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Edward Stanley

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HUBERT HOWARD



EXTRACTS
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FROM THE
DIARIES AND LETTERS
OF
HUBERT HOWARD

WITH
A RECOLLECTION BY A FRIEND

Oxford

HORACE HART, PRINTER TO THE UNIVERSITY

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A RECOLLECTION

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A RECOLLECTION

WHEN Hubert Howard fell in his twenty-eighth year at the very close of the Campaign in Egypt, the last to be sacrificed in a final and decisive success, we lost suddenly a man of such a kind as makes us know why history is necessary to us ; history and the fixing of things past. There passed in a moment from our lives a character upon whose continued presence we had counted as a certain thing : his future was not in that vague promise with which we connect whatever is young, active and of great opportunities : it was rather a part taken for granted in all that we knew or guessed concerning the fate of our society. He could not fail ; and the kinds of actions in which he would have led and succeeded, the movements whose character he would have determined, the doubts in which

he would have influenced rather than have guided—the nature of all these was as clear and as definite as the lines of his face and as the few and simple forces that made up the power of his spirit.

With the violence of a blow, in one moment and in the reading a dozen words the whole of this certitude disappeared. For some I know a foundation failed without warning; for all who had been near him there vanished from between the hands something that had been held, if not for support, at least for sustenance; grasped close rather than observed.

Now in this disaster there is a necessity of preserving whatever remains, although these are only memories. Had he lived but a few years the society around us would easily have fulfilled such a task, and he would have been safe in the observation and recollections of a great number of men; but this natural fate which seemed predestined and which is so surely reserved for contemporaries of less parts or value, has made

default. He died just at the moment when such men pass from the domestic to the public sphere, having been for a small number what he was later to have become for many.

This being so, it is the best that one can do to write down accurately whatever impressions are vivid at the moment, and thus perpetuate as much as is possible the lines which a long process of time is certain to fade: to do for his character and his memory what our rough sketches of a great thing just seen do for the answering of our questions long after: our memory tells us this or that event or person filled the mind, but a few lines of pencil build it up for us freshly after many years and tell us how and why we wondered.

So what I am going to attempt is the picture of Hubert Howard. It will be very difficult because we can least describe what we most intimately admire, and because he was known in different circumstances by such different men. Also I knew nothing of him

outside our friendship, so that there will be a great deal lacking; but if I write down an exact account of what I saw and knew, why then any one who also saw and knew him can build in the rest, for his strength consisted in simplicity, and everything he did was part of a spirit perfectly united.

The story of who he was by birth, what he did and what happened to him, is very short. There is hardly anything of moment save in the three adventures which his daring called him into; one in Cuba, one in South Africa, and this last upon the Nile. These are best told in his own letters and diaries which, pieced together and noted, are the matter of this. The rest is very quickly told. It is what he was that is difficult to tell.

The second son of Lord and Lady Carlisle, he was born at their house in Palace Green on the third of April, 1871. As a little boy he was delicate, and some of the first part of his life was spent in the south of France and in Italy for the sake of his health. This passage, as he grew up, certainly influenced

those vivid though confused memories which men inherit from their early childhood, for I remember him speaking of the South with more appreciation than can come from later experience; and while his home would account for much of it, there may yet have partly proceeded from these journeys the excellent and familiar French which he spoke; for he was in this point an heir of older traditions: his constant use and perfect knowledge of that tongue reminded me not of his own generation, but of the conversation which remains to us of the early century when the intercourse of Europe was based upon such an acquaintance.

As he grew up his health returned to him, and the later years of his boyhood and adolescence developed the vigour that we knew, a vigour full of the North country from whose stock he was drawn, suited to the sports he found there as he became a man in Cumberland, and instinct with the very spirit which should by right fall upon the godson of Charles Kingsley.

In these years between his boyhood and his manhood he was taught at home: he never passed through a public school, and in the place of the formative routine, strength, follies and traditions with which a public school would have made him familiar, he took all his manner from his home and all his knowledge from a tuition particular and widespread. He therefore, on entering the larger world, had less to unlearn in habit than have most men, but more to acquire in direction. His originality and personal power which would always have made him remarkable, were emphasised: but the way to use them and how they fitted into general surroundings were less known to him.

He spent his nineteenth year studying in the house of Mr. A. L. Smith of Balliol, and matriculated himself from that College in October, 1889. From that moment he came into a life with which all our memories of him are associated. It was in the four years of his residence at Oxford that he formed the group of friends in whose affection he

will always chiefly reside. He there found himself in the many-sided companionship for which his character seemed to be especially designed, and in an association where impressions, rapidly made, are yet most permanent. He was there surrounded by those to whom his qualities would most immediately appeal. Great daring and great generosity, a bodily energy always seeking action, and these united with excellence in the mind, have no place in the world, perhaps, where they show more clearly than at Oxford, and, of all her colleges, his college is best fitted for such things.

At the University he was three years my senior, and the account which I am drawing up must from this point become the notes upon things that I have myself observed. I met him first at the invitation of Mr. Urquhart of Balliol and in his rooms. It was in the autumn just before my matriculation. In the hour we spent together a friendship was struck which a certain lapse of time—fatally short—neither emphasised nor altered because it was graven. For it was in the

nature of his open gesture, his keen interests, and his rapid manner that his character was, not slowly, but at once comprehended; and that the impression made, deep and endurable beyond any I have known, was also immediate.

In this undergraduate time he was an air and an influence, like the change of season. For he affected men without exactly leading, and, one of a body of friends, he was their soul more than they knew. I look back to that time and remember him always as one of a group, but the groups change and he is always there: he is always there where the life of very young men is strongest: it is his figure that comes up when one recalls the fresh winds in the river valleys, the races on the February floods, the canoes on the Cher, and those glorious runs across country which he continually led with laughter and with a kind of enthusiasm for hazard and for danger. He is there also in his room, smoking before his fire and turning with eagerness and not without dogmatism to discussion; our

work also was associated with him, because he took the good average of things, and his degree was the result of a very careful and a very industrious energy in a department that would hardly naturally have interested or pleased him. He would speak sometimes at the Clubs, but their administration absorbed him more than their debates; he was eager to get a new man for his own society, to argue a rule or to assert a point much more than to make a speech in the ordinary fashion.

