and the blue water stretched for miles to the distant mountains. Overhead a cloudless sky added to the impressiveness of the scene.

Three days' journey brought them to the village of Ocururo, on the outskirts of the department of Cuzco. This was the last place at which they were to see the natives in their picturesque Inca costume. Thence a steep path covered with snow conducted them over a pass the summit of which was 17,740 feet above the sea-level. That night they slept at the little post-hut of Rumihuasi, reputed to be the highest human habitation in the world, for it is at a considerably higher altitude than the summit of Mont Blanc. The cold was intense, all the mountain streams were frozen; but, in spite of the severity of the weather and the difficulties incidental to the cooking of food, their spirits never flagged, and as they climbed steep mountain-paths, or descended almost precipitous declivities, they beguiled the time by singing songs in various tongues. The distance which they accomplished each day was between twenty-five and thirty miles, according to the length of the stages between their resting-places; and, of course, their daily rate of travelling was largely influenced by the weather. Frequently their shelter for the night was an unfurnished hut, but, as they were fairly well supplied with provisions, they were always sure of a meal.

They were now proceeding due south on the road



AREQUIPA, WITH MOUNT MISTI.

to Arequipa. The following extract from Markham's journal will give some idea of their journey:

"At last we came to two stone huts and a large corral surrounded by a stone wall, which was the post-house of Ayavirini. Victoria (the only lady of the party) was of the right sort, and game to the last, though the cold was intense. Directly we arrived she sprang from her mule, loosened its girths, and began at once to look about for the means of procuring supper. There was only one inhabitant, who swore by all his saints that there was nothing to eat. At length one of our party discovered a doorway in the other hut blocked up with stones. We proceeded to pull them down, and were rewarded by finding potatoes, firewood, and a quantity of llama skins. Two of our party had collapsed. We soon had a blazing fire and the potatoes in a fair way of becoming a very good Irish stew without meat. Under the superintendance of Victoria and one of the gentlemen of the party, a fairly good supper was produced, yet Dr. La Puerta was cross, and even Dr. Taforo was barely philosophical, certainly not cheerful, for the baggage mules were still far behind. As for beds, we did the best we could with the llama skins. We were all dead tired, and slept well."

This was more or less the daily routine. They usually started in the morning between seven and eight o'clock, immediately after breakfast, and halted for about an hour at midday to rest the mules and have lunch. The night was passed in any hut they came to between 6 and 11 p.m.

From this time the road became a gradual descent, the snow began to disappear, and the weather became perceptibly warmer. Lofty cacti rose on each side of the path, and hardy flowers assisted to make the hitherto cheerless road look brighter. On the 28th of May they beheld for the first time Mount Misti,* the lofty volcanic peak overshadowing the city of Arequipa. In size, shape, and legendary interest, it is to Peru very much what Fujiyama is to Japan. On the following

* This volcano is in the shape of a perfect cone. Its summit is 20,320 feet above the level of the sea.

evening they rode into the city, not at all sorry to exchange the discomforts incidental to such a journey as they had achieved, for the comforts of civilisation. Markham became the guest of a family named Landazuri who resided in a beautiful villa surrounded by a large garden situated above the city. The remainder of the party went to their several destinations.

At Arequipa, Markham enjoyed a well-earned rest, during which time he made all the necessary arrangements for his voyage home. He had noticed during their recent journey from Cuzco that the muleteer belonging to Dr. La Puerta was a very trustworthy man, and invariably kind to the animals placed under his charge. He therefore made him a present of his two mules, being anxious that they should have a good home, "having served him so well over deserts and mountains in tropical heat and Arctic snows." He was sorry to part with his old friend and travelling companion, Dr. Taforo, for whom he had conceived a great affection, and he was pleased to think that this feeling was reciprocated by so gifted a man. Some years after, Dr. Taforo was enthroned Archbishop of Santiago in Chile.

On the 18th of June Markham left Arequipa with Dr. La Puerta's party, who were continuing their journey to Lima. On this trip there were few or no ascents to be made; indeed, it was downhill almost all the way. One portion of it was somewhat fatiguing, for they were obliged to cross a sandy desert seventy-five miles in extent. On the 20th they reached the little seaport of Islay, where they embarked on the steamer *Bogota*, and arrived at Callao on the 23rd. Thus was brought to a successful conclusion his long-planned Peruvian expedition.

Throughout the entire trip he had experienced nothing but kindness from all with whom he had come in contact, and he was never tired of alluding to the great hospitality and disinterestedness of his Peruvian friends. He undertook his expedition, as he informs us in the account of his travels to Cuzco, solely with a view to the

examination of Peruvian antiquities, and for the enjoyment of its magnificent scenery; but he found, before he had been very long in the country, that the unaffected kindness of its warm-hearted inhabitants was even more attractive than the fascinating history of the Incas, and that a journey through the land of the Children of the Sun was one of the most enjoyable expeditions that could possibly be undertaken.

On his arrival at Lima, Markham found that H.M.S. *Portland*, the flagship of the Pacific Squadron, was at Callao. On board were many of his old shipmates and naval friends. He promptly boarded her, and old friendships were renewed with mutual delight. He was made an honorary member of the wardroom mess, and, needless to say, was frequently on board arranging little excursions round about Lima, in which he acted as cicerone. He also joined them in many mad pranks on shore; one, of which it seems he was the originator, was to run a race in a straight line across the town over walls and roofs and across backyards, but without making use of any streets or roads, which were strictly prohibited. A great number of the officers entered for this race, and one was handicapped by having to carry a live kitten in his arms! The affair created some disturbance and a good deal of alarm to the inhabitants; however, those taking part in the race succeeded in getting home without being identified! The name of the winner is not recorded.

Markham had not received any home letters or papers on his arrival at Lima; it was therefore a great shock to him, as well as the deepest sorrow, that in an old copy of *The Times* brought to him by one of his friends, he read the announcement of his father's death. This naturally hastened his departure for England. He left Callao on the 12th of August, was at Panama on the 22nd, and arrived at Colon the following day. The island of St. Thomas in the West Indies was reached on the 1st of September, and on the 17th of the same month he landed at Southampton.

CHAPTER XI

THE QUEST FOR CINCHONA

THE home-coming of Clements Markham was indeed a sad one. All, of course, were delighted to see him back after his long and arduous experiences in the interior of South America; but his return under the distressing circumstances of such an irreparable loss caused by the death of his father was very keenly felt by him. By his death he had lost one who was in every respect his Guide, Philosopher, and Friend. His father had never thwarted his designs, so long as the consummation of them would not, in his opinion, be detrimental to the ultimate interests of his son; and he gave way to Markham's strenuous appeals to leave the Navy, though he was personally opposed to such a measure. They were much attached to each other; they were companions and friends in every sense of the term.

There was much for him to do on his return. His first care was for his mother and sisters. The houses at Horkesley and Windsor had, of course, been given up, but soon he had them settled in a comfortable house in Onslow Square. Yet, with all these family matters to occupy his attention, he still found time to complete and publish for private circulation a History of the Markham Family which his father had been instrumental in compiling. At last everything was settled, and he was able to accept the numerous invitations from friends as well as relations interested in his work. His spare

time was occupied in the compilation of a paper in connection with his recent travels which he had been invited to read before the Geographical Society. He was also employed in collecting the necessary data from his journal for the book which he contemplated publishing on his recent expedition to Cuzco and Lima.

Markham could not afford to lead an idle life, even if his inclination would have allowed him to do so. The occupations upon which he was engaged were not of a highly remunerative nature, and it was therefore necessary that he should set to work to obtain some permanent employment. He succeeded at length in obtaining an appointment as a junior clerk in the Legacy Duty Office of the Inland Revenue. This carried with it a salary of £90 per annum, rising to the exorbitant figure of £130 per annum after ten years' service! However, it was better than nothing, and in December, 1853, Markham began his duties at Somerset House as a probationer.

His work was not of an interesting nature, for it consisted chiefly in writing up ponderous registers and preparing an index for the purpose of reference. Such duties were anything but congenial to his active mind, and, as he himself asserts, could easily have been carried out by the dullest of attorney's clerks. The greater part of the short time that he filled this appointment he devoted to the compilation (for his own information) of a history and description of Somerset House. But, in spite of the interest he took in the historical associations of the place, his immediate surroundings were anything but pleasing. The office in which he passed the greater part of the day was begrimed with the accumulated dust of ages, the windows were impervious to light owing to layers of London dirt, the floor was unwashed and uncarpeted, the ceiling was black with decades of congealed soot, and the shelves round the room groaned under the weight of massive tomes smothered in generations of dust, containing the wishes

of those long dead. This was not the ideal life for an explorer; for one whose existence hitherto had been passed in the open air; nor did it offer sufficient scope to satisfy the energy and abilities of a man with so active a mind as Markham's. A wider and more interesting field of action was evidently essential. Fortunately, a change came, sooner even than he had anticipated.

His delight may be imagined when, after six months of this tedious drudgery in Somerset House, he was offered an appointment in the Department of the Board of Control, an administrative department which acted in conjunction with the East India Company in carrying out the responsible duties of the Government of India. It ceased to exist when the Company was abolished after the suppression of the Indian Mutiny, and the India Office was established in its stead.

It was an offer that Markham gladly accepted, and he entered upon his new duties with cheerful alacrity. They were in striking contrast to those that he had so willingly relinquished. In the Legacy Duty Office the work was uninteresting and the chance of promotion uncertain, the remuneration was scanty, and, what was almost of more importance, few of his colleagues in the office were men of gentle birth and education. It was far otherwise in the Board of Control. There the work was of an exceedingly interesting nature, for he was placed in the "Secret and Confidential Branch"; and his duties consisted in copying letters and despatches, some of absorbing interest, from India, Persia, Syria, and other Oriental countries. He was now quite happy, and eagerly devoted any spare time at his disposal to his own particular interests, and especially to geography.

On the 27th of November, 1854, he was proposed by Sir Roderick Murchison and elected a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society. Thus began his close connection with that Society in which he was so greatly interested, a connection that lasted sixty-two years, and terminated only with his death. On the 12th of

February following, he contributed his first paper. Prior to the meeting he dined at the Geographical Club* as the guest of Sir Roderick Murchison, and they went on to the meeting together. Admiral Beechey presided, and he had a crowded and appreciative audience. The subject of his paper was "Sources of the River Purus" in Peru (another name for the Rio Madre de Dios). It all passed off very well; he had a good reception and was much pleased. About this time he wrote an article for *Blackwood's Magazine* on "The Modern Literature of Peru," which was well reviewed.

But, in spite of these occupations, he did not allow the friendships formed in his younger days to lapse. He frequently ran down to Portsmouth to see his naval friends. On one of these visits he noticed an engraving in the room of one of his old shipmates. It represented the Hindoo Princess Sakontala, wandering through the forest with two fawns licking her hand. It was so pleasing that it made a great impression upon him! He thought of it by day and dreamt of it by night. In consequence he became an ardent student of Indian mythology, and consulted all the authorities that were likely to give him any information regarding the synthetical history of the beautiful Princess. He became infatuated with everything appertaining to the ancient history of India, especially its legends and literature, and he grew enthusiastic over the poet Colidas (most renowned of the dramatic poets of ancient India), who had immortalised the romantic life of the lovely Princess. Eventually he became as great an authority on this particular subject as he was on the folk-lore of Peru.

On another occasion when he was visiting Portsmouth, he was present at the sailing of the Baltic Fleet from Spithead, under the command of Admiral Sir Charles

* In those days the members of the Geographical Club held their dinners at the Thatched House.

Napier. This was on the 4th of April, 1855. The fleet consisted of seventeen ships of the line, with numerous frigates, sloops, and steamers. It was an event that caused a great deal of excitement at the time, and Markham speaks of the patriotic enthusiasm displayed by the crowds of sight-seers who lined Southsea Beach and Common to witness the departure of the fleet.

As he was much interested at this time in the history of Mohammedanism, the Moorish history of Spain attracted his attention. He at once began to study Arabic under the tuition of a Maronite of Mount Lebanon, Joseph Churi by name, who had taught and travelled with his old friend Captain Peel. This last recommendation alone was quite sufficient for Markham to engage the man's services for an hour or more every forenoon. He soon mastered the verbs, and became much interested in the language.

In the autumn of 1855 he made a very pleasant trip up the Rhine accompanied by one of his sisters. As he had been working hard at his book "Cuzco and Lima," the holiday was a well-earned one. The book made its appearance on the 3rd of February, 1856, and was well received alike by the public and the Press. Special commendatory notices appeared in the *Literary Gazette*, the *Examiner*, the *Critic*, and the *Morning Advertiser*.

Of course he sent a copy to his friend in the United States, W. H. Prescott, the gifted author of the "Conquest of Peru," who, in acknowledging the book, spoke so highly of its excellence and historical accuracy as to cause Markham to value his remarks far more than the most favourable reviews that appeared in the English Press.

And now occurred what was to him the greatest event of his life. On the 10th of July, 1856, he met for the first time Miss Minna Chichester, daughter of the Rev. James Hamilton Chichester, Rector of Arlington,



CLEMENTS MARKHAM (AGED 25).

and niece of Sir Bruce Chichester, of Arlington Court in Devonshire. It seems to have been a case of love at first sight, for he notes in his journal that on the third day after their introduction, he took her to see St. Paul's Cathedral! On the 18th of November he proposed and was accepted, and they were married at Arlington on the 23rd of April, 1857. Thus commenced a period of unalloyed happiness, a lifelong companionship terminating only with his death, nearly sixty years later. It was an ideal union. Not only were they devoted to one another, but, to use a common expression, they were suited to each other in every possible respect. They had common interests and the same tastes, both were excellent linguists, they were never so happy as when in each other's company, and were seldom parted, participating in each other's pleasures, mutually sharing together their troubles and sorrows, and of the greatest help to each other in countless ways. In the translation of many of his works, especially those of a Spanish or Dutch origin, she it was who brought him greatest aid, and by her sympathetic understanding encouraged and materially assisted him in many of his literary ventures. They settled down in a house in St. George's Road, and here on the 4th of October, 1859, to the great joy and delight of the parents, was born their only child, May.

During all this time Markham continued to carry out zealously his duties at the India Office. He was much interested in the special department in which he was employed, and his work was never of so arduous a nature as to prevent him from getting away for short periods at a time, so as to enable him to pay visits and to occupy himself in other pursuits unconnected with his official duties. For instance, in August, 1857, he wrote a paper on M'Clintock's search for, and discovery of the fate of, Sir John Franklin, which he read before the Geographical Section of the British Association in Dublin.

Ever since his return from Peru, his thoughts reverted frequently to the cinchona-trees* that he had seen on the slopes of the Andean Cordilleras, and he pondered much on the information given to him by his two friends at San Miguel, regarding the immense value and importance of quinine as a febrifuge. The reckless extravagance with which the quinine-bearing trees in South America had been cut down, stripped of their bark, and ruthlessly destroyed, by adventurers intent only on making their own fortunes, without interference by the Governments of either Peru or Bolivia, gave him much food for thoughtful reflection.

No attempt had been made by the authorities of the cinchona-growing districts to conserve or otherwise protect the trees, and it was obviously desirable that some measures with this end in view should be taken, since the world was dependent upon South America alone for its supply of the drug. The experiment of transplanting the trees had already been made by the Dutch, who had attempted their culture in Java. But the result was not altogether a success, owing to the introduction of an indifferent species of cinchona, and to mistakes made in the cultivation of the plants. In spite of these failures, Markham felt certain that it would be possible to cultivate the trees successfully in some of our own tropical possessions, where the climate closely approached that of their native habitat.

His connection with the India Office afforded him the opportunity of becoming acquainted, in all its details, with the terrible scourge of fever so prevalent in India, affecting European and native alike. He deemed it of the utmost importance to combat this widespread evil, and came to the conclusion that the only way to do this effectually was to take immediate steps to introduce and cultivate quinine in those districts

* The name cinchona was bestowed by Linnæus, the famous Swedish botanist, in honour of the Countess of Chinchon, who was one of the first to derive benefit from the use of this invaluable drug.

in which its use would be most beneficial. In India, he argued, it would be possible to find a climate and localities favourable to the growth and propagation of the plants. So intense was his desire to carry out this project that he formulated plans for collecting cinchona trees and seeds from their natural homes in Peru, Bolivia, and the region of the upper waters of the Amazon, with the object of transporting them to selected sites in India.

These plans he was permitted to lay before the Revenue Committee of the India Office with a view of their being adopted, if approved. So highly important were they regarded by the authorities, that in the latter part of 1859 Markham was selected by the Secretary of State for India, to carry out all the arrangements for the collection in South America of cinchona plants and seeds, of those particular species known to be of medicinal value, and to superintend their transportation and introduction into India.

This was an important mission to be entrusted to so young a man—he was but twenty-nine at the time—and to one who had been so recently appointed to the India Office; but, as events turned out, a better choice could not have been made. That he was eminently fitted for the purpose by his recent travels in Peru, his knowledge of the interior, and his acquaintance with the language, could not be questioned. But the task that was being entrusted to him required not only zeal and ability for exploration, but considerable tact. The Peruvian authorities, as well as the natives, were not likely to permit freely such a valuable commodity as quinine to be exported on a large scale for cultivation elsewhere, especially as they possessed practically the monopoly of its supply. In other words, it would be necessary to smuggle the plants out of the country without arousing suspicion in the minds of the local authorities. This being accomplished the plants and seeds would have to be conveyed to India and Ceylon,

where they would be distributed in certain districts specially selected for their cultivation.

Of the national importance of the project it is unnecessary to dilate. The successful introduction of products of the vegetable kingdom into lands far distant from their indigenous soil, has been one of the greatest blessings vouchsafed to mankind. By his individual exertions in promoting and carrying out this enterprise, Clements Markham brought relief to a fever-stricken population, and assured to the world a plentiful supply of an indispensable drug, while providing a new industry and source of wealth to our great Dependency. It cannot be doubted that in so doing he raised a monument to himself "more durable than the proudest monuments of engineering skill."

The region in South America in which the cinchona-trees flourish extends, roughly, from about 20° South latitude to 10° North latitude, following very closely the almost semicircular curve of the Andean range for a distance of about 1,700 miles of latitude. They grow in a fairly cool and equable temperature (even in the equatorial regions) on the slopes and in the valleys of the Andes, as high as 9,000 feet, and never below 2,500 feet, above the sea-level. The enterprise was admittedly a difficult and hazardous one. It necessitated a laborious journey with a train of baggage animals and men through a country which, in many parts, had not been hitherto visited by English travellers. They would be compelled to force their way through almost impenetrable forests covered with dense undergrowth, and would have to conceal from the natives, as far as possible, the real object of their journey. There would also be hardships and privations of no ordinary nature to be borne and overcome.

The organising of the expedition needed careful thought. Markham was to be assisted by four Englishmen, specially selected for their experience of the cinchona plants and their knowledge of the country. One of

them, Mr. Spruce, was an experienced botanist who had spent many years in the wilds of South America. To his zeal and untiring efforts in carrying out the duties entrusted to him, a large share of the success of the enterprise was due. Markham determined at the outset on dividing the expedition into three separate parties. One, under the leadership of Mr. Spruce, was to proceed to the cinchona forests situated in Ecuador. The forests of the Peruvian province of Huanuco were allotted to a Mr. Prichett, who was well acquainted with that particular district, while Markham undertook to explore the forests of Caravaya, and if necessary those situated in Bolivia also. His principal object in employing his agents in regions so widely removed from each other was to secure as many different specimens of the most valuable species as possible; and he also wisely considered that it was preferable to have more than one string to his bow in the event—a not unlikely one—of the failure which might possibly confront a single-handed attempt. By means of these three independent expeditions he hoped, not unreasonably, that success would reward the efforts of at least one of them. It was a well-conceived idea, and, as it turned out, a wise one; for they were able to procure a greater variety of the cinchona than otherwise they could have done, if the collection had been limited to only one region.

Having completed all his arrangements, and accompanied by his wife and a Mr. Weir, a botanical expert specially selected to assist him, he left England on the 17th of December, 1859, and, crossing the Isthmus of Panama, arrived at Lima on the 26th of January, 1860. The moment he landed, he found himself surrounded by old friends, delighted to welcome him back again to Lima, and eager to extend the same hospitable reception to Mrs. Markham which they had always proffered to him. A month was spent in Lima organising the party and arranging for supplies and their transport, a

somewhat formidable undertaking. This done, they proceeded to the port of Islây, which was more conveniently situated than Lima for the beginning of their journey into the interior of Peru.

On the 6th of March, the transport animals having arrived safely, and everything being in readiness, a start was made for Arequipa along the same route as Markham had travelled seven years before. But under what different circumstances had that journey been made! Then, he was returning to Lima after accomplishing a remarkable journey which he had undertaken on his own account and solely in his own interest; now, he was the trusted and responsible agent of the British Government, despatched on a mission which, if brought to a successful issue, would not only redound greatly to his credit, but prove of priceless benefit to humanity.

Arequipa* was reached on the 11th of March, and here they remained for ten days, resting the baggage animals and making their final preparations for the long journey into the interior. As it would have been quite out of the question for Mrs. Markham to accompany her husband further, arrangements had to be made for her stay at Arequipa during his absence. Through the kindness of friends who were all eager to have the pleasure of entertaining her in their houses, this was easily arranged. At early dawn on the 23rd of March Markham left on his long, toilsome journey to Puno, travelling along the same route which he had taken in 1853. But after a few days, instead of continuing along the Cuzco road, the party branched off to the eastward, and, still ascending, they soon experienced the unpleasant effects of the icy blasts which are so prevalent in the upper region of the Cordilleras. Drizzling mists and cloudy weather added to their discomforts.

* The name Arequipa is reputed to be derived from the Quichua words *Aric quipa*, signifying "behind the sharp peak"—namely, Mount Misti.

On reaching Apo, which is 14,350 feet above sea-level, the majority of the party, including the mule-drivers and even the transport animals, were attacked by mountain sickness, a malady that not infrequently terminates fatally. Markham describes the symptoms from which he suffered:

“ It began with a violent pressure on the head, accompanied by acute pain and aches in the back of the neck, causing great pain and discomfort, and these symptoms increased in intensity during the night at the Apo post-house, so that at 3 a.m., when we recommenced our journey, I was unable to mount my mule without assistance.”*

The post-houses erected for the benefit of travellers in the desolate mountain passes between Arequipa and Puno were invariably of the same character. They consisted of low stone buildings, so constructed as to form the three sides of a courtyard, and were each divided into five small rooms with mud floors. The furniture consisted of a rough table in each room, and there was a raised platform of dried mud and stone on one side on which the weary travellers reposed. The roof was either thatched or indifferently tiled, and the doors so roughly made that it was impossible to close them!

As they pursued their way, they saw many herds of vicuñas browsing peacefully on the slopes of the mountains, or galloping along at great speed, with their noses close to the ground, as if scenting out the best pastures. The mountain streams—and they were numerous—were often a source of delay to the travellers. So winding were they that in one day

* When travelling from Arequipa to Puno in 1881, the writer also suffered from this so-called *soroche* or mountain sickness, when he had reached an altitude of 15,000 feet, and can testify to the accuracy of the symptoms here related, except, he would like to add, that violent sickness is also a very prevalent symptom. The effects in his case did not wear off until some days after he had reached sea-level.

their path led them across the same river about a dozen times !

After travelling over an extensive plain in almost continuous snowstorms, they reached the "Alto de Toledo," the highest part of their route, 15,590 feet above sea-level, and shortly after came to the post-house of Cuevillas, where they halted for the night. In the immediate neighbourhood were two large lakes, from one of which a river flows direct into Lake Titicaca, thus conclusively showing that they were passing the watershed between that great lake and the Pacific Ocean. The scenery, though desolate and sterile, was grand and impressive, and in some of its aspects it reminded Markham of similar prominent scenic features observed by him in the Arctic Regions. The temperature at this stage of their journey was generally at or about freezing-point, though it rose slightly during the day, as the power of the sun gradually asserted itself.

The plains into which they descended were often so swampy as to be almost impassable, and it was with the greatest difficulty that they could persuade their animals to cross them. The poor beasts splashed through the water, sometimes sinking so deeply into the tenacious mud that it was only by desperate exertions they could extricate themselves.

They had now passed the highest point of their journey ; thence the route led them steadily downwards. The vicuñas had all disappeared, for they confine themselves to the loftiest and wildest parts of the mountains ; but the feeling of solitude caused by their loss was somewhat compensated for by the increased number and variety of birds, and by the quantities of wild-flowers that grew in the vicinity of their route. Plovers were seen in great numbers, uttering their discordant notes as they flew overhead or skimmed near the ground in circles. Green parroquets were also seen, and brightly coloured finches, also partridges, but what delighted them

most was the glorious *coraquenque*,* the royal bird of the Incas, the black and white wing feathers of which were invariably used to surmount the imperial *llautu*, or head-fringe, of the reigning sovereigns of Peru.

On reaching the banks of the River Tortorani, they found it to be so swollen as to be impassable. Following its course for some distance, they came to a magnificent waterfall, its waters plunging in a glorious cascade down a sheer declivity of about 250 feet. A few miles farther on they crossed by a bridge, and obtained their first sight of the great lake Titicaca, with the snow-clad mountains behind it. A steep zigzag path led them down to the city of Puno, the capital of the department of the same name. The town is situated on the shores of the lake, and is hemmed in, like an amphitheatre, by a wall of silver-yielding mountains.

Lake Titicaca has the reputation of being the highest lake in the world, at any rate of its size, as it is undoubtedly the largest in South America. It is eighty miles in length, and forty miles wide, and is 13,000 feet above the level of the sea. In Markham's time the only vessels, or rather conveyances, that sailed upon it were

* This is evidently the condor—the *Vultur Gryphus* of Linnæus, and the *Sarcoramphus Gryphus* of Cuvier. Its black-and-white wing feathers correspond to the description given by Garcillasso de la Vega in his "Commentaries of the Yncas," translated and printed by the Hakluyt Society in 1871, who, describing the head-dress worn exclusively by the reigning Inca, writes: "Besides the red fringe which he wore across his forehead, from one temple to the other was another device peculiar to himself, consisting of wing feathers of a bird called '*Coraquenque*.' The feathers are white, with a black patch taken one from one wing, and the other from the other, so as to match. The birds whence these feathers are taken inhabit the wild region of Vilcañota, 32 leagues from the city of Cuzco, in a small lake at the foot of those inaccessible snowy mountains. Those who have seen them declare that more than a couple, male and female, are never seen at a time. It is not known whence they come, nor where they breed." It is a more handsome and imposing bird than the common condor; its head feathers are of a brilliant scarlet hue, the body is black, and it has long wing feathers of spotless white.

large bundles of reeds tied together, called *balsas*, which were impelled, when the wind was favourable, by a reed sail. They were unsinkable, but their progress was necessarily somewhat slow. Now steamers of considerable size, specially constructed for lake navigation, are employed both for carrying passengers and cargo to the various ports on the lake, which, by the way, abounds with fish of very peculiar forms. Close to Puno are the silver-bearing mountains of Cancharani and Laycaycota, while away to the south-east, in the State of Bolivia, is situated the town of Potosi, celebrated for its argentiferous deposits.

After much anxious consideration regarding the political state of affairs between Peru and Bolivia, and the immediate possibility of war breaking out between these two nations (which, of course, would have enormously increased the difficulties of his enterprise), Markham resolved to confine his attention solely to the Peruvian province of Carabaya. This to his mind insured the greater prospect of success so far as regards the transportation of his collections to the coast. He therefore decided to relinquish all idea of going to Bolivia, and to proceed at once to the forests of Carabaya. This was a wise decision, for he discovered subsequently that the Bolivian authorities were exceedingly jealous of the monopoly they undoubtedly possessed regarding the exportation of quinine, and, it was whispered, the nature of Markham's mission was already suspected by them.

During his stay at Puno he found time to visit some old ruins in the immediate neighbourhood, and succeeded in gathering much information concerning the ancient history of the country and its interesting inhabitants. He left Puno on the 7th of April, 1860. He experienced some little trouble at starting with his mules. He thus describes the incident :

“ Four vicious-looking brutes accordingly made their appearance, and we started; but no sooner had we reached the plain at the top of the zigzag path leading

out of Puno to the north, than they all ran away in different directions, kicking violently. After hours of this kind of annoyance, I at last got one of the brutes into a corner of a stone-fenced field, but just as I was about to catch him he gave a kick, jumped over the wall, and went off again. It ended in our having to drag the mules by their lassos until our arms were nearly torn out of the sockets, and thus we ignominiously entered the village of Paucarcolla late in the evening, only twelve miles from Puno. As for the scenery, I can remember nothing but vicious mules with their hind-legs kicking up in the air."

This little incident, one only of many similar occurrences, is a sample of the difficulties and worries attendant on the journey of a party in such a country, before the introduction of railways. They had not even the benefit of properly constructed roads. Occasionally they came upon streams that had swollen into broad rivers, but devoid of bridges, and with no fords that were passable. The only way was to ferry men and baggage across on the reed *balsas* aforementioned; the mules, of course, had to swim. Nor was rest always to be had at the huts where they spent the night. At one of the post-houses at which they stopped they found that a poor little child had just died. Its body was laid out on the table, with candles burning before it, while the friends of the post-master were holding a wake—singing, fiddling, and drinking. Many hailstorms were experienced, and the weather altogether was atrocious. The mules, too, were a source of continuous trouble. Markham had no experienced muleteer with him, for, on the score of economy, he had declined to engage one, thinking he would be able to manage the animals himself. He soon found out his mistake. Whenever the brutes had the chance, they would bolt off the road in different directions, bumping their packs against the rocks or endeavouring to roll, which, of course, would soon have smashed everything they were carrying. In this way Markham was kept constantly employed

galloping after the runaways, thus materially adding to the fatigues of a very fatiguing journey. On more than one occasion the mules obtained at the post-houses to make good the casualties incurred on the way proved, after travelling some little distance, so weak and unfitted for the work as to necessitate Markham's return to the post-house to have them exchanged. Altogether it was a most annoying and difficult journey, but with it all he was never despondent, always cheery, even in the most trying circumstances.

From the town of Lampa, where he was hospitably entertained by the Subprefect, he pursued a northerly course along a path covered with recently fallen snow, and up a steep mountain range called Chacunchaca. The path was a long and dangerous one, with little mountain torrents running down the slopes and pouring over it. At Pucara, where he rested for the night, he passed the evening in the company of the aged Cura, Don José Faustino Dava, who was famed for his knowledge of the Quichua language. From him Markham obtained some valuable information regarding the antiquities of the Incas and the Quichua tongue.

From Puno to Pucara he had kept on the main-road to Cuzco, where post-houses were systematically established at which he had been able to obtain changes of mules; but from Pucara this convenience ceased, and henceforth he was obliged to depend on the kindness of anyone who could be induced to sell or hire their animals to him.

After a weary ride downhill for several leagues, he came to the little town of Azangaro, the capital of the province of that name. He put up for the night at the house of Don Luiz Quinones, one of the principal inhabitants, who, as was the invariable custom of the country, gave him a very cordial welcome. On leaving Azangaro, the party crossed the river of the same name by the aid of *balsas*, the mules swimming alongside, and thence passed over the rocky range of Paco-bamba

to the little village of San José. Here the transport animals completely broke down, but by great good fortune they were able to hire four ponies to take them as far as Crucero, but on the distinct understanding that they should be taken no farther. From San José the road lay up a long ravine for several leagues. This was the Pass of Sunipana, the height of the summit of which Markham computed (by means of a boiling-point thermometer) to be 16,700 feet. It was bitterly cold, but the scenery was magnificent. Here the end of their journey came in sight, for in the far distance they caught a glimpse of the mountains of Caravaya. The province of Caravaya has long been famed as a gold producing district. The old Inca historian Garcilasso de la Vega writes:

“The richest gold-mines in Peru are of Collahuaya, which the Spaniards call Caravaya, whence they obtain much very fine gold of 24 carats, and they still get some, but not in such abundance.”

The same evening they reached Crucero, so named from the cross-roads which branch off here to the various forest villages.

Although the capital of the province of Caravaya, Crucero is but a collection of comfortless mud houses, with a small dilapidated church in the (so-called) *plaza*. It was intensely cold, and they experienced heavy snowstorms during the night. Markham records that while he was there the inhabitants sat wrapped up in their ponchos without fires, shivering in a dreary, helpless way until sunset, when they all retired to bed, that being the only comfortable and warm place to go to. In spite of the cheerless dreariness of the place, he had perforce to remain there a day or two in order to rest his beasts. On the 18th of April he set out on his way to the cinchona forests.

The first night after leaving Crucero was spent in a shepherd's hut. It was built of loose stones, with no

plaster or mud to fill the chinks, so that the piercingly cold wind blew right through it. The entrance was partially screened by a sheepskin hung across the doorway. The Indian family inhabiting the hut, however, were most kind and hospitable, and provided them with plenty of fresh milk. Next morning the party continued their journey, a hard white frost covering the ground. At the hut which they reached that evening, Markham met a red-faced and apparently choleric old gentleman named Don Martel, who informed him that he had been a Colonel in the Peruvian Army, and had suffered persecution for allegiance to his party. He said that he had lost much money in the quinine trade, and had a good deal to say, not very complimentary, about the Dutch agent who had come over to obtain cinchona plants in 1854 for cultivation in Java. He went on to say that if the Dutchman, *or anyone else*, ever attempted to take cascarilla (cinchona) plants out of the country again, he would stir up the people to seize them and cut off their feet! Markham shrewdly suspected that all this bluster was intentionally directed at him, and that by some means or other the quondam Colonel had received a hint regarding the object of his journey, and was endeavouring to dissuade him from proceeding farther. He was not sorry to bid him farewell.

The scenery as they passed through the deep and narrow gorge of Cuyo-cuyo was magnificent. Terraced gardens, some abandoned, some under cultivation, rose on either hand where the sides of the gorge were not too precipitous. Rising at the head of the ravine, the River Sandia pursued its course past the village of Cuyo-cuyo, bordered by ferns and wild-flowers. Here and there a cluster of huts could be seen nestling together on the terraces above, seemingly suspended in the air.

On the morning of the 20th of April, they reached the confluence of the Rivers Sandia and Huaccuyo. Thenceforward the stream became a roaring torrent,

dashing over huge rocks in its course towards the village of Sandia. Cascades poured down the sides of the mountains in every direction. It was a wonderful scene, and its wild beauty unquestionably assisted very materially in directing their thoughts from the execrable and often perilous road along which they were travelling. The descent from the summit of the pass over the Caravayan Andes to Sandia is a considerable one, for it is nearly 7,000 feet in a distance of about thirty miles; and the climatic conditions change from Arctic to subtropical. The pass is 13,600 feet above sea-level, while Sandia is but 6,930.

On arrival in Sandia (where he remained a couple of days), Markham discovered that his choleric friend Don Martel had already communicated with several of the influential inhabitants of the district, advising them to raise every obstacle in their power to prevent him from procuring cinchona plants or seeds with the object of transplanting them out of the country. He also found that Don Martel was instigating the people of all the other villages bordering the cinchona forests to the same effect. This necessitated an alteration in Markham's plans. He had contemplated examining the forests carefully and leisurely before making his principal collection, which would be in August, when the seeds were ripe. He now decided that his only chance of success, his mission being known, was to collect the plants as speedily as possible, and thus anticipate any obstruction that might be contemplated against him. He was obliged, therefore, to make all his preparations for the journey into the forests before leaving Sandia, as there would be no possibility of procuring supplies of any kind after he left that town. A stock of bread was procured to last for about a month. This had to be toasted in the Cura's oven, for it was the only one in the place. This, with some cheese and chocolate, formed the provisions for himself and his companion, Mr. Weir. The remainder of the party was composed of

Pablo the *mestizo*, four Indians, and two mules. Altogether the supplies consisted of tea, sugar, chocolate, toasted bread, cheese, candles, concentrated beef-tea, a change of clothes each, instruments, powder and shot, a tent, ponchos, with maize and salt meat for Pablo and the Indians. Most of these articles were packed in six leathern bags and carried by the mules and the Indians. One of the latter traitorously deserted on the first day out, leaving only three men, who were barely able to carry the surplus stores and provisions that could not be packed on the mules.

They left Sandia late in the afternoon of the 24th of April. The road led down the ravine along narrow ledges overhanging the river, which flowed for the most part between perpendicular cliffs. The path was very narrow and dangerous, but the scenery was magnificent, and the vegetation became richer and more tropical as they descended. The few scattered huts which they passed possessed no doors, a striking testimony to the confidence of the inmates in the honesty of the passers-by. At one part of the road the mountains rose perpendicularly on the opposite side of the ravine, only about 60 yards off, yet the river at the bottom of the gorge was many hundreds of feet below. This will give some little idea as to the precipitous nature of the sides of the ravine. It was here they came across the first traces of cinchona plants, but not in sufficient quantities to induce them to begin collecting. Markham, however, noted and marked down all likely-looking specimens, so that he would have no difficulty in finding them, if necessary, on the return journey. The party then made for the forest-covered valley of Tambopata, a veritable plantation of cinchona trees.

On reaching the banks of the River Huari-huari they halted, and camped under a large rock, for there was no room to pitch a tent. This was their first experience of camping out, for hitherto they had been able to pass the nights in the roadside *tambos*. It was not, however,

a very pleasant experience, for a drizzling rain commenced to fall shortly after midnight, and continued until the morning.

Crossing a rude and somewhat primitive bridge over the Huari-huari, they made their way next morning up the face of the steep mountain opposite their camp, through a dense forest, and into the grassy highlands. The day was spent in searching for plants, but with indifferent success. Proceeding, they forced their way through the forest, their progress being much retarded by closely matted masses of ferns, fallen bamboos, and the roots of enormous trees, with an exceedingly tenacious yellow mud underfoot. In many places, so overgrown was the forest and so dense the foliage, that it was almost dark, even at noon, except where a few gaps in the forest admitted the interrupted rays of the sun, which shed a pale light across their gloomy surroundings. It was a weird, uncanny scene.

