

HEROES OF MODERN AFRICA



J. R. Williams



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HEROES OF MODERN AFRICA



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THE BOMBARDMENT OF ALGIERS

When Lord Exmouth attacked this den of piracy and cruelty, even the British women served at the same guns as their husbands, and never shrank.

HEROES OF MODERN AFRICA

TRUE STORIES OF THE INTREPID BRAVERY AND
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P R E F A C E

THE list of English heroes who have given their life-work, and in many cases their lives, to the exploration and development of Africa is a long one. The following chapters contain the stories of some explorers, naval and military commanders, and administrators, but do not include for the most part philanthropists and missionaries, who will probably be dealt with in another volume in the future. The writer has attempted to give sufficient detail and colour to attract the reader and make him wish to know more; so, names of books that have been consulted are mentioned at the end of each chapter.

The exploration of Africa, begun by Greece and Rome, has been carried on also by Moslem Arabs, by the Portuguese, the Dutch, and later by the French and Germans, as well as by ourselves. It seems as if unknown Africa would shortly be reduced to a small area, and the long list of explorers and discoverers must soon be completed; but there is yet room in the world for men of enterprise who will go forth to keep order among men and the lower animals, to organise a higher civilisation, to combat diseases, and teach the natives the truths of science and religion.

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ERRATUM

By mistake the following acknowledgment was omitted at p. 196:—

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PART I

HEROES OF EXPLORATION

HEROES OF MODERN AFRICA

CHAPTER I

JAMES BRUCE

IT is strange that Africa, which boasts the oldest of civilisations in Egypt, should be one of the last continents to yield up its secrets to the explorer and geographer. Perhaps the burning sands of its waterless deserts, and the deadly fevers bred in its river valleys, may have secured for it that age-long seclusion. The savants of Memphis, Thebes, and On, whose earliest forerunners lived some four thousand years before our era, only smiled inscrutably at the inquisitive Greek historian, Herodotus, when he pestered them with questions concerning the source of their sacred river. To them there were deep questions of life and death and immortality which far out-clamoured the materialistic probings of that teller of tales.

But the Egyptians were not all immured in religion and the "Book of the Dead"; for, two hundred years before Herodotus visited the cities on the Nile, Pharaoh Necho had been prompted, about 600 B.C., to solve some of the mysteries of the South land; and, if Herodotus had not heard the results, no doubt the priests of Isis and Horus may have explained to him how the learned Pharaoh sent Phœnician

JAMES BRUCE

navigators at his own cost down the Red Sea and along the East Coast of Africa till they doubled the Cape and reappeared after three years by the Pillars of Hercules, and so through the Mediterranean back to Tyre and home.

Again, we know that about five hundred years B.C., Hanno, the Carthaginian admiral, was sent by order of the Senate to plant colonies on the Western Coast of Africa. They sailed southwards in sixty ships, as the Greek translator of the admiral's journal informs us, and landed many times in the far-away regions of the crocodile and the gorilla; they saw with a strange alarm how the hilltops were alight with beacons, and they heard the wild clang of the tocsin as their fleet appeared off coast or headland.

How far they sailed we cannot be sure, some think to the coast of Guinea.

Again, Rome under Nero sent out two centurions in command of an exploring party to ascend the Nile; who, with the help of the King of Abyssinia, reached the vast marshes above the junction of the White Nile and the Sobat; after them for eighteen centuries no European ever visited those regions. In the fourteenth century Ibn Basuta, of Tangiers, made a long journey inland from Fez and saw the Niger. Other Arabians followed his example, notably Leo Africanus.

Then the Portuguese in the fifteenth century took up the adventurous enterprise under the guidance of Prince Henry, the navigator; they made a friend of the King of the Congo, and sent missionaries to convert his people. Vasco da Gama doubled the Cape, and reached Mombasa on the East Coast, but we cannot do more than mention his name.

The first great explorer of British blood was James Bruce of Kinnaird, in the county of Stirling, who was born in 1730, and inherited from his mother a weakness of lung. But he shot up quickly in height, and was tall when, at the

EXPLORER OF ABYSSINIA

age of twelve, he was sent to Harrow School, then under the mastership of Dr. Cox.

Two years later a letter was sent to Bruce's father by Dr. Glen, in which he wrote of his son James, "I never saw so fine a lad of his years in my life," and Dr. Cox remarked to him, "When you write to Mr. Bruce's father about his son, you cannot say too much; for he is as promising a young man as ever I had under my care, and for his years I never saw his fellow."

Bruce remained at Harrow four years, studying the classics and making valuable friends; but he had outgrown his strength, being already above six feet high; and his uncle, Counsellor Hamilton, on seeing and hearing him, wrote to his father, "He is a mighty good youth, a very good scholar, and extremely good-tempered; has good solid sense and a good understanding . . . he inclines to the profession of a clergyman, for which he has a well-fitted gravity."

Bruce, the six-foot-four explorer, the dare-devil who kept every savage in awe—a most grave and reverend student of divinity!

But his father preferred the law for him, and sent for him to Scotland in May 1747. At home he ranged the hills and grew stronger; in the autumn he got his first taste of field sports and lost some of his gravity. But the study of Scottish law did not agree with him after grouse-shooting, and his physician ordered him home for fresh air and exercise. "Oh! but he is a bonnie laddie," said the ghillie, looking up into the frank face of the young giant, "and I will mak' a man of him yet."

By the time he was twenty-two he had gained his full height, and was no longer a meditative invalid pondering over the probability of an early death. He felt within him the power and the will to do something in the world:

JAMES BRUCE

he wished for a writership in the East India Company, but was above the age for admittance.

So he went to London to ask permission from the Court of Directors to trade under its patronage.

One of his old Harrow friends soon introduced him to Adriana Allan, a beautiful and gifted girl, the daughter of a rich wine merchant. As James Bruce was so soon to go to India, Adriana received his attentions with artless appreciation; the result being that Jamie thought it best to take a share in the wine trade, not omitting a partnership with Adriana. Her mother, now a widow, consented, and they were married in 1754, when Bruce was only twenty-four years old. But a great happiness of a few years' duration was broken by the early death of his young wife from consumption while they were at Paris. Bruce, after the funeral, rode away on horseback all night in the rain, and by the time he arrived at Boulogne was in a high fever. Frequent bleedings ended in a violent pain in his breast, and he returned to his business in London with little zest for affairs. To take off sad thoughts he began to read books of travel; then an idea occurred to him—why should he not find the source of the Nile? He fagged at Spanish and Portuguese and drawing, and not long did he tarry in London, but set off for Portugal and Spain and France and Germany. At Brussels he was challenged to fight a duel, and after wounding his antagonist twice, thought it wise to leave for Holland; he was just in time to see the battle of Crevelt, and was vastly interested to witness a little real warfare: this experience hardened him in his resolve to seek more lions in the path of exploration.

But at Rotterdam a letter was brought him announcing the death of his father, and he at once returned to England.

He had succeeded to the paternal estate at Kinnaird, but remained three years longer in London, winding-up

EXPLORER OF ABYSSINIA

his business and studying Arabic and Ethiopic and the geography of Abyssinia. It was evident to his friends that he was wishing to seek the source of the Nile in Abyssinia, that land of mystery and mountain.

Just then coal mines were found in his Scotch property : his income was increased, and he could afford to travel far. But he had suggested in a letter to Mr. Pitt how easy it would be, in war-time, to capture Ferrol ; Pitt sent for Bruce, and asked him to draw up a memorandum. This brought him to the notice of Lord Halifax, who one day suggested that it would be a fine thing to explore Barbary or the course of the Nile. Bruce leapt at the idea, but just then he was offered the consulship at Algiers ; King George the Third received him kindly, and requested him to make accurate drawings of any ruins he fell in with. So he travelled leisurely through France and Italy, improving his drawing faculties and his taste and his study of astronomy. He was carefully preparing himself for the great work of his life.

But his stay in Algiers was not long ; for the Dey of Algiers, Ali Pasha, a wicked, old tyrant, was bent on slighting Bruce as well as the other consuls : amongst other things he had made a slave of an English sailor, and refused at Bruce's request to release him ; nay, he even produced the poor man for Bruce to see how he had been hacked, mangled, and bruised, and to show how the Dey cared neither for the King of England nor his consul.

Bruce wrote home and suggested that the only reason or argument that the Dey would respect was a show of force ; but the home Government did not think it worth while ; so the Dey proceeded to bastinado the English consul's messengers and the captain of his despatch boat in such a manner that the blood gushed out.

While Bruce was waiting for a reply from Lord Halifax,

JAMES BRUCE

he was studying Arabic and Moorish at every leisure moment, conversing with the natives, and sketching old ruins. When the reply did come, it was so unsatisfactory that Bruce begged to resign his commission as consul.

We must hurry over his next travels: he visited Tunis, Crete, Rhodes, Palmyra and Baalbec, Cyprus and Egypt. He suffered shipwreck and was saved by swimming, only to be stripped and beaten by Arabs; but he persevered in his intention to find the source of the Nile some day. In July 1768 he reached Cairo, where he posed as a dervish skilled in medicine, as indeed he was; he made friends with the Greek Patriarch of the Convent of St. George, and obtained letters to the Greek Christians in Abyssinia; then, in December, he took a boat up the Nile, and noticed that the monasteries of the Coptic Christians dared not sow their land, for they knew it would only expose them to the violence of the Arabs.

He visited ancient Thebes and its sepulchres and sketched some of the paintings there, then on to Karnac and Luxor, where he prescribed for the Sheikh and obtained his blessing: "Cursed be the man who lifts his hand against you." Bruce revealed to his new friends, Ababdé Arabs, that he was hoping to visit Abyssinia, a country from which no stranger was allowed to return; and all took the oath to help "Yagoube," as they called Bruce, in the tell or in the desert. On the 16th of February 1769, Bruce joined a caravan to cross the desert to the Red Sea. It was burning hot on the sand: no living herb or animal or bird was to be seen. Next they reached hills of green and red marble and red sand. Bruce writes, "In four days we passed more granite, porphyry, marble, and jasper than would build Rome, Athens, Corinth, Syracuse, and half-a-dozen such cities." At length they came to Cosseir, a mud-walled village on the shore of the Red Sea, where, as he showed the firman of the



BRUCE'S SHORT METHOD WITH THE ARAB

The Scotsman was a man of great stature and immense strength. He seized the Arab who was inciting his companions to attack the explorer and flung him ten or twelve feet away.

EXPLORER OF ABYSSINIA

Grand Seignior and the letter of the Bey of Cairo, he was treated with great respect.

But during his stay here four hundred Ababbé Arabs came in on camels, and taking Bruce's Arab, Abd-el-gin, for an enemy of theirs they put a rope round his neck to cut his throat outside the walls.

Bruce, on being told of the danger of his servant, vaulted on his horse and rode two miles in pursuit. A crowd of Arabs whom he overtook came round him, gabbling dire threats.

"Salaam alicum," said Bruce, "we are friends: where is your chief?"

They pointed to a black tent which had a long spear thrust up in the end of it.

"I met Ibrahim, the Sheik's son, at the door of the tent. At first he did not recognise me; but I took hold of the pillar of the tent and said, 'Fiardac!' when he cried, 'What! are you Yagoube, our physician and friend? and my people are about to kill your servant, you say? Verily, God renounce me and mine, if it is as you say; if one of them hath touched but the hair of his head, that man shall never drink of the Nile again.'"

Thereat order was sent to release the Arab servant, and the incident closed with good feeling on both sides.

Bruce had proved that he dared to face danger in defence of his servants, and the Arabs respected him for it.

He now explored the coast, crossed the Gulf, encountered a storm, and cut the mainsail into shreds with a knife whilst his skipper was muttering his prayers to a local saint. At the port of Jidda he appeared before the English consul shaking with ague, weather-beaten and in rags.

He was treated as a beggar, for he was too ill to explain matters, and fell asleep on a mat in the cook's quarters.

Meanwhile the Vizier, wishing to see what so wretched a tramp should have in his trunks, opened them at the hinges,

JAMES BRUCE

and stood aghast at his own temerity when the first thing he saw was the firman of the Grand Seignior powdered with gold dust and wrapped in green taffeta ; next he found a white satin bag addressed to the Khan of Tartary ! then a green and gold silk bag with letters directed to the Sheriff of Mecca ! and last of all he found a letter addressed to himself by Ali Bey of Cairo, written with all the arrogant superiority of a prince to a slave, and ending with an intimation that if he neglected the noble Bruce he, the Bey of Cairo, would punish the affront at the very gates of Mecca. The Vizier turned pale. "Nail up those boxes," he cried peevishly ; "why did ye slaves not tell me the stranger was a great personage ?" The terrified Vizier mounted his horse and rode at a gallop to the English factory. His suite scampered about, crying, "Where is the English nobleman ? has any one seen him ?"

They only found, as it seemed, his servant yawning on a mat ; but the Vizier approached and said, "Where is your master ?" "In Heaven !" replied Bruce calmly, stretching forth one long arm. "Not dead, surely ? the noble Bruce is not dead, I hope ?" "Oh ! dear, no ! I am not dead—only dead tired, my friend" ; and the giant shook himself, got up and bowed with dignity. The courtyard was full of gaping Arabs and Turks : the story soon brought hundreds to see the big and noble stranger. Then followed great joy and rich banquets, and offers of help in entering Abyssinia. Finally he sailed for Massowah, the port of Abyssinia, not as a beggar, but as a prince, with the compliment of a salute from the fort. He spent seventeen days in reaching Massowah, but he used most of the time in surveying the islands and coast, taking latitude and longitude, finding the depth of the harbours and determining the currents. All these observations were then entirely new, and were of utmost value to succeeding traders.

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Hitherto nothing had been known of the interior of Africa, except by a few missionaries, who seldom returned to give any account of their labours. Bruce made many interesting observations on the climate and geology of Abyssinia: he noted that a belt of some eleven hundred miles on each side of the Equator was periodically deluged with rain, and that this region was covered with enormous trees and climbing shrubs; here the flamingo and heron, crane and duck, goose and plover, kingfisher and the fishing-eagle held their revels, while the air vibrated with the song of myriads of little birds. It sounds delightful; but we still have to reckon with the mosquito, the ant, the crocodile, and the fever.

Abyssinia, which country Bruce was now about to enter, being the oldest monarchy in Africa, lies in the middle of the north torrid zone: it contains enormous forests and rugged mountains, which run parallel with the Red Sea; the Blue Nile rises within its frontiers; the rains are of tropical violence, and are attended by the presence of myriad flies that for six months render that part of the land which they infest almost intolerable to the life of man or animal.

The low, flat country is occupied by the Shangalla, the ancient Ethiopians, pagans black and naked, living in forests upon the game they catch: they are all archers from boyhood, sober and manly.

But when a new king mounted the throne of Abyssinia, it was the custom for the mountain-bred Abyssinians to hunt the Shangalla, kill the men, and carry off the boys and girls to become their slaves.

Besides these races there is a shepherd race, the Galla, who ride on horseback, swim wide rivers, eat raw meat, and are generally Mahometans.

About 1550 Ignatius Loyola persuaded the Pope to send a mission to Massowah, to convert the Abyssinians; the

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Portuguese followed this up by later missions, although a form of Coptic Christianity had been introduced from Alexandria in the fourth century—a form which soon became degraded into gross superstitions. The older Coptic priests stirred up the people to resist Rome, and the Romans were expelled in 1630.

With this slight sketch of the country to help us we can follow Bruce in his travels through Abyssinia. He found it in a state of civil war, and narrowly escaped being murdered at the port of Massowah in September 1769.

But the story of the salute given him at Jidda, and the news that he was a great prince, saved his life. He presented his letters to the man in authority. "Do you think I shall read all these letters? Why, it would take me a month." "Just as you please," replied Bruce, reclining easily in a large elbow chair. A day or two after, the Nagbe asked for 300 ounces of gold.

"I am not a trader," said Bruce; "I have no gold for you."

"Then I will confine you in a dungeon till your bones come through your skin."

"Since you have broken your faith with the Government of Cairo, you may expect to see the *Lion*, an English man-of-war, some morning soon," said Bruce firmly.

"Ha! ha! I should like to see the man that would carry as much writing from you to Jidda as would lie upon my thumb-nail! I would strip off his skin and hang him before your door, Englishman!"

"My wisdom has already taught me to prevent this," replied Bruce; "my letter has already gone to Jidda. So I advise you to let me continue my journey."

The Nagbe swore under his breath: "Go, then, and think of the ill that is before you."

On the 15th of November Bruce got away and faced

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the three ridges of mountains, crossing lovely water-courses in which he bathed, finding that the skylark sang the same notes as in England, having battles with herds of hyenas. One day he bought an Arab horse and groom, Arab stirrups, saddle, and bridle; the horse he called Mirza, a name of good fortune to him hereafter.

When at length he reached Adowa, the capital of Tigré, the chief officer of Customs was so shocked at Bruce's torn and bleeding feet that he burst into tears and cursed the Nagbe of Massowah. The Governor of the city received Bruce cordially, and feasted him and his company.

On their way to Gondar, the capital of Abyssinia, they came upon the ruins of Axum, in which were forty obelisks, each being made of one piece of granite. Soon after they witnessed an episode, the narration of which on his return to London served to make many stay-at-homes sceptical of Bruce's veracity. For he says, "We overtook three travellers driving a cow before them; as we drew near a river the drivers suddenly tripped up the cow; then one of them sat across her neck, holding down her head by the horns, another twisted a halter round her fore feet, while the third cut out of her buttocks two good-sized beefsteaks. Then they clapped down the skin, made a plaster of clay, forced the animal to rise, and drove it on before them." Even Dr. Johnson, who had travelled as far as Scotland, found this story too difficult for his digestion; though he may have often enjoyed a supper of live oysters, and heard of English sailors eating the tail of a live shark. However, later travellers have confessed that they had often seen the very disgusting act which Bruce was found guilty of imagining.

Ninety-five days after leaving Massowah, Bruce saw before him Gondar, the capital of Abyssinia. The city is situated on the flat summit of a hill, half-circled by the river Angrat;

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on the west side stands the king's palace, flanked by towers and surrounded by a stone wall 30 feet high. On the other side of the river was a large town of Mahometans, and on the north of Gondar was Koscam, the palace of the queen-mother.

It soon became known that Bruce was a Hakim, or Physician, and as the smallpox was raging in the city, Ayto Aylo, the queen's chamberlain, called upon him by the queen-mother's orders.

But a saint of the country having just administered to a sick young prince some sacred letters written in ink on a tin plate and washed off into a cup, Bruce had to bide till the morrow. As, after the infusion of sacred letters, the patient had been crammed with raw beef, the poor boy died in the night. His mother, Ozoro Esther, the beautiful wife of Ras Michael, sent for Bruce again and promised to obey all his orders.

Her faith in the local saint was gone ; her little daughter was now ill, and she was inconsolable.

Bruce obtained new and clean clothes, for he had been near infection ; he had his hair cut, curled, and perfumed in the fashion, and set to work in the palace : he opened all the windows and doors, washed them with warm water and vinegar, and utterly upset all local customs.

After a few weeks most of his patients recovered. Bruce received as a reward a house for himself near the palace.

When the king returned and heard about Bruce's skill and attention he appointed the Englishman "master of the king's horse," an office of great rank and revenue.

But Bruce declined the honour : he had no wish to live and die in Gondar, but desired to explore the country and find the Nile source.

One day Bruce had put down a boaster in the king's presence by saying he could do as much with a tallow candle

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as the boaster could with his gun. The king turned and asked him to make his words good.

Three shields were brought, and Bruce loaded his gun before a courtyard full of gaping savages, slid down the barrel half a farthing candle, and fired! The candle went through the three shields and dashed itself to pieces against a stone wall behind them.

The effect on the king's mind was immense, but some of the priests muttered "Magic!"

Bruce was now appointed governor of a province on the west, near the frontiers of Sennaar, and was happy in his freedom.

He marched with the king's army, often ill with ague, often at the brink of destruction. One day he asked a boon of the king—"You shall give me, sire, the village Geesh, where the Nile rises."

The king laughed, and said, "It is done, Yagoube; I feared you might ask leave to go home," and he swore to give Bruce and his heirs those springs for ever.

But Bruce was not to find the source of the Blue Nile so easily. For, when he travelled to visit Fasil, the king's chief near Geesh, and explained his object, that worthy exclaimed, "The source of the Nile! Do you know what you are saying? Why, it is God knows where, in the country of the Galla, wild, terrible people. Are you to get there in a year?"

After some talk Bruce found that the chief priest, Abba Salama, had ordered Fasil not to permit a Frank, like him, to pass thither.

Bruce thereupon lost his temper and answered rudely; a violent bleeding at the nose came on, and he had to seek his tent and think quietly over his folly.

The next day Fasil put Bruce on a wild horse, hoping he would be killed or kicked to death; but Bruce let the

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brute gallop and buck till he was tired, then gave the reins to a groom, saying—

“Take the horse back to your master ; he may venture to ride him now, which is more than either he or you dared to have done in the morning.”

Fasil, on Bruce’s return, was ashamed of what he had tried to do, and said, “The groom deserves to die ; take him, Yagoube, and cut him in a thousand pieces, if you please, and give his body to the kites.”

“No,” said Bruce, “I am a Christian ; the way my religion teaches me to punish my enemies is by doing good for evil.”

Fasil, in a low voice, said to his officers, “A man that behaves as he does may go through any country” ; and he put on him a white muslin robe, saying, “Bear witness all ! I give to you, Yagoube, the village Geesh as fully and freely as the king hath given it to me.”

Fasil then turned to seven chiefs of the Galla, who swore to protect this stranger. On the 2nd of November he had ridden to the Nile, near the mountain of Geesh ; here he told the natives he should collect no more taxes, and they wondered what worse infliction their new lord would put upon them. He found the Nile here only twenty feet broad and a foot deep, and stopped to meditate. “I could not satiate my eyes with the sight, revolving in my mind all those classical prophecies that had given the Nile up to perpetual obscurity and concealment.”

To appease the natives, who looked on the Nile as sacred, Bruce threw off his shoes and ran down to a little island in which were two fountains. Long he stood there before an altar of green turf, thanking God that he had won through so many dangers to arrive at the sources of the Nile ; but soon a strange despondency fell upon him, he knew not why. As Byron sings—



BRUCE AND THE WILD HORSE

Bruce when seeking the source of the Blue Nile was prevented by Fasil the King's chief near Geash, who, hoping that he would be killed, mounted him on a wild horse. But Bruce let it gallop and buck till it was tired, then handed it over to a groom.

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“ The lovely toy, so keenly sought,
Has lost its charms by being caught.”

Bruce would have felt more despondent still if he could have been told that his Nile was only the smaller river, not the main stream. Naturally the Abyssinians believed that their river was the real Nile, and many European savants also at that time believed the same. We must not forget, too, that the learned Jesuit, Peter Paez, had visited these fountains one hundred and fifty years before Bruce, but his journal had never reached the public eye.

On returning to the village, Bruce was welcomed by the Shum, or Priest of the river, and they passed a very merry evening, for the good news of Bruce's generosity was at last being assimilated by their suspicious minds. Bruce then returned to Gondar, took part in a campaign, saw his enemy, Abba Salama, hanged for treason, and witnessed the terrible cruelty that followed upon victory—hundreds being blinded and turned off to the hyenas.

Bruce made a vain protest to the king, who only laughed and said, “They were rebels; fear not, Yagoube: all dead bodies shall be removed from the streets before the Epiphany.”

“So this is Christianity in Abyssinia!” thought Bruce, and a great longing to go back to Scotland seized upon him.

He asked the king's permission to depart, and it was reluctantly given. On the 26th of December 1771 he left Gondar after a residence of two years and a quarter. After five days' journey through wooded hills he came to Tcherkin, and here a man came to his tent to conduct him to a friend. Bruce went to a pretty house overlooking the river, and to his great surprise found the lovely Ozoro Esther sitting on an ottoman with her maid.

“You need not be surprised, Yagoube, to see me here;

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my husband is dead, and I am resolved to go to Jerusalem, that I may be buried in the Holy Sepulchre."

Ozoro's son, Confu, having come to hunt big game, Bruce was easily persuaded to be their guest; but on the 15th January he tore himself away, feeling that his love was due to a Scots lassie whom he hoped one day to marry.

When he reached the capital of Atbara, the Sheikh demanded from Bruce two thousand piastres in gold, and detained him by many excuses.

"I have no gold for you," said Bruce; "I advise you to drink a little warm water to clear your stomach and cool your head."

Bruce was leaving the chamber, when the Sheikh exclaimed in fury, "Hakim, infidel, or devil, hearken to what I say: either give me those piastres, or you shall die—aye, by mine own hand."

Upon this, says Bruce, he took up his sword, and drawing it with bravado, threw the scabbard into the middle of the room; then, tucking up the sleeve of his shirt above his elbow, like a butcher, he said, "I wait your answer." Bruce, stepping one pace backwards, dropped the burnoose behind him and closed the joint in the stock of the small blunderbuss which he concealed under his flowing robe: at the same time he replied in a firm tone—

"This is my answer: I am not a man to die like a beast by the hand of a drunkard; on your life, I charge you, stir not from your sofa."

Bruce had no need to give this order, for the Sheikh, on hearing the click, thought the blunderbuss had been cocked, and was about to be fired.

He let his sword drop, threw himself on his back on the sofa and cried, "For God's sake, Hakim, take care! I was but jesting."

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"I thought so," said Bruce in cutting tones, "therefore I wish you good night."

He left the bully cowed for the moment ; and fortunately letters came from the Sheikh's superior demanding Bruce's immediate release.

Bruce quitted Sennaar and crossed the great desert of Nubia, meeting sandstorms and whirlwinds, losing camels and being robbed by Arabs ; more than one of his party went mad, water failed them, the simoon exhausted them, and Bruce had to walk long distances with bleeding feet.

One day they found a widgeon in a small pool of water.

"Don't shoot it," said Bruce to Ishmael, his attendant ; "let us see in which direction it will fly—there will be the Nile."

The bird rose high—for a long flight—and flew to the west.

At last the remaining camels were too weak to stand, so they killed two, and the Bishareen Arabs extracted from their stomachs about four gallons of water—pure, untainted, and very wholesome !

A few days later, with death before their eyes, they had to leave all heavy objects behind : Bruce buried in the sand his drawings and journals, his quadrant, telescope, and time-keeper, and sat down in great dejection on the top of a rocky hill. Surely God had forgotten to be gracious, and all his pains and trouble and daring and suffering were to be thrown away !

He covered his face with his hands, lest the others should see his tears. The evening was still—very still—and Bruce thought he heard a strange noise far, far away. Was it delirium coming over him, or did he really hear the sound of many waters ? "Listen, Ishmael ! do you hear anything ?"

"God is merciful !" cried the other, starting to his feet, "it is the cataract !"

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The news flew from one to another in the little camp: Christians, Moors, and Turks all burst into tears, kissed and embraced one another, and held up hands to thank God for His infinite mercy and kindness.

Next morning at nine o'clock they saw before them the palm trees of Assouan, and their weary march of twelve weeks from Sennaar was at last completed. Painfully they ran to the Nile to drink: Bruce flung himself down beneath some palm trees and fell into a deep sleep.

Ishmael, in his green turban and ragged robes, walked into the town in search of food. He was questioned—"What! travelled all that way! you must come to the Aga. What! you have an English master! Where is he?"

"Go," said Ishmael, "to yon palm trees, and when you find the tallest man you ever saw in your life, more ragged and dirty than I am, call him Yagoube, and desire him to come along with you to the Aga."

"I do not know if I can walk," stammered Bruce, when the janissary called him to awake and come with him to the castle.

However, he managed to get as far as the castle, where the Aga received him hospitably. "My firman, sir, and papers—all buried in the desert; but give me fresh camels and I will fetch them—I would rather risk my life twenty times than lose those papers."

"God forbid I should suffer you to do so mad an action: we will take it for granted what those papers contain—go in peace: eat and sleep."

The Aga sent fifty loaves of fine, white bread, and some dishes of meat, but when the smell of these reached Bruce, he fell down in a faint.

For some days he could take nothing but toasted bread and coffee; but on the sixth day he obtained dromedaries,

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rode back forty miles in the desert, found his baggage and papers, and returned a happier man.

On the 11th December he went on board a canja at Syene, and floated down the Nile to Cairo, feeling all the worse from the change to absolute idleness.

Mahomet Bey, at Cairo, was all kindness. Bruce soon set sail for Marseilles. Paris treated him with every attention, Italy with honour, but London with incredulity and neglect; this stung his Scotch pride to the quick, so he hurried back to his home in Scotland, and busied himself with his private affairs. In March 1776 he married Mary Dundas, a lady much younger than himself, for he was now forty-six.

His Abyssinian dress and astronomical studies scared the people of the glen, and "Eh! the laird's gaen daft!" was the prevailing opinion.

His wife died in 1785, leaving a son and a daughter. Then, in his solitude, he completed the history of his work and travels in the year 1790, just seventeen years after his return to Europe. It consisted of five large quarto volumes, and was addressed to the king.

It is full of interesting matter and of exciting stories, and we, who can lazily glide down to Khartoum in a first-class carriage, must feel that the pioneer of such dangerous travel as Bruce experienced is worthy of all honour. The hero who survived so many perils was destined to meet his death by doing an act of politeness. He was saying good night to a party of friends at Kinnaird, when, seeing an old lady was going downstairs alone, he hurried to help her, missed his footing, and pitched on his head.

So died James Bruce in his own quiet home in the sixty-fourth year of his age. His descendants have not yet claimed their heritage in the fountains of the Blue Nile at Geesh, left to them for ever by the King of Abyssinia.

CHAPTER II

SIR SAMUEL BAKER

SAMUEL WHITE BAKER was born in 1821, of a family of Bristol merchants, some of whom possessed large estates in Dorset and Kent. Many of his ancestors were shipowners and sea-rovers of the Elizabethan type, and Samuel inherited the family love of adventure and travel. In his boyhood he lived at Enfield: he was fair of skin, and had blue eyes and a stout frame, and was full of mischief and activity.

When he was twelve years old his parents removed to Highnam Court, near Gloucester, where there was very good shooting; at an early age Samuel learnt to use a gun, and grew up manly and healthy.

He was sent to school at the Gloucester College, near the Cathedral; three years later he was removed to a tutor at Tottenham, where he was allowed to browse in the library at will, and drank in much that influenced his after life from the study of Belzoni's *Travels in Egypt and Nubia*.

Next he was sent to attend lectures at Frankfort-on-Main, and on his return found that his father's new home, Lypiatt Park, was the paradise of sportsmen; here he even wrote poetry and dreamed of making discoveries.

In 1843 Samuel and his brother were both married on the same day, two brothers to two sisters, daughters of Charles Martin, rector of Maisemore. Samuel and John, with their young wives, went soon after this to the Mauritius to help in managing their father's estate.

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In 1846 Samuel took his young family to Ceylon, which at that time was in a poor state, owing to the failure of the coffee crop.

His brother John joined him in buying a thousand acres at Newera Eliya, 6000 feet above the sea, where they imported a colony, men, women, children, horses, and hounds, and cattle. In that mountain plain, so lately the home of the elk, the elephant, and the wild boar, they built an English village and made the wilderness and jungle rich with roses and the flowers of the tea plant.

In 1855 the two brothers returned to England with their families, leaving their Ceylon settlement in the hands of their bailiff.

Samuel, having seen his book, *Eight Years' Wanderings in Ceylon*, through the press, took his wife to the Pyrenees, but in December the lady died of typhus fever; and as his two brothers, Valentine and James, were then serving in the Crimean War, Samuel resolved to travel to Constantinople. Peace, however, was soon proclaimed, and Samuel returned to England, feeling already that a life spent in shooting big game was hardly worth living.

In 1859 we find him superintending the construction of a railway from the Danube to the Black Sea; and it was about this time that he met the daughter of Herr Finian von Sass, whom he afterwards married.

In 1860 he had determined to go to Khartoum, and perhaps try to help Speke in finding the sources of the Nile. "You know," he wrote to a friend, "that Africa has always been in my head"; and again, he wrote to his sister, "A wandering spirit is in my marrow, which forbids rest."

It was, of course, the White Nile which he wished to explore, for the Abyssinian highlands had been visited by several British parties from the time that Bruce left the country.

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As to the White Nile, M. de Bellefonds, an agent of the African Association in London, had reached $13^{\circ} 6' N.$ latitude, and had found from the quality of the water that it probably issued from a lake: this lake had been heard of by missionaries in East Africa, and in 1858 Burton and Speke were sent to discover it by the Royal Geographical Society. They reached Lake Tanganyika together, and Speke went on and found the Victoria Nyanza; in 1860 Speke had gone out again with Grant, and it was these now whom Baker wished to assist. So he started from Cairo in April 1861, and went by boat to Korosko, where he obtained camels and entered the Nubian Desert.

The pace they went in a very hot season made Mrs. Baker ill, but they pressed on to Berber and examined the river Atbara with interest, as being the chief bearer of the alluvial soil which yearly enriches the Delta of Egypt. Baker, with a few Arabs, ascended the dry bed of the Atbara, and in *The Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia* he tells us what he experienced:—

“At about half-past eight I was lying half-asleep upon my bed by the margin of the river when I fancied that I heard a rumbling like distant thunder—then a confusion of voices arose from the Arabs’ camp, with the sound of many feet; in a few minutes they rushed into my camp, shouting to my men in the darkness, ‘El bahr! el bahr!’ (the river! the river!)

“We were up in an instant . . . many of the people were asleep on the clean sand on the river’s bed; these were quickly awakened by the Arabs, but the sound of the waters in the darkness beneath told us that the river had arrived; and the men, dripping with wet, had just sufficient time to drag their heavy burdens up the bank. All was darkness and confusion: the river had arrived like ‘a thief in the night.’”

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Next morning they looked down upon a noble river flowing deep, muddy, and boisterous through the thirsty desert.

For a few days longer they marched up the river's banks, sometimes crossing deep glens rich with long grass and alive with big game and herds of antelopes.

At the village of Sofi, Baker kept a permanent camp for five months. He bought a neat dwelling in the village ; but, as it was near insanitary and odorous surroundings, he had the roof carried on the shoulders of thirty men, and the sticks that formed the walls borne by a motley crowd of helpers, to a more eligible spot upon a little hill in the park-like grounds, commanding an extensive view over the well-wooded valley of the Atbara—no taxes, as he says, no tithes!—not more than 2000 miles from a church, and with a post-town at the easy distance of 70 leagues ; the manor being plentifully stocked with elephants, lions, giraffes, &c., while the rivers swarmed with fish of all sizes, and also with turtles and crocodiles.

His house comprised dining-room, drawing-room, lady's boudoir, library, bedroom, &c.—with this great advantage, that all were combined in one circular chamber, fourteen feet in diameter !

How pleasantly Mr. and Mrs. Baker passed their time in Abyssinia compared with the long-drawn sufferings of James Bruce !

Until now Baker had made sport the chief interest in his life : science and philanthropy had taken a second place.

Even now he was fraternising with the Hamran Arabs, who hunted the lion and elephant with only a horse and a sword ; but he began to draw careful maps of the river system during his fourteen months' stay in Abyssinia. Sir Roderick Murchison, after examining his papers, recorded that Baker "had placed in a clear light the relations of

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the Atbara and Blue Nile to the main stream of the Nile, and had shown by actual observation that it was to these affluents the great river owed the rich sediment which, deposited by inundations, was the source of the fertility of Egypt."

The Abyssinian rivers, rushing down with furious speed from the highlands, carried the soil with them; while the White Nile, lazily passing through flat plains and encumbered with thick weeds, left its deposits behind.

In June 1862, Baker went back to the Nile at Khartoum, where he waited six months for the rains to cease.

Khartoum was at that period the resort of slave-dealers and scoundrels, and Musa Pasha, the Governor-General, looking upon Baker as an English spy upon their profitable trade, did what he could to prevent his going up the White Nile. During this time Baker heard of his father's death, and wrote to his sister, "It breaks my heart to think that I was his only child absent—God rest his soul! . . . Nothing but death shall prevent me from discovering the sources of the Nile . . . under God's guidance I shall succeed . . . I do not believe in what are called difficulties: they dissolve like spectres when faced. If you read Bruce's travels in these parts, you will shudder at the mere idea of living in such a country. I did so myself when I read his narrative; but although his descriptions are wonderfully accurate, I found no difficulties worth mentioning."

The Government of the Khedive refused Baker an escort of soldiers, and he had to be content with "the cut-throats of Khartoum."

He bought twenty-nine transport animals, camels, horses, and donkeys, and started with three vessels, forty-five armed men, forty men to manage the boats and supplies, and servants: making ninety-six in all.

Writing from Khartoum Baker says, "This country is no paradise: both morally and in its natural features it is

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hell itself, in plain English. But as I approach the Equator I hope to find an improvement, certainly in the natives, as they will be simple savages; whereas here they are savages cursed with every European vice, and with not one virtue of their race."

On the 18th December 1862, Baker left Khartoum with his Bedlam crew of rascals on two nuggars, or sailing barges, and one dahabia, which had been fitted with decent cabins for himself and Mrs. Baker.

In ten days they reached the land of the Dinka negroes, who kept in hiding, fearing to be taken as slaves. On the last day of the year Johann Schmidt, the German hunter and expert carpenter, died in spite of being nursed carefully by Mrs. Baker. His loss was keenly felt.

After a dreary and slow passage through marshlands, on the 2nd of February they drew near Gondokoro, formerly a mission station of the Austrians, but now the depôt of the ivory traders and slave hunters: these people looked on Baker as a spy, and tried to induce his men to desert by telling tales of the great dangers and pains to which they would be exposed further on.

Baker made a great store of corn, &c., in case Speke and Grant should come in and be short of supplies; but his men, being refused permission to loot the neighbours, broke out into open rebellion against him.

Baker seized the ringleader and thrashed him, but the others came howling round to attack him. At this moment Mrs. Baker, though suffering from fever, rushed out of her tent and cried to some of the men who knew her to come to her rescue. Then the others wavered, and Baker seized the moment to give a sharp order to "fall in": the sense of discipline prevailed, and they fell into line: the lady begged her husband to forgive them, and Baker accepted an apology from the ringleader.

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Certainly his life was saved by the pluck and good sense of his wife.

News began to come in that a caravan was approaching. On the 15th of February they heard the noise of guns from the south, and saw men running madly along the bank of the river; presently some of Baker's men rushed up to his boat, which was moored to the shore, and they breathlessly shouted, "The caravan! and two white men from the sea!"

There was such a din of muskets fired for salutes, and of shouts of negroes, that Baker did not realise at first that one of his donkeys had been shot by some enthusiastic negro, or Arab. For the salutes were fired with ball cartridges, and no particular aim was thought incumbent on them just then.

Baker set off to meet the strangers. He says in *The Albert Nyanza*, "At a distance of about a hundred yards I recognised my old friend Speke, and with a heart beating with joy I took off my cap and gave a welcome 'Hurrah!' as I ran towards him. For the moment he did not recognise me: ten years' growth of beard and moustache had worked a change; and as I was totally unexpected, my sudden appearance in the centre of Africa seemed incredible . . . We were shortly seated on deck under the awning; and such rough fare as could be hastily prepared was set before these two ragged, careworn specimens of African travel."

Speke and Grant, "with characteristic candour and generosity," showed Baker the map of their route; they informed him how they had traced the Nile from the Victoria Nyanza Lake, but had been obliged to omit a long portion of the river when it turned west after the Karuma Falls; this they urged Baker to explore, as they had heard of a second lake.

Baker thanked the explorers heartily, and at once began to organise his party; he lent his boats and men to Speke and Grant, and on the 26th of February 1863 they started

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for Khartoum. "They have won their victory," said Baker to his noble wife, as the boats vanished in the distance; "my work lies before me." Mohammed, the slave-trader who had escorted Speke to Gondokoro, agreed that his porters should carry Baker's baggage to Faloro, but from the first this man and his followers plotted to thwart Baker and prevent him from penetrating into the south country. They even tampered with Baker's own men; and, had not a small boy of twelve overhead the scheme of robbery and murder which was proposed, and revealed it to Mrs. Baker, all might have been ruined.

As it was Baker was forewarned, and disarmed fifteen of the mutineers; then, as Mohammed had gone forward, leaving a message to Baker that if he followed him there would be bloodshed, Baker had to join himself to another party of slave-traders. These were no more friendly to Baker, until Mrs. Baker called on their leader, Ibrahim, to be friends, and offered presents. At Latome they fell in again with Mohammed, and Baker's men mutinied once more.

"Not a man shall go with you!" shouted the ringleader insolently.

"Lay down your gun," ordered Baker.

"I will not!"

Baker with one stout blow struck the Arab to the ground, and at once began dragging his men to their camels.

All but five sullenly followed him, and Baker said of these five, in the hearing of his men, "Never mind! the vultures shall pick their bones."

In a few days the news was brought that Mohammed's men had been exterminated by a tribe of the Latuka; and the mutineers remembered the prophecy which the Englishman had uttered, and there was no more trouble.

Forty miles to the south-west lay Obbo, and its chief had sent Baker presents, on hearing that a white man was coming

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who wanted neither ivory nor slaves. Such a man seemed to the native mind a being higher than human. So Baker went to Obbo, a tableland nearly four thousand feet high. The chief received him well, and took care of Mrs. Baker, while he himself pushed down to the south.

After leaving Obbo, sickness broke out and Baker lost all his transport animals: so he trained three oxen for riding. Then all his porters deserted, and he had to depend on the good offices of the chiefs, who demanded endless gifts, even the muslin cap which Mrs. Baker was wearing. At last Kamrasi, the King of Unyoro, proposed to Baker that they should exchange wives; this was a little too much for Samuel Baker. "Drawing my revolver quietly," he says, "I held it within two feet of his chest; and looking at him with undisguised contempt, I told him that if I touched the trigger not all his men could save him; and that if he dared to repeat the insult I would shoot him on the spot. I explained to him that I looked upon him as an ignorant ox who knew no better, and that this excuse alone could save him." Mrs. Baker also had risen from her seat, and with angry brow dealt him some severe taunts in Arabic.

Kamrasi, with an air of indignant surprise, exclaimed, "Be not angry! I had no intention to offend by asking for your wife; I will give you a wife if you want one; it is my custom to give my visitors pretty wives, and I thought you might exchange. Don't make a fuss, I pray you; if you don't like it, I will never mention it again."

Baker received Kamrasi's apology sternly, and insisted on going away. Kamrasi provided porters to carry Baker's baggage to the lake, Muta Nzigé; there canoes were to be ready to convey him to Magungo, at which place he would see the Nile issue from the lake. Baker hoped that, after making observations on this source of the Nile, he would be able to get back to Gondokoro in time for the last boat to

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Khartoum ; for he had used all his quinine. As he says, "It was a race against time : all was untrodden ground before us, and the distance quite uncertain. I trembled for my wife, and weighed the risk of another year in this horrible country should we lose the boats. With the self-sacrificing devotion that she had shown in every trial, she implored me not to think of any risks on her account, but to push forward and discover the lake."

They started with a fine escort of 300 men, who wore horns on their heads, and rifled every village they passed near ; so Baker thought it wiser to dispense with further protection from such black ruffians.

Thus, with only thirteen men left, they waded through wet marshes until they had to cross the river Kafu ; but in doing this Mrs. Baker was exposed to the sun, and received a sunstroke. They made a litter and carried her on half-dead and unconscious, till brain fever came on. "For seven nights," Baker says, "I had not slept ; and although as weak as a reed, I had marched by the side of her litter. Nature could resist no longer. We reached a village one evening ; she had been in violent convulsions : it was all but over. I laid her down on her litter within her hut, covered her with a Scotch plaid, and fell upon my mat insensible, worn out with sorrow and fatigue. My men put a new handle to the pick-axe that evening, and sought for a dry spot to dig her grave."

But the brave lady struggled against death, and to Baker's intense relief she spoke to him calmly in the dead of night. "A day or two of rest, dear, and I shall be ready to go on," she said.

So they started on again, and on the 14th of March 1864, about noon, they came upon a sight that made their hearts leap with joy. Though Baker was ill and weak, he seemed to grow strong as he sat upon the cliff and looked

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down 1500 feet below at the silver sea surrounded by glorious mountains, the highest of which were hid from his gaze, being shrouded in almost perpetual cloud. Taking a long stick, Baker tottered down the step-like path till he gained the beach. The oxen could with difficulty follow, even without baggage. At the base of the cliff was a wide strip of sandy land, interspersed with bush and grass; but Baker hurried to the water's edge, bathed face and shoulders, took a long drink of pure water. Such a treat after the water of the wells, polluted by toads and lizards and dead creatures! Then on his knees he thanked God for having guided him, when all hope of success was lost, to this successful end of his journey. He named the Muta Nzigé the Albert Nyanza, and rejoiced with his wife to think that they had found the second source of the Nile!

Yet they did not stay here long to rest, but coasted along the eastern shore of the lake till, after thirteen days, they came upon the spot where the Somerset Nile runs into the lake, near the north end, and almost immediately flows out again on its northward way to Egypt.

After exploring the river as far as the Karuma Falls, and discovering on his way the Murchison Falls, he was detained by King Kamrasi at Kisuna and dunned for presents again and again. They could not get away until November, and had to join the slave-trader Ibrahim, who had a caravan of nearly a thousand men; most of these were carrying the ivory which he had bought, begged, or stolen from the poor villagers. What a meagre world our grandsons will live in! for far away to the North greedy hunters are clubbing the unresisting seal, while the most intelligent of all animals is being quickly stamped out of existence for the sake of its valuable tusks.

The seal and the elephant seem destined to the same



THE KING OF THE DESERT

The African lion is an ugly customer, and only a sure eye and a steady hand have saved the life of many a traveller.

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doom which has befallen the buffalo and many other noble animals.

When, in March 1865, Baker and his wife reached Gondokoro, they found no boats, letters, or supplies; for they had been reported dead. But at length they secured a dahabia and sailed down-stream; but the vessel was infected by typhus, and the faithful black boy Saat, who had once saved their lives, fell a victim to this disease.

On the 3rd of May they landed at Khartoum, after an absence of two years and a half, and were welcomed with delight.

Perhaps the most worthy thing in Baker's arduous explorations is the tactful and patient way he had in dealing with the natives.

Some travellers have gone across Africa with a revolver ever ready, and their path has been marked by recurring bloodshed. But Baker treated the chiefs as gentlemen, and the poorest negro as a fellow human being. In a letter to a friend he wrote: "The natives are throughout very annoying people, throwing every obstacle in your way and asking for everything you possess . . . but thankful I am to say that never at any negro have I pulled trigger. . . . I would not condescend to fire at a poor devil of a savage, except in extremity. Any good shot with a few spare rifles could beat five hundred of them."

So, though the slave-traders had combined against him, and all his transport animals had died, Baker and his wife won through to their goal, living on wild vegetables, mouldy flour, and any game they could pick up. He had discovered one of the sources of the Nile, and he had done it at his own charges and cost.

While England has such men amongst her landowners, we may think twice before we denounce the inequality of wealth.

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We cannot find space to follow this traveller further through his manifold wanderings about the world.

The Royal Geographical Society awarded him their gold medal, and Queen Victoria conferred on him the honour of knighthood.

In 1869 he accepted the position of Major-General in the Turkish Army, and was sent by Ismael Pasha to put down the slave-trade.

This was a task beyond his powers, for his subordinates had too many interests in the slave-trade to wish it destroyed.

His last years were spent in his Devonshire home at Sandford Orleigh, where he was frequently consulted by eminent statesmen on questions relating to Egypt and Africa.

Stanley has said of him: "He was a glorious Englishman: typically manly and straightforward. . . . In olden times he would have been deified for his vigour, indomitable bearing, physical strength, and exploits."

Sir Samuel Baker died of angina pectoris in December 1893, in the presence of the heroic wife who had accompanied him to the source of the Nile.

Only a few weeks before his death he had written to a friend: "It is quite possible I may be off next year—perhaps to shoot lions in Somaliland, or on some such errand."

Sir Samuel wrote many books on travel and sport; a few quotations have been made in this chapter from letters contained in a memoir of Sir Samuel, published by Messrs. Macmillan.

CHAPTER III

SIR RICHARD F. BURTON

RICHARD FRANCIS BURTON, traveller, soldier, linguist, was born in 1821 near Elstree in Hertfordshire. His father's family came from Westmoreland, one ancestor having been made a Knight Banneret by Edward IV. after the second battle of St. Albans.

His grandfather was rector of Twam in Ireland; his father was an officer in the 36th Regiment, and his mother, a Miss Baker, was descended from the Macgregors and Macleans. Bronchial asthma prevented Colonel Burton from continuing in the army, and also gave a pretext for his taking his wife and three children to many spots in the south—Blois, Pisa, Rome, Naples, and Pau in the Pyrenees. Consequently his eldest son, Richard, grew up with a taste for roaming and an aptitude for picking up foreign languages.

When, at the age of nineteen, Richard Burton was sent to Trinity College, Oxford, he felt like a fish out of water. He looked and talked like a foreigner, and preferred the study of Arabic to that of Greek. Also he had been accustomed to greater freedom than the college authorities allowed: wherefore he soon got into hot water for cutting lectures and riding to steeplechases; but when summoned to the senior common room, Burton had the impudence to defend his conduct on high ethical grounds.

The President recommended him to quit Oxford, which he did in a tandem, driving over the pretty flower-beds of

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the college. This was a fair example of Burton's high-handed exploits all through his life, doings which gained him a few stalwart friends, but many bitter enemies.

His father, who desired him to prepare himself to take a family living, was shocked by the seeming disgrace. But all was for the best, since Richard was not cut out for a sober preacher ; and Lord Fitzroy Somerset, afterwards Lord Raglan, obtained for the scapegrace a commission in the 37th Regiment.

On the 18th of June 1842, Richard embarked for India by the Cape. The Afghan disaster, when out of 16,000 men only Dr. Brydone escaped, had only recently occurred, and the officers going out were hoping for a chance of glory and promotion ; but by the time they arrived at Bombay the war of revenge was over.

Burton loved sport, but he did not sacrifice duty to that amusement : he at once engaged a Parsee and studied native languages. He had to travel to Baroda to join the 18th Bombay Native Infantry. Baroda, now a thriving city of Gujarat, was then a jumble of huts and bungalows. Here Burton worked at Arabic and Hindustani while the other officers played billiards or rode off pig-sticking.

Now and then he took a day off for tigers and antelopes ; but monkeys he refused to shoot, because, he said, their manner of dying was too human.

As Burton had learnt fencing in his youth, he took great pains to instruct his Sepoy company in that art. Sometimes he would disguise himself as a native pedlar and roam about amongst the bazaars. In one of these rambles he got to know a beautiful Persian girl of good family, whom he loved passionately ; but she fell ill and died, leaving the young officer subject to fits of melancholy. We cannot follow him through his travels to Scinde and Goa and Calicut, or even stay to recount how Burton tried to

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rescue a discontented nun from her convent at Panjim, but unluckily carried off the sub-prioress by mistake !

In 1848 Burton applied for the post of interpreter to a field-force going to besiege Multan, but a man was appointed who was far his inferior in linguistic capacity, and Burton, sick, depressed, and disappointed, went home. Here his sister's character had a good influence over him : she discouraged his practice of telling horrible tales against himself, merely to astonish or frighten his listeners ; or his blundering way of fighting what he thought ignorance or prejudice by arguments and scorn that wounded men's vanity and made him many enemies for life.

For Richard Burton was lacking in tact and good temper : if people bored him, he would calmly take up a book and so escape their folly ; he did not mind how he angered or insulted his opponents, so that, though there was nothing spiteful or envious in his nature, he stirred a nest of hornets about him wherever he moved.

One of his first books was *A Complete System of Bayonet Exercise*, the study of which might have made our troops more efficient in the Crimean War. But all Burton got for his pains was a snub from the War Office, "because bayonet exercise might make the men unsteady in the ranks." Those were the days of drill without reason, and of rushing *en masse* upon the enemy.

The next project Burton had in hand was a pilgrimage to Mecca, in which, under a Mohammedan disguise, he visited the Mosque and Prophet's tomb, and the title of Hadji served him in good stead afterwards.

On his return to Bombay he soon sought and obtained another furlough for a tour into Somaliland. Lieutenant Speke and Burton were to venture into Harar, the capital city, which no European had yet entered.

In October 1854, Hadji Abdullah, a Moslem merchant,

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alias Richard Burton, sailed from Aden to Zeila, where he made himself at home with the governor's son and the principal men, treating them every evening to stories from the *Arabian Nights*.

There were delays, of course, before the travellers could get permission to go inland; but after tedious marches Burton fell sick and had to halt at a kraal, where the natives crowded round to offer medical advice. This happened again in the Girhi highlands, when the chief's wife sacrificed a sheep for his welfare. At length he reached Harar, but was obliged to declare his English nationality, since some suspected him of being a Turk, a nation then in bad odour with the Somalis.

Burton visited the Amir, and left the impression that he was a very holy man: he had not been so fortunate with his own countrymen.

On January 26th he started on mule-back for Berberah, being sometimes drenched with rain, sometimes scorched and thirsty; they could buy no food nor milk at the wretched huts, and at length it began to be a race with death, when, marching along the coast, they spied shipping and the port of Berberah. However, a second journey was planned with Speke, Herne, and Strogan as comrades, but 300 of the wild hill-men swooped down upon Burton's camp, speared Lieutenant Strogan, and inflicted eleven flesh wounds upon Speke. Burton himself had a Somali javelin driven into his upper jaw, and the wound was so severe that he was forced to go on sick leave to England.

There he found that his mother had died a month ago. As soon as he was able to speak distinctly he read a paper on Harar before the Royal Geographical Society. But the Crimean War was then absorbing all interest, and little notice was taken of his perilous adventure.

Then this restless rover went to the Crimea on the

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chance of getting a billet; he managed to get into "Beatson's Horse," but General Beatson was almost more given to telling unpalatable truths than Burton was, and he had made his Bashi-Bazouks vastly unpopular.

Burton set to work and soon made his men good swordsmen. But "irregulars" were overlooked, and no opportunity was given them of distinguishing themselves.

Once Burton, in his desire to lead his men to the support of Kars, whose garrison was on the point of surrender to the Russians, had the courage to hasten to Lord Stratford, our aged ambassador at Constantinople. To him the young, self-reliant officer unfolded a scheme for relieving Kars. Alas! the only reply vouchsafed was, "You are the most impudent young man, sir, in the Bombay army!" Poor, eager Burton did not then know that Lord Stratford had already arranged that Kars should fall—as a peace-offering to Russia. General Beatson was removed from his command, and Burton returned to England in a despondent mood.

"It is no good learning languages or teaching your men to fight," he thought in his bitterness; "only favour and interest tell in the English army—I'll have no more of it!"

And once more Burton's thoughts turned to exploration and to Africa. Sir Roderick Murchison and other influential friends obtained for him the command of an expedition to the Central Lakes, at that time believed to be one vast inland sea; the Royal Geographical Society gave him £1000, and Captain Speke accompanied him. Lord Elphinstone arranged that a sloop of war should convey them from Bombay to the African coast to give them prestige in the eyes of the natives. They resolved to employ some months in exploring the coast, and started from Zanzibar for Mombasa in February 1857, having with them a letter from the Sultan to various chiefs

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on the road. Their chief guide was a man nicknamed "Bombay," slight of frame but untiring and plucky. He afterwards became Speke's head-man, and later was chief of Stanley's caravan.

After a long agony of steaming plains, biting ants, thunderstorms, and woodland tunnels, they were glad to issue from dripping canopies of banana and plantain, and climb by a steep goat-track to a more bracing air, 4000 feet high. Sultan Kimwere, old, wrinkled, diseased and greedy, tried to detain them as doctors in Fuga; but they sped on with whimpering escort, for the cold rain troubled them much. They had covered 150 miles in eleven days, and taken some valuable details for maps; but fever came, and a day's hunting made it worse: when they again reached Zanzibar they were only fit for bed.

It was not until June 1857 that the main expedition for the interior started from Zanzibar, for the difficulty of providing porters caused endless delays; the caravan, too, was badly equipped, and the goods were mean and cheap.

It was not Burton's fault: he was not a rich man, like Baker; his thousand pounds had to go a long way. For Speke and Grant's caravan cost £2500, while Stanley's last adventure cost some £27,000.

It was impossible therefore to prevent the men from deserting by offers of increased pay, and they started off slowly through swamp and jungle. Burton and Speke rode on asses sometimes, but usually walked; the ground varied from soft, squelching morass to stony and heated goat-walks.

By July 14th they had covered 118 miles, but the humid vegetation and greasy bogs gave Burton an attack of marsh fever which prostrated him for twenty days, while Speke was suffering in the head from a sunstroke. Now

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and then they came upon a slave caravan and rescued a few wretched boys and girls. It was a treat even to reach "Little Tamarind," 300 feet above the fetid plains, and healthy with prattling streams and clearer air. But everywhere they found the bones of the porters and slaves who had succumbed to their exertions, the ruins of raided villages, and the débris of nets and drums and African utensils: sometimes they came upon a heap of ashes where some unhappy family had been burnt for sorcery.

The journey across the Usagara chain of mountains, though arduous, yet pleased the travellers with a wealth of flowers and acid fruits, and the odour of sage, mimosa, and tamarind. Speke was here so weak that two men had to help him up the pass, but he recovered on the top sufficiently to scramble down to the plains of Ugogo.

Four Sultans, or chiefs, had to be visited now in turn; these men levied a blackmail upon all who crossed their dominions.

Once Burton, feeling faint, had fallen behind his party; but Bombay returned for him, bringing an ass and food and helpful sympathy.

By November the 7th they had reached Kazeh, a large station on a plateau some 4000 feet high. Both the climate and the society were an improvement: it was full of polite Arabs, who welcomed Hadji Burton as a brother. From no one did the travellers receive more hospitality and information than from Snay bin Amir, an Arab merchant. This man had travelled three times between Unyamwezi and the coast, had navigated Lake Tanganyika, and visited Uganda: without his help and advice it is doubtful if Burton would have discovered the lakes. Five weeks Burton and Speke remained at Kazeh, and they heard from their Arab friend and host that in twenty marches they would reach Ujiji, on the Tanganyika.

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When they left for Ujiji Burton had to be carried in a hammock, but the sight of the open country and wooded hills partly made up for the jolting; while the sunset hour and the evening chats with a circle of black men, grand-dames, and maids of fourteen and under, all smoking their long, black-bowled pipes, furnished a varied entertainment.

So on, and ever on, through fords and swamps and jungles, and over high pastures sprinkled with high-humped cattle, sheep, and goats, over scented hills and across brawling torrents and smooth-flowing rivers—till one morning in February, after breasting a steep and rocky hill, they saw afar something shining.

“What is that streak of light which lies below?” asked Burton.

“I am of opinion,” replied Bombay, “that it is the water.”

In a few minutes the soft blue of Lake Tanganyika, basking in the tropical sunshine, broke clearly into view: there below them were the rough stones of the foreground, then the strip of green; beyond this the ribbon of yellow sand, the border of rushes and papyrus, and the thirty miles of gleaming water crisped and curled by the pleasant east wind. In the far beyond rose a wall of mountains half-veiled in mist, and mysterious with changes of hue and form, of brae and glen.

It was more lovely than the Mediterranean, and the party remained long to gaze upon the enchanting view: even the porters seemed to find pleasure in so wonderful a panorama of wood and water and distant hill. But here Burton's health failed utterly, and Speke had to go on without him in quest of the lakes beyond. He was away nearly a month, while Burton had to lie under a tree, writing up his diary, smoking and dozing, and blaming his luck.

When Speke returned on March 29th, he startled

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Burton by asserting that he had found "the Mountains of the Moon." Burton threw cold water on the idea, and from this time the two explorers began to drift apart in sympathy. Burton was vexed at being obliged to lie in idleness, and Speke was so enthusiastic about his discoveries that he could brook no sceptical questioning.