There was not noticeable while he was at Oxford that interest in politics which later showed itself in him. Nothing was much to him unless he could touch and know it by personal contact; things distant or abstract soon wearied a nature intense upon ideals but never sufficiently tenacious of a mere idea. Yet even in politics I remember more of what he, than of what others, said.

I cannot tell how it is, but all who were with him will bear me out in this: that he seems universally present when we put ourselves back into that good time: we at Balliol

knew more of what he did in the Balliol boat than of what another man did in the University Eight.

He took his degree in the second class of the Modern History School in June, 1893, and after that date three main adventures and a little work at the parliamentary Bar fill up the rest of what is to be told. All these are put forth in detail later and need only be mentioned here.

He left Balliol with that readiness, or rather appetite, for adventure which, as it was the first to be noticed, was also the most characteristic of his qualities. Its first satisfaction was in a short, picturesque, dangerous and unfruitful expedition to Cuba during the insurrection. He left England in August, 1895, and returned in three months: he had passed the Spanish lines, risked more than most of the combatants, seen the danger that he desired to see, and returned rather disappointed than otherwise at the paucity of fighting. His journey and what he wrote on his return have also this interest, that he was

the first man who came from the outside to see the problems in the island for himself; he made, moreover, in this adventure some acquaintance with America, and drew, as was his custom, rapid and definite conclusions from what he had seen. When later the rebellion ended in a conflict whose effects are still moving the world, he took a clear and definite position based upon a considerable knowledge; he weighed his judgment, but defended it with enthusiasm, and applauded the results of the war.

It was shortly after this, in the autumn of 1896, that a second expedition led to an experience, which should have moulded the course of his life. It formed his politics, gave him a chief interest and remained the starting-point of what could not have failed to become a definite line of action for his future. He sailed for South Africa to join in the repression of the revolt in Rhodesia.

It is with this passage that we have the most familiarity from his letters and diaries; he stayed in this business longer than in any

other, and I believe he returned from it with more durable impressions than he had received in any other kind of action.

He first fought as an officer in one of the native levies that were raised for the purpose of the war. Then, after sustaining a slight but troublesome wound in action, he received the offer of being secretary to Lord Grey. In this office he found a very complete and vigorous interest, his letters are full of the instinct which has so greatly increased the power of England, and he found in this work and in what preceded it the trade for which he was meant and to which he would, I think, in time have returned. To see new things and take pleasure in wonderful horizons, to find danger and risk, to govern, to administer—all those things entered into his life and found there a right place. The enthusiasm with which we had seen him turn to a man or to a passing idea, we now saw concentrated upon a permanent object, and one in which he found himself well in sympathy with a great amount of the thought around him.

From that moment he became, as all young Englishmen of worth at last become, political. He thought of the State. The domestic problems which had wearied him or which he had hardly noticed, now became part of a larger scheme. The Empire absorbed him: and his new care did not diminish or change but strengthen. All his deep sentiments were enduring, but in this alone they were public, and in this alone he found the general and active interest which a personal devotion, a friendship or an academic pursuit can never give.

He returned, then, from Africa in the early summer of 1897 ready for action when the time should come. His conversation from that time onwards was more and more full of the ideas he had there received.

He was called to the Bar and joined the North-Eastern circuit. In this work he was interested, and he did well. But I doubt whether it would ever have become a permanent career for him; he had inherited a certain capacity for the legal profession, and

he had certainly shown in part of his South African work the qualities necessary to success in a court. But he would not have found in the Law a passion, and unless he was taken altogether, possessed permanently by some strong ideal, unless his heart was in a swing together with his intellect, his nature tended to abandon effort and to cast one work aside for another.

With the advance upon Khartoum his opportunity returned. But the circumstances were not those of South Africa. He could march with the army only under conditions less active than those which had permitted his career in Rhodesia. The writing he had done after his expedition to Cuba, coupled with a certain knowledge of literary work, decided him to obtain a post as correspondent which might give him some place in an advance where every unit not necessary to the military plan was rigorously excluded. He was sent with such a mission by the *Times*, for which paper Colonel Rhodes was also writing, so that he and Howard were thrown together

during the whole of the war; the one was wounded and the other fell upon the same day.

In this capacity he wrote the notes and despatched the letters which will be found in the later pages of this Memorial, but the work lacked body until they came in touch with the enemy. In those very few days the action and danger which were almost a necessity to him refreshed his interest: they were perhaps, as he said to a friend in the excitement of the battle, the happiest of his life. The adventures into which he threw himself and which were those rather of soldiering than of the part he had undertaken will be told in the place to which they belong; it is enough to say here that he found the same delight in the chances and in the joy of fighting, that he had discovered in Rhodesia. He took part in more than one of the smaller actions of the first day, and when the Battle of Omdurman was over, he rode with the Lancers into the charge that was the occasion of so much courage and applause.

It was on the evening of the same day

that he entered the city with the Sirdar's staff. He was still eager and alert with the great event through which they had just passed, seeming, as he always did in a moment of excitement, to see, hear and do all that the place and time permitted—or more. The narrow lanes still held some few and scattered defenders making for such cover as they find; a last and futile effort against the conquerors. These it was necessary to clear; and by a misunderstanding, the shells from one of the batteries were still bursting over the city.

Two companies of Egyptian soldiers had been sent through the great open square, or "Mosque," to clear the city beyond of certain stragglers—who were (though it was not then known) the rearguard of the escaping Khalifa. Hubert Howard went with them, bringing a small camera. Just as they reached the further side of the great square it was noticed that shells were falling on the Khalifa's house, which bordered it, and the officer in command ordered the men to fall back: they did so in small bodies, Howard himself a little be-

hind the officer in command and a little in front of the soldiers. As you leave the great open square there is a small sheltered courtyard before the Khalifa's house. Into this he had just passed when a shell was seen to burst above it, and immediately after he was found by an officer who had followed him, lying on the ground before the door. He had been suddenly killed.