But it would be wearisome to follow Markham day by day in his search for plants. One day was almost the counterpart of another. Suffice it to say that his labours were crowned with complete success; it was, however, a success attained only by undaunted perseverance accompanied by many hardships, but always with that cheerfulness with which he invariably kept his men in good spirits, while husbanding their strength and efficiency.

The natives have a habit of rolling up coca leaves into a ball and chewing it whenever they are engaged in arduous work. Markham soon adopted this habit, and found that, in addition to the soothing effect which it produced, it enabled him to endure longer abstinence from food with less inconvenience than he would otherwise have felt, and he was able to climb steep mountains not only without losing breath, but with a feeling of lightness and elasticity.

Before attempting to penetrate the depths of the virgin forest, Markham had succeeded in procuring

a guide named Martinez, who was thoroughly acquainted with all the different species of cinchona-trees, besides being an expert woodman, intelligent, active, and obliging. On the 1st of May they entered the dense entangled forest where, it was generally believed, no European had ever before penetrated. The party was now seven in number, and all were provided with *machetes*, or long knives, with which to clear the way. Martinez went in front; the rest followed in single file. The trees were of great height, and the ground choked with creepers, masses of fallen bamboos, and long tendrils which twisted round their ankles and tripped them up at almost every step. In many places they had to scramble through this primeval forest along the verge of giddy precipices overhanging a violent, rushing river. Frequently they came upon small clearings where some gigantic tree had fallen, bearing all before it as it dashed over the cliff into the surging torrent below. Sometimes it took them more than a quarter of an hour to cut their way through a space of perhaps only 20 yards in length.

For more than a fortnight they were actively engaged examining the cinchona region and collecting plants. The magnitude and variety of the forest trees were very striking. The imposing character of the scenery in those vast solitudes was a source of constant enjoyment to Markham, and lightened materially the fatigues of a very arduous journey. The torments they suffered from biting and stinging insects were maddening. There was one special kind of fly which in a moment raised swellings and blood-red lumps, causing great pain and irritation. Even the butterflies and moths were so numerous and so devoid of fear as to become a perfect plague.

One evening, on his return to camp dead-beat and drenched to the skin, Markham found his Indians in a state of mutiny. They declared that they had been away long enough, that they had no maize or coca left,

and that they must return at once to their homes. It required all his persuasive eloquence to induce them to change their minds. He told them, in their own expressive language, that if they deserted him they were liars, thieves, traitors, and children of the devil, whose punishment would soon overtake them; while if they were true, and remained loyal to him, they would be well rewarded. His great effort in the Quichua tongue had the desired effect, peace was restored, and harmony reigned once more.

On the 7th of May they found to their dismay that their provisions were entirely expended; only a few bread-crumbs remained in a corner of one of the provision bags. As famine was staring them in the face, a hasty retreat became an absolute necessity. The plants were carefully packed in layers of moss, and sewn up in matting brought specially for the purpose. Altogether about 200 cinchona plants were collected and packed. Their start was not made under pleasing conditions. It was pouring with rain, the forest was saturated, they were soaked to the skin, their hands wrinkled like a washerwoman's after a hard day's washing, and their gunpowder was so damp as to be useless. On reaching the precipice of Ccasasani, they scrambled up its slippery sides in the rain, and were fortunate in securing 21 good specimens. The following day they obtained no less than 172, and on the succeeding day they gathered 109. They had now collected a sufficient number of cinchona plants to warrant their return, quite enough to fill the Wardian cases* which were awaiting their arrival at the port of Islay.

Residing in the valley of Tambopata was an old Bolivian named Don Juan de la Cruz Gironda. He had been most obliging and helpful to Markham, and had

* Cases specially designed and constructed for the conveyance of the cinchona plants during long journeys. They were filled with soil to a depth of 9 or 10 inches, in which the specimens were planted, and kept well watered during the voyage.

supplied him with his guide Martinez. Without his aid, Markham and his party would have been exposed to much suffering from want of food. On the 11th of May, the packing of the plants being nearly completed, Girona received an ominous letter from the Alcalde Municipal of Quiaca, ordering him to prevent a single plant from leaving the district, and to arrest Markham with his guide Martinez and send them to Quiaca!

This was somewhat disconcerting. It appeared that an outcry against the Englishman's proceedings had been started by Don Manuel Martel, the red-faced gentleman whom Markham had met on the road to Sandia, and that the people of that town and Quiaca had been excited and perturbed by assertions that the exportation of cascarilla seeds would certainly result in the financial ruin of themselves and their descendants. Girona, though friendly and hospitable, feared the anger of the people, for, he thought, they would always regard him as the man who had been instrumental in permitting a stranger to injure his countrymen. In his own defence, he suggested that the plants should be thrown away, with the exception, perhaps, of a few that might be smuggled out of the country unknown to the authorities. This, however, was not Markham's view, after all the trouble he had taken to obtain them; but he realised the necessity of an immediate retreat. It was the only hope of saving the plants, which he was prepared to defend by force, if necessary. At the same time he addressed a letter to the Alcalde of Quiaca informing him that his interference was an unwarrantable step which he could not tolerate, and reminding him that his office was purely consultative and legislative, conferring upon him no executive powers whatever. He concluded by expressing his sense of the Alcalde's patriotic zeal, while regretting that it should be accompanied by such misguided and lamentable ignorance of the true interests of his country!

Nevertheless, in spite of the delay which he hoped to procure by this somewhat grandiloquent effusion, he felt that it was imperative to leave the district immediately. The urgency of his decision was accentuated when he learnt, from the Indian who had brought the letter from Quiaca, that Martel's son with a party were approaching, and that they were only the vanguard of a large body of *mestizos** who were coming down the valley to seize him and destroy his collection of plants. Accordingly, early on the morning of the 12th he took leave of his kind old friend Girona and set out. As he writes in his journal, "The most melancholy part of travelling is the parting with friends never to meet again."

After an exceedingly laborious ascent through the forest, they unexpectedly came across Martel's son and his party, who were, apparently, lying in wait for them. No attempt was made, however, to oppose or otherwise impede their passage; but Markham made an ostentatious display of his revolver, which, as he remarks, "may have been very efficacious, though perfectly harmless, as the powder was quite damp." Young Martel asked the Indians how they dared to be so unpatriotic as to assist in conveying the plants out of the country, at the same time informing them that they would certainly get no farther than Sandia, where the plants would be seized and confiscated. He was, however, very civil to Markham, and permitted him and his party to proceed on their way without further molestation. They were not a little apprehensive, however, as to the turn affairs might take on their arrival at Sandia.

Crossing the same country they had traversed on the outward journey, and still adding to their collection of plants whenever opportunities offered, they reached Sandia on the 15th of May, where Markham found a somewhat alarming state of affairs existed. The people were

* *Mestizo*, a half-caste, born of a Spaniard and a South American native.

wildly excited, consequent on the receipt of letters and reports from Quiaca, and they were resorting to tactics which would undoubtedly have succeeded in their object, but for a great piece of good luck. Difficulties were placed in the travellers' way to prevent them from purchasing or hiring mules, except to go to Crucero, where they knew Martel was stationed with the intention of delaying them until the plants had all been killed by the frost. Markham was in despair, and even contemplated the mad project of setting out on foot by himself, with the four bundles of plants on his own mule. In this dilemma he was approached by Don Manuel Mena (a member of the municipal body whose acquaintance he had made on his first visit to Sandia), who confidentially informed him that, if he would give him his gun, he (Don Manuel) would find an Indian who could supply him with beasts and accompany him to Vilque, on the road to Arequipa.

Markham readily consented to this arrangement, only too glad to have the difficulty solved. He then despatched Mr. Weir and Pablo to Crucero, so as to throw Martel off the scent, while he hurried the plants down to the coast by a most difficult but unfrequented line of country. The tidings, however, had been promulgated, and effectual measures had been taken to prevent his return to Caravaya for plants and seeds in August, as he had previously arranged. Martel had also written to all the towns and villages between Crucero and Arequipa to put obstacles in the way of his retreat, so it was necessary for him to avoid passing through all populous districts. He determined, therefore, to shape a direct compass course over the Cordilleras from Sandia to Vilque.

This was a hazardous and difficult journey, but no other way appeared to offer a better prospect of success. He was well aware of the stupendous difficulties and dangers that his scheme involved, but he had confidence in himself, and trusted to his own energy and good luck

to bring it to a successful issue. He left Sandia early on the morning of the 17th of May, mounted on his trusty mule, and driving before him two others laden with the plants. He was accompanied only by an Indian as a guide, named Angelino Paco, who was the owner of the two mules. Mr. Weir started for Arequipa on the same day by way of Crucero.

Passing through Cuyo-cuyo without stopping, Markham had ascended a mountain gorge by the side of the river, when he discovered, to his dismay, that Paco had never been away from the valley of Sandia, knew nothing of the country through which they travelled, and was therefore useless as a guide. He was in consequence obliged to trust entirely to himself and his compass to find his way across the Cordilleras. Night coming on, they encamped; but there was no fuel, and on opening the bag they found that all their food and matches had been stolen in Sandia. The situation was, to say the least, awkward, and Markham had to rely entirely on Paco's parched maize for sustenance. It proved uncommonly hard fare! The cold was intense during the night.

They resumed their march at daybreak, and, reaching the summit of the snow-covered Cordillera of Caravaya, continued their journey over lofty grass-covered plains where the ground was frozen hard. As they advanced all signs of life disappeared, and when evening set in Markham looked round on the desolate scene, and realised that to make a direct cut across the mountain range to Vilque entailed a very disagreeable and dangerous journey. They had been eleven hours in the saddle, when Paco fortunately found a deserted shepherd's hut built of loose stones, about 3 feet high, and thatched with wild-grass, in which they spent the night. The temperature was as low as 20° F.

Next morning they found that the mules had wandered away, and three hours were spent in finding and catching them. These beasts gave them much trouble

and required constant supervision. If left to themselves for a moment, they would attempt to lie down and roll, which, needless to say, would have been fatal to the plants that were strapped on their backs.

On the third evening out from Sandia they arrived unexpectedly at a rather well-to-do *estancia*, or sheep farm. It was occupied by a family of good-tempered Indians, who gave them unlimited supplies of milk and cheese, thus enabling them to relieve the great hunger from which they had suffered since leaving Sandia. The next day they reached Lake Arapa, a large sheet of water which had no existence on any map. Markham states that he was the first English traveller who had ever visited it. It was the resort of immense flocks of flamingoes, and there were also ibises, ducks, and cranes, in great quantities. On the 22nd of May they reached the little town of Vilque, where they enjoyed a thoroughly well-earned rest after their long and fatiguing journey. During all this time Markham had taken the greatest care of his precious plants, wrapping them up carefully every night in his own poncho so as to protect them from the frost.

Their stay at Vilque, however, was brief. Pushing on as rapidly as possible, they rode into the city of Arequipa on the 27th of May, with the treasured plants intact, and apparently none the worse for their somewhat severe usage on the journey. Here Markham had the happiness of rejoining his wife, who had been anxiously awaiting news of him for some time. The distance from Sandia to Arequipa was nearly 300 miles. Two days after his arrival his colleague Mr. Weir rejoined him from Crucero. As Markham had anticipated, he had found Martel in that town; but the Colonel's designs had been completely baffled by Markham's astuteness and ingenuity. No opposition was made to his departure from Arequipa, and on the 3rd of June, to his immense relief, his plants were all safely deposited in the Wardian cases by Mr. Weir at the port of Islay.

But the difficulty of getting the plants out of the country had not yet been finally overcome. The Custom-house at Islay declared it to be illegal to export cascarilla plants, and refused to allow them to be shipped without an express order from the Minister of Finance and Commerce. Markham did not hesitate. He went straight to Lima, obtained the necessary permission from the Minister of Finance; not without some delay and trouble, and hurried back to Islay by the first steamer, arriving there on the 23rd of June. Meanwhile, since the plants had been placed in the Wardian cases, they had begun to bud and throw out young leaves, satisfactory proof that they had quite recovered from the severity of their journey across the Andes.

On the evening of the 23rd the cases containing the plants were hoisted into a boat, ready to be taken on board the steamer the following morning. That night attempts were made to bribe the man in charge to bore holes in the cases and kill the plants by pouring in boiling water! Fortunately, this scheme was discovered in time and frustrated, and on the following morning they were safely shipped on board the steamer bound for Panama. It was disappointing, however, that there was no ship available, man-of-war or otherwise, to take the plants direct from Peru to Madras, and so avoid the long voyages, numerous transshipments, and the intense heat of the Red Sea, before this most valuable collection of plants could reach its destination in Southern India.

After all the extraordinary difficulties that had been so successfully surmounted—the hardships and dangers that had been experienced and overcome, the scarcity of the plants in the forests, the difficulty in finding them in the dense underwood, the efforts that had been made, first to prevent their exportation, and then to destroy them—his success could not be otherwise than a source of great gratification to Markham. He

could now afford to look back on all these attempted impediments to success that had been placed in his way with complacency, and confidently realise that it was only by his own individual courage, energy, and ability, that the enterprise had been brought to such a satisfactory conclusion.

The arrangements for the carrying out of what may be called the subsidiary expeditions have already been alluded to. It is sufficient here to state that the results were eminently satisfactory. Markham's wisdom in the disposition of his forces was clearly established: an admirable collection of plants and seeds was made and safely exported to the Neilgherry Hills in Southern India.

After a sojourn of a few days at Lima, Markham and his wife took a final farewell of the Land of the Incas, and on the 29th of June, 1860, proceeded on their way to England.

CHAPTER XII

WORK IN INDIA

ALTHOUGH Markham's work in Peru had terminated, there still remained the completion of his task in India. Plants and seeds of every species of cinchona valuable to commerce, had been brought down from the forests in the interior of South America, and shipped to Madras. Botanical specimens of all the species had also been collected and sent to the herbarium at Kew for verification, so that their identity could be placed beyond the possibility of doubt. In conveying the plants to the coast, however, only half the difficulties of the enterprise had been surmounted; the long journey to their eventual destination had now to be made, part of it through an intensely hot climate. Every little detail regarding the care of the plants during their transit had been carefully considered and arranged, and at length all was satisfactorily accomplished. When we consider the length of the voyage, the changes of temperature, and the numerous transshipments, it cannot but be acknowledged that it is little short of marvellous that these plants should have been so successfully transported through thousands of miles, in varying climates, from the slopes of the Andes to the Ghauts in Southern India.

Markham had no sooner landed in England than he had to start off again at once (still accompanied by his wife), to superintend the landing of the plants in India. He decided to land at Calicut, on the coast of Malabar, a spot which he describes as the garden of the Peninsula, where " Nature is clad in her brightest and most in-

viting robes; the scenery is magnificent, the fields and gardens speak of plenty, and the dwellings of the people are substantial and comfortable."

They landed on the 7th of October, 1860, and found a carriage drawn by two white bullocks awaiting their arrival. This had been kindly placed at their disposal by Mr. Patrick Grant, the Collector of Malabar. In the evening they embarked in a long canoe, propelled by four wiry-looking Indians, which had been specially prepared to take them up the river to Beypur. They journeyed throughout the night, the boatmen singing noisy glees as they paddled along. In the morning they reached the landing-place at Ediwanna, forty miles from Calicut.

Thence they continued their journey in hammocks slung on bamboos, each carried by six men who kept on uttering unearthly discordant yells during the whole of the way to the village of Wundoor, a distance of six miles. From here they gradually ascended until they reached Ootacamund, the chief station on the Neilgherry Hills, situated at an altitude of 7,300 feet above sea-level. Thus they passed in a few hours from a tropical to a temperate zone. The face of Nature assumed a different aspect; and when they arrived at the door of their hotel, it was difficult to persuade themselves that they were not in England. The garden in front of the hotel was bountifully stocked with mignonette, wallflowers, and fuchsias all in full bloom, while the immense bushes of heliotrope rose to a height that they could never have attained in England. Roses and geraniums grew in profusion; ponds were to be seen bordered by white arums; and there were thickets of rhododendrons, with many other shrubs and flowers which one associates with English gardens. Markham declared that this charming spot was more like an English watering-place in summer than India. He was delighted with it; for he felt assured that the climate would be suitable for the growth and cultivation

of the cinchona, while, for those species that required a warmer climate, suitable areas could be found on the forest slopes that overlooked the plains.

In selecting the sites for the cinchona plantations, many things had to be taken into consideration. Apart from climatic conditions, it was necessary to select a soil, and shade, closely approaching their native habitat. The supply of labour had also to be taken into account, not only for their cultivation, but also for the transportation of the quinine-bearing bark to the sea-coast. This was a work entailing much time, much examination of suitable properties, and a great deal of travelling. The latter, however, was of a much more easy and pleasant nature than Markham had experienced in his search for the plants in the untrodden forests of Caravaya, and he thoroughly enjoyed it, being greatly interested in all he saw.

It would be out of place here to give a lengthy description of the country through which Markham travelled in his search for the most appropriate sites for the cinchona plantations. He had, of course, the assistance of the best authorities, and the subsequent results were sufficient evidence of the wisdom of their conclusions. It must not be forgotten that different regions had to be selected for the various species of the cinchona plants. Some would grow only at a high altitude, whilst others flourished at a lower elevation. For some a tropical climate was necessary; others required a temperate zone. Again, some few required much moisture for their well-being, while many would only prosper in a dry climate. Much therefore had to be thought of, much debated, and many decisions of the utmost importance arrived at.

The work necessarily entailed a great deal of travelling. Markham journeyed considerable distances in Southern India, visiting the districts of Mysore, Seringapatam, Coorg, the Deccan, Madura, and Trichinopoly. In addition he made arrangements for the introduction of

the cinchona plants into Burma and Ceylon. After much anxiety, and frequent disappointments, he was glad to be able to record "that this great and important measure, fraught with blessings to the people of India, and with no less beneficial results to the whole civilised world, should have been finally attended with complete success, in spite of difficulties of no ordinary character."

In carrying out this invaluable work, it would have been a source of great regret to him had it been attended by any injury to the people of Peru, Ecuador, or Bolivia. But he had no apprehensions on that score. The general demand for quinine was, and would remain, invariably in excess of the supply obtained from those countries. The trade of South America in this commodity has in no way been impaired. Indeed, Markham's work was productive of much good to the countries concerned. Hitherto, with short-sighted recklessness, the people had destroyed a large number of the trees, thus causing more injury to their own interests than could possibly have arisen from commercial competition. But the fact that the product could be obtained elsewhere necessitated the introduction of a strict conservancy. In spite of the numerous obstructions that had been placed in his way by local officials, and such meddlesome busybodies as Don Martel, Markham strongly emphasised the fact that he had full permission from the Peruvian Government to tranship the plants, a permission which he had received in writing from the Minister of Finance. It cannot, therefore, be said that he acted in defiance of the laws of the country. There was at that time no Peruvian law prohibiting the exportation of cinchona plants and seeds. He was convinced that the cultivation of the plants elsewhere would not only be not detrimental, but would be beneficial, to the interests of Peru; for it would teach the people to cultivate the valuable trees that grew wild in their forests, and not submit to their destruction. With this object in view, Markham wrote a pamphlet in

Spanish, giving a full account of the various methods adopted in the cultivation of the plants in British India, and he expressed the hope that the day was not far distant when the slopes of the Andes would be covered with carefully supervised cinchona plantations.

He returned to England with his wife in 1861, landing at Folkestone on the 24th of April. Shortly afterwards he was appointed private secretary to Mr. Baring (afterwards Lord Northbrook), who was then Secretary of State for India, and therefore ruled over the department in which Markham was serving. Markham immediately commenced writing an account of his work, which was published in 1862, under the title of "Travels in Peru and India." This was followed by "Peruvian Bark," which appeared in 1880, illustrating the steady and ever-growing prosperity of the enterprise, during a period of nearly twenty years, in fact since the introduction of cinchona into India. At that time he writes:

"The annual bark crop, from Government plantations of British India alone, is already 490,000 pounds. In 1879-80 the quantity of bark sold in the London market from British India and Ceylon was 1,172,000 pounds. The East India source of bark-supply is now the most important but one as regards quantity, and by far the most important of all as regards quality. On the Neilgherry Hills the whole expenditure has been repaid with interest, by the sale of bark in the London market, and the Government is now (1880) deriving large profits of many thousands a year from the bark harvests. In Sikkim the true object of the undertaking has been better understood, and the plantations are utilised for the supply of a cheap and efficacious febrifuge to the people of India—by which it is placed in the hands of the poorest ryot in that great Empire."

By way of rest and recreation after his recent arduous journeys in both Eastern and Western Hemispheres, he now made two interesting trips with his wife—one to Spain and one to Denmark.

But his work in India was not yet completed. He

soon returned there to assure himself that the plantations were well and properly looked after, and that everything was progressing satisfactorily. He found the plantations in splendid order, and the plants thriving in such a manner as to afford him the liveliest satisfaction. He had the pleasing conviction that his efforts and energies for the benefit of mankind had not been thrown away, but, on the contrary, would prove of even greater value than he had hitherto anticipated.

On his return he was directed to draw up elaborate instructions for the care and cultivation of the plants, for the guidance of those under whose charge they were placed. He also submitted exhaustive reports to the Secretary of State for India, on the general features of his work, and the instructions that should be circulated regarding the culture of the plantations, with numerous other minor details regarding their management. Sir Charles Wood, who had succeeded Mr. Baring as Secretary of State for India, expressed his entire satisfaction with the admirable way in which Markham had discharged his duty—a duty of great public importance—and at having brought to such a successful issue so arduous a task.

If Clements Markham had done nothing else during his long and active life, his work in Peru and India alone would have sufficed to hand his name down to posterity as a benefactor to his fellow-men. Apart from all humanitarian considerations, he had created an industry that brought no small wealth to his country. In this connection it is, perhaps, not surprising to be told that Markham should have felt that those who had borne the heat and burden of the day, who amidst perils and hardships of no ordinary kind had steadily persevered in bringing the work to a most successful issue, should be entitled to some consideration. A fair recompense for their valuable services was in justice due. But it was not forthcoming. Markham was indignant with the authorities, for what he considered to be the

mean and unjust manner with which, in spite of his urgent representations, his colleagues had been treated. Monetary recompense, he pointed out, need not be paid from revenue provided by the tax-payers of India, but could be taken out of the profits of the work, which had been so successfully accomplished by the very men to whom a just reward was denied. These men, whose cause he was advocating so strenuously, had laboured zealously and willingly, and their duties had been of a nature that required special qualifications. Some had forfeited their health, all had risked their lives, in the service of their country, and they had nobly earned the gratitude of the Government and people of India. Their high sense of honour prevented them from making any individual representation directly or indirectly on the subject. They left the matter entirely in Markham's hands, and he took up the cudgels on their behalf with his usual characteristic energy. One who had partially recovered from a severe attack of fever, and threatenings of paralysis, received, for an exhaustive and elaborate report on his work, the sum of £27! Markham made an earnest appeal for a small pension, but this was refused. It must be borne in mind that the whole cost of the expedition, which in 1880 was yielding to the Government an annual income of many thousands of pounds, was £857! Markham then brought the case to the notice of the Indian Government, but they merely transmitted his letter to the Secretary of State in London, without any recommendation or mark of approval, and it was, consequently, again rejected. The others were treated in a similar manner. No wonder that Markham, who knew their worth and the value of their services, was indignant at the treatment meted out to his fellow-workers. They had loyally supported him throughout the enterprise which had been entrusted to his guidance, and should have been correspondingly recompensed.

It was a great work to have achieved. Markham was

in sole charge of the enterprise from its initiation. He superintended the collecting of the plants in South America; he arranged the details connected with their transportation to British India; he selected the sites for their reception when they arrived; he supervised their planting; and afterwards, for a period of fifteen years, he had personal supervision of everything connected with them at the India Office in London. He also made repeated visits to India to satisfy himself that everything was progressing satisfactorily. Needless to say he, at any rate, received the thanks of the Government for the excellent way in which he had accomplished the duty that had been entrusted to him. It is, perhaps, not too much to say that by the complete success of his enterprise he has earned the gratitude of the whole civilised world, and more especially the natives of India and our military and other forces stationed in that country. It may be interesting to relate that, as a result of his labours, the price of quinine has been reduced from twenty shillings an ounce to only a few pence, and one of the greatest blessings that could possibly be conferred on the fever-stricken East is now within the reach of the poorest of the poor. For his great services in this important enterprise the Government awarded him a grant of £3,000.

Throughout his travels in Peru and India, Markham had not confined himself solely to acquiring a scientific knowledge of the cinchona. He in addition interested himself in the study of the growth and cultivation of coca in Peru; of cotton, coffee, pepper, and caoutchouc, in British India, and of India-rubber in the Valley of the Amazon—on all these questions he submitted elaborate reports and suggestions to the Government. He also submitted a report on coffee production in the Wynaad district, and one on the condition of the public roads and thoroughfares in the various districts through which he travelled, submitting at the same time a

memorandum suggesting a scheme by which improvements could very easily be effected at a trivial expense. He likewise drew up a design for the construction of a simple contrivance by which the rivers might be crossed with ease and safety during the monsoon, when they were usually swollen and almost impassable. Such a bridge as he contemplated would be inexpensive, and the outlay for its construction could easily be recouped, if necessary, by the exaction of a small toll.

Another matter on which he reported fully was the growth of ipecacuanha in Brazil: this with a view to its cultivation in our Indian possessions, where climatic conditions were, in his opinion, favourable to its growth. He also submitted an exhaustive memorandum to the Indian Government, on the introduction of the Peruvian cotton plant into certain districts in the Province of Madras, which appeared to him to be peculiarly adapted for its cultivation. He supported his contention by immediately procuring a supply of seeds from Peru, which (by permission of the Secretary of State) he distributed among the collectors of those districts in Southern India who were most likely to interest themselves in the experiment.

On his return to England, he was directed by the Indian Government to report at length on the oyster fishery at the mouth of the River Colne. This, it was considered, might be the means of gaining important information for reviving the rapidly diminishing fortunes of the Tinnevelly pearl fishery. Having acquired as thorough a knowledge of the subject as was possible in the limited time at his disposal, he was despatched to Tuticorin that he might discuss with the Superintendent the various points connected with the Experimental Pearl Oyster Nursery established there.

The Tinnevelly pearl industry has from time immemorial been famed for the beautiful pearls that it produces. They have the "right Orient lustre," and, from their sphericity and water, are among the most

valuable to be found, although they rarely exceed 4 carats in weight. During the middle of the nineteenth century, however, the oysters were recklessly destroyed for the sake of immediate gain. This had the effect of depleting the beds of their rich products to such an extent as to necessitate a strict and judicious system of conservancy, in order that the industry might be revived. It was then that Markham's assistance was invoked, and he was instructed not only to report, but also to advise as to the best means for the resuscitation of the trade, by which a regular and unfailing source of revenue would be restored to the State.

The only way by which he could reach Tuticorin was by taking passage in a native schooner sailing from Colombo in Ceylon. It was not a very dignified or comfortable mode of travelling. Arrived at Tuticorin, he made a thorough investigation of the existing state of affairs. Not only was he able to report fully and satisfactorily on the pearl fishery, but he was able to make many suggestions for the necessary steps that should be taken to revive the industry. He also issued instructions for the management of the aquaria which, it had been arranged, should be sent out from England.

During this visit Markham devoted much time and attention to the important question of coolie immigration. He prepared a long report on this subject, which was duly submitted to the Secretary of State in Council.

All the time that he had been in India, he had given a great deal of thought to the subject of irrigation, especially in the Madura district. He now addressed a long memorandum to the Government, calling their attention to this most important question. The scarcity—in some places the complete absence—of water was a subject of the first magnitude. He pointed out that large districts of waste, and therefore unprofitable, land could, by the introduction of a system of irrigation, be converted into a valuable and profitable region which would eventually benefit the inhabitants

of millions of square miles, besides becoming a source of increased revenue to the State. From careful personal observations made during his travels in India, while superintending the cultivation of his cinchona plants, he was made aware of the enormous districts that were lying fallow, owing to the absence of irrigation. Vast regions, which might otherwise have yielded excellent crops, were nothing but arid uncultivated wastes. By irrigating these dry regions, he firmly believed that extensive tracts would be fertilised, that prosperity would thus be insured to the native population of those districts, and that a large sum would be added to the revenue; while the whole cost of carrying out the scheme would be repaid in a couple of years from the income derived from this source.

Thus, it will be seen that his sympathies, whether in India or South America, were invariably directed towards the amelioration of the conditions of life of the natives. Their interests and their happiness were ever uppermost in his thoughts. Even when visiting the various plantations, he was always careful to point out to the natives the importance of the use of quinine to themselves and the districts in which they resided, as well as the great benefits to be derived from it as a febrifuge.

But perhaps the great versatility of his mind is best shown by the fact that in the midst of all his work he was able to find time to submit long and exhaustive memoranda to the India Office on such diverse matters as the public works connected with the district of Travancore; the new dock at Suez, constructed by the French; an alternative route to India; the proposed scheme for the improvement of the anchorage off Aden; the desirability of increasing the dock accommodation at Bombay and Mazagong, and a highly technical report on the tides in the harbour of Bombay. These and many other reports of a similar nature will show the great activity of his mind, his hunger for work, his thirst for knowledge, his capacity for acquiring it,

his energy in prosecuting research, all helped by that wonderfully retentive memory which he retained unimpaired to the end of his life.

In 1863 he accepted the position of Honorary Secretary of the Royal Geographical Society, an office that he held for twenty-five consecutive years, retiring in 1888, when the Society, in recognition of his valuable services, awarded him their Founder's gold medal. It is a curious coincidence that the year of the birth of Clements Markham coincided with the foundation of this Society, which he served so well and truly, both having occurred in 1830.

CHAPTER XIII

THE ABYSSINIAN WAR

ON Markham's return from India, his time, as may readily be imagined, was fully occupied in framing his various reports. In addition to picking up the threads of his duties at the India Office, he was kept busy arranging, for official and general publication, the result of his work in connection with the cultivation of cinchona. He was also busily engaged in translating from the Spanish "Expeditions into the Valleys of the Amazon," "The Embassy of Clavijo to the Court of Timour," "Travels of Cieza de Leon," "The Life of Alonzo de Guzman," and other works for the Hakluyt Society, of which he was a very prominent and active member.

About this time affairs in Abyssinia were causing some anxiety, and a rupture with King Theodore seemed imminent. So little was known then regarding the geographical situation and boundaries of that country, that to many persons, reference to a map was necessary in order to ascertain its accessibility, or otherwise, in the event of hostile operations becoming necessary.

The early history of Abyssinia dates back to a very remote period, and its rulers claim that their records can be traced without a break to the time of "the Queen of Sheba and her son Menilek, who brought the Ark of the Covenant from Jerusalem and deposited it in Axum." Whether or not this claim can be substantiated, there is no doubt that for many centuries it had the reputation of being the only Christian nation in Africa. As a matter of fact, Christianity was estab-

lished there as the national religion about A.D. 320, so that it may certainly be regarded as one of the most ancient Christian Churches in the world.

The country abounds with interest. It is the land of "Prester John," that legendary Christian monarch who is reported to have changed his title from King to Priest; its regions give birth to the fertilising sources of the mighty Nile; and it is a country abounding in mythical traditions, which naturally create a romantic interest in its history both past and present. During the period of which we are writing—namely, the nineteenth century—the Abyssinians were Christians in more than name, for they were thoroughly imbued with everything appertaining to Christianity, and especially to monastic legends and chronicles. From their exclusiveness and long isolation from what we regard as the civilised world, and owing to the anarchy that invariably prevailed throughout the country, their rulers became avaricious, cruel, and turbulent. It was the exercise of these barbarisms that brought them into conflict with us.

The trouble originated, apparently, in the neglect of England to acknowledge a letter written by King Theodore, containing a proposal by His Majesty to send an Ambassador to London. It was an important and at the same time a very proper letter. For some reason best known to our Government, the King's proposal does not appear to have been considered; at any rate no notice was taken of it, and its receipt was not even acknowledged. Theodore, as may well be imagined, was furious at this neglect, which he could only regard as a studied insult. That his letter, suggesting a closer relationship between the two countries, should be treated with contemptuous silence was not only a breach of good manners, but in his opinion was a public indignity which he did not merit. He had no intention of submitting meekly to what he regarded as the insolent behaviour of the British Government. Accord-

ingly he seized our Consul, Captain Cameron, with all his suite, imprisoned them in chains, and went so far as to inflict torture upon them. These were strong measures for a ruling Sovereign to take in respect of the representative of a friendly Power, but it appeared to the King to be the only course open to him, and, unfortunately for himself, he adopted it. These arbitrary proceedings, however, were not taken until the beginning of 1864, when more than twelve months had elapsed since the despatch of the King's missive.

King Theodore's action caused a great sensation in England. Though somewhat late in the day, it was decided to send a pacific reply to the King's letter forthwith, signed by the Queen, but at the same time remonstrating against his arbitrary action in confining our Consul, and demanding Captain Cameron's immediate release. This was entrusted to a Special Envoy, Mr. Rassam (well known in connection with the Nineveh discoveries of Mr. Layard), who was selected for this delicate duty, mainly in consequence of his knowledge of Arabic and his experience with the natives. He was accompanied by Dr. Blanc and Lieutenant Prideaux, R.E., who had recently been serving as Political Agent at Aden.

The only effect that the arrival of this mission had on King Theodore was to cause him to seize the members of it and send them to join the Consul, the English missionaries, and the others in captivity! Theodore's mind was made up: he resolved to uphold and justify his action by the arbitrament of the sword. It was a brave decision, but doubtless he considered himself secure in his mountain fastnesses, where he thought the long arm of England could not possibly reach him. Unfortunately, there can be no shadow of a doubt that the principal, if not the sole, cause of Theodore's original action towards our representatives, and the unheard-of treatment to which they were subjected, was the extraordinary and unpardonable omission of our Govern-

ment to reply to the King's letter. Had a courteous answer been returned, there would have been no necessity for the subsequent punitive expedition, and its attendant expenditure of several millions of money. However, it was now too late, and the only possible course to secure the release of our countrymen, and to avenge the insult that had been offered to our flag, was the despatch of an expeditionary force.

The intelligence of the new outrage was received in England during the autumn of 1866, but owing to the vacillation of the Government many months elapsed before energetic measures were taken for the despatch of the expedition. They hoped to attain their object by conciliatory means, and were much averse to plunging the country into war if it could possibly be avoided. All efforts for liberating the captives having failed, in spite of the persistent exertions of Colonel Merewether, our Political Resident at Aden, whose services were invaluable, a letter was despatched to King Theodore in April, 1867, and this was supported by presents of the value of £3,500. It demanded the immediate and unconditional release of the captives, and, in case of refusal, prompt and decisive action, he was informed, would be taken to enforce compliance.

Preparations for the despatch of a strong mobile force were immediately commenced, but it was not until July, 1867, that a final decision was arrived at. General Sir Robert Napier, the Commander-in-Chief of the Bombay Army, was appointed to the supreme command, and Clements Markham was selected to accompany him as geographer to the expedition. He was to be employed on the headquarters staff to superintend the general survey of the country, and to act with Colonel Merewether in selecting the most convenient passes through the mountainous districts over which the troops would have to march on their way to Magdala. His selection for these important duties was a very wise one. He had already proved himself to be an experienced

geographer, practical as well as theoretical; his energy was boundless, his courage and endurance had been thoroughly tested during his recent travels, and he was kind and sympathetic to natives; in short, he was a practised campaigner. Needless to say, he was delighted at having been chosen for such an important and interesting service; the only regret that he could possibly entertain was that it would entail a prolonged separation from his wife and daughter.

The expeditionary force consisted altogether of 32,000 men. This figure included the troops transported from England and India, the land transport, and the camp followers, which latter are inseparable from a force comprised largely of Indian soldiers. The actual fighting force was composed of 4,000 British and 10,000 Indian troops. The distance from the port of disembarkation to Magdala was about 400 miles, necessitating a long line of communications, which of course had to be well protected. It was estimated that the actual striking force on reaching Magdala would not exceed four or five thousand rifles. This was considered sufficient for the purpose, a decision fully justified by the result. It was reported that Theodore was at this time in command of an army numbering 40,000 fighting men, but although large in numbers it was regarded as a somewhat undisciplined rabble.

It was arranged that Colonel Merewether should be placed in command of a small advanced detachment consisting of about two or three thousand Indian troops, with the object of selecting a convenient place for the disembarkation of the main force. This accomplished, he was ordered to explore the passes leading into the interior and reconnoitre in advance of the main body. This detached party sailed from Bombay on the 16th of September, 1867, and anchored in Annesley Bay off a small village called Mulketto, which had been selected as being specially suitable for a base of operations. Here piers were rapidly constructed, sea-walls

came suddenly into existence, and a tram-line was laid for conveying the stores from the wharves to the camp.

By the beginning of January, 1868, the entire force had been disembarked. Sir Robert Napier now arrived and assumed command. At this time the latest news from the captives was that they were still alive, but subjected to inconceivable cruelties and indignities. Occasionally, as a change of treatment was considered beneficial to their health, their hands were fettered with short chains attached to their ankles, so that they were unable either to stand erect or to lie down in a recumbent position!

The region that had to be traversed by the troops consisted of a series of mountains and plateaux at an average elevation of 9,000 feet above sea-level. A number of pools and a few springs furnished a scanty supply of water; but this fortunately increased in quantity as they got farther from the coast, owing to the greater rainfall. Animal life was plentiful along the line of march and on the high land; the large Egyptian goose abounded, and many were shot. Lions and leopards were not met with, but hyenas literally swarmed, making horrible noises during the night. As a rule they are cowardly brutes, but they have been known to attack a solitary human being, first uttering their peculiar cry which it is believed brings the pack to their assistance. Large flocks of monkeys were occasionally seen, the males with immense manes, the females carrying their young on their backs. They would scamper across the road uttering discordant cries. Markham was not only geographer to the expedition, but also acted as naturalist. He made numerous valuable notes on the physical geography and the geology, as well as on the natural history, of the regions through which they marched.