On the 23rd of April they got some wretched-looking canoes and paddled across for nine hours to the opposite or western shore of the lake. Then going northward along the western bank they landed in a sandy bay at Uvira, where the Tanganyika is only some eight miles broad.

Crowds of natives welcomed them with horns and tom-toms and grotesque dances. Before returning they discovered that the river Rusizi flows into the lake; but a tremendous storm nearly sank them, and sent the Moslems in fright to the prayers which they had been neglecting.

When the monsoon broke, the climate became delightful and the nights were fresh and cool; but the natives in Ujiji were inhospitable, and food was scarce. In these countries "baggage is life," and very few loads of beads and cloth now remained. It was growing serious, when on the 22nd of May musket shots were heard outside their camp, and a large convoy of goods came in, the gift of the kindly Sheikh, Snay bin Amir. This saved them, and after some rows with their porters they came back safely to Kazeh and were welcomed by the wealthy Arab merchant, who provided them with a pleasant hut and plenty of rice and curried fowl and sugared omelettes, strangely flavoured with ghee and onions. Here Burton resolved to stay three months, for here he could pick the brains of Snay and get materials for his new book on *The Lake Regions*. But he hereby lost the chance of a great discovery, for Speke again went alone to explore another lake which the Arabs were speaking of. Six weeks Speke was away with his

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little caravan equipped by Snay; and when he returned, flushed with success, and announced enthusiastically that he had found a great inland sea, the "Victoria Nyanza," and that this was without doubt the main source of the Nile, Burton was again nettled, perhaps, too, a little jealous of his subordinate, and he advanced certain arguments against Speke's hasty conclusion.

Surely, he remarked, a lake can only be a reservoir: the true source must be the rivers that flow down from the mountains, fed by monsoon torrents and the melting snows.

But Speke would listen to no such arguments: the Victoria Nyanza was the sole source of the Nile, and the man who disbelieved what he had seen with his own eyes could be no friend of his.

After three months pleasantly spent at Kazeh, as money was failing and their leave was expiring, they felt bound to return to the coast. Burton had already spent £1400 of his own, besides the £1000 granted to him; and if it had not been for the generosity of their Arab friends they would have been in great straits. They reached Zanzibar in March 1859, and went to Aden; but Burton was too ill with fever to go on, and Speke returned alone to London. Here he gave a public lecture, and became the lion of the season; while Burton, returning a fortnight later, found that a new expedition was to be equipped, of which Speke was to be the leader.

Naturally Burton was hurt by what seemed the impatience of his subordinate to win the chief applause.

"Blue-eyed, tawny-maned Jack" had forfeited his friendship; for Burton considered it was a breach of faith, and retired, ill and depressed, to Dover, where his married sister was living, and gave himself up to the writing of his book on *The Lake Regions*.

However, he could not long rest in one place, and he

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soon set off for America and Salt Lake City ; of all this he made another book. In January 1861, at the age of forty, Burton married Miss Isabel Arundell, a staunch Roman Catholic, handsome and fascinating ; but the lady, too, was lacking in tact, and did not make Burton's social relations any easier for him. In addition, they were both possessed of very small means, so Burton applied for a consular appointment, and was sent to Fernando Po, a place unfit for a lady to stay in, for it was then an unhealthy island, situated a little south-east of the mouth of the Niger on the West African Coast.

As Burton went in a trading steamer he was able to see many ports on the coast, and picked up some knowledge of the natives and their language. The "Krumen" he calls the coolies of West Africa : they have dark skins and short hair, which they shave when in mourning. They tattoo their skin and chip the teeth ; the latter they wash after every meal, and this may account for their good preservation. Their favourite ornaments are strings of leopards' teeth and chains of brass and iron, beads of glass and porcelain, and bracelets of ivory worn on the wrists. The women do most of the work and wear scanty clothing. The Krumen are very sensitive to pain, cowards in face of danger, and arrant thieves. They are good sailors, and can row forty miles at a stretch ; when they have made thus a little money they like to return home and live with their wives. On the husband's death the wife becomes the property of his brother. They soon pick up English words, and can distinguish dialects, as is seen by their describing Scotsmen as "bush-English." They are fond of relieving their task by singing, are fond of mimicking and telling comical stories.

Their favourite food is rice, which they squeeze into a ball in either hand and swallow dry, but if given meat they

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will scramble and fight for it like wild dogs. They are, of course, lazy, and cannot be trusted out of sight. The landing at Cape Coast Castle was dangerous, owing to the surf, but the native boatmen, Fantis, are very clever in dodging the rollers.

Burton found much ill-feeling between the white and black races on the Gold Coast; there were only about 100 Europeans in the land, not all of the best sort, and the Africans were fond of going to law and getting the best of it over the poor whites.

Sharks abound on the West Coast; crocodiles and alligators you may beat off, but sharks with their dull, pale-blue eye, are not to be denied. Few men survive a shark-bite, and often lose a hand too by snatching mechanically at the limb first attacked.

Bonny, once the great slave market of the West, exporting 16,000 souls a year, now exports palm-oil; but Burton saw enough of the savage treatment of black men by black to make him doubt whether the African negro taken as slave to America did not exchange a cruel for a less cruel master; for, he says, the Africans take a physical delight in cruelty to beast as well as to man. In almost all the towns on the oil rivers you see dead or dying animals fastened in some agonising position. If a man be unwell, he hangs a live chicken round his throat, hoping that the fowl's pain will absorb his own sufferings. Goats are lashed head downwards to wooden pillars to die a lingering death. At funerals numbers of goats and poultry are sacrificed, and the corpse is sprinkled with their warm blood.

We have to remember how "the whole creation groans in agony" when we are asked by what right we set foot on the negro's land. If we cannot make him wiser and better and his country more fertile and healthy we must make way for those who can. Evolution is a very painful process, but stagnation is worse.

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As soon as Burton arrived at Fernando Po he moved the consulate from its unhealthy site near the harbour to a spot 800 feet above the sea, having a lovely view of the distant Cameroon Mountains. It was not long before he managed to join an expedition sent by Government to expostulate with the Chief of Abbeokuti on his so far forgetting his treaties as to cook and eat his fattened enemies.

This town had been depicted as mainly Christian, but Burton saw in it a low type of negro, mostly savages, and the streets were scavenged solely by pigs and vultures. He stayed some time at the Church Missionary Society's station, and his heart bled for the sickly wives and children of the mission compound, though he was no great friend of missions.

Abbeokuti was in 1861 governed by a drunken and hideous old chief, who hung his head sullenly when reproached for such cruelties as lashing young women to poles and leaving them to be torn piecemeal by buzzards, in order to form a charm for bringing rain. The Alake signed a few more treaties with his tongue in his cheek and a wink for his Prime Minister; and Captain Bedingfield returned to Lagos with the new consul. Other trips he took were to the Cameroons and the French Gaboon, where he in vain sought an introduction to the gorilla in its native haunt. In November 1863 Burton was appointed Commissioner to protest against the slave-trade and other cruelties before King Gelele of Dahomey. Mrs. Burton, in England, hearing of this, wrote to ask if she might accompany her husband, as she had an idea that a magic lantern and some biblical slides might convert the king to Catholicism.

Burton wrote home, saying that her scheme would be regarded as the work of magic, and might result in their both being converted into sausage meat for good negroes.

So the expedition sailed north-west to Whydah without her, and fifty-nine porters carried the baggage containing

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presents. Dr. Cruickshank, of the *Antelope*, accompanied the consul. All through the sixty-nine miles from the Port to Abomey, the capital, the party was received by dancing natives who yelled like demons.

The mention of presents brought the king out from an inquiry into the moral conduct of his Amazon regiments, which was troubling him.

King Gelele was an athletic man of forty years, six feet high; his eyes were red and inflamed, and his nose slightly cocked. He wore a straw cap with a human tooth below the crown, as a fetish against sickness; a body-cloth of white stuff and drawers of purple embroidered silk.

Gorgeous sandals, gold-embroidered, were on his feet, and iron bracelets covered his arms. Behind him sat a throng of wives in a semicircle, who tended their lord very devotedly with offer of napkin, pipe, or spittoon.

After the ceremony of drinking healths, performed by the king behind a screen formed by his wives, salutes were fired, and the Amazons rang bells. These ladies wore a narrow fillet of blue round the head, and sleeveless vest and body-wrapper dyed and fastened at the waist by a long sash. Their arms were knife and fire-lock, and their chief performance seemed to be dancing: though some of the veterans were far too fat either to fight or dance.

The next day they went on in hammocks to Abomey, the capital, situated on a rolling plain of rich red clay, in which grew abundantly large groves of oil-palms, yams, oranges, and maize.

The town is surrounded by a deep ditch and clay walls pierced by six gates, on which grinned many polished skulls. Burton was received into the Prime Minister's house, a sort of barn, which was crammed with ugly dirty fetishes. Here they had to wait until the trial of the Amazons was over, and the king could enter his Komasi Palace.

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When Gelele did come he at once asked to see the visitor's presents; in spite of all he wore a gloomy look, for many of his Amazons had broken their vow and executions had been necessary.

It was now the time of the "Customs," a week of cruelty and fetishism, and Burton, seeing the victim-shed in the market-place, went in.

He found there twenty victims seated on cane stools and bound to posts; each had an attendant squatting behind him to brush away the flies, each was fed four times a day. Everything seemed to be done on the most humane principles, but things are not always what they seem.

Burton asked the king to pardon the wretches. The king was delighted to oblige, and half the victims, in their calico shirts, were set on all-fours before the throne to receive the royal pardon.

It was suspected that their doom was only deferred, for at night the death-drum boomed incessantly and more skulls kept cropping up.

Next day, as Burton passed the victim-shed, he spied four corpses, attired in shirt and cap, and seated on stools as before; but they had been clubbed to death. By request of the king, Burton danced before the Court, as he saw it was quite the smart thing to do; his Hindustani steps won great applause from the king downward.

Six weeks had now gone by, and as yet Burton had not had a chance of delivering her Majesty's message; so he complained, and threatened to retire with all the presents next day if the king would not hear him.

All the baggage was ordered to be packed, and then the king began to think the English envoy really meant to depart. So he sent for his ministers to inquire into the reason of this hurry.

The Dahomey ministers delayed to come, and Gelele

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roared and stamped; finally, when they did arrive, he shouted to the Amazon Guard: "Up! drive the premier, the chancellor, and the whole lot of lazy statesmen away from my august presence! Thrash them, and make their noble skins to bleed."

Then King Gelele sent to Burton a message of apology: he said a just anger prevented him from attending to business.

However, next day Burton was ushered into the royal palace, where the king shook hands and said reproachfully—

"We have eaten and drunk and danced together as friends: what are these complaints that I hear you bring against me?"

Burton brought out his own royal message, and read out to the king some of the nastier bits, to Gelele's evident rage. For he was told that Queen Victoria's Government was resolved to arrest the slave-trade, to stay human sacrifices, and to appoint a resident agent at Whydah in order to see these things were carried out.

"Certainly! certainly!" cried the king, biting his lip with vexation; and, as he shook hands in saying adieu, he grunted out—

"You are a good man—very good man, but too angry!"

In two days' time the permit for leaving Abomey was sent, together with some dainty presents for Queen Victoria, which Burton was enjoined to be very careful of. These were:—

1. Two wretched half-starved boys to act as pages.
2. A green and white counterpane made on the spot.
3. A big leather pouch to hold tobacco.
4. A huge leather bag to hold enemies' skulls or other trifles.

We are not sure if any of these are still to be seen at Windsor.



THE TRAIL OF THE SLAVE HUNTERS

Sad evidence of a cruel and hateful traffic.



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Burton managed in 1863 to visit the Fan cannibals, a fine race, chocolate-coloured, like all the mountaineer and inland people.

When they saw Burton drink tea, one asked why he put sugar in tobacco water? Their toilet was simple: thongs of goat or leopard skin girded the waist, while fans of palm-frond, smelling of grease and ochre, were thrust in the waist-belt both behind and before; these were ornamented with green or white seed-beads. Both men and women tattooed their bodies, and wore a fetish horn hanging from the breast. All carried arms, battle-axes, jagged spears or knives, and square shields of elephant hide.

Two missionaries told Burton that cannibalism was rare now, and partook of the nature of a religious ceremony practised only upon foes slain in battle. The body was eaten secretly by the warriors, the women and children receiving no invitation to the feast.

Anthropophagy, or man-eating, extends to nearly all the tribes dwelling between the Niger and the Congo; for they still believe that when you eat your enemy you imbibe a great part of his spirit and courage.

They often torture their prisoners: the poison-bean, severe floggings, and burying alive are their favourite practices.

But they have more civilised ways also: they grow tobacco and smoke it, use salt with their flesh-foods, and dance with grace.

Burton was invited to dance with the king's eldest daughter, Gondebiza, who was fat and thirty; she was modestly dressed in a thin pattern of tattoo, oil and camwood, with an apron of beads somewhat greasy. Necklaces and ankle-rings redeemed the body from its nudity. Two men formed the orchestra, but made sufficient noise to send Burton off to bed before supper was served.

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The Fan folk are brave and chaste, and will speak no lie ; in this they are superior to the coast tribes, who lie by instinct. The Fan are also cunning workers in iron, which is their coinage in bars.

Burton found in this country an opportunity to inquire into the habits of the gorilla, and his Fan friends exploded for him some old notions. The gorilla, he was told, feared the leopard, and preferred wild fruits in the woods for himself and family ; his cry was a snappish bark, he could not stand up straight on his hind legs, he was essentially a tree-ape, and was not in the habit of boxing with his open paw, but was apt to show his tiger-teeth and disappear in the face of danger.

A little later in the year Burton sailed up the Congo to the lower cataracts, called the Yellala Falls. It was a great and refreshing change from the damp and fetid heat of Fernando Po to the bracing air of the hills.

Here too, as in East Africa, he found that the women did all the work, weaving, spinning, cooking, digging, &c. ; but they were robust and healthy, and their children vigorous. The Roman Catholic missionaries had laboured amongst them for two hundred years with doubtful success, as most houses seemed stuck full of ugly idols and fetishes, side by side with the crucifix.

About 117 miles from the mouth of the Congo, Burton came upon the Yellala Falls ; the bed of the river had narrowed from 900 to 300 yards, and was broken by rocks and reefs. The water, all afoam for a mile and a half above, rushed down an inclined plane of some thirty feet, tossing and colliding, throwing up a dingy-white spray. Blocks of granite and greenstone cropped out of the right bank, and large basins smoothly rounded by the waters pitted the shelving sides.

Many natives were fishing here, and had planted weirs,

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while fish-eagles sat upon the ledges watching the sport, and a flight of large cranes wheeled majestically in the upper air.

The enormous "hongo," or tax, demanded by the "bush-kings" was sufficient to stay Burton's journey towards Nkulu; but the exhilarating air of the uplands was very refreshing.

Burton visited a quitanda, or market, before returning to Fernando Po: it was attended by natives living within a radius of twelve miles. Many were ultra-negro, of a dull-black type; others were of a red variety with eyes and hair somewhat brown, and most were tattooed; huge welts of flesh, raised polished lumps that must have cost much suffering in the making, ornamented breast and back. The teeth also were mutilated and chipped into shapes.

When Burton first appeared in the market the women rose in terror from their baskets and began to pack. An interpreter explained matters, and then fear changed to curiosity, and both sexes crowded round him with loud hootings of wonder; at length they subsided to their pipes and smoked, with hunched shoulders and a body-shaking bark or cough, a sign of content.

Here we must leave Burton, for after Fernando Po he was sent to Brazil and then to Damascus.

When Burton was made consul at Damascus all the Mahometans were delighted that England had appointed one who had made the pilgrimage to Mecca. His knowledge of Arabic and Persian introduced him to the Arab tribes; but the Turkish Wali, or Governor-General, Rashid Pasha, was by no means friendly to him.

At first all was delightful; their house was surrounded by apricot orchards and groves of orange, lemon, and jessamine; hard by was a rushing river, and the yellow desert was not far off if they wished for a gallop.

Every Friday Lady Burton had a reception of all creeds and races; it began at sunrise and lasted till sunset. Supper

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was eaten on the roof, and sometimes their guests were Lady Ellenborough and the handsome Arab chief, Abd el Kadir.

Lady Ellenborough had married a Bedawin Sheikh, and lived half the year in Damascus, half in the desert as the queen of her tribe.

But as the Burtons began to see into the life of the poor, they came across a strong element of resistance which proved to be Sir Richard's discomfiture. No other consul had dared to protect the poor as he had done.

Burton said bluntly, "I must do right ; I cannot sit still and see what I see and not speak the truth. I must protect the poor and save the British good name, *adviennne que pourra*, though perhaps in so doing I shall fall myself."

In the end Lord Granville recalled this tiresome, truth-speaking consul, who insisted on offending people from a sense of duty. Burton had his faults of course ; with his intimates he could be fascinating and brilliant, but with strangers he was silent and sometimes boorish and rude, unless they were in trouble, and then he would do anything for them. Once at Trieste a British sailor was in trouble for knocking down a native soldier who had robbed him.

"Burtin, I ham in trubel ; kum and let me haut.—Tim Trouncer."

These were the sort of letters he used to receive. He went and got the sailor out, and had the soldier put in his place in gaol.

He was generous but kept no accounts, and depended too much on the financial abilities of his wife. He was too self-reliant, feared no man, and loved to shock his audience by audacious statements, and made himself out to be much worse than he really was. He made staunch friends and bitter enemies ; his best friends were those of Eastern race, servants, children, and animals. They knew by instinct his good qualities ; by his equals he was too often misunder-

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stood. Burton's had been a strenuous but not very successful career; somehow he missed success until late in life, and received no adequate recognition of his services until he was too worn to enjoy his honours.

In 1885 he happened to be visiting Tangier when a telegram from Lord Salisbury was brought to him, informing him that the Queen had appointed him a K.C.M.G. Burton was delighted with her Majesty's recognition, but he did not live long to enjoy his new prestige. A great linguist, an industrious writer, an able explorer, he had given himself no rest; thoroughly exhausted and played out, he died in harness at his consulate in Trieste in the year 1890.¹

¹ In part from Lady Burton's *Life of Sir Richard Burton*, by kind permission of her executor, W. A. Coote, Esq.

CHAPTER IV

SPEKE AND GRANT

SIR SAMUEL BAKER has left this opinion on the two explorers whom he met at Gondokoro: "Speke was a painstaking, determined traveller, who worked out his object of geographical research without the slightest jealousy of others. He was a splendid fellow in every way. Grant was a *fidus Achates* to him, and assured me that to Speke alone all honour was due. Grant was one of the most loyal and charming characters in the world, perfectly unselfish; he adored Speke. . . . Amiable and gentle to a degree that might to a stranger denote weakness, but, on the contrary, no man could show more strength of character or determination when he was offended. As a true friend, Speke was a hero." Grant in his *Walk Across Africa* tells us that he first became acquainted with Speke as far back as 1847, when he was serving in India with his regiment. They were both Indian officers and fond of field sports, and became great friends; so, when Speke was commissioned by the Royal Geographical Society to prosecute his discovery of the Victoria Nyanza, and find out if the Nile did really flow from that gigantic lake, Grant offered to accompany him. On the 30th of April 1860, they embarked at Plymouth on board the *Forte*, 51 guns, bound for the Cape, and carrying Sir George Grey, the Governor of the Cape; by his influence Speke obtained a grant of £300 from the Cape Parliament for mules, and ten sturdy volunteers to cross Africa. In Delagoa Bay Grant had his first experience of the African,

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whom he found bright-witted and keen in contrast to the gentle Hindu. They reached Zanzibar on the 17th of August, and were not ready to leave it for the interior until October. Meanwhile they saw some strange sights to prepare their nerves for what was to follow. They visited the slave market, a triangular space surrounded by rickety huts thatched with cocoa-nut leaves. Negro slaves were sitting there guarded by men with swords, and looking clean and neat, but depressed and anxious, appealing mutely with dark eyes, "Buy me from this yoke of slavery."

The price of a slave at this time was £3, being lower than usual. The Sultan of Zanzibar had politely offered them the loan of his riding-horses, and had offered also an escort of twenty-five soldiers for the first thirteen stages; they were to march inland 500 miles to Kazeh in seventy-one days; sixty-four Seedee boys, Africans of the coast, and 115 porters carried their kit and barter. For as the African knows no coinage, all has to be paid in wire, cloth, and beads. There were then no roads—now there is a railway. The whole kit was divided into loads of 50 lbs. each, without lock or key, and the porters wasted a whole day in testing the weight of the loads, in squabbling and grumbling. Their captain, distinguished by a high head-dress of ostrich plumes, led the caravan in single file with a great assumption of dignity at the rate of three and a half miles an hour. Whenever this gentleman stopped to rest, the other porters, almost naked negroes, would lie down and take snuff, or smoke, and sometimes sing in chorus. At night the loads were stacked, a camp was fenced, and the day's wages were paid to each, being a portion of cloth or a necklace of beads.

In the camp there was such a noise of laughter and jollity, of merry song and dance, with rattle of drums, jingling of bells, beating of old iron, and repeating of

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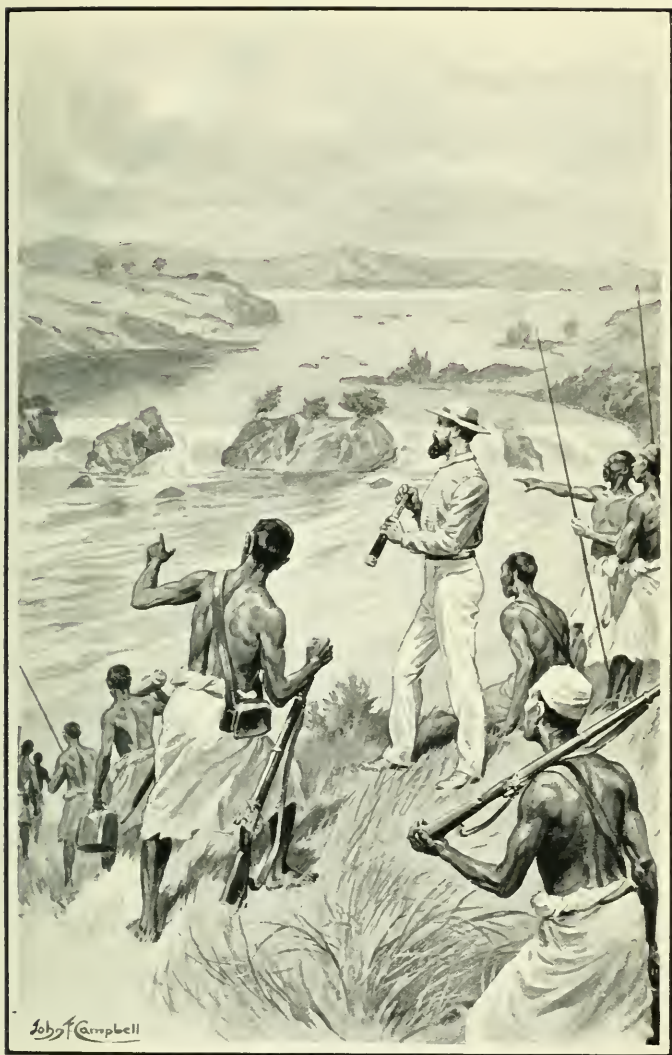
arguments, that Speke and Grant were often unable to hear themselves talk.

On leaving the coast their path ran up a broad, flat, dry valley of grass and trees for twenty marches; at the ninth stage they saw from a ridge of sandstone distant hills to the north-west; in a few more days they crossed the East African chain, 4750 feet high, and reached Ugogo, a plateau without a river.

In November it became quite cool towards evening, but many of the men began to suffer from fever. One evening a soldier named Rahan blew off one of his middle fingers with his rifle, and came into camp, bellowing with rage, and saying, "Look here what I have suffered by being persuaded to come on this horrible journey! bleeding to death!" Grant had to cut off the finger with a razor, and made a beautiful flap operation, skin being taken from the inside of the hand. The mules sickened and died, but the donkeys kept up their health and spirits, fraternising at nights with the wild zebras.

At one point of their journey food became so scarce that one night the entire dinner consisted of two ears of Indian corn each and some salt. As a rule the natives could gather herbs by the way, but now, with empty stomachs, their spirits sank and a silent gloom fell on the sullen camp; men refused to march next day, and some had to be flogged as a warning to evil-doers.

However, Speke next day shot a rhinoceros, and the whole camp fell on it tooth and nail, with sudden elevation of spirits. Grant says: "Wounding a large female rhinoceros one night, I next day traced her spoor for four miles, and suddenly came upon her squatting like a hare in her form, with her back towards me. There was a great deal of whining near the spot, which I took to be her dying cries. . . . I soon saw that the poor old lady was cold



SPEKE ON THE BRINK OF THE NILE

Most beautiful was the scene ; a magnificent stream dotted with islets and rocks.

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dead: it was the young one weeping over its mother that caused the plaintive cries I had heard."

Mohinna, the chief of the Arabs in the caravan, had been politely requested by Speke not to beat his women slaves so brutally.

Mohinna bowed low and promised to be more merciful, but next day all his women were soundly flogged and then put in the stocks to prevent their coming to Speke to complain.

All Arabs in Central Africa seem a degraded set, trading in slaves and necessarily cruel. The slaves were poorly fed on sweet potatoes and a spinage of pumpkin. Clad in a single goat-skin they huddled together on their chain at night near a fire; if one required to move, the whole chain must go too, for they were fastened night and day. One man, who had been five years in chains, was heard by Speke to say that life was a burden to him, he wished to die.

"Shall we buy the poor fellow? He looks intelligent; the leader of his gang." So his chains were struck off with a hammer while he lay with his head on a block. "Get up, sir; you are a free man," said Speke.

The poor fellow looked bewildered: were they making fun of him? At last, attired in a clean sheet of calico, his manly dignity seemed to grow again, and he came to bow his thanks. "This man," says Grant, "never deserted us the whole journey. It was his good fortune to reach Cairo with the character of a faithful servant."

The delays of several months at a time caused by the desertion of porters kept them long on their journey, and sometimes Speke would forge ahead sixty miles or more in the hope of finding volunteers. Then the men would waste half the day in grumbling or making excuses for desertion.

One says, "My wife is ill; I return my hire." Another

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says, "My mother will not allow me to go with white men, who are cannibals." Or the chief of the tribe wants more "hongo," or presents, and detains them all for many weeks. The patience of Job is sorely tried in Africa.

Sometimes they came upon lovely scenery and neat villages, and once, on asking for water, Grant was pleased to hear, "Would you not rather have milk?" and he was led up to a beautiful, lady-like creature, a Watusi woman, who welcomed him in the most dignified manner, her bare arms and neck being ornamented with coils of brass wire. "I was struck with her graceful long neck, the beauty of her fine eyes, mouth, and nose, the smallness of her hands and naked feet—all were faultless." This natural lady gave him butter-milk to drink, and butter on a clean leaf. Grant does not mention the small item of bread: the baker, perhaps, had not called that day! When they came to Karagué they found the king, Rumanika, both handsome and intelligent; he stood six feet two inches in height, and his countenance had a fine open expression. He was dressed in a robe made of antelope skins, with a shawl of bark-cloth from the shoulder to the knee. His five wives were so fat that they could not enter the doors of an ordinary hut; they thrived on milk and boiled plantain. Rumanika was prophet, priest, and king. His sons, clean and gentlemanly, had fine oval faces, large eyes, and high noses, denoting the best blood in Abyssinia, whence they were sprung. After being thoroughly delighted with the king's intelligence and humanity, they were a little startled when, after a month's pleasant intercourse, Rumanika proposed that the Englishmen should give him a magic charm to kill his brother.

His brother, Rogero, had tried to oust Rumanika and make himself king. Of course, Speke and Grant denied

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they had any such charm, and expressed disapproval of the king's desire.

"Oh! I would not kill my brother, even if I caught him; I would merely gouge out his eyes and set him at large again," said the king dreamily. He was fond of theological discussions, and once asked them why they spent so much property in travel when they might sit down and enjoy it.

"We have had our fill of the luxuries of life—we are above trade and need no profits; we only want to see God's beautiful world—His vast creation." So Rumanika showed them his lovely lake 500 feet beneath the wooded hills, and they had a sort of picnic in the woods, and saw how the river Kagéra drained into the great Victoria Nyanza.

On the 10th of January, as Grant was ill and lame from fever, Speke left him at Karagué and went on for Uganda.

The family at the palace were very kind to Grant, came to sit with him, and the young sons brought him flowers, birds-nests and eggs. Grant slept in the open air, and was more than once aroused by the sniffing of a hyena.

M'tesa was at that time King of Uganda, a young and intelligent native, fond of sport, and strict even to cruelty. For instance, if his officers absented themselves frequently from court they were condemned to death. If any one at court was untidy in his dress, or showed a piece of bare leg, off went his head!—unless he was rich and could compound for his offence by giving the king large presents. Though the attire of the men was so strictly guarded, the king's women wore very little clothing. Thanks were rendered for word or deed by grovelling on the ground and whining like a happy puppy, the word "n'yanzig," or "thanks," being repeated many times. All had to approach the king with downcast eyes and on bended knees; to touch the royal seat or clothes, or look upon his women, was certain death.

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A large company of pages were at hand to run on messages. When the king is tired of business, he rises, spear in hand, and leading his dog, walks off without word or comment.

When the king goes for a walk, or to bathe in the lake, some two hundred women run after him, and before him go the pages and musicians; any common man meeting the procession is hunted down by the pages and flogged or killed.

M'tesa was very curious to see white men, and had given orders that Speke should be conducted to his palace.

When Speke came within sight of the hill covered with gigantic huts, he wished to enter at once, but the Waganda officers said, "No, that would be considered indecent; you must draw up your men and fire your guns off, to let the king know you are here; we will then show you where you are to sleep."

So Speke was shown into the guest-huts, full of flies, which he ousted by setting the floor on fire; and whilst he slept one of the officers came in with all his wives to beg for beads.

Next day, attired in his best, servants carrying presents, comprising a rifle, a chronometer, a revolver, three swords, and ammunition, Speke advanced up a broad path to a cleared square, while admiring courtiers, with both hands to their mouths, cried, "Irungi! Irungi!" (Beautiful!). The sides of the hill were covered with huge grass huts, thatched as neatly as so many heads dressed by a London barber, and fenced round with tall, yellow reeds of tiger-grass.

At the second court, men of high dignity awaited him, all scrupulously clean and neat. Bulls, dogs, and goats were led about by strings, cocks and hens were carried in men's arms.

Speke was ordered to sit upon the ground and wait in the sun; but he had resolved to be treated as a prince, and

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refused to sit, to the consternation of his own men, who feared the consequences. However, Speke strode off in wrath back to his hut ; but the king sent messengers, who fell on their knees and implored him to return, for the king would not taste food till he had seen him.

After some delay, Speke made a second visit, hat in hand, and waited with umbrella up outside the throng of squatting courtiers, having ordered his guard to close ranks around him.

Those of the Waganda who wore leopard-cat skins girt round the waist were of royal blood, he was informed. M'tesa, a good-looking, well-formed young man of twenty-five, was sitting on a red blanket spread upon a platform of royal grass encased in tiger-grass reeds ; his hair was cut short, save on the top, where it was combed up into a high ridge running from front to back like the comb of a cock ; his arms and legs were decorated with small beads, and on every finger and toe he had alternate brass and copper rings. A piece of bark served him as a handkerchief to wipe his mouth after his frequent drinks of plantain wine. A white dog, spear, shield, and women were the Uganda cognizance. For an hour these two sat staring at each other. The king commented to his two hundred wives on the umbrella and red cloaks of Speke's guard ; he then strode off, imitating unsuccessfully the stride of the king of beasts.

A second interview came after the king's breakfast, and then presents were exhibited on a red blanket. Speke took from his finger a gold ring, and offered it as a token of friendship. M'tesa was like a child with his toys, and fingered rifle and chronometer until it grew dark. Next morning he sent in twenty cows and ten goats—"his few chickens," he called them. Day after day the king sent for Speke, and they grew quite friendly. One day four cows were in the court, and Speke was asked to shoot them. "I

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borrowed the revolver I had given him, and shot all four in a second of time ; but as the last one, only wounded, turned sharply upon me, I gave him the fifth, and settled him." Great applause followed this feat, to them so wonderful. The next feat did not please the English soldier ; for the king lent the carbine which Speke had given him to a page, and told him to go into the outer court and shoot a man. The urchin returned grinning with glee.

"Did you do it well ?" asked the king.

"Oh yes ! capital fun !"

Speke found it difficult to converse with the king about routes, or the escort for Grant, but every day was taken up in shooting birds or buffaloes. The queen-mother sent for him, and the fat old lady was very agreeable. She re-tailed all her ailments, and demanded medicine ; she was also delighted with the picture books brought her.

The king called Speke "Bana," and was never tired of seeing him shoot. One day he shot a vulture on the wing, when M'tesa jumped frantically in the air, clapped hands above his head, and sang out, "Woh ! woh ! what wonders ! Oh, Bana, you work miracles ; look, women, at what Bana has done." Another day the executioner's son for some slight offence was brought in for decapitation. Speke begged the king to pardon him. "Can it be possible that Bana has asked for this ?" said the king, and in great glee ordered the lad's release, to the father's great delight.

Grant tells us Speke's officer, Bombay, met that same father next day, and was told that the poor boy had been killed the evening before for another offence.

We must remember that M'tesa became the father of M'waga, the king who, twenty years later, had Bishop Hannington put to death.

"Nearly every day," says Speke, "I have seen two or three wretched palace women led away to execution, hands

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tied in front, and crying out as they were dragged by one of the bodyguard, 'Hai Minangé' (O my Lord), 'Hai N'yawo!' (My Mother!) at the top of their voice, in the utmost despair and lamentation; and yet there was not a soul who dared lift hand to save any of them."

For stealing and adultery, sometimes the culprits were ordered to be dismembered, bit by bit, as rations for the vultures.

Again, for an attempt to kill the king by a boy, only a fine of a goat was exacted. The boy, finding the king alone, had threatened to kill him because he took the lives of men unjustly. M'tesa held the unloaded pistol to the boy's cheek, and he at once ran away.

The king was so delighted by the effect produced by the pistol that he all but pardoned the boy.

Again, during a water picnic, as the royal party strolled through a grove picking fruit, a charming girl, one of the king's wives, plucked a fruit and offered it to the king; but he, like a madman, flew into a passion, swore she was impudent, and ordered the pages to lead her off to execution. She resisted them. The other women knelt and implored the king to forgive her: the more they craved for mercy the more savage he grew, and ended by beating her on the head with a heavy stick.

Speke's English blood could stand no more of this; he rushed at the king, stayed his uplifted arm, and demanded the woman's life.

M'tesa, utterly astonished (for he had never been opposed before), could but smile and give his assent.

Meanwhile, Grant had some hopes of leaving Karagué to join Speke; for in March 1862 M'tesa sent an officer and forty men to convoy him to Uganda. These men would not carry his luggage, so three-fourths of it was left behind with King Rumanika. Grant got into a wicker stretcher,

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and four Waganda trotted off with him at five miles an hour. Every mile, or less, the stretcher was put down, that the bearers might rest, laugh, joke, and click their tongues to the roofs of their mouths.

It was no good grumbling at being shaken ; the best way, he found, was to grin and bear it. Each man had a spear and shield over his back, their bark-cloth was kilted up to secure them from boggy ground, and in the evening they all changed into a dress-suit of goat-skins, pretty and neat ; some carried dogs tied to their wrists, and when they drew near a village they all gave a triumphant shout : were they not carrying a white prince ? Mariboo, the officer, followed by drummer-boy and dog, stepped gaily in front.

After forty miles over stony ridges and through boggy valleys they came to the river Kitangulé, where the plain was studded with ant-mounds eight feet high. The stream was almost hidden by the papyrus, growing sixty yards wide. The canoes, fifteen feet long, carried fifteen men with dogs and spears, and were propelled by long poles.

Grant wished to sound for the depth, but was not allowed, lest the spirit of the river should be angered. The current was strong and the body of water was great in volume, being some eighty yards across.

Some fowls they had with them were killed before they crossed the river, because, if the hippopotamus heard them crow, he would upset the canoes.

On reaching the Victoria Nyanza an order came from M'tesa that the party were to travel by land, to Grant's annoyance.

The escort helped themselves at every village they came to, and their hosts had to retire to the nearest hill ; this was the rule when a king's guest was travelling. Once the governor of a large province called on Grant when he was dressing in a hut. Mariboo had often talked of this prince,

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Pokino ; so when Grant came out and saw a man sitting in state with twenty Waganda crouching around, he could not help saying aloud : " Hello ! is this Pokino ? "

At once all grinned at the mention of the name, but Pokino kept a dignified silence. After a long pause, Grant asked him what he would like to see. " Pictures and lucifer matches," he grunted rather shortly, but went away well satisfied. He had struck a match !

On the 27th of May 1862, Grant arrived at the Uganda capital. The two friends had been separated more than four months. " I was deeply thankful," says Grant, " and felt that my prayers for safety had been heard."

" I think, Speke, I shall go to see the king to-morrow in my knickerbockers."

" My dear fellow—impossible ! A bare leg is treason—penalty death ! "

So Grant had to visit M'tesa in white flannel trousers. The king at once saw that Grant's hand had been mutilated, and asked how that had happened ; doubtless he thought it had been a penalty for crime, and had been done at Windsor Castle. So Grant had to explain how it was done in action before the enemy.

When Grant was shown the ladies he was bidden to remove his hat and exhibit his hair ; and they all tittered to see such straight thin hair. As they left the Court a woman's screams made them look back. A cord was tied round her wrist, and a man dragged her, almost naked, down the hill to be executed ; she was screaming " Mother ! mother ! " in heartrending accents.

" A shudder of horror crept over me. Had we been the cause of this calamity ? and could the young prince with whom we had conversed so pleasantly have had the heart to order the poor thing to death ? "

The detective, Maulah, lived near their hut, and they

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could hear the shrieks of the flogged and the dying night and day.

One day they asked a page what the king had shot that day.

The reply was : " His Highness could not find any game, so he had to shoot down some of his people."

And yet M'tesa is always spoken of as an enlightened native ruler, who kept strict discipline and order. When we ask ourselves what right we have to usurp the rule over such countries, we must call to mind the cruelties and injustices of the old régime.

At length Speke got leave from M'tesa to leave Uganda and travel to Kamrasi, King of Unyoro. After a few days' march, as Grant's leg prevented him from fast travelling, Speke on the 19th of July again separated from him, going east and north to the exit of the Nile from the lake.

He says : " At last I stood on the brink of the Nile. Most beautiful was the scene . . . the kind of effect aimed at in a highly kept park : with a magnificent stream from 600 to 700 yards wide, dotted with islets and rocks, the former occupied by fishermen's huts, the latter by sterns and crocodiles basking in the sun, with rich trees and plantains in the background, where herds of hartebeest were grazing, while the hippopotami were snorting in the water and guinea-fowl rising at our feet." All the time they were travelling pages kept coming from M'tesa asking for guns or stimulants.

After a long and arduous march Speke came to the falls. Ripon Falls he named them, but the natives called them " the stones."

" I saw that old Father Nile without any doubt rises in the Victoria Nyanza, and, as I had foretold, that lake is the great source of the holy river which cradled the first expounder of our religious belief."

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Speke then started in five boats down the Nile, but had to fight his way, for King Kamrasi feared the white men, and had not yet made up his mind to receive them.

Many more days were wasted in sending messages to and fro. When the king did explain to Speke's officer his dilatory policy, it was in these words—

“You do not understand the matter. When the white men were living in Uganda, many of the people who had seen them there came to me and described them as such monsters, they ate up mountains and drank the Nyanza dry; and although they fed on beef and mutton, they were never satisfied until they got a dish of the tender parts of men and women three times a day. Now, I was extremely anxious to see men of such wonderful natures, but I refused to sacrifice my subjects to their appetites, and for this reason I sent to turn them back.”

On the 19th of August Grant managed to rejoin his companion, and just when they were on the point of returning home by the way they had come, Kamrasi sent them an invitation to his palace.

They found the country gently undulating, with tall grass six feet high and trees, but they had to camp on a dreary plain hemmed in by marsh and bog. Though Kamrasi sent every day to ask after their health, he was sending also his “Sherlock Holmes” to spy on the quality of their food.

Kamrasi was fair for an African, slender, tall, and about forty years of age; his eyes had a gentle expression; his lower incisors and eye teeth had been extracted in his youth by the dentist's spear, as was the custom; a bark-cloth covering from waist to heels was his only raiment. He received his presents “like a cow,” one of Speke's officers said, showing no eagerness nor delight; he was still very suspicious, but soon began to beg for all he saw.

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Though Kamrasi was rude and dull, he was not cruel or unkind. No one was put to death for a whim or out of bravado; only murderers were flogged or speared. His wives lived on milk, and were of enormous size, but slovenly and listless, and could not even make butter. Speke had to give up his chronometer, worth £50, as the king would have it that by this instrument Speke found his way to his country. When Speke told him it was worth 500 cows, the whole party were convinced that it possessed magical powers. However, a box of lucifer matches proved almost as attractive to these simple folk.

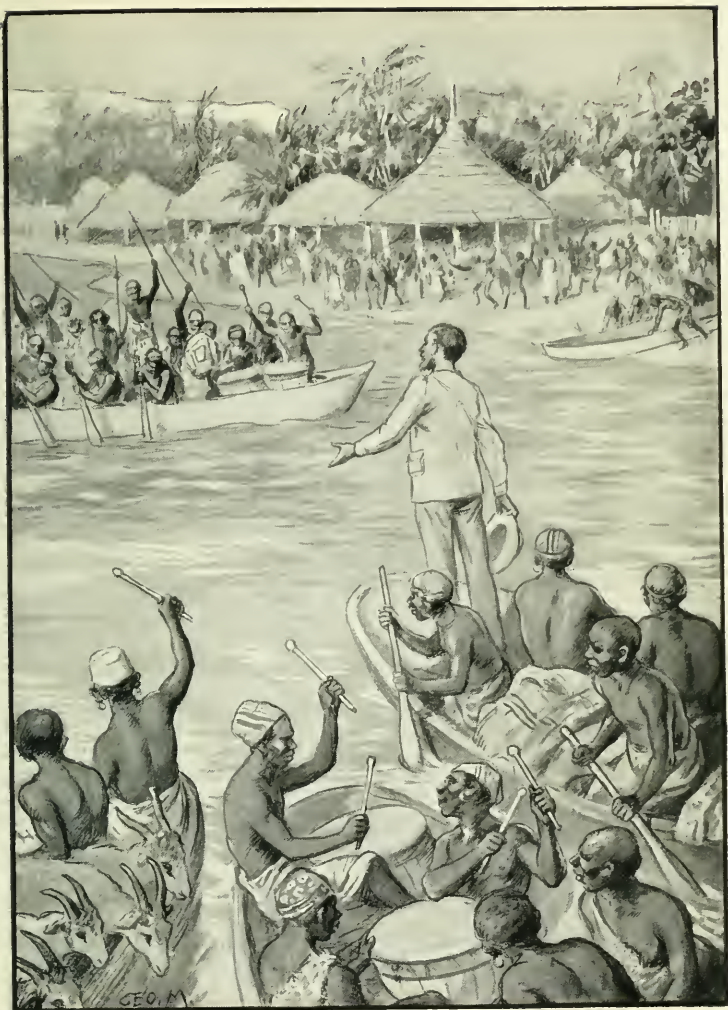
The palace of Kamrasi and the lanes leading up to it were as filthy as M'tesa's were clean, and stilts and respirators would have been acceptable.

Day after day Speke was begging for permission to go down the river, but the king was taking English pills and required time to think; also he had not finished yet with Speke's picture-books.

When the Englishmen did go, orders were given that no one was to look at them; for Kamrasi wished to make believe to any strangers that visited him that he still had the honour of holding the white chiefs. Yet, as they dropped down the Kafu in a canoe, they could see that the palace side of the river was thronged with spectators.

If M'tesa had been their king they would have all been chopped to little pieces by the terrible reed-knife.

In a short time they emerged from the smaller river into what seemed a lake 1000 yards broad; but this was the Nile, fringed, as before, with the huge papyrus rush and lovely convolvuli hanging in festoons. They passed myriads of floating islands rolling round and round like tubs in the stream; they were perfect thickets of ferns, creepers, and bushes, and when a breeze sprang up would lie over like sailing-boats, or felucca-rigged vessels racing,



SPEKE AND THE HOSTILE NATIVES

Speke met with much hostility, and was many times prevented by the natives from carrying out his darling project, that of navigating the Nile from source to mouth.

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while the feathery tops of the tall papyrus waved gracefully to and fro.

They landed each evening and slept on shore: the glare on the water often gave them sick headaches. At the Karuma Falls they stayed three days, waiting for ferry-boats, as they now were to go on foot. They passed, and were entertained by, a polite and hospitable people, whose only clothes were a string of beads and a few brass rings. But their manners were exquisite and their houses scented and clean.

When they reached Faloro they found themselves approaching European civilisation, for De Bono's ivory traders had their camp there, and the land-pirate, Mohammed, was being shaved by a black barber.

"A large, open shed was made over to us," says Grant, "but we could not retire to rest without a prayer of thankfulness to the Almighty for having preserved us through so many difficulties and dangers."

The Seedee boys from the East Coast had proved in the main very trustworthy. As an example, we may record how M'kata, a tall, good-looking lad, one day left a cooking-pot twelve miles behind.

On being scolded he wept, and returned to fetch it, coming back with the old pot before the next dawn. He had not been asked to do this, but kind treatment had put him on his honour.

They were now travelling with a large escort, and as they drew near Gondokoro they saw the spire of the Austrian mission-house and the tall, sloping masts of Nile boats.

They had expected to meet Consul Petherick, but rushed into the arms of Baker, the elephant-hunter of Ceylon, who took them to his pleasure-boat, and told them the news—the death of the Prince Consort, the Civil War in America, and many other startling things.

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So our travellers sailed gaily homewards in Baker's boats. The Seedees were lodged in the public gardens at Cairo, and on the 1st of June 1863 went off, smiling and contented, by train under "Bombay" for Suez, *en route* for Aden and Zanzibar, where each was to be found with a pretty wife and a garden of herbs.

Speke and Grant were warmly welcomed back to England, but a sad tragedy was to follow Speke's home-coming into Somersetshire.

The British Association were to meet at Bath in September, and Speke was invited to discuss the Nile problem before that august body and some others who had questioned his results. The day before that meeting Speke went out shooting, and was found killed by the accidental discharge of his own gun.

Grant says, "It was hard to believe that one who had braved so much had thus fallen, and that his career of usefulness was run. I reproached myself for having silently borne all the taunts and doubts thrown upon his great discovery . . . but we had agreed that controversy on my part was to be avoided. Truth in time would conquer and bear down all gainsayers, while that grand reservoir, the Victoria Nyanza, with its fountains and tributaries, would speak for itself.

"Captain Speke was in private life pure-minded, honourable, and self-denying, with a mind always aiming at great things and above every littleness. He has died lamented by all who knew him."

It is strange that in the case of both James Bruce and John Hanning Speke their account of their great discoveries was at first received with doubt and scepticism. It is more easy to criticise from the depths of an arm-chair than to go out and learn for yourself at the risk of your ease and comfort and security.

CHAPTER V

JOSEPH THOMSON

JOSEPH THOMSON was a striking instance of Scottish character proving victorious over its environment, the force of circumstances.

He was born in February 1858 in the village of Penpont, Dumfriesshire. His father was in his youth a working stone-mason, but rose to the position of a master-builder, and to become the owner of a valuable quarry.

Joseph inherited from his father a powerful frame and constitution, a good memory and a poetical temperament; from his mother he derived a patient gentleness which served him in good stead when face to face with excitable negroes.

Joseph was the youngest of five sons, and with them he learnt to speak the truth, to obey those in authority, and to do his duty strenuously.

The beautiful scenery near his home—the brawling river Scar, the dark, sulky pools lying between rocky defiles, the fertile vale of the Nith, the breezy uplands and misty hills of far Closeburn and Queensberry—all helped to educate the lad as much as the daily tasks of the village school.

He was growing sturdy, bright, frolicsome, venturous, and yet meditative.

When his father took the farm and quarry at Gatelawbridge, then Joseph began to take an interest in stones and fossils and geology generally.

When he was eleven years old his eldest brother brought him from college a volume of travels in strange lands.

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Mungo Park, Bruce, Moffat, and others fired his imagination, and from this time onward Joseph Thomson longed to go out and explore.

It was the time when the nation was feeling anxious about the fate of Livingstone. When one day a notice was put in the papers announcing an expedition to search for the lost traveller, Joseph went to his mother and said, "Oh, mother, do get father to let me join it. Too young? No; even a boy might be useful out there, you know."

He went away disappointed and sad; but he read all there was in the papers about Stanley's expedition, and one day he rushed into the quarry, brandishing the news-sheet and flushed with delight.

"Father! they've found him—they've found him, I'm telling you."

"Found who, my boy?" said his father in surprise.

"Why, Livingstone, of course! Stanley's found him!"

Another character-forming element in young Thomson's life was the society of Dr. Grierson, a thoughtful lover of science, who set the boy upon ranging the hills and glens for fossils and rare plants and ferns. On one of these rambles he met Professor, now Sir Archibald, Geikie, who afterwards lectured to him at Edinburgh and gained for him his first post as an African explorer.

In 1875 Joseph went to Edinburgh University, where he took up geology and chemistry as his special subjects, and he worked with all his powers. In 1876 he studied botany under Professor Balfour and natural history under Huxley, who was taking Wyville Thomson's work for a season. Huxley he found very difficult to follow, and his language too classical.

"My hours at college are from 7.30 A.M. to 5.30 P.M. : I never get half-an-hour to myself except at the end of the week."

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On Saturdays he and his friends went long walks, exploring the country around. He found time to write two geological papers on the home rocks: these were printed by the Dumfries Society.

At the end of his last session Thomson came out medallist, both in natural history and geology. Sir Archibald wrote about him thus: "He was always the first to climb a crag or scale a quarry, showing in these early days the daring and physical endurance which stood him in such good stead among the wilds of Africa. . . . There was such a frank open-heartedness about him, such a love of fun and so much kindly humour, that he became a great favourite among his class-fellows. . . . When Keith-Johnston asked me about a geologist to accompany him on his African expedition, I had great pleasure in strongly recommending Thomson."

When the news came to the young man of twenty as he was disconsolately roaming his native valley, he at first shrank from the great responsibility of being called to be geologist and naturalist to the Keith-Johnston expedition. However, he pulled himself together and took lodgings near Kew Gardens, and for two months studied hard at the natural history of East Africa.

Sir Joseph Hooker gave him much useful instruction, so did Mr. Bates, the secretary of the Royal Geographical Society.

The work of the expedition was to find a good route from the coast to the central lakes, somewhere between Dar-es-Salaam and Lake Nyassa. If the stores held out they might go on to Lake Tanganyika.

They started in November 1878, Keith-Johnston looking the picture of health and strength; Joseph Thomson, the fair-haired boy student, eager to see the world and read a little of its secrets.

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At Algiers he had a few hours ashore, when he rushed into the native quarter and drank in his first draught of African experiences.

At Aden, which they reached on the 12th of December, they had to wait a fortnight for the Zanzibar steamer; but Thomson was off to Berbera, 150 miles away on the African coast. Two days and a half spent in an open boat full of dirty Arabs prepared him for miseries to come. The native fair was on, and Thomson saw something of the wild Somalis, and took an excursion inland under an escort of cavalry; of all which he made a paper for the Royal Geographical Society.

At the island of Zanzibar they stayed five months, and met with great kindness and hospitality from Dr. Kirk, our Consul-General.

In February they made an expedition to the forest region of Usambara, on the mainland, and here the young explorer was awed and charmed by the natural beauty of gorges rich with creeper and flower, of dark primeval forests in which the giant trees stood up 200 feet high, and of rocks that interested him even more than the vegetation.

It was not until May that they bade adieu to the courteous Sultan and sailed for Dar-es-Salaam, a little south of Zanzibar.

Their caravan numbered 150 men, led by the faithful Chuma, of Livingstone fame; about eighty men carried guns, and they started in high spirits and with good hope of success.

For the first month they trudged through swamp and morass, for the rains were continuing three weeks beyond their usual time; and in this malarial atmosphere Keith-Johnston fell a victim to dysentery and died.

The eager boy of twenty was suddenly called to command the expedition: now it would be proved whether the Scot was worthy of his forebears or not.

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Thomson was just then weak in limb from fever, but he set about his work manfully. First he gave his chief reverent burial, and then ordered the men to fall in for the march—and such a march! One continuous floundering through bog and marsh, succeeded by a hot sandy plain on which only a few stunted shrubs could live and flourish.

Thomson thought himself lucky to have secured the services of a smart Zanzibari boy, who attended on him most eagerly; but when he discovered that his treasure was in the habit of cleaning the plates on his loin-cloth and wiping the forks with his fingers, half the glamour was gone.

As they “trailed their slow length along,” the subdued cry, “Mahenge!” arose from the scared porters; they dropped their loads and prepared to run from the dreaded savages.

But Thomson, all unarmed, stepped out to meet the naked, painted warriors. He smiled and greeted them as friends; and the Mahenge, surprised at his daring and pleased by his genuine good humour, forgot to loot or stab the strangers.

It was in this way that Thomson won his way from tribe to tribe. He was anxious only to prove to the natives that his mission was peace, and that the word of the white man could be trusted.

As they traversed the desolate moorland of Ubena, 5000 feet high, Thomson was suffering from rheumatic fever, and had to be supported by two natives. The higher they went the more miserable and degraded were the negroes, and the colder were the wet nights that soaked the party through and through. At last they staggered down 4000 feet to Lake Nyassa, worn out by fatigue and sickness; yet after a few days' rest they went on to Lake Tanganyika, which they reached at its most southern point. Here he put together and launched his collapsible boat, the *Agnes*,

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named after his mother ; and here, while he was bathing, a hungry crocodile snapped its jaws within an inch of his leg.

Soon he again set out to explore the western side of this lake, leaving most of his men under Chuma on the southern shore.

As he travelled into the country of Warungu, all his presence of mind and nerve were perpetually on the strain, for the natives here were full of suspicion and resentment. Nor was it to be wondered at, for their experience of strangers was confined to Arab slave-hunters, men who came to burn happy villages and steal their women and children.

More than once Thomson stood and smiled at one of these savages, who stood before him with uplifted axe, or arrow drawn to the head. They could not make him out—was he more than man ? He smiled as if he knew they had no power to strike him, and so they never struck the blow.

Seven thousand feet up through the very home of storms ! the lightning almost blinding them, the thunder rolling heavily from peak to peak, while mountain torrents, in such angry spate as he had never seen at home, roared down the pass, and answered the thunder-crash with a continued undertone of murmurous sound.

At last he stood by the outlet of the Lukuga River, and found a swift, resistless stream instead of the lazy, mud-choked river which Cameron had described. For it had swept away its dam of mud and made for itself so deep a channel that its rapid outflow had lowered the level of the Tanganyika as much as eight or ten feet.

After a short rest Thomson took a slave-trader's boat and recrossed to Ujiji, on the eastern side of the lake, where he was literally washed ashore by a midnight storm, but found hospitality with the agent of the London

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Missionary Society. Having supplied himself with fresh stores, Thomson went west again in the hope to strike the Congo.

But the Warua tribe would not receive him on any terms, and his thirty men threatened to mutiny if he advanced further, so he turned back, paddled 200 miles in a canoe very pleasantly along the romantic creeks and headlands of the lake, and rejoined his men at their camp, who had almost given him up for dead. It was a treat to find better food than beans and Indian corn, and a softer bed than bare planks to sleep on.

When they reached Unyanyambe, and the news of his rapid dash to the west reached the ears of the Arab traders, Thomson was visited and lionised by all, from the governor downwards.

When they reached Zanzibar after their little tramp of 30,000 miles, the Sultan sent to congratulate Thomson and to reward his men with a gift of money.

Dumfries and Thornhill welcomed their distinguished countryman home with flying banners and sounds of music, and nothing was so well liked in him as his declaration that he had found a gentle word more potent than gunpowder.

In November Thomson showed his spoil of rock and flower and shell to the Royal Geographical Society, and gave an address of immense interest, which ended in his having to write a book, *To the Central African Lakes and Back*.

His next expedition was to explore the river Rovuma for coal, by request of the Sultan of Zanzibar. There was no coal, and Thomson was not believed when he brought back the disappointing report.

For two months he was kept a prisoner on parole, and then made his way back to Scotland, when he found time to study Darwin.

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At the meeting of the British Association in Southampton Thomson read a paper on the geological evolution of Lake Tanganyika.

Thomson's next task was to explore the country lying between Mombasa and Victoria Nyanza; the difficulty was not owing to the physical features of the country, but in the fierce character of the inhabitants. Gordon had wished to open out such a route, and the Church Missionary Society were anxious for its accomplishment.

Thomson was asked to lead a caravan thither; it jumped with his humour, and he set off in December 1882, spent ten days in Cairo, and reached Zanzibar on the 26th of January.

As luck would have it, several important caravans had just started, and only the riff-raff and ruck of oriental rascaldom was left for Thomson. One man who had been a ringleader in mischief on Thomson's former expedition, and yet was a magnificent worker, Thomson dared to appoint as one of his head overseers.

The experiment succeeded: the man became loyal to his leader, and served him faithfully throughout.

On the 15th of March the journey was begun from Mombasa through 200 miles of desert, waterless and uninhabited. A fortnight of toil and agony brought them to a delightful oasis, Taveta, shaded by palm and bush and creeper, cooled by the icy streams that murmured through banana groves as they bickered along the slopes that formed the base of a majestic king of volcanic mountains, Kilimanjaro, 19,000 feet high, capped with eternal snow. Here the natives were friendly and hospitable, and the caravan rested two weeks and enjoyed themselves; but they had heard dreadful tales of the cruelty of the Masai warriors and were fain to desert, if they could do so safely. Unfortunately the route they chose had been recently taken

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by Dr. Fischer, who had fought his way through and left such smouldering sparks of revenge that Thomson saw it would be fatal to go on; so, under the cover of night, they returned to Taveta.

Then with ten men Thomson made a dash for the coast, and engaged a caravan of sixty-eight men. On his return to Taveta he found a large trading caravan about to start for Masailand, and arranged with the leader that they should join forces.

This time they went by the east and north sides of the great mountain, passing through a lovely and fertile country, in which no man dared to live through fear of the Masai. The only dangers they came across were caused by mad charges of rhinoceros or bull buffalo, while lions now and then took off a donkey at night.

When they came near Mount Erok they had to erect a fence of thorns every night against marauding Masai, those brown fiends with sloping eyes and majestic figures; they are bachelor warriors till thirty, when they marry and settle down to domestic life and the keeping of cattle. They were cattle-lifters, who thought all other tribes beneath them, and scrupled not to kill and plunder at sight.

Thomson found time to explore the high plateau, and discovered that all was of volcanic origin, with cones and craters of great height.

Hearing that Dr. Fischer had turned back in despair, the young Scot resolved to push on to Mount Kenia, eighty miles distant, with only thirty men to help him. But as he progressed he discovered that a pest was decimating the cattle, and that the natives were blaming the stranger for it. Then Thomson seized upon the idea of posing as a medicine-man, and made spells for the healing of their cattle.

This was a very hazardous experiment, but fortunately his great master-spell of pulling out two false teeth and

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replacing them at will won for him a vast belief in his powers of healing. On his way he saw a magnificent range of mountains some 14,000 feet high, which he named the Aberdare range.

Mount Kenia he admired, but could not ascend, for he had already been too long away from his camp.

They reached their men when they had made up their minds to give him up as lost. Thomson and his thirty had fed all the month on the flesh of diseased cattle, but after a few days' rest they were well enough to start for the Victoria Nyanza.