The general opinion has been, and is, that he was killed by the shell. But it is possible also that he may have been shot at close quarters by a straggler. A Dervish is said to have been seen bending over the body, and to have made his escape immediately as the officers who followed came up. It is a matter that cannot be finally decided.

The hour and day of his death was about 6 o'clock of the afternoon on September 2nd, 1898 ; he was the last man to fall.

This, very shortly, is the history of his life. But his character and his look and his manner were more important things.

His head and the lines of his face were singularly clear ; the outline of his head was of that rare kind which may be expressed at once in the curve made by the quick sweep of a pencil, for it was very even. His hair lay closely about his head in curls that strongly defined its shape ; they had been dark brown and abundant in all his early youth, but they were very rapidly turning to a hard grey as he neared thirty, and they grew thinner. The character of his face was best seen in its profile, and, of such portraits as remain of him, he is more vividly brought back to me by those which show him thus, especially looking downwards. This profile was very exact in its proportions and remarkable for the definition of its parts. Thus his forehead was straight and not high ; and it lay in a straight line with the nose, as you may see in old Greek pictures of men. His mouth was firm, and he was one of those who kept his lips habitually closed as an expression. There lay upon them when he was not speaking a slight curve that was

almost a smile, as though the things of which he was thinking appeared to him in their complexity rather than in any other light.

It was a face made for repose and to which repose alone gave its full meaning. But this the eagerness and unrest of his mind rarely permitted.

There had appeared about his mouth, since I first knew him, that is within the last five years, the two strong lines that so often come with maturity ; his brows also were marked very slightly by the contraction of permanent thought. But with these exceptions his face was smooth-set. You could see in it what people mean by such words as "chiselled" or "clear cut," for every feature was defined in itself with perfection ; all this appeared the better because he was clean shaven. Indeed though it is difficult to describe these things in writing, perhaps I shall put the whole thing best by saying that when one had once seen his face it remained with peculiar permanence in the memory, and this quite apart from the way in which one had

dwelt upon it. So that I make no doubt that many to whom he was but a passing stranger can see him in their minds almost as clearly as I do now, who was his friend.

In complexion he was dark; and this, which might not have been remarkable in a face less determined, lent him a special appearance which I can only express in the rather vague phrase that it was Southern: such a tone also strongly marked by contrast the character and light of his eyes. For these were of great beauty, clear and grey, and by nature untroubled, having the vividness and translucency which is the sign of a vigorous health. They were not, however, vivacious, and this was remarkable in one whose energies prompted rapid gesture and quick expression, and they alone lent to his general bearing a character which all felt in him. That which so much reminds me of him in the lines that run:

... "Oh! Anima Lombarda . . .

.

... muover degli occhi onesta e tarda."

In stature he was short, a little over five foot eight, and in build sturdy, though the squareness of his shoulders and the strength of his limbs did not strike one as they so often do in men of that height. This was because of his activity, an activity that showed itself in a certain ease of carriage and rapidity of gesture. With such movements he possessed more grace than is customary in men of his build.

His walk was on the whole rapid, and he carried his head higher than most men, as though the things which he desired to see were above the level of his eyes. It was part of this general carriage that he was neat and close in his dress as he was in the mould of his limbs, and altogether the effect he gave was one of an energy never completely stilled, but either somewhat unquiet and ill at ease, or enjoying the full satisfaction of active employment.

His hands were peculiar in a man who felt no attraction towards the arts, for their gestures were far more plastic than you will

usually find among Englishmen. Thus he would emphasise a point in speaking by that half opening of the fingers which gives to a period the effect of grasping with the hand. Then, when he was pleased or was saying something indicative of light praise, he had an upward gesture of the fingers, very noticeable, and rather the characteristic of an artist than of a man of action. I do not know that he ever employed this quickness of touch, but it would not surprise me to learn that it was valuable to him in matters such as shooting or rapid draughtsmanship of maps outside of the arts which I knew he did not cultivate.

The movements of his head were sudden, and indicative rather of gesture to be expressed than of an observation to be taken. He was one of those who on turning to speak or to observe, move the whole body, facing round upon the feet; thus if he were in an argument he would often turn on the heels squarely to look at the man whom he was addressing. But he had, as I have said,

especially the movements of interest and of appreciation.

For a modern man he was singularly lacking in constraint ; he would throw his head back to laugh, laughing also loudly and heartily. He would put the hand and arm forward on the table in speaking, he would strike the table to emphasise enjoyment at, or disagreement with, or his belief in the accuracy of, a phrase which he had heard.

In fine, the instinctive movements of his body, his walk, gesture, glance, laugh, everything, was what would have been expected of a great energy seeking outlet.

But were I to leave this impression it would be false, because though true of many moments it was profoundly modified by his action at others. I do not believe that I or any other one have seen him in an attitude of lassitude, but I have seen him more frequently than any other man of similar energy in repose, not without melancholy and even in reverie.

He also delighted in this, the discussion of

matters which can only be debated by the aid of analysis. Thus he would compare writers and policies, when neither the style of the one nor the direction of the other were determined, and he would follow out with pleasure those useless and enchanting debates that have always interested active minds because their solution is known to be impossible. He also had this quality, which is surely rare in active men, that he loved a general interest and a general knowledge. He had acquired all those first steps in a hundred matters where so many men to-day desire to be specialists or nothing. He had the old and excellent familiarity with the things of major interest in life, the beginnings of the sciences and of the arts: that reasonable wideness which diffuses without dissipating an education. In this admirable result some praise should be given to his college and much to his tutor, a man with whom, as all who have known him will say, the general interests are always put before the special. But Hubert Howard was well

fitted to take advantage of the breadth and many-sidedness which has been the peculiar glory of Balliol; and this was due to the long and sustained influences of his home, where, before he came to the University, he had read widely and of those books which a child as he grows chooses for himself in his father's house.