It is not within the scope of this biography to give a detailed account of the proceedings of the expedition, except in so far as they relate to the personal experiences of Clements Markham; nor is it the object of the

writer to criticise the strategy that governed the movements of the force, even were he inclined to do so: his object is simply to place before the reader, as briefly as possible, the most important incidents relating to the connection of Clements Markham with the campaign that are likely to prove of interest.

The most formidable, as it was also the most important, work that demanded attention was the organisation of the transport. It was impossible to rely on the country through which they passed to supply them with provisions. Everything had to be carried with them, and they were obliged to prepare, not only for the advance to Magdala, but for the return journey as well. Base camps for supplies of all sorts were formed at Senafé, about forty-five miles from the main camp at Annesley Bay, and at Adigrat, some thirty-five miles farther on. The latter place was considered of such importance that it was converted into a strongly entrenched position. The carriage of the artillery and ammunition was also a difficult problem; but it was eventually overcome with the aid of an enormous number of mules and a few elephants. The delays, consequent upon these difficulties, kept the advanced brigade inactive at Senafé for some time; but it was time well spent, for it had the effect of establishing a friendly feeling between the invaders and the native inhabitants of the surrounding country.

It was assumed that our advance on Magdala, a distance of 400 miles, would be entirely through hostile country. As a matter of fact, the reverse was the case. The troops were received with open arms by the inhabitants of the districts through which they marched. The whole country had risen against Theodore. His army of 40,000 men had dwindled, by desertion and other causes, to less than a fourth of that number; and this was due entirely to his tyrannical behaviour. In addition to perpetrating the most barbarous acts of cruelty and oppression, he had

deliberately planned wholesale massacres. His whole nature appears to have undergone a change; for he had become suspicious, proud, and intemperate.

But, although the country was in a state of insurrection and the people antagonistic to the King, it would have been a dangerous policy to trust too much to the goodwill of the inhabitants for the supply of provisions and other requirements for our troops. Hence the necessity for the huge transport, which added so materially to the difficulties of the advance. Strong working-parties were daily occupied in the construction of roads, and nothing was omitted that could be thought of to facilitate the progress of the expedition. Everything went well. The weather was perfect, the advance was unopposed, and there was no hitch in the commissariat arrangements. The natives, too, rendered great assistance, not only in the provision of food, but also in the transport of stores and munitions. They were well paid, and only too glad to be of use, so long as they were remunerated for their labour.

The line of march was across plains and through passes at an average altitude of about 8,000 feet. On one occasion they reached a height of 10,500 feet above the sea. Markham gives an excellent description of the country through which they travelled, in the "History of the Abyssinian Expedition," which he published on his return to England. Even at the great altitudes to which they ascended, the vegetation was similar to that of the temperate zone. The scenery was magnificent, and he makes interesting allusions to the botany of the country, its general resources, and the manners and customs of the people.

On the 1st of February the pioneer force, consisting of about 600 men, left Adigrat for Antalo. It was followed at short intervals by the remainder of the attacking column. No opposition was made to its progress. It is true that, at first, supplies did not come in from the country-people as quickly as was hoped; but when the

natives discovered that they were well paid for everything they brought into camp, there was no lack of supply. Assistance was also obtained from some of the chiefs who were in arms against King Theodore. Time was of the utmost value, as it was essential that the operations should be brought to a close before the commencement of the rainy season.

In some places, where the scenery is described as "magnificent," the marching was very severe; but the beauty of their surroundings did much to lessen the fatigue of the men, who, like true Englishmen, swore at the mountain passes while secretly enjoying their grandeur. "They tell us this is a tableland," grumbled one of the soldiers; "if it is, they have turned the table upside down, and we are scrambling up and down the legs!" As the long column of troops with all its necessary paraphernalia of transport passed along, the inhabitants turned out with their priests, and sat by the wayside to see the audacious strangers who were going to attack the dreaded Theodore in his stronghold at Magdala.

On the 26th of March they reached the high altitude of nearly 11,000 feet above sea-level, and here they camped. The night was not passed in comfort. It was intensely cold, and a heavy rainstorm burst upon them with great fury, so that the camping-ground soon became as muddy as a ploughed field. Thence they descended into the valley of Takkazyè, where the force halted for some days to allow the brigade in the rear to come up. It had taken them seventeen days to march the last 120 miles, which gives an average of about seven miles a day over very formidable ranges of mountains. It was a severe experience for the majority of the troops, hampered as they were with a vast and ponderous transport, and they were deserving of much credit for the excellent way in which it was accomplished.

The neighbourhood of Magdala was at length reached, and the preliminary military operations for its capture

were begun. The region is described as being like the interior of one of the Orkney Islands. There was an entire absence of trees and bushes, except for some clumps of juniper which were observed, usually in the vicinity of the churches, where they appeared to thrive. The hills were covered with grass. Wheat and barley were cultivated in great quantities on the plateaux. Magdala itself is an isolated flat-topped mountain, the summit of which is about two miles in length and half a mile in breadth, and it is about 9,000 feet above sea-level. It was in this stronghold, on the summit of this mountain, that the representatives of Great Britain were detained in chains.

The sight of Magdala was hailed with the keenest delight by every member of the force. They were glad that their long and tedious march was at an end, and all were longing to get at close grips with Theodore. The object for which they had endured so much fatigue and so many privations was at last within their reach.

By the 31st of March, 1868, the whole of our attacking force, numbering slightly over 4,000 officers and men, was assembled on the Wadela plateau ready for the attack. To resist this force, Theodore, it is surmised, had about 6,000 trained soldiers, besides a vast host of camp followers, whose fighting qualities, however, although armed, could not be relied on. In order to take up a position favourable for assaulting the fortress, Sir Robert Napier was obliged to march his force an additional distance of about thirty-five miles. This occupied the best part of three days. He then halted his troops for five days on the Dalanta plateau, so as to rest the men, to accumulate provisions, and to concentrate his force for the attack. The last day's march was a very long and fatiguing one, for it necessitated the crossing of a formidable chasm, involving a steep descent and a still steeper ascent on the other side. The camp was pitched on a grassy plain in close proximity to water, but it was long after midnight before the last of the

rearguard arrived. No attempt was made by Theodore to oppose the occupation of the position selected.

On the morning of the 10th of April the two forces faced each other, the one ready and eager for the attack, the other prepared to defend themselves to the death; the former highly trained and disciplined, armed with the latest inventions of modern science, and confident in their success; the latter discouraged by the previous harassing attacks of rebels, with a waning confidence in their leader, and but little heart for the coming contest.

The result of that day's fight is a matter of history. How the Abyssinian Army, obedient to the command of their King, rushed out from Magdala and impetuously attacked the advancing English, and how they suffered an overwhelming defeat, is well known; nor need we dwell at much length upon the death of King Theodore, who on witnessing the discomfiture of his army, with its complete rout and dispersal, rather than surrender himself to his enemies, put a pistol into his mouth, fired it, and fell dead on the spot: Markham's doings alone concern us. During the whole of that fateful day he was in attendance on the Commander-in-Chief, and has given us a thrilling description of the events which led to the death of Theodore. He shall relate it in his own words:

“ The King ran up the rocks and over the hedge to the right of the second gate. As he reached the hedge, he turned round behind a huge boulder, looking as if he was in a pulpit, and threw up both arms as a gesture of rage and defiance to the red-coats who were swarming up. By crossing the hedge at this point, Theodore reached the plateau about a hundred yards from the second gate. Here he dismissed all his followers except his faithful body-servant, telling them to leave him and save their own lives. The King then turned to his servant, and said: ‘ Sooner than fall into their hands, I will shoot myself.’ He put a pistol into his mouth, fired it, and fell dead, the ball passing in at the palate and out at the back of the head. The English soldiers were then running up between the first and second gates,

some of them climbing over the second hedge. At the same time Sir Charles Staveley* and I, followed by several officers, came through the second gate. A man ran up to us, and said that a dead body was lying near, which they declared was that of the King. Sir Charles called out: 'Bring him here dead or alive.' The body was put into a hammock and brought to us, when it was identified by one of the captives, after looking at the fingers, one of which had been broken. Mr. Rassam soon after came up, and at once identified the remains.

"The body was that of a man of medium stature, well built, with broad chest, small waist, and muscular limbs. The hair was much dishevelled, crisp, and coarse, and done in three plaits with little stumpy tails. But it had evidently not been dressed or buttered for days. The complexion was dark for an Abyssinian, but the features showed no trace of negro blood. The eyebrows had a peculiar curve downwards and over the nose, and there was a deep-curved furrow in the centre of the forehead. The nose was aquiline and finely cut, with a low bridge, the lips very thin and cruel, the face, though thin, rather round than oval. The once changeful eyes had lost their meaning—one closed, the other staring. The scanty beard and moustache contained many grey hairs. Theodore was in his fiftieth year and in the fifteenth of his reign."

Markham sums up his character in the following words:

"Thus ended the career of the most remarkable man that has arisen in Africa within the present century. His misdeeds had been numerous, his cruelties horrible, but he was not without great and noble qualities. He was a grand, not a contemptible, tyrant. He feared no man. His greatest and most powerful enemies were not, as a rule, put to death when they fell into his hands. His indomitable energy and perseverance, his military skill and his dauntless courage, command respect, while his cruelties are execrated. He preferred death to lingering out a contemptible existence after his true career was over, and he died like a hero."

* Major-General Sir Charles Staveley, K.C.B., 2nd in command of the Expeditionary Force.

Thus was Magdala taken. The objects of the expedition had been attained, the King was dead, and the captives (for whose release King Theodore had given orders before committing suicide) were rescued. The recovered European captives alone numbered sixty-seven, of whom some had been in captivity for more than four years.

These things accomplished, it would seem that nothing now remained but to march the force back again to Annesley Bay, re-embark the troops, and send them back to their several destinations. But the death of Theodore and the destruction of his power entailed grave responsibilities on his conquerors. At Magdala people had congregated from all parts of Abyssinia to be near their great King; and it was necessary to make arrangements for the safe-conduct of this vast unarmed multitude through an unsettled (if not actually hostile) country. Provision also had to be made for the family of King Theodore, for his chiefs, his political prisoners, his soldiers (now disarmed), their families, and the widows and orphans of those who were killed in the attack. The disposal of the guns and plunder had also to be attended to. All these things had to be considered and dealt with. Sir Robert Napier's lot was not an enviable one: it required time, investigation, and patience, to deal satisfactorily with all these knotty points.

The body of the King, at the express wish of the Queen, was quietly interred in Magdala by Abyssinian priests. Very few attended the ceremony, though all the chiefs had received invitations to be present. The remains were carried into the church on an old bedstead, the priests muttered a few prayers, and the body was lowered into the grave without further ceremony. The Queen (who was only twenty-six years of age) with her little boy had taken refuge in the hut in which Mr. Rassam had been imprisoned. She was anxious to return to her native country of Semyen, of which her father was hereditary chief, and said that her husband's

last wish was that her son should be taken charge of by the English. It was arranged that she and her son should accompany the expedition so long as their roads led in the same direction. But, alas! the poor young Queen did not survive her husband many days. She was taken ill shortly after leaving Magdala, and died before they reached Antalo. Her son, who was about ten years of age, was brought to England, in accordance with the earnest wish of his father, and was educated under the auspices of the English Government.

The royal household disposed of, the numerous chiefs had then to be settled with. The best and bravest had already fallen in their first furious onslaught on our troops, and the survivors wished to transfer their allegiance to the Queen of England. This, of course, could not be considered without the annexation of Abyssinia. So they were told to return quietly to their homes and avoid meddling in politics. Many of them were given arms with which to defend themselves on their journey, and mules to assist in carrying their baggage. The political prisoners were released from their fetters and allowed to return to their homes.

Sir Robert Napier decided to burn Magdala, to blow up the principal gates of the fortress, and to destroy the guns. The inhabitants, estimated to be about 30,000 in number, were allowed to proceed to their native provinces, the majority being escorted by British troops. This protection was absolutely necessary in order to defend them from the gangs of ruthless native robbers that infested the country and murdered all stragglers they could lay their hands on. The camp of these people presented an interesting sight. It consisted of hundreds of black tents pitched in no regular order, covering two hills and the intervening valley. At night time, when lit up by thousands of lights, it had the appearance of a large city. In wandering through the tortuous lanes between these tents, Markham thus expresses himself:

“ We came upon many forms of human misery—men in cruel pain with undressed wounds, helpless old people stripped by robbers on the road and exhausted by the fatigues of the march, children crying for food, their mothers with no means of satisfying their hunger. Many were gently nurtured ladies, wives and daughters of chiefs, women who had been made widows and orphans by the fell slaughter of the 10th of April. They had never known what it was to want, but now the poor things were eager to sell their personal ornaments, their sacred pictures and books, all their most cherished possessions, for the means of buying bread. In the English camp there was no misery save such as was caused by rather tough beef and the absence of grog.”

Such are the fortunes of war !

On the 17th of April, Magdala was burnt to the ground (together with the church in which the remains of King Theodore had been so recently deposited), the gates were blown up, and the guns destroyed. On the previous day the liberated captives with a sufficient escort had begun their march to the coast, and two days later they were followed by the whole expeditionary force. The troops marched in three divisions at short intervals. The road had not been neglected by those who had been guarding the line of communications, so the travelling was a good deal easier than it had been on the outward march. Consequently, longer and less fatiguing daily marches were the rule. The return to Mulketto was effected without any noteworthy incident. The last division arrived at the end of May, the embarkation of the troops was speedily effected, and by the first week in June the majority of the force had departed from Annesley Bay. The Commander-in-Chief with his staff reached Suez, on his way to England, on the 18th of June, and by the end of the month the last man had departed from Annesley Bay.

Thus ended the Abyssinian War. Doubtless from our standpoint it may be regarded with unmixed satisfaction. It was undertaken in the cause of

humanity, to uphold the honour of our flag and dignity of our country, and to punish a truculent and tyrannical ruler, and in all these it was eminently successful. Yet there was much to admire in the character of Theodore, as Markham shows. With limited powers, and some restraint to bridle his evil passions, his strength of mind and determination were such as might have enabled him to secure lasting good for his country.

With the exception of the loss of life consequent on the assault and capture of Magdala, the inhabitants of the country gained rather than suffered by the presence of the expeditionary force. In addition to the trade which they drove with it in the matter of daily supplies, they heartily welcomed the arrival of the foreigners who had marched so far into the interior of their country to rid them of the tyranny of the upstart Theodore. There can be little doubt that the people of Abyssinia entertained at that time a kindly feeling for our soldiers, and heartily regretted their departure.

Sir Robert Napier was created a peer on his return, was decorated with the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, and was awarded a handsome pension for life. Honours and rewards were lavished on those who served under him. Markham received the war medal, and on the 17th of May, 1871, he was created a Companion of the Bath for services rendered in this campaign, as well as for his great work in India. Never was a distinction more deservedly earned and conferred.

CHAPTER XIV

GEOGRAPHY AND ARCTIC EXPLORATION

AFTER the strenuous and exciting life he had been experiencing in Abyssinia, it is perhaps not unreasonable to suppose that Clements Markham would apply for leave of absence. He needed a complete rest, both mentally and physically. But such a proceeding was contrary to his nature. Work was the all-absorbing element of his life. Without work, and work of an interesting character, he would have been miserable. On his return to England, his greetings with his family and relations over, he at once resumed his duties at the India Office, devoting the evenings and much of his spare time to the compilation of his "History of the Abyssinian War." This was published in 1869, a few months only after his arrival in England. It is a very complete account of the campaign; not only relating every important incident that occurred, but giving a fascinating description of the country, with its history from remote times to the present day. Though denouncing the tyranny and cruel despotism of King Theodore, he could not help but admire many of the sterling qualities possessed by that monarch, especially his heroism and the broad views he maintained regarding the development of his country and the increased prosperity of his subjects. But, in spite of the good in his nature, he certainly possessed many vicious qualities which the more noble side of his character failed to redeem.

In the following year (1870) Markham brought out his

“Life of the Great Lord Fairfax.” This was a detailed account, in a connected narrative, of all those important events in the General’s career which hitherto had been either completely disregarded, or misunderstood and misrepresented. It was with the laudable object of doing full justice to the memory of this great man that Markham undertook a labour involving infinite trouble and research. He shows that the battles, marches, and sieges of various important towns in Yorkshire, carried out by the General, had a direct and important influence on the main result of the Civil War.

Markham’s connection with the Geographical Society also provided him with plenty of employment. It was work in which he took a great interest, for he had always possessed a natural predilection for the science of geography. In the excellent obituary notice of Sir Clements that appeared in the *Geographical Journal* for April, 1916, Dr. Keltie, who was Secretary of the Royal Geographical Society at that time, alludes especially to his pleasant and intimate association with the officers of the Society during his long tenure of office as Honorary Secretary. This period Dr. Keltie regarded as a very important epoch in the history, not only of the Society, but in that of geography generally. When the position of Assistant Secretary became vacant, it was Markham who selected Mr. H. W. Bates, the talented South American traveller and naturalist, for the appointment—undoubtedly a wise and excellent selection.

During Markham’s secretaryship the exploration of the Dark Continent was pressed with much vigour and success; and no one was more active in encouraging those great pioneers of African exploration, and assisting them in every possible way so far as the resources of the Society would admit, than the Secretary himself. A reference to the old publications of the Society will show the enormous amount of geographical work that was accomplished by explorers generally,

either under the auspices, or at any rate with the sympathy and encouragement, of the Society during the long period (over forty years) of Markham's official connection with it. It was in a great measure due to his initiative that schools of geography were founded, and placed on a solid foundation, at the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. In the success of these schools he took the deepest interest, and served at various times on the Geographical Boards of both Universities.

The internal administration of the Society naturally occupied much of his thought and time, and he was especially active in regard to the library and map collections. Dr. Keltie writes:

"Another and a very important department, the growth and success of which was largely due to Markham's zeal, is that for instruction of surveying, which before the war broke out had grown to almost embarrassing dimensions. During the many years that this department has been at work, a very large number of men, military officers, travellers, and colonial officials, have been sent out with a practical knowledge of surveying, many of them having taken the Society's diploma testifying to the holder's qualifications as trained surveyors."

It is pleasing to be able to add the testimony of such an old and valued official of the Society as Dr. Keltie (who was its Secretary during the whole period of Markham's presidency) as to the excellent work inaugurated by Clements Markham during his tenure of office. Perhaps there is no one in a better position to judge of the value and importance of Markham's work for the Geographical Society.

That the Society largely increased in popularity and in strength since his official connection with it goes without saying. He lived to see its membership grow from about a thousand to more than five times that number.

From almost the first days of his official association

with the Society, he had established a strong belief in his mind regarding the necessity for the continuance of Arctic research. He was obsessed with the value of exploration in high northern latitudes, and lost no opportunity in his public addresses, and writings, of urging the despatch of an expedition, directly under the auspices of the Admiralty, to explore the unknown regions in the North Polar area. His object was of a twofold nature. Geographical knowledge was, of course, the primary consideration; but he held that service in the ice-covered seas of the Polar Regions was an excellent school for officers and men of the Royal Navy during the piping times of peace. It is a service that calls for courage, endurance, constant vigilance, determination, and prompt action. All these qualities, he averred, were developed by the handling of ships amid heavy icefloes, and by sledge-travelling in unexplored regions. For these important reasons he advocated the work being undertaken by officers and men of the Royal Navy, acting under the orders of the Admiralty.

He was always most emphatic in his views regarding what he was accustomed to stigmatise as "sentimental and popular exploration," such as a rush to the North Pole or the search for a North-West Passage; for such "discoveries," he maintained, would be of no substantial or commercial value or utility. What he desired, and so strenuously advocated, was the correct mapping of every portion of the world, known or unknown, in the interests of geography generally. In these views he was warmly supported by such Arctic authorities as that splendid old veteran Sir George Back, and his intimate friends Sherard Osborn and Leopold M'Clintock.

But his geographical work, great as it was, did not absorb the whole of his time and attention. He could still afford to employ his energies in other directions. As far back as 1858 he had been elected a member of the Hakluyt Society, which had been called into existence

some twelve years before, with the laudable object of printing English editions of rare and remarkable works on geography, travels, and history, from as early a period as possible anterior to the time of Dampier's circumnavigation of the world. It was named after Richard Hakluyt, an English clergyman who made a wonderful collection of travels and voyages which he published in 1589 in three folio volumes under the title of "The Principall Navigations, Voiages, and Discoveries of the English Nation." He was born about the year 1552, and died in London on the 23rd of November, 1616.

Into the projects of this new Society, Markham, with his characteristic impulsiveness, threw himself heart and soul. He accepted the secretaryship, which was offered to him almost as soon as he became a member, and it is not too much to say that no one has done more to contribute to the success and prosperity of that Society than Clements Markham. He was individually responsible for the editing of twenty-nine volumes in its series of publications, twenty-two of these being translations by him from the Spanish. The first work which he brought out for the Society was "Expeditions in the Valley of the Amazons." This was in 1859, when he had been a member only a few months. He continued to act as Secretary for about thirty consecutive years, and was President for nearly twenty. The Society has done much excellent work in the production of many interesting and important voyages and travels, which otherwise would have remained buried in obscurity; and its great success is due mainly to the inspiring influence which Markham exercised over others, and to the great personal interest he took in the welfare of the Society. He was actually engaged in preparing a couple of volumes for publication at the time of his death.

On the fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of the Society (December 15th, 1896) Sir Clements Markham, being then its President (and, we believe, the oldest

living member of the Society at the time), delivered an interesting address, in the course of which he remarked that the Society had "been doing steady work for half a century without much stir, without attracting any large share of attention, but diligently, usefully, and successfully."

In 1861 he became a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, and served on its Council for many years. We must not omit to record, also, that on his return from the cinchona expedition he was honoured by being elected a member of the Athenæum Club under Rule II., without ballot. In 1867 he received the Grand Prix of the Paris Exhibition of that year; and in 1873 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. The following year he was created a Commendador of the Portuguese Order of Christ, and a Chevalier of the Order of the Rose of Brazil; he was also made a member of the Imperial Academy of Germany (*Naturæ Curiosorum*), and of the Royal Society of Göttingen. Thus were his services to mankind recognised by foreign nations as well as by his own country.

After a period of nearly ten years, during which Markham had persistently pleaded the desirability of despatching a Naval Arctic Expedition to explore the unknown regions, and to continue the work that had already been accomplished in that direction, his labours were rewarded with complete success. The Royal Geographical Society, under the presidency of Sir Henry Rawlinson, strongly advocated the promotion of the scheme, and papers were read at that Society by Admiral Sherard Osborn, Clements Markham, and others, urging the necessity of acquiring further knowledge of the North Polar area. These views were unanimously supported by the Press. The Geographical Society appointed a committee to confer as to the best route for an expedition to take, and to discuss the probability of the results that might fairly be anticipated from the adoption of such a course.

The proposed enterprise having now attained such importance in the eyes of the public, it was resolved to approach the Government on the subject, and it was arranged that a deputation, headed by the President of the Geographical Society, should request an interview with those Ministers who would be primarily responsible for all the details connected with the despatch of such an expedition. These would be the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who would be liable for the financial arrangements, and the First Lord of the Admiralty, who would be responsible for the personnel and all the necessary details regarding ships, equipment, and route. This request was acceded to, and in December, 1872, Sir Henry Rawlinson, accompanied by Admiral Sherard Osborn, Clements Markham, and a large deputation representing the Geographical Society, naval officers (especially those who had served in the Arctic Regions), eminent men of science whose particular branches would be benefited by North Polar research, and others interested in geographical discovery, were received by Mr. Lowe and Mr. Goschen at the Admiralty. After the subject had been introduced in general terms, Admiral Osborn entered into the details regarding the ships and number of men that would be required, the amount of provisions that would be necessary, the estimated cost, and other matters relevant to the subject. The Ministers listened attentively, asked several questions relative to the points raised, and appeared sympathetic. The deputation expressed their thanks for the reception and withdrew.

The reply came in a fortnight's time, but, alas! it was unsatisfactory.

Sherard Osborn succeeded in ascertaining that the refusal was based on the alleged difficulties and dangers of ice navigation. His active mind at once set to work to overcome the opinions thus formed, and to prove to the authorities, in a practical manner, how, by the use of steam in ships navigating ice-covered seas, these

supposed difficulties and dangers had been very materially minimized, and that some of them no longer existed. In order to demonstrate his views in a practical and convincing way, he arranged for a naval officer to embark in one of the Dundee whalers and proceed to Baffin's Bay and Davis Straits during the summer months, returning with a detailed report of his experiences. For this important service he selected a young Commander in the Royal Navy who had always taken the keenest interest in the renewal of Polar exploration, and had always been an ardent and persistent volunteer for Arctic service.

Meanwhile a joint committee of the Royal Geographical and Royal Societies had been formed with the object of drawing up an exhaustive memorandum on the scientific results that would undoubtedly accrue from the despatch of an Arctic expedition. Out of the eight members representing the Geographical Society, six were Admirals who had all seen service in the Arctic Regions, the seventh was Clements Markham, and the eighth a civilian. The Royal Society was represented by eight of the leading scientists of the day, including the Presidents of several of the learned Societies.

The report presented by the naval officer on his return, fully corroborated Osborn's view, and justified his action. It demonstrated very clearly the enormous advantages possessed by steamers specially constructed for ice navigation over the old sailing vessels hitherto employed in Arctic exploration, and the corresponding elimination of danger by the introduction of steam as a motive power. Fortified by this report, together with the arguments submitted by the joint committee, the Presidents of the two Societies, accompanied by Admiral Sherard Osborn, interviewed the Prime Minister (Mr. Disraeli) on the 1st of August, 1874. The result was most satisfactory. Realising the importance of England taking the lead in Arctic exploration, the Premier gave them an encouraging view of the

Government's attitude towards Arctic research. However, it appears to have taken some little time for the authorities to arrive at a favourable decision, for it was not until the following 17th of November that the Prime Minister addressed a letter to Sir Henry Rawlinson, as President of the Geographical Society, announcing the fact that Her Majesty's Government had resolved to lose no time in organising a suitable expedition for the purpose of exploration in the region of the North Pole.* Markham was delighted that his exertions, extending over so many years, should at last be crowned with success, and he began immediately to interest himself in working out all the details connected with the equipment of men and material necessary for the expedition.

The Admiralty very wisely appointed a committee consisting of three naval officers (Admirals Richards, Sir Leopold M'Clintock, and Sherard Osborn), all possessing great Arctic experience, to settle the details regarding the choice of ships, the stores and provisions to be provided, and all those multifarious arrangements essential for the equipment of such an enterprise. Captain Nares, himself an old Arctic explorer, who was in the *Resolute* in 1852-54, engaged in the search for Sir John Franklin, was specially selected to command the expedition, and he was ordered home from Hong-Kong, where he was in command of H.M.S. *Challenger*, engaged in a scientific voyage round the world.

The ships selected for the expedition were the *Alert* and *Discovery*. They were to be fitted out at Portsmouth under the immediate superintendence of Sir Leopold M'Clintock, who was at the time the Admiral Superintendent of the Dockyard at that port. Officers and men were specially selected and appointed to the two ships.

Prior to its departure, the expedition sustained a great

* This reference to the North Pole did not at all harmonise with the views of Clements Markham, who would gladly have substituted "High Northern Latitudes" or "Arctic Regions" for the last six words in the sentence.

loss in the sudden death of one of its earliest promoters, and staunchest supporters, Admiral Sherard Osborn. He died quite suddenly on the 6th of May, after a busy day in London. The funeral took place on the 10th, at which, it is needless to say, the expedition was well represented. To Markham the death of his friend was a very serious blow. He had known him ever since his midshipman days in the old *Collingwood*, when he had learnt to regard him as a true friend. Service together in the search for Sir John Franklin in 1850-51 had renewed and cemented that friendship; while their co-operation to obtain the despatch of the expedition in 1875 served to illustrate the indissolubility of their attachment to each other. Without his wise advice and vigorous assistance, it is probable that Markham's exertions to secure the despatch of the expedition would not have succeeded until a later period. He was constantly at Portsmouth during the time the ships were fitting out. His bright and cheery smile and encouraging words will long be remembered, not only by officers and men of the *Alert* and *Discovery*, but by all who had enjoyed the pleasure of serving with him. His loss could only be regarded as a great calamity, not only to the expedition, but also to the Navy which could ill afford to lose so talented and experienced an officer.

By the end of May the ships were ready to start. Everything had worked smoothly, and under the superintendence of Sir Leopold M'Clintock every device for the comfort and welfare of the members of the expedition, that could be thought of, had been carefully considered and adopted. When the day of departure drew near, the officers of the *Alert* invited Markham to accompany the expedition as far as Greenland as their guest. They felt that one who had done so much to promote the despatch of the expedition, who had taken such a keen and lively interest in its equipment, and had contributed so largely to its prospects of success, ought to remain with it until the last moment. There was no

hesitation on Markham's part to avail himself of this privilege, and he cordially accepted the invitation; but he knew very well that, although his welcome would be a warm one, his accommodation on board would not be conducive to comfort. It had been arranged that H.M.S. *Valorous*, an old paddle-wheel sloop, should accompany the expedition as far as Godhavn in Greenland, to complete the two ships with coal and stores, and thus the return of Markham to England would be assured.

As he had anticipated, his accommodation on board was not very palatial or cheerful. It consisted of a swinging cot in a space outside the wardroom, of about 5 feet square, which had been specially screened off for him. When there was much motion (which was practically the normal state of affairs during the whole voyage), the cot had to be taken down, for with every roll of the ship it swung violently from side to side, thus taking complete charge of the entire space that had been allotted to him. Of course, the wardroom, the Captain's cabin, and every single cabin in the ship, was at his disposal whenever he liked to make use of them, which he frequently did; but for sleeping and dressing he always used his own particular niche.

Prior to the departure of the ships, the friends of the officers—especially their female friends—sent them plum puddings of various dimensions to be eaten on Christmas Day. The greater part of these delicacies, wrapped in their cloths, were, for want of a better place, hung up to the hammock hooks in the beams immediately over Markham's "bed." As the height between-decks was only about 6 feet, it not infrequently happened that Markham's head, when he was standing in his bath, came into contact with a plum pudding, which in consequence would become detached from the hook and fall into the bath. But when Christmas Day arrived, the number of puddings did not appear to have diminished, in spite of their immersions.

The ships left England on the 29th of May, 1875. The passage across the Atlantic was much hindered by bad weather. Gale succeeded gale, and on more than one occasion the vessels were compelled to "lie to" under very reduced canvas. During one of these gales, not only was a boat washed away from each of the exploring ships, but all the fowls in the hen-coops were drowned by the heavy seas that broke on board. The manner of their death, however, did not in any way prevent their appearance for several days on the ward-room table at dinner! In these violent gales the *Alert* laboured very heavily, causing her seams to open, and she began to leak a great deal. This occurred especially in the small space appropriated to Markham, who, however, treated these discomforts in a most philosophical manner. He was supremely happy, and would have endured any discomfort, however disagreeable it might be, so that he could have the happiness of accompanying the expedition even for a short time. He was an immense favourite with everyone on board, always ready to impart information, never tired of giving advice and assistance, especially in connection with Arctic matters, so that he was regarded as a most delightful and valuable acquisition to the wardroom mess. As one of his messmates very truly remarked, he was a "peripatetic encyclopædia."

Of course, it was not long before he made the acquaintance of every man in the ship, no matter what his rank or rating. So long as he belonged to the expedition, that was sufficient for Markham, and he soon had a complete history of every soul on board: where they had served, where they lived, whether married, and, if so, the extent of their families, their religion—in fact, everything that concerned them. He entered so sympathetically into every little incident connected with their lives, that they soon confided to him all their woes and all their troubles, just as they would do to a father or a brother. Sailors love to be taken notice of,

so that he soon became as great a favourite with the crew as he was with the officers.

So boisterous was the weather, that for ten consecutive days it was impossible to bake any bread or to cook at the officers' galley; so they had to be content with the prescribed rations of beef and pork as cooked in the ship's galley. One day, in consequence of an unusually heavy lurch of the ship, Markham had a nasty fall, causing very severe bruises. Fortunately, no bones were broken, though he was much shaken and very sore for some days; but he made light of the incident, and, as the seas subsided, was soon able to indulge in his customary walks on deck again.

Having passed the latitude of Cape Farewell, the most southern point of Greenland, they encountered their first ice on the 28th of June, just a month after their departure from Portsmouth. Soon after, they sighted the high snow-capped hills in the neighbourhood of Cape Desolation, so named by that sturdy old navigator, John Davis, in 1587, who writes:

“ The lothsome viewe of the shore and irksome noyse of the yce was such as that it bred strange conceipts among us, so that we supposed the place to be wast and voyd of any sencible or vegitable creatures, where-upon I called the same Desolation.”

On the 4th of July they crossed the Arctic Circle, and, working up along the coast of Greenland, enjoyed to their hearts' content the magnificent scenery characteristic of that sterile and barren continent. Here were to be seen mountains rising to the height of 3,000 feet, so steep and pointed as scarcely to admit of the snow resting on their summits, while the line of coast was intersected by grand fiords penetrating as far as could be seen into the interior. A bold and inhospitable-looking coast. To seaward they saw many huge icebergs of every imaginable size and form, while occasionally the ship would have to be carefully navigated through streams of loose ice.

Godhavn, in the island of Disco, was reached on the 6th of July, after an unusually protracted passage across the Atlantic of thirty-four days. Here the exploring ships filled up with coal, provisions, and stores from the *Valorous*, while Markham thoroughly enjoyed himself, joining in every expedition that was arranged for the exploration of the neighbouring country. Whether it was the ascent of a lofty hill whence a good view could be obtained of the movements and condition of the pack-ice, or whether it was to join parties in walks along the shore or in boating expeditions to various prominent headlands along the coast, it was all one to him. Everybody wanted to have him with them, no expedition could be considered complete without him; and his company was as much in request by the Captains and officers of the other ships as it was by the officers of the *Alert*, who were selfish enough to wish to keep him as much to themselves as possible. A race in cutters had been arranged between ten officers of the *Alert* and a corresponding number of officers belonging to the *Discovery*. Every day, and sometimes twice a day, they were sent away to be trained, and of course Markham was selected as coxswain and "coach" of the *Alert's* boat's crew. No one entered more into the spirit and enjoyment of the match than he did, but, after many days' training the event fell through, in consequence of the two crews being unable to arrive at a satisfactory agreement regarding the length and direction of the course!

The ships left Godhavn on the 15th of July, and on the following day reached the little Danish settlement of Ritenbenk, which is situated on the southern side of the island of Disco. Here Markham took leave of his friends, which comprised every soul in the expedition. They knew very well that it was entirely due to Markham's persistent advocacy that the expedition had been brought into existence. Since he had been with them he had endeared himself to "all hands," and it was

with a sad and sorrowful heart he bade them all farewell. He remained until the last moment on board the *Alert*, when, after drinking a parting glass of champagne with the officers in the wardroom, he was pulled on board the *Valorous* in a whaleboat manned by the Commander and the four Lieutenants of the *Alert*, receiving three hearty cheers, as he left, from the crew, who had manned the fore rigging. The following entry appears in his journal:

“ I never had a happier cruise, and the interest I always took in the expedition is now increased by a warm feeling of personal friendship for my messmates. A nobler set of fellows never sailed together.”

His departure was the severance of the last link that connected the expedition with home. It was midnight when he left the *Alert*, and shortly afterwards the *Valorous* got under way and proceeded to a somewhat open anchorage on the Disco side of the Waigat Strait (the narrow channel separating the island of Disco from the mainland of Greenland). She was in close proximity to a coal-bearing seam in the cliffs, from which the ship was to take sufficient coal for her voyage back to England. This anchorage was a very exposed one, and necessitated a constant and vigilant watch on the part of those on board, so as to be ready at a moment's notice to evade the numerous icebergs, some of gigantic dimensions, as they drifted past. On occasions it was necessary for the ship to slip her cable in order to elude them. In consequence steam had to be available at a moment's notice, so the fires had always to be kept going and steam up for an immediate move. Streams of heavy ice were constantly drifting past, and these had to be avoided. It was a great error in judgment on the part of the Admiralty to despatch a *paddle-wheel* steamer into ice-encumbered waters.

Markham was now the guest of Captain Loftus Jones, commanding the *Valorous*, who was in a position to offer him rather more comfortable accommodation than

he had enjoyed (?) on board the *Alert*. But in spite of the great kindness and hospitality which Captain Jones went out of his way to show him, Markham missed his good friends of the *Alert*, and would willingly have exchanged his comfortable quarters in the *Valorous* for the old screened niche, with its array of plum puddings, in the *Alert*!

After filling up with coal at Ritenbenk, Captain Jones, in pursuance of instructions from the Admiralty, proceeded to carry out deep-sea soundings and dredgings on a line of some 200 miles in a southerly direction, between the south end of the island of Disco and the latitude of Holsteinborg. With this object in view, the ship, before leaving England, had been specially provided with the necessary apparatus; and Mr. Gwyn Jeffreys and his assistant, Mr. H. Carpenter, had been attached to the *Valorous* for the purpose of superintending and examining the results of the dredging operations.