No caravan had as yet succeeded in getting through by this route, but Thomson selected a hundred fit men and set off on the 16th of November over mountains 7000 feet high. By the 28th he had arrived at Kabaras, rich and populous, with hundreds of beehive huts and a strong encircling wall.

Thomson's good fame as a gentle, kindly stranger had gone before him, and the natives were ready to act in a friendly manner. By the 10th of December they reached the reedy shores of the Nyanza, in which Thomson bathed. He was now only forty-five miles from the Nile, but an attack of fever just then came on, and a message also from a friendly chief, intimating that the King of Uganda objected to the white man entering his country "by a back door," induced him to return. After making careful observations as to the lie of the shores to the north-east, he retraced his steps by Mount Elgon, and discovered some enormous caves of great antiquity cut out of the hard rock.

Thomson was not, like most of his predecessors in exploration, a huntsman by nature and instinct. One day, as he was seeking food for his men, he shot a bull buffalo, and walked up to it; when, to his surprise, the victim of his rifle came at him with head erect, as its habit is, and tossed him into the air before he could escape or fire a second shot.



THOMSON'S NARROW ESCAPE

Thomson having shot a buffalo thought it was killed, when suddenly it rose, charged, and tossed him into the air.

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When he recovered from his shock he saw the monster standing over him and about to complete its deadly work, but at the same moment the sound of shots came to his ear, and the buffalo with a low roar turned away and left him free to drag himself from his terrible position.

Thomson was badly gored and lost much blood, but that evening he had recovered sufficiently to drink in grim merriment to the memory of the buffalo in soup that had been made of part of its body.

For the next three weeks he was borne on a stretcher, but as soon as was possible he was off on an expedition to explore the country north of Lake Baringo. After this, either the dead buffalo was exercising a baleful influence on his health, or the trials of his long marches were beginning to have their effect, for dysentery seized him, and he had to remain two months in a dark and lonely hut, with swarms of cruel Masai prowling around him.

At last his cry, "Carry me to the coast," was heard and obeyed; and as the men in their devotion to their leader bore him along week after week, singing to cheer him, hope revived in the stricken man, heart-beats became stronger, and by June Thomson felt strong enough to walk.

When he reached home the Scottish Geographical Society was just inaugurated in December 1884, and H. M. Stanley lectured before it, dwelling mainly on the commercial prospects of the Congo.

At the banquet which followed the address, Thomson could not help relieving his soul of a protest against the commercial spirit. "There were days," he said, "when there was romance in African travel, but the soulless march of commerce has been gradually trampling out that. . . . We have come to look upon the palm-tree, not in regard to its artistic effect, but upon the quantity of oil that it is to produce . . . it is pitiful that such should be the case."

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Thomson gave no optimistic advice to the mere trader ; he had found the wants of the Masai simple, and, as he expressed it, " You cannot trade in that region unless the Masai allow you, but at present they would rather have your head than the present of a linen-draper's warehouse."

The next journey Thomson was to take was to the Hinterland of the Niger ; for the British Government wished him to conclude commercial treaties with the kings of Sokoto and Gandu. As he landed from time to time on the West Coast of Africa he could not help being profoundly disappointed at the influence of civilisation, so-called, upon the natives. The Kru boys, the most docile and intelligent on the coast, had learned nothing from the traders but to desire gin, tobacco, and gunpowder. When he passed through a native village, squalid figures in rags came begging round him, lost to all sense of dignity and independence.

As he sailed up the Niger and got into the influence of Islam, the people seemed more worthy, and, though superstitious, yet full of religious feeling, and he laid the blame for the worse state of things at the coast on the bad examples set by Christian traders.

Thomson's voyage was successful, and the treaties were signed and sealed. In September 1885 he was home again, fighting against fever and dysentery, reading many papers, and receiving gold medals.

Of Thomson's travels over the Atlas Mountains and in Northern Zambezia we have not room to write more than to say that sickness attacked him and his porters in the latter expedition, and the natives, accustomed to the raids of slave-traders, would give no help.

However, he reached home once more, and had time to write the story of his travels ; but in 1893 pneumonia attacked him, and another journey to Africa seemed the only cure for his lungs.

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In Africa he met Olive Schreiner, and Cecil Rhodes offered to lend him his De Beers house at Kimberley. He went to live there, and his lung began to heal in the hot, dry air, but other bodily ailments troubled him. Rhodes spoke of a mission for him into Matabeleland, but Thomson was not strong enough for the effort, and returned to England.

In July 1894 he wrote to Edward Clodd: "I am in a very bad way. Since I came to Scotland I have been nearly completely prostrate . . . in three weeks I have lost twelve of my precious pounds of flesh. . . . I cannot even read."

However, he struggled as far as Naples, and Capri, and Palermo; then home by the Riviera, and to Cromer, and back to London.

Only the day before he died he said, "If I could put on my clothes and walk a hundred yards, I would go to South Africa yet."

And when his eldest brother warned him of approaching death he said, "I have been face to face with death for years and need not be alarmed at it now . . . we must all cast ourselves upon the mercy of God."

Thus, at the age of thirty-seven, this strong, brave man passed away, worn out by his strenuous efforts in the cause of science. He had been a born leader of men, managing savages with tact and gentleness and boyish merriment, so that they felt at once a strange sympathy with this white man.

The story of Livingstone had first awakened in Thomson the spirit of adventure and a desire to explore Africa; but when he had been there and seen the pity of it, the sufferings of the enslaved and the oppressed, the desire to help the sons of Africa became a holy passion which he could not resist.

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Sir Clements R. Markham wrote of him that he had the high and glorious distinction of never having caused the death of a single native.

Thomson was sometimes chaffed by his friends for having taken a bottle of brandy with him into Central Africa and for having brought it back still uncorked.

Mr. J. M. Barrie wrote: "It is reasonable to presume that his straightforwardness and his boyish, high spirits were responsible for much of his popularity with the natives. Whatever their faults, they, too, were straightforward and gleeful, and so he had something in common with them. . . . I am sure he delighted in exchanging views with their ladies, and enjoyed dancing with the native belles, and was as courteous to them as though they were the beauties of Mayfair."

Mr. Ravenstein wrote: "Each of the six African expeditions on which Thomson was engaged yielded geographical results of interest . . . far greater results were achieved by a short visit to Morocco in 1888, when he crossed the high Atlas range thrice and ascended several virgin peaks."

Before Thomson's journeys very little was known of the geology of the Hinterland of East Africa. Thomson constructed a definite geological section across the country from Tanganyika to the coast. He showed that all that area was a vast plateau of gneiss, schist, and granite, separated from the coast by a broad belt of coal-bearing rocks. In Western Morocco he made valuable observations on the former glaciation of the Atlas. As Thomson had been educated in a glaciated country, his judgment on this question is not to be despised.

Mr. J. A. Grant, who served under Thomson in his last expedition, speaks of his indomitable perseverance: "Struck down by an acutely painful internal disease,

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Thomson never for one moment resigned the work he had undertaken ; he struggled on gamely day after day, refusing to be carried until he was worn to a shadow, and had at length to submit to a rough-and-ready hammock ; he was a prince among pioneers, for those who followed him were looked upon as friends, not enemies."

Mr. Scott-Elliott writes with reference to Thomson's botanical work : "He managed, when exposed to the extraordinary perils of Masailand, to carry a large collection safely home . . . when many of his own private comforts had to be abandoned. . . . It would be a great benefit to science if there were more men of his stamp able to follow the example which he set." ¹

¹ From the Biography of Joseph Thomson by his brother, by the kind consent of the family and of the publishers, Messrs. S. Low, Marston & Co.

CHAPTER VI

STANLEY AND EMIN

ISMAIL, the Khedive, had undertaken to build up an enormous Egyptian Empire stretching from Alexandria to Lake Albert. For the reports brought home by Speke and Grant and Baker of wondrous lakes and rivers and fertile uplands had over-excited the Khedive's ambition, and he ventured to do out of his poverty what only a wealthy prince could hope to carry through with success.

It is true Sir Samuel Baker conquered for him the Equatorial Province, but no military stations had been formed connecting the south with Egypt. Ismail's debts at length frightened European bankers, and in 1879 he was deposed, and Tewfik, his son, reigned in his stead.

Then came a military revolt under Arabi Pasha, and troops had to be withdrawn from the Sudan. This gave the new Mahdi an opportunity to prove his power. Lord Wolseley broke the forces of Arabi at Tel-el-Kebir, but ever new defeats of Egyptian armies under such generals as Hicks Pasha and Valentine Baker in 1884 increased the popular faith in the Prophet.

From 1874 to 1876 General Gordon had been attempting in the Upper Sudan to crush out slavery and strengthen the Khedive's authority.

Amongst other men whom Gordon trusted and employed was a Prussian Jew named Edward Schnitzler, who had served in the suite of the Turkish Governor-General of Scutari, and at his death had come to Khartoum,

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assumed the name and title of Emin Effendi Hakim, and had been taken on by Gordon as a medical attendant.

Gordon found Emin industrious and obliging, more fond of his scientific pursuits than of climbing to wealth or power; he was also humble and obedient, and would do whatever Gordon bade him. So he was sent to Lado as storekeeper and doctor, then singled out by Gordon to go on a political mission to King M'tesa, and again on a similar mission to King Kabba-Rega of Unyoro; at last, in 1878, he was promoted to Bey, and made Governor of the Equatorial Province, with £50 a month for salary.

Emin ruled gently and peaceably; but the Mahdi grew stronger, and Emin's first battalion grew discontented. Then came the news in 1885 that Khartoum had fallen and Gordon was slain. Emin's solitary figure, the last of Gordon's lieutenants, left alone in the heart of Africa to maintain the honour of England and Egypt, struck a note of sympathy that thrilled through Great Britain; more than £20,000 were subscribed for a relief expedition, and H. M. Stanley was invited to take charge of it.

After long consultations it was resolved to travel up the Congo, a route which Stanley knew. Though he was then lecturing in America, the explorer telegraphed to Sir W. Mackinnon: "Just received Monday's cable; many thanks; everything all right; will sail per *Eider* 8 A.M. Wednesday."

Arrived in England, Stanley had to select his officers—Lieutenant W. Grant Stairs, R.E.; W. Bonney as medical assistant; Mr. J. R. Troup, who had served before on the Congo; Major Barttelot of the 7th Fusiliers; Captain Nelson of Methuen's Horse; Mr. J. M. Jephson, and J. S. Jameson.

The committee had been in favour of reaching Emin through Masailand, but Stanley held that by the Eastern route food and water would be scanty, desertions would be

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numerous, and the natives warlike. As King Leopold was in favour of the Congo route, and promised his help, this route was determined on, and Stanley started for Alexandria, where he engaged Surgeon Parke, A.M.D., as surgeon to the expedition.

At Cairo, Sir Evelyn Baring met Stanley and gave him good advice, and introduced him to Nubar Pasha. Stanley soon convinced Nubar that the Congo was the best route, and got permission to use the Egyptian flag.

The Khedive gave Stanley a firman, or high order, to carry with him, in which Emin was thanked for his brave defence, promoted to Brigadier-General, notified that Mr. Stanley, the famous explorer, was being sent with supplies and arms for his relief, and allowed to choose his own course, either to stay in his province or leave it for Cairo; but he was not to expect further assistance from England or Egypt.

By February 1887 Stanley arrived at Zanzibar and presented the Sultan with a letter from Sir W. Mackinnon, in which he explained that Stanley had chosen the Congo route that he might be able to convey his Zanzibari men without fatigue or risk by sea, and up the river in boats, so that they would arrive within 350 miles of their destination fresh and vigorous instead of being worn out and jaded by the fatigue of a long inland march.

Then Stanley sent a letter by couriers overland to Emin, explaining why he was coming. He told him he was bringing sixty soldiers from Wady Halfa, 600 Zanzibari natives, and as many Arab followers from Central Africa, plenty of ammunition and letters and equipments for himself and his officers.

Stanley also had interviews with Tippu-Tib, of negro origin, and now the virtual king of all the region between Stanley Falls on the Congo and Tanganyika lake. This

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man had escorted Stanley's caravan in 1877 down the Congo, and since then had grown considerably in power.

Stanley engaged to carry Tippu and his ninety-six men round by the Cape to the Congo, when the latter would provide 600 carriers to bring back Emin's ivory from Lake Albert to Stanley Falls. Tippu was to be made Governor of Stanley Falls with a monthly salary, and he was to stop all slave-trading.

Tippu was not averse to slave-trading himself, but he must either be a friend or an enemy, and his friendship was worth buying.

He was rather astonished at all he saw at Cape Town, and declared that white men seemed even more enterprising than Arabs.

On the 18th of March 1887 the *Madura* dropped her anchor at the mouth of the Congo. The officers, soldiers, porters, &c., were transhipped, after a march to Stanley Pool, into river steamers, old and rusty. Already fifty-seven men had deserted, although they were 3000 miles from their native land; thirty-eight rifles were missing, and half their axes, shovels, spears, &c.

The scenery was varied and beautiful, but the four steamers were even more varied in their pace and manner of breakdown.

They reached Bangala Station on the Upper Congo by the end of May. Here there was a garrison of sixty men with two Krupps, plenty of food, crops of rice growing, and a large brick factory.

A little higher up an interesting incident happened.

Stanley had a young native named Baruti as his servant. The boy had been captured when a child in 1883, and had been taken to England by Sir Francis de Winton. From Sir Francis the boy had passed on to the charge of Stanley, who now noticed that the boy was looking intently across the water towards one of the Basoka villages.

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“Well, Baruti, what do you see there that interests you so?”

“Oh! master, we are passing the village where I was born.”

Some men in canoes were a little way off; they were, like all forest people, very suspicious of strangers, and feared to come near enough to barter or sell their produce.

“Hail those fellows, Baruti,” said Stanley.

Baruti hailed them in their own tongue. They came a little nearer, and the boy named his eldest brother and asked where he was. At once the wild men hallooed the name lustily across the river. The steamer had stopped; all were listening and looking intently. They soon saw a tall young man enter a canoe and paddle near.

Baruti asked how he was—“did he remember little Baruti?” A doubtful grunt and a shake of the head was the reply. The boy named his parents, and the man in the canoe smiled and came close up to the steamer, stared hard, and again shook his head.

“If you are my brother Baruti, tell me something that I may know you.”

“Thou hast a scar on thy arm—on the right; mind’st thou the crocodile?”

“Ha! ha!” With a great shout of joy the big native roared out the news to the villagers, and Baruti sat down and sobbed.

The big brother forgot all his fears, leapt into the steamer, hugged his long-lost brother, and there was great rejoicing.

In the evening Stanley offered Baruti his liberty, if he wished to return to his kinsfolk. The boy declared he would rather stay with his master, but a few days after he disappeared; the spell of home had proved too compelling.

At Yambuya they began their long tramp across the

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forest, leaving Major Barttelot and Jameson to bring up the rear later on. They started on the 28th of June, and were marching through forest, bush, and jungle till the 5th of December. The temperature was 86° in the shade. Fifty men plied bill-hooks and axes; creepers had to be slashed away, the tangle of undergrowth had to be made passable, huge fallen trees had to be negotiated by the mules and donkeys.

Soon they came to a broad road leading to a village, at the end of which stood three hundred natives of Yankonda, excitedly talking and yelling; in their hands they carried drawn bows. It was a trap!

The pleasant road was strewn with sharp skewers covered lightly with leaves, that would have lamed the explorers. Stanley ordered the skewers to be torn out of the ground before they advanced on the village. Fortunately their poisoned arrows fell short, and the village was occupied for the night and sentries were posted.

In following days they found all the approaches to villages defended by these sharp and poisoned skewers, so deadly to men walking with bare feet.

On July the 3rd the forest grew suddenly dark, and a distant murmur sounded as the tree-tops swayed and rustled in the rising wind. They tried to pitch tents, but the storm blew everything about; the big raindrops felt cold on the bare shoulders of the Sudanese, and they shivered. No fires could be lit until three in the morning, when bonfires cheered the hungry people, and they roasted the bitter manioc and sang songs. Next day they came upon a calm reach of river—the Aruwimi—and the steel boat, which was being carried in forty-four sections, was put together and launched. It was much easier than marching, for now ninety-eight were relieved of their loads and marched lightly near the river. It was observed that the natives

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in their canoes used the river chiefly as a means of communication.

By the 9th many men had bad wounds in the feet, ulcers and fever, and all were looking jaded and worn. In the deserted villages they found long heaps of oyster-shells, which made their mouths water.

Sometimes the marching column had to cross twenty streams in a day, and Jephson astonished all by his vigour, dashing through close jungle, or standing up to his neck in a muddy creek. Stairs had been ill for some time, and had to be carried till he could be put on the boat.

On the 25th they came to rapids which extended for two miles. It was hard work struggling up stream, grasping at bushes, poling, meeting colonies of spiteful wasps from which the naked Zanzibaris fled howling.

In August they reached Panga Falls, some thirty feet high and a mile in length. Food was scarce, and the natives demanded exorbitant prices (in rods). Now and then a canoe was overturned and rifles were lost.

On August 13th Stairs was wounded by an arrow in the left breast. Dr. Parkes washed the wound in water, but the Zanzibaris swore the arrow was poisoned by a solution of arum. For many days Stairs seemed unlikely to recover. Another man, similarly wounded, was attacked by lockjaw and was treated with morphine; but he died in agonies, while Lieutenant Stairs gradually grew better. The only food now was plantains, Indian corn, and a few fowls on which the men used to waste many cartridges.

On September 16th Stanley visited an Arab station and was hospitably received in a fort of baked clay; here he saw the first specimen of the tribe of dwarfs. The young lady of seventeen was thirty-three inches in height, perfectly formed, coloured like a quadroon, graceful and pretty, having large eyes, lustrous and gazelle-like; though

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absolutely nude, she seemed quite modest and self-possessed. Ugarrowa, the chief of the station, had been a tent-boy under Speke and Grant, and was now lord of many men and stations.

As Stanley was encamping after his first day's passage up the river after leaving Ugarrowa's station, he was surprised to see a canoe approaching with three of his Zanzibaris bound as prisoners. They had deserted with rifles and cartridges, and were being sent back by their late host. Desertions were becoming so common that Stanley next morning mustered all hands and addressed them on the subject. It was agreed that the men deserved to be hanged, one each day, and that this penalty should be in store for any other deserters. The lots were thrown and one man was hanged from a tree. On the second morning Stanley called the head chief, Rashid, and said, "What are we to do about hanging the second deserter?"

Rashid was for carrying out the sentence: "On their own heads let the guilt lie. . . . They all know that you, a Christian, are suffering all this hardship to save the sons of Islam who are in trouble near some great sea beyond here. They profess Islam, and yet would leave the Christian in the bush. Let them die!"

But Stanley wished to try mercy and forgiveness, so he arranged with Rashid that when the noose was ready he should come to his leader and ask pardon. In half-an-hour the men were mustered in a square enclosing the prisoner. The long cable hung over a bough and the noose was adjusted, when Stanley turned to Rashid, "Have you anything to say before he dies?" Then Rashid and his brother chiefs rushed up and fell at Stanley's feet, blamed the deserter and thief, but pleaded for mercy.

The whole company of the Zanzibaris stood silent,

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electrified by the same emotion. Stanley glanced at the dilated eyes and parted lips and cried, "Enough, children! take your man—his life is yours. But see to it! There is only one law in future for him who robs us of a rifle, and that is death by the cord."

Then caps and turbans were tossed into the air, eyes shone with tears, and they shouted as they raised their right hands—

"Until the white cap is buried none shall leave him! Death to him who leaves Bula Matari! Lead on now to the Nyanza."

The prisoner also wept and knelt down, vowing to die for Stanley, who shook hands with the released prisoner, saying, "It is God's work; thank Him."

By the 6th of October only 263 men were left, of whom fifty-two had been reduced to skeletons, having ulcers and being unable to forage. Captain Nelson also was among the sick, and could not march. So Nelson and the sick with eighty-one loads and ten canoes were left behind, and the rest marched on to seek relief for them. It was terrible for both parties: the one camped on a sandy terrace, hemmed in by frowning rocks and dark woods; the other party tramping on with empty stomachs stayed only on fungi and a few bananas. As they sat in the evening, one asked Stanley if in all his travels he had ever felt such hunger as this.

Stanley tried to cheer the men up, spoke of Elijah fed by ravens, and said, "Christ was ministered unto by angels. I wonder if any one will minister unto us?"

At that moment there came a sound as of a large bird whirring through the air. Randy, Stanley's fox-terrier, cocked his ear and lifted one fore-foot; then dashed forward and snapped the prize—a fine, fat guinea-fowl!

"The age of miracles is not past," said Stanley merrily. The bird was promptly cooked and divided, and Randy had

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his fair portion, and seemed quite aware that he was the hero of the evening. After this they managed to subsist on forest-beans, grubs and slugs, caterpillars, and white ants. They wondered if Emin Pasha would ever realise what they were suffering for his sake.

By the 15th of October they were all so desperately weak that Stanley again put the case before his men. He told them that only 200 now remained, of whom 150 alone were fit to carry anything. "Let us sink our boat here by the riverside, and press on to get food for ourselves and those with Captain Nelson." To this the ever-faithful Uledi replied, "Sir, my advice is this: you go on with the caravan and search for our friends, the Manyema, and I with my crew will work at these rapids." So they separated, and Stanley led northward through the trackless forest, and at 3.30, after a terrible struggle through a wilderness of arums, amoma, and bush, they came upon a dark glen in which was a deserted camp with two bushels of Indian corn and a bushel of beans.

Stanley's Zanzibar donkey proclaimed sadly he could no further go, for arums had been his spare diet since June 28th; so, to end his misery, his master shot him. The meat was shared as though it were the finest venison: skin, bones, hoofs—all devoured hungrily as if by a pack of hyenas.

On the 16th, as they tore their way despairingly through wood, stream, and jungle, they came suddenly upon a road, and saw on the trees the peculiar "blaze," or hatchet-mark, of the Manyema. A cheer went up from one end of the column to the other, though only fifty were now in fair condition. Poor Randy was following with feeble steps, for parched corn had not done him much good.

On the afternoon of the 17th a storm of rain fell, but hope made them start early on the 18th. As, in the fog,

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they stopped to discuss their bearings, they heard a lusty voice singing in an unknown tongue.

Stanley fired his Winchester in the air, and heavy-loaded muskets replied. "It must be the Manyema," they shouted, and ran down the slope.

It was Kilonga-Longa's station, and there stood many Arabs waving their welcome and offering hospitality. With grateful hearts they were led to the huts assigned them by the lusty ivory-hunters.

It was something to have their lives saved and to be fed, but their hosts lived by raiding the natives, and they tried to rob Stanley's men of their rifles. When things were looking dark and the Manyema were getting angry, Uledi strode into camp, saying that the boat was safe and the six missing chiefs were found. He soon made peace with the Arabs, and they apologised to Stanley for the thefts, agreed to send thirty men to the relief of Nelson and his party, and to provide Stanley with a guide. So, on they went through the forest, seeing deserted villages of the pigmies, and suffering from the insolence of the Manyema guides.

On November 29th they saw from a hill the welcome sight of pasture-land! "The forest-hell," as the men had called it, at last came to an end. On December 4th they emerged from the dark forest with rapture and shouts of joy into a rolling plain 3000 feet above the ocean, where the glorious sunshine and pure mountain air made them feel young again. In passing through the land of the Wazamboni, Stanley had to enforce peace by rifle fire, for the young warriors of the hill-side clamoured for war. The poor natives, armed with bows and spear, soon discovered their error and fled. When on December 13th they gained the brow of the last hill and saw only a high tableland before them, the Zanzibaris grumbled.

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“Mashallah! but this Nyanza keeps going further away from us.”

“Keep your eyes open, boys,” cried Stanley cheerily; “you may see the Nyanza any minute now.” But the blacks grunted their disbelief. Down they went into a great valley, and saw deep down below them a grey mist. What was it? The Albert Nyanza sleeping in the haze! They could not believe their eyes at first, but when they realised that the goal of their wanderings lay before them they burst into cheers and enthusiastic shouts.

Meanwhile Stanley was scrutinising the shores of the lake, twenty miles of rugged slopes and ravines fringed with bush and destitute of trees. Beyond lay the high tableland of Unyoro, level to the eye.

As they descended the slope many natives hung on to the rear, shooting their arrows and taunting the new-comers: “Ha! where will you sleep to-night?” They were three hours descending, with halts to repel the natives, and set a chain of sentries round the camp, which rather surprised the enemy. Next day, the 14th December, they went along the shore and tried to get some news of Emin from the villagers. But the natives only knew of one white man, who came from the north in a smoke-boat many years ago (Mason Bey). A chill smote Stanley to the heart. He had written to Emin from Zanzibar to say that by the 15th he might be on this lake. It was now the 14th: why were not his steamers to be seen?

A more heartless outlook had never confronted an explorer in wild Africa. Almost a year had passed since they left England; what awful dangers and pains they had dared in order to rescue this lonely, deserted man, and he had not taken the trouble to steam from end to end of the lake—a mere two days’ trip. In fact Emin Pasha was not known to the people! When Stanley’s

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officers realised the situation — the disappointment, the fear of starvation, the necessity of retreat, the absence of boat or canoe—they were dumb with grief and regret. However, on the 16th they resolved to go back to Ibwiri, eighteen days' journey, and there build a fort. Fortune favoured them as they retreated, for they found both game and stores of grain, and cattle for beef.

By the 22nd they had forded the East Ituri River, but Stairs and Stanley were prostrated by ague and footsores. On the 6th of January 1888 they came to the spot where they had resolved to build Fort Bodo, the Peaceful Fort. When the fort was finished Stairs was sent to Ipoto to find out what had become of Nelson, Dr. Parke, and the sick men.

On the 7th of February, as they were hoisting the Egyptian flag for the first time, a shot was fired at the end of the western road, and the sentry sang out, "Sail ho!" It was the caravan from Ipoto: Surgeon Parke looking strong and well, but Nelson prematurely old. They had suffered much during their stay in the Manyuema station, where they had been badly lodged and fed, often flogged with rods or speared, if they refused to sell their rifles and clothes.

The contrast was great between Stanley's men, now sleek and fat and glossy, and the poor, starved, shrunk specimens from Ipoto.

On the 12th of February, Stairs came in with the sections of the steel boat all in good order; that was good news. But there remained the question of Major Barttelot and the rear column. Stanley felt just now more eager to find him than Emin Pasha; so he offered twenty volunteers £10 cash to go back with letters, find and bring him along the old road. March came and went, and they rejoiced to see their corn and beans growing in the fields. On the 2nd of April they set out once more with the steel boat to find the lake

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and Emin Pasha. On the 14th they reached the shore, where the natives were now friendly, for they had learnt that the white man (Stanley) was no friend of Kabba-Rega, their great foe, but only wished to find a white chief—"the very one who about two moons after you came here was seen in a big canoe—all of iron; in the middle there rose a black tree, and out of it came sparks of fire and smoke."

So Emin had come to look for Stanley—two months late! Those two months wasted caused the assassination of Barttelot, Jameson's fever, Troup's illness, and many deaths by fighting.

Stanley made friends with the chiefs, and sent Jephson and Parke with fifty rifles and the steel boat to convey a letter to Emin, asking him if he meant to leave Africa or not.

On April 29th, Stanley writes: "From my tent-door at 4.30 P.M. I saw a dark object loom up on the north-east horizon of the lake. . . . A binocular revealed the dimensions of a vessel much larger than a boat or a canoe could possibly be, and presently a dark puff of smoke issuing from it declared her to be a steamer."

Stanley's people flocked down to the shore, firing guns and shouting. At eight in the evening, Emin Pasha, with Captain Casati and Jephson, walked into Stanley's camp. It was dark, and Stanley asked—

"Which of you is Emin Pasha?"

Then a man of slight figure, wearing glasses, came to shake hands, and said in good English, "I owe you a thousand thanks, Mr. Stanley. I really do not know how to express my thanks to you."

"Do not mention thanks," said Stanley, "but come in and sit down."

Emin was seen by the light of a wax candle to be dressed in a clean suit of white cotton drilling, well-ironed, with a

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well-kept fez on his head. He had a dark, grizzled beard, and looked healthy and contented. Captain Casati was looking gaunt and anxious, but was well dressed.

Stanley was rather surprised. Had he come all this way to rescue a man who seemed quite prosperous and happy, and in no danger?

Well, they talked over the position. Emin was averse to leave all his people—perhaps ten thousand in all, including many women and children. They discussed projects and plans for several days, and at last Emin said, “If my people are willing to go, I will go with you to Egypt.”

Emin undoubtedly did care for his people; at the same time he did not like the idea of giving up his great office and power and going to Cairo to sink into oblivion and be a nobody.

In May, Emin brought many useful gifts to Stanley and his officers—clothes, boots, &c., made by his own men, and fruit, onions, honey, and salt.

It was evident that Emin was not in the extreme distress they had imagined. By the Pasha's request Stanley wrote a letter to his soldiers, and sent Jephson to read it to the troops; it ended thus: “I go back to collect my people and goods, and after a few months I shall come back to hear what you have to say. If you say, ‘Let us go to Egypt,’ I will then show you a safe road to Zanzibar. If you say, ‘We shall not leave this country,’ then I will bid you farewell, and return to Egypt with my own people. May God have you in His keeping.” On May 24th Stanley started away to find his rear-guard and Barttelot. On his way he caught a glimpse of the great snow mountain, Ruwenzori, which is generally wreathed in cloud and mist, so that neither Speke, Baker, Mason, or Emin ever saw it.

In their conversation together, Emin told Stanley a curious fact. “The forest of Msongwa,” he said, “is infested

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with chimpanzees. They come in summer to steal our fruit, but the strange thing is that they use torches to light their way at night. I have seen it myself! One day they stole a drum, and I often heard them pounding away merrily on it in the silence of the night." Emin Pasha was more of a student than a ruler; he loved botany and bird studies, and was too indulgent to his subjects.

So, back into the gloomy forest they tramped, found Stairs and Nelson at Fort Bodo, and the surviving garrison very glad to see them. Many volunteered to go back with Stanley. The faithful dog Randy, who had borne the fatigues of the double march to the Albert Nyanza so well, and had become the pet of all, was left with Stairs in the fort to save him the thousand-mile journey. But poor Randy could not comprehend why his master had left him behind; he refused to eat, and on the third day after Stanley's departure the faithful fox-terrier died of a broken heart.

On the 16th of June, Stanley, with 113 Zanzibaris, 95 carriers, and four of Emin's soldiers set out from Fort Bodo towards Yambuya, and in forty-seven hours reached Ipoto, where the Manyuema had treated them so badly before. The chief, Kilonga-Longa, seeing how strong and well they looked, made profuse apologies, and returned nineteen Remingtons which they had stolen. They crossed the Ituri River, and traced their old route back through the forest, doing in four days what had taken them when famished thirteen days. The ammunition which they had buried in the sand was uninjured, but the carriers calmly scattered the corn they were carrying, to save labour, and suffered hunger later on. After a cold shower of rain three Madi carriers fell dead, and two or three men got skewered in the feet.

By the 25th of July thirty carriers had turned from ebon-black to an ashy-grey hue, and all their bones stared out from their skin, while tumours and ulcers, dysentery and

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blood-poisoning were making sad havoc. The black ants dropped on naked bodies from the trees and bit savagely. All were living merely on bananas and roots.

On the 17th of August they saw a large camp near Banalya. Stanley took his glass and shouted, "The red flag of Egypt, boys. The Major at last!" Alas! they were told that Major Barttelot was dead—shot by Tippu-Tib's people—Jameson was ill at Stanley Falls, Ward detained at Bangala, and Troup gone home ill—a pretty story of troubles to meet tired men!

The stench of disease hung in the air; dead men lay in that camp unburied. Stanley for some hours was dazed by the misery he saw and heard, and the hollow eyes of dying men looked pleadingly and pathetically as if asking for his help.

They started back for the Albert Lake on August 21st, and on their way caught two pigmies, a man and a woman. The former, four feet high, wore a kind of biretta, decorated with parrot feathers, and a strip of bark-cloth round his loins; his colour was coppery, and the furry hair on his body was nearly half an inch long. Very interesting to Stanley was this specimen of a race known forty centuries ago; they have outlived all the dynasties of Egypt and Babylon, Greece and Rome, and we meet their kinsmen among the Bushmen of Cape Colony.

His mobile features expressed his doubts and fears as they ranged him up alongside the tall Sudanese. But instead of killing and eating him, as he feared would be his lot, they stroked his back and gave him roast bananas, and he smiled his thanks.

Stanley even extracted local information from him by pantomime, while the coppery face of the nut-brown girl flashed eloquent sympathy. She was as plump as a Christmas goose and the very picture of young modesty. The houses of the pigmies were low, oval structures, having

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a door two feet high. On every road, about a hundred yards from their camp, was a sentry-house, and poisoned sticks defended all approaches. The Batwa pigmies, living in the northern forest, have long heads, narrow faces, and small eyes set close together; they look sour and querulous. The Wambutti, to the south, have round faces, gazelle-like eyes set wide apart, which look you frankly in the face, and they are of a rich ivory complexion. All the forest dwellers were of a lighter colour than those living in the sunshine.

One day a carrier left a box of ammunition under a big tree. Four head-men were sent back for it, and they found quite a tribe of pigmies round it, trying to carry it off. Firing into the air the Sudanese frightened the pigmies away, women, children, and all.

In December their food failed, and all grew weak and ill. Stanley had a little boy of eight years, Saburi, who used to carry his Winchester rifle and run at his leader's heels; a dark, round cherub, strong and merry, and full of pluck. On December 9th this boy strayed to find food, and they lost him. About 9 p.m. they sounded the great ivory horns through the forest, but only ghostly echoes came back, and the men felt nervous.

Stanley was very sorrowful, and thought of the boar and chimpanzee, the leopard and cheetah, and trampling elephant and strong baboons. Men also were dying of hunger; all were growing weaker, and there seemed no hope.

Next morning, however, little Saburi walked into camp as fresh as new paint and as if returned from a merry outing.

"Why! Saburi, where have you been, you rascal?"

"I lost my way while picking berries and wandered about, and near night I came to a track. I saw the marks of the axes, and I said, 'Ho! this is our road,' but it led only to a big river—the Ihuru. Then I found a big, hollow tree, and I went into it and slept. Next morning

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I came to the track again, and so on until I walked in here. That is all, master."

The reappearance of the boy heartened the men, and they struggled on through cotton-wood, briar and bush, under cathedral aisles of giant, large-leaved trees, and across stifling masses of rank vegetation and lazy streams dawdling into black pools of warm water.

After six months' absence they were welcomed into Fort Bodo on December 20, 1888, with joy and gratitude, the fifty-nine riflemen of the garrison leaping around Stanley like eager spaniels—all strong and healthy under Nelson, Stairs, and Parke.

On the 6th of February Jephson arrived from his stay with Emin.

He told them of a mutiny amongst Emin's soldiers, who would not believe that Khartoum had fallen, but feared they were to be made slaves to the English; of his own imprisonment together with Emin, of a letter from the Mahdi, of dissensions in consequence that ended in their being released. He also assured Stanley that most of the Egyptians and ~~Sudanese~~ preferred to stay in the country, where they had families and slaves; in Egypt they would be poor again. As to Emin, he could not make up his mind what to choose.

"It seems to me," said Jephson, "if we are to save him, we must first save him from himself."

As Emin proposed to visit Stanley at Kavalli's station, Jephson was sent down to meet him. They came, sixty-five persons and two hundred loads! Amongst them was a deputation from the revolted troops. Stanley explained over again that the Khedive gave them their free choice, to go or stay in the country.

They elected to go with Stanley, and he wrote out for them his conditions.



BABOONS RETURNING FROM A RAID

In the van march the heads of the tribe on the look-out for possible enemies, followed by others laden with plantains, nuts, and dates.

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Emin brought into Stanley's camp his six-year-old daughter, Ferida, of an Abyssinian mother; a pretty child, with beautiful black eyes.

The camp was spreading out into a town, and women were grinding corn all day long.

The Pasha was busy collecting specimens. He knew the weight and size of his men, but knew little of their thoughts. He believed they were true and faithful, and Stanley declared they were false and treacherous.

Emin's officers disobeyed his commands. They promised to get ready their families and goods, but kept wasting time, until at last Stanley spoke out firmly. He reminded Emin that he had a duty to perform to the Relief Committee as well as to Emin himself. Every month in Africa cost £400. The Zanzibaris, of course, wished to return to their homes; and he added sternly, "I have been warned that I must be on my guard. Your troops captured Mr. Jephson, and in menacing him with rifles they insulted me. They intended to capture me on my return here; but let me tell you that before they arrive within rifle-shot of this camp every officer will be in my power."

Stanley consulted his officers in the presence of Emin, and they all voted against any further extension of time than the 10th of April.

As plots thickened, and Stanley's life, together with that of his officers and men, was menaced by the growing treachery of Emin's soldiers, the signal for a general muster was sounded. Emin's Arabs did not answer to the call, so Stanley sent No. 1 Company, armed with clubs, to drive every Arab, Egyptian, and Sudanese into the square.

The Zanzibaris thoroughly enjoyed thrashing the vakeel, captains, and clerks who had so often insulted them.

Then Stanley accused Emin's men of stealing his rifles. He scolded them and frightened them into abject submission.

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"No Mahdist, Arabist, or rebel can breathe in my camp," said Stanley; and Emin's pampered troops felt the difference between a weak and kindly ruler and a sturdy Briton who would stand no nonsense. They one and all expressed their desire to be led to Zanzibar.

On the 10th of April a column of 1500 people streamed out in good order, all apparently happy to go; and their straw town was fired by Nelson, the smoke announcing to the natives around that the expedition had gone.

They began with very short marches, but even thus many complained.

"The whining people," says Stanley, "who were unable to walk empty-handed two or three hours a day were yellow Egyptians; a man with a little black pigment in his skin seldom complained, the extreme black or white never."

As they passed the base of Mount Ruwenzori, Stanley asked for volunteers to ascend it. "I'll go like a shot," said Lieutenant Stairs. Forty Zanzibaris went with him, and Emin Pasha started, but soon returned in distress. The climbers reached 10,677 feet above the sea, having 6000 feet above them. They brought the Pasha some specimens to console him.

We cannot follow them in their long travel to the East Coast, but we must echo Stanley's praise for Dr. Parke, who won all hearts by his kindness and skill. A young pigmy damsel had for a year attended on the doctor, guarded his tent, carried his satchel, collected fuel, and made his evening tea. But, alas! the glare of sunshine and the absence of forest shade affected the girl's health so much that she had to be left with the chief of Kimzumo. Whether she, too, like the fox-terrier, died of a broken heart, we are not told.

On the evening of 3rd December 1889, as they sat

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talking in the moonlight, the boom of a big gun came faintly to their ears.

All the Zanzibaris jumped up and yelled with frantic joy.

“Why! don’t you know? that was the evening gun at Zanzibar!”

They were then in German territory, and next day Major Wissman came across the Kingani River to welcome them; and when they saw the blue Indian Ocean, they one and all thanked God—they were once more at home. The German battery thundered out its salute to the Governor of Equatoria and his brave rescuers.

At the mess banquet in the evening Emin gracefully thanked the generous English people for thinking of him, Gordon’s last representative. The Pasha was supremely happy and gay amongst his own countrymen; but Sali, Stanley’s boy-steward, came up with a grave face and whispered, “The Pasha has fallen down, sir . . . he is dangerously hurt.”

The poor, short-sighted Pasha had fallen into the street over the verandah. Stanley went to the hospital and saw him lying unconscious.

After so many dangers, so many lives lost in his rescue, it did seem a sad and bitter ending—the irony of destiny.

However, Emin did not die, but lived to take office under his Kaiser. Perhaps Stanley had been a little overbearing to him at times; but the scientist was really too weak, and would have thrown away his own life if he had not been firmly saved from himself.

Anyhow, Stanley and his officers had done their best, and had earned the thanks of Europe; and Queen Victoria cabled from Windsor: “My thoughts are often with you and your brave followers, whose dangers and hardships are now at an end. . . . I heartily congratulate all.”¹

¹ From *In Darkest Africa*, by kind permission of Lady Stanley.

CHAPTER VII

WALTER MONTAGU KERR AND GROGAN

YOUNG Kerr was probably the first European who traversed the great stretch of country lying between Cape Colony and the central lakes of Africa. What makes his journey so remarkable is the fact that he had no caravan, no number of armed natives, and most of the way no white comrade to give him support and sympathy. He painfully toiled north till he crossed the Zambezi at Tette, passed through the danger zone at Angoniland, and reached Lake Nyassa. Thence he canoed down the Shiré River, which runs south into the Zambezi.

Between Matabeleland and the Zambezi Kerr passed through several unknown lands and tribes. He lived on what he shot, lost nearly all his botanical specimens, but made many geographical notes.

Walter Montagu was a son of Lord Charles Kerr (pronounced Carr), and a good-looking Scot, a keen hunter, and a bold adventurer. His lonely journey made him familiar with the natives, who sometimes were so surprised by his appearance among them that they took him for a spirit from another world.

He tells us that, like Thomson, in reading about the old explorers he was fired with the thought that some day he too would wander over virgin soil on the dark, mysterious continent of Africa.

But fate took him first to other savage lands. It was not till December 1883 that he left Dartmouth for the Cape

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in the *Drummond Castle*, with only a vague notion of what he should do next.

He studied the map, and found that the fewest names of places lay between Matabeleland and Nyassa. Dr. Holut, the naturalist, whom he met in Cape Town, warmly approved of his project of going north, and suggested his buying some good instruments.

At Klerksdorp, Kerr met the great hunter, Selous, who took him in his cart as far as to King Lobengula's kraal. This king, then fat and old, was angered at that time by some Boers having shot his sea-cows (hippopotamus). For, like the Zulus, the Matabele believe that the spirits of their ancestors dwell in the bodies of the hippo and the crocodile.

However, Selous being a friend of "Lo-ben," got permission for Kerr to go through his country. Kerr was received by "Lo-ben" in a friendly manner, for the king only said when told that Kerr wished to travel to the Zambezi, "It is very far away."

Here Kerr had his first experience of royal manners in Africa, as he drank beer with some of the king's wives, who reclined easily upon grass mats, basking in the sun like so many glossy seals, scented with wild flowers, and beaming with good nature and merriment.

"Are you married?" asked one. Then merrily, "Oh! now choose a wife at once!"

As Kerr bade the king good-bye, "Go well, son of the sea," was his reply.

Kerr's equipage consisted of a broken-down cart drawn by six oxen; John, his driver; a Makololo named Taroman; Sagman, a Makololo; Karemba of Mashonaland, and a Bushman, Windvogel.

At the outset John got drunk and upset the cart, and Kerr had to mend it. Later he obtained a waggon and twelve good oxen, and received a welcome at the last mission

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station of the London Society in Matabeleland, and a letter to take to the missionaries at the lakes.

Soon Kerr was in the big game country, shooting zebra and hartebeeste, finding the nights growing colder as he climbed higher, and being bothered by the chirp of the honey-birds which warned the game of the hunter's approach.

Shooting elephants for meat and tusks seems extravagant work, and no doubt that intelligent and useful animal will soon be exterminated, as Arabs and others plunge further into the forest to discover and slay.

Coming into Mashonaland, Kerr soon noticed that the people were darker, inferior in physique to the Matabele, and less brave. They were careful to live in well-fenced towns, and feared the approach of strangers. They lived on maize, meal, and nuts.

A chief named Chibero admitted Kerr to his presence, but refused him boys to lead him to Tette, the Portuguese settlement on the Zambezi. In fact the Mashona laughed at the idea of going so far from home, and Kerr in future only asked for boys to take him from tribe to tribe.

On coming to the Hanyani River he had to leave waggon and oxen and go on foot, for the tsetse-fly district was not far off.

But Kerr's faithful men were in no hurry to leave Mashonaland for the unknown dangers of the north.

"What are you doing, John?" asked Kerr.

"I melt de fat of de oliphant, master, to take back when I go home. Dar is man in Natal dat give me £1 for de small cupful."

Karemba was playing the native piano as the Mashona danced to him, and became vastly popular.

Taroman had disappeared after setting the grass on fire, and Kerr could get no natives to go with him and carry his trade calico and beads.

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The weight of his baggage now was four hundred and fifty pounds, being about eighteen pounds each to his twenty-five carriers.

Taroman was to be sent back with the oxen; but Karemba suggested to his master a plan to prevent the waggon being stolen.

Standing in front of the waggon, Kerr assumed a satanic aspect, glancing fiercely at the upturned face of his watch. He then walked solemnly round the waggon, waving the black crowd away, and intoning a curse against any who should steal aught.

The fetish seemed to work well, and the natives sat in silent awe.

But John sat still by the fire, thinking gloomily.

"Well, what's the matter now, John?"

"Ah! master, I never see people like here! they want to take all de tings. My Gaut! Limbo and beads! limbo and beads!—everree day all de same. What shall us do?"

Perhaps John was thinking not so much of his master's welfare as of how little would be left for his own "leetle wife."

When Kerr arrived in the country of the Makorikori he forgot the etiquette proper to the occasion. He ought to have sat down and sent to the chief for leave to come in. Instead of that he advanced right up to the foot of the king's kraal, which was perched on a great rock high above the fields of corn that spread around.

He sent Karemba with a gift of some calico, asking to see the chief.

Chuza, the chief, sat surrounded by young warriors and slave girls, who were there to hand him tobacco or beer on bended knee, with hands joined together palms upwards. Kerr advanced with a smile, but Chuza, whose face was tattooed with tiny marks, while his body was adorned with little stars, scowled upon the stranger and said—

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"My heart is sore because the white man has come into my country without asking permission or sending a present."

Karemba then presented the cloth through one of the courtiers, for the chief never receives a present in his own hands.

The interview was gloomy, and at night the war-drums droned, and the silence of the forest was broken by the loud war-cries of savages coming nearer and nearer.

Next day Chuza and his warriors sat a little way off, and kept asking—

"What does the white man want in my country?"

Kerr asked Karemba to assure the chief that he was not a Portuguese, and did not want to buy slaves; he also showed off his big-game gun, and made Chuza wink as he pretended to fire.

In the evening a boy came to Kerr's hut and told him it had been decided that they were all to be killed that night, for Chuza thought the stranger had come as a spy.

When it was dark Kerr made his men shoulder their loads and quietly decamp. The Mashona never marched so quickly before in their lives; they crossed a small river and got safely back into the forest.

The Mashona then were glad: they thought they were going back to Buluwayo. After a retreat of fifty miles Kerr struck a better way, where chief and men welcomed him into Inyota with clapping of hands and passing round of snuff. Chibabura, the chief, was greatly interested in the elephant-rifle and looking-glass: they were not all satisfied, however, with their own reflected image, and some tried to scowl surreptitiously at the glass, but never succeeded in taking the mirror unawares.

When Kerr left these people he was impressed with the belief that the civilised poor man is not half so happy as the free savage, though the latter is so dirty and knows so little,

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cannot cook, and has no ideals or clothes! On leaving the country of the Makorikori they drew near the land of the tsetse-fly. It became hotter, and Kerr found that drinking hot tea was the most refreshing thing. His men constantly craved to go home; they disliked lions and wolves and rhinoceros. They had to be bribed with cloth and promises of more on reaching the Zambezi.

The next chief whose town they entered was away, and his deputy was timid and treacherous. It was etiquette here for courtiers to shuffle their feet on the sand as they approached the stool of authority, but Karemba put on a swaggering air and raised no submission dust, for he felt he was a free son of the mountains. Wearing proudly a hat and shirt, he stalked in front of the chief and asked for a light for his pipe.

As no one understood the language of the country, a long silence prevailed, each fearing his neighbour.

At last one old black fellow, who had been with Portuguese, came up to Kerr and said, "Elle tem medo de guerra!" (He is afraid of war!). Umfana, one of Kerr's boys, could understand the people a little better than the others, so he was sent to explain that his master was only going to the Zambezi and wanted a hut for his boys.

As Umfana expounded this doctrine with many gesticulations, John came up saying, "Master, dat black man is asking Umfana what for de master walk up to him mit de assegai, and what for Karem mit de gun and all de cartidges. Master, dese Portuguese is awful black!"

"There are no Portuguese here, John: they are only black men dressed in white."

After long deliberation two huts were assigned them.

The smaller Kerr took for himself: its walls and floors were smeared with mud, the roof was a network of cobwebs and soot, a tiny window admitted a handbreadth of light;

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the smell was more antique than the building, and rats squealed all night ; but travellers must take what comes.

Kerr had hoped to be able to buy cloth here, but this was only a Kaffir kraal ; he was running short, and had only a few yards of striped cloth, which he had promised John “ for his leetle wife.”

The second night Kerr was resolved to spend under a tree, but many kind villagers warned him by pantomime that a wolf might bite off his nose. However, he took the risk for health's sake.

Many days' successful hunting kept Kerr's men faithful, though they all wished to go home. The idea of canoeing to the Zambezi by the Msingua River had been suggested to Kerr long before, but the bed was so dry that he had to dig a hole every time he bathed. As stores got lower and lower, Kerr consulted John one night in the dark.

“ Well, John, what shall we do ? ”

“ Oh ! master, de sugar is done, de tea is done, de rice is done, and dar is no meat, and we shall die from de hunger.”

The result was that Kerr resolved to wait no longer for the king, but to tramp on with swollen feet and chance getting game to eat on the road.

They were at once victims of the tsetse-fly, which could bite through the thickest clothes, but the little creature fortunately took some “ hours off ” at night. Mr. Baines in *The Gold Regions of South-East Africa* describes this pest as being about half an inch long and rather more slender than a house-fly ; the abdomen is marked with stripes of yellow, fading towards the centre of the back ; the wings, of glossy brown colour, slip one over the other as the blades of a pair of scissors when closed—an infallible token of this fly. It has six legs, and tufts of hair over its body. It sticks to the skin, which it pierces with its lancet, and then injects a

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fluid poisonous to oxen, horses, and dogs, in order to thin the blood before drinking it.

One night as Kerr slept under his low tent he was roused by the purr of some animal. Starting up, he seized his small rifle and crept out on hands and knees. It was clear moonlight, and a lion passed close to his face and disappeared with a low growl into the bush.

Kerr looked round and found that the fires were out and the Kaffirs were all sleeping together at a distance under an old shelter. This experience taught our hero never to sleep without making a skerm or fence round his tent. On meeting with a number of men from the Zambezi, who were celebrating a festival, Kerr thought it a good opportunity to pay off the boys who had been with him so long. They were wild with delight, and one of them took off his iron and copper bead bracelets and gave them to his master.

"Wild, unfettered, robust, he possessed in a marked degree the coveted happiness of a natural life," says Kerr.

Karemba, after being paid, asked for one thing more.

"Well, what is it, boy? I have already given you some pretty clothes, Karemba."

"Master, I be quite happy if you gib me them trousers."

A nice pair of corduroys! But Kerr at once retired to his den and divested himself of that garment, for Karemba had been such a good boy.

So, with new boys, Kerr started off for the Zambezi, and in a few days they came upon the big river, a thousand yards in width.

Hundreds of storks were flying high in great circles, their white plumage gleaming brightly against the blue sky; on the sands a few cranes were playing at fishing.

As Kerr drew near to Tette, the great Portuguese trading station, he began to feel conscious of his rags and tatters. But he had a letter from the Portuguese consul at the

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diamond fields in his pocket, and he stepped up to the porch of the governor's house and sent it in with his compliments.

The governor, Senhor Braga, received him courteously, and gave him rooms for himself and his men. The Government, he found, had to rely upon black men for labour and even for soldiers ; only thirty Europeans resided in Tette ; the Jesuit Fathers had dwindled ; the hunters no longer came in great numbers to hunt the elephant, as that intelligent beast had trekked to the far interior. For two hundred years the Portuguese had been the masters, but they had made little impression on the natives. Malarial fever kept the river basin very select. No coffee, tea, nor sugar are liked in Tette, whose people are very black, and prefer their own beer. White ants are the real owners of houses, clothes, and furniture, and the crocodiles in the river eat a hundred persons every year.

A week's stay here with the governor, good food, rest and pleasant companionship made Kerr a new man, and he soon yearned to go north to the Angoni.

One of the Jesuit Fathers bade him good-bye most dolefully : " Oh ! I am afraid you will be killed—never see home and England again."

A great crowd saw them off into the boats, and they paddled across the mighty river with farewell shouts ringing in their ears.

Some of his new boys were Landin, whose home was to the west of Lake Nyassa ; these were delighted to get away from the town, and on reaching the further shore threw off their skin sporrans and bits of calico and danced for joy.

The governor's secretary had chosen the " boys"—but Kerr thought he had never seen such wild savages. He believed that his exertions in hunting for food saved him from fever ; and now he was climbing into high ground, where lovely trees afforded shade and pure air gave them fresh vigour.

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But in a few days he was told that the Landin would desert him.

Their leader, a man of Arab type, said they had been forced to enlist as carriers by the press-gang at Tette, and had been given only two fathoms of flimsy cotton instead of four.

“But why did you not refuse to move until you were paid?”

“The deputy of the governor threatened to throw us all into gaol.”

Kerr did not blame them nor the governor, but his deputy he could have shot with satisfaction; of course he had to make up the difference.

Then the Landin were satisfied, except that Kerr was bringing them too near the Makanga, who were their cruel foes.

Another thing which the Landin told him was that the Tette folk had said, “Don’t go with the Igrezi (English), for they eat people.”

Kerr then tried to explain to them that the Igrezi had been the first to put down slavery; so hard is it to defeat a lie, he was barely believed.

After this a grass fire and a want of food annoyed them. Kerr blamed his men for having thrown away rice in the Zambezi valley; they had also eaten all his biscuits and sugar on the sly. Next day the Landin men set off quickly, and the others would not budge until kicked up; when Kerr forced them on he lost the Landin, who had bolted with their loads.

In the evening they came near a town of the Angoni, whose inhabitants had heard of a white man coming; for whole swarms of men, women, children, and dogs turned out to see the intruder, who had seated himself under a baobab tree and waited for the sentence of the chief.

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They had to sit there for hours, gazed upon by the dirtiest set of savages in all Africa; in the crowd Kerr saw one of his own Landin!

As they waited and waited, at length Misiri, Kerr's interpreter, said, with a twinkle in his eye, "Well, master, you've got here." It sounded rather sarcastic to the weary traveller.

"Go and buy some food, Misiri—try that fat old woman."

The man returned with two squalling hens and only an apology for a waist-cloth.

"Where are your clothes, Misiri?" Kerr inquired sternly.

"Buying!" was all he answered; but it spoke volumes.

An awful night passed in a goat-house did not mend matters. Next morning Misiri appeared, drunk but affectionate: he had sold the remains of his waist-cloth to buy beer!

However, Kerr hired six Angoni men to take him to the lake to his white brothers—Livingstonia—where he would buy more cloth to pay his men.

We cannot give in detail the adventures and perils of that long tramp through forest and swamp, rock and rivulet, mountain and yawning cañon. At last the sight of the lake burst upon the jaded explorer; he took a canoe and paddled round a rocky point to Livingstonia, the mission station, where he knew he should be warmly welcomed. As he drew near he saw crowds of people on the beach—one man with a red umbrella.

Alas! a great shock was in store for him! The missionaries had died, or gone away; all was deserted; there was no white man to greet him, but the black man under the red gingham said to Kerr in broken English—

"Veree seek contry; all dead, all gone!"

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But the traveller did not lose time in vain regrets ; he explored the empty rooms, slept many nights there, went to take medicine to a sick chief who had asked for him. "Little did I imagine at the time," he says, "that I was doing a service to a man with a history ; to one who had faithfully followed the intrepid Livingstone." For it was Chimlolo, the Makololo chief, whom Livingstone had brought here and made chief over some tribes on the Shiré River ; and the old man, we are glad to hear, recovered by Kerr's treatment. After many days the little steamer *Ilala* came and took him off to Blantyre, whence he gained the Indian Ocean and home.

And Kerr, looking back upon his adventures, asks : "Does it not say much for the negro that such a journey was possible ? I found that he had a vast deal of good in his composition—that kindness, firmness, and justice were the surest road to success."

And what about our hero, who trusted his life at so early an age to the wildest tribes in all Africa ?

In 1888 he again felt the call to Africa, and landed at Mombasa, hoping to cross by Uganda to the Upper Nile, where Emin Pasha then was. But when only a few miles from the coast he fell ill, had to return to Cairo, and died in the south of France full of intense sorrow and regret that he could not make his way across Africa from east to west.

Like Thomson, he won his way through the wilds by kindness and sympathy ; and, like Thomson, he died before his work in life was completed.¹

¹ Kerr's *Far Interior*, by kind permission of Messrs. S. Low, Marston and Co.

GROGAN AND SHARP

GROGAN AND SHARP

We cannot omit some mention of the remarkable journey *From the Cape to Cairo*, the first traverse of Africa from south to north, made by Mr. E. S. Grogan. Mr. Rhodes in the preface says: "The amusement of the whole thing is that a youth from Cambridge during his vacation should have succeeded in doing that which the ponderous explorers of the world have failed to accomplish."

Grogan's first experience of Africa was in the second Matabele War, when the railway had only got as far as Mafeking. He returned to England, but felt again the "call of the wild," and started once more for Rhodesia. Again, in February 1898, in company with Arthur H. Sharp, he started from Beira in Portuguese East Africa for Salisbury, and spent some months in shooting big game; then north to the Shiré River and up by a small steamer to Blantyre, where he found a hotel and avenues of eucalyptus planted by the missionaries, which would have grown successfully if only the white ants would have desisted from attacking the roots.

It is strange how in a very few years the savagery of Africa has been in parts driven away before the march of the missionary and the trader. Dr. Robert Laws, the head of a mission on the shore of Lake Nyassa, had started a printing press worked by natives!

Thence Grogan went on, ever hunting and shooting, across the Tanganyika plateau, marking the traces of the Zulu in the noble features and frames of the Awemba, in their straight, well-cut noses and bronze colour. But some of the chiefs, in their love for music, when they had found a good singer among their boys, used to remove his eyes to keep him from straying far away. Many women and men

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were also mutilated, and deprived of ears, lips, hands, or breasts, just to teach them to be submissive.

Facts like these go far to justify Europeans in taking these poor creatures under their protection.

Grogan visited Ujiji, the meeting-place of Stanley and Livingstone, and found a German Government House and a mission station. Hauptmann Bethe plied the Englishman with many wines "to keep off fever." All the German posts were well kept; markets were stored with fish, bananas, and grain; black troops under German officers were well disciplined, and "the man on the spot" given a free hand to do his best.

In hunting elephants, Grogan noticed how big game can pass on the danger-signal by some power or sense unknown to man; in a herd of elephants more than once he found that a wounded bull was helped on by his brothers in the herd.

By Lake Kivu the population were divided into two castes, the Watusi and the Wahutu—the former being the pastoral aristocrats, tall, graceful, and refined; the latter, though far more numerous, being the servants of all.

On reaching the Albert Edward Lake, Grogan found the water salt and very shallow near the shore. Here natives visited him and offered to sell him some ivory if he would make blood-brotherhood with the chief.

Grogan assented, but put forward his head-man as his proxy.

The two "brothers" sat opposite each other, each having a sponsor who held a small piece of meat in his hand. Then a curse was pronounced on either party that should be untrue to the pledge—

"May hippopotami run against him; may leopards tear him by night; may hunger and thirst grip him; may his

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children wither, even as the grass ; may crocodiles rend him and lions howl round his couch," &c.

After this a slight cut was made on the chest of each "brother"; the raw meat was dipped in the blood, and each had to devour the piece smeared with the blood of the other.

A loaded gun was fired into the air. After the native ceremony was concluded they were taught to shake hands as Europeans do. As they hunted together, the chief and his men showed Sharp how their hounds rounded the antelope within reach of their spears.

The whole south shore of the lake was the home of hundreds of hippo, who bellowed and grunted so loud all night that sleep was difficult to come by. There were great swamps around, and geysers were shooting vast jets of steam into the air, for the volcanic activity was great.