As to art he seemed to care little; he felt strong antipathies and had reactions against sadness, but I have not myself heard him express any strong emotion of pleasure at a building or a picture. He was not without the fear that such things might lead to his being taken for a critic, or even for a professional appreciator—for one of the men who can never do nor produce. These characters were so abhorrent to his own, that he went, as I think, out of his way, in order to avoid any resemblance to them, and as it seems to me he wasted in this, even with his intimate friends, a great power which was apparent throughout his intelligence and which would have been like a gift from him had

he been willing to betray it. I could wish for instance to have known how he, in whom the power of England worked with the effect of a great artistic presentation, had been affected by the sceneries and by the immense distances of her empire, or by the effects of London. I remember him in Cumberland full of interest and eager to show me the marks that Roman soldiers had left upon a rock, but refusing to express anything at the sudden sight of the hills round Skiddaw, which we saw from horse-back as we came to the top of a steep grass field. I believe he had for the expression of these emotions, which have been so much abused by affectation, a kind of fear, as some writers have of the platitude and others of what has grown false by usage.

There is one other very characteristic thing with regard to matters of the intelligence or the sense of beauty, without mention of which I could not complete even so short a passage as this. Just as he would fall suddenly into reveries, so for all his suddenness and deter-

mination he would fall sometimes into a diffidence with regard to these matters. There was a particular tone of doubt which of course written words will fail to express, but which I can best indicate by saying that it was the result of giving to an affirmation the tone and manner of a question. It was not without a certain pathos to see him seeking the opinion of men whose judgment was entirely inferior to his own, and I have heard him say as a confidence with regard to things undoubtedly beautiful that they had pleased him; telling me secretly, as though in this he had done something which he feared might be out of the common. There was not in all he said or did anything greater or more beautiful than this occasional or accidental trait, because it was the direct result of that simplicity which I am certain to have been the cardinal virtue from whence his nobility proceeded.

To speak too much, however, of his habit of mind or of his conversation would be to give an impression of him other than that

which we who saw him received. His interests worked outwardly ; it was in sports and in bodily activity that he chiefly showed himself. Our memory of him is in these, and that especially because there was no transition in which we might have seen his vigour failing ; it is the picture of him in full life that remains.

There was no special part of English athletics nor any particular sport to which he attached himself exclusively. He might perhaps, had he taken one alone, have been preëminent, for he was very skilful, quick and strong ; but to choose and keep but one interest in such a matter as amusement was not in his nature. The college life at Oxford, the chances and fellowship which such an exercise gives there, turned him chiefly to Rowing. He was the life of our own Eight, but he did not reach the University crew. I do not remember his keeping to this as a habit after leaving the University ; I think it appealed to him more because it was of a piece with the common life of Balliol than

for its own sake. After his degree he would row on occasions, when he came up to visit, but I never knew him do anything more.

He was on the contrary naturally attracted to particular feats which contained the elements of risk, difficulty, or the necessity for endurance. It was he who would propose the impossible to us in long runs across country or in canoeing through the floods or in the achievement of a hard athletic task in a limited time. While he was at Oxford he gave to Balliol a particular character for these things. It was he who attempted to break the record in walking between the University and London; to paddle the forty miles of the Cherwell from Banbury between sunset and sunrise of a February day; and he continually led us in hunts over the fields after nothing, taking jumps that led nowhere, and swimming rivers that were well bridged for those who took life easier.

Now as I write I know that the ten or fifteen of us who were nearest to Hubert Howard are thinking continually of those races over the

winter grass. No one can remember him, without his figure suggesting the flat meadows down to Sandford, the hedges and walls by Marston, and the risks of taking the Cherwell or of jumping the bank below the Kennington willows. One might almost say that these days had no purpose in them, yet it is difficult or impossible to convey their fulness: they had no purpose except to feel the open air in the best of good companionship, the desire to run risks in the presence of others, to lead and to be led and to be boys. Hubert Howard made them, and I can only think of them and him together—they are the clearest days in our lives.

Among other sports he was fond of fishing, as one should be if one comes from the Eden and the small rivers that feed it from the fells. He shot with a good average skill, and was fond of that sport also. His horsemanship was of the kind that comes from a great delight in the exercise without any remarkable keenness or aptitude for the management of one's horse. Like many men of his build he

sat his horse firmly and with a good seat, and showed well against the sky; but he rode roughly. He seemed to need in this matter some animal that would have felt as he did; something short, strong, and untiring. Nor did he suit his actions to the needs of his mount; he rode hard in the exercise of his own energy, and there was a point where he forgot the fatigue of his servant, whether animal or man.

In the letters and diaries that follow there will be found this pleasure in the outdoor life which marked him; there will also be found, I think, that lack of specialisation to which I have alluded. He speaks of the Veldt with enthusiasm, its great distances inspire him; he makes a particular note of the effect produced by Egypt, and there are sentences, though rare, in his notes on service which display the same feeling. But there is also a lack in them of particular remark and object, there is no one attitude, not even the military, that takes up his mind altogether in his Cuban, or in his South African, or in his Egyptian experiences. What he loved was action; the

way it came to him was little, save that in later years it pleased him best when it had something to do with the purpose of the Empire, and that it always pleased him best in proportion to its hazard.

And speaking of this it becomes necessary to emphasise that side of him in which the love of danger played so great a part. There are many men who are brave, there are not so many who are daring, and there are still less in whom daring furnishes a motive. Now with Hubert Howard daring was the one and leading thing that, given his virtues, moulded his character. He dared continually and always ; to find an occasion for daring was so to speak his business, to take action where action involved danger was a recreation to him ; and perhaps I can best express this quality by saying that whereas with many men whom we admire courage is a kind of passive thing, latent but ready to be used when occasion requires it, with him it was active and always seeking an opportunity rather than waiting for a necessity.

It was this I think which gave him his principal power over the young men who knew him ; it was irresistibly attractive. It produced an effect like beauty, so that one admired, and was certain that one would continue to admire, everything he did ; and yet it was also unconscious, so that those things for which we ought chiefly to reverence his memory were in some way separate from it ; for this splendid quality which he brought into a time that has forgotten such things was an intimate part of his nature, depending upon no necessity of control and calling for no restriction and for no effort.