On the 27th of July, while engaged in this work of dredging, the *Valorous* struck an uncharted sunken reef of rocks in the immediate neighbourhood of Holsteinborg, and remained fast. Fortunately, her speed was not very great at the time (only about four knots), but as the tide rose she commenced bumping heavily. As the Captain was not quite certain regarding his position, and no rock was marked on the chart by which he might be guided, he despatched one of his boats, under the command of a Lieutenant, with instructions to make his way to Holsteinborg, obtain the services of a pilot, and give notice of the accident. Markham at once volunteered to accompany the officer, and, as he spoke Danish, his services were gladly accepted. So imminent was the prospect of the loss of the ship, that Markham before leaving stuffed his few valuables into his pocket, including his journals, the pages of which he hastily tore out of their bindings for convenience of carrying.

On leaving the ship their movements were much

hampered by fog, and they were only able to steer in the direction of Holsteinborg by aid of the compass. Fortunately, they fell in with three kayaks containing Eskimos, one of which was at once sent off to the ship to act as a pilot in the event of her being afloat and able to move, while the others guided the boat through a labyrinth of islets and rocks to the settlement which they shortly reached. Holsteinborg consisted of five very neat wooden houses, a church, and some Eskimo huts, all very neat and tidy. The houses were painted black and white, and stood in patches of light green grass. To Markham it had the appearance of a village made of Dutch toys!

The Governor, Mr. Lassen, when informed of the state of affairs, was most obliging and sympathetic, and returned with them at once to the *Valorous*, accompanied by his most experienced pilot. They found that the rising tide had floated the ship, but she had sustained serious injuries, and was making water at the rate of about 8 inches an hour, so the pumps had to be kept constantly going. Later in the evening they succeeded in getting her safely anchored off Holsteinborg. Divers were immediately sent down to examine and report on the damage. They reported that several feet of the main keel had been torn away, and that she had sustained other equally serious injuries. The divers and shipwrights at once set to work to repair the damage temporarily, so far as they could, so as to enable the ship to return to England.

While this work was being executed, the Captain and the Navigating Officer made a very complete survey of the approaches to the settlement, which they found were very incorrect in the charts then in use. Markham was always ready to render assistance whenever and wherever he could, and he made large collections of the flora and fauna of that particular region when opportunities offered. He also formed a valuable geological collection, working with Mr. Gwyn Jeffreys

and Mr. Carpenter. On his return he wrote full descriptions of these collections.

On the 8th of August, the divers having completed their labours, the *Valorous* sailed for England. Captain Jones, however, undeterred by the injuries that his ship had sustained, determined to carry out his instructions to the utmost of his ability, and succeeded in taking a very important line of soundings down Davis Strait and across the Atlantic. Some of these soundings were at depths of nearly 2,000 fathoms (12,000 feet). Dredging at this great depth was also carried out with satisfactory results.

The *Valorous* arrived at Devonport on the 29th of August, exactly three months after her departure from England with the *Alert* and *Discovery*. She had done excellent service, so much so that the Admiralty, in recognition of the arduous character of the work, granted the officers and men double pay from the day the ship left Spithead until her return to Devonport. As Markham writes in his account of the cruise: "The results are a collateral benefit derived from the despatch of an Arctic expedition, and have been looked upon and rewarded as the first fruits of that great national enterprise."

He was greatly shocked on reaching home to hear of the sad death of his lifelong friend, Commodore Goodenough, who was killed by the natives of the Santa Cruz Islands in the Pacific, while Commodore in command of the Australian Station. They had been old schoolfellows at Cheam and Westminster, and their mutual love and admiration for each other had increased, if possible, as the years went by. In less than a year Markham had lost the two best friends, outside his family circle, he had ever had—Sherard Osborn and James Goodenough. Both were men of marked ability, of pre-eminent professional reputation, and always true and steadfast in their friendship to him. Their loss to him, as to many others, was irreparable.

CHAPTER XV

ARCTIC INTERESTS, THE MERCHANT SERVICE, AND OTHER MATTERS

IMMEDIATELY on his return to England, Markham set to work to prepare for the despatch of a relief ship the following year. He brought the matter to the notice of the public through the Press, and warned the Admiralty and his colleagues at the Geographical Society that it was the duty of the country to despatch a vessel in the ensuing year in order to communicate with Captain Nares, so as to ascertain if his ships were safe, to bring home any sick or disabled men, and otherwise to afford relief and assistance if necessary.

With the fate of Sir John Franklin so recently before their eyes, the Admiralty, he considered, would be guilty of a grave neglect of duty if they omitted to despatch a relief expedition.

The catastrophe of the Franklin expedition was constantly in his mind, for he was always of opinion that the loss of life on that occasion was entirely due to the fact that proper precautions to avoid disaster had not been taken by the responsible authorities at home. He was firmly convinced of the necessity of despatching a ship (call it a relief ship, a communicating vessel, or any other appellation) in order to establish communication with the expedition the following year.

Fortunately, the Admiralty held the same views, and on the return to England of Captain Allen Young in his ship the *Pandora*, it was arranged that he should proceed in that vessel the following year to the entrance

of Smith Sound, there to meet the sledging-party that Captain Nares had been instructed to send to that locality in the summer of 1876. This decision was a great relief to Markham, who certainly would not have rested content unless some such arrangement had been satisfactorily made.

It will perhaps be remembered that Allen Young had purchased the old steam-sloop *Pandora* from the Admiralty, and had prepared her for Arctic service at his own expense, at the same time as the Arctic expedition was fitting out. His object was to examine the shores of King William Land for traces of the lost Franklin expedition, and to make a thorough search for records, and especially for the logs, of the *Erebus* and *Terror*. It was also his intention to take his ship through the North-West Passage, if it were found practicable to accomplish this in one season. The *Pandora* sailed a month after the departure of the *Alert* and *Discovery* from England. Allen Young failed in effecting his object owing to the large amount of heavy ice that was tightly packed across Peel Strait; though he succeeded in getting within about 150 miles of King William Land. He decided, therefore, to return to England for the winter, and to make another attempt the following year. On his way back, knowing how anxious the people in England would be to get the latest news of the Arctic expedition, he resolved to make an attempt to search for letters or records that might have been deposited by the *Alert* and *Discovery* at the Cary Islands. This he succeeded in doing, to the great delight and gratitude of those who had friends and relatives in the ships. On his arrival in England, the Admiralty unfolded to him their proposal that he should attempt to communicate with the expedition the following summer. To this he readily assented, although it meant the abandonment of the objects upon which he had set his heart, and had gone to considerable expense to achieve—namely, to establish the certainty of the fate of the

Erebus and *Terror*, and to successfully achieve the North-West Passage.

Being assured that everything had been done that was possible for the despatch of the relief expedition, and happy in the knowledge that every conceivable precaution had been taken to insure the safety of Captain Nares and his party, Markham could now rest content for the time. In the event of calamity overtaking the expedition, all that could possibly be thought of had been done to insure, at any rate, the news becoming known as rapidly as possible. He could therefore begin with a quiet mind to polish off the long arrears of work that had accumulated during his absence from England. In addition to the pile of letters awaiting his attention at the India Office, there was, of course, an account of his recent voyage to Greenland to be written, another edition of his "Threshold of the Unknown Region" to be brought out and also his "Voyages of Sir James Lancaster" and "The Hawkins Voyages" (for the Hakluyt Society) to be completed. Besides these, there were his "Missions to Tibet," his "Memoir of the Indian Surveys," and his "Moral and Material Progress" (India—both published by order of the Secretary of State for India), to be finished and presented to Parliament. It must be confessed that this was a goodly amount of work to fall to the lot of one man, but, with Markham, the more he had to do the happier he seemed to be. Truly has it been said of him by the President of the Royal Geographical Society, that his "only idea of recreation was a fresh piece of work." This was characteristic of the man; he could never be overwhelmed with too much work, especially if it was connected with geography or ethnology, or other similar subjects in which he was interested.

During the early months of 1876 he was in constant communication with his friend Allen Young, in connection with the forthcoming cruise of the *Pandora*, and on more than one occasion he visited that vessel

at Southampton, where she was being fitted out for her second trip to the Arctic seas. This time, however, she was to be on Admiralty service. Although Allen Young was acting under orders of the Admiralty, their Lordships, very wisely, left all the details of the cruise to his judgment, based on his wide experience of Arctic matters. He was instructed to take such steps as he considered most advisable for carrying out their general views.

The *Pandora* sailed from Plymouth on the 2nd of June. It is unnecessary to follow Allen Young on his errand of mercy to the Arctic Regions; suffice it to say that he fulfilled his mission, and carried out the duties entrusted to him, to the complete satisfaction of their Lordships, and of everyone else who was interested in the safety and welfare of the expedition. He succeeded in finding the cairn erected by Captain Nares the previous year on Cape Isabella, and brought home all the letters and documents found there, ascertaining beyond doubt that no member of the expedition had visited the place during the current year. As there was nothing further for Allen Young to do, he decided to return to England.

By a curious coincidence, in the middle of the Atlantic, on the 16th of October, two vessels bound in the same direction were sighted from the *Pandora*. They proved to be the *Alert* and *Discovery*. Communication, however, was practicable only by signal. Allen Young congratulated the expedition on the success it had achieved and gave them the latest news. The ships then separated. The *Alert* and *Discovery* arrived at Valentia on the 27th of October, when the news of the success of the expedition was at once telegraphed to England. Needless to add, by none was the intelligence received with greater joy than by Clements Markham. On the arrival of the ships at Spithead, he was almost the first man to visit the *Alert*, where he received a right hearty welcome from all on board. Every soul was glad

to see him, and his arms must have ached from the continuous hand-shaking he had to undergo.

Markham sums up concisely the successful results of the expedition as follows:

1. The creation of a young generation of experienced Arctic officers.
 2. The discovery of 300 miles of new coast-line.
 3. The attainment of the highest latitude ever reached by man.
 4. The discovery of a large section of the Polar Regions.
 5. A year's magnetic observations at two separate stations, situated farther north than had ever been previously taken.
 6. A year's meteorological observations at two stations in high latitudes.
 7. A series of tidal observations.
 8. Valuable observations on the movements and formation of ice in a very high latitude.
 9. The geology of a vast region hitherto unknown.
 10. The discovery of a fossil forest in 82° North latitude.
 11. Observations on the mammalia and birds of a new region, also on the most northern fishes in the world.
 12. Various collections of insects, crustacea, mollusca, echinodermata, polyzoa, etc., and a complete collection of the flora of the most northern known region in the world.
- He was well satisfied with these results, although disappointed that the outbreak of scurvy should have necessitated the return of the ships so much sooner than he had expected. He had hoped that they would have been able to spend another season in the far north. Captain Nares had, however, exercised a wise judgment and a rare courage in deciding to bring the ships home, and by his action undoubtedly prevented the further sacrifice of valuable lives. Another winter in the Arctic Regions, with scurvy prevalent in the ships, would in all probability have had a disastrous result.

On the return of the expedition, Captain Nares received the special thanks of Her Majesty Queen Victoria. His proceedings were fully approved by the Admiralty, and appreciated by the Navy, especially by the old Arctic officers. He was created a K.C.B., and was awarded the gold medal of the Royal Geographical Society. The senior officers in their respective ranks obtained promotion, and a medal was conferred on every member of the expedition. Naturally, Markham devoted his energies to the compilation of an account of the excellent work that had been accomplished by the expedition. He gave many lectures on the success that had been attained, and pointed out, with great lucidity, the terrible effects of the disease which had prevented an even greater success. He disagreed strongly with the absurd decisions arrived at by the committee appointed by the Admiralty to investigate the cause of the outbreak of scurvy. It reported that the outbreak was due to the absence of lime-juice on the sledging journeys. As, however, it was abundantly proved that many of those attacked by the disease were never employed on sledging duties at all, and consequently had their daily allowance of lime-juice on board the ship, this decision was certainly open to criticism. Moreover, the majority of those who did not suffer from the outbreak were officers and men who had not partaken of lime-juice for lengthened periods. This certainly pointed to other causes for the outbreak. However, this is not the place to labour the question for and against the use of lime-juice. Its efficacy as an antiscorbutic in tropical and warm climates is undoubted; possibly it does not possess the same prophylactic qualities in colder climates or under Arctic conditions. It was, however, a subject in which Markham was keenly interested.

In the summer of 1878, and also in the following year, he made extensive tours in Holland, visiting many places of interest in Friesland—Groningen, Zutphen,

Utrecht, Arnheim, Breda, Antwerp, and other localities which would aid him in the preparation of certain works which he contemplated writing. With his usual thoroughness, he wished to be personally acquainted with the geographical and architectural features of every place he would have to describe. His descriptions of these historical places are entered in minute detail in the journal containing the account of his travels, and are most interesting.

On his return to England, he wrote an article for the "Encyclopædia Britannica," on the Progress of Geographical Discovery. In August of the same year we find him presiding over the Geographical Section of the British Association at Sheffield, at which he delivered the opening address, and then read a paper dealing with the River Basin of the Don. For the benefit of the reporters he wrote abstracts of all the numerous papers read in that section. Ten of these papers were written, or rewritten, by him, and many were actually translated into English by him from various languages.

During this period he contributed many interesting papers to the Royal Geographical Society; and, at odd intervals, he visited countries abroad, particularly Holland and Flanders, for the purpose of collecting material for works on which he was engaged, or about to take in hand.

The variety of subjects to which his versatile disposition led him was truly extraordinary. Prior to leaving England with the Arctic expedition, he published a "History of Persia," a work of formidable proportions containing much interesting and hitherto unknown matter. It professed to be a condensed narrative of Persian annals, and included a chapter on the geography and history of the Persian Gulf. It was a vast undertaking, necessitating much laborious research in musty documents and other manuscripts hitherto buried in the archives of the India Office and other places. Being unacquainted with the Persian language, he was depen-

dent in a great measure on translations. Before utilising these, however, he took care to have them checked by competent and trustworthy authorities. In his preface he remarks that

“ he undertook the task because, in translating and annotating Clavijos’ ‘Embassy to Timur,’ he had occasion to refer to nearly all the translated Persian authorities and to the European writers on Persia, and he had amassed a large number of notes and memoranda chronologically arranged. He thought that the preparation of a connected historical sketch based on these materials would be acceptable at a time when Persia is receiving much attention from politicians, and would serve a useful purpose in time to come, seeing that Persia will always continue to be a most important neighbour State with reference to British India.”

This amassing “ of notes,” to which he alludes, was an habitual practice with him. He never went on any expedition, or any journey, without taking voluminous notes and making pencil sketches of everything of interest he saw and heard. Every little incident that was brought to his notice, no matter how insignificant it might at the time appear, was scrupulously entered in his notebook for future reference. Nothing was omitted, nothing was too trivial; in fact, in many cases the trivialities were entered at greater length and were more conspicuous, than those of a more important and perhaps scientific character.

As an illustration of his wonderful assiduity, mention may be made of a volume which we came across recently in looking over some old journals and other documents in his library. It is a book containing biographical notices of every single officer and man that served in the Arctic expedition of 1875-76. They are not brief records of naval life, but complete accounts of ancestry and careers in the Navy, giving full descriptions of each man, his appearance, weight, chest capacity, and all particulars connected with him. One of them is mentioned as having “ a cicatrix on his left big toe ”! He

also records when, and to whom, they were married, the dates of the births of their children, and in some instances even the names of their offspring. Nor was he satisfied in dealing only with the ship's company of the *Alert* (in which he crossed the Atlantic to Greenland), but every man in the *Discovery* also receives similar attention. In the case of the officers, their coats of arms and sledge flags are emblazoned in correct colours over their respective histories; while in the case of several of the men Markham has painted some device typical of their surnames or of the special duties allotted to them on board the ships. Sir George Nares has no less than ten pages devoted to a recapitulation of his services; another officer is accorded nearly twenty-four pages; while in several instances some of the men have each been conceded two, three, or even more pages. These, of course, have all been compiled from the "amassed notes" that he took during the time he was with the expedition; but how he succeeded in adding to the biographies, and bringing them up to a more recent date, is somewhat mysterious. He also records the characters they impersonated in the theatricals held on board their ships while in winter-quarters, and the songs, sentimental and comic, which they sang. In many cases, even, he refers to the politics they professed to hold!

During the year 1880 Markham completed and edited for the Hakluyt Society "The Natural and Moral History of the Indies," by Father de Acosta, "The Voyages of William Baffin," and the second edition of the "Observations of Sir Richard Hawkins." He also wrote, at the request of the Council of the Royal Geographical Society, a comprehensive history of the work of that Society during the fifty years of its existence. About this time, too, he lectured at the Literary Institute at Hull (by invitation of that Society) on "The Siege of Hull," where he had a large and appreciative audience.

From Hull, he was obliged to hurry back to London to make all the necessary arrangements for the reception

of Baron Nordenskjöld on his return in the *Vega*. News had been received that he had successfully navigated the North-East Passage, sailing along the north coast of Siberia to Behring's Strait. Markham's arrangements, however, were sadly interfered with by the non-arrival of the *Vega* on the day indicated, the ship having been delayed by adverse winds. On the arrival of the distinguished explorer, he was met by Markham and many delegates from the Geographical and other learned Societies, who did their best to render his short stay in London agreeable. He was fêted wherever he went, and received a hearty welcome from the general public, wherever and whenever he was recognised. The Geographical Society entertained him lavishly, and he was also on various occasions the guest of Allen Young, Clements Markham, and Lord Northbrook. Markham also took charge of him during his free hours, and showed him the sights of London. After staying for a week in England, the Baron left for Paris, thereby setting Markham at liberty to return to his literary labours.

At this time Markham was engaged on a book on Peru, which was to constitute one of a series of volumes dealing with foreign countries. He was also very busy preparing a new edition of his history of the introduction of cinchona into India. This work, entitled "Peruvian Bark," recorded the great progress made by the cinchona plants in twenty years, and clearly demonstrated the complete success of the enterprise. It was with unfeigned satisfaction that he was in a position to proclaim to the world at large the prosperous issue of his work in this direction. He was content to know that the result of his labours in that particular field of enterprise was now an assured success.

On the 20th of July, 1880, he celebrated his fiftieth birthday. He and his wife were travelling in the Netherlands at the time, and on that day they reached the town of Venloo, situated on the River Maas, in the province of Limburg. He thus quaintly refers to this

event in his journal: "Walked from the station into the town, and as we entered it I became fifty years of age—a great weight of years." He could look back, however, with pride and pleasure to the good use he had made of his half-century of existence.

His tour of the Low Countries was undertaken with a view to making himself acquainted personally with the scenes of the operations and battles conducted by Sir Francis and Sir Horace Vere, while supporting the Netherlands against the encroachment and tyranny of Spain. This was in anticipation of his work "The Fighting Veres," which he brought out eight years later. His descriptions of the struggle, and of the battles fought during this campaign, as set forth in his journal from first-hand local information, are most vividly described; but they are all fully embodied in the above-named book.

On a subsequent occasion he visited Ypres and Tournai, and the country in their immediate neighbourhood. In the light of recent events it is interesting to read in his journal the detailed descriptions which he gives of these places. The Cloth Hall at Ypres, now, alas! a mass of ruins, engages, as might be expected, his critical attention; he criticises the general style of its architecture and the absence of an imposing base to the structure, the walls rising, as it were, directly from the ground. The Cathedral of St. Martin he describes at length, and especially alludes to the shady walks about its ancient walls, and the broad moat covered with beautiful water-lilies. What a contrast to its state to-day! Courtrai, too, he describes in similar manner; but many of its ancient buildings had been spoilt even then, though by a vastly different agent! They had come under the ruthless hand of the so-called "restorers" of that day—"destroyers," Markham calls them! The choir of Tournai Cathedral he likens to Westminster Abbey on a small scale; and he records that Rubens' famous picture "The Adoration of the Magi" once hung in the Church of the Capuchins.

During one of the many sieges to which Tournai was subjected, this picture was injured by a bullet, and in 1815 it was taken to the Louvre by order of Napoleon. When the looted pictures were restored, as it was unclaimed by the people of Tournai, it was sent to Brussels, where it now reposes in the Musée de Peinture. Markham was particularly attracted by this picture. He purchased what he supposed to be a copy of it, but afterwards found that it was the original study painted by Rubens for his picture. Mons he describes in some detail, and relates interesting legends connected with this and other places which he visited. From Mons he proceeded to Malplaquet, thence on to Brussels. Having obtained all the information that he wanted, he returned to England.

In the early part of that year (1883) he accepted the invitation of the Yorkshire Archæological Association to read a paper on the Battle of Wakefield. He also contributed chapters on Peru and Chile to the History of America then in course of preparation at Cambridge (U.S.). His work for the Geographical Society included a paper on the Exploration of the Amaru-Mayse and Beni Rivers and the adjacent country to the east of Cuzco and La Paz.

In the summer he went over to Holland to bid farewell and wish Godspeed to the officers and crew of the little Dutch exploring schooner *Willem Barents*, then about to sail on her sixth voyage of exploration to the Arctic Seas in the vicinity of Novaya Zemlya and Franz Jozef Land. He was accompanied on this occasion by Allen Young and Leigh Smith. They received a great ovation from the Utrecht students, and altogether had a most festive time. After the departure of the vessel, the students insisted on carrying Markham off to Utrecht, he, not unwillingly, consenting! We may be sure that during the time he was at Utrecht he was well looked after, for he was entertained in regular student fashion, which means "fun and jollity" up

to the small hours of the morning. The daylight hours, however, were devoted to visiting the most interesting historical buildings in the city, and the most important places connected with the University. He also witnessed the annual boat-race of the three Universities, Leyden, Delft and Utrecht, and on his return to England he wrote an account of this Dutch University boat-race, for the *Field* newspaper.

With regard to his official work in England, Markham records an incident which markedly illustrates the absence of geographical knowledge at that time in one of our important Government departments and one that deals especially with the salaries of our consular officers abroad. The department in question was informed that a decision had been arrived at by the Foreign Office to establish a Consul at Resht, the centre of a large silk-producing district in Persia. The Treasury, however, objected to the appointment on the plea of expense, and refused to grant the necessary salary. There was a great deal of correspondence on the disputed question, which resulted in a representative of the Foreign Office being despatched to the Treasury, to discuss the matter with the official who had objected to the payment of the salary that would be attached to the proposed consulship. He failed, however, to make any impression on the functionary at the Treasury. At last, in despair, he said: "Do you know where Resht is?" "No," said the official, "and that is the reason why a Consul is not required there!" This from a man drawing a salary of £2,500 per annum, and the recipient of high honours for his valuable (?) services!

Apropos of this incident, Markham once received a note, written to him privately from the Foreign Office, requesting information concerning a place called Casablanca. Apparently we had a representative there in the person of a Vice-Consul, but the officials at home did not know where it was, and supposed that it was in Italy! The information was required as speedily

as possible, as some odious questions were about to be asked in Parliament regarding the consular official stationed there, and the Foreign Office was ignorant as to its locality! There must have been some surprise at Markham's reply that Casablanca was the Spanish name for Dar-el-baida, which is situated on the coast of Morocco.

At this time the Arctic Regions were again engrossing much of his attention. Lieutenant Schwatka (an American) had recently made an interesting journey to King William Land, where he picked up what subsequently proved to be unreliable stories from the Eskimos regarding the missing Franklin expedition. Then there was the necessity for instituting a search for Leigh Smith, no news of his whereabouts having been received since his departure from England the previous year. He had proceeded in his steamer the *Eira*, specially constructed by him for ice navigation, to the Barents Sea, with a view of endeavouring to reach the North Pole, or at any rate a high northern latitude, along the west coast of Franz Josef Land. Markham formed one of a deputation, headed by Lord Aberdare (the President of the Royal Geographical Society) to the Admiralty, to urge the necessity of sending a ship to Franz Josef Land to search for the *Eira*. The deputation met with a very encouraging reception, and an offer of £5,000 towards the expenses of the search. Allen Young was selected by Mr. T. K. Smith (brother of Leigh Smith) to carry out this duty, and he sailed in the *Hope*, a steam-whaler that had been specially chartered for the purpose. At Mr. T. K. Smith's request, Markham drafted the instructions for the relief expedition.

In August news was received in England of the return of Allen Young with the pleasing report of the safety of Leigh Smith and all his people. His ship the *Eira* had been crushed by the ice off the coast of Franz Josef Land, but the men had all succeeded in reaching the shore in safety, where they had passed the

winter without undue hardship, and with no loss of life. They were rescued by the *Hope* the following summer. The news of this success was received with much public rejoicing, and it was a great relief to Markham, whose anxiety for the safety of the *Eira* was perhaps increased by his personal acquaintance with the dangers incidental to Arctic exploration.

But this was not the only Arctic adventure that had been occupying his mind. No news of Lieutenant Greely and his party had been received for some time. This expedition had followed in the footsteps of the recent British expedition, and had proceeded up Smith Sound with the intention of trying to reach the North Pole. They had disembarked from their ship in August, 1881, in Discovery Harbour, Lady Franklin Bay, where H.M.S. *Discovery* had passed the winter of 1875-76. They were well supplied with provisions, and provided with huts in which to live. A relief expedition was despatched from the United States the following year, but the ice was so impenetrable that they were unable to effect communication. However, they left a large supply of stores and provisions with a boat near Cape Sabine.

Another relief expedition was despatched the following year, but, unfortunately, the vessel was crushed by the ice at the entrance of Smith Sound, and so another year had to pass without communication. The next year, however, a vessel succeeded in reaching Cape Sabine, where the survivors of the expedition had arrived. It was only just in time, for they were on the verge of collapse from weakness and starvation. They had undergone inconceivable hardships and had suffered cruel privations, and some of the party had already succumbed to starvation and scurvy.

The safety of the various Arctic expeditions being now satisfactorily assured, Markham was able to turn his attention to other matters. He was a frequent visitor at this time to Portsmouth, where he had many friends. He was much interested in everything apper-

taining to the town, not only from old associations when he was in the Navy, but also because his great-uncle, Admiral John Markham, had represented the borough in Parliament during the early part of the nineteenth century for a period of twenty-three years, being for a portion of that time a member of the Board of Admiralty. Markham collected a vast amount of interesting matter connected with the old town, having obtained the necessary permission to consult the archives and other documents preserved at the Town Hall. Many of our Sovereigns had either embarked or landed at the old port; many historic episodes had been enacted within its immediate vicinity; and it was essentially the most important naval arsenal in England, if not in the world. Markham thoroughly enjoyed his visits to Portsmouth, for they gave him opportunities of renewing acquaintance with many old friends who were serving in the ships that visited, or were stationed at, that port.

Wherever he went, Markham invariably carried with him his own writing materials and books of reference, so that he was never idle when circumstances, such as bad weather or perhaps a touch of the gout from which he occasionally suffered, prevented him from going out. He also took advantage of these so-called holidays to write the many lectures and reviews of books that demanded so much of his time. He wrote papers and articles on the missing Polar expeditions, including the American expedition of De Long in the *Jeannette*,*

* The *Jeannette* sailed from San Francisco under the command of Captain De Long on the 8th of July, 1879, and passing through Behring's Strait, she was crushed in the ice-pack on the 12th of June, 1881, and sank in Lat. 77.15 N. Her crew dragged the ship's boats over the iceto Bennet Island, where they arrived on the 29th of July. On the 10th of September they reached one of the New Siberia Islands, and two days later set out for the mouth of the River Lena. The same evening the three boats became separated in a gale. De Long perished with two of his boat's crew from starvation and exhaustion; three survivors only of this party succeeding in reaching a village in Siberia. The second boat with its crew also reached civilisation, but the third was lost.

suggesting the desirability of sending a vessel to search the coast of Siberia from Cape Chelyuskin to the east. It was along this route that the survivors were eventually discovered and rescued.

He lectured in Yorkshire on the Battle of Towton, and in the same county delivered another lecture on "The Original Home of the Potato" (namely, the Andes), in which he explained the influence that the trade-wind exerted on the growth of vegetation generally and on the potato in particular. The versatility of his literary productions was amazing, and he always wrote and spoke with a full knowledge of the matter upon which he was writing or lecturing.

During a visit he paid to Bristol for the purpose of delivering a lecture on the Basque Provinces and on the old but now obsolete Whale Fishery, which formed one of the chief industries of Bristol as early as the fourteenth century and as late as the seventeenth, he obtained much information from the shipmasters and ship-owners whom he met there, regarding the lamentable ignorance of geography exhibited by the men engaged by the Board of Trade to examine candidates in navigation for the merchant service. In consequence of this information, Markham took the matter up with that energy with which he invariably dealt with matters that he considered should be reformed. He at once wrote letters to the different examiners stationed at the various seaport towns along the coast, inquiring if navigation classes and schools for instruction existed, and, if not, what facilities there were for obtaining instruction. After acquiring all the information possible from these sources (which was extremely unsatisfactory), and being of opinion that the Royal Geographical Society should take the lead in encouraging and fostering the study of nautical astronomy, navigation, and kindred subjects, in our mercantile marine, he brought up the question before the Council of the Geographical Society and the Board of Trade.

This action bore good fruit. His views regarding the nautical education of the young officers of our merchant service were fully concurred in by the Board of Trade. They were also recognised and adopted at the South Kensington examinations, which tended very materially to render the certificates thus obtained of practical value, and not the shams they had hitherto been considered. This, it must be confessed, was a gigantic stride in both the moral and material progress of our mercantile marine; for it tended to raise the officers of that service from the slough of ignorance and incapacity, to the acme of perfection in nautical science and navigation. The mere fact of acquiring such knowledge imparted a better tone to the young officers; and Markham's energy certainly assisted in making the officers of our merchant service what they now are, the finest and most cultured in the world.

It was while carrying out his investigations regarding the nautical training of these young officers, that Markham became personally interested in the welfare and instruction of the cadets on board the training ships *Worcester* and *Conway*. These vessels, old men-of-war presented for the purpose by the Admiralty, were organised, controlled, and financed by various shipping companies, and others interested in our merchant service, with the object of educating and providing efficiently instructed and properly qualified officers for the mercantile marine. These two schools—the *Worcester* lay at Greenhithe, the *Conway* on the Mersey near Liverpool—were intended to be to the merchant service very much what the old *Britannia* was to the Royal Navy. It was an excellent scheme, brilliantly thought out, and splendidly inaugurated; but further development was necessary to increase its utility, and to make the ships thoroughly fulfil the requirements for which they had been established. Both were controlled by local committees consisting of merchants and shipowners, who took the

greatest interest in the work, and devoted much of their valuable time to insuring their success.

At the time these institutions were first brought to Markham's notice, each ship had about 150 cadets under instruction. They were fine, well-conditioned lads between the ages of fourteen and eighteen. Many of them were the sons of captains of merchant ships, and all were gentlemen. They had a uniform somewhat similar to that worn by our Naval Cadets. They were instructed (as they still are) in all the different branches of seamanship, and they lived under the same conditions as they would on board an ordinary merchant ship at sea, except that a great portion of the day was devoted to instruction, both practical and theoretical. They sleep in hammocks, work the three masts, and bend, reef, and furl the sails, just as would be done in a ship at sea. School, at which they are thoroughly instructed in nautical astronomy, navigation, and other cognate subjects, is conducted on the main-deck under the superintendence of duly qualified instructors.

Markham paid many visits to the two ships, and from that time he formed an affectionate attachment for them both. He was especially concerned in the welfare of the cadets, and took an interest in their tuition and subsequent careers which never abated, but, on the contrary, increased as time went on. This interest lasted to the end of his life. His presence was always welcome, and he became *persona grata* to all on board.

His house soon became the resort of the *Worcester* boys. They loved running up to see him, and he for his part as dearly loved to have them about him. In his company they were as happy as the day was long, and he entered into all their fun, listened sympathetically to all their woes, always gave them good advice, and invariably warned them against committing, although perhaps unwittingly, any breach of discipline. We strongly suspect that the wildest ones were his especial

favourites! One of his most particular friends on board the *Worcester* he describes as a particularly engaging boy from his frankness of character and total absence of any affectation; but, he concludes, "he was the cheekiest youngster I ever met." We are inclined to think that this cheekiness was not without encouragement.

There was nothing Markham would not do that could conduce in any way to their pleasure, their happiness, or their instruction. He would spend whole afternoons in their company, taking them to the Tower of London, the Zoological Gardens, Westminster Abbey, the Aquarium, or any Exhibitions that might be open; then home to tea and dinner, winding up the day with a theatre. These excursions were a source of constant delight to him, and he almost spoilt the boys with the kindness and generosity that he lavished on them. He wrote special lectures for them, and would go down to the *Worcester* to deliver them. Among other subjects, he lectured on "Sebastian del Cano," "Columbus," "Drake and Hawkins," "Prince Henry the Navigator," "The Life of Akbar," "Sebastian Cabot and Drake," "The Early Discoverers of Australia," "Mercator and his Projection," "The Early History of Signals," and many on the Polar Regions. He selected purposely subjects which he thought would be of use to the boys in their future careers. Besides being full of information, he always took care that his lectures should be amusing, and they were never an aid to somnolence! These lectures were also repeated to the boys on board the *Conway* in the Mersey. The result of this close association with the *Worcester* was, as might naturally be foreseen, his election as one of the governing body of that vessel; and certainly no better selection could have been made in the interests of the institution.

It is little short of marvellous how he could find time to complete all the literary work in which he was engaged,

for during the time that he was busying himself with these matters, he was also writing articles, principally on Peru, for the "Encyclopædia Britannica"; he was translating from the Spanish the second part of the Chronicles of Peru by Cieza de Leon, for the Hakluyt Society; he was correcting the proof-sheets of his account of the War between Peru and Chile; and he was searching Admiralty records and the State Paper Office for information regarding Admiral John Markham, whose Life he was engaged in compiling. He was also preparing a paper on Recent Arctic Exploration for the Geographical Section of the British Association to be held in York, and was writing an essay on the Life of Akbar! It is really wonderful, with all this work, how it was possible for him to find any time to devote to children; but he loved the young, especially if they were boys. As an instance of his devotion to them, he relates in his journal that in the course of a single day he took one of his favourite *Worcester* boys to the following places: to a hatter, a hosier, a tailor, and then to the New Gallery to see the pictures; luncheon at the Criterion; then to the United Service Museum, Westminster Hall, the Courts of Law, Westminster Abbey, the Aquarium, where they had tea; then home to dinner, and a theatre afterwards! Not a bad day's work for a busy man who had reached the allotted age of three score years and ten!

CHAPTER XVI

THE U.S. AND THE WEST INDIES

CLEMENTS MARKHAM was always a staunch friend to those in distress; and no trouble was too great for him to take in assisting to alleviate their sufferings, whether physical or mental. The following incident demonstrates his sympathy and warm-heartedness in this direction.

It came to his knowledge that a young seaman, belonging to one of our men-of-war on the Pacific Station, had been sentenced by court-martial to five years' penal servitude for striking, in a fit of temper, his superior officer, a gunner's mate. The offender was only eighteen years of age, a strong, hard-working lad, but possessing a quick and passionate temper. When Markham heard the details of the case, he was shocked at what he considered the cruel severity of the punishment for an offence that was purely one against naval discipline. He regarded the punishment as inhuman and unjust, and he set to work actively to endeavour to obtain a remission of the sentence. He consulted the authorities at the Home Office, and even wrote a pathetic appeal for clemency to the Home Secretary. The letter was referred to the Admiralty for reconsideration, but their Lordships declined to interfere in the matter.

After the lapse of five or six weeks, Markham received a private letter from the first Sea Lord, saying that he, personally, saw no objection to a mitigation of the sentence by the Home Office. This was encouraging, for it was evident that some member of the Board of Admiralty was somewhat conscience-stricken. Still,

no action was taken by the authorities. Markham then wrote out a detailed report of the facts, and sent a copy to every member of Parliament, bringing the case also to the notice of other prominent public men. He dwelt particularly on the monstrous system established in the Navy, in sending young lads of unblemished character to penal servitude (where they would be obliged to associate with the very worst of criminals) for a purely military offence committed in a fit of temper; and he urged those who were members of Parliament to take action in the House of Commons. The replies were invariably sympathetic, and there were many who went so far as to promise to consider how his suggestions could best be utilised. He succeeded also in getting the case brought up in the House of Lords, where, however, in a thin house, the members of the Government, urged no doubt by party considerations, succeeded in talking the question out without arriving at a satisfactory conclusion.

He then obtained an order from the Home Secretary to see the lad in the convict prison, at Chatham. This was the first time he had ever met the youth. Markham was much impressed with his personal appearance, in spite of the prisoner being clothed in the garb of a convict, with his hair closely cropped. He describes him as a good-looking, strongly built young fellow, with an honest, bright face. In the course of conversation the man expressed his regret that his temper should have got the better of him, and attributed it to the fact that he had but recently partaken of his daily allowance of grog, which had so affected him as to cause him to resent the abuse he was receiving from his instructor. He assured Markham, however, that he would face the inevitable as bravely as he could, and strive to maintain his good character to the bitter end. He spoke feelingly about his parents, and the disgrace which he had brought on them. He was well-mannered, and altogether Markham formed a very favourable

opinion of the lad, a judgment that was borne out by the doctor and other officials in the prison whom he interrogated. This interview had the effect of strengthening Markham's determination to do all in his power to obtain an abatement of the sentence.

Markham was not the man to take no for an answer, especially when he had set his heart upon righting a wrong, which, if not righted, would probably have a baneful effect upon the young manhood of the country. He wrote again to every important member of Parliament, of both Houses, whom he thought likely to help, and sent strongly worded letters to the *Morning Post*, *St. James's Gazette*, and other papers, recounting the facts of the case, and urging the Press to exert its influence on behalf of the young man. He also drafted a petition for the parents to sign and forward to the First Lord of the Admiralty. Nor did his energies rest here. He wrote a complete history of the case, in which he carefully analysed the returns of naval punishments during the past twelve years, accompanied by ample notes on the general question of naval discipline, and sent it to the proprietor of the *Morning Post*. The result of this was the appearance of a powerful article in that paper urging the necessity for punishment reform in the Navy.