There is a great deal in Grogan's book about shooting big game, and he seems to have sent the tusks to certain ports for registration.

Often he waited hours until he could get a good opportunity to shoot an elephant in a mortal spot. "Down we scrambled and stood in the bed of the stream listening. Then the crack of a twig and the waving of the tops of the grass showed he was coming. . . . I fired at his head, giving him a second as he swung round. Down he came like an avalanche, and lay thrashing the reeds with his trunk. . . . Presently he got up again, but after three more shots I heard the welcome roar of rending tree and bush. He was down : a long gurgle and a sob, and all was over."

The elephant is so docile and intelligent, that to kill him seems almost like murdering a human being.

Even in Africa the system of sweating was in vogue, for the Mangama carriers would hunt up some starving boy to carry their loads, while they walked like gentlemen at large.

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Volcanoes and pigmies were met with, the latter inquisitive, but not hostile, and so quick of foot that no man could catch them. Once, when Grogan and Sharp had separated, and the latter did not turn up when expected, it was through an elderly pigmy that Grogan discovered which way his friend had gone.

In Dinkaland many men were 6 feet 4 inches to 6 feet 6 inches in height, well built and well shaped; each carried a long-bladed spear and a club of heavy wood; a feather in the hair seems to be their only garment.

Living in the marshes, they walk like herons, and have developed their great height by wading in water, as the giraffe has his long neck by reaching up to tall branches. Their intense respect is expressed to you by politely spitting in your hand, or on your chest.

Tired of the swamps, wondering how he should last out four days more, Grogan was tramping on and pushing his sick men forward at the point of the spear, when he saw a pole swaying in the wind.

It proved to be the mast of a boat on the Nile. Very soon he met Captain Dunn, R.A.M.C., who was hunting. They explained to each other who they were, and what they were doing in that lone country—that howling waste of weed, mosquitoes, and fever, where the native mind, according to Grogan, understands not either pity or gratitude. And as Captain Dunn took the young hunter down to Cairo, he learnt little by little that he was conversing with one of Britain's heroes. Grogan ends his preface thus: "We live but once; let us be able, when the last summons comes, to say with the greatest of us all, 'Tread me down. Pass on. I have done my work.'"

¹ *From the Cape to Cairo*, by kind permission of E. S. Grogan, Esq., and Messrs. Hurst & Blackett.

CHAPTER VIII

SIR HENRY MORTON STANLEY, G.C.B.

IN his Autobiography, edited by Lady Stanley, his wife, we find Sir Henry writing thus: "I believe the story of my efforts, struggles, sufferings, and failures, of the work done and the work left undone—I believe this story would help others."

We can only give a mere outline of these efforts, except in so far as this great explorer had to do with Africa; and even in Africa his deeds and daring and endurance were so extensive that it is possible to do no more than give a sample here and there. Those who want more must seek it in his most interesting Autobiography, soon to be re-issued in a shorter form under the direction of Lady Stanley.

Henry Stanley's father, John Rowlands, died when he was a child, and he was left one day at the workhouse of St. Asaph, in North Wales. Here he was not very happy, for he says, "No Greek helot or dark slave ever underwent such discipline as the boys of St. Asaph under the heavy masterful hand of James Francis, the one-handed schoolmaster. The ready back-slap in the face, the stunning clout over the ear . . . were so frequent that it is a marvel we ever recovered our senses; our heads were cuffed, and slapped, and pounded, until we lay speechless and streaming with blood."

Such a painful experience of unloving life was the hammer which beat out the true metal on the anvil of inherited character. His friends here were not all of common mould; two or three boys became, like himself, distinguished men.

At the age of twelve he was told his mother and two

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children had entered the "house"; but she knew not her first-born, and the poor boy sadly wondered.

In the end Rowlands revolted against his unjust and frenzied master, and, instead of preparing himself for a flogging, kicked the brute, broke his glasses, and flogged him with his own blackthorn. The master fell, and while he was unconscious the future explorer of Africa, together with another boy, climbed over the garden wall and escaped to Denbigh, where an old dame directed him to the farm of his grandfather on his father's side, John Rowlands, of Llys, Llanrhaiadr.

The old man, who was well off, heard the boy's tale calmly, and, pointing with his pipe to the door, said, "You can go back the same way you came; I can do nothing for you, and have nothing to give you."

His uncles also, having families of their own, got rid of him, but less coldly.

Moses Owen, Stanley's cousin, and a schoolmaster, having examined him by some hard questions, offered to take him as a pupil teacher.

Here his cousin lent him books in the evening, and helped his studies; but after a time the schoolmaster grew tired of being the benevolent cousin, and sent young Rowlands to his mother's farm at Beuno, which overlooks the Vale of Clwyd. Here the boy helped on the farm, or in the house, but was often reminded that very soon he must go and make his own fortune as he could.

Sometimes as he sat on Craig Fawr, tending the sheep, he was sublimely happy in his freedom—alone with his thoughts and with God!

Then one day an aunt came from Liverpool and offered to get the boy a post, which would open out to a good career.

So he was put on board a tiny steam-packet, and arrived at the house of his uncle Tom, a kind and bluff old man, but poor withal.

The hope of getting a good post soon faded. Rowlands,

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unwilling to be a charge to his relations, took a place in a shop, working from seven to nine ; then shipped on board the *Windermere* as cabin boy.

Three days' sickness was followed by a peremptory command : " Step up in a brace of shakes, or I'll skin your carcase alive for you."

However, Long Hart, the tall cook, was kind to the boy, and told him many exciting stories of the deep and of old-time cruelties. After some rough handling by the second mate, Rowlands went ashore with a boy-friend at New Orleans, and enjoyed a good supper.

On returning to the ship he was so pestered and scolded as he cleaned the brass-work that he concluded they meant to force him to vamoose, or run away, in order to get the money due to him for the voyage.

So at night he left the ship with his Bible and in his best clothes. He slept among some cotton bales, and next morning wandered up and down a street, and at last addressed a gentleman who was reading a paper near a store.

" Do you want a boy, sir ? "

" Can you read ? What book is that ? "

" My Bible, sir ; a present from our bishop. Oh yes, I can read."

" Let me see your Bible ? "

Rowlands gave it to the gentleman, who smiled when he read on the fly-leaf, " Presented to John Rowlands, by the Right Rev. Vowler Short, D.D., Lord Bishop of St. Asaph, for diligence and good conduct, January 5, 1855."

He was then set to mark addresses on twenty sacks of coffee, and gave satisfaction. Then his new friend took him to a restaurant for breakfast and a wash and brush up ; then back to the owner of the store, who had just arrived.

After a short conference, Mr. Speake offered Rowlands five dollars a week, and the boy turned with a full heart to thank his unknown friend.

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“There, that will do ; I know what is in your heart. Shake hands. I am going up river, but I shall on my return hope to hear well of you.”

The boy learnt that this gentleman was *Mr. Stanley*.

Yesterday the boy was a slave ; to-day he felt all the pride of the free !

Rowlands was so eager to work hard that the two negroes whom he was helping said, “Take it easy, little boss ; don’t kill yourself.”

The new boy gave such satisfaction that he was permanently engaged at twenty-five dollars a month. He lodged with a kind, young negress, who was as a mother to him. He saved money, and bought many books.

When Mr. Stanley returned he invited Rowlands to breakfast, and introduced him to his wife—the first lady he had ever spoken to !

From that time the boy spent every Sunday with these kind friends, and met at their house learned and cultivated people. So, little by little, the mean associations of the workhouse were being obliterated ; the old bitterness was being removed by sympathy, and Mrs. Stanley became a real mother to the outcast boy.

When, shortly after, she lay on her death-bed, she turned to her protégé and murmured, “Be a good boy. God bless you !”

And when, later, Mr. Stanley caressed the boy and said with emotion, “Your future, my boy, shall be my charge,” the boy took it as an answer to prayer. He broke down and sobbed from extreme gratitude.

“The golden period of my life,” he writes, “began from that supreme moment ! For to be lifted out of the depths of destitution to a paternal refuge bordered on the miraculous.”

Mr. Stanley, too, had been considering the boy’s coming as miraculous, for both he and his wife had often longed for a son, and had thought of adopting one. So, when the

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ship-boy startled him by suddenly asking, "Do you want a boy, sir?" it seemed as if he had been sent from heaven. After a long talk, in which John Rowlands confided to his new father all the incidents of his life, the latter said—

"As you are wholly unclaimed, without parent or sponsor, I promise to take you for my son and fit you for a mercantile career. In future you are to bear my name, 'Henry Stanley.'"

With these words, the elder man dipped his hands in a basin of water and made the sign of the cross on the boy's forehead.

Mr. Stanley was no ordinary person. He set about training his son's reason and powers of observation—little thinking then, perhaps, what a good work he was doing for the world at large. So the shy, silent, brooding lad grew, under kinder treatment, affectionate, zealous, and docile.

In 1858 the war between North and South had broken out, and Stanley enlisted in the Dixie Greys on the side of the Southern planters, and in course of time was surprised and made a prisoner, and taken to Camp Douglas, near Chicago; here hundreds were dying of dysentery, and sanitary arrangements were primitive.

In 1862 Stanley was discharged, and took ship for Liverpool. He made his way to Denbigh and called on his mother, who desired him to leave at once, as he was a disgrace to his family!

These rebuffs seemed to make Stanley still more reserved. He returned to America, and enlisted in the United States navy. His letters to the papers describing the attacks on Fort Fisher opened out to him a career as journalist. His first great journey was to Smyrna, where Turcomans robbed him; then he was sent to join an expedition against Red Indians—his first lesson in dealing with savage races.

Then in 1868 he went to New York, and offered himself to the *Herald* for the English campaign in Abyssinia.

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He was accepted, but had to pay his own passage to Abyssinia; this took 300 dollars, half his savings!

He arrived with letters of introduction from Grant and Sherman, and got on well with the other correspondents; in the end, it was Stanley's despatch that first informed London of Theodore's death. From that time his fame as a journalist was established.

Being ordered to Spain to interview General Prim, he went, but received a telegram instructing him to try and find Livingstone. He reached Aden on November 21, 1868, but could hear no tidings of Livingstone. So back to Spain in time to see an insurrection, having a *carte-blanche* at the banker's, and license to travel whither he liked.

In October 1869, Mr. Bennett, the *Herald* editor, summoned him to Paris—he was to search for Livingstone in Central Africa! But first he was to visit the Caucasus and Persia. By December 1870 he found himself at Zanzibar without letters or money from Bennett. Captain Webb, the American consul, advanced Stanley sufficient to begin on. He started from Zanzibar on the 21st of March 1871, with three white men, thirty-one armed freemen of Zanzibar, 153 porters, and twenty-seven pack animals, besides two riding horses.

Bales of cloth and loads of beads and wire served as money; but in passing through the malarious coast region he lost many followers. He says in his journal how years of selfish hustling among politicians had hardened and estranged him from religious feelings, but when he came face to face with nature and solitude the old familiar dependence upon the Divine reasserted itself.

In May they ascended the Usagara range, and fell in with the natives of Ugogo, "a bumptious, full-chested square-shouldered people, who exact heavy tribute from all caravans." After them came a fighting race, the Unyamwezi, amongst whom were Arab traders. These Stanley

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questioned about Livingstone, but no one had heard of him. Then a tribal war broke out, and most of his caravan fled. After a time he assembled other porters, and turning south-west made for an Arab port on Lake Tanganyika. On his way thither he heard of an old white man having come to Ujiji from the west. It might be Sir Samuel Baker, but he was not grey-bearded. The belief that it was Livingstone urged him on.

But the Wahha tribe were demanding an extortionate tribute; so, rising in the night, Stanley led his men secretly to a more kindly chief. He told Stanley it was only six hours' march to Ujiji, and he too had heard of the old white man. They started very early, and at 8 A.M. saw from a wooded hill a large mirror of light—it was the lake! The faces of his black porters beamed with delight, for the lake meant to them a rest from their burdens.

Canoes were rocking lazily on the dimpled water—they could soon hear the sound of the waves breaking on the pebbles—and there was the little town, and the brown path curving down towards it.

Stanley's people clothed themselves in white and folded white cloths round their heads, and fired their salutes in due and proper order. At once the town burst into life; groups of white-dressed men sallied out with guns, in case an enemy should be coming. "Who are you?" they shouted. "Ah! a white man's caravan!"

Then they pressed round with shouts of welcome and many salaams, and Stanley's heart beat fast, for he was wondering to himself if the old man could possibly be the one he was seeking. Just then a tall, black man in long white shirt burst through the crowd on Stanley's right, and said in excellent English—

"Good-morning, sir."

"Why! who are you?" asked Stanley.

"I am Susi, sir, the servant of Dr. Livingstone."

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“What! is Dr. Livingstone in this town?”

“Yes, sir.”

“But—are you sure—sure that it is Dr. Livingstone?”

“Why! I leave him just now, sir.”

“Then run and tell the doctor of my coming.”

Susi ran off forthwith, and the column followed, attended by joyous crowds. They reached the market-place, and saw Arab chiefs gathered in a group to await the white man; and in their midst they saw an elderly white man clad in a red flannel blouse, grey trousers, and a blue cap with a gold band round it.

Stanley felt a great doubt assailing him; it seemed almost too good to be true, if this really was Dr. Livingstone the object of his search. So he walked up calmly, took off his helmet, bowed, and asked briefly—

“Dr. Livingstone, I presume?”

The old man smiled, lifted his cap, and answered simply, “Yes.”

Then the Welsh blood flew into the explorer’s face, and he said with emotion, “I thank God, doctor, that I have been permitted to see you.”

They grasped each other’s hands, and the doctor replied gravely, “I feel more thankful that I am here to welcome you.”

It was a dramatic surprise for both of them; we cannot linger further over this episode.

Enough to say that the missionary felt it his duty to stay and complete his work in Africa, and Stanley, leaving him what he needed, was back in Zanzibar in fifty-four days. Eight months later death took Livingstone away from his uncompleted task.

When Stanley arrived in England, he found that the relatives who had before thought him a disgrace were singing a different tune. There were meetings, and lectures, and immense praise. The Queen sent him, by Lord Granville, a note of congratulation and a gold snuff-box set with

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diamonds, and later he was presented to her Majesty. Then he lectured in America in 1872. Again, in 1873-4, he went on the British campaign against the Ashantees.

As he was on his way home he heard of the death of Livingstone, and at once the thought leapt up in his heart, "I will try and finish that man's task." So, shortly after the burial of Livingstone in Westminster Abbey, Stanley walked to the office of the *Daily Telegraph*, and suggested to Mr. Lawson that it would be a good thing to continue the African explorations. After some thinking over it, Lawson said, "I will cable over to Bennett of the *New York Herald*, and ask if he will join us."

The answer came full soon: "Yes. Bennett."

So to Zanzibar once more, and all the turmoil of getting ready had to be endured, and then the old journey west—with heat, and hunger, and exhaustion.

In January 1875 they were in the land of Ituru. Many were sick and dying, and the savages were angry and menaced their camp.

"Master, you had better prepare: there is no peace with these people."

Stanley ordered twenty rounds of cartridges per man, and soon after arrows came flying and a rush was made at the gate of the camp. They were repulsed with a loss of only two of Stanley's men.

Next day two thousand naked savages attacked, but fell back before a deadly fire. This time twenty-two were killed and three wounded.

The third day they came again in greater numbers, and were again defeated. But Stanley had lost a fourth of his effective force, and had now to burn some of his baggage. The cedar boat, which required thirty men, he still carried on.

By the 26th of January they were in the friendly land of Usukuma, where grassy vales and gentle hills welcomed them, and the natives cried, "Come again."

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Thus they drew near to the shores of the Victoria Nyanza, which Speke had visited sixteen years before and pronounced to be the source of the Nile.

Stanley had brought his boat in order to sail round this lake and settle the question.

His men were afraid of the water, and with difficulty he selected eleven, who thought it equivalent to certain death, and feared equally the waves, the chasing hippos and crocodiles, and the war canoes that came out from port and bay to defy them. Sometimes an elephant-gun was needed to sink one that came too near.

The Emperor of Uganda sent a flotilla to invite the white man, and Stanley was brought into the presence of the tall, clean-faced, large-eyed M'tesa.

They made friends; Stanley showed off his shooting powers, and M'tesa seemed very interested in questions of religion.

Stanley translated the Gospel of St. Luke for him, and one day M'tesa called together his chiefs, and after a long discourse on religion, said—

“Now, I want you, my chiefs and soldiers, to tell me what we shall do. Shall we believe in Jesus, or in Mohammed?”

The verdict was given in favour of the white man's book simply because the white men whom they had known were better men than the Arabs.

On leaving Uganda, Stanley set himself to discover if the Lualaba River was the Nile, the Niger, or the Congo. Livingstone always thought it was the Nile. Accordingly; Stanley crossed Lake Tanganyika, carried his boat to the Lualaba, and made for Tippu-Tib, an Arab chief and slave-dealer.

After some haggling Tippu consented to lend seven hundred carriers for £1000; a straight line from where they were to the Atlantic would be about 1070 miles.

At first it was marching through forest—a solemn twilight prevailed under the giant trees, a vapoury rain trickled from

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the foliage, the ground was often wet and slushy, and it was terribly hot and relaxing.

After ten days the Arabs said they could go no further : “£500 for twenty marches more ?” They agreed. Soon they came upon the river, put the boat together and glided down, easily beating those on foot.

The natives were all hostile, beat drums at every curve of the river, and shot reed arrows tipped with poison ; while crocodiles awaited them with a smile.

There were skirmishes, and chases, and capturing of canoes—others were bought ; and when Tippu’s people left him, Stanley was able to embark all his own boys.

The parrots screamed, and the baboons howled and barked as they drifted down, and faces of hate peered through jungle and undergrowth.

They reached the Stanley Falls—seven cataracts—drove away hosts of savage natives, and embarked again.

The river had only brought them sixty miles to the west in a journey of four hundred miles—it might yet be the Nile ? It was nearly a mile wide.

But presently the Lualaba flows into another river equally broad, but filled with the canoes of dusky warriors, gay with parrot feathers.

The foremost craft has eighty paddlers standing in two rows, and young warriors at the bow and stern, whose arms are ringed with ivory bracelets.

It races up, spears are poised, a war-song is chanted ; but the rifles crack, and down go the paddlers. It is magic ! they turn and retreat. Stanley, whose blood was up, landed his men, burnt their villages, and sank their canoes.

As they went down, the river became wider, and curved to the south-west. It must be the Congo, he thought. There were islands now to screen them from the enemy ; but rapid followed rapid, canoes sank and men were drowned. But on they toiled desperately, with fever and famine near at hand.

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After a time they resumed their overland march in a country whose people asked for gin—oh! they were drawing near to civilisation!—and who had only pea-nuts and bananas to offer. Stanley's men were now weak and lean, full of ulcers and scurvy; but they staggered on and reached Boma on the 9th of August 1877.

European merchants welcomed him: "You have done right well! all across Africa from east to west!" But Stanley, amid the congratulations, could think most of his lost friends. "Grateful as I felt to Him who had enabled me to pierce the Dark Continent from east to west, my heart was charged with grief, and my eyes with tears, at the thought of the many comrades I had lost."

He showed that this was no idle sentiment by himself accompanying his followers round the Cape of Good Hope to Zanzibar in a three weeks' voyage. He loved to watch the welcome they received from friends and kinsmen.

"For years and years to come," he writes in his journal, "there will be told the great story of our journey, and the actors in it will be heroes among their kith and kin. For me, too, they are heroes, these poor, ignorant children of Africa; for . . . in the hour of need they had never failed me."

Stanley came back to England burning with a philanthropic desire to improve the manners and welfare of the naked savages he had seen. To explore was not enough for him; he believed that, through the Congo, trade, education, and religion might be introduced; but though he spoke in many of our large cities of the good to be done and the profits to be made, neither Government nor people were inclined to lend an ear.

But Leopold, King of Belgium, saw the great possibilities, and invited Stanley to Brussels. This was the beginning of the great Congo Free State, which has not been managed very kindly for the natives.

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So, two years after leaving the Congo, Stanley was there again, with the intent to civilise, make roads, plant stations, and build towns. Fever, however, attacked him so violently that he had to return in 1882 for six weeks' "change"; and when he went back to his work he found much of it in ruins, duties neglected by the young Belgian officers, and the natives made hostile. He set to work again, and made treaties with more than four hundred chiefs; for Stanley they could trust. They had had time to learn that he meant their good, that he was not as the Arab, who came to plunder, kill, and enslave.

When Stanley had rushed down the Congo on his first journey—and he was obliged to go quickly or his cloth and beads would not have held out—the whole country was up in arms against him; but on he went, repelling force by force.

When Speke and Thomson travelled through Africa, they were sometimes detained weeks before an African village, sitting still and waiting for leave to pass through the chief's dominions.

Amongst the officers under Stanley who honourably did their duty we may mention Binnie, a Scots engineer at Stanley Falls; the Danish sailor, Albert Christopherson; the Scandinavian, Anderson; and A. B. Swinburne, the Englishman.

The founding of the Free State put the coping-stone on Stanley's character. There he was philanthropist, general, governor, missionary. So hard did he work that the native followers called him "Bula Matari" (the Breaker of Rocks).

His next enterprise was to rescue Emin Pasha, on which we have a chapter to itself. We will only briefly give the end of Emin's career. When Stanley had brought him safely back to the East Coast, the Pasha took service with the German Government. But in a few months he had lost the respect of his own people, and had been ordered to give up his post. Instead of obeying, he went west, plunged into



AMAZON WARRIORS

The bodyguard of the King of Dahomey.

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the great forest, took an Arab guide, Ismaili, and had almost reached Stanley Falls, when he met an Arab who had a grudge against him. Emin Pasha, the gentle botanist, the governor who knew not how to govern, was thrown down and beheaded there and then by the Arab sword.

In 1892 Sir George Grey wrote to Stanley from Auckland about his Emin relief, commending his great services, and he ends thus: "You led your people to a port of safety without reward and without promotion or recognition from your country. I have thought over all history, but I cannot call to mind a greater task than you have performed. It is not an exploration alone you have accomplished; it is also a great military movement, by which those who were in the British service were rescued from a position of great peril."

Sidney Low, in the *Cornhill Magazine* for July 1904, writes: "There was never the smallest justification for representing Stanley as a ruthless, iron-handed kind of privateer, who used the scourge and the bullet with callous recklessness . . . he would shoot, if there seemed no other means of gaining the end . . . he was essentially a humane man, masterful and domineering, and yet a fond, gentle, and kindly, particularly to the weak and suffering. . . . He had the Welsh peasant's quickness of temper, his warmth of affection, his resentfulness when wronged, his pugnacity and code of ethics. . . . Short of stature, lean and wiry, with a brown face, a strong chin, a square, Napoleonic head and noticeable eyes—round, lion-like eyes—he was a striking and attractive personality." To this we may add that his young manhood spent in America may have given him a greater confidence in himself and a stronger self-assertion than is generally found amongst Europeans. This may have caused some of the envious and malignant criticisms which met him after one of his successful campaigns in Africa. It was only gradually that England learnt the real grit and genuineness of his reserved character, as well as the depth of feeling

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that lay underneath it all. In July 1890, Sir Henry Stanley, G.C.B., was married to Dorothy Tennant, a lady beautiful and of high artistic ability; under her direction his marvellous Autobiography has been ably produced.

Sir Henry entered Parliament in 1895, but he was a man of action, and the tiresome babble of parties interested him not.

In 1904 he fell ill of pleurisy. On the night of 9th May, in his mental wanderings he murmured, "I have done all my work—I have circumnavigated. . . . Oh! I want to be free! I want to go into the woods—to be free." He left one son, Denzil.

The funeral service was read in Westminster Abbey, but he was buried in the village churchyard of Pirbright, Surrey.

We will just quote Stanley's opinion about Gordon at Khartoum, because it shows the great self-confidence in the man who would not fail when it was his duty to succeed.

"I have often wondered at Gordon; in his place I should have acted differently. It was optional with Gordon to live or die: he preferred to die; I should have lived, if only to get the better of the Mahdi.

"I maintain that to live is harder and nobler than to die; to bear life's burdens, suffer its sorrows, endure its agonies, is the greater heroism. . . . No Mahdist should have got at me or my garrison! . . . As a last resource, there was the Nile. My one idea would have been to carry out what I had undertaken to do, without any outside help. If I had gone to Khartoum to rescue the garrison, the garrison would have been rescued! . . . But he was a true hero and died nobly! That silences one. Nevertheless, I hold that Gordon need not have died!"¹

¹ From the Autobiography, by kind permission of Lady Stanley.

PART II

HEROES OF SEA AND LAND

CHAPTER IX

ADMIRAL VISCOUNT EXMOUTH

OUR first hero amongst soldiers and sailors who have been engaged in Africa shall be Edward Pellew, Viscount Exmouth, who was descended from a Cornish family originally of Norman lineage. The name in Normandy was spelt Pelleu. The family had property in Mount's Bay. Edward's great-grandfather served in the English navy and fought many battles; his grandfather was a merchant and owned a tobacco plantation in Kent Island, Maryland, which was lost at the revolt of the Colonies from England. The tradition of loyalty to the king remained a characteristic of the Pellews, and was the cause of their losses. The Admiral's father commanded a post-office packet on the Dover station, and it was his practice to make his children drink the king's health on their knees every Sunday.

His mother was Constance Langford, a woman of great spirit and energy. Our hero was born at Dover in 1757; before he was eight years old he lost his father, and his mother took her six children to Penzance. Here Edward, when only ten years old, distinguished himself by entering a burning house in which was a store of gunpowder and bringing it all out; a crowd of men who had not dared to do this deed looked on in wonder. Sent to the Grammar School at Truro, he was to be flogged for fighting a bigger boy rather too fiercely.

"Flogged for fighting! Nay, I'll not stand that anyhow."

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Accordingly the indignant boy ran away, and asked his mother to let him go to sea, as so many of his ancestors had done.

So in 1770 he entered the navy, and served first in the *Juno*, which was ordered to the Falkland Islands, which had been forcibly seized by a Spanish squadron.

We cannot follow in detail Pellew's many adventures. One of his first experiences was to go with a ship's party from the *Blonde* to retake from the Americans Lake Champlain, to the north-east of Ontario.

His ship had to engage the whole force of the enemy single-handed, and she only carried twelve six-pounders.

Her officers were killed and Pellew had to take the command, and, by his bravery, brought his vessel away with two feet of water in her hold. An artillery boat took her in tow, but a shot cut the tow-rope. When Pellew ordered a man to go and secure it, he and the rest hung back, for the shore was near and full of the enemy's marksmen. Young midshipman Pellew sprang forward and spliced the rope himself, having sunk the *Boston* and burnt the *Royal Savage*.

This gallantry gained him a lieutenant's commission and the thanks of Admiral Howe.

Edward's youngest brother, John, had come out to join the English army, unknown to the lieutenant, and one night the brothers met by accident. Edward was hailed on shore by a stranger.

"Who comes here?" cried Edward.

"A friend."

"What friend?—tell who you are, or I'll shoot you."

"What, don't you know my voice?" said John.

"No," said Edward, presenting his pistol.

"Oh! well, I'm thinking I'm your brother John!"

On Pellew's arrival in England he was at once promoted. Being now in his twenty-first year, tall and strong, and

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hardened by war, he saved more than one from drowning while waiting for a post.

After some other service off the coast of France he was appointed commander of the *Hazard*, a worn-out sloop, in July 1780; later he took command of the *Pelican* and captured some privateers, for which he was made post-captain. In 1783 he married Miss Frowd of Wiltshire, and lived a short time at Truro. Then he commanded the *Winchelsea* frigate for the Newfoundland station, and astonished his crew by climbing to parts of the rigging in a gale when they hesitated to do so.

The men soon grew to admire and love him, for, as one said, "he never orders us to do what he won't do himself; blow high, blow low, he knows to an inch what the ship can do, and he can almost make her speak." Another says, "In every instance when a life was in danger, he was quick to peril his own for its preservation," and he gives many instances of such deeds in the sea. When peace left him idle, he tried to farm in Cornwall, for his family was increasing and his income diminishing. But in 1793 the French, after killing their king, declared war on England, and Pellew was appointed to the *Nymphe*, of thirty-six guns, formerly a French frigate. This ship he manned with eighty Cornish miners, who had to be taught seamanship. He met the *Cleopatra*, and boarding her through her main-deck ports soon took the vessel and got possession of the signals, which he sent to the Admiralty. In a letter to his brother, Pellew writes: "Thank God! safe, after a glorious action with *la Cléopâtre*, forty guns and 320 men. We dished her up in fifty minutes, boarded and struck her colours; we have suffered much, and must go into harbour."

The king sent for him and knighted him, then presenting him to the queen, said, "This is *our* friend, the royalist who took the first republican frigate in the war."

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In 1796, while he was driving to dinner with Dr. Hawker at Plymouth, Sir Edward noticed crowds running past the carriage towards the Hoe. He asked the cause. The *Dutton*, a big East-Indiaman, full of troops for the West Indies, had lost her rudder and had drifted under the citadel, where she lay rolling heavily, her masts gone by the board. In a moment he sprang out of his carriage and ran to the beach ; he found that the officers had deserted the ship, and some 600 men were in danger of being drowned.

Sir Edward urged the officers to return to their charge ; they shook their heads. He offered to reward any pilots to board the wreck. "No, sir, it's too hazardous !" "Then I will go myself." There was just one rope from the ship to the shore, and by this he hauled himself through the waves, gained the deck, shouted, "I am Sir Edward Pellew. I can save you if you will obey my orders. I will run any one through who disobeys my orders." The despairing mob of soldiers and sailors gave three cheers, and set to work to pass hawsers and sling cradles, while their new leader stood by with sword drawn. Women and children first were saved, and then the soldiers and the whole ship's company, just before the wreck went to pieces. Sir Edward made no mention of his doings in his despatch, but the citizens of Plymouth voted him the freedom of the town, Liverpool presented him with a service of plate, and soon after he was created a baronet, Sir Edward Pellew of Trevery, with a stranded ship for a crest.

We have given enough instances to prove what manner of man Lord Exmouth was. "Lucky" his rivals called him, but his country and his king knew that his successes were the results of character. In dealing with a crew he was both severely strict and kind even to indulgence ; very attentive to the men's wants and habits, a promoter of dancing and sports. He never hesitated at a crisis, and used to

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say with a laugh, "I never had a second thought worth sixpence."

He promoted his midshipmen for merit, and not for their high rank, and he took care they were well taught and well cared for.

In 1799 the grievances of the men in the fleets began to be serious, and mutiny was abroad. There were gross abuses, for everything was supplied by contract ; little check was kept on the contractor, who furnished inferior and often diseased food at high prices, hence scurvy raged amongst the seamen. Prize-money melted away mysteriously as it passed through the offices, and the purser kept much of the men's allowance. At first the men tried to sue by petition ; no notice was taken, and they then urged their demands firmly but respectfully. Still the people in authority neglected their claims, and the men at Spithead mutinied, and afterwards some ships' crews at Plymouth. Sir Edward prepared for the worst, and when one morning his lieutenant complained that the men were sulky and would not go round with the captain, he came forward, drew his sword, and ordered his officers to follow his example. "You can never die so well," he said, "as on your own deck quelling a mutiny ; so now, if a man hesitate to obey you, cut him down without a word." The crew at once returned to their duties, and the *Indefatigable* was soon under sail. Shortly after he saved the fleet in Bantry Bay from mutiny by his prompt measures.

In 1805 Sir Edward was made Rear-Admiral of the White and appointed Commander-in-Chief in India, and earned the thanks of the underwriters of Bombay for his excellent protection of the merchant navy.

In 1811 he was made Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean, and did not lose a single vessel by capture in three years, though he was blockading the French fleet

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at Toulon ; in fact, through twenty years of command in war, no vessel under his orders was ever taken. At the end of the war with France, Sir Edward was created Baron Exmouth of Canon Teign, an estate he had in South Devon ; next year he was made Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath, to his great surprise. He spent a few months in England, when the news came that Napoleon had escaped from Elba, and he was sent again to the Mediterranean.

In 1816 Lord Exmouth was ordered to sail to the Barbary ports and claim the release (by paying ransom) of all the Ionian slaves, now become British subjects ; for nearly all Europe had suffered from the cruelty of these pirates. Before approaching Algiers, Lord Exmouth sent Captain Warde, of the *Banterer*, to observe the harbour and defences, to make maps and take soundings. This was carefully done, and old maps were rectified. In a general order to his squadron the Commander-in-Chief explained that he was instructed to proceed to Algiers, and there make arrangements for diminishing the piracy of the Barbary States, "by which thousands of our fellow-creatures, innocently following their commercial pursuits, have been dragged into the most wretched and revolting state of slavery." The squadron went to Algiers and obtained the objects of their mission ; they then proceeded to Tunis and Tripoli, and their demands were allowed. Meanwhile Lord Exmouth had been instructed to claim from Algiers the privilege of selling prizes and refitting privateers in that port, and in doing this he took the opportunity to press the abolition of Christian slavery. But this demand the Dey refused, when Lord Exmouth declared that if he persisted in his refusal he would take the place with five line-of-battle ships.

On leaving the harbour Lord Exmouth and his retinue were mobbed and in danger of being killed ; Captains Pechell and Warde were dragged off their horses and

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marched through the town, their hands tied behind them. However, the Dey promised to send an ambassador to England to treat on these questions, and the fleet retired.

In the English Parliament a member had denounced the terms made with Algiers, because by ransoming the slaves we virtually acknowledged the right of these pirates to enslave and plunder. He proved how, in one case, out of three hundred prisoners, fifty had died of ill-treatment on the first day of their arrival, and seventy during the first fortnight. The prisoners were allowed only a pound of bread a day, and were subject to the lash from morning to night, neither sex nor age being spared. A Neapolitan lady of distinction, who had been carried off with her eight children, was now in her thirteenth year of captivity.

Lord Exmouth had not yet reached England when the news came to London that on the 23rd of May the crews of the coral-fishing vessels at Bona had landed to attend Mass, it being Ascension Day, when they were attacked and barbarously massacred.

The British Government concluded that it was high time these miscreants, the enemies of all peaceable nations, should be rendered impotent for further crime of this sort, and they ordered Lord Exmouth to complete his work with any force he required.

“Five battleships,” was that hero’s modest request.

Five ships! but Nelson had suggested twenty-five! for there were powerful batteries all round the harbour, the walls were thick and the guns heavy. There was a pier, three hundred yards long, built from a point about a quarter of a mile from the north end of the town. From the end of the pier a mole was carried, which was curved in a south-westerly direction towards the town. Opposite the mole-head was a small insulated pier, leaving the entrance to the harbour about a hundred and twenty yards wide.

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Beyond the pier-head stood the lighthouse battery, a circular fort, with fifty guns in three tiers. The mole itself was filled with cannon in two tiers, like the side of a battleship. In all there were 220 guns in these batteries, while on the sea-wall of the town were nine batteries, and along the shore other forts and batteries, making a defensive armament of about 500 guns in all on the sea side.

Five sail of the line! It seemed incredible!

But Lord Exmouth adhered to his first demand, and explained how he should post his ships; the Admiralty allowed him to act on his own judgment, though many officers shrugged their shoulders in doubt.

As he was going down channel Lord Exmouth said to his brother, "If they open fire when our ships are coming up and cripple them in the masts, the difficulty and loss will be greater: but if they allow us to take our stations, I am sure of them; for I know that nothing can resist a line-of-battle ship's fire."

He embarked in the *Queen Charlotte* with Sir Charles Penrose, second in command, and the ships were manned with volunteers; this made his difficulties greater, for it usually takes two months to render a ship effective with a strange crew on board.

Amongst the volunteers were a number of smugglers who had been taken on the West Coast and sentenced to five years' service in the navy. These behaved so well in the battle that Lord Exmouth obtained their discharge from the Admiralty.

In addition to the five line-of-battle ships, the force included three heavy frigates and two small ones, four bomb-vessels and five gun-brigs.

Four of the battleships were to destroy the fortifications on the mole, while the fifth covered them from the batteries south of the town, and the heavy frigates from those on the town wall.

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The bomb-vessels were to fire on the arsenal and the town, helped by a flotilla of the ships' launches, fitted as rocket and mortar boats.

They sailed from Plymouth Sound on the 28th of July, and through all the passage the utmost care was taken to train the crews.

Every day they were exercised at the guns upon an extemporised target, and every day their fire became more accurate.

At Gibraltar they found a Dutch squadron of five frigates and a corvette commanded by Vice-Admiral Von da Capellan.

This gentleman begged earnestly to be allowed to co-operate with the British squadron, and was permitted.

The ships were ready to sail on the 12th of August, but a strong easterly wind kept them at Gibraltar two days.

Every ship received a plan of the fortifications and full instructions as to position and duties. The Dutch were now assigned the duty of attacking the batteries south of the town.

On the evening of the 16th, when they were within two hundred miles of Algiers, the ship-sloop *Prometheus*, Captain Dashwood, joined them direct from Algiers, bringing the news that the Algerines were making great preparations to meet the attack. Forty thousand troops had been assembled, and four frigates, five large corvettes, and thirty-seven gun-boats were collected in the harbour.

The *Prometheus* had brought the wife and daughter of Mr. M'Donell, the British consul, disguised as midshipmen; the consul was confined, by the Dey's orders, in irons at his house.

Owing to head-winds the fleet did not make Cape Cazzina, the northern point of the bay of Algiers, until noon of the 26th.

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Next day, as the ships lay nearly becalmed, Lord Exmouth sent Lieutenant Burgess in one of the *Queen Charlotte's* boats under a flag of truce with the terms dictated by the Prince Regent. She was met outside the mole by the captain of the port, who promised an answer in two hours. Meanwhile a breeze sprung up from the sea, the fleet stood into the bay and lay-to about a mile from the town. At two o'clock the boat was seen returning, with the signal that no answer had been given.

Then the *Queen Charlotte* telegraphed to the fleet, "Are you ready?" Every ship displayed the signal "All ready."

So the *Queen Charlotte* led to the attack. Lord Exmouth had intended not to reply to the enemy's fire in bearing down, unless it should prove very galling; but the Algerines, confident in the strength of their defences, foolishly reserved their fire. They expected also to carry the flag-ship by boarding her from the gun-boats, which were all filled with men armed with pikes and cutlasses.

At half-past two the *Queen Charlotte* anchored by the stern, half a cable's length from the mole-head, and was lashed by a hawser to the main-mast of an Algerine brig. The mole was crowded with troops, many of whom got upon the parapet to stare at the ship. Lord Exmouth, standing on the poop, could not refrain from waving to them to move away.

When the ship was fairly placed the crew gave three hearty cheers, and as the last died away the enemy fired three guns in succession. One of the shots struck the *Superb*.

"Stand by!" shouted Lord Exmouth. A second later came "Fire!"

That first broadside killed above five hundred men, the Swedish consul assured the Admiral, for the troops were drawn up four deep above the gun-boats.

What the Admiral's feelings were we can perceive from

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his despatch, in which he writes : "The battle was fairly at issue between a handful of Britons, in the noble cause of Christianity, and a horde of fanatics, assembled around their city to obey the dictates of their despot. The cause of God and humanity prevailed; and so devoted was every creature in the fleet, that even British women served at the same guns with their husbands, and during a contest of many hours never shrank from danger, but animated all around them."

If this strange episode of British wives fighting on board a man-of-war had not been given on the authority of Lord Exmouth himself, it would have been thought incredible. They not only served the guns bravely, but by their example animated the men to fresh exertions.

When the *Queen Charlotte* fired her first broadside, only the *Leander* had taken her station in the line; the large frigates and the Dutch squadron went into action under a very heavy fire, and "with a gallantry that never was surpassed."

The bomb-vessels at a distance of 2000 yards were throwing shells with admirable precision, while the flotilla of rocket-boats were distributed at the openings between the battleships.

In a few minutes the *Queen Charlotte* had ruined the fortifications on the mole-head. She then sprang her broadside towards the north, to bear upon the batteries over the gate leading to the mole and upon the upper works of the lighthouse.

Her shot struck with such accuracy that the tower of the lighthouse crumbled and fell, bringing down gun after gun from the batteries.

The last of these guns was dismounted just as the Algerine artillerymen were in the act of discharging it. Instantly a chief was seen to spring upon the ruins of the parapet and shake his scimitar in impotent fury against the British ships.

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Soon after the battle began, the enemy's flotilla of gun-boats daringly advanced to board the *Queen Charlotte* and *Leander*.

At first they were not noticed, for the smoke from the firing covered them from view, but as soon as they were seen a few shots, chiefly from the *Leander*, sent to the bottom thirty-three out of the thirty-seven.

At four o'clock, when a general fire had been maintained for more than an hour, and no sign of submission was visible, Lord Exmouth ordered Lieutenant Richards to take the barge and fire the enemy's ships. This he did with laboratory torches and a carcass-shell placed on their main-deck, and the frigate at once burst into flames.

Lord Exmouth was watching the barge's movements from the gangway, and when she returned he led the cheers that welcomed her back. It was hoped that the flames would spread to the other Algerine shipping; but the frigate burnt from her moorings and drifted along the broad-sides of the *Queen Charlotte* and *Leander*. In a letter to his brother Lord Exmouth wrote: "Never was a ship nearer burnt; it almost scorched me off the poop; we were obliged to haul in the ensign or it would have caught fire."

They then opened with carcass-shells upon the largest frigate, which was moored in the centre of the other ships; she soon took fire, and by six o'clock was completely in flames. From her the fire spread to the other vessels in the port, and afterwards to the store-houses and arsenal.

About sunset a message was received from Rear-Admiral Milne, requesting that a frigate might be sent to divert from the *Impregnable* some of the fire under which she was suffering. As it was found impossible to assist her, permission was given to haul off, for she was dreadfully cut up; a hundred and fifty men had been killed and wounded, and the shot was still coming in fast from the heaviest batteries.

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But her officers and crew would not thus go out of battle, and she kept up a vigorous fire to the last.

As night came on the fire slackened, for the expenditure of ammunition had been beyond all parallel. They had fired 118 tons of powder and 50,000 shot, besides 960 thirteen- and ten-inch shells; the sea-defences of Algiers were shattered and crumbling to ruins.

At a little before ten the *Queen Charlotte's* bower-cable was cut, and her head hauled round to seaward. Warps were run out to gain an offing, but many were cut by shot from the south batteries. At half-past ten a light air was felt and sail was made, but only by the help of tow-boats was the ship got slowly away. At half-past eleven the breeze freshened and a thunderstorm broke, with torrents of rain.

In a private letter the Admiral wrote: "I was quite sure I should have a breeze off the land about one or two in the morning; and equally sure we could hold out that time. Blessed be God! it came, and a dreadful night with it of thunder, lightning, and rain, as heavy as I ever saw. Several ships had spent all their powder and been supplied from the brigs . . . it is the opinion of all the consuls that two hours more fire would have levelled the town; the walls are all so cracked. Even the aqueducts were broken up, and the people famishing for water; the fire all round the mole looked like pandemonium. I never saw anything so grand and so terrific."

In about three hours the storm subsided. As soon as the ship was made snug, Lord Exmouth assembled in his cabin the officers and some of the wounded that they might unite with him in offering thanks to God for their victory and preservation.

"Admiral Milne came on board at two o'clock in the morning and kissed my hand fifty times before the people;

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so did the Dutch Admiral, Von Capellan, and generously said that the *Queen Charlotte*, by her commanding position and the effect of her fire, had saved the lives of five hundred men to the fleet. I was but slightly touched in thigh, face, and fingers, my glass cut in my hand, and the skirts of my coat torn off by a large shot ; but as I bled a good deal, it looked as if I was badly hurt, and it was gratifying to see and hear how it was received even in the cockpit, which was then pretty full. I never saw such enthusiasm in all my service, and I assure you it was a very arduous task."

In no former general action had the casualties been so great in proportion to the force engaged. One hundred and twenty-eight were killed and six hundred and ninety wounded in the British ships ; thirteen were killed and fifty-two wounded in the Dutch squadron.

In this battle every ship was closely engaged throughout ; after the *Impregnable*, which had fifty men killed, the frigates suffered most.

Next morning, August 28, 1816, Lieutenant Burgess was sent on shore with a flag of truce, and all the demands were allowed.

Sir Charles Penrose, who had arrived from Malta too late to take part in the battle, was assigned the part of concluding the negotiations.

On August 30th, Lord Exmouth informed the fleet of the happy termination of their strenuous exertions by the following conditions :—

"1. The abolition of Christian slavery for ever.

"2. The delivery to my flag of all slaves in the dominions of the Dey, to whatever nation they may belong, at noon to-morrow.

"3. To deliver also to my flag all money received by him for the redemption of slaves since the commencement of this year.

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“4. Reparation has been made to the British consul for all losses he has sustained in consequence of his confinement.

“5. The Dey has made a public apology in presence of his ministers and officers.”

After thanking his men for their noble support the Commander-in-Chief appointed the following Sunday for a public thanksgiving to God.

More than twelve hundred slaves were freed, and embarked on the 31st, making, with those liberated a few weeks before, more than three thousand.

These were sent to their respective countries—a happy crew rescued to their great surprise. Of these only eighteen were English, the most being from Naples and Sicily. Let us hope that other nations felt some measure of gratitude for the feat performed.

The kings of Holland, Spain and Sardinia conferred upon Lord Exmouth orders of knighthood, and the Pope sent him a valuable cameo.

London and Oxford voted him the freedom of their cities, and the day of his return to England was made a general holiday.

Lord Melville in the House of Lords, in proposing a vote of thanks, spoke warmly of the help given by the Netherlands; Lord Castlereagh said he was sure the House would feel a peculiar gratification in seeing the navy of Holland united with ours for the general liberties of mankind.

The Dutch Admiral in his report wrote home: “His Majesty’s squadron, as well as the British force, appeared to be inspired with the devotedness of our magnanimous chief to the cause of all mankind; and the coolness and order with which the terrible fire of the batteries was replied to, close under the massive walls of Algiers, will as little admit of description as the heroism and self-

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devotion of each individual and the greatness of Lord Exmouth in the attack of this memorable day. . . . The *Queen Charlotte*, under the fire of the batteries, passing the *Melampus* under sail, his lordship asked to see me in order to reward me by shaking my hand in the heartiest manner and saying, 'I have not lost sight of my Dutch friends; they have, as well as mine, done their best for the glory of the day.'" Lord Exmouth was made a Viscount for this great service, and was given the command at Plymouth: here his public life ended. But all his distinctions and honours made no difference in his character: he remained religious, simple, unselfish and benevolent to the last, and passed the quiet evening of his life on his estate near Teignmouth, happy in his family and their devoted affection.

CHAPTER X

LORD NAPIER OF MAGDALA

ROBERT CORNELIUS NAPIER, the son of Major C. F. Napier, was born in 1810 in Ceylon, and educated at the Military College, Addiscombe.

He entered the corps of Royal Engineers in 1826, and having served with distinction in the Sutlej campaign was appointed engineer to the Durbar of Lahore. He was present at the siege of Mooltan and the battle of Gujerat.

After this he was chief engineer in the Punjaub, and was busy cutting roads and canals in that province. In 1857 he served under Sir Colin Campbell in the Mutiny and greatly distinguished himself.

Further service in China under Sir Hope Grant ended in his being created a K.C.B., a Major-General, and member of the Council of India.

In 1865 he became Commander-in-Chief in Bombay, and while he held this appointment he was ordered to take command of a force sent to liberate British captives detained by Theodore, Emperor of Abyssinia.

Sir Robert Napier was at this time about fifty-five years old, stout and well-built. His expression was kindly and gentle, for soft blue eyes twinkled merrily upon you, and a constant smile played round his mouth, as he conversed with you. If he thought he was talking to a fool who needed a little putting-down, he would fall into a freezing politeness tinged with sarcasm; but if he deemed that stronger measures were called for, the blue eyes could

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flash fire, and a sudden storm of wrath would clear the way before him.

A few words of explanation are necessary before we proceed further. Theodore was the son of a poor widow, and his real name was Kussai. In his boyhood he had been haunted by the words of an old prophecy that a Messiah should arise and deliver Christian Abyssinia from the Moslems. He enlisted, distinguished himself for bravery and intelligence, married the daughter of Dembea's governor and became governor of a district. Little by little he grew popular and strong, changed his name to Todoros, as the natives pronounced Theodorus, and declared himself the Messiah. This had the effect of calling deserters from every province to join his standard; by 1851 he had subjected nearly all Abyssinia. He was now about thirty-five years old, strong and brave and apt for war, adored by his officers and men, whom he armed well and trained carefully. He loved the open-air, and said, "I will have no capital; my head shall be the Empire, and my tent my capital."

At first he was a good ruler, seeking the interests of his people; but frequent rebellions so harassed him that he grew embittered and tyrannical. He invited Russian and German engineers to make big guns and erect powder manufactories, for he had conceived the ambitious desire of conquering Egypt and Arabia. He was partly prompted to this by the cruel acts of Arabs and Egyptians in capturing his people and selling them for slaves to the pashas of Cairo, and Alexandria, and Constantinople.

The British consul, Plowden, had been his great friend, and when he was killed in 1860 by some rebels, Theodore mourned for him and punished the rebels severely. Queen Victoria sent Theodore a revolver for his kindness to the consul, and on a silver plate was an inscription which afterwards identified his body at a critical time.

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The new consul, Captain Cameron, and several missionaries arrived in 1862, and were at first well received and welcomed by the emperor.

But Theodore was now often under the influence of drink, and began to practise great cruelties even upon innocent people.

For a slight suspicion a man had his back flayed by the courbach, or his stomach ripped open, or was crucified; no one was safe from his resentment.

Consul Cameron induced Theodore to write a long letter to Queen Victoria, in which he offered to send ambassadors to England. Earl Russell received this letter in 1863, and thought no more of it.

As no reply was sent to Abyssinia, the emperor naturally felt slighted, and vented his wrath on the consul and the missionaries and their servants. One, Mr. Stern, was beaten till he fainted. "Beat that man as you would a dog," roared Theodore.

The captives were fed on bread and water, flogged, and chained to a wall.

Cameron was also tortured. He says: "Twenty Abyssinians were tugging lustily on ropes tied to each limb until I fainted. My shoulder-blades were made to meet each other. I was doubled up until my head appeared under my thighs, and while in this painful position I was beaten with whips of hippopotamus hide on my bare back until I was covered with weals, and while the blood dripped from my reeking back I was rolled in sand."

In 1866 Lord Derby became Premier, Lord Stanley, his son, being Secretary of the Foreign Office. They proposed to ransom the captives; Theodore refused to allow this. Then war was declared against a country so little known that the papers were full of warning letters.

The army was to consist of 12,000 Indian troops from

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Bombay—Sepoy and European regiments mixed—and baggage animals were purchased in Egypt and Syria.

Colonel Merewether was sent to survey the coast, and selected Annesley Bay, south of Massowah, as the most commodious harbour to embark in. The distance from this port to Magdala, the capital, was nearly four hundred miles.

Transports soon began to arrive in the bay, and thousands of mules, camels, and cattle were landed and turned loose; they wandered in a waterless wilderness of juniper and banbool shrub, and many hundreds lay down to die!

At last it occurred to some officer to set the steamers at work to condense water for the poor brutes. More animals were bought and landed, but hundreds of drivers deserted with their cattle. Finally, soldiers were set to watch the coolies and Arab muleteers.

Sir Charles Staveley, seeing this state of things near the coast, resolved to move higher and occupy Senafe, a village in the highlands, where there was said to be abundance of water and grass. Sappers had been sent on to make the road through the Pass of Koomaylee less difficult; for it was merely an empty ravine, except in the rainy season, and choked with huge boulders and rocks.

In two months after landing, Sir Robert Napier arrived, and things began to hum, as two locomotives expedited stores across the flat sands near the shore. After five hours' marching, the troops arrived at the base of the mountains. Fortunately a cleft opened out, whose sides were covered with brushwood and mosses, and this led them up to a high amphitheatre, where a camp was formed, and where the sick soon recovered in the more bracing air.

Natives flocked round with goats and sheep for sale, and naked children played on reed pipes and sang lustily; very soon a sort of bazaar was formed, where onions, tobacco, figs, and olives could be purchased.

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The march from Koomaylee to the next station, Sooroo, led over rock and precipice, through jungles of mimosa and round many an angle of jutting granite.

After Sooroo they had to pass through a narrow defile crowned with pine, where voices and sounds were echoed like distant thunder, and hundreds of gullies and ravines, now empty, threatened the traveller with death from drowning.

Undel-Welly was the next camping ground, in the midst of fantastic hills that sparkled in the sun as the rays lit up the quartz.

Another day's march brought them to a tableland 8000 feet high above the sea, and soon they saw Senafe at the base of a high crag.

A short rest, and on they went to Goom-Gooma, in a lovely glen, above which was a Shoho village—mud houses, with flat roofs of straw, from which came queerly dressed or undressed people, who sat and stared; in the centre was the village square, where the patriarch sat and heard complaints from tattooed and swarthy ruffians.

After this they went over a sandstone country destitute of vegetation, with green hills ahead and splendid peaks for occupation by the enemy; but Theodore had not thought of being so rude and troublesome.

On a neck of rock was perched the church and village of Focada. The church was placed on the brink of a deep chasm, surrounded by trees; the inner walls of the church were adorned by cartoons. The priests of Abyssinia were clothed in a cotton robe with a broad scarlet band; they wore turbans, and, like their churches, were not very clean.

The next march, to Attigratt, was over a solid bed of rock, where blasting tools had been in requisition to make the road passable; after this great forests of tamarisk and scrub-oak had to be traversed; then came a wide valley, and green corn and watered fields.

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Nut-brown girls and naked urchins ran out to meet the white-faced strangers and offer milk, "halceb," for a consideration.

There was a castle at Attigratt, but the chief was in Theodore's dungeon, and his lady had vowed not to come out into the sunshine till he returned.

On every rock stood scores of curious natives loudly commenting on the strange sight they saw : of sentries in scarlet uniform—for Attigratt was now the headquarters of Sir Robert Napier—of officers cantering hither and thither with rattling sabre ; of horses and mules tethered in long rows ; and lastly, of field-guns and rifles stacked, and of glittering steel.

As they marched towards Magdala our army saw inaccessible hills crowned with fort or castle ; they passed through forests in which Abyssinian monkeys barked and snarled. At the camp of Agulla they were joined by Colonel Merewether, the Pioneer officer, and Clements Markham, the geographer.

Soon after landing in Ethiopia the Commander-in-Chief had sent a proclamation to the governors and chiefs of provinces, and to the religious orders, explaining that the sole object of the expedition was to release the prisoners, that he came with no unfriendly design against their country or people, and that all supplies would be paid for.

Prince Kussai, of Tigre, arranged with Major James Grant, C.B., the former companion of Speke in his travels, for a friendly meeting with the English chief. Sir Robert, mounted on a gaily caparisoned elephant, with a select body of cavalry, rode forth to meet the prince and his five hundred warriors.

Kussai rode up under the shade of a State umbrella of maroon-coloured velvet ; at his right side were his spear and shield-bearers, at his left his gun-bearer ; his generals walked before him, and two English officers escorted the group.

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The Tigrean prince, dressed in a long silken robe of many colours, with a lion-skin cape, his thick hair oiled and plaited into ridges, embraced Sir Robert fervently and said—

“We do not much like to see strangers in this country ; but if strangers must come, we prefer they should be Christians.”

Sir Robert replied : “We have come here only because bad men hold our countrymen in captivity ; we shall not disturb your dominions in the least.”

“That’s right,” said Kussai ; “Theodore is a bad man. I hope sincerely you will punish him as he deserves.”

Then they entered the durbar tent, conversed at large, exchanged presents ; and the result was that Kussai agreed to allow the British troops a free passage through his country, with license to buy food.

Then Sir Robert reviewed the Abyssinian troops, who were well-formed and athletic, but armed mostly with spear, shield, and sword ; the select few carried guns of sorts and of all nations. Each nation was criticising the other. The English soldiers eyed the brawny mountaineers and thought, “If Theodore can conquer you, it must be only because he has better arms.” The Tigrean officers said, “Oh ! those cannons are not nearly so large as we had expected to see ; but we know the English practise enchantment, and can throw balls of fire through the air, and set fire to a town miles away ; very strong fighters in the open plain, no doubt, but on the mountains—of what good ?”

When, on 3rd March, Sir Robert Napier and Sir Charles Staveley with the 2nd Brigade arrived in camp at Antalo, the whole province of Enderta seemed roused to excitement. Thousands of scantily robed warriors looked on at the strange army ; women and brown-skinned urchins lined the roadside and lay in litters ; the Antalo garrison cheered, and

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the natives sang a joyous lululu in honour of the approaching conqueror of the emperor whom they feared.

The Scinde Horse, having a crimson cloth folded round their heads, wearing their green uniform, and armed with a short double-barrelled rifle and tulwar, or Indian sword, took the brown men's fancy most. After the cavalry came the battery of six Armstrong guns, the elephants, and transport-train with its 7000 mules and 5000 attendants; the whole stretched a distance of seven miles. And after these came a host of Indian bearers and oxen for the commissariat, followed by native vendors of various foods. In the evening there was a strange throng of struggling natives round the dozen Parsees who were distributing dollars from bags to pay for grain, cattle, sheep, honey, &c.

Indian policemen (Chuprassies) were there to keep order and prevent stealing, but it was a noisy and motley assembly.

To take an army into an enemy's country is comparatively easy; to organise the transport and commissariat will tax the cleverest brain. It was rendered more difficult and expensive by the fact that the Abyssinians used blocks of rock-salt for coins, except that they employed occasionally the Austrian dollar of 1780, and no other.

The question soon became mooted in camp, "Was Theodore going to fight? Where would he dispute their passage? Would he send presents and give in?" It was no use asking Abyssinians, for their love of truth was not intense; yet most of them prayed hard that the emperor might get his deserts.

They had had enough of blazing towns, and wailing widows, and murdered soldiers. According to native report, 30,000 men, women, and children had been crucified, stabbed, or beheaded by the tyrant's orders within the last three months. For Theodore was now often drunk on tej, that seductive compound of arrack and honey. When he was very

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drunk he was apt to slay his best friends and advisers. The foreign captives still lived, and were supplied with money through Colonel Merewether; they could buy some luxuries, but were living in constant fear of torture and death.

Theodore had sent no reply to Sir Robert's proclamation. He was trying to increase his army, had defeated Menelek, King of Shoa, and was moving on Magdala with 10,000 men and twenty big cannon, where he might arrive in February 1868. The great native chiefs had almost all deserted their emperor and were accepting gifts from Sir Robert, who, instead of marching headlong upon the capital, was winning support all round by wise diplomacy. From Antalo the road to Magdala looked as if it were blocked by stupendous mountains, whose red pinnacles shot up menacingly, or slate-coloured reefs lay piled one upon another. Soldiers shook their heads dubiously, and wondered how they would ever get through such a tangle of rocks.

When the road was very steep the mules got ahead of the elephants, who puffed and trumpeted with pain; but on fair roads the big creature with his 1800-pound load kept the lead easily; the young elephants bore the strain best. Everywhere these gigantic animals roused the admiration of the staring crowds.

Sometimes, when chiefs came into camp for a conference, Sir Robert would invite them to inspect the elephants and big guns. Then the Mahouts, or drivers, would make them charge, wheel, halt, kneel, and trumpet at the word of command, and the fame of them went through all the land.

It would be tedious to recount the toil and troubles of each day's march, but how arduous it was at times may be gathered from one report—

“One hundred and sixty-six animals belonging to the Abyssinian transport-train died on the last march from Mesheck to Atzala.”

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In war-time, as we saw in our last Boer campaign, the poor animals suffer more than the men, and too often no merciful eye notes their need. After climbing painfully through the lofty ranges of Mosobo the troops went through virgin forests of tropical beauty, which they were too tired to enjoy; again they left the myrtle and sweet-briar and tall pine, and suddenly, 3000 feet below them, saw Lake Ashangi glittering in its setting of gneiss and mica and quartz.