To complete this picture one must talk of something more even than courage ; I mean that he was steadfast. I suppose it has always been seen that while some men keep a good general average of truth and of loyalty yet those do not make idols or anchors of particular points, while others changeful and easily wearied yet do cling with an astounding perseverance to one or two things : and this perseverance forms a nucleus for the whole

character. Well, this was to me not the most striking nor the most beautiful, but the deepest sign of the kind of man that he was. There were one or two things upon which he would admit of no compromise. Not only would he refuse to abandon them, but they became so clearly an understood part of his usual habits that one would not have attempted for a moment, I do not say to have moved him, but even to have talked to him upon such matters. Of several that might be mentioned, I will take one that was sufficiently familiar. It was his determination never to take either spirits or wine or any form of intoxicant. He maintained this as an ordinary habit of life without the minutest change under every kind of circumstance. This temperance was with Hubert Howard a matter so dependent upon general strength of purpose that when we thought or spoke of him his teetotalism never entered our heads ; and yet that when he was with us it never entered our heads either to offer him a glass of wine. I mean that he was capable of making a principle, to which

he was profoundly attached but in which he differed from the bulk of his society, so far forgotten as to lead to no kind of emphasis or irritation, and yet so far remembered as to leave him always entirely free. Now this is precisely the quality which distinguishes a steadfast man ; the quality of keeping to this or to that with so silent, so permanent, and so strong a current of emotion, as makes it a part, not only of what is known but also of what is felt about them. Of many things this one is the easiest for me to give as an example.

Here then is all that I remember save those particular things with which the latter part of his memorial must deal. Let me sum up as far as I can the general picture which remains in the mind, and which, if I make it permanent, will be my most sacred possession.

A figure strong, active, short, well built and expressive in its gesture : a habit always sufficiently restrained to suggest descent, never so much as to suggest concealment ; a face of the most peculiar impress, clear, straight, and

with equal proportions, not untouched by sadness but with vivacity in everything except in the slow movement of the eyes. A carriage erect and determined, but also unrestful, and the laugh which comes only from full companionship with every kind of man.

This figure and these features when they come back to me are associated with a character which would in any circumstance have remained remarkable, which in our own time was suited to a special kind of criticism and of praise. From the point of view of the time in which he lived it was a character whose faults of over-eagerness and of a desire for action pushed to an extreme, unfitted him for certain of the liberal professions to which our civilisation calls its first men in great numbers ; but its virtues of great bravery, of steadfastness and of permanent sympathy gave it a value that our time also could use well : because our time is full of dangers, and we run the risk of falling into the hands of men who are neither brave nor steadfast nor possessed of principle.

In the special matter that most concerns the English people at this moment he found himself particularly apt for service ; by the combination of his birth, of his love of adventure and of the form which his idealism took, the Empire stood before him as a career. Nor must these words be taken as too vague and wide ; if the Empire has one quality more than another that distinguishes it among the nations it is this, that it chooses and can find from a comparatively small circle the energy, the devotion and the ability without which its whole character would be changed. Now it is not an exaggeration nor a set of words made for the occasion, but a truth which will be borne witness to by all who knew him and were fitted to judge, that in the circle of younger men from which England chooses he was conspicuous in possessing the qualities that make up the defenders and perpetuators of her foreign rule. And to these qualities he added, more than any of the younger men of our own time and more than most of those of whom we read in the past, a distinct idea of

what his first pleasure was in the matter; it lay entirely outside the considerations that in the case of other men produce apathy, or hesitation, or excess. So that one may say with perfect justice that when he fell the State suffered a great loss. He would have done very wonderful things for England.

To all this we must add the things, that, had he fallen upon times less suited to his nature, would still have distinguished him and made him stand alone: that of himself without effort he could group men as friends, that he was ready always to do and desirous to find difficulty in doing, that the struggle which some men avoid and which others endure he rather sought and loved.

Finally, in this figure of my friend there will remain to me, more conspicuous than the rest, the personal quality which a public life would not have developed, but which a few years of his youth had emphasised for us all. In the most remote and the most obscure of circumstances he would have been loved; but what this is, or how it is to be defined, I do

not think any man has yet known. Certainly it cannot be done in words, though there are lines of verse which suggest it and pictures which almost give it in the full. I will not attempt a thing that would fail even in an effort of art, and of which a mere description can never be master; it has the force and the elusiveness of sacred things.

All this was not permitted. It is our custom when such losses fall upon us to look among the greatest works for a parallel and to describe, partially, in the words of others what we cannot describe at all in our own. There is a place I think in the literature of Europe where you may find Hubert Howard. It is a passage which I read and re-read in the desire to discover some foothold when I heard of his death; I mean that passage in the song of Roland wherein the simplicity and the directness of the great epic of chivalry gives the effect of such losses as these and ennobles an emotion that without some such support would be intolerable. It was from the blood of these men that he was descended. His

virtues and his faults were the faults and virtues of that early time which is also the greatest that our civilisation has known.

“ Ami Roland, de toi ait Dieu mercy.
 Onques nul homme tel chevalier ne vit
 Pour grandes batailles juster et definir.
 Là mon honneur est tournée en declin.

Ami Roland, Dieu mette ton âme en fleurs
 En Paradis entre les glorieux.
 Comme en Espagne venu à mal, Seigneur !
 Jamais n'est jours que je n'en ai douleur.
 Comme decarrat ma force et ma baldur !

Ami Roland, preud'homme, juvente belle !
 Viendront li hommes ; demanderont nouvelles :
 Je leur dirai et merveilleuses et pesmes :
 Mort est mis nies qui tant sut conquerir.
 L'ame de mon corps quand sera departie
 Entre la tienne soit apportée et mise
 Et ma chair soit portée pres de ta chair.”

This is the end of all that can be said with accuracy or with any purpose, the rest would be only a repetition. Further detail would confuse and further praises weary, or begin to exaggerate what above all should be kept distinct and true.