At this time there was evidence of the desire of the Admiralty to climb down from the position they had at first assumed; for they now submitted the whole case to the prisoner's recent Captain for his views and report. This was regarded as a distinct concession in favour of mitigation of the punishment, but, alas! only a few days after this communication from the Admiralty (and presumably after receipt of the report demanded from the Captain) the young man's parents received an official letter from "My Lords" declining to recommend any remission of the sentence passed on their son. This was a staggerer; for the Admiralty had already consented to reconsider the case on the

receipt of evidence which completely rebutted the original allegations. It was inexplicable!

Markham did not take this rebuff quietly. He at once prepared a petition to the Prime Minister, signed by all those who were interested in the case—and they were many in number—setting forth all particulars, and specially emphasising the severity of a punishment which they considered to be a grave miscarriage of justice. He also published an article in the November number of the *Nineteenth Century*, in which he entered fully into the iniquitous injustice of the case, concluding with a pointed allusion to the harmful effects that would ensue in recruiting for the Navy. He also wrote privately to prominent members of the Government, representing very forcibly the necessity for introducing a Bill into Parliament, abolishing penal servitude in the Navy for crimes which involved no moral guilt, but were merely subversive of naval discipline.

At last his efforts were crowned with success. On the 31st of October, 1884—after more than six months' incessant correspondence between naval, judicial, and other Governmental departments—he had the satisfaction of receiving a notification from the Home Office that, in consequence of recent correspondence with the Admiralty, it had been decided that, for the future, naval prisoners undergoing sentences of penal servitude, for *strictly naval offences*, should, when released, be absolutely free from all police supervision. This was a decided victory, and due entirely to Markham's strenuous representations of the injustice of the old procedure. But better news was to follow; for on the same day he received a letter from the mother of the youth, announcing that her son had been released, and that the remaining two and a half years of his sentence had been remitted. Thus half of the entire sentence was abrogated unconditionally, and this was unquestionably due to the persistent and untiring exertions of Clements Markham.

Not only had his pertinacity been of service in the cause of justice and humanity, but it was also of direct advantage to the Navy. There are many quick-tempered young fellows in the Service who possess in a high degree the germs of courage and resource, so valuable in times of danger. The hot-tempered "scallywag," from his daring and disregard of personal risk, often proves in the stress of battle the best and bravest of men.

Markham's first act, on being informed of the lad's release, was to send for him to his house and take him into his own service as a footman! This he did in spite of the man's personal appearance, for he was short and thickset, and the backs of his hands were elaborately tattooed; nor had he any experience as a domestic servant. Markham's reason for doing this was that he considered it most important that the lad's first employment after coming out of prison should be with somebody who was well acquainted with his character and would keep him straight. It was a kindly, philanthropic motive, but, unfortunately it was doomed to failure, for to his great regret Markham was compelled to dismiss the lad before he had been very long in his service. He pledged himself, however, in Markham's presence to abstain in future from the use of spirits, the act for which he had been dismissed having been perpetrated while under the influence of drink. There is no doubt that Markham felt the cause that involved his protégé's discharge very keenly; nevertheless he continued to take an interest in his welfare, and succeeded in getting him appointed to the London Fire Brigade, in which he has since done good and valuable service.

During all this time Markham's interest in his own particular work never flagged. He lectured to the cadets of the *Worcester* and *Conway* on the "Rise of the East India Company;" on "Hudson and Baffin," and on their Arctic voyages; on "Dampier," and on the careers of Captain Cook and Captain Scoresby, and he gave them a brief account of the naval victory

gained by Commodore Dance with a squadron of East Indiamen, over a French fleet under the command of Admiral Linois. He also prepared and read a paper before the Geographical Society on the discovery of New Guinea, and was busy preparing details for his "Life of Admiral Fairfax," as well as transcribing the Life of Koolemans Beynen,* which his wife had translated from the Dutch.

In the midst of all this work, with the enormous amount of research which it entailed, Markham was called away to Devonshire by news of the death of his father-in-law, Mr. Chichester; and for some time his attention was much occupied with family affairs.

It was about this time that he was approached by the Liberal political agent at Taunton with a view of his standing for that constituency. Markham, however, did not consider that the prospects of winning the seat were at all favourable, so he declined the honour. The House of Commons was the loser; for he would have made an excellent member and an interesting and strong debater. Shortly afterwards, he was invited to stand in the Liberal interest for Portsmouth. It was a constituency that he would have been very glad to represent, not only on account of its importance and his own associations with the borough, but chiefly, perhaps, because of his great-uncle's political connection with it for so many years.† Portsmouth was at the time represented by two Conservatives. It seems that Markham's principal reason for declining the honour was because he was informed that, on the Primrose Day prior to the election, the great majority of the workmen in the dockyard (which formed a large proportion of the electors) were decorated with the Conservative emblem, a bunch of primroses, in their buttonholes. From this he inferred that there would be small chance of his winning the seat. As it turned out, however, the two Liberal

* A young and enthusiastic Dutch naval officer who accompanied Allen Young in the *Pandora* in 1876.

† See p. 256.

candidates were both returned! Markham had not taken into account the inconsistency of dockyard electors.

Towards the end of the year (1884) he had a long interview with the Secretary of the London Chamber of Commerce, who came to him on his own initiative, to discuss the possibility of arranging a conference between the Chamber and the Council of the Royal Geographical Society with a view to establishing a policy on certain Central African questions bearing on a systematic geographical exploration of that country. Markham explained in detail his views on the question, and after some discussion it was agreed that the Chamber of Commerce should address a letter to the President of the Society, outlining a policy on the lines that Markham had indicated. This was accordingly done, and the result was most satisfactory.

Another of his activities at this time was the formation, in co-operation with some of his neighbours, of an institution or club near St. Gabriel's Church, Warwick Square, for the use of young boys up to the age of eighteen. The result of this was a great success, and assisted very materially in keeping the young fellows out of harm's way, as well as providing for their comfort and pleasure after their work for the day was over. Candidates for the institute were proposed and elected by the boys themselves, each member paying a monthly subscription of 6d. Four large rooms in the parish school-house were placed at their disposal. One was set apart for reading, another for chess and other quiet games, while the remaining two rooms were used for gymnastics, boxing, fencing, and games of a more physical and boisterous character. The rooms were filled every evening with boys whose happy faces, brimful of enjoyment, bore witness to their pleasure. It is hardly necessary to add that Markham's contribution to their enjoyment in the shape of lectures, both interesting and amusing, was no small one.

He was never more happy than when he was engaged in ministering to the happiness of children, more especially boys, as many a youthful relative or friend can testify. The appearance at his house of any of his nephews, any cadets from the *Worcester* or midshipmen of the Royal Navy or mercantile marine, was the signal for the cessation of all work. His books would be immediately closed, his papers put away, all cares forgotten; and, after administering to their appetites, he would wander away with them to spend the rest of the day in the pursuit of amusement combined with instruction.

The next year (1885) saw him busily engaged in writing the *Memoirs of the Macdonalds of Keppoch*. He also began collecting material for a *Life of Admiral Fairfax*; and, in order to complete his researches, he decided to visit Fairfax County in Virginia, U.S.A. William Fairfax, the ancestor of the American Fairfaxes, had settled in Virginia, where many of his descendants were still living.

This William Fairfax had a somewhat varied career. He began life in the Royal Navy, but afterwards went to the Bahamas, where he became Judge, and eventually Governor. In 1725 he migrated to the United States, acting as agent there for the estates of his cousin, Lord Fairfax. His son, the Rev. Brian Fairfax, succeeded to the title as the eighth Lord Fairfax. William was an intimate friend of George Washington, and was one of the chief mourners at the great President's funeral.

On the occasion of this visit to America, Markham was accompanied by his wife. They had a pleasant voyage across the Atlantic, during which he took the lead in organising entertainments, such as theatricals, charades, etc. Some of these were carried out under his management on a somewhat pretentious scale. A regular stage was erected on the upper deck, scenery was painted, and everything was conducted in a most

elaborate manner. Rehearsals and the making of their costumes kept them busily occupied for two or three days prior to the performance. It was a great success, and a considerable sum was realised on behalf of the widows and orphans of those employed by the steamship company to which the vessel belonged. Other entertainments followed when the weather permitted, among them being an Arctic lecture which Markham delivered; and a competition in "graceful walking," for which he and another passenger were selected as judges. Altogether they were a very merry party, and the time passed quickly and pleasantly.

Markham and his wife were, of course, provided with many letters of introduction, and they received a very cordial welcome at all the places they visited. This kindly reception, however, was not only due to the letters which they brought, but because his name in connection with geographical work was well known and honoured in the United States.

From Boston they travelled through Portland, and across the White Mountains, enjoying the magnificent scenery through which they passed, on their way to Lake Champlain and the Catskills. Thence down the Hudson River to New York. It was a most enjoyable journey, rendered all the more delightful by the interesting people whom they met. The President and other members of the American Geographical Society entertained them most hospitably; and, at the Naval Academy at Annapolis, he was invited to preside at a meeting when a paper was to be read by Lieutenant Danenhower, relating his experiences while employed in De Long's ill-fated expedition to the Arctic Regions in the *Jeannette*. This had an additional interest for Markham, for the *Jeannette* (which left her timbers in the Far North) was none other than his old friend Allen Young's vessel, the *Pandora*, renamed! He gladly accepted, and took a leading part in the discussion that ensued. He was quite in his element, and perhaps enjoyed it all the

more because his views on the best route for future Arctic exploration differed considerably from the opinions expressed by other speakers !

In Washington he had an interview with the President (Grover Cleveland) at the White House. He was able also to collect much information here, regarding the Fairfaxes, from many members of that family and their friends. Thence they went on to Virginia, where they spent two or three weeks, being hospitably entertained in Richmond, Lexington, Mount Vernon (situated in Fairfax County), and other places in the State. They also visited Greenway Court in the Shenandoah Valley, which was formerly the seat of the old and eccentric Lord Fairfax who had bequeathed it to his nephew; he, in his turn, bequeathing it to a friend, a Mr. Carnegy. At the time of the Markhams' visit it was in the possession of Mr. and Mrs. Kennerly (descendants of Mr. Carnegy), who were most kind and hospitable, and from whom he obtained much valuable information regarding the Fairfax estate and family. Mrs. Kennerly presented them with an old ballad relating to the first arrival of George Washington at Greenway Court, in which an allusion is made to his having been sent there to be instructed in venery by the old Lord !

Altogether their visit to the South was in every way a success; they made many delightful friends, and, following the track of the war, were eye-witnesses of the ravages it caused in the beautiful valley of the Shenandoah. Markham was much impressed by the Virginians themselves, who, he said, resembled English gentlefolk in their manners and feelings more than any other people he had met in America. He maintained that, if there *was* any difference between them and the English, it was that they had retained more of the old-fashioned courtesy of the days of our grandfathers. Their war record in the defence of their own country against invasion was most glorious; but still more striking, in his opinion, was the splendid way in which the

young men, after their country had been utterly crushed, manfully set to work to face adversity and regain prosperity. None remained idle; all put their shoulders to the wheel, and set themselves steadfastly to redeem the past, in spite of the fact that they had been brought up to lives of ease and affluence.

On the eve of his departure from America, he sums up the work which he had accomplished there in these brief words: "I have seen the people I came to see; I have done all I wanted; and we have both had a most enjoyable trip."

Immediately on his return to England he set to work to write an account of the Battle of Towton for the Yorkshire Archæological Association; he was also busily occupied with his "Life of Admiral Fairfax," and collecting notes concerning the Vere family, for his contemplated work on the lives of the two brothers Sir Francis and Sir Horace Vere. He was also much occupied with his geographical work, more especially in organising a series of schemes for promoting the general teaching of geography.

These various and absorbing duties did not in any way distract his attention or time from his two pet training ships, the *Worcester* and the *Conway*. Indeed, it is doubtful whether he would have allowed anything, however important, to interfere with the interest he took in the welfare of those two schools. He delivered lectures to the cadets on subjects connected with the Western Coast of South America and other countries, especially those possessing extensive coast-lines, ports, and other sheltered anchorages. It was his aim to make them familiar with places they would probably visit during their professional careers, and to impart to them such geographical knowledge as would be of value to them in the future. He also assisted in the periodical examinations held in the two institutions, and in awarding marks in those subjects in which he was an acknowledged authority.

Being now desirous of obtaining further information regarding the two Veres, he planned and carried out, in company with his wife, a delightful trip to Belgium and Germany which enabled him to visit the locality of the operations rendered memorable by the campaign of Prince Maurice of Orange against the Italian General Spinola, who was in command of the Spanish forces. It also gave him an opportunity to carry out his doctor's directions—namely, to go through a cure at Homburg for gouty symptoms that were beginning to manifest themselves. A visit to Mannheim was of special interest and importance, for it was at the battle fought in this neighbourhood that the Dutch Army was saved by the heroism and generalship of Sir Horace Vere. The fact that, among the Captains serving under Sir Horace Vere, were William and John Fairfax and Robert Markham, lent additional zest to his researches.

From Mannheim he proceeded to Düsseldorf and Cologne. At the latter place he spent a couple of days of busy sight-seeing. The vastness and perfect symmetry of the cathedral, he records, did not leave the same deep impression on him, or create the same desire to see it again and again as did the smaller and less regular cathedrals that he had visited in England and in France. Thence they went on by Worms and Heidelberg to Homburg, where for a month he drank with scrupulous regularity the particular waters prescribed by the medical authorities.

During the period of his "cure" he made excursions with his wife to many places of interest, and his pen was never idle. He tabulated all the German Emperors from Charlemagne to Francis II., and, inspired by the series of portraits of these Emperors, that he had seen at Frankfort, he compiled a list of all their burial-places! He also studied carefully, and made extensive notes on the ancient histories of the various places that he visited, and illustrated them with admirably drawn plans and maps. His description and history,

of the old Roman Camp at Saalburg, is especially interesting, every small detail being recorded with minute exactness.

On his return to England he found that an old naval friend of his was in serious pecuniary difficulties owing to the defalcation of a clerk. His friend at the time was holding the position of secretary to a benevolent institution, and was threatened with dismissal if he did not at once make good the deficiency, a matter of about £270. To be dismissed from his post would involve utter ruin, yet he had not the money wherewith to make good. In his dilemma he turned to his old friend Markham, who was not, it must be said, overburdened with the riches of this world. Nevertheless, Markham did not hesitate for one moment. He wrote at once to his bankers, sold out the requisite amount of stock, and sent his old friend away happy and grateful. The incident is typical of the man.

An exhibition was held about this time at St. Stephen's Hall, Westminster, to celebrate the tercentenary of the introduction of the potato into this country. Markham took a leading part in all the arrangements, and read a paper on the cultivation of the potato by the Incas and other Andean nations.

He had now been Secretary of the Hakluyt Society for a period of twenty-eight years, and he felt that if he were to relinquish the appointment he would have more leisure to translate and edit a greater number of books and documents than he had hitherto been able to accomplish. Accordingly, he handed over the archives to his successor, with full instructions as to his duties. Under his secretaryship the Society had grown in usefulness and prosperity to an amazing extent. There can be no doubt that this was very largely due to the continued energy, devotion, and inspiring influence, of Clements Markham. In thus resigning the post of Secretary his interest in the Society did not in any way abate—in fact, it appeared to increase in usefulness and

in enhancing the popularity of the Society. Even at the time of his death he was actually correcting the proof-sheets of a couple of volumes that he had translated and edited.

In the early part of 1887 began a renewal of his intimate association with his old profession, the Royal Navy, which brought him many new friends and admirers, especially among the younger officers of His Majesty's Service. It happened in this wise:

A near relative of his, to whom he had filled the position of an elder brother for many years, had been appointed, with the rank of Commodore, to the command of the training squadron, and his broad pendant was flying in H.M.S. *Active*. The Squadron included three other vessels of a somewhat similar class to the *Active*—namely, the *Volage*, *Rover*, and *Calyпсо*, and had been specially formed for the purpose of training young officers and men in the Royal Navy. The ships selected were fully rigged, and when at sea were continuously under sail. It was thought that the exercise incidental to going aloft and working the sails would benefit the men physically, and would also tend to make them smart and active. The ships were, of course, provided with steam-power, but it was very seldom resorted to. The propellers were fitted with an arrangement for lifting them out of the water, and the funnels could be lowered out of sight when necessary. In short, the vessels were to all intents and purposes sailing ships.

Markham left England in January, by the mail-steamer bound for the West Indies, whither the squadron had preceded him by some weeks. He had to change steamers at Barbados, but this he did not regret, for he found "the chirpy little Captain of the new vessel a great improvement on the surly old brute of the last ship!" The day after leaving Barbados he picked up the squadron at Grenada, and he was soon comfortably settled down on board the *Active*.

It is hardly necessary to say that he rapidly made

friends with all on board; and he lost no time in visiting the other ships, so that he quickly became acquainted with every officer in the squadron, and they with him. It was not long before he knew the history of every man on board the *Active*, and he took a lively interest in everything appertaining to the squadron. In the gun-room, of course, he was an especial favourite; and he was looked upon as a sort of oracle on all matters, more especially those connected with history and geography. Any discussion that was raised, any knotty point that required a decision, was at once referred to him.

He loved being on deck when exercises or evolutions were being carried out, especially on those occasions when it was blowing hard, and the men were engaged in reefing topsails or otherwise reducing sail. It reminded him so vividly, he would say, of bygone days; and probably it gave a half-melancholy yet wholly pleasurable tinge to his delight in feeling the fresh trade-wind blowing once more upon his face.

In the forenoons he would sit in a corner of the fore-cabin, working away at his "Life of Columbus" or "The Fighting Veres," while a dozen midshipmen were occupying the remainder of the cabin, under the tuition of the Naval Instructor. Not infrequently the latter would be absent temporarily. Then, chaos reigned supreme, and would continue until summarily put a stop to by the Commodore, or other high official. Although it would not be fair to assume that their guest was the instigator of these somewhat irregular disturbances, yet it was generally conceded that there was never any cause to complain of their unseemly conduct when they were entirely by themselves! He loved the midshipmen, and they loved him; there was nothing that gave him greater pleasure than being with them in the gunroom mess, or going for a trip with them either on shore or on some boat expedition.

Markham thoroughly enjoyed cruising among the

beautiful West Indian Islands, most of them of great historical interest. For the guidance of the midshipmen in writing up their journals—an important duty, as marks are given on this subject when they present themselves for examination as Lieutenants, and a good or bad journal may make all the difference in the class of certificate obtained—he composed at St. Lucia an account of Rodney's glorious victory there, and subsequently wrote descriptions of the famous Diamond Rock off the island of Martinique, the manner in which the guns were hoisted up and placed in position, and the capture of Fort Royal in 1794.

Markham was much impressed with the marked superiority of the towns and farms in the French islands of Martinique and Guadeloupe, over the towns of the English West Indian possessions. They appeared to be cleaner, the architecture of their cathedrals, churches, and public buildings, was superior, their prosperity more pronounced, and everything more regular and thriving in appearance, than in our islands. There is no doubt that this is the case, and it is probably due to the fact that absentee landlords are unknown in the French islands, and that where the money is made, there it is spent.

During this cruise nearly all the islands comprising the Windward Group of the West Indies were visited, several days being spent at each, and sometimes more than one port in the same island was visited.

It was at St. Kitts that Markham first became acquainted with Robert Falcon Scott, at that time a midshipman on board the *Rover*. A boat-race had been arranged, and a prize offered by two of the Lieutenants of the *Volage*. The boats were to be cutters manned by their proper service crews, with their own officers in charge. The conditions were that they were all to be at anchor together in line abreast, with their awnings spread, and the crews sitting on their proper thwarts. On the signal gun being fired, they were to furl awnings,

weigh anchors, step masts, and make sail, beating up to a buoy dead to windward. Having rounded this, they were to run down to another buoy, beat back again to the first mark, then down mast, out oars, and pull back to the starting-point, anchor, and spread awnings. The winning boat was the *Rover's* cutter, commanded by young Scott, who in after-years was to be so intimately associated with Clements Markham in the work of Antarctic exploration.

Markham was always intensely interested in the evolutions and manœuvres of the squadron. He was especially delighted when the signal was hoisted to "chase" in a certain direction, which means practically a race along the course indicated. Each ship would set every possible sail she could carry, compatible with safety, in order to get ahead of her consorts. He always used to say it was the prettiest sight imaginable. Such a race would last generally for about ten or twelve hours.

At Barbados the squadron remained for three weeks before sailing for England, during which time Markham thoroughly enjoyed himself. As usual, he was happiest when, in company with half a dozen or more midshipmen, he was engaged in carrying out some expedition which they had organised into the interior of the island. On one occasion he says they obtained a number of squibs

"which caused some anarchy during the homeward drive. S. was practising with a lasso on the Coachman's hat, so someone took off his cap and threw it into the road, and S. had to jump out and pick it up. The carriage drove on with S. in chase! Eventually he overtook the carriage and rolled in. They had independent singing and noise, concluding by drinks on arrival at Bridgetown."*

Evidently a somewhat unruly and riotous party! From this drive Markham returned to Government

* Bridgetown, the chief town and seaport of Barbados.

House, where he was staying, in order to be present at a large official, and presumably decorous, dinner. It must have been in somewhat striking contrast to his afternoon's amusement!

During his spare and *quiet* intervals, he wrote an account for the midshipmen of the discovery and first settlement of Bermuda, as also a history of the discovery of the Windward Islands by Columbus, the Life of Gerard Mercator, and a paper on the physical geography of Bermuda. His thoughts were invariably with the young officers; their happiness and well-being were his constant care. He was anxious to get them interested in their profession, and to induce them to take up the study of geography and other subjects which would be of value to them in their future career. Of one of his particular midshipmen, S. (alluded to above), he writes:

“ He has lost a month's time for throwing potatoes and valves at the Naval Instructor in his last ship, and he was also in trouble at Barbados for knocking two front teeth down a Lieutenant's throat with the mast of the dinghy. Poor boy!”

His sympathies were evidently with the “ boy,” and not with those who had been the sufferers from the lad's aggressive propensities!

From Barbados the squadron proceeded to Bermuda, a voyage occupying about ten days, and made almost entirely under sail. Markham had been for some time working in collaboration with the gunroom officers in the production of a play which they intended should be performed shortly after their arrival. To him was allotted the greater part of the task, and on their arrival at Bermuda his first business, on landing, was to purchase various dresses—principally ladies' attire—and other important stage properties that would be required. However, as a stay of only four days was made at Bermuda, the performance had to be postponed; but it was acted eventually with great success at sea. The topical

songs were the subject of much discussion, and constant revisions were made at every rehearsal. Some considered many of the jokes were a great deal too personal; others thought otherwise: it was no easy matter to please and satisfy everybody! Markham was not only the principal author of the play, but he also had to take a leading part in it, and, in addition, was stage-manager! He entered heart and soul into the matter, and it is not too much to say that without him it would never have taken place.

Boisterous weather was somewhat detrimental to rehearsals. For two or three days they experienced an extremely fresh gale, accompanied by a very heavy sea. The table in the fore-cabin broke adrift, and they were obliged to eat their dinner sitting on the deck and hanging on to the stanchions! Meals were reduced to picnics. One of the ships in the squadron had two boats washed away, the others escaped with little damage, but all suffered great discomfort. In spite of the excessive motion, Markham wrote during this gale an historical account of the Azores for the benefit of the young officers.

On the 24th of April, 1887, the squadron anchored in Horta Bay (Fayal), but sailed again the next day, giving Markham time, however, to take a run on shore and identify the ground which was occupied by Sir Walter Raleigh when he captured Horta. He also enjoyed a delightful ramble over the hills, and climbed up to the summit of Mount Carneiro. Of course he wrote an account of Raleigh's capture of Horta for the information of the midshipmen. That was inevitable!

Taking advantage of a fine evening, with a comparatively smooth sea, they decided on having their theatricals on the 27th of April. An excellent stage was prepared on the quarter-deck, and every man and boy in the ship, that could be spared from his duties, attended. The piece was named "Too Clever by Half." It was in three scenes, and was so abundantly stocked

with songs that it was described as "operatic," as well as "serio-comic." Markham took the part of an irascible gouty old Baronet, and acted it to perfection. Everything went off very well, and it was a great success. The performance was followed by a somewhat uproarious supper in the wardroom, at which the aforementioned S. sat between Markham and the Captain of Marines. Whenever S. began to get unduly excited, the latter seized his head and forced it under the table, so that S. afterwards said he felt like the Dormouse in "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," when sitting between the March Hare and the Hatter!

The squadron arrived at Portland on the 9th of May, and Markham left the next day, to the great regret of all on board the *Active*. He was pulled on shore in one of the cutters by a crew composed entirely of officers. He concludes his diary in the ship as follows:

"Last day on board the *Active*, where I have passed 14 weeks and 5 days, a most happy and delightful time, making, I hope, some friendships. I never met nicer, better-natured, more warm-hearted young fellows. God bless them!"

Mention must be made here of an instance of his generosity, which has only recently been brought to the writer's notice. One of the midshipmen had the misfortune to run into a boat at one of the islands, causing considerable damage to it, and, very stupidly, omitted to report the accident to his commanding officer, or even to give his name to the harbour-master when requested to do so. An official complaint was made by the Governor to the commanding officer of his ship, and an investigation was ordered. The result was that the midshipman received a severe reprimand, and was ordered to pay £4, the cost of the repairs to the boat. Markham promptly proved himself the friend in need, for with consummate tact, and in the most delicate way, he succeeded in arranging that the costs should be borne by himself.

CHAPTER XVII

WITH THE TRAINING SQUADRON

ON his return to England after his long cruise in the training squadron, Markham's time was fully occupied in clearing off the enormous mass of work that had accumulated during his absence in the shape of innumerable letters, and legal matters in connection with his trusteeships. In addition he was much worried by his old enemy, gout, which persistently attacked him at inconvenient periods, particularly when he was most anxious to be unrestrained and able to move about.

His trip in the *Active* was but a prelude to many others. Indeed, only a few weeks after his return from the West Indian cruise, we find him again occupying his old quarters on board the *Active* cruising in the Channel, visiting various ports in England and Ireland, and even going as far as Gibraltar and Madeira. A few of his old friends had left in order to complete their examinations at Greenwich and at Portsmouth, but many still remained in the squadron, and the new officers soon became old friends. It is related that on one occasion he remained on deck during the entire middle watch (from midnight to 4 a.m.) because one of his special friends was officer of the watch, and, as he was very tired after a hard day's cricket on shore, Markham stayed up with him so as to prevent him from going to sleep in his watch! It was on this cruise that he began his work on "Inca Civilisation," and commenced to edit and prepare for publication Mrs. Corbin's Life of her father, Captain Maury, author of "The Physical Geography of the Sea." During his stay at

Madeira, he made a point of visiting the old haunts of his brother David, and of making acquaintance with those friends, still in the island, who had been kind to his brother during his last illness.

On the 31st of January, 1888, after much anxious consideration, and consultation with his friends, he decided to relinquish the position he had held for twenty-five years as Honorary Secretary of the Royal Geographical Society, and wrote a letter to the President to that effect. The letter was couched in such terms as rendered it impossible for the President to do otherwise than accept it. But, in order that the Society might not altogether lose his active help, Markham was made a member of the Council. At the same time he was awarded the Founder's gold medal in recognition of the valuable geographical work he had accomplished during his period of office as Honorary Secretary. The present prosperous state of the Society is due in a great measure to his personal influence, and to his long official connection with the institution. As has been truly said of him by one of the high officials of the Society in his excellent obituary notice of Sir Clements:

“ He kept himself in close touch, not only with what may be called the Society's external activities, but with its internal organisation, in which he took a proud interest. By his friendly, genial, and considerate relations with every member of the staff, he secured their loyal devotion, not only to himself, but to the Society, so that the hardest work in carrying out the Society's objects and in maintaining its reputation became a pleasure, and not a task. He took a special interest in the younger members of the staff, who were ever eager to obtain his approval.”

We are told on the highest authority that one of his most important successes at that time was the foundation and issue of the monthly *Proceedings*, afterwards to be developed into the present *Geographical Journal*, which may now be regarded as the leading geographical

publication in the world. Markham had also been most energetic in the promotion of geographical education, as we have already stated; and he was the first to introduce the use of lantern slides as a means of illustrating the lectures that were delivered. This met with some short-sighted opposition at first, but is now generally approved and regarded as a valuable adjunct.

At the great naval review held at Spithead in celebration of Queen Victoria's Jubilee, he was again an honoured guest on board the *Active*. Shortly after, he presided on board the *Worcester* at the annual meeting and presentation of prizes, and delivered an admirable address to the cadets.

The work of editing the "Life of Captain Maury" he found extremely tiresome and intricate, causing him much labour. The task of connecting the narrative from the letters that had been submitted to him proved to be harder than he had anticipated. In fact, he had to evolve order out of chaos. Yet in the midst of all this work he found time to write a history of Madeira for one of his young naval friends, and an account of the Battle of Lansdowne for another, besides contributing descriptions of the various ports along the coast of Spain visited by the training squadron, which he thought would be useful to the young officers.

At this time he was beginning seriously to consider the necessity for Antarctic research, and therefore the indispensability of educating public opinion in that direction. Accordingly, he wrote a long article on the subject for the *Graphic*. He then visited the Agent-General of Victoria, in order to consult him as to the popularity or otherwise with which a proposal for such an expedition would be received in Australia. He also worked up the whole history of South Polar exploration, with all that had hitherto been achieved geographically in South Polar Regions.

In the early part of 1888, he accompanied the training squadron on another cruise to the West Indian Islands,

returning to England by way of Bermuda. Many changes had taken place among the young officers, which he did not apparently appreciate, for he writes:

“As compared with the glorious old crowd of last year, the midshipmen are smaller, weaker, more quiet, less up to larks, more good: and not a patch on the old set!”

Nevertheless, he was soon on as intimate terms with his new shipmates as he had been with the “old set.” He was always ready to give them information and practical help, to associate himself with all their games, and to listen to all their troubles and grievances, which they, on their part, were only too ready to pour out into his sympathetic ears. He was very irate at recent orders that had been issued regarding increased school hours for the midshipmen, and, as he terms it, other “harassing folly.” He thought they were being “crammed” a great deal too much, and that they were left with insufficient time to themselves for reading.

On the passage home from Bermuda they encountered very stormy weather, with an unusually low barometer, and the ships were reduced to close-reefed topsails. The sea was magnificent, torrents of spray blowing in sheets from wave to wave, the ship heeling over in heavy lurches as much as 42° , dipping her lee hammock nettings under water. But, in spite of the excessive motion and the dirty weather, the “young maniacs” (as he calls the midshipmen) played at tip and run, the bucket which was used as a wicket flying across the deck at every lurch of the ship! During the gale he was engaged in drawing up a careful pedigree of the Kings of Aragon!

On his return home he found that his *Life of the Veres* was published, and had been well reviewed, which gave him great satisfaction. In reading it over, it brought back to him brighter reminiscences than any other book that he had written, for it recalled vividly the pleasant pilgrimages he had made with his wife

to old towns in Holland, Belgium, and Germany, where the " fighting Veres " had served.

At the anniversary meeting of the Royal Geographical Society on the 28th of May, 1888, Markham was presented with the Founder's gold medal in a very appreciative speech delivered by the President, General Strachey. His incomparable services to the Society were also referred to at the time by other speakers. He looked upon the honour of becoming one of the Society's gold medallists as the highest distinction that could be conferred upon him. On the same day he was presented with a very beautifully illuminated address, in the form of an album, from the Captain, the staff, and the cadets, of the *Conway*, as a slight recognition of all that he had done for the ship, and for the great interest he had taken in the welfare of the cadets. This was as unexpected as it was gratifying.

To his great delight, he was permitted to be present on board the *Active* during the naval manœuvres in the summer. He was intensely interested in everything that occurred, and keenly followed the whole plan of campaign. The *Active* was attached to the squadron selected for the defence of England against a foreign foe located in Ireland. The first object of the defending force was to blockade the hostile fleet, which, divided into two squadrons, was taking refuge in two Irish ports, one at the north, the other in the south. After twelve days' successful blockade, a portion of the hostile fleet succeeded in escaping from the southern port, and effected a junction with their northern force. The defending ships thereupon raised the blockade, and steamed round to the mouth of the Thames to insure the security of London, leaving the enemy to work his wicked will on Liverpool and other defenceless, but important, seaport towns in the north.

During all this time Markham was up early every morning, and remained on deck until late at night, criticising, as may well be imagined, every movement of

the opposing forces, and taking the keenest interest in every incident and phase of the manœuvres. He was much impressed with the value of such evolutions in peace time, as being the means of illustrating defects, more especially with regard to the provision of coal and the supply of stores when the ships are away from their principal bases. The arrangements for coaling were execrable, considering the great importance of transferring the coal from collier to ship in as short a time as possible. As a rule the coal came alongside the ship in bulk, which necessitated it being first placed in bags in order to be hoisted out, thus doubling the time that would have been occupied if the coal had been simply put into the bags when taken on board the collier and kept there. These were all valuable experiences, to be placed before the naval authorities for future guidance.

In the latter part of the year 1888 we find him again on board the *Active*, enjoying a cruise in the Baltic, and visiting such interesting places as Copenhagen, Kiel, and Carlsrona. His intimate knowledge of all these places was marvellous; and the greater part of it was due to his study of books. It was invariably his custom to read up all the information available connected with places he was about to visit, and, with his wonderfully retentive memory, he thus became a most efficient guide and historical authority. At Carlsrona, Baron Nordenskjöld came all the way from Stockholm to greet him. Admiral Von Otter and Captain Koldewey, both authorities on Arctic matters from personal experience, were also at Carlsrona; and to his great delight he met his old Swedish messmate of the *Collingwood*, now a retired Commodore—"a dear old man with a nice old wife." At Copenhagen also he met many old friends, who were kindness itself, and always gave him a hearty welcome to their houses.

On his return home he set to work to classify a large and valuable collection of old coins that his father had accumulated from time to time. The very fact of ex-

amining the different coins to ascertain their nationality and date of minting aroused his interest in numismatics, and he found it a study replete with instruction as well as pleasure, for it had the effect of revivifying his interest in ancient history, especially that of Greece and Rome. By the time that he completed his tabulation of the coins, he imbibed an irresistible desire to see with his own eyes the ancient remains that are still left in Greece and Italy.

With Markham, to decide was to act, and, putting all literary and other work on one side, he started off in the early spring of 1889, accompanied by his wife, on a long visit to Rome. He had just completed writing a "Life of Sir Harry Vane"; but with this he was by no means satisfied, for he candidly admits that "it is not a good book, nor is the book worthy of the subject." He was also engaged in writing the "Life of John Davis," for a series on the world's great explorers. In addition to this, he was busily engaged preparing, at the invitation of the French Geographical Congress, a paper on English geographical discovery during the eighteenth century, which he was to read at the meeting of the Congress at Paris in the following year. At the same time he was preparing other works for the Hakluyt Society.

His visit to Rome was an interesting one. For five weeks he was occupied with his researches. Every place of interest was not only visited, but closely studied and minutely described. His descriptions are marked by great erudition, and display profound historical and archæological knowledge. He was wont to declare that the study of his old Roman coins had taught him much about ancient Rome. The topography of the surrounding country he also studied carefully, and made exact plans of the most celebrated features typical of classical architecture.

To a lover of Rome—and especially Rome in its ancient splendour and puissance—the contents of

Markham's diary would be of intense value. On his visit to the Tabularium, he remarks that its masonry reminded him of the later Inca work at Cuzco, being of the same dark colour, probably because they were constructed of the same kind of volcanic conglomerate. Among the statues of the old Roman Consuls in the galleries of the Vatican, he recognised faces similar to those on the obverse of his consular coins; and he refers frequently to these coins in connection with the pictures and statues that he saw, thus demonstrating the powerful influence exercised by his collection in impelling him to undertake his visit to Rome. He was much attracted by the old maps that were shown to him in the Collegio di Propaganda, some of them dating back to the early part of the sixteenth century; he also saw some curious old Arab maps in which he was intensely interested.

After leaving Rome, they went to Perugia, Assisi, and Florence. At the last-named place, in the Museum of Natural History, he was shown many relics of Galileo, among them an Arabic celestial globe made in A.D. 1080, and Sir Robert Dudley's astrolabe, all of which were naturally exceedingly interesting to him. They made quite a long stay in Florence, living with some friends in a delightful old villa, and of course spending their days in visiting the various galleries, museums, churches, and so forth, which abound in that delightful city.

From Florence they went on to Bologna and Parma, with its wonderful collection of Correggio's masterpieces. He realised that "Correggio cannot be known without visiting Parma." His graphic descriptions are those of a connoisseur and a lover of art. From Parma they proceeded to Genoa, where they remained for a few days, then on to San Remo, Marseilles, Lyons, Dijon, and Paris, and thence home, where they arrived on the 7th of May. They had been absent for nearly three months, and were rather sorry to return. One result of the trip was the addition of several important

Roman coins to Markham's already large collection, also some Papal medals.

Although he found the usual accumulation of work awaiting him on his return to England, the pleasure of another trip in the training squadron was irresistible, and exactly four weeks after his arrival in England we find him starting from Portsmouth for another cruise to the Baltic. This time, however, he embarked on board the *Volage*, a sister ship to the *Active*, which latter had to be left behind for refit in Portsmouth Dockyard.

The reduced squadron (only three in number) assembled in the Downs on the 8th of June, sailing the next day. Very dirty weather was experienced, and, to add to the excitement, the *Ruby* (which had taken the place of the *Rover*) had her jib-boom carried away, and a man washed overboard; fortunately he was saved, although with difficulty. The squadron anchored off Elsinore on the 13th of June, and Markham went on shore with a party of officers, and took a drive along the seacoast. It was a lovely moonlight night, and the water was without a ripple. Numerous boats, crowded with men, women, and children, were pulling about and serenading the ships, as they passed. On such a night the old Castle of Kronborg (a light in its highest tower brilliantly reflected in the calm water) was exquisitely beautiful. Of course, Markham gave the youngsters a complete history of "Hamlet," and many of them remained up until long after midnight in the expectation of seeing "his father's ghost" indulging in his usual nightly promenade on the battlements! Needless to say their vigils met with no success, although their imaginative faculties were strained to the utmost tension.