The camp was pitched close to the lake in a park-like country; the men, regardless of crocodiles, plunged in and disturbed by their laughter and joyous shouts the thousands of wagtails, geese, herons, and pelican whose home was in sedgy pool or waving reeds.

Next day the animals were rested, but forage was getting short and rations were reduced one half.

Picturesque ravines had little attraction for tired soldiers, some of whom crawled into camp at 5 p.m., while the last man did not arrive until midnight.

After crossing the Takazze River the army set itself to climb a mountain; short spurts followed by long rests were the order of the day. If Theodore had thought of disputing the pass he could have made a Thermopylæ of it with small loss to himself.

When they had climbed up to 11,000 feet above the sea they cheered and then flung themselves down breathless on the soft grass of the plateau. In the morning, hoar frost was on leaf and blade of grass, and all were shivering after the heat of the lower slopes.

One morning—it was when they were in camp at Santurai—the pickets fired as a signal that an armed body was approaching.

The infantry threw themselves forward in skirmishing order to check the enemy, when Colonel Fraser rode up to warn them that it was a friendly body of men. In fact it was a

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powerful prince, Wagshum Gobazye, who commanded a force of forty thousand men. An accident might have turned these men from friends to foes ; one unfortunate shot might have conveyed the impression that they were being treacherously attacked. In that case, the British army would have had Theodore in front and Wagshum Gobazye in their rear.

As it was, the regiments presented arms, the bands struck up a merry welcome to the stalwart Abyssinians, many of whom wore bracelets and necklaces of amber, and tinkling anklets round their ankles. The two generals conferred in Sir Robert's tent, presents were given, and all went well.

By the time that the army had come to the Dalanta plateau, after going down 4000 feet into the Jeddah ravine, they fell exhausted. Also there were left only six and a half ounces of grain for each animal ! But next day Captain Speedy brought in a hundred mules laden with grain, for when once the natives knew that money was forthcoming they brought in flour, honey, chickens, grass, and goats.

From the edge of the Dalanta plateau Magdala could be seen ! The tents of Theodore's army were pitched beneath the city, and the smoke was visible curling up from his camp fires.

Magdala was perched on a rocky mass between two mountains—Fahla on the right, Selasse on the left. The Bechilo valley lay between our army and the mountain on which Magdala was built.

It was Good Friday, April 10, 1868, when the British soldiers were paraded for roll-call before they began that steep and long descent. Sir Charles Staveley led the 1st Brigade, and having crossed the Bechilo, he was to make a détour to the right and occupy a plateau under Fahla. The 2nd Brigade, with mountain artillery and rocket battery, were to proceed up the Aroje valley, and secure a small knoll under Selasse. Sir Robert was with the 2nd Brigade, and in two hours they had reached the swift and muddy

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Bechilo River, now about four feet deep. Men were very thirsty, and, as they forded, stopped to drink. All was in confusion, but Theodore made no sign ; he had not even posted any outlying pickets on the ranges in flank of our army.

The Commander-in-Chief, his staff, and other officers, lunched on the banks of the Bechilo, resting an hour before they tackled the last slope. A dead silence was over all the hills in the valley. Knowing that Theodore was a man of wiles, Colonel Milward ordered Lieutenant Nolan to ride forward and reconnoitre. He found no enemy lying in wait—only Colonel Phayre and a few officers reposing on the grass, and arguing whether Theodore meant to fight or not.

When the 2nd Brigade reached their last camping-ground, about 3 P.M., glasses were turned on all the hills around. And as they looked and doubted, a puff of smoke was seen, a “boom” came a little later to their ears, and a huge chain-shot flew and sang over the heads of the consulting colonels!

“They are coming down, sir,” shouted a sergeant to his colonel.

“Where? where?” and glasses were levelled at the forbidden rocks. But Colonel Penn had lost all his fictitious insouciance as he waved his sword and shouted the words of command sharp and crisp.

“Bring up those guns, boys! Get ready for action. Look smart there!”

Before the guns were ready three huge cannon from Fahla had boomed, and sent their 68-pound chain-shot over Napier and his staff.

This was only the prelude to a continuous thunder and blaze of fire from Theodore’s ten big guns, and under cover of this came charging down some four thousand furious Abyssinians.

With the exception of the Sappers and Miners, Sir Robert and his staff had no help at hand, for the brigades had not



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Rocket tubes were quickly unstrapped by the sailors and set up. The nearest horsemen of the enemy were in the act of launching their spears when a stream of red fire darted through their ranks, leaving a gap where strewn men clutched the ground.

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yet climbed up so high ; and then the enemy were pouring down Fahla slope in a compact body. Theodore had kept silence long enough ; now he was speaking in earnest.

“Bring up the ‘King’s Own’ on the double,” commanded Sir Robert Napier ; “and you, sir, order the Naval Brigade here instantly ; and you, Sir Charles, let the Punjaubees deploy across that narrow plateau in front, but do not fire until the enemy are within two hundred yards of you.”

Soon the British could hear the war-songs of the men who had conquered all the other provinces of Abyssinia ; they were coming fast and joyously, the foot soldiers brandishing long spears, and flinging away robe and loin-cloth as they ran. Sir Robert still sat unmoved on his charger, and watched the dusky warriors reforming on the plateau ; between him and them was only a thin line of men—six companies of Bombay and Madras Indians armed with the old muzzle-loading “Brown Bess.” Would they stand firm ? It was doubtful. At this moment an “aide” galloped up.

“Here they are, sir ! the Naval Brigade.”

“Very good,” said Napier ; “let Captain Fellowes take position on that little knoll in front.”

How glad the staff were to see the little squad of sailors busily preparing for the fight.

“Action, front !” shouted the naval captain.

“Action, front !” said the lieutenant and boatswain—all in the same song to-day, and as sharp as needles. Rocket-tubes were quickly unstrapped by the sailors and set up ; the muleteers took their animals to the rear ; ammunition-men stood ready, and only awaited one word.

“Fire !” It came not too soon.

The nearest horsemen of the enemy were in the act of launching their spears when a stream of red fire darted through the foemen’s ranks, leaving a gap where strewn men clutched the ground. A second—a third ploughed its way

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through the coming throng, and the sailors and marines, seeing their handiwork, cheered amain. Horses were pulled up by chiefs, men on foot halted and stared at each other, as if asking, "What strange magic is this?"

Before they could recover from their surprise at the strange guns, a fierce cheer from behind the staff made the general turn his head to see what was coming.

The "King's Own" were charging at the double, grasping their Sniders with eager hands. A quarter of an hour ago these men had been fretfully reclining on the slope far below when the boom of Theodore's cannon fetched every man to his feet.

As they listened with hearts beating high, an aide-de-camp galloped up, his horse in a lather, and delivered his order. The fierce war-fever broke out in face and muscle—they forgot they were tired and exhausted, and sprang off as if for a race. They had just time to crest the slope when the enemy were found only fifty paces in front of them, flushed with hope of victory.

"Commence firing from both flanks," sang out Colonel Cameron.

Instantly a storm of bullets struck the naked bodies of the Abyssinians; down they went like swathes of corn behind a reaper, and their comrades again wavered, and forgot to hurl their spears.

They were brave men set to contend with shield and spear against modern rifles, and the issue was from no fault of theirs.

"Retreat!" bellowed their chiefs; but retreat was not so easy, for the rifle bullet and the rocket caught them as they ran or tried to hide behind bush or boulder.

About a thousand of them turned off and tried to capture Penn's battery, which was isolated on a little knoll below Mount Selasse. Colonel Penn seemed to smile as he gave the word to "Fire!"

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A sharp report, and six shells sang their way towards the advancing mass, while a strange cracking noise sounded above the enemy's heads, followed by a torrent of downward piercing fragments of iron which levelled great patches of men here and there.

Still the brave Abyssinians, led by Dayatch (or General) Deris, tore on madly, across knolls and ravines of wild olive, until they were at the base of the little hill on which the battery was posted. Sir Robert Napier was watching all the time, and, to make things safe and sure, ordered the Punjaub Pioneers, who had just arrived, to go to their support. Again the natives found themselves faced by volleys upon volleys—a hundred bullets to every one of theirs discharged from their long matchlocks—and they swerved to a small ravine overgrown with dense jungle.

As they issued lower down from this ravine they were met by a few companies of the "Duke of Wellington's Own," which were escorting the baggage. Another rattle of muskets—this time the deadly Snider rifle with its steady, continuous roar—assailed ear and body, while the Punjaubees had followed and were dealing slaughter from the rear.

The Abyssinians were caught as in a trap, and were dropping dead on all sides. Ten minutes of this would have seen their utter annihilation, but they doubled back to the ravine whence they had come, and the Punjaubees also ran up the slope above and parallel to them; so that when the remnant of the enemy bounded out of cover near the battery they were shot down again by a withering fire from the Sepoys.

But the hot blood of the Sikhs was not content with this cold massacre; if the Abyssinians desired a hand-to-hand fight they should have it. With a wild war-cry the Sikhs fixed bayonets and charged down upon the African mountaineers—the pick of Asia against the flower of Africa—but the latter were already tired and breathless with their climb

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up the dark ravine. Still they hurled their spears, and drew curved scimitars, and crossed weapons with loud crash of thrust and parry, and stroke and counter-stroke. No cry for mercy was heard, and no mercy was given : the scene was too terrible to witness or describe. It should have been observed by statesmen who rush into war with a light heart.

It seemed as if heaven itself had relinquished its policy of standing aloof and letting the best man win ; for the sky became suddenly dark and overcast, the muttering thunder seemed to denounce the day's deeds, and forked lightning lit up for an instant the gloomy rocks on which Magdala was built, and left them all the gloomier.

Meanwhile the Emperor Theodore had been seeing a good deal of what had happened beneath him through his glass. He had noted how little damage his big guns had been doing, and what destruction the bright little guns of the British had worked upon his bravest. He raved and swore and drank arrack, and demanded of his gunners why they could not shoot better.

"See !" he cried, "the English are not afraid of my chain-shot ; they march up in spite of my big balls. Now they are so close under us, you cannot depress the muzzles enough to bear upon them."

Three hundred Snider rifles, six hundred Enfields, and a dozen rocket-guns were raking the steep incline, and searching every mound and clump of bushes.

Sir Robert, in his white sun-jacket, was riding about encouraging his men and giving fresh orders as circumstances changed. He wore his usual placid smile, now that the Abyssinian attack had been finally repulsed. But Magdala was not yet captured !

By 5.30 P.M. the great guns of the emperor had ceased fire. What was the use of wasting balls on men who dealt in magic ?

The April twilight came and went, and all the ground

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was strewn with stripped corpses, or white with the linen robes of fallen chiefs.

The soldiers, tired and hungry, found that the tents had not yet arrived. There were no provisions for man or beast. The men grumbled and swore, the mules brayed sarcastically, and the neigh of the horses was pathetic. They too had worked hard, and could not understand such stupid delay.

So round the smoky fires the men threw themselves wearily down and slept. The last thing they heard ere the dream-god whispered to them was the cry of the jackal and hyena, the tenor and bass of that midnight concert. So ended Good Friday in April of that year 1868.

Next morning the Surgeon Sahib made his report to the general: "One officer severely wounded, thirty-one privates wounded." That was all!

Next, a detachment was sent to count the enemy's dead, and bring their wounded to the camp hospital. What a feast certain panthers and other scavengers had enjoyed! What a night the wounded had spent, desperately in their agony and weakness defending themselves against the fierce and hungry brutes that stooped over them and sniffed blood!

Dayatch Deris was carried to hospital with a broken leg; beside him were 75 wounded Abyssinians: 560 were buried by English or Indian troops.

Sir Robert was minded to give Theodore one more chance, for a fierce onslaught might endanger the lives of the prisoners whom they had come to save. So he sent Theodore a summons to surrender; but the bearer met two messengers from the emperor, and he returned with them to Napier's tent.

They were English, one being Mr. Flad, a missionary. They told the general how Theodore had yesterday admired the martial scene, and how he had mistaken the ammunition boxes on the mules for boxes of golden dollars.

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“Go, my children ; capture the treasure, and drive the Feringhees away.”

He began the fight with a bursting cannon, but still he fully expected a glorious victory ; and when he saw his men swept away and the Feringhees ever climbing up and up, he gnashed his teeth and stamped, and attempted to commit suicide. Thrice in the night he attempted this, but his trusty bodyguard prevented him ; and in his drunken misery he called in vain for his favourite generals—they had given their lives for their lord.

The two captives were sent back to Theodore with this message—

“Tell him I require an instant surrender of the captives with their goods, of himself, and of the fortresses of Selasse, Fahla, and Magdala. He may rest assured that he shall receive honourable treatment.”

About 3 P.M. the same two captives returned from Magdala, asking for better terms, as he was a king and could not surrender to any chief who served a woman—“rather would I fight to the death.”

When the delegates were sent back to Theodore, with the command that the king must surrender unconditionally, many in camp feared what torture these two men would endure at Theodore’s hands.

However, that monarch thought it wise to release all the captives. He gave orders to that effect, and stood at the gate to bid them adieu.

They filed out and made their salaams. Then in the evening light they went down to where they saw the twinkling lights of the British camp.

About 7 P.M. the first captives arrived before the general’s tent. When the news spread, hundreds of soldiers ran to headquarters to see the captives. They were surprised to see that most of them looked well and strong. Yet it had been

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said that they were kept naked, in chains—a mass of sores. Sixty-one men, women, and children, 187 servants, and 323 animals had come to claim protection and hospitality. The soldiers wondered if, after all, their need had been so extreme as to require an army to rescue them.

It was Easter Monday. No submission had come from Theodore, but eight chiefs came to deliver up Fahla and Selasse, and to say that the emperor had escaped at midnight.

However, Magdala had to be taken. By noon, and in great heat, the troops had climbed up to the base of the central hill. Here they saw a gorgeous chief riding about on a white horse. Captain Speedy knew him to be the emperor. So he had not escaped! But the rock on which Magdala was perched rose above them 500 feet, being a mile and a half in length and half a mile wide. A stone wall defended the brow of the hill, on which were planted hurdles.

The batteries were brought up, and at a signal the shells and balls flew upward. If the men had doubted the messages of torture sent by the captives, they had only to look down into a pit near the walls, where over 300 dead prisoners lay piled one upon another—naked, but in their fetters! It is true we had vexed the emperor by our pertinacity, but he need not have vented his wrath upon these poor specimens of humanity.

Well—the assault was made in a thunderstorm. The 33rd climbed up and passed the hurdles, and opened the gates. A short resistance ended in a flight. The British flag was hoisted; helmets were raised and cheers heartily given, while the bands played “God Save the Queen.”

Meanwhile some soldiers had come across a dying man near the second gate, with a revolver clutched in his right hand. They took the revolver for loot, but saw on a silver plate on the stock an inscription which showed it had been given to “Theodorus, Emperor of Abyssinia, by Queen Victoria.”

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Some Abyssinians came by and looked on the face of the dying man. Why should they recoil in so strange a manner, murmuring, "Todros! Todros!" Officers were attracted to the spot by the cry of "Todros." They bent over the fallen foe, and saw a native clad in coarse and torn garments, but wearing underneath these clean linen. The face was high-cheek boned, the nose aquiline, the forehead high, the hair divided into three long plaits. As he gasped his last, two rows of white teeth came into view.

The hand that had murdered so many had been lifted at last against himself; for he was too proud to submit to a woman! The Messiah was dead!

Sir Robert rode up soon, and ordered the body to be buried. One of Theodore's queens selected the chaplain who should read the burial service over him.

Shortly after, the Abyssinian prisoners were released from gaol. Princes, generals, peasants—all heavily fettered. The soldiers speedily unfastened their fetters, as they stood blinking and confused. Then they knew who were their friends, and many knelt and kissed the hands of the British soldiers.

Magdala was burnt, the cannon were destroyed, the prisoners were sent to their homes, the captives were brought to England.

The Queen telegraphed her "thanks to Sir Robert Napier and his gallant force." The Duke of Cambridge's message was, "You have taught once more what is meant by an army that can go anywhere and do anything."

So the expedition ended well, to the confusion of all croakers; and the country was deeply grateful to Lord Napier of Magdala, his officers and men, not forgetting the swarthy contingent from Bombay.¹

¹ In part from Stanley's *Coomassie and Magdala*, by kind permission of Lady Stanley.

CHAPTER XI

LORD WOLSELEY, F.M.

GARNET WOLSELEY came of an old English family to whom the Manor of Ouseley was granted by King Edgar for exterminating the wolves on Cannock Chase ; hence the wolf's head is the crest, and *Homo homini lupus* (One man is a wolf to another), is the motto of the family.

But in George II.'s reign, Colonel Sir Richard Wolseley, Bart., Garnet's great-grandfather, went to Ireland to claim some confiscated land which had been allotted to an ancestor by William III. This colonel built himself a house at Tullow, in the county of Carlow. Hence the English blood was mixed with Irish experiences, and (by marriage) with French Huguenot connection.

Garnet's mind as a boy was all for mathematical studies, and in 1852, in his eighteenth year, he obtained a commission at Chatham, and in June sailed for the Cape. Ambition and a desire to do honour to his family kept the young man busy during the long voyage, poring over a Hindustani grammar, reading any book on the art of war, and practising drawing, in which he excelled. At the Cape he was nearly drowned in a storm. Towards the end of October, as they sailed up the Hoogley, they heard minute guns being fired, and asked the reason. It was a shock to many when the answer came, "The Duke of Wellington is dead." All on deck felt that England had lost what could not be replaced.

Some tedious weeks at Chinsura made the young officer

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long for active service. It came soon, for he was embarked for Burma, where General Godwin was conquering the gentle Burmese, whom Garnet found to his surprise very superior in character to the Hindu—a fine, manly people, who enjoy life and are by nature artists; their women, too, struck him as frank, laughter-loving children, the free wives of the free. In leading a storming party against Meeah-Toon, Wolseley was badly wounded; but he had distinguished himself greatly. However, his wound was so severe he was sent home, again by the Cape.

He was made lieutenant and transferred to the 90th Light Infantry, and tells us that the old “Brown Bess,” the musket in use, kicked horribly and threw the muzzle up.

In the spring of 1854 the new Minie rifle was given out. The Duke of Wellington had always been averse to the rifle, for England had won her battles by volleys delivered at close quarters, followed by the bayonet charge. But inventions come, and the old style of fighting has to be changed; also, a new weapon needs to be learnt by the soldier. It was just at this moment, when we were changing our rifle, that war was declared against Russia, though we had no military transport, and private firms of shipowners had to lend the Government their ships. And our staff-officers! Wolseley says, in his interesting *Story of a Soldier's Life*, they were incompetent, and knew as little of war and its science as they did of the differential calculus. Most of these fine gentlemen had secured their positions by family or political interest, and had never studied for their profession. Our men were too few to do the work set them; they were badly fed, ill clothed, and their bill-hooks and pickaxes bent as they used them. “In the Government that sent our men to the Crimea there was no soldier”; they understood nothing of war, its wants and difficulties.

Wolseley made friends with “Chinese Gordon” in the

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Crimea, who, he says, absolutely ignored self in all he did, and only took in hand what he conceived to be God's work. Gordon was then a good-looking, curly-headed young man of twenty-two; his eyes, bright and blue, seemed to pierce to your soul; his life, even then, was one long prayer.

Wolseley regrets that, owing to the small army sent out, the want of genius shown in the siege operations, and the transport and commissariat deficiencies, England played a poor part in the Crimean War compared to France.

He himself had been severely wounded, and was placed on the staff of Sir Richard Airey; but he could not be promoted major until he had been six years in the army, though he had been specially mentioned for promotion.

He is very severe in his strictures on the promotion by purchase, which Mr. Cardwell lived to abolish by his persistent advocacy in Parliament. The greatest fool, Wolseley says, who has enough money to purchase promotion has only to live long enough to enable him to reach the top of the colonels' list, and be certain of promotion to general's rank!

In 1857 Wolseley was ordered to China with his battalion of the 90th Light Infantry. When they had arrived at the Straits of Banca, near Sumatra, the transport struck on a rock. "I was lighting my cigar from that of a brother officer when I was shot forward upon him by the ship having suddenly stopped dead; the masts shook as if they would go overboard." Wolseley's men were in the lower deck, lit only by one lantern. He had to go down and fall the men in, and wait in silence while the ship was sinking by the stern; they all felt they were going to be drowned like rats in a trap, but at last some one came and ordered them all on deck.

The sea fortunately was quite calm, and very soon a thousand men had got safely by boat upon a coral reef, and thence to the island of Banca, where they lived for two days on pine-apples. Wolseley was better off than most, because

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his Irish servant had said, as his master left the ship, "Never mind me, sir ; I will stay and try to bring you off some of your things." The faithful servant emptied his knapsack of all his own things and brought Wolseley many valuables ! The good officer is beloved by his men, as is so often seen. "All my young days I had good reason for my belief in the 'Tommies'—as personal friends of my own."

When the *Dove* gunboat came from Singapore to take them off, she brought the startling news that the Bengal Sepoys had mutinied ! and that the 93rd were to go to Calcutta.

So Garnet Wolseley had plenty of fighting, and was at the relief of Lucknow under Sir Colin Campbell.

After this he was on the staff of Sir Hope Grant in Oudh, and served in the reconquest of that province. He dates the end of the Mutiny as May 23, 1859 ; but the display of daring and heroism which our soldiers gave to the natives of India seems now to be forgotten, and once more rebellion is lifting up its head.

In 1860 Wolseley was serving in the China War, and in 1861 he was ordered to Canada as assistant quartermaster-general, after the envoys of the Confederate States had been taken from the *Trent* by a United States frigate.

In 1870 he was chosen to command an expedition against Riel and the half-breeds on the Red River, who were in rebellion. Wolseley's success in taking his men by boat to Fort Garry was the probable occasion of his being selected to command the army going up the Nile to rescue Gordon.

The Red River Expedition only cost £100,000. For that sum fourteen hundred men were conveyed in canoes 600 miles through a wilderness where there was no food. We found the same economy used when Lord Kitchener had the organisation of a force.

When Wolseley returned to England he was complimented

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by the Duke of Cambridge and by Mr. Cardwell, Secretary of State for War, who had then determined upon the abolition of purchase; for the great victories of the Prussians over the French in 1871 were teaching the English a serious lesson in military organisation. But if Mr. Cardwell and Lord Northbrook had not supported Wolseley in his outspoken criticism, that officer would have been shelved for his want of reserve. As it was, Wolseley was now employed on the headquarter-staff at the Horse Guards, where he was ever preaching army reform.

We now come to the Ashantee War of 1873, which really grew out of the abolition of the slave trade. For naturally the Ashantee king resented our depriving him of a lucrative market; and he had not any great opinion of Britain's power, because in 1817 we had bought them off, and in 1824, when Sir Charles MacCarthy had been defeated, we sent no punitive force. They had kept the general's skull as a trophy, and so King Koffee Kalcali in 1873 thought he might insult us and ill-use our native subjects with impunity.

In the spring of 1873 news came from the Gold Coast that 12,000 Ashantees had crossed the Prah to lay waste our protectorate. They were soon near Cape Coast Castle and Elmina; the latter place they attacked, but it was gallantly held by Colonel Festing and Lieutenant Wells of the Royal Navy. The Fantee troops whom we employed were arrant cowards and would take no risks; so that the Gold Coast was at the mercy of the Ashantees. Lord Kimberley, Minister for the Colonies, decided to appoint a soldier governor of that land, and Wolseley was chosen as being a man who took trouble, and learnt how to do things before he was called upon to act. So Wolseley selected his officers, all young, and asked for two first-rate battalions specially equipped for a campaign in the tropics. The climate was detestable and dangerous to

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health, and there were only three months in the year when it would be safe to employ white troops.

They left Liverpool in September 1873; and on the voyage, instead of idling the time pleasantly, they listened to lectures on the protected tribes and Ashantees, the causes of the war, and the topography of the country. Some of the officers had been with Wolseley from Lake Superior to the Red River, men whose nerves the commander had proved in many a tight place. Amongst these were Captain Sir Redvers Buller, cool as well as brave, and a practised woodman. The chief of the staff was Colonel M'Neill, always cheery, but unfortunately put *hors de combat* in one of the first encounters by a shot fired at close quarters. Captain Henry Brackenbury was military secretary, and Frederick Maurice private secretary, both able and scientific officers. Others were Captain R. Home, R.E., an Irishman full of resource; Lord Gifford, who had charge of the scouts; Colonels Evelyn Wood and Baker Russell, who were to lead native battalions. Alfred Charteris, Wolseley's A.D.C., overtried his strength and died of fever.

Whatever the natives of Central Africa may be—and some explorers, as we have seen, credit them with many good qualities—those of West Africa were cowardly and cruel. Their chief pleasure seemed to be the opportunity of seeing a fellow human being tortured or killed, and the whole population would flock out to see a man hanged.

But, we must remember, many English folk did the same only a few years ago; and cowards though the natives were in war, the Krumen were athletes and perfect boatmen. The Houssas from Lake Chad were Mahomedans, and more trustworthy soldiers; with these the guns were manned under Captain Rait, a brave man and of great physical endurance.

Wolseley's plan was, first, to clear out the Ashantees from

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the protectorate, then to construct a road from Cape Coast to Prahsu, seventy-five miles.

On 13th October the first object was attempted ; some villages full of the enemy were attacked and burnt, some bluejackets from the fleet taking part in the day's work, which comprised a march of twenty miles in great heat. The fight showed that Ashantee powder was weak stuff, and their slugs did little damage beyond forty yards ; it also proved to the Fantees that their dreaded enemy was not quite invincible.

It was very difficult to get any information about the enemy, as no offers of gold or freedom would induce a native to go near the Ashantee camp. By the middle of December three British battalions had reached the Gold Coast, amongst them the "Black Watch," commanded by Colonel Macleod, with Captain "Andy" Wauchope as adjutant, who afterwards was killed at Magersfontein by the Boers, the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, and the Rifle Brigade.

All along the Prahsu road shelters had been constructed for the sick and wounded ; so the battalions were landed and also the Naval Brigade, and all was ready for pushing on from Prahsu to Coomassie.

Major George Colley organised the transport, and Wolseley thought him one of his very ablest officers.

The road to Prahsu, fifteen feet wide, was adorned by telegraph posts ! Few trees were visible at first, but dense bush twenty feet high usurped the ground. Further on came glens, deep pools and creeks in which dusky damsels were sporting, while water-lilies redeemed the darkness ; then giant trees of cotton-wood and teak, palms, and flowers and sweet scents abounded.

At Dunquah, Colonel Festing held his post ; he had, before the arrival of Sir Garnet, defeated the Ashantees in several conflicts near Elmina.

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Sir Garnet left Cape Coast Castle on December 27, 1873, and was escorted by the Naval Brigade. These latter had promptly made a little negro boy the "pet of the regiment," and had dressed him as a bluejacket with a sword of teak. When asked his name this proud little gentleman stood up to attention, saluted, and answered haughtily, "Mixed Pickles, Esquire."

In eight marches they reached Prahsu, a very pretty spot on the bank of a running river seventy yards broad. The ground had been cleared and a bridge was being built by the Sappers under Captain Hume.

A few hours after Sir Garnet's arrival messengers were brought in from King Koffee by scouts. They carried a letter from the king, plaintively surprised that the white men, whom he so loved, should come as enemies. The messengers were closely guarded, and next day shown the Gatling-gun in action, as it was fired at a target in the river.

There was a large audience for the gathering—ambassadors, officers, Fantee labourers—all come to listen to the sharp, cracking notes of the new army plaything. But alas! it began its prelude badly: but when a new drum, loaded with shot, was placed in position on the top, columns of spray shot up all round the target, and the ambassadors were perceived to exchange significant glances. In the end, boisterous applause greeted this novel concert.

King Koffee Kalcali was said to be an able man of about thirty-five years, of Mulatto colour, and polite to strangers. His palace at Coomassie was built of stone, and furnished with many European luxuries. Next to the palace in size was the Banlammak, or treasure-house, full of gold dust and ingots, silks and satins, gifts from the Dutch and French. The keeper of the treasury is always a great noble and a soldier.

The army bears flags, but the loss of them carries no

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disgrace ; but if a chief loses in battle his gorgeous umbrella he feels dishonoured.

The life of the soldiers, while waiting for the transport arrangements, was not all fun and frolic ; for many of the Fantee carriers had bolted, not caring to go too near the terrible Ashantees. So that for the present the West India soldiers, natives of Jamaica, &c., had to be converted into carriers. The fierce, merciless sun made the daytime hideous ; the dark, steaming earth sent forth its miasma of fever and ague, and the forest hard by, with its dense undergrowth, seemed to harbour millions of insects.

Yet the naked Jamaica negroes went on, bearing their burdens of rice, flour, tea, sugar, &c. to the control sheds, and grinned or sang through it all.

In the evening officers and men repaired to the river and took a tepid bath.

Even the white troops found doing sentry in the forest somewhat uncanny.

One Irishman found himself in a pretty pickle at midnight, when harsh, unearthly screams close at hand betokened the approach of a wild beast. He dared not fire his rifle, because that might rouse the whole camp unnecessarily ; but the brave fellow fixed his sword-bayonet and stood uneasily on guard, expecting every moment to be carried off into the forest and eaten at leisure.

At last the relief party came round, and the officer, turning his lantern's eye on the sentry, saw a perspiring, anxious face and fixed bayonet.

"Hallo ! what's up ? Seen any black fellows about ?" said the officer.

"If you plaze, zur, there's some snake of a wild beast a-screaming close by : sure, the divil must be in him. So I just fixed my sword for him, to give him a taste of the cold steel."

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“Why, my dear fellow, ’tis no wild beast at all. Hark to him! a poor wee bit of a lemur, not as big as a rabbit; you need never fear him.”

The story made many merry round the blazing camp-fires; the sentry, it is true, got tired of hearing it, and never saw the joke.

But the native is also apt to feel fear when the unknown affrights him; for one day a Fantee was told to take a donkey to water, and he started very gaily, laughing at the puny thing—he had never seen a donkey before—but, as they drew near the river, the animal began to bray fortissimo; thereat the darkie dropped the halter, and ran away, yelling, a full mile.

On 6th January the Ashantee embassy started on their return journey through two lines of the Naval Brigade, that they might report to the king what preparations for war were being made.

The king sent back an answer by a German missionary, one of his prisoners; who reported that the king, arrogant and vain, had supreme power, possessed three hundred wives, scattered amongst villages, to look upon whom was death.

The population of Coomassie was about 15,000, and the army was 48,000 strong.

Sir Garnet sent back a demand that King Koffee should release all his prisoners; and as the king had lately lost many officers and men by disease, he was rather inclined to accept the terms offered him.

Stanley, the explorer, who was a newspaper correspondent with Sir Garnet, after starting with a prejudice against the general, soon became aware of his strong points; he speaks of his untiring energy and youthful ardour, his exuberant good-nature and discreet judgment. Sir Garnet began by slighting all the gentlemen of the Press, but he ended by feeling a warm friendship for H. M. Stanley.

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By 14th January Lord Gifford and his scouts had reached the foot of the Adansi hills, twenty miles on the road to Coomassie ; and Sir Garnet and his staff followed five days later. From this time the soldiers had to sleep on the damp soil, and fevers soon began to enlarge the sick list.

They found a white cord stretched from tree to tree—a sort of fetish, the idea being taken from the telegraph wire, which the natives thought a potent form of magic. Few animals were seen in the forest, but myriads of ants—all on business bent !

The Adansi hills are all wooded and full of hollows rich with hues of various tints of palm-leaf and plantain, tamarind, and pale-green cotton-wood.

Lord Gifford, in his advance with the scouts, had come upon a part of the Ashantee army, whose general implored him to come no further into the king's territory. "We have no palaver with white men ; go back. We may not fight you until the king tells us."

And they retired before him with reversed muskets, as a token of peaceful intentions.

The capital of Adansi, Fomannah, they found to be no contemptible village. A broad avenue led up to it, and the houses were one storey high, but roomy ; the best had a courtyard, whose walls for a height of three feet from the ground were painted red ; above that they were white, and bore artistic designs and scroll-work. Many of the stools were chiselled into pretty shapes ; sandals and water-vessels were like Moorish work ; and doubtless the Moorish visitors at the beginning of the century taught the Ashantees to furnish and decorate their houses.

While Major Baker Russell was at Fomannah, the rest of the captives were sent in to his headquarters—Mr. and Mrs. Ramseger, Germans, with two children ; M. Bonat, a French trader, with many Fantee servants. They brought a

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third letter from the king asking Sir Garnet not to advance further.

But Mr. Dawson, the native interpreter left at Coomassie, sent a note to Sir Garnet, in which was, "See 2 Cor. ii. 11," which the general found to read thus: "Lest Satan should get an advantage of us; for we are not ignorant of his devices." "He warns me against treachery," thought Sir Garnet, "and he believes that King Koffee means to fight."

Already the British force had been weakened by disease, a disadvantage which had been almost negligible in Abyssinia; already fourteen officers had been killed or invalided home. The Army Medical Corps had with them three hundred hammocks, each borne by four natives, all under the control of Surgeon-Major Mackinnon.

Captain Nicol, an elderly officer, lost his life by being too compassionate. He advanced to a group of Ashantees and asked them to surrender in English. They replied by shooting him through the heart.

Many native villages had to be assaulted and burned on the way to Coomassie, and the Ashantees fled into the bush, whence they fired till silenced by our men.

Lord Gifford had discovered that the enemy were strongly posted at Amoafu, and that the village of Egginassie was held as an outpost.

Every one awaking on 3rd January was aware that a battle was near at hand; at 7 A.M. the "Black Watch" marched through Quarman with their swinging stride; but they had not brought the kilt with them, because progress through thorny places might have been as bad to them as bullets and slugs.

Amongst the prisoners brought in that morning was a slave woman, whose master had shot at her twice before he fled into the bush.

The surgeon extracted all but one of the slugs wherewith

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her brutal master had hit her, and Sir Garnet ordered her some clothes. In her gratitude she told him the king was to take the field himself and would advance by the main road.

One of Sir Redvers Buller's native spies also returned with news that the main force of the enemy was on rising ground this side of Amoaful. He described their position, and said they would follow their usual tactics ; namely, draw on their enemy in front, then pounce on his flanks and cut off his reserves in the rear.

After an early breakfast on 31st January they started in three lines, the centre going by the road, the two outer wings having to cut paths through the jungle, each being about 300 yards from the road.

This formation was to prevent the small force from being surrounded by the superior numbers of the Ashantees. The Highlanders led the centre column, followed by the Artillery, the Staff, and the Welsh Fusiliers. The Naval Brigade were on the two wings in front, followed by Rait's Artillery ; the Engineers and Rifle Brigade guarded the rear.

As Sir Garnet entered the gloomy recesses of the Ashantee forest he could not help thinking of the beautiful jungles of Burma, bright with streaks of sunshine, but here all was shadow and earth-smelling damp ; black, oily mud where streams had been, and dense, dark bush on every side.

Sir Garnet, mounted on a Madeira cane chair and carried on the shoulders of four stalwart and semi-nude Fantees, was cordially saluting his men with confident smiles. They were going to fight an unseen enemy who had never been defeated, but no anxiety could be seen in any face. The progress was slow, almost like a funeral procession, for the wings had to carve their way onwards ; in cutting this path Captain Buckle, of the Royal Engineers, was sniped and killed.

At eight o'clock Gifford's scouts began to feel the enemy,

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and a faint rumbling of distant firing stirred the advancing force.

“Yes, the ball has opened at last,” said one; and in a quarter of an hour long rolls of musketry seemed to betoken that the Highlanders were already engaged, for the sharp crack of the Snider was audible. At 9.15 the force came upon a group of dying and dead—Captain Buckle and seventeen of the 42nd and others.

The Ashantees had fired from ambuscades cleverly contrived, but the Highlanders and Artillery steadily searched the bush and drove the enemy back. But at one spot the Ashantees had constructed a sort of fort of many huts; it was on rising ground beyond a lazy stream and wide expanse of morass and black slime. This the enemy defended with great pertinacity, but the Highlanders and Houssas were not to be denied; the ghastly heaps of rent bodies that met the eyes of our men bore eloquent testimony to the important service rendered by the Houssa Artillery.

The sound of the bagpipes and the Highland cheers came to the ears of the men who followed with cheering power, and the little town was carried by a rush. Lieutenant Saunders, R.A., told how he had seen a chief carried by four slaves in the act to escape; he aimed a shell at them, which exploded but a few inches over their heads, and killed every soul near.

Colonel Wood, commanding the right column, was carried in with an iron slug in his chest; fourteen bluejackets, grievously wounded, followed—for the fighting at close quarters had been terrible.

Sir Garnet had specially noticed the coolness of Mr. H. M. Stanley, the explorer, as he went down on his knee to steady his rifle and fired with deadly aim.

“I had been previously prejudiced by others against him, but all such feelings were slain and buried at Amoaful.

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Ever since I have been proud to reckon Sir Henry Stanley amongst the bravest of my comrades and the best of my friends."

Sir Garnet at one moment saw the enemy break through his battalion and threaten the small village where he was directing the battle, but at once Commodore Hewett rushed to the front, sword in hand, and rallied our men. In an instant they were inspired by his splendid example, and followed him as their appointed leader.

At 3 P.M. Major Colley reported that the enemy had seriously attacked the rear-guard and the baggage at Quarman. This officer won great praise from Sir Garnet for saving the convoy and beating off the Ashantees time after time.

"He was a man in a thousand, with an iron will, who would always work as long as there was still anything important to be done. . . . He had been nineteen hours constantly employed before he lay down to have some sleep."

Amoaful was large enough to take in the British army and the wounded, and a short rest was given to the troops while the transport was bringing up provisions. But several attacks were made on Quarman in the rear and the line of communications by the desperate savages. The wounded Ashantees, the torn bush and rent trunks of big trees around Amoaful, proved the penetrating power of the Snider rifle. But the enemy had carried away most of their wounded, fearing they would meet with the fate dealt out by them to their enemies. For one wounded Highlander, seeking to return to Egginassie to have his wound dressed, lost his way and fell into the hands of some Ashantees, who overpowered him and cut off his head. The poor fellow had made a good fight for his life, as his slashed arms and hands made evident. On 1st February some of the baggage,

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which the Ashantees had taken when the Fantee carriers bolted, was recovered, to the joy of the officers. On the 2nd the army resumed its march to Coomassie through the tall, dark forest; the path was strewn with stools, bolsters, and corn rations neatly done up in leaves, holding enough to last one man a week. A skirmish now and then, a clearing of the bush by the seven-pounders, and the way was open to the next village; but each village had its human sacrifice lying in the middle of the street—now a man, now a woman. The head was severed from the body and placed so as to front the advancing army; the body was laid with the feet towards Coomassie. But the soldiers did not stop to read the riddle. As they drew near Aggemnamee they found two roads leading to Coomassie; Sir Garnet chose the western, a better but longer road.

On 3rd February they started at daybreak for the river Ordah. Ashantees swarmed on all sides, but no longer came to close quarters, and their slugs did little harm. They were holding the north bank and the village of Ordahsu, about 2000 yards beyond the river.

On the way another letter came from the king asking for delay. As Sir Garnet could not cross the river, fight a battle, and enter Coomassie in one day, he consented to halt one night.

They reached the Ordah about 3 P.M. It was about twenty yards wide, and too deep to ford except for a tall man.

Russell's regiment was sent across to entrench and cover the party who were to spend the night in building a bridge. Well did Captain Home and his Engineers do their work, though the wind blew a hurricane and the rain fell in torrents.

The men had no tents, no rugs, or coats; the fires would not burn, and all had to lie on soaking mud. No doubt King Koffee put the drenching storm down to the credit of his fetish priests.

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By 7 A.M. on the 4th of February the bridge was finished. Sir Garnet inspected the work and complimented the workers ; no praise, he said, could be too high for them.

Soon after 7 A.M. the little army crossed the river, but the native allies, fearing the king, lay down and fired wildly into the bush.

So the Rifle Brigade took their place at the head of the column. There was great beating of drums on the right and a heavy fire, which did some execution. Amongst others, a young lieutenant, Eyre, only son of General Sir William Eyre, was shot ; and as he lay on the ground with many friends around, for he was greatly beloved by all, the poor boy murmured "Mother !" and passed away from battle and this cruel world.

Sir Garnet says, "I helped to bury the boy there and then where he fell, whilst friends and foes together fired volleys, as if to honour the gallant spirit that had left us. . . . I thought of his widowed mother waiting anxiously at home for the return of her only boy, whose still warm body we thus buried under fire."

We can see from such words as these what manner of hero we are depicting ; no self-seeker of vain glory, but a real man with a warm heart, who loved his men, and was by them beloved.

By 9 A.M. the village of Ordahsu was captured, and all the stores were quickly passed on into the village.

About 11 A.M. the enemy made a determined effort from three sides to recover Ordahsu ; once they got so close that Colonel Greaves, chief of the staff, had to empty his revolver amongst them.

By noon, when all the stores were safely deposited in Ordahsu, Sir Garnet selected the Black Watch for the honour of breaking through the Ashantees massed about the road leading to Coomassie.

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“Colonel Macleod, you are to push on and disregard all flank attacks.”

The colonel, cool and quiet and self-possessed, drew up his famous regiment in double file, and out they marched into the gloomy tunnel in the forest. The enemy soon opened fire upon them.

“Company A, front rank fire to the right, rear rank fire to the left ; forward, my men ! ”

Past ambuscades they went, never stopping, but firing as they swung along with bagpipes playing ; while Captain Rait, rattling up behind, flung shot and rockets into the dense bush.

There was no lying down and taking careful aim, but a steady tramp towards the capital, now less than six miles distant. The Ashantees were perplexed and nervous ; it was not what they were used to in warfare ; it was not playing the game according to the old rules. Horns were blown in the forest, and a wail of despair seemed to come from the depths of the thicket.

In half-an-hour the native regiments were ordered to follow with the reserve ammunition ; then came the Staff, Rifles, and Naval Brigade. At Akkanwani they found the king had been seated there on a stool of gold, surrounded by his great chiefs.

But when the 42nd drew near, and their Snider bullets began to hiss and sing near his royal ears, he lost his faith in his fetishes, and fled away to his summer residence at Amineeha, many miles distant.

Meanwhile the Highlanders, with Sir Archibald Alison on his white mule and Colonel Macleod on foot, crossed the deadly swamp which surrounds the capital.

Sir Archibald had sent back a despatch to Sir Garnet : “ We have taken all the villages but the last before entering Coomassie ; the enemy is flying panic-stricken before us.”

This message was translated to our native troops, who

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cheered and danced for joy. On hearing this the Ashantees in the forest lost all heart, and their fire suddenly ceased.

The road near Coomassie was littered with state umbrellas, drums, and royal chairs ; but the victorious army pressed on, and by 6 P.M. they gained the broad avenue leading to the city !

In a street of seventy yards width the 42nd Highlanders were drawn up, awaiting the arrival of the general. When he and his staff appeared, loud were the shouts and cheers raised. Coomassie had been taken !

It was strange to see how many armed Ashantees were still in the town ; they looked on in amiable wonder, and greeted every Englishman they met with "Thank you"—their only English. But it might have been truer than they knew, for our army had delivered them from a cruel tyranny of king and priesthood. Strict orders were given against looting, but the Fantees, who could not fight, knew how to steal ; many fires took place that night from their carelessness.

The next morning, February 5, 1874, Sir Garnet issued a general order, thanking the soldiers and sailors in the Queen's name. The sick and wounded were at once sent off for Cape Coast Castle, and the king was again warned by letter that unless he agreed to terms his city would be destroyed.

The palace was fairly clean, adorned in Moorish style and abounding in gold ornaments ; but the ground about the buildings was saturated with human blood, for here men were butchered daily to appease the spirits of ancestors. The murdered were thrown into a grove hard by, the stench from which was horrible.

There was a sacred stool near the place of execution which was always kept wet with the blood of victims sacrificed. Near it stood the big "Death Drum," four feet across, and decorated by human skulls.

M. Bonat said he had seen lately as many as a dozen slaves savagely executed at once and dragged dying or dead

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to the awful grove ; he put the number of executions at about a thousand a year.

There were other officers who worked hard to help our army by enlisting natives, or fighting elsewhere, or riding with despatches. Captain Butler, afterwards Sir William, had all the bitterness of failure owing to too great leniency with African chiefs. Captain Glover and Captain Dalrymple both earned Sir Garnet's praise by advancing through the enemy's country ; and Captain Sartorius by a marvellous ride of over fifty miles to open communications between Glover and Wolseley.

As the king did not return to Coomassie, the city was fired. Rains again fell in torrents, and our army found the rivers swollen and difficult to cross ; but they were going home and in great spirits !

Round the bivouac fires the soldiers asked, "What will they say in England ?" But in time of war England honours her soldiers ; it is only when we forget their sufferings and dangers incurred for our safety that we allow the uniform to be considered a mark of inferiority.

On their return to Cape Coast Castle the whole town were in the streets, shouting with delight, and flinging themselves on the ground with passionate admiration of the victorious heroes.

So ended a short and successful campaign, carefully planned and well thought out, against a manly race of Africans. The Ashantees were worthy of a better fate ; they had noble qualities, but they were the slaves of a gross and cruel superstition.

Sir Garnet's heroism was also shown in his defeat of the Zulu, Sekukuni, and of Arabi Pasha ; and in his conduct of the army sent up the Nile to succour General Gordon.¹

¹ In part from the *Story of a Soldier's Life*, by Lord Wolseley, by kind permission of Mr. Murray.

CHAPTER XII

LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR HARRY SMITH, G.C.B.

THERE are two names in South Africa which testify to the memory of this hero—Harrismith and Lady-smith. His longest and greatest experiences were in Spain and India. These we must pass over as lightly as possible, though the autobiography which he has left us (John Murray) is full of interesting scenes and incidents. Henry George Wakelyn Smith was born at Whittlesea in the Cambridge fens in the year 1787. His father, a surgeon, married Eleanor Moore, who had fourteen children. Of these Alice, Harry's favourite sister, became Mrs. Sargant, and an authoress.

The curate of Whittlesea, George Burgess, taught Harry in the east end of the south aisle of St. Mary's Church. He tells us that every pains was taken with his education which his father could afford; he learnt natural philosophy, classics, algebra, and music.

The last subject perhaps was due to his mother's influence, for her father had been a minor canon of Peterboro' Cathedral.

In 1804, when Harry Smith was nearly seventeen years old, England was expecting an invasion of the French, and the boy was received into the Whittlesea troop of Yeomanry. It was his duty to patrol through the barracks, where 15,000 French prisoners were guarded, and the grinning prisoners laughed at his little figure, and one said, "I say, leetle fellow, go home with your mamma; you shall eat more

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pudding." But size is not very important, as Nelson also showed the world. In 1805, while the Yeomanry were keeping the ground at a review, General Stewart said to young Smith, his orderly—

"Young gentleman, would you like to be an officer?"

"Yes—of all things I should, sir," was the bright reply.

"Well, I will make you a Rifleman—a green jacket, and very smart."

A few weeks later, Harry Smith was gazetted second-lieutenant in the 95th Rifles, an experimental corps just organised by General Sir W. Stewart. As a vacancy for lieutenant occurred for purchase, the surgeon scraped together the needed money, £100, and bought his boy that promotion in August. This purchase, he tells us, occurred when the 2nd battalion of the corps was being raised—so that the £100 obtained for him twenty-seven steps! Harry's first service was in South America, where he was made adjutant; he distinguished himself in the siege of Monte Video.

After this he had two months at home. Colonel Beckwith, a kind friend, gave him the command of a company at Colchester, because that company was in very bad order, and needed a martinet.

In 1808 he went with his company to Sweden, but they never landed, for just then Napoleon had invaded Spain, and Sir John Moore was ordered to take the troops intended for Sweden to Portugal.

As Harry Smith could speak Spanish (he had learnt it in Buenos Ayres from a family with whom he lived) he was employed by Colonel Beckwith to go before the regiment and help the quartermaster in procuring billets and rations. He was in the retreat from Salamanca, and witnessed awful and heartrending scenes of drunkenness, riot, and disorder—"yet these very fellows licked the French at Corunna like men."

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They embarked for England—all half-clad, eaten up with vermin, thin and weak from ague and dysentery—and reached Portsmouth in a gale.

Harry's colonel, meeting him in the George Inn, thundered out : " Who the devil's ghost are you ? Pack up your kit—which is soon done, for the devil a thing have you got—take a place in the coach, and set off home to your father's. I shall want you again soon, boy."

In two months his mother's careful nursing made Harry Smith ready for war, and he rejoined his regiment, marched to Talavera, caught Spanish bandits, the terror of the countryside, and won credit for it. So 1810 and 1811 were passed in marching and fighting the French at Fuentes d'Oñoro.

In 1812 he was at the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo, and soon after of Badajoz ; and while he and his friends were lamenting over the atrocities committed by our soldiers, when drunk, upon the defenceless citizens, two young ladies approached their tent. The elder threw back her mantilla, and told the English officers that she and her young sister, scarce fourteen years old, were of an honourable family ; yesterday they lived in a splendid home, to-day they had neither house nor change of raiment. Their house had been wrecked, she said, by the soldiers ; and then the lady showed how the blood still trickled down their necks from wounds caused by the forcible tearing of their ear-rings through the flesh.

" I come to you British officers for protection ; so great is my faith in your national character, I think my appeal will not be in vain."

The younger girl, fresh from her convent school, blushed and looked so charming that two of the English officers fell violently in love with her ; but Harry Smith at once offered to marry her, if she would trust herself to his honour. She was married to him as soon as possible, became the pet of

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the regiment, rode with the force to battlefield after battlefield, and finally gave her name to Ladysmith in Natal.

"From that day to this," Sir Harry writes, "she has been my guardian angel ; she has shared with me the dangers and privations, the hardships and fatigues of war, in every quarter of the globe. No murmur has ever escaped her."

Harry Smith was only twenty-two when he ventured to take an unknown lady for his wife ; but they became devoted to each other, and Juana always helped her husband to do his military duties well. Once, when her horse slipped upon a greasy bank, Juana broke a small bone in her foot. Her husband wished her to stay behind till she was cured, but she laughed and said, "Get me a mule or an ass, and put a Spanish saddle for a lady on it—for go I will !"

After peace was made with the French, Harry Smith was put down for service in America as major of brigade, but his wife was to go to England with Harry's brother, Tom. After assisting at the capture of Washington, Smith was sent home with despatches.

On reaching London he sought out his wife's lodgings in Panton Square. His hand was on the window of the coach, as he looked for her number, when he heard a shrill cry, "Oh Dios ! la mano de mi Enrique !" and the parted were once more in each other's arms, blissful and happy.

Next came a long interview with the Prince Regent, to whom he had to narrate all the details of the war.

"Bathurst, don't forget this officer's promotion," said the prince, as he rose to leave the room, "a most affable interview."

When, a few days later, Juana met her husband's father, she delighted the old gentleman by bounding into his arms. She was then eighteen, had dark eyes, a lovely figure, and a voice sweet and silvery ; she sang and danced beautifully, was animated and intelligent, full of fun and sparkle, yet a good listener.

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After America came the Waterloo campaign, to which Juana went with her husband. At Ghent they found Louis XVIII. and his court, who was very pleased to see and thank the English officers.

On the morning of the 18th of June, Major Smith's wife rode to Brussels with West, their faithful soldier-servant. Her daring ride, full gallop, we cannot now describe. But we must tell how, on hearing from some Riflemen that Brigade-Major Smith of the 95th was killed at Waterloo, this brave girl mounted "Brass Mare" and rode to the battlefield. "In my agony of woe," she says, "I approached the awful field of Sunday's carnage, in mad search of Enrique." Across and across that plain rode the desperate wife, asking officers and gazing upon the dead in suspense and despair. "He has been buried, and I shall never see him again!" she kept murmuring to herself. At last she met an old friend, Charlie Gore, A.D.C. to Sir James Kempt, and cried to him, "Oh! where is my Enrique, Charlie?"

"Why! near Bavay by this time, as well as ever he was in his life: not wounded even, nor either of his brothers."

"Oh! Charlie, why thus deceive me? The soldiers told me——"

"Dearest Juana, believe me; it is poor Charles Smyth, Pack's brigade-major. I swear to you, on my honour, I left Harry riding 'Lochinvar' in perfect health, but very anxious about you."

"Then God has heard my prayer," she sobbed, and cried for very joy.

The lady had been on horseback from 3 A.M., and had ridden sixty miles when she and Gore arrived at Mons. Next day the faithful wife found her husband, and all was well with her.

After Waterloo their fortunes led them to Nova Scotia, and then to Jamaica; where, one day, a letter came from

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Lord Fitzroy Somerset to say the duke had appointed Smith deputy quartermaster-general at the Cape of Good Hope. So off they sail again for England, visited Whittlesea for a few hours, and took ship again for the Cape.

This was in 1829. The governor then was Sir Lowry Cole, and Colonel Smith had old friends in John Bell and his wife, Lady Catherine, who entertained them for a time.

As the Kaffirs were restless, the governor went to the frontier, while Smith taught the troops at Cape Town to shoot and do camp duty. There was excellent hunting, and a splendid breed of horses from mares imported by Lord Charles Somerset, and Smith bought some fine hunters for himself and his wife. It was a quiet time of peace for them to the end of 1834, in which they lived healthy lives, and enjoyed the friendship of worthy people: not the least worthy being the new governor, Sir Benjamin D'Urban, from whom the port of Durban is named—"the most educated and accomplished soldier I have ever served with," says Smith.

At last the Kaffir tribes burst into the colony with an irresistible rush, robbing and murdering men and women, and spoiling all the farms.

"Colonel, I give you full powers, civil and military," said his Excellency, Sir B. D'Urban, "and a sloop of war is ready to take you to Algoa Bay."

But Colonel Smith preferred riding post, and the horses were laid for him for a seven days' ride of 600 miles.

The 72nd Regiment went by sea, some by waggons overland.

On the 1st of January 1835, with his orders, warrants, &c., sewed in his jackets by his faithful wife, the colonel started with one Hottentot for a ride of ninety miles. He changed horses at the end of twenty-five miles, and felt tired from the anxiety and exertion of running from store to store the previous day; but a cup of tea at the post-house

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revived him. He got to Caledon at one o'clock ; a thunder-storm came on, but by the time he reached his last stage he was dry.

The second day he rode a four-year-old thirty miles in two hours and twenty minutes, crossing a big river in the course.

The third day he had a hundred miles to do. At the second stage there was no horse ready for him for an hour. When he rode into George at the end of his stage he found all the notables assembled to meet him. He soon got rid of them, and took a hot bath and lay down to sleep.

The fourth day was tremendous work, over mountains and gullies. Half-way he met the mail from Grahamstown, opened his letters, and found that the news of disaster and pillage was awful.

"I must get to Grahamstown in two days instead of in three."

The fifth day he was off two hours before daylight. One winding river he had to cross seven times, and was drenched to the skin. Then his horse knocked up, and lay down groaning. Smith saw a Dutch camp near, and went up to the farmer, who with his family and flocks was fleeing from the Kaffirs.

"I am Colonel Smith, going to Grahamstown to take command against the Kaffirs. I want you to lend me a horse ; mine is done."

The farmer made difficulties, and at last refused to lend one. As he was then holding a nice-looking horse, ready saddled, the colonel said, "I am going to take this one. What ! then down you go !"

The big Boer fell backwards from the blow, and Smith rode away.

As he reached a ferry the Boer, who had ridden hard after him, came up to apologise. "I did not believe you

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were what you said, till I spoke to the guide who rode with you. I am very sorry, sir."

At five in the afternoon he had reached Uitenhage, having been engaged in urging grass-fed horses from three in the morning, and having ridden over bad and mountainous roads 140 miles!

To his horror the civil commissioner had all the town turned out to receive him, and a large dinner-party prepared to refresh him!

He sat down, but dared not eat, to his host's astonishment; then off to bed, where he dictated letters until midnight.

Next morning off early, meeting colonists fleeing in panic all along the road. Ten miles from Grahamstown there was waiting for him a neat little hack of Colonel Somerset's. We must quote his words on the joy of it.

"I shall never forget the luxury of getting on this little horse; a positive redemption from an abject state of misery and labour. In ten minutes I was perfectly revived, and in forty minutes was close to the barrier of Grahamstown, fresh enough to have fought a general action, after a ride of 600 miles in six days on Dutch horses living in the fields without a grain of corn."

The colonel had ridden each day at the rate of fourteen miles an hour, and tells us he had not the slightest scratch on his skin.

The streets were barricaded, some three deep; men wearing a look of consternation were going about with gun and sword; panic reigned supreme.

The Colonel sent for the civil commissioner, Captain Campbell, and learnt all the news of the remorseless raid of the black men and the despondency of the whites.

"Very well; I clearly see my way. To-morrow I shall proclaim martial law, and woe betide the man who is not as obedient as a soldier."

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The regular troops in the town were 700, the civil force 850 ; the 72nd would arrive in a few days' time. Colonel Smith resolved to strike a blow at the Kaffirs in their own country, reoccupy Fort Wiltshire, and rescue the missionaries who were in a house called "Lonsdale," in Kaffirland. He then directed all able males to be formed into a corps of volunteers, and issued them arms.

At a meeting to organise the corps, one of those gentlemen who think to mend the world by talking got up and argued against the colonel. In a voice of thunder Colonel Smith shouted, "I am not sent here to argue, but to command. You are now under martial law, and the first gentleman, I care not who he may be, who does not promptly obey my command, he shall not even dare to give an opinion. I will try him by a court-martial, and punish him in five minutes."

There and then they saw with what manner of man they had to deal ; no further opposition was ever raised to his wishes.

The very first evening after this, men felt confidence and were busy in making the changes necessary in their military defences.

Three hundred men were sent to attack the kraal of the old chief, Eno ; Fort Wiltshire was occupied ; Major Cox was sent to rescue the families of the seven missionaries, which he performed with success. On his return, having to swim the Fish River with his bridle in one hand, he found the governor, Sir B. D'Urban, had arrived. Next day the governor issued a general order thanking Colonel Smith for his services in saving the colony from a savage enemy ; he spoke of his magnificent ride and his exertions to afford protection and restore confidence and organise a force of defence as being beyond all praise.

Smith was made chief of the staff, and authorised to

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organise a force for active operations, and at once set about forming two corps of Hottentots, who rapidly trained into first-rate soldiers, and did good work amongst the thorny ravines. For the colonel completely scoured the holds and fastnesses of the Kaffirs, securing more than 5000 head of colonial cattle in one part and 2000 fat beasts in another.

In a letter to his wife, dated January 30, 1835, the colonel writes: "The Kaffirs now fly from the sight of *one* of our people. . . . So you recommend shrapnel, grape, shells! Well done! We will take your advice, for old Johnstone says true, you are the best general he knows!" And in another letter: "Mi queridissima muger (my dearest wife), I have been in the field since Saturday last, sleeping in the bush—*never better*. Was on horseback yesterday twenty-eight hours; attacked the Kaffirs at five points like fun, and gave them a good licking with a trifling loss on our part. . . . God bless you, old woman, and do not be afraid for me. Our God will take care of us both. Adios, alma mia." And again: "Yesterday morning I desired the bugler to blow the 'rouse.' He said he did not know it. 'D—you, sir, blow something,' I roared. So he blew up a quadrille, and I began to dance. I thought Halifax would have laughed till he died! It is very delightful to unbend."

Hintza was a very powerful chief, who had sent no decided answer to offers of peace; he was very astute, had taken much colonial cattle, and had oppressed the Fingoes, whom he had promised to protect. Hintza went so far as to dine with the colonel, and accepted terms of peace; but the cattle were never restored, though Hintza, kept as a hostage, was being treated with great kindness.

At last Hintza escaped, and was shot as he ran, though he had been warned that if he attempted flight this would be his end.