There is no purpose in the reiteration of

mourning. The hopes that relieve it and even the aspect that makes it endurable are to-day only personal and have no public place. But this much is allowed. We have lost Hubert Howard. With men that go away suddenly like this there are two things to be said, the manner of their going and its effect. I dare to find relief in both.

There were among those who most loved him many different kinds of men, some who were distant from the Pride of Empire and the love of England which inspired his generous enthusiasm ; others who had by birth no right to share in such great feelings, though they shared all with him. I say that to all who knew him nearly it is an enduring relief that he died in the circumstances which his patriotism would have desired. There was no one of us about him who did not—for most part openly—cherish and defend some ideal: nor could any man to whom the appetite of a great goal was lacking have long associated with his energy. Each then would, I think, have chosen that particular end which should come

from the enemies of his effort, and a death not too late for a kind of glory nor too early to have robbed him of a complete success.

Now with Hubert Howard, as I have said, it was the power of England active, aggressive if you will, moving under a destiny, that absorbed his mind. Her success in this effort was his continual desire, her mission his peculiar faith. Therefore it seems to me that the evil fate waited (as it were) with blind kindness; was he to die then? at least he died at the close of a great day, during all of which his ears had been filled with the noise of an unquestioned victory, and his eyes bright with the one light which action alone could bring into them. There had been taken with him present and under arms, one of those irrevocable steps in the advance of England which he and his leaders demanded. He must in that evening have seen a new horizon, and there can be no better place to turn in a journey than the crest of a hill from which the view so long sought suddenly appears to satisfy and fulfil the eyes. And when, years

hence, my mind can go back to his story in painful pilgrimage I shall find in this thought a place of repose.

And as for the effect of his death this is certain, that men either disappear to grow less and, when once they have gone, soon become the letters of a name, or else (a rare and exceptional thing) they remain. Hubert Howard was such and such a thing to such and such men who have, themselves young, outlived his own more powerful and splendid youth. Some of these will take influence and public action : this is certain, because he consorted only with what was best. He will therefore not decay but increase.

H. BELLOC.

C U B A

CUBA

OF the three adventures with regard to which Hubert Howard left letters or diaries, the first was that which he undertook a year after leaving Oxford to see what he could do of the Cuban war. The spirit of adventure, which it was so much his principal desire to satisfy, led him to this ; and as it was the first, so it was the most purely hazardous of the three with which this memoir has to deal.

He was then just in his twenty-fifth year, and, with the exception of such danger as English sport afforded, he knew nothing of the kind of risk which attracted him, and without the seeking and finding of which he was never content. I believe there was also added to this not a little personal devotion to the idea of the cause concerned, but of this it would be impossible to speak very clearly, for although he had American friends his interest in political matters, especially in foreign political matters, was by no means

developed at this time. We know very little of what happened to him in the month or so (six weeks at the most) which he spent in the island. He did not find the fighting which he expected; he learnt a great deal of the condition of the campaigns; he met Maceo: passed some days in the insurgent camp, and appears to have been present at one skirmish with the Spanish outposts.

The most exciting part of his adventures consisted in the difficulty of his passing the Spanish lines. We know by despatches from the consulate that he was suspected by the Spanish authorities, and before his return from the interior his name had been given as that of one whom the Spaniards desired to capture, and—as it appears—a price was set upon him. Under these conditions there is some point in mentioning the anecdote that on his return he himself had an interview with one of the Spanish officers and condoled with him, the night before he sailed, on the difficulty of catching his man. He did not fail to tell him that the task was almost impossible, but begged him not to give up all hope.

He often talked of this expedition with his friends, but very rarely in detail. He was

more interested in the questions involved than in the retailing of his own adventures, or rather (for he was a man who loved to speak of things he had seen or done) his conversation could not help shifting to general issues before he had completed his own tale. It is therefore in the few pieces that follow, and these only, that one can gather any full information with regard to his actions in the island. He returned to New York on the *Niagara*, and came back to England in the month of November, having started from New York very shortly after his arrival there. He had left England in August, and his whole voyage had therefore taken not more than two months and a half. There was published in a New York paper a short interview with him, but it has no value for the purpose of this sketch ; it is but twenty lines long, and either tells us things already contained in Howard's article or else fabricates sentences which Howard could never have spoken himself. I fancy the interview was held, but it is spoilt by the American habit in such things.

Of his own writing upon this matter there are two short letters, a few notes, and an article which appeared in the *Contemporary Review* for January, 1896.

In the first letter, to his father, posted from New York on September 12th, he says :—

“ . . . I have been staying at different places and seeing a number of people of all kinds, from the society of the 400 whom I found at Newport, to the friends of D. with whom I stayed for a few days in the country. Every one has been most pleasant. . . . I have come back here to arrange about Cuba. It is far from easy to get there, as every port is blockaded and the country full of regulars and government guerilla troops. There is an excellent article on the situation by Clarence King in this month's *Forum*. If I get there I will be careful and take nothing but a pistol and letters to Maceo and Gomez, which I am now engaged in getting. Also I would like to get into a blockade runner. . . . ”

On his arrival at Santiago he sends another letter more directly concerning his expedition.

“ SANTIAGO, CUBA,
Sept. 20th, 1895.

“ . . . This letter may never reach you, as it will have to be smuggled from the

country to avoid being opened by the Spanish officials. Here in Santiago is the centre of the Spanish troops, and round it and throughout the centre and eastern part of Cuba the fighting is going on almost incessantly. The difficulties of getting out into the hills are greater than I had imagined ; there is the most rigorous state of siege preserved in the town, spies are everywhere, and every day people are being arrested and dealt with in a most summary fashion. For two days I have been making plan upon plan for passing into the woods, but have so far failed. Tomorrow morning I hope to get through successfully. In New York I had several interviews with a group known as the Junta, who look to the interests of the insurrection in America, and some of whom hold office in the provisional government appointed by the rebels in the hopes that the U.S. will recognise a state of belligerency.