Copenhagen was reached the following day, and six very pleasant and festive days were spent there. Luncheon-parties, picnics, dinners, and other entertainments, to the English officers of the squadron—in

which Markham was, of course, included—were incessant. The Minister of Marine, Admiral Ravn, invited all the officers of the squadron to dine with him at Skodsborg. At Copenhagen he had the pleasure of meeting old Dr. Rink, a former Inspector-General of Greenland, also Mr. Gamel, to whose munificence was due the despatch of Dr. Nansen's expedition across Greenland. He was, also, so fortunate as to meet Dr. Nansen himself, who happened to arrive at Copenhagen at that time, on his way to England, where he was to give an account of his recent journey. This was Markham's first meeting with the celebrated Norwegian traveller, an event resulting in a long and close friendship between the two men whose rare agreement as to the aim and object of future Polar exploration resulted in much useful work being undertaken in high latitudes.

From Copenhagen the squadron proceeded to Stockholm, reaching that place by the southern or Dalaro Channel, and passing through fiords for a distance of seventy-five miles. The banks for nearly the entire distance were lined with crowds of people waving handkerchiefs and flags and cheering enthusiastically. It was exactly midnight, on a lovely calm night, when they anchored in the very heart of the city of Stockholm. Here the festivities were, if possible, of a more lavish character than at Copenhagen. There were dinner-parties every night; a State dinner was given by the King; excursions were made in every direction; and there was always the Tivoli Gardens with which to wind up the evenings! Baron Nordenskjöld was kindness itself, devoting much of his time to taking Markham and some of the officers to the various museums and other public buildings in the city, and also to his private house, where he showed Markham his valuable collection of "Ptolemys."*

* A series of maps brought out by Baron Nordenskjöld from the collection of the editions of Ptolemy which were used by the old navigators during the latter part of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

A day or two after the arrival of the squadron, the King was pleased to give an audience to the Commodore and the Captains of the ships, to which Markham was also specially invited. The King, a tall handsome man with a very pleasing expression, was in the uniform of a Swedish Admiral. He conversed with all the officers, and was especially civil and gracious to Markham, and thanked him for having rendered such able assistance to Nordenskjöld with his "Facsimile Atlas."* In the evening they all dined with His Majesty at the Drottningholm Palace. Markham, by the way, was not provided with a Court dress, but His Majesty very considerably said it might be dispensed with, and that he was to come in his ordinary evening dress.

At six o'clock the guests embarked on board a small steamer, and proceeded down the Malar Lake to the palace. There were about seventy guests, all in full uniform except Markham. The King spoke to each one of his guests, who were drawn up in line as he entered the reception-room accompanied by the Duke of Nassau. The dinner was served in a room containing full-length portraits of all the Sovereigns of Europe contemporary with Oscar I.

On the following evening a large dinner party was given by the British Minister in honour of the English squadron, and to this Markham was of course invited. The next afternoon, accompanied by two of his special midshipmen friends, he set out to spend a couple of days with Baron Nordenskjöld at his country-house, about forty miles from Stockholm. The house was situated at the head of an arm of the Baltic, the sea

* Nordenskjöld's "Facsimile Atlas" was brought out by him with the view of supplying students with specimens of the printed maps of the period of the Great Discoveries, so as to enable them to trace the development of geographical knowledge in academic circles. The old navigators made use, in a great measure, of the *portolani* charts, even after printed maps were introduced. The *portolani* were brought into use by the Italians in about the thirteenth century.

coming up to within a few yards of the hall door, with a jetty, boat-house, and bathing-place adjoining. The ladies of the house were all dressed in the bright-coloured Swedish costumes which are so picturesque and becoming. The day was spent in roaming through the forest and sailing in a boat on the fiord, and at midnight they all went out in the boat to listen to the echoes for which this particular part of the coast is celebrated.

The squadron left Stockholm on the 1st of July, and proceeded to sea, steaming through the fiords in lovely weather. On the 5th the ships anchored among the granite islets about five miles from Gothenburg. No sooner were the anchors down, than a party of officers with Markham landed to make arrangements for visiting the Falls of Troll-hattan. This they accomplished the following day, starting immediately after breakfast by train, and arriving at about half-past one. The falls consist of an immense mass of foaming water, but the general scenic effect was somewhat marred by the number of paper-mills that had been constructed along the banks on either side of the rapids. However, it was all very interesting. The next day was occupied in an expedition to a place called Marstrand, to which the officers of the squadron had been invited by Mr. Nordenfelt, the inventor of the gun that bears his name. About forty officers, including Markham, accepted the invitation, and they were conveyed to Marstrand in a special steamer. There they had a sort of picnic dinner followed by a dance. Altogether it was great fun; they did not return until long after midnight.

During his spare time on board, Markham was kept busily employed in revising the proof-sheets of his "Life of John Davis," and in writing up, for the information of the midshipmen, various notes on the places they had visited.

The squadron left Gothenburg on the 11th of July, and arrived at Spithead on the 17th. Markham had thoroughly enjoyed the cruise. He was adored by the

officers, especially the younger ones, whose interests he always had at heart. After dinner he invariably spent the evenings in the gunroom until lights were extinguished, when he went on deck, and passed the remainder of the night in conversation with his young friends, and sharing with them their midnight suppers of sardines and cocoa!

The 1st of August saw him again on board the *Active*, having come down to Portsmouth to be present at the naval review which had been arranged in honour of the visit of the German Emperor; and he had special permission to remain on board during the naval manœuvres that were to follow. The review took place on the 5th.

Next day the fleet weighed in the forenoon. It was blowing hard and there was a nasty sea. The *Active* got away under topsails, accompanied by the two squadrons of small cruisers that had been placed under the orders of the Commodore.

Leith was reached on the 9th, and the squadron was disposed to the best advantage for the protection of the East Coast. From Leith, Markham paid two or three visits to Edinburgh, and specially to the Forth Bridge, which was not then completed. After visiting Peterhead, Aberdeen, and other ports along the east coast of Scotland, the *Active* went to Broughty Ferry, and made that her headquarters for a few days, sending out the fast cruisers to patrol the coast, protect friendly commerce, and to give warning of the approach of hostile ships. Nothing of interest occurred during the remaining days of the manœuvres, and the *Active* returned to Spithead on the 31st of August, whence Markham returned home.

It must not be imagined that these trips at sea were in any way a relaxation from his literary labours. Wherever he went, he always took with him whatever work he happened to be engaged upon, and would devote to it every moment he could spare. All the time he was at sea on this cruise in the *Active*, he

was busy correcting the proof-sheets of a chapter he was contributing to the History of America, and also of Nordenskjöld's book, besides finishing his translation of "Los Cantabros" from the Spanish. He was likewise busily occupied in writing a paper in which he analysed the professions and birthplaces, and other matters of interest connected with the history of the Judges who condemned King Charles I. to death—*i.e.*, the "Regicides." He also finished his "Landfall of Columbus," and wrote the preface of his "Tractatus de Globis" for the Hakluyt Society. He possessed the faculty of being able to lay down his pen at any moment—even if engaged in the elucidation of some abstruse problem—whenever required by the young officers to go on shore with them or to solve some knotty question, and could resume at once the subject of his composition from the point where he left off, even although many hours may have elapsed before returning to his work!

On this occasion he did not remain very long on shore. On the 24th of September, only three weeks after his return from the naval manœuvres, we find him again occupying his old quarters on board the *Active*, starting on a cruise to the Mediterranean.

He was now regarded by the officers as part and parcel of themselves, and they felt that without him the little squadron would have been incomplete. He it was who pointed out to them all the places of interest to be visited at the various ports at which the ships called; he it was who arranged and organised all the excursions that were made to places farther afield; and it was always he who acted as their guide and cicerone, the life and soul of the party, without whom, they felt sure any enterprise would result in failure; he was also the leader and organiser of all games and entertainments improvised on board for the amusement of the officers and men.

Fine weather was experienced on the run to Cadiz, the ships constantly manœuvring, and being exercised

at tactics under sail, which interested him exceedingly. While at Cadiz they had an opportunity of visiting Seville, where he was shown the letter written by Columbus to the King of Spain, and saw many of Murillo's masterpieces. Markham's knowledge of the Spanish language was most useful, in addition to his encyclopædic historical knowledge. From Cadiz they proceeded to Almeria; thence on to Cartagena, whence an excursion was made to Murcia. Their stay at Cartagena was somewhat curtailed by a telegram from the Admiralty ordering the squadron to proceed without delay to Lisbon, in order to assist at the funeral of the late King of Portugal.

The ships left the following morning, and proceeded at full speed (under steam) to Lisbon, which they reached in forty-eight hours. The flags and ensigns of the men-of-war in the Tagus were all at half-mast, the yards of the ships were all topped as a sign of mourning, and a gun was fired from each ship every quarter of an hour day and night.

On the arrival of the Duke of Edinburgh, the *Active* hoisted the English Royal Standard at the main. The funeral took place two days after the arrival of the squadron. Markham witnessed the procession from a house to which he had been invited. He remarks: "It was very long, but there was nothing of real interest except the very ancient gilded coaches and the running footmen."

The Duke of Edinburgh came off to the *Active* for Church service the following day, and left for England the next morning.

From Lisbon, Markham made many excursions. He visited such places as Cintra, Alcobaça and Batalha, and wrote interesting descriptions of them all. Needless to add, he was always accompanied by a large number of his naval friends. They drove past the famous lines of Torres Vedras on the way to Alcobaça and its twelfth-century Cistercian monastery, then

much disfigured and used as a military barrack. Next morning they drove on to Batalha, the "battle-field" where once the Portuguese routed the Spaniards. Here is a place of pilgrimage for geographers, the tomb of Prince Henry the Navigator, with its richly elaborate detail and recumbent figure of the Prince—a memorial as grateful to Markham in architectural effect as in historic association.

Whenever their carriage was seen approaching the villages through which they passed, the children would fling themselves down on their knees and pray energetically that the passengers might be charitable; then, when it came close up, they would run after it cap in hand, hoping that their prayers would be answered! It was midnight before Lisbon was reached, and they returned on board tired and happy.

A few days later the squadron sailed for England, the *Active* arriving at Spithead on the 10th of November. Markham left for home the next day. It was with a heavy heart that he went over the *Active's* side, for he could not help feeling that, as there was to be a change of Commodores, this would, in all probability, be his last cruise in the squadron in which he had spent so many happy days, and had made so many pleasant friendships.

A fortnight after his return to England he was unanimously elected to succeed Sir Henry Yule as President of the Hakluyt Society. Colonel Yule, who felt compelled to resign in consequence of ill-health, had himself suggested Markham as his successor. No better selection could have been made; no one took a greater interest in the welfare of the Society, and there was no one better acquainted with its requirements, than Markham. None had done more to bring it to its present state of usefulness; and during his presidency, a post which he held for many years, no one was at more pains than Markham to insure its continued success and prosperity.

He was at this time hard at work on his "Life of Richard III." The compilation of this book caused him, probably, greater labour and research than any other work he had written. He left no stone unturned in his efforts to arrive at the true state of affairs during that monarch's reign; for he would never believe that the King's character was such as Shakespeare has assigned to him. He probed and sifted every incident connected with the King that had been accepted by many authorities as historically correct, though there was much recorded to the discredit and dishonour of that Sovereign. He would write and rewrite chapters already completed in order to make them as faithful as possible, as more recent evidence was brought to light. Early in his life he had been convinced that the statements put forward by historians with reference to the change of dynasty from Plantagenet to Tudor, detrimental to the former, were absolute inventions, circulated by the followers and upholders of Henry VII. solely for political purposes. The picture drawn by them of Richard III. was, in his opinion, a travesty of the truth, and was a grotesque caricature grossly opposed to his real character as revealed by official records. He studied very carefully all the chronicles relating to the subject, and the works of all authors of repute who had written on this particular topic during the last three centuries. The knowledge thus obtained only served to further convince him that Richard III. was a much maligned man. He consulted the most eminent historians in England, most of whom were inclined to agree with him, many urging him very strongly to proceed with his investigations, and to give them publicity. The result of his labours was published in 1906, under the title of "Richard III.: His Life and Character"—eight or nine years after he had taken the work in hand, so careful was he that it should not be brought out hurriedly or without due and careful inquiry and investigation. It is a fascinating book, and those who are interested

in the chain of reasoning by which Clements Markham asserts the innocency of Richard in connection with the crimes that have been ascribed to him, will find it set forth in minute detail with Markham's usual historical accuracy.

Another work to which he was devoting much of his time was the "Tractatus de Globis," by the celebrated mathematician, Robert Hues, which he was editing, and in a great measure translating from the Latin, for the Hakluyt Society. The first edition was published in Latin in 1594, and was dedicated to Sir Walter Raleigh. It gives a full description of the globes, both terrestrial and celestial, as they were known in those days. It explains their use and their construction; how to find the positions of the stars, the latitude and longitude of places on the earth; how to observe the meridian altitude of the sun, the variation of the compass, and everything appertaining to the navigation of a ship that was known at that time. Markham wrote a long, interesting, and learned introduction to this book, in which he traces the existence of globes to a period anterior to the Christian era, the oldest, made of metal, with the various heavenly constellations engraved on them, being attributed to Arabian astronomers.

He was also very busy at this time making arrangements for the reception of Stanley on his return from his famous expedition across the Dark Continent. Indeed, Markham was never idle: he was always in quest of knowledge, always engaged in literary pursuits, yet always ready to hold out a helping hand to his friends, or to devote his time to their entertainment when they were able to come and see him in London.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY

IN the spring of 1890 Markham and his wife started for a long tour in Sicily and Italy.

They crossed over the island to study the grand ruins at Selinus and Girgenti. Syracuse crowned its fascinations by enabling him to add some rare coins to his collection.

From Syracuse they crossed over to Malta, and stayed at Admiralty House on a long-promised visit to their old friends, Sir Anthony and Lady Hoskins, where they met anew many old naval friends. Returning, they paid quite a long visit to charming Taormina, taking long walks in new directions every day.

One day Markham started by himself for a long walk along the seashore. As he reached the sea, he met a couple of small children running towards him in a terrified manner, as if flying from an enemy or some savage animal. They entreated him to see them safely to their home, which was situated some distance up the hill, and in the opposite direction to that which he was pursuing. "So," as he says, "I had to go back the way I came." An appeal from a child, especially when frightened, was to him irresistible!

Taking the boat from Messina to Naples, they stayed at Castellamare and spent long days exploring the ruins of Pompeii and the surrounding country. Thence they journeyed to La Cava, Amalfi, Pæstum, and then home by Rome and Paris.

The change of the Commodore in the training squadron, after all, made little difference to Markham's connection

with it; for shortly after his return from abroad he went as the guest of the Captain of the *Ruby* on a cruise to Christiania and back. They were away about three weeks, quite long enough, however, for Markham to make himself acquainted with the newly appointed midshipmen in the various ships, and to make the usual excursions. At Christiania, moreover, he saw a good deal of his old friends, Dr. Nansen, Dr. Rink, Dr. Mohn, and other distinguished Norwegian men of science.

On his return to England he found much fresh occupation for his pen. He completed an article on Peru which he was invited to write for "Chambers's Encyclopædia," and also wrote monographs on Francisco and Gonzalo Pizarro for the same publication. Having completed his "Life of Richard III.," he was dissatisfied with the conclusions he had arrived at, which he thought would not be sufficiently convincing to the general public or to historical experts. He therefore set to work to condense what he had written, and to bring the abridgment out as a lengthy essay in the *English Historical Review*. By this means he hoped to provoke criticism, and, by meeting it, to strengthen the proof of his theory before publishing the book.

About this time he read a paper at the Royal United Service Institution, on the importance to naval officers of a knowledge of the origin and gradual development of the various instruments used in their profession, especially those dealing with navigation and nautical astronomy. This object, he thought, might be attained by establishing at Greenwich a collection of instruments from the earliest known examples of the astrolabe, quadrant, and sextant, besides books on navigation, maps, charts, etc. The suggestion was well received, and warmly supported by several distinguished naval officers and others, but, alas! nothing came of it.

In the Arctic section of the Naval Exhibition held at Chelsea in 1891, he took a leading and active part. He also contributed an article to the *Nautical Magazine*

on the desirability of promoting the higher education of officers in the mercantile marine.

Among his many other activities at this time, he accepted a seat on the governing board of the reformatory ship *Cornwall*, stationed in the Thames at Purfleet, and became a regular attendant at the board meetings.

For some time he had been a martyr to gout, and this at last necessitated periodical visits to Homburg and Carlsbad to drink the waters. On the first of these visits he succeeded in so arranging his journey to Germany as to include places in Italy, Sicily, and other parts of Europe, that he was particularly anxious to visit.

In Sicily he made many excursions, always accompanied by his wife, making Palermo his headquarters for exploration among the ancient ruins, such as Selinus, Segesta, Solutum (the old Sela of the Phœnicians), Trapani, and Nicolosi, invariably spending his last days in Sicily at lovely Taormina, with which he was always enchanted, and where he made many friends, especially among the country-people, who still revere his memory. He was much endeared to the children, who followed him about wherever he went.

His journal contains graphic descriptions of every place he went to, giving elaborate details of the architecture and decorations that still remained. He always regretted that his time was so short; for there were many places at which "days might be spent very profitably and enjoyably," which for want of time he was unable to include in his itinerary. They succeeded, however, in putting in a few days at the beautiful island of Capri. Then through Italy into Germany, where he remained for three weeks undergoing his cure for gout; then home, after an absence of four months.

He was always a very active and leading member of the Westminster School Decoration Fund Committee, which had been formed for the purpose of placing the coats of arms of old Westminster boys on the walls

of the great hall, so as to preserve their memories in perpetuity.* He also took great interest in, and rendered much assistance to, the charitable organisation that devoted itself to sending London boys of the working class to the seaside during the summer months. Anything that had for its object the amelioration of the lot of young people was sure to appeal to his generosity and to evoke his sympathy.

His society was much in demand by his friends, not only on account of his great learning (for he was truly an animated encyclopædia, and always ready to impart knowledge to others), but also because of the great charm of his personality. His was a most lovable nature, always kind and sympathetic, always happy and cheerful, and ready at all times to amuse others or to take part in their sports and games. In country-houses he was most welcome, for he was invariably the life and soul of the party. On one occasion he was staying at Oxford with an eminent historian who was associated with that University. In the evening a dinner-party was given in his honour, and several learned and distinguished professors were invited, with their wives and daughters. After dinner a lengthened debate ensued on some profound subject, when someone suggested that they should adjourn to the hall and play games. This was readily agreed to, and they played at "bean-bags" until it was time to go to bed. By a curious coincidence, the following day, being Sunday, they went to St. Mary's to hear the University sermon, in the course of which the preacher strongly denounced the excessive devotion of the present generation to the playing of games and other amusements!

Markham was not disappointed at the sensation that

* It is gratifying to be able to announce that the school authorities have decided to add the coat of arms of Sir Clements Markham to those of the other distinguished and eminent old Westminsters already painted in "school."

was created by the appearance of his article on Richard III. in the *English Historical Review*, and at the criticisms, many of them very antagonistic, that it evoked. This was just what he wanted; but it gave him great occupation in replying to them all, and in sending a rejoinder to the magazine. At this time he was also engaged in preparing a paper that he had been requested to write for the Hygienic Congress, on "the suitability of tropical islands and mountains for the permanent abode of Europeans." In addition he was getting ready his notes for the writing of his "History of Peru."

To add to this accumulation of work, he was now asked to write the Life of Columbus for a projected series on the "World's Great Explorers," which he gladly consented to do.

To obtain all possible material at first hand, he visited Genoa, where he was introduced to the President of the Italian Geographical Society, who was also the President of the Congress that was shortly to be held to celebrate the fourth centenary of the departure of Columbus from Spain, on his first voyage of discovery to the West. From him Markham obtained many details, and was put in the way of seeing various relics and treasures of Columbus that otherwise he would probably never have heard of. He was taken to the old church of San Stefano, in which Christoforo had been baptised. Hearing that an original portrait of the great navigator was in a private house at Como, he promptly went there, and had no difficulty in finding the house, where he was most civilly received and shown the picture. It represented a man of middle age with an exceedingly fine head and a most prepossessing appearance. The authenticity of this picture was indisputable, for its owner informed Markham that it had never left the family since it was painted!

On his return to England he gave several lectures on board the *Worcester*, principally associated with

geographical work, also on the physical geography of the Eastern Archipelago in the Mediterranean. He was much gratified to hear that the Corporation of Liverpool had established at that port a municipal navigation school for the instruction of young officers belonging to the mercantile marine. It afforded him no small pleasure to know that his exertions during the past ten years to spread the teaching of navigation and nautical astronomy in this country were at length bearing fruit. At the same time he received official intimation that he had been elected a Vice-President of the Royal Geographical Society.

Other projects which he was contemplating at this time were papers for the Geographical Society on Columbus (for which he had all the necessary data already to hand); on Vespucci Amerigo, after whom the great continent of America was named; and Corte-Real, a Portuguese navigator who is reputed to have been the discoverer of Newfoundland and Labrador. Heavy as this undertaking was, and demanding all Markham's great powers of research, industry, and skill in writing, still, at the same time, he was invariably ready to tear himself away from his work in order to give pleasure to his friends; though time so lost had always to be made up by extra assiduity.

Towards the latter end of the year (1892) we find him again in the Mediterranean, this time as the guest of the Rear-Admiral who was second in command of the station, with his flag flying on board the *Trafalgar*. On his way to join the ship, he had the disagreeable experience of undergoing quarantine at the island of Vido for four days, in consequence of the ship having touched at Brindisi, which had been proclaimed an infected port.

On obtaining *pratique* he landed at Corfu for a couple of days, and then went on to Patras, where he found his cousin, Sir Edwin Egerton, who was British Minister at Athens, had come to meet him. In his company

he proceeded to Olympia, where he spent a few days examining the ancient buildings laid bare by the excavations, and the artistic treasures that had been found, and are preserved in a Greek museum, constructed in excellent taste, on the site. Markham was fascinated with the symbols of antiquity that surrounded him; and he confessed that no place sacred to ancient memories that he had ever visited—not even the Incarial ruins in Peru—had enabled him to visualise the scenes of antiquity so completely as had Olympia. Thence they travelled by Corinth on to Athens, where he spent an exceedingly interesting fortnight under the guidance of his friends at the British Legation, when he was able to add largely to his ever-increasing collection of ancient coins. He was also afforded the opportunity of visiting Mycenæ and Tiryns, and other interesting places.

At Nauplia he joined the *Trafalgar*, and made acquaintance with all her officers. The entire Mediterranean squadron, consisting of ten large battleships, with several cruisers and other auxiliary vessels, was assembled here; it was a most imposing and formidable fleet. He met many old friends, not only in the *Trafalgar*, but in almost every ship in the squadron. He was promptly made an honorary member of the ward-room mess, and was in constant demand by his old friends to visit them on board their ships, and also to arrange and conduct the many excursions that were made to historic sites.

It was delightful to be with him on these occasions, for he was thoroughly versed in the mythological chronicles of each place visited, as well as in its actual history; and to his charm of manner he added the gift of awakening and imparting interest. Never was there any risk of being bored in his society, and it was always a great delight to listen to his stories and his quaint and amusing way of telling them. The battlefields of Thermopylæ and Marathon were visited and thoroughly

explored. In the famous pass at the former place they read, on the pedestal erected to the memory of Leonidas and his heroic followers, the famous inscription :

*ὦ ξείν', ἀγγέλλειν Λακεδαιμονίοις ὅτι τῆδε
κείμεθα τοῖς κείνων ῥήμασι πειθόμενοι.*

("Stranger! tell the Spartans that we are lying here
In obedience to their commands.")

From Greece he visited Salonica, and several of the islands in the Levant, including Thasos and Lemnos. The former is the most beautiful and one of the most interesting islands in the Ægean Sea; the latter is perhaps the most uninteresting and unprepossessing in appearance, but it has the advantage of possessing a fine land-locked harbour. Here the annual fleet regatta was held, an event in which Markham took the greatest interest, more especially if his particular friends were among the winning competitors. After leaving Lemnos, the fleet steamed away to the southward, passing close to the islands of Lesbos, Chios, Samos, and Cos, and anchored off the town of Budrum. This was the ancient Halicarnassus, the birthplace of Herodotus, and the site of the Mausoleum (one of the accepted seven wonders of the world) erected by Artemisia, the sister and wife of King Mausolus, who died about 353 B.C.

The town at the time of Markham's visit was small and unimportant. It consisted only of a few dilapidated whitewashed houses, in the centre of which rose the picturesque outline of the old castle of the Knights of Rhodes. Built by the Grand-Master Philibert de Naillac in about 1404, it is still in a marvellous state of preservation. It is said that it was partially constructed of material obtained from the Mausoleum, of which no vestige now remains. Indeed, more of it is to be seen in the British Museum than can be found on the site of Halicarnassus!

Here Markham found much to interest him and to

occupy his time. He made a careful study of the castle and everything connected with it, and was able to decipher and describe the numerous coats of arms of the Knights, that adorned the walls. He wrote a complete description of the place and its history for a small periodical that was circulated among the ships of the fleet.

On the arrival of the squadron at Malta, he left for England, travelling via Sicily and Rome, parting from his friends, after a six weeks' cruise, with mutual regret.

On his arrival in England he was much gratified by receiving a letter from the Peruvian Minister of Foreign Affairs informing him that the Congress of Peru had unanimously voted him their gold medal, for the eminent services he had rendered to Peru, and for the continued interest he took in the welfare and prosperity of that country.

At this time he was busily engaged in translating from the Spanish, and editing the first voyage of Columbus, which, with the shorter accounts of the voyages of the Cabots and Corte-Real, was to form one volume for the Hakluyt Society. He also compiled a paper for the Society of Antiquaries on the display of heraldry that he had seen and noted at Budrum Castle; as also a paper descriptive of ancient Greek and Roman coins, with types having special reference to the sea and naval subjects, designated "Naval Coins." As if the variety of subjects on which he was writing was not sufficient, he was at the same time engaged in writing an article on the "Discovery of Britain by Pytheas" and his own "Reminiscences of Westminster School." He was moreover preparing two lectures to be delivered to the boys of the *Worcester* on the Arctic Regions.

To use a vulgar phrase, Markham was a glutton for work, and when that work was of a literary character his voracity was unappeasable. His natural aptitude for research, combined with a marvellous memory, enabled him the more readily to write on many different

subjects at practically the same time. It was a gift, fortified by thoroughness in detail, an example of which may be illustrated by the trouble he took in working out the particular star that was situated nearest to the Pole in the Northern Hemisphere in the year 300 B.C., in order that he might insert this information in his "Discovery of Britain by Pytheas"!

Shortly after his return from the Mediterranean, he made another delightful trip to Italy with his wife, visiting Trent and Venice, and then on to Corfu, winding up, of course, with a long stay at his beloved Taormina. Here he received the intelligence that he had been elected President of the Royal Geographical Society. This was startling news! He had never put himself forward as a possible candidate, and he had not the least idea, when he left England, that the existing President had any intention of vacating the office. After some hesitation and careful deliberation, he telegraphed his acceptance. It was a decision he never regretted. He knew that he would not be occupying "a bed of roses," for there had been much controversy of late, and a certain amount of testiness and dissension among the Fellows, regarding the admission of women as Fellows of the Society. At a general meeting of the members, summoned for the purpose of affirming and ratifying the rule passed by the Council, the motion was rejected by a majority of ten. This led to the resignation of the President, and the unanimous election of Markham to fill the vacant Presidential chair. It was a wise choice, both in the interests of geography and of the Society. With very few exceptions, the Presidents had been selected more as "figure-heads" than anything else; very few had really possessed high geographical attainments. Now they had called to the chair one who might with perfect truth be called a professional geographer, a man whose knowledge of everything appertaining to that science was second to none in the world; a man who had the best interests of geography (and of the Society) at heart.

That it was a rational and judicious selection, his twelve long years of office abundantly testified.

The appointment of Markham as President was, as a matter of fact, the presage of Antarctic exploration. For some time he had been imbued with the desirability, from a geographical standpoint, of promoting South Polar research; and now he felt that he was in a position to advocate with some authority, the necessity for despatching an expedition with this object in view. He determined that it should be the first business he took in hand after he had assumed office.

On his return to England he entered at once on his duties as President, bringing a keenness and knowledge of the details connected with the office that augured well for the future. He made many minor alterations in the internal economy of the Society, and instituted departmental rules and reforms—especially with regard to the library and the issue of books—that tended to promote the efficiency and usefulness of the various branches of the institution.

It must not be thought that the changes he introduced were simply due to the advent of a "new broom." It must be remembered that for a period of a quarter of a century he had been very intimately associated with the Society as its Honorary Secretary; therefore he was familiar with its requirements, and in a position to estimate and appreciate its shortcomings.

He was installed President of the Society on the 13th of November, 1893, and presided over the Council for the first time on that date. All his financial and other measures were passed without opposition, and the same evening he took his seat as President at the meeting and delivered his inaugural address. There was a large gathering, and he was very cordially received.

The first *official* step that he took in connection with the renewal of Antarctic research was at his first Council meeting, immediately after his installation as President. He then appointed a committee to report upon matters

bearing on the despatch of an Antarctic expedition. This was to pave the way for preparing the public and the Government for the South Polar exploration which it was intended should take a prominent part in the geographical agenda of the near future. It was followed (at the same meeting) by an excellent paper delivered by Dr. (afterwards Sir) John Murray, setting forth the arguments for the renewal of Antarctic discovery with vigorous force; his views were supported by many eminent men of science, and officers in the Navy who had served in Polar Regions. No dissentient voice was raised, and it was altogether a most successful meeting.

From this time forward, until his object was gained, Antarctic research was urged by him as the one great geographical problem left for this country to solve; and in its solution he was intensely interested.

In his capacity as President, he felt it incumbent upon him to accept invitations to be present at the Manchester Geographical Society, where he read a paper on "Himalayan Trade Routes"; at Liverpool, where he delivered one on "Polar Exploration"; and at Newcastle, where he read a paper on Peru before the Tyneside Geographical Society. While at Liverpool he gave an address to the cadets on board the *Conway* on "The West Coast of South America, including the Island of Juan Fernandez." At the meeting of the British Association at Nottingham, he read a paper descriptive of the boundary line dividing geology and geography, which caused an animated discussion. There was no limit to his writing on the diverse subjects of which he was master.

Shortly after his assumption of office as President, he originated a celebration, by the Society, of the fourth centenary of the birth of Prince Henry the Navigator (son of King John of Portugal), who was distinguished for his encouragement of science, especially that of geography. At the club dinner prior to the meeting, he was honoured by the presence of H.R.H. the Duke of

York, the Portuguese Minister, and other distinguished guests. The meeting was a great success, and admirable speeches were delivered; telegrams were also exchanged between the Duke of York, the King of Portugal, and the Prince of Wales, who was abroad at the time. The theatre was crowded, the proceedings were not too long, and everybody was pleased.

On the 28th of May he presided for the first time at the anniversary meeting, and delivered his address, taking the chair afterwards at the anniversary dinner. He was well supported at both, and everything went off satisfactorily. It may here be mentioned that, on his becoming President of the Geographical Club, he reinstated the annual fish dinner of the club at the Ship Inn at Greenwich. It was a custom that of late years had fallen into desuetude. Its revival was very popular, and the outing was much looked forward to by the members of the club and *their friends!* In addition to all his other multifarious obligations, he was also a very active member of the Council of the Navy Records Society.

On a retrospect of his first year of office as President of the Geographical Society, he must have been eminently pleased with the results of his efforts. By his careful and judicious alteration, and rearrangement of some of the rules, he had given complete satisfaction; discontent was expelled and harmony was restored. He had altered for the better the character of the annual Presidential address. Hitherto the awards, other than the medals, had been merely announced; but he instituted the formal presentation of them to *all* the recipients at the anniversary meetings, a proceeding that was much appreciated. He introduced a plan of appointing Fellows to committees, who were not on the Council—a very wise procedure. He placed the finances of the Society on a sound and proper basis, and made many other useful reforms. This, it must be acknowledged, was a great deal to achieve during his first year

of office, and it was accomplished in such a quiet, unobtrusive way as to avoid irritation or provocation of any sort on the part of those who were inclined to be somewhat rebellious, or wedded to their own ideas of rule and government.

On the 12th of July, 1894, he went down to Greenhithe to bid farewell and good luck to the Jackson-Harmsworth expedition, which was leaving that day in the little steamer *Windward* for the purpose of exploring towards the North Pole, by way of Franz Josef Land.

In the early part of the year he suffered very much from his old complaint, gout; and, as he found that he had derived but little benefit from the waters of Carlsbad and Homburg, he decided to try the waters at Larvik in Norway, which had been strongly recommended to him. Here, in company with his wife, he spent several enjoyable weeks, for he found the scenery lovely, the climate delightful, the waters restorative, and the people charming.

On passing through Christiania, the King of Sweden, hearing of his arrival, sent for him to the palace, and gave him a private interview. They had a long talk in connection with Arctic exploration and Nansen's prospects of success. They also discussed recent English naval affairs, and the lamentable political conditions existing in Norway, for which His Majesty expressed great concern. Mrs. Markham subsequently had audience of the Queen at Her Majesty's express desire; they having been friends in bygone days at Wiesbaden.

During his long absence from home he occupied the greater part of his time in writing the "Life of Major James Rennell" for the Century Science Series. He was also preparing a lecture for the *Worcester* boys on the "Discoverers of Australia," and writing articles setting forth his views regarding the despatch of an Antarctic expedition.

In the meantime satisfactory progress was being made in educating the public mind to the necessity of Polar exploration in the Southern Hemisphere. Markham drafted letters to be sent to all geographical and other learned societies in the kingdom, appealing to them for help and support. At a meeting of the Council of the British Association (of which he was a member), presided over by Lord Salisbury, a very satisfactory resolution was passed in support of the despatch of an expedition. He likewise delivered a lecture at the Imperial Institute, and another at the Royal United Service Institution, which were well supported; and everything pointed to his exertions being crowned with success. He was, moreover, very busy preparing for the International Geographical Congress, which was to be held in the Albert Hall in London, and of which he was to be the first President.

Prior to this, however, he planned and arranged a Franklin Commemoration, which took the form of an excursion in a couple of steamers conveying about 280 friends interested in Arctic research, from Westminster Bridge to Greenwich. They visited first the Franklin relics in the museum, and then inspected the pictures in the Painted Hall. They were received by the Admiral Superintendent and the Captain of Greenwich College. Lunch was provided on board the steamers on their return journey. In the evening a party of about seventy sat down to dinner at the Geographical Club, at which Markham presided, having H.R.H. the Duke of York on his right, and the American Ambassador, Mr. Bayard, on his left. At the meeting following, Markham delivered an interesting address, in which he made special allusion to the presence that evening of old Arctic officers and the relatives of Sir John Franklin. It was a very successful gathering, and it assisted very materially in propagating interest in Polar research.

This was followed, a week after, by the anniversary meeting of the Royal Geographical Society and all it

entailed—namely, the address, the presentation of awards, and the official reception in the evening at Prince's Hall, to which some 600 guests came. It all went off very well, but it was an exceedingly busy and fatiguing day for Markham. In order to obtain complete rest, and as a precaution to avoid a threatened attack of gout, he went to Norway, to prepare, and render himself fit for the duties that would devolve on him at the International Geographical Congress the following month. As he was to preside, the burden of the work in making all the necessary arrangements fell on his shoulders. He derived much benefit from his visit, and was back in England only a few days before the meeting of the Congress—in fact, only in time to make all the preliminary arrangements for the opening day.

H.R.H. the Duke of York had kindly consented to open the proceedings, and after all the Ambassadors and principal delegates from foreign countries had been presented to him, he made an admirable speech and declared the Congress open. This was followed by an address from Markham bidding them all welcome. All went off capitally and without a hitch. The following days were devoted to the reading of papers on important geographical subjects, in various languages, and they were followed by interesting discussions. It was, as one of our leading London papers remarked at the time, "a very Babel of people speaking every civilised tongue."

On the following day the President delivered his inaugural address. At its conclusion a warm vote of thanks was proposed by Prince Roland Buonaparte, which was duly seconded and unanimously agreed to. That evening the delegates, to the number of about 150, were entertained by the Geographical and Kosmos Clubs to a fish dinner at Greenwich, which Markham had arranged and at which he presided. During the nine days on which the Congress met, there was a succession

of luncheons, dinner-parties, garden-parties, and other entertainments, in honour of the distinguished guests. As may be imagined, the President was kept fully engaged both socially and in his position as the English representative of geography, much, it is to be feared, to the prejudice of his recent podagric treatment.

The Congress came to an end on the 3rd of August, when Markham delivered his farewell address, which was most cordially received. A vote of thanks was proposed to him in an excellent speech, and the proceedings terminated, after arrangements had been made for the next Congress to be held in Berlin in 1899. It had been a week of strenuous work and much anxiety to the President, but it all went off very well; and as regards numbers, quality, and organisation, it was the most successful Congress that had ever been held. This success was due to the untiring energies of Clements Markham, his great tact in dealing with his foreign guests, and his powers of organisation, in which he was loyally backed up by the zeal and energy of the staff of the Geographical Society. In recognition of his services at the Congress, the French Government presented him with a beautiful blue Sèvres tazza.

On the day after the closing of the Congress, we find him hard at work writing the introduction to his "Voyages of Pedro de Sarmiento," which he was translating and editing for the Hakluyt Society.