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It required all Smith's vigilance and craft to elude the swarms of savages who surrounded his little army and screeched their war-cries. In seven days he had marched 218 miles over mountains and across deep rivers, had collected 3000 captured cattle, and 1000 Fingoes, who had fled to him for protection.

Sir B. D'Urban again thanked him in a general order for his military skill and activity in checking the savages and in rescuing from destruction so many of the Fingoe race.

This was the opinion of the "man on the spot," but in England the Minister of the Colonies, Lord Glenelg, being persuaded by a returned missionary, who thought the natives were always being wronged, sent a letter of rebuke and recall to the colonel. Smith was naturally very indignant, because he had done his best not only to control, but also to make the Kaffirs like him, and many tribes did like him and called him their "white father."

"I did not expect," he says, "to be called a bloodthirsty murderer in every print in every quarter of our dominions, or to be shamefully abandoned by the minister whose duty it was to have supported me against the misled voice of the public . . . when I had so faithfully, so zealously, and so energetically saved for him the colony of the Cape." It is true Lord Glenelg afterwards acknowledged his error, but mud sticks and leaves a stain which no whitewash of apology can conceal. However, Lord Glenelg's recall had not yet arrived, and Smith was appointed to the command of the province of Queen Adelaide, and set himself to maintain order and do justice to all.

But the Lady Juana wanted to join her lord !

One of the judge's circuit waggons was placed at her disposal, and she, with her maid, dogs, and two servants, started for Grahamstown. This plucky lady travelled at the rate of seventy miles a day in a jolting, springless waggon, stopping

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for the night at the house of some Dutch family ; these all gave her every attention, for they knew how her husband had saved their lives and all they had. At King Williamstown husband and wife met, and lived under canvas near the Fingoes. Smith's last letter to her was dated June 24th : "I do nothing at night but lie and listen, hoping every moment to hear the footsteps of horses crossing the ford. . . . Oh ! dare I hope it, my own dearest, that this night I shall receive thee ?"

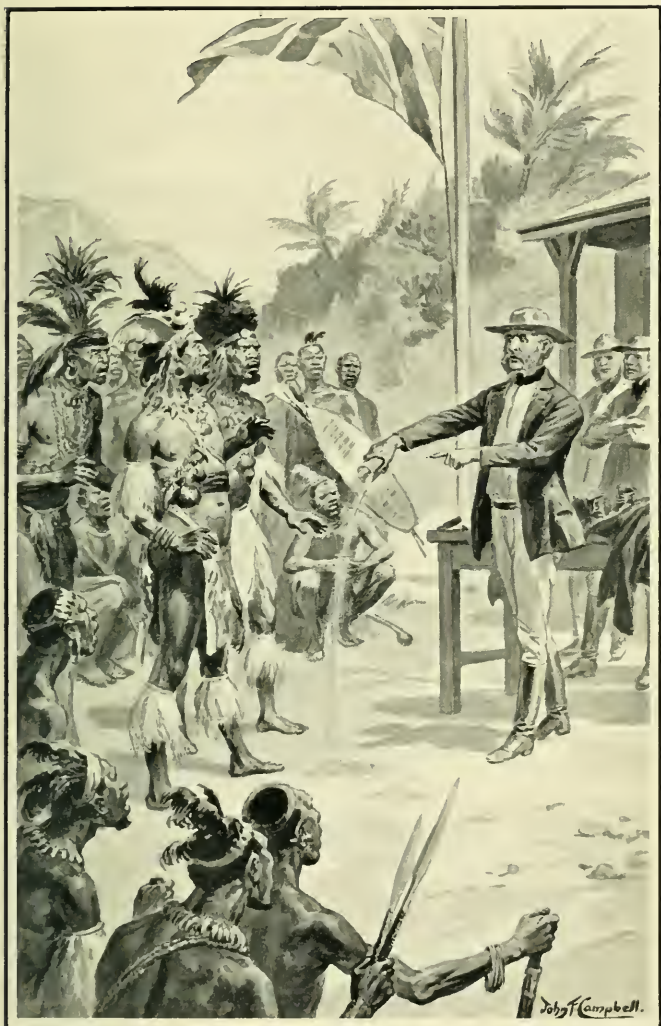
The greatest opposition to Smith's government of the Kaffirs came from the witch-doctors and the rain-makers, who were always close in the confidence of their chiefs.

If a chief wishes to rob or kill one of his own men he sends for the witch-doctor ; a witch-dance is called, and an old hag, perfectly naked, comes forth and stands in the centre of the people, who dance around her. After some gesticulations the hag goes round, and at last smells out the man whom the chief has secretly accused. If he be rich in herds "he is eaten up" ; that is, he is robbed of all. If poor, he is thrown to the ground, his legs apart and fully extended, and black ants are thrown upon him ; so he is painfully stung to death. Smith had more than 100,000 savages to reclaim, men who had no knowledge of right and wrong except as power or self-will dictated. He in many cases appointed the sorcerers and rain-makers magistrates over their tribes, and instituted a native police ; each police officer carried a long stick with a brass knob, an emblem of power.

The chief rain-maker was rather difficult to appease, so one day in January 1836 the colonel called a great assembly of Kaffirs and all the rain-makers to have a friendly discussion.

"So you can make rain, can you ?" the colonel said ; and then, "Speak out ; speak freely to your father."

The great rain-maker stepped forward and said, "I can make rain."



SMITH AND THE RAIN-MAKERS

"If the water in this glass is of the same nature as the rain you invoke, I desire you to put water again in the glass."

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The colonel pointed to his table, on which were knives, scissors, clothes, boots, &c., and elicited from the rain-makers that they could not make these things. He then called for a tumbler of water.

“Is the water in this glass of the same nature as the rain you invoke?”

They all said “Yes,” and began to show intense anxiety.

Then Smith threw the water on the dry ground and said, “I desire you to put water again in the glass.”

They looked at one another in consternation. “Father, we cannot.”

In a voice of thunder the colonel commanded, “Put the rain again in this glass, I say!”

They stood dumb and confused.

Then the colonel turned to the assembled Kaffirs and said, “You see how these imposters have deceived you. Now listen to the *Word*. Any man of my children who shall believe in witchcraft, or that any but God, the Great Spirit, can make rain, I will eat him up!” So the colonel left them in great awe and confusion. But soon after he sent the rain-makers presents, and told them he should expect them to assist in making true and good laws.

In fact this soldier, with the help of the missionaries, was rapidly teaching these children of the wild to love their neighbours.

The Kaffirs and Zulus are the most comely of all the black nations. Their eyes are large and lovely in expression, their figures moulded to perfection; they walk like stags on the mountain-side, and dressed in the karosse, a bullock-skin made pliant and soft and ornamented by beads or fur, they have a stately appearance. They, as well as the Hottentots, are extremely fond of music, and when a band is playing they will stand absorbed in the feeling aroused by the tones, dance and sing, or burst into tears.

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But in the midst of Colonel Smith's attempts at improvement of their moral nature he received from Lord Glenelg a letter of recall. He was accused of murdering Hintza and of oppressing the natives, and Captain Storckenstrom was appointed to his command.

When the Kaffirs heard of the change the chiefs came to Smith and said, "Ah! you English! ever changing your ways with us; we were happy, never so protected; now it will be war again"; and the Kaffir folk said, "Evil comes now; for our chiefs will eat us up as before."

They went down to Cape Town together, Colonel Smith and his wife, and friends came out in shoals to meet them.

A public meeting resolved, "That as the zealous, humane, and enlightened administration of Colonel Smith during the time he commanded on the frontier merits the gratitude and thanks of the colonists at large, we hereby invite him to a public dinner."

When the news came to England that all the colonists, English and Dutch, alike regretted Smith's removal; and when it was told how the Dutch farmers were trekking north in hundreds because they saw no hope of being protected from the overwhelming mass of black men, then Lord Glenelg wrote Smith a complimentary letter.

But a better salve for his wound soon came in his appointment to the post of adjutant-general to her Majesty's forces in India.

In five days after receiving the gazette they were off to Calcutta. We cannot follow his movements and doings, though they were the most important of all his lifetime. His wound was quite healed when he received a kind letter from the Duke of Wellington to say that her Majesty, upon his recommendation, had appointed him K.C.B.

In the Sikh war Smith added to his laurels, being present at several battles. For his part in the victory of Aliwal he

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was thanked by Sir Henry Hardinge and by the English Parliament ; and by the great duke in the House of Lords he was unreservedly praised. The Queen bestowed on him a baronetcy of the United Kingdom and a G.C.B.

In a letter to his sister, Mrs. Sargant, he describes the battle of Aliwal : “ By dint of the hardest fighting I ever saw (except Badajos and Waterloo), I carried the entrenchments. By Jupiter ! the enemy were within a hairbreadth of driving me back ; their numbers exceeded mine . . . for twenty-five minutes I could barely hold my own. Mixed together—swords and targets against bayonets, and a fire on both sides ; then such a scene of shooting men fording a deep river—the bodies made a bridge, but the fire of our musketry and guns killed every one who rushed. The hand of Almighty God has been upon me, for I may say to you I was foremost in the fight, and on a noble horse the whole time, which sprang over the enemy’s works like a deer, neither he nor I nor my clothes being scratched ! It is a miracle for which I am grateful to my God.”

His despatch on the battle of Aliwal was much admired. Sir Robert Peel said of it, “ The hand that held the pen used it with the same success with which it wielded the sword.”

Smith’s friend, Major-General C. Beckwith, wrote to him from Turin, rejoicing in his success : “ But what did Juana do in all this row ? Was she on horseback ‘ abaso de los cañonazos ? ’ Give my kind love to her.”

In April 1847 they returned to England and were fêted by all the great and noble, and by the old Whittlesea friends, whom Sir Harry never forgot. But a man so energetic was not allowed to rust long, for in a few months he was appointed governor of the Cape of Good Hope.

Another Kaffir war was in progress, and his nomination was hailed with general delight. Sir Harry and Lady Smith arrived at Table Bay on 1st December 1847, and the town

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was illuminated in their honour. Previous governors had, by orders from home, treated the Kaffirs as enlightened politicians, and arranged convenient treaties with the chiefs. But the result had been wars and the trekking of the Dutch into far countries away from civilised interference.

Sir Harry started on the 11th for the frontier. At Port Elizabeth he saw the chief Macomo, scolded him for his treachery, and said, as he put his foot upon the chief's neck, "This is to teach you that I am come hither to show Kaffir-land that I am chief and master here."

At Grahamstown he released the captive chief Sandili, and sent him the baton of office as a British magistrate.

On the 19th Pato submitted, and the Kaffir war was ended.

At King Williamstown he received 2000 Kaffirs, whose chiefs kissed his foot as they made their submission.

But Pretorius and the Boers were ill-satisfied with the arrangements made, and revolted; the battle of Boomplaats was the result, and the Boers were repressed. Another difficulty was caused by Lord Grey having ordered convicts to be transported to the Cape. The whole colony was madly averse to the scheme; and in 1850, after the governor had sent home the 1st battalion Rifle Brigade, the Kaffirs again showed signs of unrest.

A long and harassing war followed, and many losses were sustained. The Government in England thought it must be the general's fault; and though the Duke of Wellington said in the House of Lords, "I entirely approve of all Sir Harry Smith's operations . . . I have observed no serious error," yet there were civilians who knew better; and Lord Grey sent a despatch in January 1852, recalling him "for want of energy and judgment!"

But the people who lived on the spot knew what their governor had done or attempted to do; triumphal arches

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were erected at Cape Town, and all poured forth to honour the veteran soldier—their best friend.

Chase spoke of him as “the eagle-eyed and ubiquitous, a better general than statesman . . . a devout and religious man.”

Harrismith, over the Orange River, was founded in 1849, and Ladysmith, in Natal, in 1851, both in honour of Sir Harry and his wife.

In England he was welcomed as a hero beyond reproach—a hero twice recalled from South Africa with some ignominy.

But he never lost heart; he had done his very best, and England learnt it from the general voice of the colonists.

After more honourable appointments at home, he died in his 73rd year from an attack of angina pectoris, and was buried at Whittlesea. Lady Smith lived to an advanced age, beloved by all.¹

¹ The author's thanks are due to Mr. G. C. Moore Smith, the editor, and Mr. John Murray, the publisher, of Sir Harry Smith's autobiography, for leave to quote some of the letters therein, and to relate some part of Sir Harry's life.

CHAPTER XIII

CHARD AND BROMHEAD

THERE have been many heroes of white blood in Africa, and it is impossible even to mention all their names ; but two young officers, J. R. M. Chard, R.E., and Lieutenant Bromhead of the 24th Regiment, demand some recognition ; for by the defence of Rorke's Drift on the Buffalo River against 4000 Zulus madly confident of victory, they saved Natal from a disaster of terrible magnitude.

As early as 1810 Natal had been laid waste by a Zulu king, Chaka, and the few white settlers found the country almost depopulated.

In 1828 Chaka was assassinated by his brother Dingaan, who soon began to butcher the first Dutch pioneers, as well as his own people. At last Dingaan's brother defeated him by the help of the Dutch, and ruled in his stead, keeping the peace.

At Panda's death his son Cetewayo succeeded him, and promptly indulged his young warriors in their desire "to wash their spears." He drilled his men carefully, and his army became a school of splendid athletes ; unconquerable, if only they had possessed better weapons. The young men were not allowed to marry until they had fought some enemy and won the king's permission : this fed their thirst for war.

In 1875 Cetewayo went through the form of coronation at the hands of Sir Theophilus Shepstone, and avowed friendship for the English. His quarrel at that time was

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with the Boers who held the Transvaal; and we cannot help feeling a sympathy for a strong and lusty people who saw with indignation their territory being taken from them bit by bit.

But in 1877 the English annexed the Transvaal, and from that time the Zulu king began to show hostility to us.

The lieutenant-governor of Natal, Sir Henry Bulwer, addressed Cetewayo on his cruelty and was defiantly answered, "I shall kill my people if I like."

Sir Bartle Frere, governor of the Cape Colony, went to Pietermaritzburg and conferred with Sir Henry Bulwer in September 1878. All who knew the condition of affairs agreed that the Zulu nation was a menace to the settlers, and Sir Bartle Frere therefore sent the king an ultimatum: he was to disband his army and receive a British Resident.

Lord Chelmsford, then in command of our forces, declared that Natal could only be protected by taking the offensive.

No reply came from Cetewayo, and Lord Chelmsford crossed the frontier between the 5th and 11th of January 1879, meeting no opposition. The Zulu army consisted of about 50,000 men, from the early age of fourteen up to old men. They were divided into twelve corps, each of which had two wings and was subdivided into companies of fifty men each. The chief distinction was between married and unmarried men; no one might marry before forty years of age, and with the king's permission.

The men of a married regiment shaved the crown of the head and wore an iron ring round the temples; they also carried white shields.

In battle it was usual for the reserve force to sit with their backs to the enemy. Their chief weapon was the assegai, a short spear; but many had muskets and rifles. The third camping-ground of the British army was on

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the slope of a hill facing a valley on one side, and having a precipitous hill behind them: it was the eastern side of Isandhlwana, or Little Hand, a name of bitter memories. The waggons were left between the camp and the hill, and the headquarter's tents were pitched behind the waggons at the foot of the hill. As the mounted patrols had not reported the presence of any Zulus near, no laager was formed, no shelter trench was made round the camp.

That night as the men sat round their fires they were discussing the chances of a fight on the morrow down the valley some ten miles off; they little thought of the disaster so near at hand, and envied some sixteen companies that started away at 4.30 A.M. to reconnoitre the way to Ulundi.

Lord Chelmsford was riding about the country, and was not in camp under Isandhlwana; but on Wednesday about noon he saw through his field-glasses large bodies of Zulus massed near that camp, and the sound of artillery fire was heard some ten miles off. Some Zulu prisoners, on hearing this, said to one another, "Do you hear? there is fighting going on at the camp."

Lord Chelmsford and his staff then rode up a hill from which he could see the camp; the white tents were plainly visible in the sunshine, but all seemed quiet—it was now nearly two o'clock in the afternoon.

A little later a mounted messenger sent off by Colonel Pulleine brought a note to Lord Chelmsford to say that the camp was being attacked by a large force of Zulus. Before three miles were traversed another mounted man was seen riding up in hot haste; it proved to be Commandant Lonsdale, who had become separated from his corps as he was pursuing a mounted Zulu, and had ridden quietly back to camp at Isandhlwana. At about 2 P.M. when he was within 300 yards of it he found it hemmed in by masses of yelling Zulus, and could barely turn his pony "Dot" and ride

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away. Major Gossett, A.D.C., was at once sent to fetch the rest of the column, and the staff awaited impatiently their arrival, while patrols rode in to say, "They are burning the tents, sir, and taking away waggons, oxen, and horses."

"Let us hope our men have fallen back on Rorke's Drift," was the thought that suggested hope. By four o'clock the rest of the reconnoitring column had rejoined the general, who told the men briefly that the enemy had captured our camp, and they must retake it and open the road to Natal.

By the time Lord Chelmsford was within a mile of the camp it was nearly dark, but they could see that many waggons had been dragged as a barrier across the mountain road. A few shots were fired, and they began to stumble over dead bodies lying thick and close in the hollows. But it was soon quite dark, and order was given to bivouac where they were; yet even in the gloom they came upon sights of horror—friends stripped of all clothing, mutilated, disembowelled, beheaded!

On the surrounding hills fires were blazing, and in the direction of Rorke's Drift there was a bright blaze that attracted all eyes.

The next morning revealed to the horrified soldiers a heartrending sight! Dead bodies, white and native, lay about in clusters mixed with mutilated, groaning horses and oxen; with these were mingled stores of food scattered and wasted, empty cartridge-cases and broken waggons.

There had been about 900 men in camp; some of these, it was learned afterwards, had escaped and passed by Rorke's Drift. They had not listened to the call to stay and help the little garrison, but fled on to Helpmakaar.

From one who escaped we learn that the men in camp at Isandhlwana had heard some firing about 8 A.M. on the 22nd of January, and soon after saw Zulus collecting in force to the north. The cattle were brought into camp by

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half-past ten, by which time Zulus were seen on a ridge about a mile and a half away. At eleven Colonel Durnford came in with 350 mounted men of the native contingent; he soon rode off on the left flank of the enemy, but meeting a heavy fire retired.

The line of the advancing Zulus was about two miles long, and they had to meet the fire of Durnford's men and our infantry. This checked them for nearly an hour; for a donga, or deep ravine, formed a good shelter for the British force to shoot from.

But the Zulus got round on either wing, and the British had to fall back on the camp. Two cannon were in action, firing rapidly some twenty rounds, but the Zulus said that most of the balls went over them; and when a gap was made in their ranks the Zulus instantly filled it up. When the Carabineers began to run back to the camp, many Zulus were already mixed up with them and were using the assegai as they ran. The Carabineers made a strong stand inside the camp until their ammunition began to run short. Then they threw down their rifles and used their pistols and revolvers and bayonets.

But the Zulus were all round the camp, and many inside it by one o'clock. The Union Jack in front of the general's tent was pulled down and torn to pieces. The remnants of the British force concentrated near the rear of the camp, but many were riding away over a low hill towards the Buffalo and Rorke's Drift, and some were trying to escape on foot.

What with the smoke, dust, and shouting, it was a scene of confusion and surprises, for Zulus came running from all quarters and threw their assegais, but did not venture within reach of the deadly bayonet. One tall officer, the Zulus said, defended himself long after his comrades were stretched in death. He fired in every direction, turning at bay like a

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wounded stag. All who came near to stab him were shot or knocked over; but at last he fell and was stripped to the waist. He wore gaiters, the Zulus said; but who this hero was we cannot discover.

Two of the young officers who died on that day were known to the writer when they were boys at school. One, the Honourable Captain Vereker, was a Westminster boy, famed at school for leading his comrades to charge the London roughs on the way to Vincent Square. The writer gave him his first lessons in the use of the pistol, little thinking of the dire extremity which should so soon find him, revolver in hand, facing a mob of yelling savages. Vereker, we are told, had just caught a stray horse and was in the act of mounting when a trooper came running up: "Beg pardon, sir, but that is my horse you've got." "Oh! is it? Here you are, man! jump up quick; I'll manage." So with Irish generosity and pluck the young officer gave up his only chance of safety, and stayed to meet the foe and die. The other officer had been a Harrow boy—a gentle, retiring boy, but a good long-distance runner. Adjutant Teignmouth Melvill, of the 24th Regiment, had resolved to attempt to get away with the colours, which he had wrapped round his body. Lieutenant Coghill, A.D.C., ran by his side, so that if one fell, the other might take them on to safety.

They succeeded in getting through the encompassing Zulus, crossed the neck of rising ground and the little river, and settled down for a ten-mile spin over stony ground. But these two young men had been sighted leaving the camp, and a trail of four or five Zulus followed hard after them. Yet the Englishmen held their own and were gaining after three miles of hard running, when a party of Zulus, who had been posted to intercept fugitives, rose up and gave chase. Then the long-distance runners had to spurt again over the

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dry spruits, ant-bear holes, and stony plains, and across deep dongas, and past many a kopje and flat-topped mountain—ever panting and glancing askance at the abandoned waggons and the oxen assegaied in the yokes, and wondering if this terrible race would ever end. At last they reached a long slope covered with grass; they could see the Buffalo shining before them, and there, on the opposite side of the river, was a fort held by English soldiers. They were going to save the colours after all! No one saw how it happened; but their dead bodies were found together about 300 yards on the Natal side of the river, lying amongst boulders; in the bed of the river the colours were found somewhat torn. They are now restored to the 24th Regiment, and held in great honour.

When the story was told to Queen Victoria, that tender-hearted lady sent the Victoria Cross to their sorrowing parents. Six months later our soldiers saw the camp of the Little Hand, Isandhlwana, where all the ground was still littered with papers, cheque-books, camp-beds, boots, and brushes; even cricket-pads were lying there mixed up with ammunition-boxes, prayer-books, ox-hide shields, and empty cartridge-belts.

There, too, clumps of tall yellow grass were still hiding dead bodies of men, horses, and oxen; and kindly Nature was doing her best to conceal the tragedy of war, by sending up beautiful springing blades of green corn where the horses had once been picketed in their lines. A Zulu stated that the men who fought us at Rorke's Drift took no part in the Isandhlwana battle; they were fresh men who came up later led by Dabulamansi, a brave rather than "slim" leader. For at Rorke's Drift a mere garrison of a hundred men, with a hastily erected fortification of biscuit-boxes and sacks of mealies, defended themselves successfully against 4000 Zulus one whole night, killing and wounding many hundreds. If



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Melvill wrapped the colours round his body, determined to save them, while Coghill ran by his side. They were outpacing their pursuers, but—nobody knows how—their dead bodies were found close to the river, with the colours safe.

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the same care had been shown at Isandhlwana which was shown at Rorke's Drift, a great loss might have been spared. Major Spalding, having to go away to Helpmakaar, had left Rorke's Drift in command of Lieutenant J. R. M. Chard, R.E., on the fatal 22nd of January. The little garrison expected no attack, for they knew an English force under Lord Chelmsford had gone beyond them into Zululand. They were probably chafing at being left inert when others were engaged in active hostilities. But about 3.15 P.M., when Lieutenant Chard was at the ponts on the river, two men came riding down from Zululand at a gallop, and shouted, "Take us across!"

One of these was Lieutenant Adendorff, of Lonsdale's regiment. He quickly informed Lieutenant Chard of the great disaster at the camp, and that the Zulus were advancing on Rorke's Drift.

"But if you will let me," he added, "I will remain to assist you in your defence; this Carabineer can ride to Helpmakaar with the news." Very soon after, Lieutenant Bromhead, who commanded a company of the 24th, sent Chard a message, asking him to come at once.

Chard was then giving orders to inspan, strike tents outside the buildings, and store all food in the waggons; but he at once rode up to the commissariat stores to Bromhead, and found that a note had come in from the third column: "Enemy advancing in force against your post; strengthen and hold it at all costs."

Lieutenant Bromhead was already loopholing and barricading the store building and hospital, and connecting the two buildings by walls of mealie-bags and two waggons. Chard, Bromhead, and Dalton of the commissariat hurriedly exchanged views on the defences, and then Chard returned to the ponts, or ferry-punts, and brought up the guard—a sergeant and six men.

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Sergeant Milne, 3rd Buffs, offered to moor the ponts in the middle of the stream and defend them from the deck with his six men.

This was declined ; it was equivalent to laying down his life and those of his men. About 3.30 an officer came in from some of Durnford's Horse and asked for orders ; he was requested to send a detachment to watch the drifts or fords, to throw out outposts, and check the enemy as much as possible.

Bromhead was posting his men and giving them their orders.

About 4.20 the sound of firing was heard behind the hill to the south, and the officer of Durnford's returned and said, "The Zulus are close upon us ; my men will not obey orders, but are off to Helpmakaar—about a hundred of them."

Shortly after, Captain Stephenson's detachment of Natal native contingent left the fort and rode away.

"We must draw in our line of defence now," said Chard, and the biscuit-boxes were moved nearer in, till they had made a wall two boxes high. Soon after half-past four, 500 Zulus came in sight round the hill to the south, and advanced running up to the south wall.

The garrison fired through loopholes and killed many, but still on they came up to within fifty yards of the wall, when a cross fire from the store checked them. They took cover then, as they could, behind the ovens, and kept up a heavy fire, while most of the Zulus ran to the left round the hospital and rushed at the mealie-bags on the north-west wall, but were met by so heavy a fire that they hid in the bush around the fort. Others coming up lined the ledge of rocks and caves overlooking the fort on the south side, and occupied the gardens and bush in great force.

The fire from the rocks compelled the garrison at 6 P.M. to retire behind the retrenchment of biscuit-boxes.

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But for some time the enemy had been trying to force a way into the hospital, which our men were defending room by room, while others were busy bringing out the sick who could be moved.

There were many heroes fighting for England that afternoon; it was not only Chard and Bromhead who saved Natal. Corporal Schiess greatly distinguished himself with the bayonet; Privates Williams, Hook, R. Jones, and W. Jones, of the 24th, held their ground to the last; though the hospital roof was blazing and crackling, they held the doorway with the bayonet, for their ammunition was already quite expended.

But these, and some of the sick, were either burnt or stabbed. Chard in his report writes: "With most heartfelt sorrow I regret we could not save these poor fellows from their terrible fate."

Mr. Dunne worked hard with others at converting two heaps of mealie-bags into a sort of redoubt, which gave a second line of fire all round. Then quickly it grew dark; the works were completely surrounded by yelling Zulus, and the garrison retired to the inner wall of the kraal on the east side. Several assaults were made and vigorously repulsed up to midnight; the light from the blazing hospital gave the garrison a chance to fire with good aim, and prevented the Zulus from coming out into the open. And ever the brave defenders kept on wondering if they could hold out till relief came, for they were sorely fatigued and exhausted. About 4 A.M. on the 23rd the firing of the Zulus ceased; and as the first grey dawn revealed river and hills and buildings, the garrison saw no sign of any enemy; they had gone over the hill to the south-west. Then Chard ordered the grounds to be patrolled, the arms of the dead Zulus to be collected, and the defences to be strengthened.

Surgeon Reynolds, A.M.D., had been busy all night

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attending to the wounded under fire, but he could take no rest yet.

For at 7 A.M. a large body of Zulus appeared on the hills, and it looked as if all had to be endured and fought over again.

But the movements of the enemy showed indecision, which was explained about 8 A.M. by the appearance in the distance of the third column. Thus 139 men, of whom thirty-five were sick, had beaten off more than 3000 of the enemy, and had saved Natal from being overrun. The third column came on in fear and trembling, expecting to find the little garrison eaten up; but the brave fellows, so glad to hear familiar sounds instead of the blood-curdling "Usutu!" of the Zulus, put their caps on the end of their bayonets and gave a hearty British cheer. Then the third column hurrahed in response, and Rorke's Drift began henceforth to bear an historic sound.

To the names before-mentioned we ought to add that of the Prince Imperial of France, who came out in the *Danube* on 31st March to get some war experience, and was appointed A.D.C. to Lord Chelmsford. He was received with enthusiasm, being well known to many officers by reason of his having been a military student in England.

The prince had applied for a commission in the British army, but this being refused him, he came as a volunteer, and in some sense was a guest of England.

Lieutenant-Colonel Harrison had been directed to see to his welfare, but the prince chafed under the restrictions imposed on his actions, being prone to seek adventure, and desirous to see some real fighting in Africa. On the 1st of June 1879 the prince rode with Lieutenant Carey and six troopers of Bettington's Natal Horse and a native guide for the purpose of making sketches and selecting a camp. In the afternoon they off-saddled at a deserted kraal on the

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bank of the Ityotyози River; around them were mealie gardens and thick covers for an enemy.

At a court-martial held by Colonel Glynn, C.B., evidence was given by Corporal Grubb, who said: "I was one of the escort on the 1st of June. When we arrived at the kraal the prince gave the word to off-saddle and let our horses out. The native guide, I, and Le Tock cooked some coffee. I then went away for a few minutes, and when I came back I heard the prince say, 'At four o'clock we will go.'

"The native guide then came in and reported that he had seen a Zulu come over the hill. We got the order then to stand to our horses. I caught mine and saddled. The prince then gave the commands, 'Prepare to mount' and 'Mount.' I had not time to get my right foot into the stirrup before a volley was fired into us. I saw Lieutenant Carey put spurs to his horse; I think all did the same. As we were galloping between the kraal and the donga I heard a bullet come whiz up, and it struck something. . . . I saw Trooper Abel throw up his arms and fall back. . . . When Trooper le Tock passed me he said, 'Stick firm to your horse, boy, and put in the spurs; the prince is down.' I glanced round, and saw the prince hanging to something, but below his horse—the stirrup-leather or the wallet; the horse seemed to trample on him. . . . Soon I saw the prince's horse riderless alongside of me. I tried to catch it, but I could not, so I drove it before me. . . ."

In cross-examination this witness said: "After the volley I glanced round and saw the Zulus were within ten or twelve yards and were advancing—about fifty of them. . . . The prince was riding a very good horse—much better than any one else. . . . Every one seemed to gallop away from the kraal at the same time. . . . The prince's horse was saddled, and there was no reason to prevent his mounting. . . . If

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we had remained and fired there, in my opinion, we should all have been killed."

We know now that the prince was an expert in mounting as his horse galloped, and in riding bareback, so that it was very unfortunate that for some reason he failed just when his life was in danger. It is clear that every one of the escort was for the moment only thinking of his own safety, and the poor prince was left to face the Zulus unaided. The feeling in the army and at home was much against the reputation of Carey and his troopers ; for though he believed that no effort of his could have saved the prince's life, the fact remains that they made no effort, and cantered back to camp with the news. The evidence showed that the prince had run beside his horse 250 yards until he reached the donga, where fourteen Zulus were seen following him.

Surgeon-Major Scott stated in his evidence that at the request of Lord Chelmsford he went with a cavalry brigade to search for the prince's body. When he found it, the body was lying on its back with the left arm across, as though in a position of self-defence. He counted eighteen assegai wounds, all in front ; five of these would have been mortal. There were no bullet wounds, and no abrasions indicating that he had been dragged. The right eye had been pierced, and the body had been stripped ; only a fine gold chain round the neck, with a medallion and locket of his mother, which he wore next the skin, had escaped the notice of the Zulus ; for in the struggle the medallion and locket had got twisted behind his back.

Four Lancers wrapped the body in a blanket and placed it reverently in the ambulance ; the two troopers and native guide were buried on the spot. On the same day, in the afternoon, the troops were formed up in a hollow square, resting on their arms reversed, waiting for the gun-carriage which bore the body. The six black horses emphasised the

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feeling of sorrow which was felt by all; the tricolour flag was cast over the remains in honour of France, and six officers of the Artillery, to which corps the prince had been attached at Woolwich, walked by the side as pall-bearers. Behind walked the Roman Catholic chaplain, and Lord Chelmsford as chief mourner, attended by his staff.

The priest read the funeral service and scattered holy water, the troops presented arms; and the body was taken back under a guard of honour, and left next morning for England and the sorrowing empress.

So ended that scion of the Napoleonic dynasty in most piteous sort; it was all so unnecessary, and a throwing away of a valuable life. The empress had confided her only son to our care, and we protected him not.

In July Lord Chelmsford attacked Cetewayo and 15,000 men at Ulundi. The Zulus got within two hundred yards of our hollow square, but then they were checked by a heavy and well-sustained fire; a few bravely ran on to within a hundred yards, but were mowed down like grass. Then the square opened to let out the Lancers, who followed up the flying enemy with lance and sabre. The British force comprised 5000 men and 14 guns—and the victory over the finest native race in Africa was followed up by the burning of the king's kraal and the capture of Cetewayo. Sir Garnet Wolseley had been sent to supersede Lord Chelmsford, but the Zulu nation was broken before he joined the forces on the field. It was only left for him to catch the king and arrange terms of peace.

CHAPTER XIV

COLONEL FRED BURNABY

BURNABY, a giant in stature, a hero in courage and love of adventure, deserves to be remembered of his country men. "He was the only man whom I have ever met," said his old Harrow friend, H. H. Finch, "who was totally devoid of fear." He not only did audacious deeds; he also wrote about them brightly and with humour. His *Ride to Khiva*, and his *On Horseback through Asia Minor*, almost take our breath away as we follow him through dangers of flood and field and mountain. He added greatly to the geographical knowledge of the time, and he was an enthusiast in ballooning. He spoke fluently as many as seven languages, including Spanish, Arabic, Russian, and Turkish.

Fred Burnaby was born in March 1842 at the Old Rectory on the north side of St. Peter's Green, Bedford, where his father was rector. His mother was Harriet, daughter of Henry Villebois, Squire of Marham, in Norfolk.

It was said that the Burnabys were descended from "Longshanks," the tall King Edward I.; and Fred's six-foot-four in his stockings went to buttress that claim.

His father was a stately and somewhat haughty rector, a fox-hunting parson of the old school, who used to drive to the racecourse in state, with footmen hanging to the loop-strap behind; he mixed in all the county society, and visited at Woburn Abbey and Mentmore.

It is said that Fred's love of adventure manifested itself

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very early ; for the old housekeeper, Mrs. Page, pronounced her charge to be of a most "contradictorious spirit," and had occasion more than once to pursue the embryo colonel in his little nightshirt, when he insisted on going with the big dog, Bessy, to evensong instead of to bed—much to the amusement of the boys who loitered at the church door.

At the age of nine he was sent to Bedford Grammar School, in St. Paul's Square, where, when he won his first fight, his father took him into the study for a moral lecture, but with a twinkle in his eye gave his son a shilling instead. It was not done as his bishop might have wished it ; but the rectors of old times bred heroes like Cecil Rhodes, and we cannot afford to make light of their services ; for they taught their boys to love their country, and, if need be, to die for their country's honour.

In January 1855, Fred Burnaby went to Harrow, and was placed in Middlemist's house. He was then a tall, thin boy, with a pale face and sluggish liver ; and he must have been rather surprised when his house-master, who had private reasons for being suspicious, said snappishly, "Boy, what are you looking at me like that for ? Go and write me out two hundred lines."

However, he had a boy-friend in the house with him, and soon learned with Finch's guidance to take the rough with the smooth.

A letter written in his first year at Harrow shows this.

"MY DEAR PAPA,—I hope you are quite well. . . . Finch gave me a dinner yesterday at Fuller's ; at least, it was a kind of early tea, on a pheasant and some other things. There were three of us, and between us we finished him well. He was rather a large pheasant. Give my love to May and Annie. And now, with best love, I remain, your ever affectionate son,

FREDERICK G. BURNABY."

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A little later Burnaby sent to *Punch* a letter, entitled, "The Toad under the Harrow," in which he complained of the Harrow system of fagging. This brought him a reprimand from the headmaster, Dr. Vaughan; but Burnaby effected some reform in the house in the matter of bullying, for he was growing strong as well as tall, and had fought a battle successfully in "Milling Ground" against a boy two years his senior. He was still only thirteen when he rowed in a one-pair skiff from Windsor to Oxford on the Thames, and thence by canal to the Severn and Shrewsbury, and back again—a distance of six hundred miles, which took three weeks out of his holidays.

At Harrow he learnt a good deal of French, but did not take kindly to Latin and Greek.

His appetite seems to have been Gargantuan, for we hear of his walking once in Wales, and ordering goose and apple-tart. The boy sat down to his meal, for which he was to pay half-a-crown. The landlord looked in after a respectable lapse of time, and found only a few bare bones, and no tart left.

"Very nicely cooked, I must say," muttered the boy, as he tendered the coin to the stupefied landlord.

"Next time, sir, you come into these parts, please give my friend Jones, of the Red Lion, a turn, will you?"

He was sixteen years old when his father sent him to Dresden to study modern languages under Professor Hughes.

In 1859 he returned to England, and passed the army examination with credit, and some months later was gazetted cornet in the Royal Horse Guards (Blues).

As it was a time of peace, Burnaby devoted his energies to ballooning, dumb-bell exercises, and fencing. He soon became the strongest man in England, and many amusing stories of his feats were told, and came to the ears of the Prince of Wales.

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Once a horse-dealer brought two small ponies to Windsor to exhibit them to the queen. Some officers, thinking to have a joke at Burnaby's expense, drove them upstairs to his room.

Burnaby welcomed his guests with good humour, four-footed as well as two-footed; but when the time came for the ponies to go down to be presented, they absolutely refused to budge.

Then the practical jokers began to look glum. What would her Majesty think of the delay, and the cause of it?

Burnaby, however, solved the problem by taking up a pony under each arm and stumping downstairs with the little beasts at his side. He could bend a thick poker with his hands, and make it curl round his companion's neck, and again untwist it.

One of his greatest friends was Mr. Thomas Gibson Bowles, in conjunction with whom a new society paper was started, called *Vanity Fair*; but after three years of tumultuous editorship, Burnaby had to resign in obedience to the command of the Duke of Cambridge.

In 1869 he travelled in Spain and Morocco. Next year he went to Russia and Italy, always bent on improving his languages.

In 1873 he engaged his famous trooper-servant, George Radford, who went with him on his ride to Khiva; but an attack of typhoid detained him in Spain. He made great friends with Don Carlos, the Pretender, and was present at several engagements and sieges.

In 1874 the *Times* asked Burnaby to go with Gordon to the Sudan as their correspondent.

He gleefully accepted, and started for Suakim from Suez in company with the Earl of Mayo, Sir W. Gordon Cumming, and other cheery comrades bent on shooting big game.

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At Suakim he joined a caravan of Arabs and twenty camels for Berber on the Nile. The attire of the Arabs was scanty, but their headgear was magnificent and lady-like. On their way they passed many skeletons of slaves and camels, and the vultures which were gorging on the remains were so fat and lazy that they hardly deigned to flap away ten yards as the caravan passed them. As they drew near Berber they met a slave caravan—a few handsomely dressed Arab merchants, slave boys and girls, aged from ten to sixteen years, and, in the rear, men armed with long whips and Nubian spears.

On reaching Berber, Burnaby informed the governor, who sent out soldiers and brought back the slaves.

Next day Burnaby went to see these slaves, and found twenty boys and eighteen women and girls, many of whom were dreadfully marked about the body by the fearful courbach, or whip; but Burnaby doubted if their release would benefit the poor creatures much, seeing that the women would be given as wives to the Egyptian soldiers, and the boys enlisted in the army. Berber by moonlight was delightful, when the dirt was hidden and violet skies canopied the moving waters; while merry Nubians sat in groups, drinking *Merissa* and listening to the wild notes of some love-song chanted to the accompaniment of the monotonous tom-tom.

Hence he went by river southwards, past Meroé and Khartoum, seeing herds of gazelles and deer feeding under the trees, while hippopotami and crocodiles swarmed along the banks, and monkeys chattered and swung from branch to branch as the steamer went by. At Sobat, Burnaby found himself among a black race of splendid proportions, most of the men being six feet high, orderly and industrious, and ruled by a native governor appointed by Gordon. Burnaby's six-feet-four at once made him a hero in their eyes, and when

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he smiled and tried to talk to them in Arabic and other bits of strange tongue their delight was a wonder to witness.

In a few days the steamer *Khedive*, from Lardo, brought Gordon himself—Burnaby's greatest hero. The garrison drew up proudly, the bugler puffed out his loyal cheeks to give the salute, and the great general clasped hands with the *Times* correspondent.

Burnaby's intimacy with Gordon tinged all his life, and henceforth his zeal for the man who was left alone at Khartoum blazed forth in many a burning speech and letter. On returning to Khartoum, Burnaby accidentally saw in a newspaper that the Russian Government had ordered that no foreigner should be permitted to travel in Russian Asia. In a moment he made up his mind to ride to Khiva, as he had planned to do before.

He returned to London, saw the Russian ambassador, who was doubtful about his being allowed to travel in Tartary; but Burnaby provided himself with some letters to Russian generals, and started on 30th November 1875 for St. Petersburg.

We cannot follow in detail his journey eastwards in a troika, or three-horse sleigh, through a frozen land; then on horseback over snow-clad mountains, finding his hands frost-bitten and getting back the circulation with difficulty, when three Cossacks had plunged his arms into a tub of ice and water, and rubbed them with naphtha till the skin peeled off.

At Khiva the Khan bade him welcome to his lovely city, set in a circle of orchards and amongst avenues of mulberry trees.

Just as Burnaby was preparing to proceed to Bokhara he heard a telegram was awaiting him from the Duke of Cambridge requiring his presence. On his return to London he wrote his famous *Ride to Khiva*.

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But the very next spring he was off again on a *Ride through Asia Minor* with his soldier-servant Radford.

In a letter to his mother from Erzeroum, February 1877, he writes : "It has been a hard journey ; over 13,000 miles, and all on horseback, in some places up to the horse's girths in mud."

He rode past Mount Ararat, and returned by Batoum to Constantinople, thence to London to get his new book published.

Of course everybody wanted to lionise the bold traveller, but Burnaby was off again in 1877 to Turkey, as "travelling agent to the Stafford House Committee," for war had broken out between Russia and Turkey, and surgeons were being sent out to the seat of war.

But Burnaby, like young David of old, had come down to see the fighting. He was hardly dissuaded from making a foolhardy attempt to get through the Russian lines into Plevna ; but on the capitulation of Plevna he stood by his friend Valentine Baker, who commanded the Turkish rear-guard, and with seven guns against seventeen the brave little force resisted the Russian attack. "Sound the Turkish cry—the appeal to God !" shouted Baker. The trumpeter blew, and the 2000 Turks shouted, "Allah-il-Allah !"

"It was a sensation worth feeling," wrote Burnaby, "and a thrill passed through my heart at the time . . . it was grand to hear these 2400 Mahometans cheering back in defiance of those thirty picked battalions, the choicest troops of the Czar."

In 1879 Burnaby married Miss Hawkins-Whitstead, of County Wicklow, and soon after took part in the Birmingham election, where he humorously employed his great strength in lifting two interrupters up on to the platform and dropping them hard into a couple of kitchen chairs, with "You sit there, little man." After that his speech was a great success.

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Ballooning and more travels in Spain and Tunis occupied his time till 1883, when news came of the destruction of the Egyptian army of Hicks Pasha in November; and soon after a telegram came from General Baker's wife, asking him to come to Suakim and help her husband.

So he started at once with Henry Storey, his soldier-servant, and startled and delighted Baker by walking unannounced into his tent. In a few days they were marching to the relief of Tokar with their motley crew of cowards. Three Arab horsemen were seen on the sky-line; Baker's cavalry at once turned tail and galloped away!

Then the infantry broke and fled, though Baker, Burnaby, and Harvey did their best to rally them—4000 well-armed men running away from a few hundred Arabs, who speared them like sheep.

Storey had a narrow escape, but his horse saved him; for, being a confirmed kicker, he cleared a circle round his rider, who managed to catch up with his colonel, running by the horse's side.

"The wind was out of my body, sir, and the horse would not stand."

Burnaby gave him a leg up, and they outdistanced the yelling foe.

So ended the first battle of El-Teb in February 1884.

Reinforcements came to Suakim—the 10th Hussars—and a second battle of El-Teb rather dismayed the Arabs. For they found that their enemy no longer ran away, but lay down flat and shot very straight and fast, having Gardners and Gatlings and fixed bayonets.

Burnaby, in his shirt sleeves, was picking off with a shot-gun the enemy, who came on with mad and daring rushes. When the assault was made on the Arab fort, Burnaby was the first to reach the parapet; there he was surrounded by half-a-dozen Arabs, and had to swing round his gun to

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defend himself. An Arab spear pierced his left arm, but just then a Gordon Highlander dashed in with his bayonet and saved him. On returning to Cairo, Burnaby was presented by the Khedive with the Sudan medal and the Khedive Star.

"There is one prayer in the Litany which I never repeat," said our hero to a friend in England on his return.

"And what is that?"

"'From sudden death, good Lord deliver us!'"

People thought of that when they heard of his fate a year later.

For a few months now he devoted himself to his regiment, the Blues. He tried to interest the men in ballooning and fencing, but some of the officers took offence at his caustic criticism of their card-playing and gambling and horse-racing.

That soon passed, and they all finally learned to admire the man in him.

In October 1884 his friends noticed that he was in ill-health; but his humour had not yet forsaken him, for when a lady artist who was engaged on his portrait said, "Please close your eyes a moment, colonel, that I may take their measure," Burnaby replied solemnly, "I never close my eyes, madam, in the face of danger."

When Lord Wolseley was chosen to lead the expedition in aid of Gordon at Khartoum, Burnaby applied for permission to take part in rescuing the hero he so much admired, and whom he had so passionately pressed the Government to succour in many platform speeches.

But the authorities threw cold water on his schemes; so he pretended he was about to spend his three months' leave in South Africa.

Then he said good-bye to his kinsfolk and little Harry,

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his son; and turning to the footman, said, "Good-bye, Robert; I shan't come back."

A sense of coming death seemed to be over him; for liver troubles and regimental worries were making him feel very melancholy.

To his old friend, J. Gibson Bowles, he said, "I am very unhappy. I can't imagine why you care about life. I do not mean to come back."

However, he left Victoria Station with his servant Buchanan in a merrier mood, and made first for Maloja in the Engadine, to bid adieu to his wife. A few days later he arrived at Alexandria and met Lord Wolseley, who placed him on the Intelligence Staff and gave him work as inspecting staff-officer to superintend the moving of the boats up the Nile. He had to ride over a long stretch of white sandy desert on camels that broke down several times; but he did not tell his wife how he had chosen a wild, half-broken animal for his own mount.

Colonel Lord Binning has recorded that this wild brute began by kicking himself clean out of the saddle, "throwing Burnaby from a great height to the ground. It was a wonder he was not killed; as it was he was severely shaken, and it was some time before he recovered sufficiently to proceed."

It was hard work when he got to the part appointed him, for the boats had to be carried sometimes two miles or more across the desert on men's shoulders. Each boat weighed eleven hundredweight, and her stores three and a half tons. He slept on the ground in a waterproof bag, and was up before daylight getting boats and soldiers across the cataracts. He writes to Mrs. Burnaby: "There is a strange mixture of people here—Arab camel-drivers, black Dongalese porters, Red Indians, Canadian boatmen, Greek interpreters; soldiers of Egypt, Scotland, and Ireland—a babel of many tongues.

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The nights are cold, but on the whole I feel well. . . . The men have very hard work . . . yet you never hear a grumble, and they deserve the greatest praise. It is a responsible post which Lord Wolseley has given me here, with forty miles of the most difficult part of the river. I am very grateful to him for letting me have it, but I must say I shall be better pleased if he sends for me when the troops advance upon Khartoum."

The last letter Burnaby ever wrote was dated Dal, December 28, 1884:—

"MY DARLING LIZZIE,—Have just received orders to move on to Korti . . . am very well: cold and cough disappeared—thanks to the Arab bedstead, which keeps my middle-aged bones off the ground. Buchanan very well and very useful. Lord Charles Beresford left this for Korti the day before yesterday: I hope to catch him up. . . . Jam three shillings a pot!"

On 8th January he reached Korti, and heard that, a few days before, an Arab messenger had brought in a slip of paper, two inches square, containing the cheery news: "Khartoum all right. Dec. 14.—C. G. Gordon."

Next morning, Sir Redvers Buller, as chief of the staff, placed Burnaby in charge of a convoy of grain for Cadkul, and instructed him to join General Stewart's column if possible.

Burnaby overtook Stewart's column at Cadkul and asked, "Am I in time for the fighting?"

He was in time, but Khartoum was not "all right."

Burnaby and Gordon were both drawing near the end of their life's span.

Next morning, the 14th, Burnaby, on a grey polo pony named Moses, which Lieutenant Percival Marling had lent him, rode behind Beresford's mule until they came to a spot where the scouts reported signs of the enemy ahead.

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On the 15th they halted near a high hill, from which they could see with their glasses the banners and spears of the Arabs.

The general ordered a zereba to be formed round the camp, consisting of prickly brushwood, biscuit-boxes, and saddles. The soldiers slept in their greatcoats, with bayonets fixed ready at hand.

Colonel Lord Binning reports that he found Burnaby at his evening meal and in high spirits. Bennet Burleigh and Williams of the *Chronicle* were with him, and listening to his plan of keeping discipline in Metammeh, of which place he was to be appointed governor.

On the 16th the column started before daybreak, only a few of the officers being mounted, owing to the difficulty of carrying forage.

In the dark, part of the column went away to the left and caused delay.

They halted near the foot of a rugged ridge on the route to Abu-Klea; then General Stewart and his staff with Colonel Burnaby went forward to reconnoitre. On his return the general ordered a zereba to be formed, and placed pickets on the hills.

The night was bitterly cold and dark; the noise of the tom-toms got on the nerves of the men, and they could not sleep. On more than one occasion the whole force stood to their posts with bayonets fixed and eyes peering out for the approaching foe.

Once they heard the tramp of a horse's feet coming close. As the men stood up they saw the end of a cigar glowing in the darkness, and a trooper exclaimed, "It must be the big colonel."

He was correct; Burnaby was returning from a visit to the enemy's lines, and laughed cheerily when told how the men could not sleep for the alarms.

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"Ah! never mind! never mind! boys will be boys," shouted Burnaby.

The reproof was passed down the line, and the men felt ashamed of their nervousness, and there were no more alarms that night.

But the enemy's sharpshooters were making the night very unpleasant, and several men were mortally wounded, besides camels; for the poor creatures were tethered too close together.

Sir Charles Wilson in his *From Korti to Khartoum* says that the camels showed no alarm, and did not seem to mind being hit. "One heard a heavy thud, and, looking round, saw a stream of blood oozing out of the wound; but the camel went on chewing his cud as if nothing at all had happened, not even giving a slight wince to show he was in pain." At another time he tells us of a camel that had his lower jaw shot away, but he carried his load bravely to the end of the day!

There are many sorts of heroes in this world of ours, and there are men and women sensitive enough to appreciate heroic conduct, even though it be only in a dog, a horse, or a camel. When Burnaby, wrapped in his big pilot-jacket lined with astrakhan, returned from his solitary ride, he sat by the fire and chatted with Bennet Burleigh.

"I have got to that stage of life," he observed, "when the two things that interest me most are war and politics, and I am equally exhilarated and happy whether holding up to odium an unworthy politician or fighting against my country's foes."

They talked so loud and laughed so freely that Sir Herbert Stewart more than once said "Hush!"

"Well, Burnaby, if you won't sleep," said the general, "you'd better come with me to visit the various corps and outposts."

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So they went together and heartened the men.

“Don’t fire to-morrow, boys, till you see the whites of their eyes.”

The whistling of the enemy’s bullets overhead, and the sound of the tom-toms, now far and now near, kept the camp constantly on the alert. Fortunately a little dip in the ground protected the sleepers somewhat, but once, when a surgeon was performing an operation, the man who held the lantern carelessly turned it towards the hill occupied by the riflemen. The result was a sudden volley of bullets and a steady fire for some minutes. As Venus rose above the horizon all stood to their arms, for it had been declared that the Arabs generally attacked when that planet appeared. The men, shivering in the cold and breakfastless, had to wait more than an hour and a half, seeing their comrades picked off. Majors Gough and Dickson and Lieutenants Beech and Lyell were hit then, as they waited till the enemy were driven from the walls by an advanced detachment.

It was still early when Burnaby rode up to Lord Cochrane (now Lord Dundonald), whose men were made up of the 1st and 2nd Life Guards and occupied a slight hollow, and asked if he might put his mount among them. As the two officers sat together on rising ground, a bullet whistled between them.

“They seem to be hitting a good many of our men,” said some one.

“You can’t make omelets without breaking eggs,” observed Burnaby; and later, in reply to another who suggested they should separate, Burnaby replied, “We may as well be killed here now as elsewhere later on.”

About 9 A.M. they halted, and a square was formed with the Guards on the right front and Mounted Infantry on the left, the Sussex Regiment on the right, and the Heavy Cavalry and Naval Brigade in the rear; the centre was

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crowded with camels, litters, and guns. The firing soon became so effective (they were using Hicks Pasha's Remingtons) that all the camels were wounded, and they began to stumble and grunt and drag, so that a gap was left in the left rear of the square, where Burnaby was in command. Officers tried in vain to get the camels on faster, but the gap grew wider and wider; for every time the square halted to return the fire with Martinis and screw-guns, some of the bleeding animals took the opportunity to lie down, so that a big gap of sixty yards or more was established between the rear face and the rest of the square.

Reports then came in that the enemy's scouts were coming round the hills above the left flank, so the 19th Hussars were sent to drive them back if possible.

"Where's your double-barrelled shot-gun?" Burleigh asked Burnaby.

"Oh! as the sentimentalists at home made such an outcry at my using it at El-Teb, I have handed it over to my servant."

"That was a mistake," said Burleigh; "I should have seen them hanged first; for those cruel devils of Dervishes give no quarter. It is not even the sword of Mahomet, but defilement and butchery in the name of the Mahdi. So, it's their lives or ours."

"It is too late now," said the colonel. "I must take my chance."

Meanwhile our men could see the long line of banners and the spear-heads glittering in the hot sunshine in the valley before them. Sir Herbert Stewart determined to take ground to the right along a gravelly ridge, in order to avoid the broken ground and nullahs in front. This was easy for disciplined men, but the camels again pressed on the rear and enlarged the gap, while some of them remained outside

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the square, sick and sorry ; amongst these was the camel carrying Lord St. Vincent.

Meanwhile, just as the square got within about 200 yards of the flags in front, out of the ravine on the left suddenly rose a concealed body of Arabs in three phalanxes, each being led by an Emir with a banner and attendant warriors. They were three or four thousand strong, and advanced swiftly and silently ; then, with tom-toms beating and a tremendous shout of "Allah Akbah !" they poured towards the gap in the square on our left, wheeling like a flock of pigeons as they spied the open side of the square. Enormous sheikhs in patched jibbehs, Dervishes, thick-necked Baggara from Nubia, woolly-haired savages with iron rings on neck and wrist—all swooped down together on the little square of 1200 British soldiers ; but the Gatlings jammed at the critical moment, and half our men dared not use their rifles for fear they might hit our own skirmishers.

Yet black masses of the enemy were mown down when they got within eighty yards, but others from the rear leapt over their bodies and came frantically on. To add to the confusion, part of our ammunition caught fire, and a deafening explosion of cartridges made any orders inaudible.

Burnaby, on his pony Moses, had restrained his command. "Don't fire yet," he shouted ; "you'll hit our men."

Suddenly the enemy wheeled again to their right, spying the larger gap in our left rear, where Burnaby had advanced some men in order to bring them into action. But when he saw the change in the enemy's course he rode out and shouted "Retire !"

It was too late. A stately old sheikh on horseback rode at their head, with his banner in one hand and his prayer-book in the other. On he rode proudly, chanting his prayers, until he had planted his banner in the centre of our square behind the camels. There he was shot down, but hundreds

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of Arabs ran in and slashed their way round and under the camels ; the rear side of the square faced inwards and fired at the Arabs in the square, killing Sir Herbert's horse, and he narrowly escaped being shot himself.

It was a soldier's fight—an Inkerman in miniature—friend and foe were mixed together, every man fighting for his own life.

“For a moment,” says Lord Binning, “I caught a glimpse of Burnaby through the smoke, his arm outstretched, his four-barrelled Lancaster pistol in his hand.”

He was still riding Moses, and different accounts are given why he was outside the square. Some say that when he had ordered his men to fall back into their places he disdained to retire, and met the Arab onset single-handed. Others say he dashed out to the rescue of some of our skirmishers who were creeping back on hands and knees to avoid our fire, doing deadly execution with revolver and sword.

But he was surrounded, and a spearman thrust a spear-blade into his throat. Then Burnaby leaned forward and parried the eight-foot weapon of the Moslem with his old smile, as he beat off the Arab's awkward lunges. But another Arab ran his spear into the colonel's shoulder ; and poor Moses, who had been stabbed in a dozen places, sank down under his rider.

Still Burnaby was seen to rise, sword in hand, and slash wildly at the foe around him. By this time he was not alone, for Private Laporte had run out from the square and had bayoneted one Arab, while Corporal Mackintosh of the Blues, who had given up his stripes to follow his colonel, met his death in trying to defend him. So Burnaby, with half-a-dozen Arabs around him, struck for the last time at his country's foes “with the wild strokes of a proud, brave man dying hard,” as Mr. Burleigh wrote.

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At last he fell, like a giant of the forest toppling over smaller trees, and his own servant Buchanan caught him falling. Private Wood of the Grenadier Guards ran out, raised his head, and offered him water.

"No, my man," murmured Burnaby, pushing back the bottle; "look after yourself."

Lord Binning ran to find his colonel, and saw a young private in the Bays, a mere lad, kneeling beside the fallen man. The lad turned, and, with tears running down his cheeks, cried simply, "Oh! sir, here is the bravest man in England dying, and no one to help him."

As Lord Binning took the hand of the dying man there was a feeble pressure, and at that moment there rang out the British cheers which told of the Arab repulse at last.

A faint smile gleamed in the eyes and on the mouth of the dying man, and in a few moments he was no more.

There he lay, quite thirty yards from the square, with his dead friends around him; they had given their lives for the man they loved and admired so well.

When it was all over, and the last Arabs who had feigned death had risen and been shot, consternation fell on the little force. Many of the men sat down and cried for their colonel; for it was the privates who loved this man most. The junior officers, too, knew him as a friend and upright judge, but the men almost worshipped him. Some one wrote that "he was more fitted by nature to be the inspired leader of Turkoman hordes than the colonel of a crack regiment of Household Cavalry." Anyway, when the news of his death came to England, one and all, from Queen Victoria down to the meanest tramp, felt that we had lost one of our most gallant soldiers—and he was only forty-two years old!¹

¹ From Mr. Wright's *Life of Burnaby*, by kind permission of Messrs. Everett & Co.

CHAPTER XV

LIEUT.-COLONEL SEYMOUR VANDELEUR

THIS brilliant Etonian, who did so much for the Empire in Africa and died so young, at the age of thirty-two, deserves mention amongst the heroes of England. The Vandeleurs were of Norman origin, and settled in Ireland about 1660; many of Seymour's ancestors distinguished themselves in the army and became general officers.

Seymour began to work as a boy; his diary, begun at fifteen and kept up till the day of his death, proves how tenacious of will he was.

But the mixture of French and Irish in his blood lent to his steadfast character a merry, cheerful tone, which endeared him to his comrades. He flung himself heart and soul into both work and play; he never grumbled or grew despondent, however gloomy his surroundings.

At school he was a keen volunteer; he rode well, and sketched and made maps so excellently that he often obtained special posts on that ground. After leaving Eton he joined the Scots Guards, that school of soldierly duty, and for five years was employed in his regimental work, varied by games of polo, in which he excelled, and by training with the Black Watch at Aldershot. His spare time was mainly given to the flute and to learning German and Spanish.

In December 1893, Seymour Vandeleur and his friend Cecil Lowther obtained four months' leave of absence to travel in Somaliland. Before starting, Seymour took lessons in the use of the sextant, and by this means was able to

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construct a map of Somaliland for the Royal Geographical Society. At Berbera, in the Gulf of Aden, he organised a camel caravan of thirty camels, four ponies, two donkeys, and twenty-seven men.