“ These fellows viewed me with much suspicion, and for a while would not believe my object was my own amusement. Finally I

got some documents from this Junta which I brought on shore from our steamer in my socks—a most necessary precaution—but unavailing, as the only man to whom I was recommended and who was not away with the rebels was lying in prison and had been arrested the day before.

“Many curious things have happened and are happening, of which I will tell you when I get back. You will see set out the reasons and the origin of the insurrection in the September *Forum*, in an article by Clarence King.

“The Government generally beat the rebels in a set-up fight, as they have the Mauser rifle, which is very superior, but they are being tired out by a guerilla war and can't get at the rebels in the hills—also they are dying like flies from yellow fever and are hampered by the rains, as it pours in a perfect deluge every afternoon. Most of the American planters are in sympathy with the insurgents, and all the native Cubans and blacks are at least in sympathy with them.

“I expect to get back at the end of October. . . .”

(There may be added the following notes, brief and obscure, but of interest to us as a specimen of his memoranda. The principal parts of his notes he lost : later he recovered a certain portion of them, and it was from these, presumably, that he worked up the article in the *Contemporary*. They were not found among his papers, and are probably destroyed. The few jottings reproduced here were made in pencil on a single large sheet of flimsy foreign paper, and have all the appearance of having been carried loose in his pocket during the marches. They are very worn and in places almost illegible.)

Minister of war says :

Cubans armed in St. Iago district 12,000 or 14,000, and 25,000 altogether who could be brought into the field with rifles.

In all Cuba 25,000 armed Spanish have no machine guns, no heliograph, &c.

Difference between this war and last. Very few Cubans fighting for Spanish. Cuban

system of fighting—cavalry charge unshaken infantry, attack of column on march from all sides from wood ; give mistaken idea of their numbers ; fire carefully, and not like Sp. file-firing which has little effect. Wounds of Mauser : captured arms. Macheti only used on flying enemy.

In Cuba. Attempts to W. R. Ct. and boat. R. and uncle, letter to man who had been arrested day before, risk of bringing letters in : stories of Dodge and others' fate. P. and his plans. Cartre's article, his views. R. determines to go alone—one phrase in Spanish. St. Carlos Club. Spies and Pen. warned. I am suspect ; bother with passes—to Santiago—for Signa—telegrams. English ambassador. Anglo-American Club.

Feeling of country : every one born even of Spanish parents in Cuba—Cuban. Quantanamo Brewer and news of sinking of Sp. ship ; communication of Cubans with towns. Declaration of belligerency—look to America. American papers in camp, desire to have fleet, formation of artillery corps, one battery

of mountain guns expected, desire to be able to buy blockade runners and destroy Sp. commerce, men already arranged for manning them, rifles and ammunition wanted, any number of men waiting for them. Dynamite, Spanish protests, false reports, numbers engaged—position in Cuban camps.

Oct. 4th. Leave St. Iago on St. O.'s horse. The army, dinner, fort, official, our train leaves at six, arrives Sevenay 11—sixteen miles, sleep with P.

Oct. 5th. At six go to Permaro, find Ziegenfur, interview Mambi agents, hang round all day waiting for expedition, dine with agent, smoke, mounted Cuban officer and trooper—start at 10—ride by night, sleep in cabin from 1-4.

Oct. 6th. Start 4; ride; thermometer 100 in shade; breakfast by way; very hungry; mountain roads; conversation of officer's prospects; my horse lose way. 8 arrive at camp. Situation, nature of camp, reading of news and spectators, delirium of trooper.

Oct. 7th. Waiting for hammock, food, &c.

from Signa, the messengers and it arrive from S. late and sleep in camp.

Oct. 8th. Ready to start early, alarm in camp, scouts, false alarm, start for José Maceo's camp, valley, read of Grant and St. Iago : skeletons—5 leagues. Head quarters ; José M. Staff ; escort ; drill ; bore of rifles ; Mausers ; Spanish deserters ; wounds ; situation ; camp.

Oct. 9th. Position of Cubans and S. desire to fight ; past battles ; camp on highroad ; view of future ; composition of army ; black ; officers ; dress ; army in west white, life with José, no idea of fighting. Leave with R. and his retainers ; escort to follow me next day ; sleep ; R. after ride in dark. French here spoken.

Thursday 10th. In camp. Machete, my revolver, am correspondent of *Herald*, hospitality, swearing of troops over flag to constitution. R. read old magazine articles.

Friday 11th. Start with guide, roll lunch down bank, called back by arrival of escort. Start again, pass by T., lunch there. Spanish

ambush, summary engagement, sleep at Prefneto in marsh ; frogs ; food ; dirt ; hospitality ; Jones' letters.

Saturday 12th. Ride all day, difficulty of way, horses, changes, troops on march, guides, sleep at prefecture, 1 mile from Spanish sentry-go, new arrivals.

Sunday 13th. Ride to Savannah, Antonio away, hungry, tired, and smokes, cross, no one understands, arrival of Russell, appearance, dress ; only one who speaks English. Night ride to printing press, *édition de luxe* of *Free Cuba* on election of government, red and blue.

Monday 14th. Hear government will soon arrive, we start to fight General, very hungry ; eat sentry's plantain, ride in sun, feel bad ; wayside prefecture, reporter, arrival Canarta, Chilian colonel, my captain blamed. Unexpected arrival of government and 100 horse under Col. Lopez Rescio ; fine men, long journey, appearance, their life in the prefecture, tents, hammocks, bad food, hand-made cigars, river, are to make entrance to Savannah.

Revive, mobilisation, views and appearance of President. Sleep with gov. under canvas shelter, food.

Tuesday 15th. General comes, appearance, escort, embrace President, courtesy, smile, life in camp. Band.

Wednesday 16th. Report we are to start for Savannah—put off till morning. Plantains run out, meat, after preparations for public entrance, news José has been fighting. Doctor Castillo, Rogers' Arctic expedition, his party in open. Russell is clothed, takes my green coat.