CHAPTER XIX

THE "DISCOVERY" ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION

THE conversations he had with the various delegates to the International Congress only convinced Markham still more, if possible, of the desirability for a renewal of Antarctic discovery. He came to the conclusion that the wisest—in fact, the only—course to pursue, in order to obtain Government support, was to appeal directly to the First Lord of the Admiralty. This accordingly he did, pointing out the advantages that would be derived from a further knowledge of the South Polar Regions, the verification of the dimensions of the vast Antarctic Continent, and the invaluable scientific work that would be accomplished. Nor did he omit to mention the enormous benefit that would accrue to the Navy, by the practical training of officers in a school where courage, self-reliance, decision, and other qualities so essential to a seaman, would be developed. The reply from the First Lord, however, was not encouraging; he simply declined to recommend the despatch of an expedition under Admiralty auspices.

Although disappointed, Markham was not daunted, and he was all the more determined to renew his application immediately a more favourable opportunity should present itself.

At this time he was much incensed at what he termed the outrageous message sent to Congress by the President of the United States, demanding the right to adjudicate on the disputed question regarding the boundary line between British Guiana and Venezuela, which the latter nation had raised. Markham regarded the claim put

forward by the Venezuelans as a criminal act, which, if sustained, would cause widespread ruin, and even the risk of war with no apparent justification. He made extensive research in all official and other authoritative documents, maps, atlases, and plans, which bore on the controversy; and proved conclusively that Guiana belonged to Great Britain by right of discovery, and that no portion of it, therefore, could be legitimately claimed by Venezuela. He drew up a concise and comprehensive report on the state of affairs and submitted it to the Government, suggesting that, if there was any doubt as to the accuracy of his statements, the whole question should be referred to arbitration. He wrote long letters to *The Times* and other papers in which he analysed the fallacious claims of the Venezuelan Government, while deprecating the uncalled-for interference of the United States. These were duly accepted and published. It is gratifying to know that the boundary with Venezuela was eventually (in 1899) amicably determined by arbitration. That with Brazil has never yet been satisfactorily fixed.

On the 18th of May, 1896, he received the following letter from the Prime Minister:

" DEAR MR. MARKHAM,

" I am very glad to be permitted to inform you that Her Majesty has conferred upon you the Knight Commandership of the Bath in recognition of your great services to geographical science. As one who worked with you in a public office, as much (I think) as thirty years ago, I cannot but congratulate myself on being the channel of this information.

" Believe me,

" Yours very truly,

" SALISBURY."

This was very gratifying, and he was glad to receive such an acknowledgment of his services to geography from so high a quarter. Two months afterwards he

was knighted and invested with the insignia of a K.C.B., by the Queen at Windsor Castle.

In the meantime he again accompanied his old friend the Captain of the *Royal Sovereign* on a cruise along the west coast of Scotland, visiting some of the islands of the Hebrides and the Orkneys. From Oban he made an expedition to the summit of Ben Nevis, with a party from the fleet. They seem to have had a very enjoyable trip, including a sumptuous lunch in the observatory at the top.

A note on the Cathedral of St. Magnus at Kirkwall may be quoted from Markham's journal. To his taste, the beauty of the whole was marred by the chancel, which he considered "utterly desecrated by all the barbarisms of a Presbyterian conventicle!"

As usual, even at sea, his pen was constantly at work. Not only was he busily employed in writing the history of English maritime discovery for Laird Clowes's "History of the Navy," but he was also correcting the proof-sheets of the only novel he ever published, entitled "The Paladins of King Edwin." In addition he had to reply to no less than 200 letters of congratulation on his K.C.B. He had also been approached by a publisher with a proposal that he should edit a series of volumes on "Commercial Geography." Still, however varied the subjects with which he had to deal at the same time, Clements Markham had the gift of evolving order, method, and entertainment, from their complexity.

"The Paladins of King Edwin," alluded to above, was an historical novel describing how the new race of Empire-founders, Angles and Saxons, crossed over to England in small detachments during the hundred years between 450 and 550 A.D., bringing all their *lares and penates* and their beautiful golden-haired wives and children with them across the North Sea in their small "dragon ships." It is a story to be read not only for its historical interest, but for its local colouring; and as he selected Stillingfleet, the village in which

he was born and lived for so many years, as the scene of his story, we may rest assured that the topographical description of the country is absolutely accurate.

Sir Clements and Lady Markham were paying one of their annual visits to Norway, when the welcome news of the arrival of Nansen at Vardo was telegraphed, and a few days after, intelligence of the arrival of the *Fram* was received. All Norway was stirred by the news. The towns were decorated, great fêtes were held in honour of the event. The Markhams made their arrangements so as to be at Christiania in time to receive Nansen. There was a great reception: the streets were all decorated with flags, the King made a special point of being present, and enormous crowds had collected to greet the explorer.

A dinner was given at the palace, to which Markham was invited; about 100 sat down. During the dinner His Majesty made a long speech, which Markham noted as eloquent, judicious, and admirably delivered. Afterwards the King invited Markham to sit with him on a sofa, and they had a long conversation on Polar discovery.

The next day, Markham and his wife went on board the *Fram*, where Nansen received them and showed them all over the ship. In the evening another large dinner on shore was given by the town of Christiania, to which they were both invited and went. On the third evening yet another dinner was given by the Norwegian Geographical Society, at which Clements Markham was seated next to Nansen, and delivered a speech, which gave great pleasure and satisfaction to the Norwegians. The festivities were kept up to a late hour. The following day they dined quietly with Nansen and his wife at their home in Lysaker, and then returned to England by way of Copenhagen and Kiel.

At this time he was busily occupied in compiling his "Memorials of the Markham Family," which entailed much labour and research. The Antarctic project was

also causing him much concern. In the latter end of 1896, he had an interview with the First Lord of the Admiralty on the subject of South Polar exploration. After some little discussion, he elicited the fact that although the Admiralty was not unfavourable to the scheme, yet for various reasons (which certainly did not appeal to Markham) the Government was not prepared to despatch an expedition. Markham then asked whether, if a sufficient sum of money could be collected by private subscriptions to defray the expenses of an expedition under the control of the Royal Geographical Society, the Admiralty would assist by lending officers and men, and would support it with a donation of money, and advice. To this proposal the First Lord readily assented, but requested that Markham should write him a letter embodying his views and suggestions, on the receipt of which he would be officially informed how far the Government would be prepared to support him in the direction indicated.

This was all very satisfactory so far as it went, for it evinced a desire on the part of the Admiralty to co-operate with the Geographical Society in the despatch of an expedition. At a meeting of the Council of the Society, Markham explained the situation, and proposed that, as the Government would not entertain the idea of equipping a ship for Polar discovery, the Society should take upon itself the responsibility of collecting funds and despatching a vessel (if sufficient money was obtainable) under the auspices of the Society. There was a certain amount of opposition to this proposal on the part of one of the members, and it was postponed for further consideration. Later he received a visit from the private secretary of the First Lord, who intimated that a letter was being prepared at the Admiralty, expressive of the approval and interest of H.M.'s Government in the despatch of an Antarctic expedition. A few days after, the reply from the Admiralty was received. It was not quite so encouraging

as might have been expected, but it was of use for present purposes.

Meanwhile, Nansen's visit to England kept Markham fully occupied for some time. He had to make all the necessary arrangements for Nansen's reception both officially and privately. The great explorer was first entertained at dinner at the Royal Societies' Club, at which Markham presided and proposed his health. This was followed by a large reception—"a fearful crush!" On the following evening Sir Clements and Lady Markham entertained him at dinner in their own house in Eccleston Square, to which a select number of notabilities had been invited. The next evening Markham presided at a large dinner given to their distinguished visitor by the Royal Geographical Club, at which the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York were both present. A large public reception at the Albert Hall followed, the hall being crowded. On being introduced by Clements Markham, Nansen received a tremendous ovation and delivered an admirable address descriptive of his journey. The Prince of Wales in a few appropriate words presented Nansen with the Royal Geographical Society's special gold medal amid tumultuous applause. Nansen briefly responded, and the proceedings terminated.

A few days later Markham was also called upon to preside at a farewell dinner given by the Royal Societies' Club to Mr. Bayard, the retiring American Ambassador, who had endeared himself to this country by his courteousness, his ever ready willingness to be of service, his urbanity and generosity.

Markham then had a short cruise on board the *Royal Sovereign* to Vigo and Gibraltar with the Channel Squadron. Here he again met young Robert Scott, who was then a lieutenant, and with whom he doubtless had much interesting discussion on Antarctic exploration, a subject ever uppermost in his thoughts.

On his return to England he set to work vigorously

to obtain the necessary funds for the contemplated expedition. A sum of at least £100,000 was regarded as the minimum. He brought forward a resolution at the Council of the Royal Geographical Society, committing that body to a subscription of £5,000, which was carried with unanimity. Mr. Harmsworth offered a personal donation of £5,000, together with the use of his steamship *Windward* if necessary. This vessel had been specially built for ice navigation, and had been engaged in conveying Mr. Jackson and his party to and from Franz Josef Land. With such a munificent offer from Mr. Harmsworth, together with his strong and willing support in the Press, Markham felt assured that the amount required would be forthcoming, and his anxiety was proportionately allayed.

In the midst of all his work, he found time to proceed to Nithsdale in Dumfriesshire, for the purpose of unveiling the memorial dedicated to Mr. Joseph Thompson, the African traveller.

His first step towards the realisation of his great object was the appointment of an Antarctic Committee which should consist of those specially interested in, and conversant with, Polar exploration. At a conference held by this committee, Markham considered it would be judicious to invite the Australian Premier and Agents-General to be present, in order to enlist their sympathies. He was warmly supported in his advocacy of the necessity for despatching an expedition by the Duke of Argyll and such prominent men of science as Sir Joseph Hooker, Sir William Flower, and Professor Rucker. The Agents-General of New South Wales and Victoria spoke hopefully and in sympathy with the object in view. Everything went off satisfactorily.

Being now assured of a certain amount of support, moral if not financial, Markham set to work to obtain the necessary funds with that impulsive energy that was so prominent a characteristic of his. He appealed broadcast to learned and other societies, and he wrote

letters innumerable to those who he thought could afford and would be willing to assist, whether he was acquainted with them or not. He succeeded also in inducing the Royal Society to co-operate with the Geographical Society. A strong Antarctic Committee was formed, consisting of members of both Societies, with a large sprinkling of naval and Arctic officers, having the President of the Royal Society, Lord Lister, as its chairman. Markham himself acted as vice-chairman, and took every step he could possibly think of to raise funds. He even went over to Norway to inspect various steamers that had been specially constructed for ice navigation, which he thought might be suitable for the purpose. During this journey he was accompanied by Dr. Nansen whose advice and experience were of the greatest value and help to him.

Having once put his shoulder to the wheel, Markham never relaxed his energies. He contributed articles to the magazines, he wrote letters to the papers, he delivered lectures—in short, he left no stone unturned in his endeavour to educate the public to the necessity for Antarctic research. He went so far as to write and ask if the Queen would be graciously pleased to interest herself in the expedition, and received a most gratifying reply from her private secretary informing him that Her Majesty "wished all possible success to the Antarctic Expedition."

In order to illustrate the immense amount of work that was thrust upon him at this time, it may be stated that he was simultaneously President of the Royal Geographical Society, President of the Hakluyt Society, President of the International Geographical Congress, President of the Geographical Club, President of the Royal Societies' Club, a Commissioner of the Paris Exhibition, a member of the committee of the *Worcester*, a member of the committee of the *Cornwall*, Vice-President and Secretary of the joint Antarctic Committee, Vice-President of the Navy Records Society,

and President of the Elizabethan Club, to name a few of the associations and societies in which he was interested. He was also arranging at this time for the commemoration of the fourth centenary of the rounding of the Cape of Good Hope by Vasco da Gama during his memorable voyage to India. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of York honoured him with their presence at dinner at the Geographical Club, as did His Excellency the Portuguese Minister. There was a crowded meeting afterwards, when felicitous speeches were made at the conclusion of the President's address. Two days afterwards Markham was the principal guest of the "Royal Navy Club of 1765," where he had the pleasure of meeting several old friends and shipmates. A few days later he presided at the dinner given by the Royal Societies' Club to Lord Curzon, on his appointment as Viceroy of India. But it would be tedious to detail the enormous amount of work that devolved upon him. He had much to do and more to think about, and he never spared himself.

At this time the Swedish Minister, Count Lewenhaupt, brought him the insignia of a Commander (First Class) of the Order of the Pole Star,* which had been conferred upon him by the King of Sweden.

By the end of the year 1898 he had collected only the sum of £14,000, and had many difficulties and much opposition to contend with on the part of some of the members of the committee, who, in his phrase, only cared about, and were more interested in, the "grinding of their own particular axes"—that is, in the furtherance of their own special branches of science—than they were in the expedition at large. To Markham, who had worked at the problem for a period of over sixteen years, and without whom the despatch of an expedition would never have taken place, this opposition was, to say the least, discouraging. He had drawn up the instructions after infinite trouble, and had taken no small pains in

* This order is conferred for literary or scientific distinction.

organising the expedition in the best interests of geographical science and the encouragement of maritime enterprise. But he was not a man to be discouraged by opposition, and in course of time the real direction of affairs remained under his control.

In September, 1899, he went to Berlin to attend the International Geographical Congress, in order to render an account of his stewardship as President, and in a short speech resigned his office. On the following day he read his paper on Arctic exploration, which was well received and discussed. The Burgomaster of Berlin entertained the delegates at a large banquet to which 1,300 guests sat down. The next evening there was a great party given by Baron Richthofen, who succeeded Markham as President of the Congress. It was a great relief to him when the festivities terminated and he was able to return to England.

Only a passing reference need be made to Markham's very keen interest in the progress of the Boer War, for he played no public part in connection with it. Privately, however, it touched him closely, for not only had he many friends both in the Navy and in the Army who were serving in South Africa, but also many relatives.

For a holiday he spent many weeks travelling in Norway, visiting places as remote as possible from the haunts of "trippers"! He dearly loved the Scandinavian countries, especially Norway. Accompanied by Lady Markham, he made a most delightful trip through the Stavanger and Hardanger Fjords to Odda and Briefond. They thoroughly enjoyed the grand and lovely mountainous scenery through which they travelled, sometimes in a carriage, more often on foot, climbing steep hills, enjoying the invigorating air, the absence of all formalities, and the simplicity of their surroundings. Both being keen botanists, they were able to make an extensive collection of the wild-flowers which they gathered on the slopes of the mountains.

These were all tabulated and classified on their return to the inns at which they were staying. They rarely remained more than a day or two in the same place, always on the move, happy in each other's company, and winning the affection of the peasantry by their kind and friendly intercourse with them.

Returning by way of Christiania, they met the Duke of the Abruzzi and Captain Cagni, on their way home from their successful expedition towards the North Pole. The Duke was most cordial, and expressed his pleasure at meeting so celebrated an authority on Polar exploration as Clements Markham. He showed him all the photographs he had taken in his highest northern position, and they had an interesting discussion on Polar questions generally. At the University of Christiania, Markham delivered a lecture before the Norwegian Geographical Society to a crowded audience. His subject was "The Geographical Aspects of Inca Civilisation."

We must now return to the contemplated Antarctic Expedition. In the early part of 1899, Markham received a most gratifying letter from Mr. L. W. Longstaff, placing the sum of £25,000 at his disposal for the expedition. This was not only in itself a munificent gift, but it was such as justified Markham, having now nearly £40,000 in his possession, to approach the Government with confidence and ask for monetary assistance. Mr. Longstaff's noble and patriotic gift altered the whole position of affairs and led to important results. Mr. Balfour consented to receive a deputation, and, to cut a long story short, the Prime Minister cordially announced that the Government would contribute the sum of £45,000 on condition that an equal amount was forthcoming from other sources. This was indeed encouraging. Only £3,000 was required to make up the amount necessary to secure the Government grant, and on Markham's appeal to the Council of the Royal Geographical Society, that enlightened body unani-

mously consented to subscribe the money required. Another appeal was made to the public, and in August, 1901, he had the satisfaction of announcing that the total subscribed to the fund amounted to £93,000.

Now that the expedition had become an actual fact, there was much work for Markham to do; for the responsibility in connection with the supplies, the food and clothing sufficient to last for a period of three years, rested on his shoulders. The appointments of the Commander (and leader) of the expedition, and the other officers, devolved upon him. It was agreed that the majority of the officers and crew were to be naval men specially selected by Markham and approved by the Admiralty. There were also two medical men to be appointed, as well as a biologist, a physicist, and a geologist, all of whom would be civilians.

The Prince of Wales kindly consented to become the Patron of the expedition, and the Duke of York willingly accepted the position of Vice-Patron.

Robert Falcon Scott, now promoted to the rank of Commander, was specially selected with the other executive officers by Markham. All were well known to him, and he had the highest opinion of their capabilities and qualifications.

As no suitable vessel was obtainable, it was decided to build one specially adapted for the service on which she was to be employed. Accordingly, this was arranged, at a cost of about £45,000. She was built at Dundee under the superintendence of a Chief Constructor of the Admiralty, Mr. Smith, who also designed her. The cost of this vessel made a large inroad into the sum at their disposal, but it could not be helped. As the ship was not a man-of-war, or even under the Naval Discipline Act (she came under the Merchant Shipping Act), it was necessary that she should have a registered owner. It was decided that the Royal Geographical Society should be the owners, and that Markham should be the nominal manager.



THE "DISCOVERY."

He designed a "house flag" to be hoisted at the mast-head, and also devised sledge flags to be used by the officers when away on sledging duties. An insurance policy was taken out in order to guard against all risks.

The ship was launched on the 21st of March, 1901, by Lady Markham, and was named the *Discovery*. She sailed from Dundee on the 3rd of June and arrived at the East India Docks on the 6th, the "managing director" being a passenger on board. As the ship passed the *Worcester* in the Thames, the cadets swarmed up the rigging and gave three rousing cheers, meant, in all probability, as much for their friend Sir Clements as for the gallant fellows who were about to start on a perilous voyage to unknown regions.

Elaborate instructions were drawn up for the guidance of the officers and men, and these were given to Captain Scott by Markham himself; but there was a certain amount of discretionary power vested in the leader of the expedition in the event of the instructions conflicting in any way with local circumstances, or the unexpected discovery of new territory or seas, that would necessitate a change of plans. The spirit of the instructions was, "Trust implicitly to the Commander, and always look to him for advice and guidance when in doubt or difficulty."

" By mutual confidence and mutual aid
Great deeds are done, and great discoveries made."

Space does not admit of entering more fully into the details connected with the equipment and the departure of the *Discovery* on her long and hazardous voyage towards the South Pole. Markham was in every way to be congratulated on the Commander he had selected, and, indeed, he had the most perfect confidence in his zeal and capabilities. Although only a comparatively young officer, Scott at once assumed responsibility, and evinced a grasp of his duties that was most remarkable. He brought to the work an active and

capable mind blended with sound judgment. In his dealings with those under his command, he combined unflinching tact and a conciliatory bearing with firmness and resolution. He proved to be an excellent organiser, sympathetic to those serving under him, and a born leader of men. Markham was indeed fortunate in being able to secure the services of one who, it could be truthfully said, possessed

" The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill."

The *Discovery* sailed from the Thames on the 31st of July, 1901, amid the cheers of several hundred people who had assembled to wish her Godspeed. She anchored in Stokes Bay, near Gosport, at 8 p.m. the following day, Clements Markham having come round in her from London.

On the 5th of August the *Discovery* steamed round to Cowes, where she was visited by King Edward and Queen Alexandra. The officers were presented to Their Majesties, who subsequently inspected the men. They were then shown round the ship, expressing their approval of the arrangements. The King expressed to Markham his high opinion of Captain Scott's fitness for the command. He then invested Scott with the Victorian Order, a graceful act intended to mark, in a special way, the keen interest taken by His Majesty in the work of the Commander and his gallant companions, as well as in the success of the great enterprise of which he was the Patron. The officers and men being assembled on the quarter-deck, King Edward addressed them as follows:

" Commander Scott, officers and men of the *Discovery*, I have had great pleasure in visiting this ship with the Queen, because of the interest I take in the Antarctic Expedition and its objects, and in order to wish you all Godspeed. You are going on a service from which, I believe, great results will accrue. I have often visited ships in order to say farewell when departing on warlike

service; but you are starting on a mission of peace, and for the advancement of scientific knowledge. The results of your labours will be valuable, not only to your country, but to the whole civilised world. I trust that you will be able to achieve the great work that is before you, and that you will all return safe and well."

Before leaving, Their Majesties presented signed portraits of themselves to the wardroom mess. The *Discovery* sailed the next forenoon after the officers had taken a warm and affectionate farewell of their devoted friend Clements Markham.

He might well be proud at the result of his exertions. The eyes of the scientific world would, he knew, follow with interest the proceedings of the good ship *Discovery*, and she was practically the creation of his brain, the product of his persistent energy. He had selected individually the gallant explorers and sent them forth on a glorious enterprise, to fight with no mortal foe, but the more formidable powers of Nature. Markham had done his utmost to deserve success; it now lay with those he had despatched to achieve the successful issue he anticipated.

In the midst of all his Antarctic work, he yet found time to turn his attention to other matters at home. Feeling the necessity of geographical knowledge, being more widely disseminated in the country, and especially at our recognised educational centres, he succeeded in arranging with the authorities that a school for geography should be founded at Oxford University. The example set by this University was followed by many of the other centres of education in England. He found time, also, to run down to Southampton for the purpose of inaugurating the new local Geographical Society at that port.

At about this time he was unanimously elected one of the thirteen trustees of Dr. Busby's Charity, a body specially selected from the most distinguished of the old Westminster boys. This mark of distinction coming

from his old school was most gratifying to him, for he was the first of the Markham family to be selected for the honour since his great-grandfather the Archbishop of York, who was appointed trustee in 1756, and who retained the position until his death in 1807. Shortly after, he was elected a member of the governing body of Westminster School.

The reports received as to the prosperity of the cinchona plantations in India caused him great pleasure and satisfaction. To say nothing of the benefits accruing to humanity, a profit of no less than £250,000 had been made by the Indian Government since the introduction of the febrifuge into our Indian possessions. It was a glorious triumph, an almost incredible result.

No sooner had the *Discovery* left England, than Markham turned his attention to the necessity of preparing a relief ship to be despatched with the object of obtaining news of Scott's expedition the following year. During one of his visits to Christiania, he arranged for the purchase of a vessel named the *Morning*. She had been originally engaged as a whaler in Baffin's Bay, and was therefore specially adapted for the service. Markham bought her on most favourable terms. She was sent over to England at once, to be prepared for her important work, and was placed under the command of Mr. W. Colbeck, an officer of the mercantile marine who had already gained experience in ice navigation, and was a most capable and energetic commander.

Markham's time was now fully occupied in endeavouring to raise the funds for her equipment. He wrote to everyone he could think of as likely to subscribe, but, as he himself quaintly expresses it, "the rich when applied to only button up their pockets, and the poor have no money to spare." Mr. Longstaff was, however, an exception to this rule, for he again unbuttoned his pockets, and sent a handsome donation of £5,000 to head the list and set an example! Markham was then sent for by the Prince of Wales at York House, who was

anxious to know if steps had been taken for the despatch of a relief ship; if not, no time was to be lost in doing so. The Prince was much relieved on hearing what had been done. He then discussed the question of funds, and indicated certain sources that might be tapped with advantage. He also intimated that the King would gladly subscribe £100 towards the fund, and that he himself would give £50. He took a keen interest in the success, and especially in the safety of the expedition, and the interview was of a most cordial and satisfactory nature. Furthermore, His Royal Highness continued to make frequent inquiries as to the progress of the fund.

Eventually a sum of about £23,000 was collected, but this was barely sufficient to pay expenses. Neither the Government nor the Admiralty would render any further financial assistance. The vessel, however, sailed from London on its errand of mercy on the 10th of July, 1902, with the object of communicating, if possible, with the *Discovery*.

Markham was now satisfied that he had taken every possible means to insure communication with Captain Scott, and every precaution to secure the safety of the officers and men, in the unfortunate event of any disaster befalling their ship. Nothing more was possible, and he was content to wait patiently for news.

It is not to be supposed that, in the equipment and despatch of the two ships, Markham's life was an easy or tranquil one. In the various committees that had been formed for the purpose of drawing up instructions for the guidance of Captain Scott, there were many whose ideas as to the general management and scope of the expedition differed from those which Markham had originally designed. This friction caused him a good deal of worry, and it led eventually to the resignation of several members of the committee who were unable to support the views of the recalcitrant members. The opposition was of such a nature as almost to threaten the success of the expedition. It reached such

a point that Markham seriously contemplated sending in his resignation, and he was only deterred from doing so by his strong sense of duty to those who had supported him in collecting the funds, and had otherwise assisted him in the promotion of the enterprise. He felt that to desert them at this juncture would possibly result in the failure and destruction of the principal work for which the expedition had been originally designed.

It was extremely fortunate, in the best interests of science, that Markham stood to his guns in the carrying out of the programme which he had arranged. It must not be forgotten that the idea of the despatch of the expedition was his inception; that it was through his energy and persistence that the necessary funds were obtained; and that it was consequent upon his position and reputation as a geographer and a man of science, that the Government had been induced to contribute to the expenses and to take a large share in the responsibility of its despatch. His resignation from the governing body would have been a calamity, involving in all probability the shipwreck of the whole scheme. Fortunately this was avoided; concessions were made on both sides, harmony was preserved, and Markham remained, and continued to be the leading spirit in the conduct of the enterprise in which he took such keen interest.

CHAPTER XX

LATER YEARS

IN March, 1903, a cablegram from New Zealand announced the welcome intelligence that the *Morning* had arrived, and that she had succeeded in communicating with the *Discovery*. All was well with the expedition, successful work had been accomplished by her during the summer, and one of her sledging-parties under Scott had reached the latitude of $82^{\circ} 17' S$. Unfortunately, the vessel was helplessly frozen in the ice in MacMurdo Sound, where she had passed the winter, and it would be almost impossible to extricate her that year. Captain Scott had decided, therefore, to remain out for another winter; in fact, he could not do otherwise unless he abandoned his ship.

Markham was delighted at the good news, and rejoiced in the knowledge of the safety of the ship and crew. He was also pleased that another year of good exploring work would be accomplished, and he looked forward to most satisfactory results. But—there is always the inevitable “but” in cases of this sort—where was the money to come from, with which to provide for the additional expenses that would necessarily be incurred by having to despatch the *Morning* a second time?

Where indeed?

It was a difficulty, but it had to be faced; and with his usual energy and pertinacity he set about to overcome it.

Naturally, his first appeal was to the Government, who, to his intense surprise, decided, after much correspondence, to undertake the relief, but only on condition

that the *Morning* was placed entirely and absolutely at the disposal of the Admiralty. This plan did not meet with Markham's approval, but "beggars cannot be choosers," and he was obliged to accept the terms of the Government; for he felt that, as the lives of the men were at stake, and the prospect of raising the money on his own responsibility was somewhat problematical, it was the only course he could conscientiously pursue. From that moment the responsibility for the succour of the men was removed from his shoulders, but his interest in the expedition was in no way diminished.

At length, after long anxious waiting, news was received on the 2nd of April, 1904, of the safe arrival at Lyttelton, New Zealand, of the *Discovery* and *Morning*. There was also a long telegram from Captain Scott reporting that the second sledging season was as successful as the first, and had yielded equally important results; besides which, valuable dredging and sounding operations had been carried out after leaving winter-quarters. Markham was delighted at the success of the expedition, for it had exceeded his wildest hopes, but above all he rejoiced in the knowledge of the safety of the ships and all on board, after the anxiety and strain caused by the long silence. Markham regarded the work achieved by Scott in the second travelling season as a valuable corollary to the work accomplished during the first season, thereby doubling the value and importance of the general scientific results obtained. He paid a high and richly deserved tribute of praise to the Commander "whose rare gifts have secured these results."

The *Discovery* arrived at Portsmouth on the 10th of September. Sir Clements and Lady Markham were there to see her come in, and they were almost the first to go on board and bid them all a hearty welcome. Markham had an enthusiastic reception from the officers and men. All were in splendid health and spirits, delighted to get home, and happy in the knowledge that they had

done well, and deserved well of their country. As the ship steamed into Portsmouth Harbour, she was saluted by the men-of-war with every demonstration of joy; bands were playing, and the crews were cheering. His Majesty sent one of his Aides-de-Camp down specially with a message of congratulation. The Mayor of Portsmouth entertained them at a grand banquet in the Town Hall, at which Markham's health was drunk and he was called upon for a speech.

After a short stay at Portsmouth, the ship proceeded to the Thames, with Markham again as a passenger. Here she was safely berthed in her old billet in the East India Docks to pay off. Festivities were the order of the day. Their countrymen extended a warm welcome to the explorers, feeling that they could not do too much to show their appreciation for the splendid work which had been achieved by Captain Scott and the brave crew of the *Discovery*.

The winding-up of the expedition naturally threw an enormous amount of work on Markham's shoulders, for he was really personally responsible for everything connected with it. The crew had to be paid off; the remaining stores and provisions had to be disposed of; the officers' journals and logs had to be taken in charge; and the disposal of the ship was a matter for serious consideration. The official report of the scientific work of the expedition had also to be drawn up under the superintendence of specialists; the charts and plans showing the discoveries that had been made had to be copied and reproduced; and the names of the new mountains, inlets, bays, and glaciers, had to be settled.

The public reception and welcome to Scott and the officers and men of the *Discovery* and *Morning* by the Royal Geographical Society was held on the 7th of November. It took place in the Albert Hall, which was filled to overflowing. The explorers received a tremendous ovation. Amid much cheering, Clements Markham presented Captain Scott with the Antarctic

Gold Medal, struck especially for the occasion; and the American Ambassador, Mr. Choate, delivered to him the medal of the Pennsylvania Geographical Society that had been conferred upon him. Markham then presented Captain Colbeck with a symbolic piece of plate, in recognition of his valuable services whilst in command of the *Morning*.

Prior to the meeting, on arriving at the Albert Hall, Markham was taken into a small room in which all the officers of the two ships were assembled, when, to his intense surprise, Captain Scott, in a very touching speech, presented him, on behalf of the officers of the expedition, with a beautifully wrought silver centrepiece representing a sledge being drawn by a man in sledging costume. It was a token of their esteem for all that he had done to create and organise the expedition, and of their gratitude for the interest that he took in its welfare and all those who served in it. He was quite taken aback at this wholly unexpected tribute of appreciation from the officers, and found it difficult to find words that would give appropriate expression to his feelings. It was a gift that in after-years he always valued as one of his most precious possessions.*

Receptions and banquets to the members of the expedition were now the order of the day. Not only were they entertained by many of the various City guilds in London, but also by many societies and clubs. Hull, Liverpool, Sheffield, Colchester, Edinburgh, and other towns, vied with each other in the welcome and hospitality extended to the brave explorers. To all of these functions Markham was invited, and felt it his duty to attend, although it was often at some personal inconvenience to himself. There was—it could not be otherwise—much sameness in the speeches he had to listen to, and to which he had to reply. Sometimes the element of wit was introduced by the speakers, which, however, did not meet with the appreciation of

* A copy of it is reproduced on the binding of this volume.

one of the guests, who, it is reported, declared on one of these occasions that "there is nothing more dreary than men of science trying to be funny"!

After satisfactorily arranging for the winding up of the affairs of the Antarctic Expedition, Markham came to a very momentous decision, but one which he had considered very carefully for some time. This was his resignation of the presidency of the Royal Geographical Society.

The strain during the past few years had been very great. The worries and difficulties he had to contend with, especially in connection with the preliminary business of securing the despatch of the Antarctic Expedition, were inconceivable. He was now seventy-five years of age; he felt that his active geographical life had practically closed, and that he could do no more good in that particular direction. It was only right, he considered, that he should make way for younger and more active men. But he did not consider at the time that much of the great and valuable experience which he had acquired would be indirectly lost to geographical science by his retirement. On the announcement of his resignation, he was the recipient of many letters of regret from geographers of all nationalities, eminent men of science, and others interested in geography. Among them was a charming letter from Sir Dighton Probyn, which contained most kind and complimentary messages from His Majesty, and another equally charming from Sir Arthur Bigge, written by direction of the Prince of Wales.

The anniversary dinner of the Royal Geographical Society held on the 22nd of May, 1905, was converted into a complimentary banquet in honour of their retiring President, and he was practically the guest of the evening. It was numerously attended; nearly 300 assembled to do him honour. Sir George Goldie, his successor, was in the chair. After the toast of his health had been duly honoured, Mr. Macartney, brother-in-law of Captain

Scott, rose, and in a few appropriate words presented Markham with a beautiful silver cup (a replica of the Cup of Cashel) on behalf of the relatives of the officers of the *Discovery*, in recognition of the high estimation in which he was held, and in loving remembrance of the fatherly interest that he had always evinced in promoting their comfort and welfare. At the same time a very beautiful penholder was given to him for presentation to Lady Markham, who was almost as well known to the various members of the expedition as was her husband, and certainly appreciated no less.

Thus ended his long connection with the Society as its President. His term of office lasted for twelve consecutive years, the longest period on record. To those twelve years, he had every right to look back with satisfaction and pride for the way in which the affairs of the Society had been directed, and how, mainly by his personality, its prosperity and popularity had so largely increased. In the words of the present President of the Society :

“ The outstanding feature of his term of office was the revival of Antarctic exploration. For this object no discouragement could thwart his combative energy; for years he wrestled with indifferent Chancellors of the Exchequer until he finally got his grant; or argued forcibly with fellow-men of science in support of his own views on the aims and organisation of the expedition.”

This is a very true summary of his character, concisely put. When once he had set his mind on any course of action which, in his opinion, was indispensable, he would never be discouraged by any arguments that might be advanced in opposition, but would fight strenuously to attain his object. It was only by his “ combative energy ” that the Antarctic expedition became a material reality.

There is no doubt that his decision to resign the presidency was due in a large measure to the loss of

so many of his old friends and relations, who had passed away during recent years. Their loss engendered a feeling not only of sorrow, but of loneliness, although he still retained the inestimable blessing of a true and sympathetic companion in the person of his wife, to whom he had been united for nearly half a century. This great blessing was fully appreciated by him, though it did not lessen the sadness he felt at the irreparable loss of so many old and dear friends. The loss of contemporaries is the most distressing feature of a long and vigorous old age.

But although he had resigned the presidency of the Society, he consented to accept the office of a Vice-President, and therefore remained a member of the Council. He still retained his connection with all the other societies and corporations with which he had been associated. His resignation, however, was a distinct loss to geography at large. By the Society itself his loss was much felt. The officials had invariably and confidently looked up to their President for assistance, guidance, and sympathy, and they were well aware that any grievance they had would be considered, and, if possible, alleviated. He was always a good and stanch friend to those who showed zeal in their work and devoted themselves to the best interests of the Society.

Immediately he was relieved of his geographical responsibilities, he started off with Lady Markham to his beloved Norway, partly on account of threatenings of gout, and partly for a complete rest from everything, except, of course, his literary work, which always accompanied him wherever he went. On this occasion he was writing the "Life of Edward VI.," which shortly afterwards he published. On the completion of the "cure," they made an extended visit to Jutland, which they both thoroughly enjoyed. His object was to inspect some runic inscriptions in the north of the peninsula.

On the 21st of October (Trafalgar Day) he delivered a lecture to the Westminster boys, describing in graphic language all the incidents connected with that great sea-fight, and paying a high tribute to the ability of Lord Nelson as a seaman and a strategist. The lecture was given in such vivid and inspiring words, that it could not fail to appeal to the national pride and enthusiasm of his young audience. He also prepared and read a paper at the Royal Geographical Society on the next great Arctic discovery, at which the Duke of the Abruzzi and several Arctic naval officers were present, many of whom took part in the interesting discussion that ensued. At the opening of the Board of Geographical Studies in Cambridge, he delivered the inaugural address.

Having now more time at his disposal, he was enabled to carry out certain long-formed projects of visiting foreign countries and studying the particular subjects peculiar to those countries in which he was interested. Accompanied by Lady Markham, he spent some months in the island of Teneriffe, studying its botany, and especially collecting all the information he could obtain regarding the history of the Guanches, the ancient inhabitants of the island.

Their daughter did not accompany her parents on these trips, her time being almost entirely engrossed in the superintendence of church work in the East End of London, work to which she was devoting all her energies, and in which her father was also much interested.

In 1906 he accepted an invitation extended to him by Admiral Egerton for a cruise in the western part of the Mediterranean. He had all the more pleasure in accepting this invitation in consequence of the fact that the flagship to which he was invited was commanded by Captain Scott. In the company of an Arctic Admiral, an Antarctic Captain, and many old training squadron friends, he was supremely happy. He was especially

interested in visiting the Balearic Islands, where they spent some time. On his way home he visited Barcelona, Madrid, Cordova, and Granada, and was so impressed by the glories of the Alhambra, and the beauty of the other places he visited, that immediately on his return home he started off again, accompanied by Lady Markham, in order that she also should have an opportunity of sharing in the pleasures he had so recently enjoyed. He not only wrote a very full description of the Alhambra, with all its amazing architectural loveliness, but he also compiled during this trip the pedigrees of the reigning Sovereigns of Norway, Denmark, Sweden, Spain, Portugal, Granada, Cordova, Castile and Leon, Aragon, Majorca, Navarre, etc. His faculty for acquiring and retaining genealogical information was marvellous.

At Palma, in the island of Majorca, he went to see the priceless *portolano* of Gabriel Valseca, then in the possession of Count Montenegro, to whom he had a letter of introduction. This invaluable document has a room to itself, and is kept in a case covered with crimson velvet and secured with a lock to a special table. The Kings of the countries marked on the map are depicted on their thrones, with their arms painted on flags above them; and there are several legends on it in minute handwriting. This *portolano* once belonged to Amerigo Vespucci, and, at the time of the Chicago Exhibition, the Government of the United States, being desirous of exhibiting it, offered to send a man-of-war, so it is related, specially to take it over and to bring it back. But the offer was declined by the Count.