To find themselves alone with nature, where they had to hunt and kill their meat, was a great joy to young officers "fed up" with society manners and home scouting. But to begin by shooting a male lion which, as the local sheikh said, had killed thirty-four natives, was so exhilarating that they split a pint of champagne at the evening meal. On 28th January, Lowther shot two lionesses, and Vandeleur a rhinoceros, which he had followed for five hours.

On his return to England, the president of the Royal Geographical Society wrote Vandeleur a letter of hearty congratulation on his map and survey. He rejoined for duty in April, but Africa had wooed him too well, and in August 1894, at the age of twenty-five, he volunteered for the Uganda Rifles; but before he started, he studied carefully the work of previous explorers and soldiers in the country. Colonel Colville was the commissioner of what is called the East African Protectorate, and he selected a few English officers to command the Sudanese troops under his orders; of these Vandeleur was one.

From Mombasa a steam-launch took them ten miles up the river, and then they landed for their 800 miles' march to the Victoria Nyanza. When they drew near this inland sea they saw splendid banana gardens and a numerous population clad in bark-cloth.

At Entebbi they met and reported themselves to Colonel Colville in his beautiful house overlooking the lake. Here Major Cunningham, D.S.O., was their commanding officer, a friend of Vandeleur's ever after, and a comrade in Nigeria and South Africa. Their first duty was to travel to Unyoro and Lake Albert and take surveys of the country. They

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reached Dufilé above the cataract, once occupied by the Egyptians, but now left in the hands of the Dervishes. From this place to Lado, 120 miles, are foaming rapids ; from Lado to Khartoum, 900 miles, is an open Nile navigable for steamers.

Not long after this, Kaba-Rega, king of Unyoro, began raiding the country for slaves and ivory, and an English expedition was sent against him ; in this Vandeleur commanded the Maxim-gun detachment. While our Sudanese in five canoes were crossing the river, a thousand yards wide, and made difficult by masses of sudd, or floating vegetation, Vandeleur from a raised platform opened fire upon the opposite shore ; but the enemy upset two of our canoes and wounded Cunningham and Dunning, and they had to retreat.

We who live quietly in England reading our newspapers and criticising the young men who are engaged in preserving the British Empire, cannot easily realise the actual hardships which are often suffered. For here was young Dunning shot through the chest, and no surgeon near to attend to him. He had to be borne by natives through swamps and jungle, while the little caravan was often harassed by attacks of jubilant savages.

In March, Vandeleur wrote : “ A black came up in haste to the front of the column to fetch me, and on going back a short way I found poor Dunning quite unconscious. His litter had been placed on the ground, and the bearers were standing round in a helpless manner. I made every effort to restore him, but in vain ; at last the sad conviction stole over me that he was dead. I had striven hard to believe that this was not the case, and must confess to giving way altogether in grief at the loss of a brave and gallant comrade, and realising the utter sadness of such a death in this far-off savage land. . . . Cunningham improved gradually, and was soon able to get about on crutches.”

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Life in Africa—even camp-life—is redeemed from dullness by its evening entertainments. For instance, on four successive nights a lion entered the camp, carrying off on 19th April one woman; on 20th, another woman; on 21st, a man, but the lion was seen in the act, and fired at. On 22nd, a section went out and found the marauder by a river, wounded and fierce; they killed him! On 24th the lion's mate came and took a child, and was fired at.

Before Vandeleur's service in Uganda was over, he had captured an Arab slave station, freed many slaves, and taken much cloth and ivory. One slave girl said she had been bought for three goats, another for some beads. His Sudanese soldiers were as delighted as he was, for their share of the loot would make them comfortable for many years!

He came home in 1896 with a military reputation, and a feeling that he had been working in a good cause, and for the happiness of the African tribes.

The "Murchison Grant" was awarded him for his geographical work, and Queen Victoria gave him the decoration of D.S.O. with her own hands at Windsor. Very soon after, Vandeleur was offered by Sir George Goldie six months' special service in the Niger Protectorate, which he accepted with delight, and set forth for West Africa within seven months of his return to England.

Colonel Maxse, in his valuable book on Seymour Vandeleur, says: "Even as Cecil Rhodes added Rhodesia to our Empire, Goldie gave us Nigeria; and of the two, Nigeria is the more valuable, and was the more difficult to acquire."

George Taubman Goldie, born in the Isle of Man, was educated at Woolwich for the Royal Engineers. He visited the Niger in 1877, and with keen insight noticed the value of this great river, and devoted twenty years of his life to securing it for his country.

A royal charter was granted in 1886, and the K.C.M.G.

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was bestowed upon Sir George for his able administration of the province.

In 1896 the Emir of Nupe had been trying to persuade the other chiefs of the Fulani to join forces and expel all white men from the country.

The Fulani were Mahometans, and resented the teaching of missionaries on the subject of slavery. Sir George believed that any progress in Nigeria was impossible until the Fulani had been beaten in battle. But it was a very hazardous scheme, with only thirty British officers and 500 Haussas, and a few big guns, to think of attacking a town of 70,000 inhabitants, and a large army of 20,000 fanatics.

The Fulani are a very interesting race, and take us back in memory to our Bible records; for in the year 2136 B.C. several hordes of Asiatic shepherds invaded Egypt, bringing with them their humpbacked cattle. After years of conflict these shepherds gained the mastery, and their dynasty of "shepherd kings" endured for five centuries. But in 1636 B.C. the old Theban kings came back to their own, and the nomads went south into the Sudan, some turning east to the mountains of Abyssinia to become the ancestors of the Galas, and others going westward towards the Niger.

But in all their wanderings they strove to keep their race pure, never allowing their daughters to wed with strangers; and they for long maintained their historic worship of the bull or calf, and handed down stories and traditions of Hebrew law and custom.

In the sixteenth century they were converted to Mahometanism, though in remote parts of Senegal they remain in their old faith. As a race they are copper-coloured, with straight hair and clean-cut features. They dress in clean, white linen, and have a haughty mien, for they keep proudly aloof from the inferior negroid tribes.

It was this brave and strong people whom Vandeleur,

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with others, was summoned to fight; and by January 1897 the officers found themselves at the mouth of the Niger, which here is choked and intersected by many swamps and backwaters. A steam-launch conveyed them up the river to Lokoja, at the junction of the Niger and Benné, where all was stir and activity. Many stern-wheeled steamers were being laden with rations and ammunition; for Sir George Goldie had made vast preparations, and left nothing to chance in this, his great struggle against the revolt of Nupe.

Critics at home were prophesying a rout and failure, but Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, at the Colonial Office, was standing loyally to back up the policy of the man on the spot, who ought to know best. His forces were only Haussas, carefully drilled for many years and trained in conflict with slave-raiders. They were led by picked officers of the British army.

The Emir of Nupe had sent 6000 men south to attack Lokoja; the main army was on the other side of the Niger defending Bida, his capital.

The British governor decided to get between the two armies and attack them separately, so he patrolled the Niger with gunboats to prevent any communication.

The troops were commanded by Major Arnold, who had himself trained and organised the 500 Haussas.

So small a number of men would of course have been quickly defeated had they not been better armed than the Fulani, and supported by Maxims, two Whitworth guns, and five light guns, served by three Royal Artillery officers and fifty-nine Hausa gunners.

Every night strands of wire were stretched round the camp, and "surprise lights" were hung up at intervals.

The officers were mounted on little mountain ponies, and had one servant each; two Mahometan priests went with the Haussas. Three days of forced marches through a varied

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land of scrub, hill, and forest brought them to Kabba, where to their dismay they found the enemy had gone back north to Bida. However, the flag was raised and Kabba taken over, to the joy of the inhabitants. After this the Jakpana hills had to be crossed in haste, for there was no water near the route, and the lava rocks burnt the naked feet of the porters.

Again they had to cross the Niger by the aid of canoes and a steel boat, but a swamp proved so difficult that the guns had to be left behind while half the force pressed on to Bida.

The little force of 250 Haussas in khaki uniforms and red tarbooshes no sooner took ground on a ridge overlooking the city than they found themselves almost surrounded by an immense force of horse and foot.

A couple of Maxims scared the Fulani, but the Haussas were formed into a square, and a retreat was made towards a ravine where they had left supplies and where there was water.

All the way back they were constantly halting and beating back rushes of infantry, but by 2.30 p.m. they reached their camp, hungry and tired.

Fortunately by this time the seven-pounders had arrived, and their noisy discharges effected a great moral blow on the nerves of the enemy.

Soon after 4 p.m. the nine-pounder was dragged into camp, and its very first shell, aimed at long range, burst among the allies of the Emir and killed their chief. This so paralysed them that the whole body of allies went home.

Then came supper at dusk, after twelve hours' fighting; and when it was quite dark the remaining half of the force reached camp, escorting the twelve-pounder amid much cheering and variations on the bugle.

"What! fire the big gun in the dark! how absurd!" said the critics.

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Nevertheless, out of bravado, by means of a compass-bearing, the big gun was elevated to its extreme range (5400 yards) and fired at the city. The shell actually fell and burst near the palace, and great was the alarm of the foe. "One never can feel safe with these white men," was the sombre reflection.

Next day the five hundred advanced, shelled the city and set it on fire, for the grass roofs, sun-scorched, blazed merrily; the Fulani fled, and the flag was hoisted over what was left. Thus Nupe was freed from the oppression of the Fulani, mainly owing to discipline and artillery; a large district was relieved of slave-raids, and Haussaland was added to the British Empire.

Before Vandeleur came home he was engaged in another expedition against Korin, to the west, and their march was cheered by excited natives, who had known what it meant to have their villages raided by slave-catchers.

Vandeleur came home highly commended for his work with the Maxim, and was appointed aide-de-camp to Lord Methuen in the Home District. He was still writing his book, *Campaigning on the Niger*, when a telegram came, offering him service in the Egyptian army.

It was Christmas Eve 1897, but he set out for Cairo at once.

We must remember that Abu-Klea was fought in January 1885, and the Desert Column reached the Nile only to find that Khartoum had fallen and Gordon had been slain on 26th January. So they retreated to Dongola.

The Mahdi died in June, and the Khalifa succeeded him. In August, Grenfell defeated a Dervish invasion of Egypt; but a grave defeat of Italians by Abyssinians in March 1896 made Egypt so unsafe that, by the advice of Lord Cromer and Sir Herbert Kitchener, the reconquest of the Sudan was determined on after some vacillation.

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Kitchener had provided himself with an Intelligence Department under Major Wingate, and he knew exactly where to go and what to do.

He built a railway between Wadi Halfa and Dongola, and restored the old line begun by Ismail Pasha, and when all was ready made a surprise visit upon Ferkeh by night. The 10th Sudanese, drilled into heroes, were grinning with pleasure at the thought of fighting the detested Baggara. MacDonald's brigade and Maxwell's and Lewis's were hurrying up in silence, and at 5.30 A.M. the surprise was completed, the village and defences were taken, and the once victorious Dervishes were in full flight.

This victory was hailed with delight at home, after so many years of failure; but Abdullah at Omdurman said from his pulpit, "It is nothing!"

How Kitchener gained Berber and won the battle of Atbara we must defer to another chapter.

After Atbara the men were packed in barges and sent south to Omdurman. Vandeleur, with the 9th and 10th Sudanese, was in MacDonald's brigade, and wrote in his diary a clear account of that general's splendid performance at Omdurman in bearing the brunt of two attacks almost simultaneous, and made from different quarters. Vandeleur says: "As the *cease fire* sounded, I rode out in front of my men to stop the shooting, when a Baggara spearman lying down unhurt about sixty paces off made for me. He ran at a great pace, and my horse, being nervous, interfered with my aim. His first spear whizzed past my head; I hit him with two revolver bullets, but still he closed with me. I then warded off his spear-thrust with my right hand and revolver, and he fell dead—finished off by one of the men's bullets."

After this victory Vandeleur had another year's service on the Nile, chasing the Mahdi's generals; for this he was made brevet-major, though he was not yet thirty! In

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November 1899, Colonel Sir R. Wingate defeated the Khalifa and his chiefs, who died fighting bravely at the battle of El-Gedid. A few days after Vandeleur was recalled to London to take part in the Boer War. On his way he heard at Marseilles of Gatacre's disaster at Stormberg, at Paris of Methuen's defeat at Magersfontein, and at London of Buller's defeat at Colenso, and the appointment of Lord Roberts as commander-in-chief in South Africa. Six days spent in London showed him all classes full of vexation and disquiet, and Vandeleur was glad to embark at Southampton for the scenes of action.

As the steamship ploughed her way to the south, Seymour Vandeleur had time to read up the details of the Boer War and ponder over its difficulties, and wonder what might be in store for him. The Boers were as well armed as the British troops—nay, even better. For he read with burning cheek how the great Creusot gun on Pepworth Hill threw a 96-pound shell four miles, and we had none to reply to it; he read how, when our forces had to retire to Ladysmith, this monster gun kept hurling its heavy projectiles into the disheartened troops.

But when they were still some miles from camp a strange crash far away came to their ears; a strange wail overhead of passing shells made them turn to see what it might mean; and lo! there on Pepworth Hill were bursting shells that no English field-gun could have sent. The lads of the navy had come to the rescue! Captain Percy Scott, R.N., had devised carriages for two of his guns. They had been placed on trucks, and the puffing engine had drawn them up from the sea over rivers and through mountains. Captain Hedworth Lambton and his bearded bluejackets had hauled them into position, thrust up their long necks, and taught the Pepworth gun to hold its iron tongue.

How strangely different was all this to Vandeleur's

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experiences in Somaliland, Uganda, Nigeria! where a few white men could hold their own against a thousand brave but ill-armed natives!

On January 10, 1900, Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener landed at Cape Town and began the formation of transport for the long march on Bloemfontein.

Vandeleur, in the middle of January, was posted to the command of the transport at De Aar—a dusty, wind-swept junction, where troop-trains were ever coming in and depositing their loads. In time he was attached to Kelly-Kenny's 6th Division as senior transport officer.

The impressive scene of 30,000 fighting-men marching in extended order over the veldt through thin clouds of dust is noted in his diary. The loaded mule-waggons straining and cracking in the rear raised a thicker veil.

Their first bivouac by Ramdam's Lake was pleasant enough, but when it came to pushing the waggons in single file across a drift or ford over the Riet, it was exhausting for all; at Waterval Drift, Vandeleur was hard at work all night getting his loads across the Riet.

At midnight on 14th February his division started for Modder River to enable French to make his dash for Kimberley.

On the 15th Kimberley was relieved, and Cronje started from his earth like a hunted fox and made straight for Bloemfontein.

But on the 16th and 17th the Boers were pursued in hot haste as far as Paardeberg Drift. On the 18th Cronje was headed off by a cavalry brigade from Kimberley, while a desperate infantry attack pinned him closely to his laager in the river bed.

All through this week of toil neither troops nor transport had sufficient food or rest; but now there were nine

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days of comparative ease while Lord Roberts stood by to await Cronje's surrender.

On 27th February, the day of the old defeat on Majuba, Vandeleur notes in his diary: "A great deal of firing was heard at 3 A.M. ; this proved to be the Canadians attacking the trenches.

"They got within sixty yards, and the Engineers dug a trench which enfiladed the Boer lines. I rode out at dawn to our first line and met a flag of truce brought out by two Boers. Lord Roberts directed Cronje himself to appear. The two Boers, on rather nice ponies, rode back to the laager, and in some excitement we awaited Cronje's arrival at a point about a thousand yards from his lines.

"In half-an-hour Piet Cronje and another appeared. He was rather fat, red-faced above his beard ; a hard-looking man in blue serge trousers, brown boots, yellow overcoat, and big felt hat with orange ribbon, riding a grey pony.

"He only spoke Dutch, and, after a hurried 'Good morning,' rode off with a staff officer to Lord Roberts, with whom he breakfasted. . . .

"Afterwards I rode down with General Kelly-Kenny to the drift where the Boers were collected, carrying their blankets and a few necessities.

"The Buffs, acting as guard, formed up in line some distance from them. The prisoners were counted—result : Free Staters, 1131 ; Transvaalers, 2620 ; not counted, 250 ; wounded, 140—total, 4141. It was a great sight, and they were a fine-looking lot of men."

This was on Majuba day, and spirits rose high—still higher when news was flashed next day that Ladysmith was relieved.

But De Wet had made a great coup by destroying or capturing half our supply-pack at Waterval Drift—170 loaded ox-waggons full of rations and forage, much needed

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for our troops and horses that were with Lord Roberts, were all lost to us, and the advance on Bloemfontein was thus delayed several days; in consequence the Boers had time to take up strong positions, and Vandeleur and his waggons were frequently under heavy fire. At Bloemfontein he heard he had been mentioned in despatches and congratulated on his management of the transport throughout the previous operations. Lord Kitchener declared that transport was a most important service, and he refused to sanction a proposal made by Lord Errol that Vandeleur should act as brigade-major in the Yeomanry.

On the same day Vandeleur received a telegram from the War Office: "Will you accept transfer as senior captain in new Irish Guards regiment?" As an Irishman he was proud of the honour, and telegraphed acceptance. But Lord Kitchener made him now senior transport officer on General Hutton's staff, and the weary work of chasing Boer commandoes went on till Vandeleur was transferred to Ian Hamilton's staff and was at the capture of Lydenburg. In November 1900 Lord Roberts resigned his command to Kitchener, who sent for Vandeleur and offered him the command of the 2nd Mounted Infantry battalion. This gave him great joy—he was almost daily in action in the Magaliesberg hills, galloping to seize the crest-line, fording boggy streams, safeguarding convoys, and defending railways and trains.

But at the end of January 1901, as he was riding to reinforce his pickets he felt a tremendous blow on the left thigh. His sergeant-major helped him off his horse and bandaged him with a pugaree. He had to lie behind some boulders under fire for three hours, and was then carried to a house some way off. The bullet had penetrated the hip, travelled down the left leg, and came out in front of the left thigh; no bone was broken, but the wound was deep enough.

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Vandeleur was taken in a jolting ambulance to Krugersdorp Station, and put, after a sixty-mile ride, into the Wanderers' Club, Johannesburg, which was used as an hospital. In a month he was able to get to Cape Town, where his father met him and took him home to Ireland.

He saw in the *Honours Gazette* that he was promoted, at the age of thirty-one, to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. Then his soul yearned for more service, and he went back to Pretoria in August.

North of Pretoria Colonel Harold Grenfell had been leading Kitchener's Fighting Scouts and some Mounted Infantry battalions against Beyers in the bush-veldt near Nylstroom. Grenfell needed a rest, and Lord Kitchener selected Vandeleur to succeed to his command.

His friends were glad, for they knew his grit, a quality underlying his quiet manner and cheerful countenance; they believed he would prove to be a brilliant commander and successful leader.

Alas! this good-looking hero of the blue eyes and wavy auburn hair was destined to meet a cruel end to all his ambitions. For after dining with Colonel Romilly of the Scots Guards—two English officers of French blood—Vandeleur went at 11 p.m. to the station and slept in the train which was to start at dawn for Nylstroom. The train included three open trucks and one corridor coach; the passengers were two ladies with their children, Major Beatson, some non-commissioned officers and men.

After leaving Waterval North, as the engine was puffing slowly up a steep gradient and through a cutting, the driver noticed two black scouts holding up their hands; but before he could stop the train he saw the scouts fall, and heard shots fired; immediately there was an explosion of dynamite under the engine, which overturned, together with the armoured carriage next to it. Then a fierce musketry fire

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broke out, raking every window in the train and wounding both the ladies. Vandeleur sprang from his seat and rushed out into the corridor, shouting, "Ladies and men, lie down flat!"

On going to the door of his carriage he was confronted by a Boer named Uys, who put up his rifle and shot him dead at two yards' range. Nine killed, twenty-one wounded, besides the ladies—this was the bag made by that notorious Irish train-wrecker, Jack Hindon, who, with a gang of sixty Boers, used to lie in wait for the defenceless, and plunder civilians as well as soldiers.

And this was the end of Seymour Vandeleur! He was taken away just when Kitchener had given him a post he loved.

His body was buried in the cemetery of the English church at Pretoria, with full military honours. It chanced that his old battalion of the Scots Guards was near, and Lord Kitchener summoned some of them by telegraph to attend the funeral. The commander-in-chief and the head-quarter's staff stood by, to pay their last tribute to a young man whom they loved and mourned.

General Maxse adds these touching words to his memoir: "After all, it is a man's life, not his death, that matters, and the memory of Seymour Vandeleur as he was—a bright, ambitious, happy companion—still lingers with those who follow his calling and sympathise with his spirit. To them he will ever remain an example of straight, young manhood, and of a life spent in the pursuit of that which is best and highest in the profession he loved. . . . By those who worked with him for years Vandeleur's death is recognised as a distinct loss to his country."¹

¹ From General Maxse's *Seymour Vandeleur* (Messrs. Heinemann), by kind permission of the Author.

CHAPTER XVI

LORDS KITCHENER AND ROBERTS

KHARTOUM fell with Gordon's death on January 26, 1885, and in the looting of the city the Mahdi's Dervishes seized great quantities of modern rifles and ammunitions of war. In June of the same year the Mahdi died, and was succeeded by the Khalifa. The following month our troops were withdrawn from Dongola, just south of the third cataract of the Nile, and the frontier was handed over to the Egyptian army, henceforth to be trained by English officers in the pay of the Egyptian Government, and Sir Evelyn Baring.

The old Egyptian army had been so neglected by their native officers that they were notorious for their cowardice. For instance, at the battle of El-Teb in 1884, 3000 men under Valentine Baker were marching towards Tokar when a small body of Dervishes, about a thousand strong, threatened their square. The Egyptian troops threw down their arms and ran; more than two thousand were killed like so many silly sheep.

But under English officers these same Fellahin became splendid fighting-men, steady under fire, brave and dashing in attack. In fourteen years this miraculous change was brought about, because they loved their officers, knew they would lead the way, and felt a pride in being soldiers under such commanders as Grenfell and Kitchener.

Herbert Kitchener had studied the ways of Egypt and the Nile for some years before he was appointed to lead an

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army against the Khalifa. Tall and straight, deliberate and passionless, with the brain of an engineer and the strong will of a despot, Kitchener was able to reduce the management of a campaign to a science, and to win victories at a cheaper rate than other generals brought off their defeats.

Beginning service in the Royal Engineers, he became a military vice-consul in Asia Minor; then director of the Palestine Exploration Fund. Afterwards he joined the new Egyptian army as second in command of a regiment of cavalry. In Wolseley's campaign he was Intelligence Officer, and went with Sir Herbert Stewart's desert column, on which occasion the importance of a well-organised transport was painfully impressed upon him. In 1887 and 1888 he commanded at Suakim and attacked Osman Digna at Handub; here he was wounded in the face. At the battle of Torki he commanded a brigade, and in 1890 succeeded Sir Francis Grenfell as Sirdar, or commander-in-chief.

Kitchener was a glutton for work, and employed his officers with little mercy for their weaknesses; he would have no married officers, no giving of sick-leave, no playing at being a soldier.

If he was not loved, yet he was trusted to the hilt, for Kitchener always foresaw the obstacles and dangers. He played to win always. Now in March 1896 the Italians were defeated at Adowa by the Abyssinians; they needed help, and the Dervishes under the Khalifa were concentrating at Omdurman; so it was proposed by the English Cabinet that the frontier force should move a little to the south.

Lord Cromer and the Sirdar were quite ready to do this—and a little more. There were four brigades of infantry: three Egyptian, one British. The former were commanded by Major-General Archibald Hunter, who for fourteen years had been fighting hard on the southern border, and was governor at Dongola and at Berber. Short and thick-set,

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with keen hazel eyes, he loved his blacks, and was adored by them as any hero or paladin of old ; a splendid leader of troops, but given to feats of reckless daring. Steevens wrote of him : " General Archie is the wonder and the darling of all the Egyptian army. And when the time comes that we want a new national hero, it may be he will be the wonder and the destiny of all the Empire also."

With the cavalry under Colonel Broadwood, the five batteries of artillery, and the camel corps, the whole force was about 12,000 men and forty-six guns. There were also three gunboats patrolling off Fort Atbara.

The Seaforth Highlanders were on their way with 1000 more men.

The Khalifa's general, Mahmud, had joined Osman Digna at Shendy, but no one knew if the Dervishes meant to fight ; not even Colonel Wingate, the chief of the Intelligence Department.

We cannot follow all the details of war that preceded the battle on the Atbara ; but Kitchener had built a railway, and by the middle of March concentrated his force at Kunur, on the right bank of the Nile, five miles from the mouth of the Atbara. Mahmud was also moving north from Shendy, and finally made a zereba at Nakheila, some miles up the Atbara. After Kitchener had made several reconnaissances against the enemy's position, on April 7, 1898, the troops fell in at dusk for a twelve-mile march by night, led by a staff officer who knew the country well. At 9 p.m. a halt was called, water was served out, and the men lay down to rest on the sand of the desert. At one o'clock they all rose stealthily and moved on in silence. At four o'clock there was another halt—they were only four miles off now. They sat down, but it was too cold to sleep. Daylight saw them changing from square into attack formation as they advanced straight to the thorn thickets.

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At 900 yards from the zereba the men were ordered to sit down and watch the artillery open the ball with twenty-four guns !

Then at 6.15 A.M. the shelling began ; the shrapnel bullets searched the whole interior, where 15,000 men were hiding. The grass took fire and the palm-trees, and a thick smoke rose lazily into the air. At 7.40 A.M. the guns ceased fire, and the "general advance" was sounded ; then the "charge," and the Sudanese troops followed their British officers, bands playing, colours flying, into the zereba. By their side the Camerons and Seaforths came, knelt on the crest, volley-firing by sections ; then, with the pipes screaming, they ran and tugged at the dry camel-thorn, made a gap and dashed in and over the stockade and trenches, mingling with half-naked blacks, who shot and ran and shot again. On the right the Lincolns leapt in and the Warwicks, stumbling over pits and stockades, till at length suddenly they came to the river. Over the half-dry bed the Dervishes were scrambling, but few got far before they were shot down.

"Well done, Egyptians !" cheered our men when all was over, for the brave fellows were grinning and shaking hands as they cried, "Very good fight to-day !" No longer cowards they, but veritable heroes !

Poor Mahmud, when he saw all his men fleeing, sat down on his carpet, said his prayers, and stoically awaited death.

Some soldiers of the 10th Sudanese found him there, and brought him bareheaded before the Sirdar—a pure-bred Arab, tall, brown, about thirty-five he seemed.

He answered the Sirdar defiantly.

"Why did you come to make war here ?" asked Kitchener.

"I came because I was told—the same as you."

Our men could not but admire his unbending spirit in this the day of his adversity.

Besides the dead men lying in the camp, there were



DRAGGING A GUN ACROSS A STREAM

This illustrates one of the many extraordinary difficulties that had to be faced during the late war in South Africa. The illustration shows a Naval 47 gun, mounted on Captain Percy Scott's improvised carriage, being dragged across a stream lashed to the end of an ox-wagon.

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hundreds of dead goats and sheep, donkeys, camels, and women—for the shrapnel made no distinction.

The return to Berber was like a Roman triumph. The guns thundered a salute as the Sirdar rode through the wide street with Hunter Pasha at his side. The women screamed “Lu-lu” in their joy at being relieved of fear; and when they saw Mahmud all alone, his hands tied behind his back, many a one pressed forward and shook her fist in his face, and called him “Dog!” Perhaps this parade of the beaten general was ordered to produce an effect upon the populace; otherwise it does not commend itself as being too generous or magnanimous.

There was much to be done before our army could march on to Omdurman; and Lord Kitchener always liked to get ready for all emergencies, leaving little or no scope for luck. The Romans thought much of a general who was *felix*, or lucky, or successful; but in these scientific days a general is *felix* because he has won success by hard work in preparing his troops and securing their food and transport, in mapping out his plan of campaign and in thwarting that of the enemy. Besides, it was important to wait for the rising Nile in July and August. So it was the end of August before our troops saw Omdurman from the ridge of a stony hill. A broad plain lay before them, sandy, patched with yellow grass; beyond rose the low mud-houses of Omdurman, stretching far and wide; and hard by the Nile they saw a yellow dome, high above the houses—the Mahdi’s tomb. But in front of the city walls was a white band, which might have been tents; only it moved, and then they knew it was men—men waiting the Khalifa’s orders to go down and crush the white unbelievers. Our leaders—Lyttleton and Wauchope, Maxwell and MacDonald, Lewis and Collinson—were marshalling their men in line. The Maxims and field-guns were placed in the intervals of

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the infantry line ; the cavalry had gone out to reconnoitre at dawn. As the troops waited for their orders with a clear fire-zone in front, hardly one believed the Dervishes would venture to attack ; but a trooper came spurring hotly over Gebel Surgham, the Lancers were seen returning on the left, and the Mounted Egyptians galloped to the right. What did it all mean ? Very soon the tap of drums and the hoarse voice of a great multitude came faintly to their ears, and set every man's heart throbbing with the excitement of coming battle.

It was half-past six A.M. when the first British gun was fired ; for a line of flags and a waving mass of white, linen-clad warriors were coming on fast and straight. But at 2000 yards the Guards, Warwicks, and the others later, stood and fired volleys ; the blacks from their shelter-trench were loading and firing as fast as they could, but still the Baggara and black troops of the Khalifa staggered on, falling like ripe corn before an invisible sickle, but firing high before they fell. The ground was quickly strewn with 8000 wounded and dead, as though by bits of paper ; and some of the wounded were ours, chiefly the Highlanders, Camerons, and Seaforths.

The enemy in front had disappeared by eight o'clock, but in the distance were flags and a long, long line of white.

The 21st Lancers had ridden for the capital ; as the infantry moved forward they saw that the fallen were all of Arab type. But they were suddenly to be convinced that the battle was not yet over ; for twenty thousand men came from behind Surgham Hill, forcing Broadwood and his mounted men to retire. As the hills were covered with boulders the camels began to flounder and get behind the horsemen ; while the Dervishes in hot pursuit of them raced within 300 yards, and all seemed over for them.

But just then one of the gunboats swung down-stream

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and checked the Dervishes by well-placed shrapnel and Maxim bullets. Broadwood cantered away north, leading Sheik-el-Din and the Dervishes after him away from the battlefield, as happened to Prince Rupert of old ; then after playing with them, he slipped back close to the river under cover of a gunboat and rejoined our army at 10 A.M.

The Khalifa's plan had been to envelop our army by force of numbers on three sides ; he had not reckoned on the tremendous rapidity of gun-fire and rifle-fire, and thus he failed.

The Sirdar now resolved to risk much by interposing his army between the enemy and his base ; he therefore headed for Omdurman, with two unbeaten bodies of Dervishes still threatening his flank ; but, judging from past experience, he thought he could beat off their attacks.

The Khalifa and his reserve lay on his left, another body was concealed by the Kerreri hills on his right.

It was now about 8.40 A.M., when the 21st Lancers rode into an ambush in a khor, or ravine ; they had to cut their way through a large body of Arabs, and lost many men.

It is spoken of as a splendid blunder ; it did no good, and prevented them afterwards from catching the Khalifa.

MacDonald's brigade meanwhile was violently attacked by the Khalifa's reserve under the black flag. The Emirs rode down upon him like jockeys at the Derby, followed by riflemen and spearmen on foot. The 9th, the 11th, and the 16th Sudanese faced about and coolly swept them away, though some Arabs rode close up before they fell.

Twenty thousand warriors charging three thousand, and not one of the twenty thousand tried to avoid the certain death that awaited him ! But suddenly a new danger threatened MacDonald ; the green flags of Ali Wad Helu were descending upon the rear of the 9th Sudanese ! Unless the brigade could be forthwith brought into a new

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alignment facing the green flags they would be swept away by this new charge, and after him would go Lewis and Collinson. But MacDonald saw the enemy coming, knew exactly what to do, and did it. This Scot had risen from private soldier to his great command, and had been drilling his men during several years. All this trouble which he had taken so long saved the battle of Omdurman. Swiftly he gave his orders, and at once the rifle-fire ceased against the black flags, and the companies began threading their way at the double, in and out by the shortest route, into a new line facing the green flags. Those who saw the movement held their breath with wonder and admiration. It was lucky the earlier attack had nearly exhausted itself before the second came on; but the Baggara killed two hundred of MacDonald's men before they were stopped by the deadly hail. It was then that Captain Vandeleur was nearly killed by a wounded spearman.

Kitchener, leaving nothing to chance, moved three brigades towards the desert, and drove away all bodies of Dervishes who wanted more fighting. Very weary were the troops when this was all done, and they were halted by the side of a stream for biscuits and water and a short rest on the ground.

When the Khalifa saw that all his attacks had failed—chiefly because the British were better armed and better led—that his brother, Yakoob, had been killed, and his son Sheik-el-Din was mortally wounded, he rode in hot haste to the city and assembled the faithful by the booming of the great elephant tusk. But however earnestly the Prophet preached resistance, the spirit had gone out of his men.

So with a few followers he rode away into the desert, barely escaping Maxwell's brigade, which was the first to enter Omdurman.

So ended Friday, September 2, 1898, the day which had

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given deliverance to the Sudan from the grievous yoke of the oppressor.

On the Sunday following a religious service was held at Khartoum in memory of Gordon. The service was taken by four chaplains—Catholic, Anglican, Presbyterian, and Methodist—near the ruins of his palace, where now a magnificent cathedral and college stand. The pipers played a dirge, and the Sudanese “Abide with Me,” Gordon’s favourite hymn.

The Sirdar, who for fourteen years had been working hard to compass this feat of deliverance and this honour paid to the saintly Gordon, was so overcome by emotion that he could not speak when General Hunter and the other generals in their order stepped out and clasped his hand. They had all done their best—but Kitchener had thought it out.

Gordon’s garden was going wild, luxuriantly green, full of large leaves and stunted fruit; but the master, the Christian soldier, had now received a Christian burial under the Union Jack and the Egyptian flag.

On the Tuesday following the British troops began to return to Cairo and England. They took with them the story of how Kitchener had devised a means of subduing the Derivishes and giving freedom and prosperity to the Sudanese. But what pleased the people as much as anything was the business-like method of waging war, the small cost in men and money by which we had regained our self-respect.

On Thursday Lord Kitchener steamed up the White Nile with many gunboats to discuss with the French explorer, Major Marchand, the meaning of his settlement at Fashoda.

The hostile excitement in Europe had no parallel in Africa, where Marchand was hospitably received by the English officers, for his charming personality won him friends at the outset.

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For the next fifteen months our hero was engaged in organising expeditions to catch the Khalifa and repress his Arab followers. It was difficult to reach him, as the country over which he moved was so waterless and barren. Even when he was located at Gebel Gedir, a hundred miles from the Nile and behind Fashoda, our troops had to march fifty miles carrying their drinking water ; and then spies warned the Khalifa, and he escaped to southern Kordofan. So Kitchener ordered the troops to return to Omdurman and wait for a better chance. There, in November 1899, they found gloomy telegrams from Natal, where the Boer War was beginning badly.

But news soon came that the Khalifa had picked up heart, and was again preaching a holy war and advancing northwards.

The Sirdar hurried from Cairo, and appointed Sir R. Wingate to command the field-force in Kordofan.

How they marched sixty miles in sixty-one consecutive hours, fought two battles, destroyed the whole Dervish force at El-Gedid, and returned in December with 3000 prisoners—is it not written in history ?

The Khalifa and his Emirs died splendidly, as the bravest of the brave.

But disaster at Colenso on December 16, 1899, had set all Europe triumphing over us, but had nerved all Englishmen to try again and yet again. On December 18th, two days after Colenso, the Cabinet resolved that the direction of the whole campaign should be placed in the hands of Lord Roberts, the veteran Field-Marshal, with Lord Kitchener as his chief of staff.

Lord Roberts had won his spurs as England's hero on the plains of India. He might well have pleaded his sixty-seven years as a reason for staying at home ; but the gallant gentleman had kept his alert and wiry figure in good health



SURRENDER OF CRONJE

On the anniversary of Majuba, Cronje, with 3000 men, was overtaken and surrounded at Paardeberg, on the Modder River, by the British troops under Lord Roberts, and compelled to surrender.

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and fit to perform the service which his country asked of him. As Chaucer said, he is "a very perfect, gentle knight," chivalrous and kindly, unselfish, and devoted to the best interests of the soldiers, who loved him loyally.

So Lords Roberts and Kitchener landed at Cape Town on January 10, 1900. One of their first duties was to convert 4000 regular infantry soldiers into eight battalions of mounted infantry. The next was to prepare a service of mobile transport. This Lord Roberts directed Lord Kitchener to organise the very day after their arrival.

In one week after the arrival of our heroes, February 11th to 18th, the whole aspect of the war was changed, much to our advantage. Kimberley was relieved; Cronje's flight was stayed at Paardeburg; Bloemfontein was captured. And as the result of all this, Ladysmith was relieved, and the Boers were retreating north.

This is not a history of the Boer War, and we can only remind the reader of the success which attended Roberts and Kitchener in clearing the way to Pretoria, the capital of the Transvaal.

The war was then thought to be over, but guerilla warfare kept Lord Kitchener busy until the spring of 1902.

Early in December 1900 Lord Roberts left Africa to take over his duties in England as commander-in-chief. Some critics think that if Lord Roberts had been less kind-hearted, the war would have been over sooner. Lord Kitchener, we may be sure, would never have given back to the Boers their rifles and their horses before they were thoroughly subdued. So true is it that in war severity is sometimes kinder than gentle measures. In Lord Roberts' address to his troops he writes: "The service which the South African Force has performed is, I venture to think, unique in the annals of war, inasmuch as it has been absolutely almost incessant for a whole year. There has

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been no rest, no days off to recruit, no going into winter quarters ; for months together, in fierce heat, in biting cold, in pouring rain, you, my comrades, have marched and fought without halt, and bivouacked without shelter from the elements. You frequently have had to continue marching with your clothes in rags, and your boots without soles. . . . When not engaged in actual battle you have been shot at from behind kopjes by invisible enemies to whom every inch of the country was familiar, and who, from the peculiar nature of the country, were able to inflict severe punishment while perfectly safe themselves. You have forced your way through dense jungles, over precipitous mountains, through and over which with infinite manual labour you have had to drag heavy guns and ox-waggon. . . . You have endured the sufferings inevitable in war to sick and wounded men far from the base, without a murmur and even with cheerfulness." Such a general deserved and won the affections of his soldiers.

What Lord Roberts has done for the Empire could not be told in many volumes ; we have only slightly touched on his command in South Africa. Of his later work we can say but a word—his earnest attempt to convince his countrymen that we all owe a service to the State, the duty of making ourselves fit to defend hearth and home. The great Duke of Wellington tried in vain to show his contemporaries their duty, and the peril of neglecting it until it is too late.

As for Lord Kitchener, that cool-headed, scientific soldier, by degrees and with difficulty, shepherded the De Wets and De la Reys within his web of barbed wire, and slowly wore down the resistance of the last twenty thousand Boers.

On May 31, 1902, their delegates signed the terms of peace ; and recently we have given our brave enemies generous conditions enough.

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Lord Kitchener took the command of the king's forces in India ; then, when his term was over, after visiting Japan, Australia, New Zealand, and other colonies, giving them the benefit of his supreme talent for organisation, he returned to England, and is now at home, ready to serve his country and his king.¹

¹ In part from Steevens' *With Kitchener to Khartum*, by kind permission of Messrs. Blackwood & Sons and Messrs. Nelson & Sons.

PART III

STATESMEN—MEN OF THOUGHT

CHAPTER XVII

SIR BARTLE FRERE, BART., G.C.B., F.R.S.

HENRY EDWARD BARTLE FRERE, born in 1815, lived with his father and mother at Bath, and went to school at Bath College. The family removed to the Rectory Bitton, close to the church, where old-world gardens, stone walls, orchards, fields, and rivulets lent a charm to a scene bounded on the north and east by the high hills of Lansdown and on the south by the Avon. In 1834 the clever boy entered the Indian Civil Service, where he soon made his mark, being appointed Resident at Sattara in 1847. In 1850 we find him Chief Commissioner of Scinde, and in 1862 he was appointed Governor of Bombay. During his tenancy of this position the Bank of Bombay failed after the suspension of Overend and Gurney. The shareholders were mostly civil servants, and they naturally tried to fix the blame on the Government. Frere was deeply distressed by the ruin of so many friends; and when Major Innes wrote in a memorandum of the "supineness and inaction" of the Bombay Government, Frere pencilled in the margin of the blue-book these pathetic words: "I only know that when the bank was first in trouble the governor had scarce a white hair in his head, and that when he left Bombay he had few brown ones."

There are some men who seem to be perpetually confronted with exceptional difficulties. With the best intentions, and with wise forethought, as it appeared at the time,

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Sir Bartle had promoted the growth of cotton, but the collapse of the Confederate States of America had disorganised the market and caused many failures. He had spent public money in reclaiming swamps from the sea and building healthier houses; but companies were formed, and mad speculations in land resulted in great losses. For much of this the governor was undeservedly held responsible.

A London paper, describing Frere's character, says: "He has revealed a mind of singularly wide sympathies and of high culture"; and his biographer, John Martineau, wrote: "It was ingrained in his nature to shrink from giving unnecessary pain by word or tone even to the least deserving."

In 1867 Frere returned to England, and was offered a seat on the Indian Council in London. In his farewell speech at Bombay, as Chancellor of the University, he said: "There has ever been a continued protest, on the part of those who mould the thought and direct the action of the British nation, against the doctrine that India is to be administered in any other spirit than as a trust from God for the good government of many millions of His creatures. . . . However firmly England may resolve that no force shall wrest from her the Empire of India, the root of that resolve has always been a deep conviction that to surrender that Empire would be to betray a high trust."

Just these few lines serve to show us what manner of man Sir Bartle had grown to; he left India regretted by the wise and good and by many of the most influential of the natives of Bombay.

In September 1872, Lord Granville asked Frere to undertake a mission to Zanzibar in order to make a new treaty with the Sultan and so put down the horrible slave-trade then recently described by Livingstone. On his way he had interviews with Thiers and De Rémusat, with King

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Victor Emmanuel at Rome, and with his ministers, and the Pope gave him his blessing. At Cairo the Khedive promised him his support.

The Sultan of Zanzibar flatly refused to put down slavery—it was far too profitable to throw away—so Frere sailed southwards with a British ship-of-war in company, which made some impression on the ports they visited. One day some very valuable despatches on board Frere's yacht, the *Enchantress*, were being eaten by a passenger. The crew pursued, and the offender skipped from rope to rope. At last he threw down in disgust the ill-digested but well-bitten papers. It was useless scolding him, so the pet monkey was left to his meditations!

On returning to Zanzibar, Frere found the Sultan still obdurate. He then instructed the senior naval officer on the coast that he was to stop all ships carrying slaves. This was amply sufficient; the Sultan of Zanzibar sighed and signed the treaty. For this service in Africa Frere was made a Privy Councillor, and had a long interview with Queen Victoria on the subject of the slave-trade.

"The queen knew more about it than all her ministers," was his comment.

In 1874 Livingstone's body was brought to England. Frere, addressing the African section of the Society of Arts, said: "Livingstone was intellectually and morally as perfect a man as it has ever been my fortune to meet . . . in all he did he worked in the same spirit as the great apostles of old. . . . Martyr he was, and hero, and we may no more lament him than other heroes who have died in their country's service, or holy men who have entered into their rest."

In 1875, when the Prince of Wales visited India, it was Frere who was selected to direct and manage the tour. When this was over, Frere was made a baronet and G.C.B.

SIR BARTLE FRERE, BART., G.C.B.

At this period Sir Bartle's popularity was at its height, and on all Eastern questions his counsel was the first to be sought.

In October 1876, Lord Carnarvon, Colonial Secretary, invited Sir Bartle to go to the Cape, nominally as Governor, but really as High Commissioner, to carry out a scheme of confederation.

Africa had not been his sphere of work—India would have suited him better—but he felt it to be a call to duty, and sailed in March with his family. Writing to friends at home on the queen's birthday, he says: "They are a very picturesque crowd at Cape Town ; nearly as idle as the Italians, but far more good-humoured. You seldom see a scowling or disagreeable expression on their faces."

When Sir Harry Smith had been recalled, his successor, Sir George Cathcart, concluded with the Boers "The Sand River Convention," by which the Transvaal became an independent State. Two years after this, in 1854, the Orange Free State was also put in the hands of the Boers.

But the Boers always had difficulties with the natives, for they looked upon them as slaves by nature, and the natives hated the Boers.

Sir George Grey had to intervene twice to rescue the Basutos from annihilation ; and though one condition of the Transvaal being given its independence was that there should be no slavery, the sale of "black ivory" still went on under the alias of "young apprentices."

Five months before Frere landed, Sir Theophilus Shepstone had been sent out to confer with the president of the Transvaal on confederation under England. When Frere had been a fortnight in South Africa a telegram came from the north to say that the Transvaal had been annexed. Frere had had no part in this, and doubted lest the Boers had only done this to get rid of their difficulties with the natives. Besides this,

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the Boers had now only twelve shillings and sixpence left in their treasury ! and the gaols were thrown open, because they could not afford to feed the prisoners. Lastly, King Cetewayo had gathered 30,000 warriors to invade the Transvaal. To stop this, Shepstone sent a messenger to Cetewayo telling him that the Transvaal was now under the Queen of England and he must beware of any aggression. To which the Zulu king replied : "I thank my father Somtseu for his message. I am glad that he has sent it, because the Dutch have tired me out, and I intended to fight with them and drive them over the Vaal. . . . It was to fight the Dutch I called my Impis together. Now I will send them back to their houses." Lord Carnarvon accepted and ratified the annexation of the Transvaal to save the country from being overrun and the Boers from being massacred.

The proclamation of annexation was received by the Boers with gratitude and delight, though it was three weeks before any British soldiers marched into the Transvaal from Natal.

In August, Frere left Cape Town for Natal and the Transvaal, but as he reached King William's Town he found a Kaffir war brewing against the Fingoes, who were British subjects, and had to remain long in British barracks.

In February 1878 a battle was fought, and the Kaffir chief was defeated ; but just as Frere was coming out successfully from this war the news came that Lord Carnarvon had resigned office. This news, he says, utterly took the heart out of him, and he was fain to go home and rest ; for he was not sure if statesmen at home would understand the position in Africa, where a spirit of unrest and mutiny was rising in all the native tribes, and the sparse population of white men were in grave peril. In September an awful Zulu massacre occurred, ordered by their king, for a number of Zulu girls had married without his leave.

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Accordingly Cetewayo ordered them and their parents to be killed, and their bodies to be exposed on the public ways. When Sir Henry Bulwer, Lieutenant-Governor of Natal, remonstrated with the king on this breach of his coronation promises, Cetewayo replied—

“Did I promise not to kill? I do kill. But why do the white people start at nothing? I have not yet begun. I have yet to kill; it is the custom of our nation, and I shall not depart from it. . . . My people will not listen to me unless I kill. Go back and tell the English that I shall now act on my own account. The Governor of Natal and I are equal. He is Governor of Natal, and I am governor here.”

An ultimatum was sent to Cetewayo: he was to abolish celibacy until the spears were washed in blood. It was doubtful if he would consent to this. Frere wrote home for troops to meet the Zulus if they should rise; but Sir M. Hicks-Beach doubted if more troops could be spared. He thought that by meeting the Zulus in a spirit of forbearance Frere might avert the serious evil of a war!

It was the old trouble! Not trusting the man on the spot, but thinking that the Zulus were good, reasonable creatures who only needed patience. The writer is reminded of an occasion when the great philosopher, J. S. Mill, quite spoilt the effect of his election speech by stopping to argue with a drunken man. The Zulus were as drunken men compared to Sir Michael.

Lord Chelmsford also wrote for reinforcements, but “the Cabinet deprecated a Zulu war.”

Later, a few troops were sent from England, “for defence only.”

As the Zulu king sent no reply to the ultimatum, on the 10th January 1879 our troops entered Zululand.

On the 24th a message was brought to Frere’s bedside, that two men had arrived from the British camp, speaking

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vaguely of a great disaster. It was the defeat of Isandhlwana! One can imagine what a shock this news was to Frere and all with him! There was a panic in all Natal, and in Maritzburg hardly a family was not in mourning for one slain. The town was quickly put in defence, and a laager constructed under Frere's eyes. He also telegraphed to England and Cape Town for help.

Mr. Gordon Sprigg at once sent all the English soldiers in the colony.

On Sunday evening Lord Chelmsford rode in, so changed and worn that few recognised him, for anxiety and want of sleep had broken him down. But the Zulus had suffered great losses both at Isandhlwana and at Rorke's Drift, and they were in no mood now for facing the white men. But the Boers again were giving trouble, being discontented with the annexation. Four thousand of them assembled in arms to discuss their grievances between Newcastle and Pretoria.

Frere rode into their camp without escort, and was received in stolid silence; not a man amongst them acknowledged his salute. He sat down and spoke to them through an interpreter, saying that the annexation was irrevocable, but they might look to having complete freedom and local self-government in time. He exhorted them to help the English against the Zulus. His frank and open manner and evident sympathy with some of their demands changed the Boers, in the course of three or four meetings, from enemies to respectful friends.

Frere went on to Pretoria and stayed with Colonel Lanyon till April; and though the younger Boers were still restive and rude, Kruger said to him, "The people and the committee have all conceived great respect for your Excellency, because your Excellency is the first high official of her Majesty who has laid bare the whole truth; that esteem will not easily be lost."

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Meanwhile Sir Bartle was visiting the Boers in their houses, and was winning their confidence by his simple courtesy and friendly ways.

On 18th April the Boer camp broke up and the disaffected dispersed, to Frere's great relief; but on the same day Sir Bartle heard that the English Government had sent a despatch censuring his action. Frere was to bear the blame of the military disaster!

Speeches were made all over England attacking Frere as the unsympathetic and tyrannical ruler who had roused the Zulus to rebellion, and as one who bolstered up greedy colonists against simple unoffending blacks. But a letter in the *Times* said: "It was certain every friend of Sir B. Frere who knows the brave heart that beats beneath that courteous and gentle nature, and is aware of his deep interests in all native races throughout the world, would keep silence till the nation had pronounced its verdict."

Lord Beaconsfield and a few others supported Frere, and as a compromise he was to be censured and asked not to resign.

"I hope to God Sir Bartle won't take huff and resign," muttered Lord Granville, and angry passions were stirred on both sides.

Frere, writing to Sir M. Hicks-Beach, remarked: "It seemed to me a simple choice between doing what I did—risking a Zulu war at once, or incurring the risk of still worse—a Zulu war a few months later, preceded by a Boer rebellion."

"Unless my countrymen are much changed, they will some day do me justice," he wrote to another.

But if in England only a few stood by the aged pro-consul, in South Africa, where they knew the facts and circumstances, all races and colours were loud in his praise; public meetings were held in towns and villages, addresses were

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prepared and speeches made in honour of the man who had saved Natal and Cape Colony from an awful calamity.

Sir Bartle was extolled as one of the best of governors—"the disasters which have taken place since he has held office are not due to any fault of his, but to a shameful mismanagement of public affairs before he came to the colony."

Even at Pretoria Frere's health was drunk with enthusiasm; he was praised as "a true, considerate, and faithful servant of the queen." His journey back to Cape Town was one long, triumphant progress.

On arrival at Cape Town, Frere found that Sir Garnet Wolseley had been sent out again to replace him "for a time" as High Commissioner of the Transvaal and Natal, and to supersede Lord Chelmsford. Frere was naturally hurt by this slight, but his patriotism made him stay on to help the colonists.

Sir Garnet arrived at Cape Town on June 28th, but Chelmsford won the battle of Ulundi on July 5th, before the general could reach the seat of war.

The Zulus had been subdued for the time; but the Basutos were, some of them, in rebellion under a chief, Morosi, who was strongly entrenched in a hill-fort. Sir Garnet did not feel himself able to detach soldiers to help the colonial troops, and the fort was only taken at great cost of men and money.

In April 1880 Mr. Gladstone came into power with a large majority, and it was doubted if he would retain the Transvaal.

Meanwhile the Basutos, who had been attached to the Cape Colony in 1871, and had prospered peaceably, earning wages for a few months each year at the Kimberley mines, were swaggering about with guns, but doing no harm to their neighbours.

However, Morosi's rebellion had called attention to them,

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and it was debated in the Cape Parliament whether they should be disarmed or no. Other tribes had been disarmed ; why should the Basutos be privileged ? They would be paid the price of arms surrendered, and licenses to carry arms would be given in special cases.

On the other hand, it was pleaded, the Basutos had always behaved discreetly. They were proud of the right to bear arms, and would be made discontented if the Disarming Act were set in force. Also the French missionaries were encouraging the Basutos to stand up for their rights ; and in England the Aborigines Protection Society and the Radicals took the part of the Basutos.

In June 1880 the Cape Premier attended the Petso, or General Council, in Basutoland, and saw a force of some 8000 mounted natives, disciplined, excellent horsemen. He shuddered at the thought of a rebellion breaking out amongst these men.

Several persons in the Free State, which adjoins Basutoland, were selling the Basutos guns and encouraging them to revolt.

Frere was persuaded against his inclinations to proclaim disarmament, having before his eyes the late savage raids of the Zulus. The Basuto chief, Letsea, and his more civilised followers obeyed the proclamation ; but the party of the witch-doctor and the savage, preferring war and plunder to industry and work, resisted the order.

These latter were aware of the sympathy of the missionaries and some of the English, and were thus prompted to make war upon their chief, Letsea, under the leadership of his son Lerothodi. They killed many loyal natives and stole their property, and actually ordered the magistrates to quit the country ! And the discontent spread into East Griqualand and Pondoland ; but resistance on the part of the colonists was disapproved of by the English Government.

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The result of this was a Basuto war which lasted three years.

In June 1880 ninety members of Parliament presented a memorial to Mr. Gladstone asking for the recall of Sir Bartle Frere.

The sorrows of the natives loomed so largely in men's minds at home that they forgot to think about the awful perils of the colonists.

The first step taken was to discontinue in June Frere's special allowance of £2000 a year. In August, Lord Kimberley sent Frere a telegraphic despatch to announce his recall on the ground of divergence of views between him and her Majesty's Government.

The English people then began to breathe freely. They had recalled from motives of humanity to the black savages the man who had the most tender sympathy for the weak and oppressed.

But the people who lived in the midst of these savages heard of his recall with indignation, fear, and sorrow. More than sixty resolutions were passed expressing their regrets and alarm. The colonists in Natal said, "We feel that in you we have had, and shall ever have, a true and earnest friend . . . we confidently believe that when the truth is better known at home justice will be done to your Excellency." There was also a pathetic address from the natives of Mount Coke to Sir Bartle Frere. "Our hearts are very bitter this day. We hear that the queen calls you to England. We have not heard that you are sick ; then why have you to leave us ? By you we now have peace ; we sleep now without fear . . . we have peace by you because God and the queen sent you. Do not leave us !" All the addresses are in the same strain, laying the reason of the recall upon the English Parliament.

However, Sir Hercules Robinson was appointed governor,

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and Sir Bartle left Cape Town in September 1880, his carriage being drawn by sympathising friends through the crowds that had poured in from the country districts to bid him God-speed.

It was **not** the first nor yet the second time that the governors of the Cape had been recalled by the home authorities. It is possible for one man to err, and to need recall ; but when the colonists are unanimous in their verdict that the governor has done right, the probability is that they are correct, and that the man who lives many thousand miles away is mistaken.

In Frere's case neither of the two parties in Parliament cared much how things went in South Africa. If they could have foreseen the future, some of them would have awoke to the sense of their wrong-doing. They did not foresee the Boers' speedy demand for independence, now that British soldiers had died to save them from a Zulu massacre ; they did not foresee the death of Sir George Colley at Majuba and the defeat of his small force ; nor the surrender of the Transvaal to the Boers, with all the ruin of loyal colonists—from which surrender sprang our last Boer War, costing us and our chivalrous colonies so many brave men. But the result of that surrender led to native wars also, for the Boer republic was then too weak to repress marauding adventurers who calmly sliced out large tracts belonging to the Bechuanas and Basutos. After much anarchy and fighting, the British Government were forced to assume the protectorate of Bechuanaland in 1884 ; to do, in fact, what Frere had proposed to do four years before.

Then as to Zululand, the ministers in England allowed the country to pass into anarchy and civil war. They who thought they knew best what to do sent back Cetewayo from England to take up his kingship. Within a week of his return he was attacked by a rival chief, 6000 of his men

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were killed, together with many women and children, and Cetewayo surrendered to the British Resident at Ekowe.

On Frere's arrival at Southampton a deputation of Cape merchants presented him with an address of regret at his recall.

The much abused governor had been wondering if party politicians might not seek to treat him like Clive and Warren Hastings, and put him to the ruinous expense of a trial.

But there was one lady in the land who knew from his letters what he had tried to do, and who was not afraid to show her sympathy. Queen Victoria saw Frere at Balmoral, heard all his story, and healed his wounds by kindest sympathy.

As time went on, the Colonial Office, finding Sir Bartle harboured no bitterness of feeling, consulted him on various questions ; though a section of the Press still attacked him with their old virulence. The old statesman made no reply, uttered no word of complaint, but those who knew him best saw that he suffered. His last public appearance was at a meeting of the Universities Mission. The next day he caught a chill, and after sixteen weeks of illness, a short rally and increased weakness, he fell asleep in May 1884.

"I have looked down into the great abyss," he said to a friend, "but God has *never* left me through it all."

This was a nobler saying than the "*Tirez le rideau : la farce est jouée*" of Voltaire.

The time has surely come when Englishmen can now push aside political prejudice and admire the courage, chivalry, and gentleness of a great servant of his queen.¹

¹ From Martineau's *Life*, by kind permission of Sir Bartle Frere and Mr. Murray.

CHAPTER XVIII

CECIL RHODES

CECIL JOHN RHODES was born in the Vicarage of Bishop's Stortford on July 5, 1853, and he died on March 26, 1902. Forty-nine years sufficed for a penniless lad to succeed in adding to the British Empire a tract of country nearly as large as all Europe, omitting Russia.

What he has done to shape the future history of the world none of us can yet realise ; it may be beyond human calculation. For even if our statesmen of the future throw away the heritage which Rhodes has left us, some other European Power will benefit by the civilising influences which the Chartered Company, inspired by Cecil Rhodes, has introduced into a land formerly given up to wild animals. And it was no vulgar ambition to win wealth and power that urged our hero to contend for expansion of territory. He had seen the unspeakable misery of the unemployed in England, and he had noted the wide and healthy domain which South Africa opened out for the worker. His ideal was to be a missionary of pleasant homes—English homes under better conditions than are found in the British Isles. How he realised that ideal we have been helped to ascertain by several good biographies, notably by that written by an "Imperialist" (Messrs. Chapman & Hall), and by the large life by the Hon. Sir Lewis Michell (Edward Arnold).

It is surprising how many men of mark have been sons of the clergy ; England and the world would have lost much,

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as Europe loses, by the enforced celibacy of the clergy. The simple life of poor gentlemen seems to beget a finer, more persistent type of character than the life of the rich.

Cecil Rhodes was sent at the age of eight as a day-boy to the Bishop's Stortford Grammar School, where he gained a classical scholarship. It is remarkable that the future financier should have shown then no mathematical talent. He has been described by a schoolfellow as "a delicate, golden-haired little fellow." At the age of sixteen he left school and worked privately with his father, who saw that the dreamy, imaginative lad was ill-fitted for a city life, and shipped him off to Natal, whither his elder brother, Herbert, had gone to grow cotton.

"Another boy disposed of—and God grant he may do well!"

But the 200 acres at Lion's Kloof, near Richmond, nearly beggared the lads, whose first crop was a grand failure.

"Never mind, Herbert; let us not be beaten! Cotton *can* be grown!"

Next year their difficulties were met and mastered, and the brothers even won a prize at the agricultural show.