They were particularly sorry to leave Palma, where they stayed for a couple of months, for they liked the people, who, Markham records, were always "well dressed, courteous, and obliging." The only beggars were cripples, and there were very few of them. Boys even refused "tips," unless they had done something to earn a reward; and the population was industrious

and thriving. At Cordova he visited the burial-place of the Inca Garcilasso de la Vega, whose life he was engaged in writing for the Hakluyt Society; and at Gibraltar they embarked in the mail-steamer for home.

They celebrated their golden wedding day at sea. He recalls the wonderful changes that had taken place during those fifty eventful years, and he contemplates with sorrowful regret the happy time he spent when there were "no bikes, no bridge-parties, no beards, or golf and motors."

On the 12th of June, 1907, Markham went to Cambridge to receive the honorary degree of LL.D. which had been conferred upon him by that University. There were nine other recipients, including Lord Elgin, Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, Lord Curzon, and Lord Milner. In the evening they were entertained at dinner at Trinity Hall, wearing their scarlet gowns. In the speeches introducing the recipients of the degree, the selection of Markham was referred to as "an important recognition to the science of geography." Shortly afterwards he received the high Norwegian order of the Knighthood of St. Olaf (First Class), which the King of Norway had conferred upon him.

A few days later he received intelligence of the death of his dear friend Sir Leopold M'Clintock. This caused him much grief. Markham had a great affection for his old friend, who was always ready to give him sound advice, especially on Polar matters. It was another old and valued friend the less.

Towards the end of the year 1907 Markham and his wife left England to pay their first of several winter visits to Mont Estoril, a pretty little seaside resort in Portugal, situated on the broad Atlantic, only half an hour's journey by rail from Lisbon. Shortly after their arrival they were horrified to hear of the dastardly assassination of the King and the Crown Prince of Portugal in Lisbon, with the narrow, almost miraculous, escape of the Queen and her other son, Prince Manoel.

Much excitement was, naturally, caused by this cowardly, cold-blooded crime, but, fortunately, the authorities took stern and successful measures to suppress any revolutionary movement tending to riot or rebellion.

Mont Estoril was, in Markham's eyes, an ideal place in which to pass a winter. It possessed a mild and salubrious climate, with lovely scenery. There were no worries to distract his attention or divert his thoughts, so that he was able to give full scope to his literary inclinations. He was engaged at this time on an article for *Harper's Magazine*, descriptive of the Polar Regions when, in a remote geological age, that particular part of the world enjoyed a tropical climate. At the same time he was completing a memoir of the Andean religions; writing the "Life of Sir Leopold M'Clintock"; correcting the proof-sheets of his "Life of Archbishop Markham"; going over the revises of his "Story of Majorca and Minorca"; and preparing a paper which he proposed reading, on "The Light thrown on Inca History and Polity by Sarmiento," at the Congress of Americanists to be held in Vienna in September. He was also getting ready his inaugural address to be delivered at the opening of the new Geographical Society at Leeds, and preparing a paper, on the Peruvian Andes, to be read at the same institution!

His recreation consisted in visiting all the antiquities and interesting old buildings in the neighbourhood, studying their histories, and investigating the authenticity of previously published accounts. His investigations bore fruit especially at Cintra, where he described at great length, even to the most minute detail, the fantastic, almost fictitious, historical events associated with that interesting old palace. He sketched all the heraldic devices in the various old castles he visited, more especially those of Moorish origin, tracing the pedigrees of the owners for several generations. In fact, his recreation would probably be regarded by the ordinary mortal as exceedingly hard and laborious,

though perhaps interesting, work. He visited Busaco, where he was able to portray the battlefield and delineate the greater part of this interesting old town; then on to Salamanca, a town of great interest to Markham, as being the place where the conference with Columbus was held prior to his sailing on his memorable voyage. So on to Bordeaux, Paris, and home—a most agreeable and interesting tour.

Four months after his return to England we find him on his way to Vienna to attend the Congress of Americanists that was being held in that city. The delegates were received in the Town Hall by the Burgomaster, who offered them a hearty welcome. But that appears to be all he had to offer; for, although they sat down to a large supper directly afterwards, they had to pay for their meal! Much wine was consumed, which perhaps accounts for payment being demanded! There was a rather thin attendance.

The next day the Congress met in the great hall, the Princess Thérèse in the chair. Many addresses, followed by papers on various subjects associated with the "Americanist Society" were then read and discussed. Markham read a paper on "Sarmiento"; and subsequently another one on the "Tiahuanaco and Chavin Stones," both of which were well received. Owing to a bad cold, he was unable to preside on the last day, as had been prearranged.

On their journey home they visited Nürnberg in order to see the famous fifteenth-century globe of Martin Behaim, who also adapted the astrolabe to purposes of navigation in 1480. The globe is preserved in a special case, but is much discoloured, and shows unmistakable signs of its antiquity.

On his return to England he delivered his inaugural address at the Leeds Geographical Society, before a very large and sympathetic audience, who appreciated a pointed allusion to the excellent work achieved by Yorkshire geographers and explorers.

During his life, Markham had one great literary design in view. This was his great work on the Incas. He acknowledged in 1909 that he had been making preparations for its production during the past fifty-six years! Being then, however, in his eightieth year, and feeling the uncertainty of living sufficiently long to enable him to complete his colossal work, he decided to write instead, a series of essays and stories of the Incas, compressed into one volume, so that at least he could place his own ideas and conclusions on record. The opinions which he held twenty years earlier he had already published in his "History of Peru." This had been translated into Spanish; but, as he naïvely puts it, further study had increased his knowledge; and thoughts which had been suggested by this augmentation of knowledge somewhat modified his previous views, in some cases even altered them entirely. "Besides," he remarks, "it will give me occupation!" It is almost unnecessary to add, however, that he never suffered for the lack of something to do! Accordingly, in 1910 he embodied his latest views and conclusions in a volume entitled "The Incas of Peru." It is justly an authoritative work.

During one of his many visits to Lisbon, he went to Thomar for the purpose of seeing the old convent of the Order of Christ, which dates from the fifteenth century. Markham, it will be remembered, had been created a Commendador of the Order of Christ by King Luis on the 23rd of April, 1874, and on the occasion of this visit to the old convent he wore the miniature order, much to the surprise (and approval) of the old janitor who kept the keys of the gate. Markham wrote a very full description of the convent and its history.

Towards the latter part of 1909, after much preliminary discussion and correspondence with Sir Clements, Captain Scott publicly announced his intention of endeavouring to raise funds for the despatch of another Antarctic Expedition, to be under his

command, with the express objects of exploring the unknown Antarctic Continent and of reaching the South Pole. With that conspicuous energy which would admit of no denial, Scott set to work to justify his proposal and to plead for monetary assistance, in an excellent and business-like address which he delivered at the Mansion House at a meeting presided over by the Lord Mayor. He propounded his views at several other public meetings, and he wrote to every society, company, and individual, that he thought would support his scheme. As a result of his exertions money began to flow in. A sum of £500 was subscribed by the members of the Stock Exchange, £1,000 was promised by a subscriber to his last expedition, and sums of money—some in large contributions, some in small—kept pouring in. Clements Markham himself, although his income was by no means a large one, gladly contributed the sum of £100 from his slender resources.

In a very short time a sufficient sum of money was collected to warrant the purchase of a ship, and to organise the expedition. The principal object being the advancement of science and the exploration of unknown regions, the scientific staff, exclusive of the captain and surgeon, consisted of no less than nine members, who were not called upon to perform any ship duties, but were left free to follow their particular branches of science. Dr. Wilson again accompanied his old friend and leader as chief of the scientific staff and zoologist. The *Terra Nova* was the ship selected. Markham willingly consented to join the committee that superintended the equipment of the ship and the appointment of the officers and men; but the actual responsibility of everything connected with the enterprise devolved on Captain Scott himself. In fact it was "Scott's Expedition"; it originated with him, it was arranged by him, and it was organised by him, the Admiralty assisting only by granting permission

for several of the officers and men of the Royal Navy to serve in the expedition.

In October of the same year Sir Clements stood godfather to Captain Scott's little boy, who was christened Peter Markham.

In the following month, at a meeting of the Council of the Hakluyt Society, he resigned his office as President. He had been in the chair for a period of twenty years, and a member of the Council for no less than fifty-one years! No man had the welfare of the Society more at heart than Markham, and no one could have accomplished more for the Society than he did. During his long connection with it, he translated and edited on an average about one book a year for a period of half a century, and all these works required much elaborate research. He was still hard at work, when he resigned, on his "Magellan's Strait," and was collecting notes for his "Book of the Knowledge of All the Kingdoms, Lands, and Lordships, that are in the World," for the Society, besides writing his "Incas of Peru"!

Prior to the departure of the *Terra Nova*, a large luncheon-party was given by the Royal Geographical Society to Captain Scott and his officers at the Holborn Restaurant, to which a number of old Polar officers were invited. Major Darwin, as President of the Society, occupied the chair, and many naval officers were present. Markham proposed the toast of the staff of the expedition.

On the 1st of June the *Terra Nova* sailed from London, and proceeded to Portsmouth, Clements Markham being a passenger on board. Everything worked well, but what pleased him more than anything else was the willing spirit that animated everyone on board, and he was delighted to see members of the scientific staff in their shirt-sleeves assisting in stowing the hold, and a Captain of the Enniskillen Dragoons hard at work getting up the ashes! On leaving the ship at Portsmouth, the officers and crew gave him three hearty cheers. They

knew that he was their best friend, that he would look after their interests in their absence, and that he would arrange, if necessary, for their relief. On his return to London, he succeeded in getting the surplus money from the *Discovery* fund turned over to that of the *Terra Nova*, much to the gratification and relief of Captain Scott.

CHAPTER XXI

SCOTT'S LAST EXPEDITION—THE END

ON the 11th of June, at Leeds, Markham received the distinction of being made a Doctor of Science of the Leeds University. There were thirteen recipients for the honour, among whom may be mentioned Mr. Asquith, the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Speaker, the Earl of Crewe, and Lord Rayleigh.

The Duke of Devonshire, as the Chancellor, delivered the address and conferred the degrees. Referring to Markham, he said :

“ In Sir Clements Markham I have to present to you one who comes among us as a veteran in the service of mankind, one whose life has been the expression in countless achievements of a mind extraordinary in power and versatility, a nature full of enthusiasm and tenacity, and an ambition directed to the noblest ends. Beginning with his participation in the heroic search for Franklin, the record of geographical exploration in both hemispheres and towards both poles that stands to the name of Sir Clements Markham would alone secure his fame. But beyond this he has been for sixty years the inspiration of English geographical science, the leader of the movement which has given that subject a new orientation in the realms of knowledge, and has secured for it an honourable and independent position in the highest courts of learning. It is almost entirely owing to his unwearied advocacy, combined with an unerring judgment in the choice of men and methods, that England is taking her proud part in the new era of Antarctic discovery. To have established in our Indian Empire, as he did by the indefatigable efforts of a few years, the cultivation of a prophylactic for its

desolating malarial disease, was a service to humanity such as few may hope to render by the undivided labours of a lifetime. Yet among these diverse and momentous deeds Sir Clements Markham has interwoven the achievements of a distinguished man of letters, and if we had not thought he would be honoured most acceptably in the Faculty of Science, he might have claimed not less worthily the laurels of a Faculty of Arts. In his intense and oft expressed love of England which he has so nobly served, of Yorkshire of which he is so true a son, and of the Navy in which he graduated so honourably in the early discipline of life, Sir Clements Markham discloses the spirit which has made him what he is—a man by whom his countrymen would eagerly proclaim the deep-seated and most sterling qualities of their race."

A very true and excellent portrayal of the subject of this memoir.

In July, 1910, Markham went to Bristol to assist in the ceremony of unveiling the Hakluyt memorial in the cathedral, and delivered an address in honour of that worthy divine and author.

He was occupied at this time in writing the biography of the Spanish navigator Sebastian del Cano, who sailed with Magellan in the early part of the sixteenth century. After the death of Magellan he succeeded to the command, and was the first circumnavigator of the globe.

Markham received many letters from his friends on board the *Terra Nova* from the various ports at which she touched on her long journey to the South. All were in excellent spirits, they reported well of their ship; and love and harmony prevailed among officers and men. Needless to say, they all looked forward with keen and joyful anticipation to the complete success of the great work with which they had been entrusted.

Prior to the sailing of the expedition, Dr. Wilson had presented to Sir Clements and Lady Markham two very beautiful water-colour drawings, of Mount Markham and Minna Bluff in the Far South, which he had painted

specially for them. It was a kindly act, and one which was much appreciated by them both. Markham's thoughts were ever flying towards the South, ever thinking of his dear friends on board the *Terra Nova*, and looking forward to the pleasure of welcoming them back to England, crowned with success.

While at Mont Estoril in March, 1912, news was telegraphed from New Zealand to the effect that Captain Scott with a sledging-party had reached the latitude of $87^{\circ} 32'$ on the 3rd of January, 1912, and that he hoped to reach the Pole, which was only 150 miles off, in about a fortnight's time. A rumour had also been telegraphed to the effect that Amundsen had already reached the South Pole with his dog-drawn sledges, though Markham put but little credence in the report. He had always been much incensed at what he considered Amundsen's unfriendly act, in having first publicly announced his intention of attempting to reach the North Pole, and then suddenly altering his plans and proceeding in exactly the opposite direction, immediately Scott had left England, thus, as it were, entering into competition with him.

Amundsen's expedition was in no way initiated in the interests of science; his intention was to make a dash for the Pole, so as to be able to claim priority of discovery for Norway, and nothing more. He was accompanied by only four men, none of whom had any pretensions to scientific acquirements. Scott, on the other hand, intended making a thorough scientific exploration, and was not to be inveigled into taking part with another competitor in a senseless race to the Pole. It will be noted that Amundsen concealed his intention of going to the South until *after* Scott had sailed, which certainly did not evince a kindly disposition towards the English enterprise. Better and more valuable results would undoubtedly have been obtained had the two expeditions worked in unison one with the other. The Norwegians have the satisfaction of being able to say that their

flag was the first to be planted at the South Pole; but the scientific results achieved cannot be compared with those obtained by the English expedition. The latter brought back with them a rich store of information both geographical and geological, with elaborate plans and surveys of the surrounding country, with complete climatic and other observations, extending over a period of nearly two years, all of which were absolutely new to science. They had set themselves to endeavour to determine the nature and extent of the Antarctic Continent; to ascertain the character and depth of the ice cap; to take pendulum observations in the highest latitude possible, as well as regular magnetic and meteorological observations; to give an account of the mammals, birds, and fishes, and otherwise to report on the scientific aspect of the new discoveries. All of this was satisfactorily accomplished. In short, the results achieved by the English expedition far surpassed any that had ever been obtained by previous Polar expeditions.

Having in 1912 completed fifty years of strenuous service on the Council of the Royal Geographical Society, Markham sent in his resignation as Vice-President, and after some little correspondence this was accepted. He was now eighty-two years of age, and it appeared to him that there was an absence of sympathy between himself and the new Councillors which, in his opinion, did not promote the harmony or add to the usefulness and prosperity of the Society. Another consideration was that he was much occupied in collecting notes for a history of the Polar Regions. He had already gathered a vast amount of information on the subject, and this he wished to condense and produce in book form. He aimed at producing a perfect compendium of everything that was known of what might be called "the Ends of the Earth" from prehistoric times to the present day, including the names and work of the various explorers, the geology and botany, and

the localities at which human beings had been met, with their origin and manners and customs; also all information in connection with the animal kingdom in higher latitudes represented in known positions, etc. The wish to have a little more time at his disposal in which to complete this work, in all probability, had a great deal to do with his retirement from the Council, for his position as Vice-President necessitated his presence at the numerous committees which met so frequently. Although this last book has not yet been presented to the public, we may state that Dr. Guille-mard has undertaken the editing, and that it will shortly be published by the Cambridge University Press.

In spite of his great age, he continued to live a very active life. His pen was as busy as ever translating and editing various works for the Hakluyt Society, and correcting the proof-sheets of his "Conquest of New Granada," and he never neglected to pay his annual visit, in the summer, to his Scandinavian resorts, and in the winter to Mont Estoril.

On retiring from the Council, he wrote a letter of farewell to the President, Council, and Fellows of the Society, to which he received a most gratifying reply from Lord Curzon (the President), expressing in most cordial terms the great loss the Society was sustaining by his resignation, but expressing a hope that his advice would always be at the disposal of the Council, "who still regard you as our greatest living figure." Thus, after a continuous service of fifty-four years on the Council, and fifty-eight years as a Fellow, his intimate connection with the Society, as one of its officials, came to an end. He also wrote a letter of farewell to Dr. Keltie and the staff, to which he received a most touching reply.

At about this time he was elected President of the Americanist Congress, and presided at its first meeting in London, delivering the inaugural address, in which, by command of His Majesty, he offered the delegates

a cordial welcome in the name of the King. Three dinner-parties on three successive nights were given by him and Lady Markham at Eccleston Square, at which forty-four guests were entertained, followed by a large reception at the Natural History Museum, at which they received the delegates.

The Antarctic Expedition was constantly in his thoughts, and he delivered several lectures, at various places, connected with the work on which Captain Scott was engaged. He also read a special paper on the subject at the meeting of the British Association in Dundee.

On the 11th of February, 1913, while they were at Mont Estoril came the appalling news that Scott and his party had reached the South Pole on the 18th of January the previous year, but that on their return journey, in a great blizzard, only eleven miles from their next depot of provision, they had all perished. It was a sad but glorious termination to an expedition excellently arranged, heroically led, and gallantly carried out. The story is and will always remain an epic of British pluck and endurance, combined with resolution, patience, and unselfishness.

To Markham it came as a terrible shock, and at first he was unable to realise the extent of the calamity. He loved Scott as a son, he was intimately acquainted with every member of that gallant little band, and he loved them for their brave devotion to one another, for their high-spirited chivalry, for their lion-hearted courage, but about all he loved them for themselves. His heart ached for the sorrow that would be felt by the widows of those splendid men, who had sacrificed their lives in adding glory and honour to the long list of England's stalwart champions. He looked upon Captain Scott as a "very exceptionally noble Englishman." Not least, he was impressed by Scott's chivalrous generosity in dealing with men who were endeavouring for their personal ambitions, to supplant him in the work

which he had thoughtfully planned out for himself. Very rarely, in Markham's opinion, have so many great qualities been combined in one man. "Perhaps," he wrote, "the most striking quality was that which won him the love of all who served under him."

Through the instrumentality of Clements Markham, a memorial service was held at Mont Estoril for his dear friend and his companions, which was attended by the English and German Ministers accredited to Portugal, and many British and foreign residents. Personally he felt that this quiet service, devoid of all ostentation, was more soothing and comforting—at any rate to him—than the one held in St. Paul's Cathedral. Yet he was grateful for the recognition of their brilliant services so unostentatiously, but so convincingly, shown by the King in being present at the memorial service held in London. Markham wrote a long memorial letter to *The Times*, which was duly inserted; and he also wrote to the Prime Minister suggesting that posthumous honours should be conferred on Captain Scott's widow, which was favourably received and immediately acted upon.

To the end of his life the tragic fate of Scott and his companions was ever present in his mind. He felt their loss, not only from a personal point of view, but in a national sense; and he lost no opportunity in honouring their memories on all and every occasion. At Cheltenham he unveiled the memorial that had been erected to commemorate Dr. Wilson's great services. It was a statue of the explorer in sledging costume, the work of Lady Scott. The ceremony was carried out in the presence of many relatives and friends. He also accompanied Mrs. Bowers to Greenhithe in order to unveil a plaque dedicated to the memory of Lieutenant Bowers, which was to be placed on board the *Worcester*. It had been subscribed for by the cadets of the training ship to the memory of their plucky young shipmate. It consisted of a bronze plate containing his portrait with a suitable inscription; it was placed against the

mainmast immediately under the ship's bell. Before unveiling the memorial, Sir Clements addressed the assembled cadets at some length, paying a high tribute of praise to the young hero, and holding him up as a worthy example to be followed.

He also travelled to Stratford-on-Avon to be present at the dedication of the west window of Binton Church to the memory of his dear friend Scott. There was a great procession of clergy with prayers, anthems, hymns, and an address by the Rev. Dr. Bruce; after which the ceremony of unveiling was performed by the Duke of Newcastle.

Two years later, on the 5th of November, 1915, he assisted, by invitation of the First Sea Lord of the Admiralty, at the unveiling of the statue of Captain Scott in Waterloo Place, which had been subscribed for by the officers of the Royal Navy. The ceremony of unveiling was performed by the First Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. Balfour. The designer and sculptor was Lady Scott. The likeness is excellent, the great explorer being depicted in Antarctic travelling dress.

On the return of the *Discovery*, the Trustees of the British Museum kindly gave permission for the cases containing the natural history specimens to be sent to the Museum at South Kensington, with a view to preparing for publication the scientific results of the collection. That the work should be entrusted to the Museum authorities was Markham's express wish.

Their report is comprised in six large quarto volumes, in the production of which no trouble or expense has been spared in order to render the natural history results of the expedition worthy of the splendid efforts of Captain Scott and his fellow-explorers. The work is not only an enduring memorial of the expedition, but also, incidentally, of Markham's great share in its promotion and organisation.

In 1913 a deputation of old Westminsters waited upon him with a request that he would sit for his portrait,

which they were anxious should be painted, with the object of being presented to him. They wished him to accept it as a slight acknowledgment of the great services he had rendered to the school. Mr. George Henry, A.R.A., most good-naturedly consented to paint it. Markham was much gratified at this kindly feeling shown towards him by his old school, and willingly consented to sit for the portrait. The result exceeded even the anticipation. It was in every way a most successful production, and the presenters are to be congratulated on their choice of the artist.* The presentation of the picture was made to him at Cambridge by Sir Roland Vaughan Williams before a large gathering of friends as well as subscribers.

In addition to all these functions, his time was fully occupied in translating and editing the "Guerra de las Salinas" and the "Guerra de Chupas" for the Hakluyt Society. He likewise prepared and read a paper at the Historical Congress in London on the "Loss of Documents relating to Historical Geography, and the Means of preserving them." He also wrote the preface for "Scott's Last Expedition," and finished his translation of "Garcia da Orta" and his "Descriptive List of Amazonian Tribes." This latter work necessitated an enormous amount of research, and would have been a severe task for a man in the prime of life. He was then over eighty-five years of age, but his mental powers were as active and as bright as ever.

The European War gave him great cause for anxiety, and he followed the course of it with absorbing interest. A heavy personal blow fell upon him in the loss of his cousin, Major R. A. Markham, the head of the Markham family, who died on October 25, 1914, at Boulogne from wounds received at the battle of Ypres-Armentieres two days before.†

* The portrait is reproduced as the frontispiece of this volume.

† Major Markham left England with his regiment, the 2nd. Batt. Coldstream Guards, on August 12, 1914—eight days after the declaration of war. He was with his regiment during the heroic retreat from

On the 10th of June, 1915, he read what was destined to be his last paper at the Geographical Society. In it he animadverted on the false German claim to having supplied the scientific data which enabled the Portuguese to extend their discoveries. The title of his address was "The History of the Gradual Development of the Groundwork of Geographical Science." At the conclusion of the paper he submitted a proposal that the Society should be possessed of a collection, as complete as possible, of all instruments connected with nautical astronomy and navigation from the earliest times. A few instruments and models were exhibited at the lecture, and an interesting discussion was initiated.

In spite of the war, he and Lady Markham did not abandon their periodical trips abroad. Mont Estoril was visited as usual, and they even paid a long visit to the island of Madeira. They returned from their last trip to Portugal by sea on the 2nd of May, 1915, and arrived at Liverpool, luckily without having seen any indications of hostile submarines. Every preparation had been made on board in readiness for the immediate abandonment of the ship, an evolution in which Sir Clements was much interested, but, fortunately, extreme measures were not rendered necessary. On the dawn of the New Year (1916) he writes:

"A very sad and portentous New Year. At home, the enemies of efficient methods of resistance still clinging to office. Abroad, Belgium, Northern France, Poland, Serbia, conquered, and in the hands of the enemy; passenger ships ruthlessly sunk in defiance of international law and the Hague Convention, supported by American protests; yet here in England there is no sign of despondency; everyone confident that right must prevail, and with it civilisation and Christianity."

Mons—took part in the decisive victory of the Marne—stood side by side with the French at the battle of the Aisne, and was mortally wounded at the battle of Ypres-Armentieres, on October 23.

The last entry in his diary was made on the 18th of January. Almost his last thoughts were connected with his dear friend Scott. He writes:

“Sturdy little Peter Scott came and walked with us in the Square garden. I often think of his dear father and the men he has trained to fight his country's battles.”

On the 29th, having been confined to his room for some days by an attack of gout, he was sitting in bed reading, by the light of a naked candle, a book printed in old Portuguese. It is assumed he was holding the candle close to the book, the better to decipher the letterpress, when by some accident the bedclothes became ignited, probably by the fall of the candle. His call for assistance was instantly responded to, and the fire extinguished, but, alas! the great shock was too much for a man of his years. He remained mercifully unconscious for about twenty hours, when he passed peacefully away.

Thus ended a long life of hard and useful work thoroughly enjoyed. His home life was simple, but replete with happiness and contentment; he was always mindful of others and forgetful of self. His childhood, especially his school-life, and the young friends that in the course of years became old friends, were blissful reminiscences to him. He had outlived nearly all his contemporaries, but their good-fellowship and friendly regard were to him sweet memories of the past. He possessed an astonishing and most retentive memory, and he taxed it to the utmost. He never forgot anything he had once heard, seen, or read. Yet, in spite of this wonderful gift, he always retained the habit of noting in his pocketbook everything that he saw, no matter how trivial and insignificant it might appear to others. Especially was this the case in visiting old cathedrals, castles, or churches, when their exact dimensions would be carefully measured and noted.

He was a quick writer, an excellent observer; clever in mastering a foreign language; a great judge of character; prompt in making up his mind; impulsive, especially in righting a wrong; a man of great determination; a stanch friend; and of a most lovable disposition.

Peru was his first love, Polar exploration his second; and to both he remained constant to the end. On Peruvian subjects his publications amounted to more than a score, exclusive of lectures and addresses. The crown of his Polar work lay beyond his writings, in the excellent work achieved by Captain Scott in the far distant Antarctic Regions. It is left for others to follow him and glean the rich scientific harvest that is awaiting the explorer in the far South; but the main achievement must for all time be associated with Scott's name, and with that of his mentor and counsellor Clements Markham.

In method, he was careful to think out his subject conscientiously before making it public; he never wrote with the object of making money. His chief endeavour was to maintain and enhance the spirit of enterprise among his countrymen on sea and on land; and his success in this field alone, apart from his share in benefiting India and his great furtherance of geography, would suffice to keep his name in everlasting remembrance.

During the latter part of his life, he was undoubtedly the greatest living authority on geographical science. By his death there has passed away a distinguished man of whom his country may well be proud; but with his departure a prodigious accumulation of geographical knowledge of the utmost importance has also passed away

APPENDIX A

The following letters and telegrams of condolence and sympathy on the death of her husband were received by his widow, Lady Markham:

Telegram sent to Lady Markham by H.M. the King: "The King regrets to hear of the sorrow which has befallen you, and desires me to convey to you the expression of his sympathy. His Majesty had known Sir Clements for many years, and realises how much the country is indebted to his long years of study and research.—STAMFORDHAM."

The Naval Commander-in-Chief at Devonport, Admiral Sir George Egerton, telegraphed to Lady Markham: "With deepest sympathy and sorrow at the loss of dear old Sir Clements from his devoted and admiring shipmate Sir George Egerton."

Dr. Nansen telegraphed from his home in Norway: "Afflicted at the loss of my very dear friend. I mourn with you in your great bereavement."

General Sir Reginald Wingate cabled from Khartoum: "All fellows in Sudan deeply regret Sir Clements Markham's death."

The Committee of the Royal Societies' Club in London placed on record "its sense of the loss the Club has sustained by the lamented death of Sir Clements Markham, who for many years was President of the Club, and contributed so much to its welfare in the early years of its existence," etc.

Letters and telegrams of sympathy and regret for the loss sustained were also received from eminent and distinguished men, especially those interested and associated with geographical research, such as Nansen, Guido Cora, Sven Hedin, Joachim Bensaude, and many others, all testifying to the high estimation in which he was held by the geographers of other nations.

From the Officers and Council of the Royal Anthropological Institute, expressing the sorrow felt by "the whole scientific world by the loss of so brilliant a pioneer." Most of "us have lost more than a leader in archæology, a friend for whose personality we entertained a deep-rooted and sincere affection. The extent of his learning was only equalled by the great generosity with which he placed his knowledge at the service of those who had the privilege to know him."

The Council of the Hakluyt Society, with whom he had been associated for over sixty years, during which time the Society had "enjoyed the direct benefits of unwearied labour. His name added lustre to its public reputation—a lustre created by his varied accomplishments in geographical science, by his achievements in exploration, and by his other and manifold service to the State and humanity."

The Royal Society "express their deep sense of the loss which the Royal Society has sustained, and of the eminent services which Sir Clements rendered to Science."

The Members of the Elizabethan Club, of which he was President for many years, unite in the feeling "that they have lost a personal friend," and comment on his stanch loyalty to Westminster, which endeared him to everyone connected with the school and its surroundings.

The Council of the Royal Geographical Society "desire to place on record their profound sense of the loss which the Society and Geography have sustained by the death of Sir Clements Markham, who had been intimately connected with the Society for over sixty years during the greater part of which he was officially associated with its affairs. He was indefatigable in the promotion of the objects for which the Society exists. He took a prominent part in all the development of its work, scientific and educational. The recent renewal of Antarctic exploration on a large scale was mainly due to his initiative, enthusiasm, and energy. By his sympathetic attitude towards all the members of the Staff he secured devoted loyalty not only to himself, but to the best interests of the Society. His death will be felt as a personal loss by geographers all the world over."

From the President of the French Geographical Society: "The news of the death of Sir Clements Markham has been received

with unanimous and unfeigned regret. His eminent services to Geographical Science, more especially to Polar Exploration, will live for all time."

The President of the Geographical Society of Geneva : " Le mort de Sir Clements R. Markham, président d'honneur de votre Société, nous a été aussi très terrible, puisque Sir Clemente fait aussi membre honoraire de la Société de Géographie de Genève. Le Bureau de notre Société ni a donc officiellement chargé," etc.

From the Royal Danish Geographical Society : Calling to mind the great loss among the staff of famous English Arctic Explorers which England has suffered by the death of Sir Clements Markham, the Society wish " to express its heartfelt and most cordial sympathy."

The Norwegian Geographical Society sends " sincere sympathy in the great loss that Geographical Science has sustained by the death of Sir Clements Markham."

The Council of the Italian Royal Geographical Society " send an expression of their deep sorrow for the loss of the illustrious pioneer of Arctic Exploration."

The Geographical Society of Philadelphia " places on record its sense of the loss sustained by the science of geography in the loss of one of its most distinguished disciples, . . . who has earned for himself a foremost place among geographers by his energetic promotion of Arctic and Antarctic exploration, by his advocacy of higher geographical education, by his sympathetic attitude towards prospective explorers, and by his numerous and illuminating contributions to geographical literature."

Tributes of sorrow for his loss, and praise for his work, were received from Sweden, and from far-distant Arequipa; also from the Elizabethan Club, of which he was President for many years, the Kosmos Club, the Vesey Club at Birmingham, and from many other eminent and distinguished geographers of all nationalities.

APPENDIX B

WORKS PUBLISHED BY SIR CLEMENTS MARKHAM

- Year of
Publication.
1853. Franklin's Footsteps.
1854. History of the Markham Family. Edited by C. R. M.
1856. Cuzco and Lima.
1862. Travels in Peru and India.
1864. Quichua Grammar and Dictionary.
1867. Report on the Irrigation of Eastern Spain.
1869. The Abyssinian Expedition.
1870. Life of the Great Lord Fairfax.
- 1870 *et seq.* Ocean Highways, etc.: A Geographical Periodical,
Edited by C. R. M.
1871. Ollanta: An Ancient Inca Drama.
1871. A Memoir of the Indian Surveys. (Published by order
of the Secretary of State for India. Two Editions).
1873. Threshold of the Unknown Regions. (Four Editions.)
1874. A General Sketch of the History of Persia.
1874. Memoir of the Countess of Chinchon.
1874. India: Moral and Material Progress Report. (Presented to
Parliament, 1874.)
1874. India: Moral and Material Progress Report. (Presented
to Parliament, 1875.)
1875. The Arctic Navy List: A Century of Arctic and Antarctic
Officers, 1773 to 1875.
1875. Refutation of the Report of the Scurvy Committee.
1876. Missions to Tibet, Bogle and Manning. (Published by
order of the Secretary of State for India. Two Editions.)
1876. Memoir of Commodore Goodenough.
1879. Akbar: An Eastern Romance. With Notes and an
Introductory Life of the Emperor Akbar by C. R. M.
1880. Peruvian Bark.

- Year of
Publication.
1880. Peru.
1881. Fifty Years' Work of the Royal Geographical Society.
1882. War between Peru and Chile, 1879-1882.
1883. A Naval Career during the Old War: being a Narrative of the Life of Admiral John Markham.
1884. The Sea-Fathers.
1885. A Family Memoir of the Macdonalds of Keppoch.
1885. Life of Admiral Robert Fairfax.
1885. Battle of Wakefield. (Yorkshire Archæological Journal.)
1887. Battle of Towton. (Yorkshire Archæological Journal.)
1887. Prince Edward of Lancaster. (Transactions of Bristol and Gloucestershire Archæological Society.)
1888. The Fighting Veres. (Published in America.)
1889. Life of John Davis the Navigator, 1550-1605.
1892. History of Peru. (Translated into Spanish. Published in Chicago.)
1892. Display of English Heraldry at Budrum.
1892. Quichua Dictionary.
1892. Life of Christopher Columbus.
1893. Pytheas, the Discoverer of Britain. (R. G. S. Journal.)
1895. Life of Captain Stephen Martin Leake. Edited for the Navy Records Society by C. R. M.
1895. Arctic and Antarctic Exploration.
1895. Life of Major Rennell, and the Rise of Modern English Geography.
1895. Descriptive List of Amazonian Tribes.
1896. The Paladins of Edwin the Great: An Historical Romance.
1898. Antarctic Exploration: A Plea for a National Expedition, etc.
1899. Alfred the Great as a Geographer.
1901. Central and South America, for Stanford's Compendium of Geography.
1904. Letters of Admiral John Markham. (Navy Records Society.)
1906. Memoir of Archbishop Markham.
1906. Life of Richard III.
1907. Life of Edward VI.: An Appreciation.
1908. Vocabularies of the General Languages of the Incas of Peru.
1908. Translation of Lazariello de Tormes.

Year of
Publication.

1908. Story of Majorca and Minorca.
 1909. Life of Sir Leopold M'Clintock.
 1910. The Incas of Peru.
 1912. The Conquest of New Granada.
 1913. Markham Memorials : A New Edition of the History of the
 Markham Family.
 1913. Translation of Garcia da Orta. (Colloquies on the Drugs
 and Simples of India.)
 Now in the Press. The History of Polar Exploration.

In addition to the works enumerated above, Sir Clements Markham contributed three articles to the "Encyclopædia Britannica," another to "Chambers's Encyclopædia," two chapters on Peru for Winsor's "Narrative and Critical History of America," and he wrote all the chapters on voyages of discovery in Laird Clowes's "History of the Navy."

He was also the writer of numerous papers and articles in the Royal Geographical Society's Journal and Proceedings, including twelve anniversary presidential addresses.

He lectured frequently to the cadets on board the *Worcester* and *Conway*, also at the Society of Arts, the Royal Institution, the Society of Antiquaries, the Royal United Service Institution, and many other Societies, schools, etc.

APPENDIX C

BOOKS EDITED FOR THE HAKLUYT SOCIETY BY
SIR CLEMENTS MARKHAM

(MANY OF THEM TRANSLATED BY HIM FROM THE SPANISH)

- Expeditions into the Valley of the Amazons (A.D. 1539, 1540, 1639).
Narrative of the Embassy of Ruy Gonzalez de Clavijo to the Court of Timour at Samarcand (A.D. 1403-1406).
The Expedition of Pedro de Ursua and Lope de Aguirre (A.D. 1560-61).
The Life and Acts of Don Alonzo Enriquez de Guzman (A.D. 1518-1543).
The Travels of Pedro de Cieza de Leon (1532-50).
Narrative of the Proceedings of Pedrarias Davila.
The Royal Commentaries of the Incas (2 vols.)
Reports on the Discovery of Peru.
Narrative of the Rites and Laws of the Incas.
The Voyages of Sir James Lancaster, Knt., to the East Indies.
The Hawkins Voyages.
The Natural and Moral History of the Indies (2 vols.).
The Voyages of William Baffin (1612-1622).
The Second Part of the Chronicle of Peru (1532-1550)
Tractatus de Globis, et eorum Usu.
Journal of Christopher Columbus.
The Letters of Amerigo Vespucci.
Narratives of the Voyages of Pedro Sarmiento de Gamboa to the Straits of Magellan (1579-80).
The Voyages of Pedro Fernandez de Quiros (1595-1606).
The Guanches of Teneriffe, The Holy Image of Our Lady of Candelaria.
History of the Incas.

Narrative of the Viceregal Embassy to Vilcabambal, etc. (1571).
Magellan's Strait.

Book of the Knowledge of All the Kingdoms, Lands, and Lord-
ships, that are in the World.

The War of Quito.

La Guerra de Chupas.

Guerra de las Salinas.

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