This first success burnt itself deep into Cecil's brain; for in after years, when his friends chaffed him about his chimerical projects, he would reply, "So they said when Herbert and I proposed to grow cotton." But ever in the fields, or under the stoep, Cecil was wishing he could scrape money enough to go to Oxford and take a degree.

In 1870 a prospecting party, including Herbert Rhodes, found a diamond bed on the Vaal River, and later another at Kimberley. Herbert begged his brother to give up farming and come to Kimberley; so the lad joined his elder brother in November 1871, and set to work to win a second prize. It was a rough life—sleeping in a tent, sitting at a table sorting diamonds in the open air, keeping a sharp eye on

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the Kaffirs who were breaking up the yellow earth, sifting the small gravel, picking out the rough shining gems—all in the dust and heat of blazing Griqualand. It was a life of toil tempered by pleasing anticipations of wealth.

Herbert was restless and wanted to sell his claim, but Cecil meant it to be a success. He was at this time tall, pleasant-mannered, and clever, but sometimes odd and abstracted, and apt to contradict sharply. In fact, he believed strongly in himself; a quality very useful to one who would rise in the world. For your fellow-men never rate you above your own estimation, until you have gone down into the grave; and then it is a week too late, as the old saw quaintly hath it.

Very soon hunting called Herbert away with the witchery of the veldt; he sold his claim to Cecil, and Frank, another brother, came to the mine. Then the brothers set to and worked hard; in the evenings they talked and thought over the best plan of action. It was agreed between them that the owners of the mines ought to amalgamate, and the prices should be regulated by restricting the amount of diamonds offered for sale. When diamonds are too plentiful fine ladies will not care to wear them. But in all the money-making Cecil still hankered after Oxford. So, in 1873, being now twenty years old, the young miner travelled back to England, and, after seeing his kinsfolk, came to Oxford.

One story says that he was hesitating between University College and Oriel, and tossed up a shilling to decide the matter.

But Sir Lewis Michell tells us that he called upon the master of University College, who promptly inquired if he intended to read for honours. Rhodes replied that he could not afford the time, as he was engaged in business in South Africa.

The learned master smiled, and counselled him, with just

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a twinkle in his eyes, to try at Oriel: "I think Oriel is a more appropriate college for you, Mr. Rhodes. I bid you good morning."

The master's eyes would have twinkled less merrily if he could have foreseen that his lofty recommendation of Oriel to a mere pass-man was to lose his own college £100,000!

But Cecil Rhodes was only a young and rather ill-dressed colonist; Oriel no doubt was just the college for him.

There seems to have been a brusque schoolboy manner about him still; he was shy and apt to answer curtly, so that at first men thought him a bear. "He was unyielding," said one of his college friends; "he trod on me, but I gradually got to understand him."

They used to chaff him about his "Long Vac." trips to South Africa.

"Ah! yes, you fellows will be surprised one day—there will be developments there before long."

"Developments! why, Rhodes, are you going to grow out of your clothes?"

"I hope so," he would say dreamily.

No doubt they got him to train for the "Eight," he was so tall and muscular; but at the end of his first year he caught a chill after rowing, and went back to his diamond mine with a lung affected.

But in a year or two he was back at Oriel and took his degree in 1881, having read his books on the veldt, in the jolting Cape-cart, and as he watched the niggers breaking up the ore.

Sir Charles Warren remembers riding on a post-cart to Kimberley about the year 1877. There was a young English lad with him who kept diligently reading his prayer-book, and Warren, who was himself going up to make out the boundary of the Free State, thought to himself, "Poor devil! he is training for a missionary, no doubt." On the

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third day he could conceal his curiosity no longer. "What are you so busy reading, I wonder?"

"The thirty-nine articles, sir!" blurted out Rhodes.

"Not a very interesting subject," said the middle-aged man.

"Got to learn 'em all, sir; a way they have at Oxford."

Then the two men began a friendship that lasted long, and discussed the troubles of mine-owners—the floods, the earth-falls, heavy taxation—so that Warren exclaimed: "One would think that you were a mine-owner rather than an Oxford undergraduate enjoying his 'Long'!"

"I am both, sir; my firm is Rhodes, Rudd, & Alderson, and I am Rhodes."

So, first with Rudd and then with Alfred Beit, he mined and traded, made money, and pondered how best to spend it for England's sake.

As he said, "I read the history of other countries and saw that expansion was everything; and that, the world's surface being limited, the great object of present humanity should be to take as much of the world as it possibly could."

His first will, made in 1877, when he was in his twenty-fifth year, and the mine was going through troublous times, proves the strength of his ideals. For he bequeathed to the Secretary of State for the Colonies several millions (which he did not possess) to establish a secret society, the true aim and object whereof should be the extension of British rule throughout the world; there was to be also a system of colonial representation in the British Parliament.

We have not yet reached the latter reform, and Cecil's will still seems to us somewhat Utopian.

In 1878 Rhodes first met Dr. Jameson at Kimberley, who had come to settle in practice as a doctor.

They shared lodgings and meals, rode out together, ex-

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changed views on all things under heaven, and discussed the dreams of the young mine-owner.

"I soon admitted to myself that for sheer natural power I had never met a man to come near Cecil Rhodes."

For Rhodes had then thought out most of the projects which he succeeded in translating into action. He was not only a man of ideas, he was never happy until he had carried them out into deeds; and first of all came the amalgamation of the diamond mines.

For until that time there was a cut-throat competition going on between the forty companies and one thousand properties that held land or shares, and to consolidate these took both time and money.

It was not until 1880 that he was able to register the De Beers Mining Company. But in the same year Mr. Barnet Isaacs founded the Barnato Mining Company, and began buying up claims in opposition to Rhodes. By 1887 these two companies had swallowed up all the smaller. There was a third large company, the *Compagnie Française*: this company Rhodes bought out for £1,400,000. He then offered the French claims to Barnato at cost price—payment to be made in Barnato's Kimberley shares.

This seemed good; but when Barnato had bought the French shares he found that Rhodes held too large a share in his own company!

"Rhodes was a great man," grumbled Barnato, "for he bested me."

In 1880 Rhodes entered the Cape Parliament and began by making friends with Jan Hofmeyer, the leader of the *Africander Bond*, with the idea of getting Dutch help to push north and expand the Empire.

They were both protectionists, and Rhodes undertook to defend the protection system of Cape Colony, while Hofmeyer pledged himself in the name of the *Bond* not

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to throw any obstacles in the way of northern expansion. This bargain was loyally observed until Kruger stepped in and influenced the Bond to covert rebellion.

In 1882 the Basutos were giving trouble—"Chinese Gordon" had been called in to settle the quarrel and make peace. Rhodes, the member for Barkly West, had been sent up as one of the Compensation Commission to compensate the loyal natives who had lost their all in the war for having sided with the Cape Government.

Gordon and Rhodes thus were thrown much into one another's society; they took long walks together, and the biography by "Imperialist" (Chapman & Hall) recounts some of those interesting conversations.

Both men were apt to lay down the law, and Rhodes, who seems to have been unaware that he was in the company of a great man, did not scruple to contradict Gordon.

"You always contradict me," said Gordon once; "I never met such a man for his own opinion. You think your views are always right, and every one else wrong."

Rhodes said little at the time, but when the Basutos came in their thousands to greet Gordon as a great chief, Rhodes pretended to see a fault in Gordon's manner. "You are letting those Basutos take you for the great man and pay no attention to Sauer; it is true Sauer is only a village attorney, but he is Secretary for Foreign Affairs and a member of the Government which employs you."

The taunt sank deep into Gordon's humble heart. At the very next "indaba" Gordon stood forth before the chiefs and said, "You do wrong to treat me as the great chief of the whites"; and pointing to Mr. Sauer, he shouted, "That is the great man. I am only his servant, only his dog; nothing more."

After the "indaba" was over Gordon sighed and said to Rhodes, "I did it because it was the right thing—but—but it was hard, very hard."

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Rhodes was astonished, we hope, at his pleasantries being taken so seriously ; he must have felt he was in the presence of a power different from his own, and higher. Rhodes could earn wealth and spend it wisely ; he could foresee the use of such material things as land and diamonds, and set himself to enlarge the bounds of his country's Empire ; but here was a man who thought little of material blessings in comparison with spiritual wealth. This man he had urged to humble himself before his inferiors ; let us hope that the younger man felt some shame for what he had done.

Gordon perhaps perceived that his companion did not know his antecedents, for he began to tell him of the Taiping rebellion in China. "I was thirty years old then (it was in 1863) and could afford to dash about madly ; but it took some crushing, I can tell you. The Emperor of China offered me a roomful of gold as a reward."

"What did you do ?" asked Rhodes.

"Refused it, of course ; what would you have done ?"

"I would have taken it," said Rhodes with a laugh, "and as many more roomfuls as they would give me. It is no use, sir, for us to have big ideas if we have not got the money to carry them out."

"What are you going to do, Rhodes, when you have finished your compensation work ?"

"Oh ! I must go back to Kimberley and look after the diamond mines."

"Stay with me in Basutoland," said Gordon ; "we can work together."

"No, no ! my work is mapped out for me at Kimberley."

Gordon urged him to stay, but Rhodes shook his head and said "No."

"Well, Rhodes, there are very few men in the world to whom I would make such an offer—very few men, I can tell you ; but of course you will have your own way."

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Gordon no doubt saw the good points in Rhodes and wished to serve him.

Rhodes was hardly able to appreciate his companion's greatness, for Gordon was moving on a higher plane. He was forty-nine, and had exercised almost royal powers in the Sudan; had been often alone with God in the desert, and had suffered many things because of man's cruelty and wickedness. Gordon was destined to suffer again in South Africa, for after Rhodes left him he went up to the Basuto chief and was conducting negotiations for peace when the news came that the Cape Government were sending up troops through Sauer to take the Basutos unawares. Then the righteous man of God, in indignation at such double-dealing, threw up his command and went back to England.

The Basutos—perhaps we are not much interested in them yet, but they are a strong and brave people, who voluntarily put themselves into our charge and protection. They used to work for white men, and get their wages in the shape of guns and ammunition. Therefore, when the Cape Government demanded these guns, they were naturally full of anger, and went to war for the possession of that which they had worked for. In the Boer War, if the Basutos had not been neutral, we should have had a difficult nut to crack, for they possess a strong mounted force, and their country is mountainous.

There is one more thing to be said. An officer just returned from Natal told the writer that the next war on our hands would be with the Basutos! If they would not work, they must be made to work! In this year, 1882, Rhodes got the cession of half Bechuanaland, for the Bechuanas preferred the protection of the British to the freebooting of the Boers. The Cape refused it, but Rhodes got the governor to induce the home Government to take it.

But his experience of the difficulties raised by govern-

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ments before they would establish protectorates convinced him that the best plan to carry out his policy of expansion was to create a chartered company. It was time he began, for President Kruger was sending out expeditions to occupy the best parts of Zululand and Bechuanaland. But Rhodes in the Cape Parliament secured the latter province by sending Sir Charles Warren to expel the intruders, though in all other respects he always tried to be on good terms with the Boers.

By 1888 Rhodes had made a great fortune, and was becoming one of the chief personages in the Parliament. He used his power to obtain a royal charter for his company, of which he became the manager, and in 1890 was made premier, and remained in that position, in alliance with Mr. Hofmeyer and the *Africander Bond*.

We cannot follow all the mazes of politics by which Rhodes saved Matabeleland from the clutches of Kruger, nor the journeys to London to get the help of the greatest financiers, nor the sending of Dr. Jameson to Lobengula to get a concession of his mineral rights in return for an income and a supply of rifles, nor recount how he wished to buy Delagoa Bay from the Portuguese; but the home Government cared not for it, though the possession of it would have made a Boer War impossible. This man's mind was open to wide surveys, and ministers, who must ever be attending to the petty intrigues of party government, can seldom appreciate such large ideals. However, Rhodes could not wait until British ministers were educated. He raised a force of 500 police and 200 pioneers, and began to cut a road to Mashonaland through bush and forest.

The Matabele king sent to forbid the making of a road, but the pioneers, led by Dr. Jameson and Mr. Selous, pushed on till they came out of the forest and reached the plateau of Mashonaland. Here, in 1891, Dr. Jameson became

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administrator, and was a great success owing to his unselfishness and sympathy.

But suddenly the Matabele pushed their cruel raids up to Victoria, the new capital, for the Mashonas lacked spirit to defend themselves. Conflicts with the native police stirred Lobengula to wrath, and more raids were made. At this time the funds of the Chartered Company were low, but Rhodes assisted to pay for the defence out of his private purse, as he had done for constructing the Mafeking railway, and the Beira railway, and the Trans-Continental telegraph.

Dr. Jameson took command of the 900 Europeans, and fought two battles against the Matabele. In the latter, on the Imbebesi, the Matabele charged his laager assegai in hand, meaning to break through and massacre every man within the laager; but machine-guns and rifles mowed the brave natives down, and Lobengula lost about 7000 of his best men. The colonists moved on to Bulawayo and took it. Lobengula fled, and was pursued by Major Forbes.

In order to catch the king, Major Wilson with thirty-eight men made a brilliant dash in front of the colonists and advanced right up to the royal waggon, but they were forced back by superior numbers, and were obliged to make a stand on the Shangani River, forming a barricade of their horses' bodies. As the black hordes pressed round, the few survivors at the last, unwilling to abandon their wounded, stood up and sang "God Save the Queen," and so gave up their lives for the expansion of our Empire. After the war Jameson's volunteers were disbanded and selected farms, and Bulawayo soon became a thriving English city.

Rhodes and Jameson both treated the Boers well, and many of these useful farmers settled on the healthy uplands of Mashonaland. They also provided for the good treatment of the natives by prohibiting the use of the whip and the selling of alcoholic liquor to them. The putting down

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of witchcraft and its horrible attendant cruelties, the stopping of Matabele raids even as far as the Zambezi, the substitution of regular labour for idleness and rapine, form a good enough reason for our taking so large a country under our protection.

The *Pax Britannica* is no idle imitation of Roman times. It exists for the good of the weaker and the ignorant.

The Chartered Company, under the chairmanship of Rhodes, sent £10,000 a year to help Sir Harry Johnston in his civilising work in the Central Africa Protectorate. By this help an excellent force of Sikhs and Zanzibaris subdued the slave-dealing chiefs and put a stop to the atrocious cruelties exercised on the gentler tribes.

Yet in London many newspapers spoke against Rhodes as an adventurer pursuing selfish ends. They neither knew what he was doing nor what he was in himself. But time tries all.

In 1895 the large population of Johannesburg, mostly British, had appealed to the Transvaal Government under Kruger for a change in the severe laws passed against the "Uitlanders."

For these hard-working foreigners paid nearly nineteen-twentieths of the taxation, and were not represented at all. The Uitlanders—doctors, lawyers, and working classes—demanded equal rights with the Dutch. They did not see why they alone should be made to pay taxes on food and clothing; why they should have to pay for Boer schools and get no help for their own.

All their petitions were received with derision, and the Dutch openly insulted them, and challenged them to fight for the suffrage.

At last the Uitlanders appealed to Cecil Rhodes to help them; but he had always been on good terms with the Dutch in the Cape, and hesitated to take so great a risk and perhaps lose half his influence.

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But when Dr. Jameson, his great friend, after mixing with the miners and workmen, reported to Cape Town that the people were ready to rise in rebellion, Rhodes promised to help the Reform Committee, though the capitalists generally would have nothing to do with the movement.

President Kruger was determined to show that he was master. He began by quadrupling the rates on all goods coming from Cape Colony to the Rand, for he wished to divert the traffic to his own railroad from Delagoa Bay. When the goods were taken out on the frontier and placed on waggons to be hauled to Johannesburg, Kruger closed the drifts or fords where carts could cross the deep-banked rivers. Mr. Chamberlain, Secretary to the Colonies, threatened war. President Kruger reopened the drifts, but sent embassies to Germany.

Meanwhile Dr. Jameson had been collecting men and arms, yet he did not estimate rightly the warlike preparations of the Boers.

The reformers had resolved to try to surprise the Boer arsenal, but some one informed Kruger, and it could not be attempted.

Rhodes, hearing this, advised the reformers to wait: "You can try peaceful methods first, and I can keep Jameson on the frontier," he said. But Jameson did not understand this soon enough; owing to the delay of a telegram he had started for the Transvaal.

Rhodes had telegraphed: "On no account must you move; I most strongly object to such a course," but Dr. Jameson did not get the message in time. Jameson first ordered the wires to Pretoria to be cut, but the troopers sent to do this got drunk instead, and Kruger heard of the invasion.

Jameson wasted one day in attacking Krugersdorp; then next morning a guide took him and his party into a spruit

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where there was no cover. Horses and men were tired out ; the Boers were waiting for them with Krupp guns loaded ; their friends in Johannesburg, twenty thousand valiant men, knew not what was happening. Jameson was in an impossible position, and was forced to surrender, to the indignation of the Johannesburg reformers, who had had no chance of fighting.

When Rhodes heard this news on Sunday, December 29th, he was for a time crushed ; thought his political life was ruined, and that all his schemes for extending the Empire were overthrown. But his anxiety for his friend Dr. Jameson was greater than his fears for himself. He was ready to take all the responsibility on his own shoulders.

"Poor old Jameson," he said ; "twenty years we have been friends, and now he goes in and ruins me. I cannot hinder him ; I cannot destroy him."

It was at this time that the German Kaiser sent his telegram of congratulation to Kruger on the repulse of "Jameson's Raid."

Great was the indignation in England, and a flying squadron was at once commissioned, for it was discovered that Germany had asked permission of Portugal to land marines at Delagoa Bay.

When, in 1899, Rhodes was asked by the Kaiser his opinion on that telegram, Rhodes replied—

"I will tell your Majesty in a few words : it was the greatest mistake you ever made in your life ; but you did me the best turn one man ever did another."

As to the Johannesburg folk, the High Commissioner at Cape Town had issued a proclamation ordering them to give no help to Jameson. But Jameson and his men had been taken to Pretoria, and the leaders were thrown into prison on a charge of high treason, and sentenced to death. Kruger afterwards commuted this to a fine of £25,000 for

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each leader. Others also were fined, and President Kruger netted some £212,000, which he called inflicting a "nominal punishment."

Meanwhile Cecil Rhodes had resigned his position as premier, and retired to the seclusion of his mountain home, Groote Schuur, where he brooded over the way of the world—the tendency to strike at a man when he is down.

He was summoned to England, and had interviews with Mr. Chamberlain and the directors of the Chartered Company; but as the trials at Pretoria were not yet over, he preserved a discreet reticence.

Rhodes soon returned to Rhodesia, having resigned his post as managing director of the Chartered Company. Earl Grey succeeded Dr. Jameson as the chief official of the Chartered Company in Rhodesia.

It was early in 1896 that Rhodes went back to Bulawayo, and set to work to push on the two railways and the northern telegraph, and to encourage the settlers to take up farm ranches.

The natives were quiet until the rinderpest crossed the Zambezi and attacked the cattle in Matabeleland; then a rebellion broke out, which Sir Baden-Powell helped to suppress. We will only add that Rhodes took part in the fighting, and had some narrow escapes. Once he was fired at from the bush at thirty paces—a regular volley—and took things very coolly. At this time some newspapers in London were accusing Rhodes of being a coward.

When the Imperial troops under General Carrington could do no more than drive the Matabele from kopje to kopje, and Rhodes saw that to bring the war to an end by force would ruin the company, while it was absurd to think the Indunas would come down to Bulawayo to be tried for their lives, as Sir R. Martin had ordered, he stepped forward and offered to go unarmed to the Matoppos and meet the Matabele chiefs.



RHODES AND THE MATABELE WARRIORS

Rhodes listening to the grievances of the Matabele.

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He accordingly moved his unarmed camp up to the foothills of the Matoppos, not far from the Impis of the Matabele. This he did in order to inspire trust in the Indunas, though friends shook their heads sagely and said, "Poor Rhodes will be speared some night before long."

However, one noon, John Grootboom, the well-known Xosa Kaffir, came into Rhodes' camp and told him that a great indaba, or council, was to be held a few miles off in the hills—if the white chief and his interpreter, Johan Colenbrander, would come to the indaba, they would be welcome.

Rhodes at once seized the opportunity. He took Colenbrander, Dr. Hans Sauer, and Captain Stent, and two natives, and entered the winding path that leads through granite kopjes and thick scrub up into the Matoppos. Rhodes carried no weapon, only a switch; in this he was perhaps imitating Gordon, who carried only a cane through the Taiping war in China.

At last they came through a narrow gorge into a small level space surrounded by lofty walls of rock; the Matabele warriors were sitting on the heights and behind the boulders above the amphitheatre. When Rhodes dismounted, the Matabele came down in single file, headed by a white flag, and sat down round the four white men. Rhodes, sitting on the side of an ant-heap, greeted them in Zulu, and the Indunas responded courteously.

Then Colenbrander addressed the chiefs: "Tell your troubles to Rhodes, your father. He has come among you unarmed, with peace in his heart." At this the Indunas, one by one, began to explain their grievances; of which the chief was the misconduct of the native police, who lorded it over them, misused the women, and seized the cattle.

"There shall be no more native police," said Rhodes by the interpreter. Then they spoke of the killing of their

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cattle, and it was explained how this was done to stamp out the rinderpest ; at which they murmured.

Then Rhodes and Colenbrander whispered and murmured together.

“No ! no !” said the interpreter ; “it is too dangerous to say that.”

But Rhodes insisted.

“The white chief is not angry with you for fighting ; but why did you kill the women and children ? For this, he says, you deserve no forgiveness.”

There was a long silence. Would the chief Induna raise his hand and order the daring white chief to be put to death ?

At last Rhodes raised his head, and, looking the Indunas in the face, said, “Now, is it peace, or is it war ?”

One of the Indunas held up a stick and threw it down at the feet of Rhodes, crying, “See ! this is my gun ; I throw it down at your feet ; this is my assegai !” and all the Indunas assented.

Then Rhodes went on, telling them that unless peace was made at once the time for sowing would be over, and famine would come. “I will remain with you in the land, and you can come to me with your troubles.”

This was loudly applauded ; they all cried, “It is peace. Your road to Tuli is safe. Farewell, father and king,” they shouted, lifting right hands on high.

Rhodes had risked his life for England and the cause of peace. He had treated the Kaffirs as reasonable men ; he had trusted them, and begotten a new trust in him.

For eight weeks Rhodes stayed in his camp by the Matoppos, and received repeated visits from the Indunas, and earned their respect.

Earl Grey came to the last indaba, and made the Indunas salaried officials of the company and responsible for the good conduct of the men. It was cheaper than employing native

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police, and wiser to rule the natives by their own natural leaders.

Thus a proud and valiant people, instead of being annihilated by machine-guns, have begun an upward progress to higher things.

After performing this beneficial and daring act in the Matoppos, Rhodes was summoned to Westminster to be examined before a select committee of the House.

A great reception was given him at Port Elizabeth and at Kimberley, and even by the Dutch, who knew that Rhodes was against all race-feeling, and welcomed any of them that went to Rhodesia.

The Boers had already forgiven him his mistake in connection with Johannesburg and the raid ; but many men and parties in England, who knew not what good Rhodes had done, were still loudly calling for his disgrace and punishment. They did not see that President Kruger was the prime cause of the rebellion against Boer authority by his unjust taxes, tyranny, and hostility.

We need not follow Rhodes' life further. Most of us can remember how he threw himself into Kimberley at the last moment when it was being besieged, and how he joined heart and soul in the defence, and placed all the resources of the De Beers mines at the disposal of the queen's officers.

But he never recovered his health after that, and died on March 26, 1902, in his house in South Africa.

Dr. Jameson has shown how Rhodes cared for the natives and trusted them, both in their wild homes and in the Kimberley mines. Rhodes liked to be with them, and on Sunday afternoons used to go into the De Beers compound, where he had constructed a large swimming-bath, and throw in coins for the natives to dive for. He could talk to them in their language, and they regarded him as a kind of father.

At Groote Schuur his servants were all natives, some

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coming as far as from Matabeleland. Two of Lobengula's sons were at school near his house, and had the run of his grounds.

Rhodes seemed to regard the natives as children, to be loved but kept in order. In return they trusted him, and knew that amongst white men none was so true a friend as the big white chief, Cecil Rhodes.

Yet a Londoner, on meeting at club or hotel the tall, heavily-built, carelessly-dressed man, might not discern in him at first the far-seeing statesman, the founder of great colonies. The sunburnt face and dreamy grey eyes did not betoken the energy and will-power that resisted all the obstacles that mean men place in the way of reformers. But the strong chin and firm mouth, drooping at the corners to good-natured sarcasm ; the sudden interest in a subject akin to his sympathies ; the quick striding up and down the room ; the words leaping forth sharp and to the point—all might convince an onlooker that here was no conventional follower of social customs, but a bluff, downright doer of deeds, regardless of the world's opinion.

The Kaiser soon found out the sterling worth of the man, and held long conversations with him ; though he might have felt that Rhodes had, more than any one, hindered Germany's expansion. Yet the Kaiser was impressed by his greatness, for they were both men of vivid imagination, both men of impetuous action. Rhodes, though so rich, lived a simple life, and the only expensive tastes he had were for helping England to conquer the wilds of Africa, by road-making, railways, telegraphs, and education. His last will proves his unselfish benevolence, and the Rhodes scholars at Oxford are placed there at his expense mainly to develop a better feeling of goodwill between Germany, England, and America.

We have shown how Rhodes stopped a war by going

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unarmed amongst the Matabele ; but the way in which he opposed Sir Richard Martin, who was bent on making the Indunas come down for trial, proves his courage quite as much. For Rhodes knew that the Indunas would never submit to being tried, and he solemnly warned Sir Richard that if he persisted in his terms and began war again with the natives, he would have to fight the premier of Cape Town too. "My honour and my pledged word are at stake ; if you persist, I will go into the Matoppos, cast in my lot with the natives, and live with them."

Happily, Sir Richard gave way ; the natives were trusted, and have loyally kept the compact which they made with the "Great White Chief."

That instance of unbending resolution was speedily followed by unbounded generosity, for after the war was over the natives were in danger of starving, but Rhodes gave £50,000 out of his private purse for Earl Grey to buy corn and other necessities.

How dearly Rhodes loved Dr. Jameson is shown by the following story.

One day a friend approached Rhodes and remarked, "I am afraid a terrible thing has happened, Rhodes. What is it? Why, Groote Schuur has been burned down." "Thank God !" was the reply ; "I thought you were going to tell me that old Jameson was dying."¹

And now the body that enshrined this great soul lies far away among the hills of the Matoppos.

¹ From the *Life*, by "Imperialist," by kind permission of the Author and Messrs. Chapman & Hall.

CHAPTER XIX

J. T. BENT, F.S.A., AND MASHONALAND

THERE are heroes of science as well as of action. Before we leave South Africa we must devote a few pages to the work of Mr. and Mrs. Bent in exploring the ruined cities of Mashonaland.

The Ruined Cities, published by Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. in 1892, gives an interesting account of their travels and discoveries.

They left Vryburg in March 1891, with two waggons, thirty-six oxen, and tinned food in mountainous heaps, and in a week arrived at Mafeking. Here they were detained by rains some days; then on through a treeless country, laid bare by the cutting down of timber for the Kimberley mines. Progress was not very rapid, as the waggons had to be unloaded and dug out of spruits, bogs, and rivers six times or more.

As they advanced north towards Khama's country they heard that lung sickness was prevalent, and were obliged to have the oxen inoculated. This was done by passing a string steeped in the virus through the animals' tails by a needle. The oxen, not being scientific, deeply resented the operation, but being fastened two and two by the horns their protests were "mooed" in vain.

At Kanya they found the chief, Batuen, and his dark people so devoted to the teaching of the missionaries that an order was posted at the entrance of the town to the effect that no waggons might enter or leave Kanya on Sunday.

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Any one who breaks this law pays a fine of one ox for the profit of the community.

The huts here were grouped into circular kraals of ten each, hedged in by palisades and surrounded by larger fenced enclosures.

The town was set on a hill, having a circular piazza for meetings planted with shady trees. Many women lay lazily about, teaching their children to sing and dance, and all very merry ; for they now had no Boers or Matabele to fear, being under British protection. Soldiers were parading before the chief's house, quaintly clad in old red coats and soft hats decorated with ostrich feathers. Their bare, black legs gave a touch of nature to the military garb above. After Kanya the scenery grew more undulating and wooded, being diversified by red granite kopjes.

But soon they got into the eastern side of the Kalahari desert, a country covered with camel-thorn and bushes whose roots go deep to find water. Like the bush of Australia, the land will be fertile when artesian wells bring the water to the surface.

The few natives who live in the desert seem timid and shy. They carry poisoned arrows to kill game with, make a grass shelter at night, and live on worms, snakes, and roots. They venerate the crocodile, and refrain from harming that animal.

It was a long journey to Khama's land through tangles of mimosa thorn and "wait-a-bit" thorn, relieved only by lovely flowers and ant-hills tapering fifteen feet high, varied by black spiders weaving their webs from tree to tree, by puff-adders and green tree snakes coiled in the grass. At night you heard the baboons scream and the jackals laugh, and you longed for dawn.

Khama, one of the black heroes of Africa, a king who has visited London and seen many cities, was no sooner pro-

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tected by the British than he moved his capital from Shoe-hong, which lay in a deep ravine entered by a single gorge, to Palapwe, sixty miles away in the midst of an open, fertile plain. Fifteen thousand people were moved in good order under Khama's directions, and now the old capital lies overgrown with the castor-oil plant, while the long poles that fenced the cattle-kraals have sprouted, and the yards have become groves. Here, in the rooms where Moffat and Livingstone once stayed, only baboons and owls are the tenants in chief, and you can't see the city for the thorns.

Mr. Bent had heard so much of Khama's enlightened government that he tells us he advanced towards Palapwe fully prepared to find this Christian chief a rascal and a hypocrite; but he left his capital, after a week's stay there, "one of his most fervent admirers."

For Khama had raised his people to the level of Norwegian honesty. They steal no more, neither do they cheat; so our explorer assures us. The tyrannical king, abhorred by socialists, regulates all prices, and sees to it that his laws are kept. When his subjects are unemployed they can bask under the fine trees that cover the slopes of the hill; or if they wish to see life and hear wise sentences they have only to enter the grassy square where the king and his Indunas sit in council under the tree of justice, and a purling brook runs at their feet and sings a song of mercy and judgment.

High on the hill lives the spiritual adviser of the king—no witch-doctor or medicine-man, but good Mr. Hepburn, the accredited missionary, whose grounds are intersected by a deep and cool ravine bursting with tropical vegetation, and echoing to the falls of Foto-foto, a wild stream leaping from the head of the gorge in many a noisy, mad cascade, as it rolls rocks and stones along its winding bottom.

Sunday is almost a Scotch Sabbath in Khama's town, for the king himself conducts a native service, and expects every

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man to do his duty to God by attending at least once. He has even instituted the old monastic system of espionage, and detectives cut a notch on the stick against any loafer who has been tempted by sleep or tobacco to absent himself.

"The Proctor wishes to see you to-morrow at nine," whispers the king's messenger in academic dignity, and the defaulter is fined accordingly.

King Khama was a great ruler, for he had swept away all licensed victuallers. His subjects may neither brew nor drink native beer! Mr. Hepburn himself thought this was too strong a measure of reform, but Khama replied: "Beer is the source of all our quarrels and disputes; I mean to stop it entirely."

Perhaps his prohibition of consulting witch-doctors shows still more strongly the powerful influence this black Christian has had over his people. For the Sechuana still held, along with fragments of Christianity, their belief in good and bad spirits, the latter being sufficiently powerful to require special charms and incantations. Another religious relic is their reverence for the roebuck, a veneration which the king has vainly essayed to weaken by partaking of a haunch or hot shoulder of that animal. Khama was courteous and dignified in manner. He kept a good stud, and rode about like a gentleman, and visited outlying kraals and stores. On his waggons he had painted in English letters, "Khama, Chief of the Ba-mangwato."

Though strict in discipline, he was loved as a father, for he called every woman "my daughter," and every man "my son."

It was curious to note the change in dress which had lately begun. The ladies of the Indunas and head-men stroll about in gaudy cotton dresses, flower hats, and parasols. They giggle with self-conscious shyness as you meet them on an evening promenade. Anon you pass a bevy of working women, nude, save for a loin-cloth of leopard-skin and a

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small kaross, or skin, thrown over their shoulders. Far more picturesque are these latter in their native dress, and their natural modesty needs no outside cover of flaunting rags.

Mr. and Mrs. Bent left Palapwe with regret, and felt nothing but admiration for a chief who had transformed a tribe of cringing cowards into a virtuous, industrious, and loyal people.

Faring northwards our travellers reached the Makalanya, Children of the Sun (Ma, children ; ka, of ; lanyana, the sun), a weak branch of the Zulus.

They were now in a land governed by Rhodes' Chartered Company ; no longer flat and monotonous, but varied by fantastic hills of red granite, deep river-bed, and huge baobab trees centuries old. Here the naked villagers swarmed round their waggons in order to barter flour, honey, and sour milk for beads. The villages were usually perched high amongst stupendous boulders for security against raiding tribes, and the ladies were vain enough to polish their skins like mahogany by chewing the monkey-nut and asking a friend to rub it in by elbow-grease.

Red beads threaded into necklaces looked well on the dark background, and some wore a permanent pattern on their bodies, while the men wore anklets, like the women, and a feather jauntily set in their hair.

A primitive people living in a primitive country ! But as soon as the explorers crossed the Lundi River they were startled by finding strange ruins of a civilised people who had lived in Mashonaland ages ago, had worked gold mines and built fortified cities !

The Lundi river-god seemed to be angry at their daring to cross into this mysterious country, for the rushing torrent swept by strong and foaming ; the waggons had to be unloaded, and the goods had to be ferried over in a boat,

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while the empty waggons were dragged through the brawling torrent by double teams of groaning oxen. The shouts, the crack of the whip, the creaking of the wheels called forth friendly natives from the granite kopjes and baboons from the wooded hills—both alike inquisitive and curious to see the white strangers. On the northern side of the Lundi it was the men who were working in the fields, while the women made pots and granaries and carried water.

Here, too, were iron furnaces in which the natives smelt the iron ore which they dig from the mountain side—an industry perhaps which may have been handed down from the time of Solomon and Hiram.

Fort Victoria is situated on a bare plateau in the midst of swamps, and when our explorers reached it they found fever prevalent and bacon seven shillings a pound. Unused saddles met the eye on all sides, for horse sickness had carried off the poor animals. One man had lost eighty-six horses out of eighty-seven ; but oxen suffer also from mange and swollen legs, or from eating poisonous grasses on the sour veldt.

From Fort Victoria to the scene of the great ruins at Zimbabwe was only fourteen miles, but Mr. Bent's waggons took seven days to accomplish this journey ; trees had to be cut down through thick forests, bridges had to be constructed, and swamps had to be evaded by long detours.

The natives were busy in the woods collecting bark, out of which they make bags and string, quivers and bee-hives.

It was something like the Kentish hop-pickers, for they had brought their wives and children with bags of mealies ; and excellent hairy caterpillars were gathered from the boughs and greedily eaten. At night they lay in close contact round a fire watched by a sentry for fear of wild beasts.

The Makalanyas were found to be honest and courteous,

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but timid and cowardly; they proved intelligent in their work of excavating, and many of them had faces more like the Arab type than the negro. Some might say they were relics of the lost tribes of Israel, for they were monotheists, observed a day of rest, sacrificed a goat to ward off pestilence, and practised circumcision. Their head-rests of wood, their musical instruments and games, their use of sour milk, and certain words in their language, all reminded the white strangers of Egyptian or Arabian customs.

It was not until 6th June 1891 that the ox-waggons arrived at the wilderness of Zimbabwe, whose tall, wavy grass concealed the circular ruins which Mr. and Mrs. Bent had come so far to explore.

Tents were put up and a thick hedge constructed; but in a few days a fire burnt the grass and the huts of the natives, and only extreme efforts beat down the roaring blast before it reached the camp.

Some sixty natives were set to work to cut down the jungle and clear the ruins. The chief in whose territory the ruins lay came down to inspect, and was received with noisy hand-clapping. He had no desire, he said, to oppose the work going on.

Umgabe was fat, tall, dignified, and naked, save for a string of white Venetian beads round his neck and a loin-cloth. He carried a battle-axe adorned with brass wire, and an iron sceptre, the chief's badge of office. Amongst his men were several who had arched noses, thin lips, and refined features generally. Evidently they were the descendants of some civilised race of old who had come so far to find gold.

The diggers were paid wages—one blanket a month; for this they were to work and find themselves in food.

But they were unused to spades and picks; they liked sitting in the sun better than digging. If the weather was wet or cold they became numb and prostrate, and would

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crouch over their fires in despair. But they soon got used to wielding the tools, and in four days had hacked down the trees and jungle within the ruin, singing as they worked and learning to like and trust their white master.

Every day their women brought them paste of millet-meal and dainty store of caterpillars, while crowds of villagers from the heights around brought for sale poultry, milk, and honey, and sweet potatoes; they had also chillies, capers, and monkey-nuts, seeds of which must have been brought into Africa by traders of the olden time.

Umgabe's brother, Ikomo, formed a habit of coming down to spy and see what he could get for himself. He was on one occasion so pleased with a bowl of honey which Mrs. Bent had bought that when she was not looking he plunged his hand in and proceeded to lick his fingers, smiling complacently, to the lady's great disgust.

On pay-day, the natives, men and women, indulged in a wild dance and smacked their legs and stomachs as they capered about in their joy. Then, after each had measured his blanket with his neighbour's, he gaily threw it across his shoulders and went chattering to his hut. Most of these poor people had never owned a blanket before, and on wet days, or in the shade, they visibly suffered in their nakedness.

There are many other ruins in Mashonaland besides that at Zimbabwe, but all built in the same massive style and by the same race; walls constructed of huge blocks of granite without mortar, thirty feet thick at the base and pierced by narrow openings, having a herring-bone course, and generally near to old quartz reefs. The ruins of Zimbabwe are more than three thousand feet above the sea-level; their form is elliptical, like some of the Arabian temples, and the walls are more than thirty feet high; they have three narrow entrances, and are paved at the top with slabs of granite, so as to form an easy promenade.

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Inside are very narrow passages and a perfect labyrinth of lanes ; the main corridor leads to the sacred enclosure on the south-east, which is defended by two towers. There are many monoliths within the circle, sacred stones like those worshipped by the Phœnicians, or our own circles at Stonehenge.

There was no trace of a burying-ground, and this also recalls the Phœnician custom of removing the dead far from the city.

To the south of the temple there was a flight of steps leading down to the gold-smelting furnaces ; but why the men who worked out the gold needed fortifications so huge is still a mystery.

Mr. Swan believes that the religion of the people who constructed this temple was sun-worship ; he notes, too, that the arrangements were for observing only stars of the northern hemisphere, though it would have been easier to have observed the southern constellations. From this he inferred that they came from the north, and had been in the habit of observing the northern stars, and probably came from South Arabia.

Nearly all the objects of interest which were dug up were found in the eastern temple of the fortress, and all decorations were cut out of soap-stone. Birds five feet high and perched on tall columns recalled the hawks and vultures consecrated to Astarte ; bowls decorated with hunting-scenes were discovered, and showed great artistic skill, but the fragments of pottery, black and glazed, were few. All the remains of gold-smelting furnaces were plainly visible ; and it is still an open question whether Mashonaland was the ancient Ophir or land of Punt. It is, however, very probable that some of the "gold of Arabia" came from this country.

We cannot follow Mr. Bent through all his wanderings

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from ruin to ruin ; those who are interested in buried cities cannot do better than read his book, which is well provided with charts and drawings.

There are enough attractions in Mashonaland to tempt thither those who love beauty of scenery, a splendid climate, the mystery of the unknown past, the study of new races of men, strange types of flower and animal, and the chase of wild creatures who prey on other lives—which is the noblest form of hunting for human beings.¹

¹ From Bent's *Ruined Cities in Mashonaland*, by kind permission of Mrs. Bent and Messrs. Longmans.

CHAPTER XX

EVELYN BARING, LORD CROMER, G.C.B., &c.

IT is difficult to select names from the long list of England's heroes who have worked for the world's progress in Africa; but we cannot do better, perhaps, than finish these sketches with some short narration of England's influence for good in the land of the Pharaohs. Amongst the names of Baker, Dufferin, Colvin, Grenfell, Kitchener, Lloyd, Milner, and Vincent—all of whom in their different spheres of labour have done excellent service—we may single out Evelyn Baring as the one who had the greatest power given him to urge on reforms, and who used that power wisely. Foreigners saw us encamped, as it were, in Egypt, and turning a temporary occupation into a long protectorate; and they felt aggrieved, and asked what business we had in that country. Well! why are we there, with an English garrison at Cairo and Egyptian troops led by English officers?

A very brief résumé of events will serve to explain or remind. Egypt was conquered in 640 A.D. by the Saracens under Caliph Omar, by the Turks in 1516, by the French at the end of the eighteenth century. The French were driven out by the British under Abercromby in 1801, and a Turkish force was allowed to take possession under Mehemet Ali Bey, who ruled with vigour, fought his Turkish overlord in Syria, and was by the Sultan acknowledged Viceroy of Egypt. His sons and grandsons succeeded him. Under Said the first cutting of the Suez Canal commenced in 1856;

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then Ismail Pasha launched out into ambitious schemes and unlimited extravagance. Lord Milner in his able book, *England in Egypt*, writes of Ismail thus: "No equally reckless prodigal ever possessed equally unlimited control of equally vast resources. . . . He combined in himself every quality, good as well as bad, that goes to make the ideal squanderer. Luxurious, voluptuous, ambitious, fond of display, devoid of principle, he was at the same time full of the most magnificent schemes for the material improvement of the country."

When Ismail came to the throne in 1863, the debt of Egypt was only three millions; by the end of 1876 that debt had risen to eighty-nine millions! and the taxation of the land had increased fifty per cent.

Ismail had tried hard to make Egypt splendid and prosperous, but he was surrounded by a gang of swindlers, European and Eastern, who preyed upon the country—concession-hunters, loan-mongers, Greek pawnbrokers, Syrian land-grabbers, all battered on the impoverished treasury. Ismail had to borrow money at extravagant rates; more than sixteen millions were spent in making the canal, yet Egypt had no share in the profits when it was completed.

At last the Khedive had to consent to the appointment of a commission in 1878 with full powers to examine into the debt.

The report was so hopeless that Ismail was forced to abdicate under pressure from the British and French governments in 1879, and Tewfik, his son, reigned in his stead.

Then for a time, under the "Dual Control" of France and England, the poor oppressed fellahin, or country-folk, felt some relief. But the army had its grievances; thousands of officers and men had been robbed of their pay, and when Arabi started the revolution in 1882, meaning all to be for his country's good, he could not direct the storm he had

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raised. "Root out the Turks!" "Down with all Copts and Christians!" "Egypt for the Egyptians!"—such were the cries raised by the nationalist party. They seized Alexandria and forced the Khedive to flee for safety. It looked as if a general massacre of Christians was imminent, but in July a British fleet bombarded Alexandria and restored the Khedive; in September Sir Garnet Wolseley stormed the earthworks of Tel-el-Kebir, and Arabi's army melted away and returned to their fields by the great river.

Great Britain, having the ships handy, had gone to Alexandria merely to restore order, for she, by virtue of her enormous trade, was more deeply interested in the stability and order of Egypt than other nations. At first the English Government had expected that Turkey and France would assist in maintaining peace and order; but while they hesitated and discussed, the fire of anarchy and revolt spread so rapidly that if anything were to be done to stay the course of massacre and ruin it must be done at once.

Hence Great Britain stepped in alone and saved Egypt from civil war and ruin, and the Syrians and Copts from slaughter or exile.

But after having done this, the next step was to reform the old Egyptian system, to introduce honest men into public offices, and gradually teach the native officials that every branch of the public service existed for the good of all, and not for the private gain of the officials.

We can now turn to the early life of the man who was to direct and control the new government with the assent of the Khedive.

Evelyn Baring, sprung from a family of German origin, was born in February 1841, the son of Henry Baring and of a daughter of Admiral Windham, having near relations in men who for their commercial and diplomatic distinction had been promoted to the peerage; such were Lord Ash-

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burton, Baron Northbrook, and Lord Revelstoke. Evelyn was sent to the Ordnance School at Carshalton, where the scientific students for the army were educated ; thence he went to Woolwich Academy, and passed out in 1858 for the Artillery. It was a period of peace after the Indian Mutiny, and there seemed little chance for an ambitious officer to win any distinction.

But Evelyn was sent out to Corfu as aide-de-camp to Sir Henry Storks just before the Ionian islands were restored to Greece. Sir Henry was then appointed to preside over a commission to inquire into the Jamaica revolt and Governor Eyre's drastic repression thereof, and he invited Baring to accompany him.

On his return to England, Baring entered the Staff College, where he published a remarkable volume of *Staff College Essays*. Two years were spent in studying for his profession, and in 1873 he was invited by his cousin, Lord Northbrook, the new Viceroy of India, to accompany him as his private secretary. So the trained soldier passed into another sphere of life, and began to study the harder lessons of finance and diplomacy.

He was being educated for his life's work—the regeneration of Egypt. In 1876 Lord Northbrook's viceroyalty came to an end, and Baring was made English commissioner of the Egyptian debt in the following year. He served on this commission for two years, was appointed English controller, with M. de Blignières as his French colleague, and then, in 1880, was made Financial Member of the Council of India. He was now thirty-nine years old and a past-master in the art of dealing with debts, and fraud, and extravagance.

His three years' work in India was considered so valuable that on his return to England he was rewarded by a Knight Commandership of the Star of India, and shortly after

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appointed to succeed Sir Edward Malet as Consul-General at Cairo, with the added rank of Minister-Plenipotentiary in the Diplomatic Service.

The financier had been transformed into a statesman and administrator, though possibly Sir Evelyn did not realise at once how great power he was now enabled to exert for the welfare and progress of Egypt.

He arrived at Cairo on September 11th, just two days after Hicks Pasha started with his army from Khartoum to crush the Mahdi at El-Obeid in the Sudan.

It did not take Sir Evelyn long to discover that the finances of Egypt were as incapable of bearing the strain of war as her soldiers were unfitted to cope with the spearmen of the desert.

But it was too late for him to recall Hicks' army, which had gone on its last march to death and dishonour.

We have the words of O'Donovan to explain the sort of army which Egypt could muster before it had been organised to fight and win by Kitchener. He says: "I am writing this under circumstances which bring me almost as near to death as it is possible to be without being absolutely under sentence of execution . . . in company with cravens that you expect to see run at every moment, and leave you behind . . . to die with a lance-head as big as a shovel through your body."

The news of what happened to General Hicks was long in arriving at Cairo, for none escaped to tell the tale; but it seems that they were surrounded and annihilated by the Dervishes on November 5th. Sir Evelyn promptly advised the home Government that for the present the Sudan should be abandoned, and they instructed the consul-general to insist on this being done, no matter who opposed it.

As a matter of fact, the Prime Minister, Sherif Pasha, had to resign over it, and Nubar Pasha took his place in January 1884.

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The next eighteen months were full of disasters and dangers for England in Egypt. Besides the envy and jealousy of the European Powers, who could see no symptoms of good in our care of Egypt, there were many untoward accidents to harass and perplex the rulers.

General Baker was routed before Tokar; Berber was lost; an expedition to Suakin was not a brilliant success; the Nile campaign and the fall of Gordon at Khartoum ended in our withdrawing our troops from Dongola in 1885.

In consequence of all this the official class at Cairo grew disaffected, for they thought we should gladly "steal out of their presence," and they had found our control sufficiently irksome. The Pashas were angry because their authority over the fellahin had been diminished; the foreign residents had lost many sources of revenue by lending money on high interest; the taxes galled all alike; the peasantry were still deeply in debt, because the tax-gatherer might come any day unexpectedly and demand ready-money, or deal out blows of the *koorbash*. So the poor wretches would borrow at sixty per cent., or have to surrender land and cattle. And when a more just system of collecting the taxes was introduced, then the money-lenders lost their business and raised a howl of disappointed greed.

All the worry and the misunderstandings and the obstinate conservatism of the Egyptian officials had to be endured and resisted by Sir Evelyn Baring, who, however, was backed up by strong and loyal coadjutors, such as Sir Gerald Fitzgerald, Sir Evelyn Wood, the Sirdar, Sir Colin Scott-Moncrieff of the Irrigation Department, Sir Edgar Vincent, the Financial Adviser, Clifford Lloyd, the Director-General of Reforms, and Sir John Scott, who came from the High Court of Bombay to advise on the reform of the native courts of law.

One by one Sir Evelyn took in hand the various depart-

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ments of State, and laboured to impart in the native officials some respect for honour, honesty, and industry, as well as a proper self-reliance. To his own British colleagues he was always loyal and sympathetic, upholding them when they deserved it, through good report and evil report; encouraging some with praise, and checking others whose zeal was rendering them too unpopular with the Egyptians.

Lord Milner has shown us with what patience and tact the consul-general met the difficulties of the Egyptian problem, and how genially he discussed matters with his "boys," as he playfully called his subordinates, over the luncheon table or after dinner.

Sir Evelyn was always a hard worker, and a great reader of books, from the Bible to Homer, and to the latest work on history or India.

Lord Milner, who, as Sir Alfred, served under him as Financial Secretary in the most difficult years of the British occupation, has recorded the sagacity, fortitude, and patience of his chief: "Perhaps the most striking feature about him has been a singular combination of strength and forbearance. And he needed both these qualities in an exceptional degree. On one side of him were the English officials, zealous about their work, fretting at the obstruction which met them at every turn, and constantly appealing to him for assistance to overcome it. On the other side were the native authorities, new to our methods, hating to be driven, and keen to resent the appearance of English diplomatic pressure. What a task was his to steer an even keel between meddlesomeness and inactivity! Yet how seldom has he failed to hit the right mean . . . he has realised that the essence of our policy is to help the Egyptians to work out, as far as possible, their own salvation. . . . Yet on the rare occasions when his intervention was absolutely necessary, he has intervened with an emphasis which has broken down all resistance."

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Sir Edgar Vincent, too—how skilfully he arranged the budget, and borrowed money from grasping Europe on lower terms than had ever been done before; so that a million became available for purposes of irrigation. Before he left Egypt, which was in 1889, this clever financier had left the treasury overflowing; he had reformed the monetary system, and cleared away the old coinage of all metals, ages, and countries.

With the English occupation, two great factors in the recovery from debt were made possible and actual—the former wastefulness of the administration was checked; the productive powers of the whole land were stimulated and encouraged. The reformation of public accounts was mainly due to Sir Elwin Palmer and Sir Alfred Milner. The productiveness of the land was increased a thousand-fold by the labours of Sir Colin Moncrieff, the Director of Irrigation. For Egypt is divided into two parts—the desert and the Nile; wherever the Nile cannot flow, there gleams the sandy desert. In April, May, and June the water at Cairo is falling lower and lower. In July the fields are parched and cracked with seams; a sombre brown hue meets the eye, the leaves flutter listlessly from the thirsty trees, and the fellahin, languishing under the great heat, begin to look anxious and distressed.

“Will God be gracious and let the waters come down from Assouan?” Then, when the news comes that there is a rise of an inch, or two inches, near the frontier, how spirits revive! God be praised!

It takes twelve days for that inch to float down to Cairo. Then day by day the Nile changes in its moods. Quicker goes the current beneath the bridge, deeper grows the tint of the great river's complexion. If you bathe in the Nile, you may no longer swim against the lazy stream after a week or two of flood. For it begins to race and swish about the piers in noisy fashion as if conscious of its power. From

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thirty millions of cubic metres a day the discharge has waxed to six hundred millions, and sometimes reaches a thousand millions. Yet no rain has fallen in all that land while the mighty river has swollen and risen in tumult some twenty feet. The cause of that sudden rise is two thousand miles away, where tropical rains and melting snows contribute their quota of fertilising mud and water.

The country, which a few weeks before lay adust and parched, now gleams with brimming canals and boundless lakes. The brown-skinned boys are plunging with shouts of glee into the muddy, wholesome pools, while the buffaloes, not content to wade like ordinary cattle, have buried their bodies in the flood up to their necks, and murmur their deep content. But the officers and the men of the Irrigation Department are now on the *qui vive*, watching the embankments night and day. Every hundred yards sentinels are posted in huts of durra stalks, ready to give warning if any weak place betrays a trickle. Every night each post lights its lantern, and the banks on either side look like quays illuminated for a victory.

At intervals of five or six miles, gangs of men are stationed ready to repair any breach, and workmen with tools and timber, and loads of soil. Inspectors come riding along the high bank every day, reviewing the long line of fortifications which protect the fields and villages from disastrous flood. Higher officials race down and up stream in their Government steam-yachts, husbanding the water which is the very life-blood of the country, and holding its excess in check. For the water has to be diverted into a thousand channels, and must be sent to the needed place at the correct time. The river not only waters the fields of Egypt, but also covers them with fertilising mud. We can see how in ancient days Egypt was the granary of the world in the south of Europe; the land never lost its fertility. And there must

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have been clever engineers to arrange the distribution of flood-water two thousand years ago.

Before the British entered Egypt, neglect had ruined many canals, and in the delta the salt water had converted millions of rich acres into desolate marshes.

To grapple with this neglect, English engineers were summoned from India in the year 1884; but they had to endure a chorus of blame at first, until the success of their reforms shut the mouth of the reviler, for it was seen that every year new districts were being restored to fertility. Among the works which the French had set on foot was an enormous dam designed by Mougél Bey, situated about fourteen miles below Cairo and called "les Barrages."

This dam spans the two branches of the Nile just below the point at which they divide, one bridge crossing the Rosetta branch of the Nile, and one the Damietta branch. The arches are so constructed that the water when high has a clear passage through, while the lower parts can be closed by iron gates when it is required to raise the level of the Nile at its lowest ebb.

Mougél Bey had planned all with consummate skill, but after twenty years of work upon it accidents happened, settlements took place, arches were damaged; and, as money was wanting to do the great repairs needed, this splendid and costly work was allowed to go from bad to worse, and had been deemed of no value.

Sir Colin Moncrieff examined the barrage, admired the idea, and began talking about a plan for restoring it to useful service. All the Egyptian officials, from Nubar Pasha down to the youngest clerk, laughed at the mad idea. Egypt, they said, was not like India. But men were set to work under Sir W. Willcocks; the barrage was pitched and mended, and when the low-water season of 1884 came round, two metres of water were held up, and an enormous track of

EVELYN BARING, LORD CROMER

land was added in one year to the cotton-growing district. Next year the irrigation engineers obtained a grant of a million pounds for the complete restoration of the dam, and two new experts came from India, Colonel Western and Mr. Reid. An enormous number of labourers worked night and day, strengthening and extending the masonry, repairing the floor and iron gates, so that by the low-water season of 1891 the work was finished.

But as this great work was nearing completion, Sir Colin Moncrieff heard by accident that the French gentleman who had planned and carried out the original barrage in 1847, Mougel Bey, was living in a poor flat in Cairo with his daughter. Seventy-six years old, forgotten by his own country, unknown to ours, the disappointed engineer had sunk into poverty and despaired of any recognition in this life.

It happens that the writer of this book heard from Sir Colin's own lips the pathetic story of his finding the old man, for Sir Colin was giving a lecture to the Harrow boys on our work in Egypt.

He said: "I was determined to find the poor old fellow and congratulate him on his original work, for we had only repaired and enlarged what his genius had planned and constructed. So one afternoon I drove up to his lodgings and was asked upstairs into a small room where sat in silence three men and a lady.

"I presented my card to the lady, who whispered to me in French: 'Is it on business, sir, you have called? Alas! my father has lately heard of the death of his son—and see! there he sits speechless with grief, plunged in a sort of stupor.'

"'Madame,' I replied, 'in that case I will come at a more convenient time. My purpose had been to congratulate him on the success of his grand work on the barrage, but of course——'

EVELYN BARING, LORD CROMER

"The lady touched my arm—the tears were in her eyes as she said: 'Oh! do not go away, sir. My father will perhaps be aroused if you speak to him of that. Poor father! he was always thinking of that.'

"So I was led to the other side of the room by the daughter, who said: 'Father, dear, here is Sir Colin Moncrieff, the English engineer, who has kindly come to tell you about your barrage.'

"'Eh? the barrage! pray be seated, Sir Colin; les pauvres barrages!'

"'No need to sigh over it now, Mougél Bey; it is a splendid success! I have come to tell you that after our tinkering at it, the barrage is now holding up three metres of water!'

"Mougél Bey started up from his arm-chair, his grief forgotten for the moment, the fire of pride kindling in his eye as he called out to his two friends: 'You hear that, mes amis? the dear old barrage is holding up three metres of water—trois mètres!'

"Then everybody began to speak at once. We all shook the old gentleman by the hand and congratulated him, while he could only murmur, as he wept for joy, 'Trois mètres! trois mètres!' Then, of course, I had to explain what we had been doing in the way of repair, to all which he listened most attentively.

"I then ventured to ask him if he would drive out with me next week and see his barrage.

"I noticed a little hesitation as he looked down upon his shabby garments; so I patted his knee and spoke encouragingly: 'Mougél Bey, I must tell you another thing. I have been petitioning the Egyptian Government to grant you a pension—it is your right, sir; for you have saved Egypt a large sum in building that dam. Think of the increased area of cultivated land and the taxes that are paid

EVELYN BARING, LORD CROMER

on it. Oh ! it will come out all right ; and if you will allow me, I will write you out a cheque now for five hundred francs.’

“ ‘I could not think of it, Sir Colin,’ the Bey interrupted.

“ ‘But, my dear sir, it will not be my money—I shall get it out of the public works’ department all right—you really must, now!’ So, with a little persuasion from his friends, the old French gentleman gave in, and we arranged a day for our drive.

“I will only add that I used to call every week to give M. Mougel a report on the progress of the work, as if to my chief.

“Every week he seemed to grow younger and stronger and happier ; and when the Khedive honoured us with his presence at a formal reopening of the barrage, Mougel Bey and his daughter were among the guests.”

Such was the story told by the English engineer about the distinguished Frenchman whom fortune had so lightly passed over ; it gives a pleasant touch of nature to statements of material details, of weights and measures and irrigated acres. Perhaps if a little more of human kindness and sympathy had been shown by all English officials in their dealings with Copt and Mahometan, we in our day might have noticed a deeper sense of gratitude to the bustling stranger who had come to the Nile valley in a time of ruinous debt, and had by painful labour raised the government and people to a height of prosperity unknown since the days of the Pharaohs.

We hold a position there supposed to be temporary. Much friction was bound to occur between the Khedive’s ministers and our own agents ; but it never became intolerable, and this was in great part owing to the patience and diplomacy of Sir Evelyn Baring, now Lord Cromer, who knew when to wink at a trivial obstacle, and when to adopt a tone of decision.

EVELYN BARING, LORD CROMER

For instance, Lord Milner tells us that on one occasion when Lord Cromer wished to nominate a certain person to an important post, the native minister violently opposed it. The appointment was pressed politely by Lord Cromer, but the Egyptian minister flew into a passion and threatened to resign unless it were withdrawn. Lord Cromer, feeling that the man he had nominated was far the best suited for the post, and hearing that the Khedive himself was being appealed to on the matter, sent a curt message to the irate minister: "This is a question about which the British Government will stand no further trifling."

How did the Egyptian bear this sharp rebuff? The English secretary was prepared for a terrible explosion of wrath; but, to his surprise, the imperious old gentleman merely rubbed his spectacles, shrugged his shoulders, and remarked, "Eh bien! si c'est un ordre, je n'ai plus rien à dire."

The Egyptian had despised the "Suaviter in modo": he had the sense to surrender to the "Fortiter in re."

[In part from Lord Milner's *England in Egypt*, by kind permission of Lord Milner and his publisher, Mr. Edward Arnold.]

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