Oct. 17th. Rains all night, have found my notes lost, also some other things taken. Up early for the start, my horse lost, have got another, pleasure at finding my escort had not gone, boot and saddle for Savannah, scene of batches of men riding along river; bad wood, debouch on open grass plains of Savannah. Sheds being set up for ceremony of receiving government, plain dotted with bodies of cavalry encampments, ride about finding suitable place for hammock, find my escort

and food with them ; troops delayed in mobilisation by rains and swollen rivers.

In all these notes there is an evident intention of marking things for his own memory, and the greater part of the abbreviations are therefore uninterpretable. But, on his general experience, we have an article in the *Contemporary*, which is, as far as I know, the only one published in this country by a man who had experience in the rebellion. It is as follows :—

FIVE WEEKS WITH THE CUBAN INSURGENTS.

For nearly a whole year, from the beginning of 1895, Spain has been trying in vain to stamp out the fifth insurrection which has broken out in Cuba during the present century.

Whilst other Spanish Transatlantic colonies were gaining independence by rebellion, Cuba remained loyal, suffering gross military and financial tyranny, in the hope that either gratitude or experience would work some change in the method in which Spain ruled

her colonies, and that she would cease to regard them simply and solely as a source from which to draw a perpetual stream of profit, and a hunting field where needy Spanish officials might grow rich by plunder and blackmail.

By much patience and suffering Cuba earned the name of "ever faithful," but nothing more. Spain possessed an island capable of swift development and boundless prosperity, yet her methods remained always the same; enterprise and industry withered under Spanish rule; she chose blindly to gather the plunder of to-day rather than wait for the greater profits of to-morrow. Spain acknowledges to-day, and always has acknowledged, that her administration is corrupt, yet she has never sought to effect a change; the wave of constitutional reform which in 1836 swept over Spain was deliberately withheld from Cuba, and the last remains of Cuban loyalty vanished. The Spaniards were fully conscious of the course they were pursuing. On the one hand, to grant the island constitutional

liberty, to see it grow rich and strong, would rob Spain of much that was profitable, and might in time lead to actual independence: whilst, on the other hand, there was the course with which they were so familiar, the policy of financial and administrative despotism. They grasped what they could at the moment, and hoped that the day of retribution might be far distant, and that the anger and discontent of the Cubans might long be held down by force. Revolution upon revolution has been the result, and year by year the hatred which every Cuban feels for Spain has grown stronger; three times before the great ten years' war the Cubans rose and were subdued, till, in 1868, began the insurrection which the Cubans maintained against the whole power of Spain till 1878. For ten years they fought, and that at a far greater disadvantage than they do to-day; and in the end they were not crushed, but submitted to the terms of peace offered by General Martinez Campos. He pledged himself to obtain certain constitutional reforms; he had been sent to

Cuba expressly to make peace, and he made it, but his promises were never ratified by Spain. Since then the island has been nursing itself for the present insurrection. If the Spaniards wish to keep Cuba for Spain they will have to conquer the Cubans in the field, for the fight is now for absolute independence without terms or compromise.

Little is known to the outside world of the actual state of affairs in Cuba during the present war. The greater part of the news published abroad is derived from Spanish official notices, or from some Spanish source, and is always untrustworthy and, if unfavourable to Spain, is deliberately falsified. Other reports are made by the agents appointed by the various newspapers in the principal seaport towns of Cuba, and their despatches necessarily consist for the most part of a *résumé* of the rumours which are incessantly being circulated from mouth to mouth, and which, whether favourable to Spain or no, are usually either so distorted as to be beyond recognition or entirely without foundation. In Santiago it

was reported with more than usual assurance that General Antonio Maceo had been heavily engaged, that he was gravely wounded, and that he was either dead or dying. I saw him afterwards, as he and his escort of 100 horse rode up at full gallop to present themselves to the newly elected President of the Cuban Republic—a theatrical scene, where President and General embraced and the troops saluted and cheered. He had been in many actions, but had suffered no wound throughout the present war.

So too, shortly before I joined the insurgent forces, circumstantial accounts of an action were published in the American newspapers, in which the Spaniards claimed to have completely defeated a vastly superior number of the insurgents with a loss to themselves of only some dozen men. I afterwards chanced to ride down the valley where this Spanish newspaper victory had been achieved; the road led from the town of Santiago to Guintanamo, and on either side there was thick forest. A Spanish column some 2,000 or

3,000 strong had here been attacked by 400 or 500 insurgents, who for two days had driven the Spaniards in disorder before them. The road was deep in mud, and almost impassable, dynamite lay in the way, and the insurgents were all around, and yet invisible. Scattered here and there along the road were the skeletons of the Spanish dead; at one point where dynamite had been used the bones were mixed and scattered abroad; and here alone some fifteen or twenty men must have fallen.

It is seldom that the insurgents in the field can send despatches giving their version of affairs. Every day the difficulty of forwarding reports through the Spanish lines is increasing, and the undertaking becoming more hazardous; every one passing through the lines is suspected, and is liable to search, whether provided with a pass or no. Communication is kept up with the towns; but the news, when it arrives at all, is usually very much behind the time, and has been already discredited by previous reports.

Inland, the island is in the hands of the insurgents; but the towns are Spanish, and in the hands of the Spaniards are the means of reporting the progress of a campaign of what would appear to be almost unbroken success for themselves. Spanish troops have been poured into the island in thousands upon thousands, and there lost sight of. Telegrams and reports in England and America describe Spanish actions, and the numbers engaged and killed on either side, and always there is the same story from the Spanish authorities—that the end is very near, and that Martinez Campos is only waiting for reinforcements to begin the general advance which is finally to crush out the rebellion. The general impression is that the insurrection is being sustained by bands of savage, undisciplined, and half-armed guerillas, outcasts of Cuban society, and negroes who, hunted from place to place by the Spanish regulars, and condemned by the better class of Cubans, maintain themselves in the woods and mountains and carry on a marauding warfare of

rapine and murder, avoiding the Spanish forces save when they are in vastly superior numbers.

The statements of the victorious progress of the Spaniards are false, and the reports are absolutely unreliable. It is true that Spain is making every effort; ships are bought and blockade the coast, yet arms and ammunition are continually being landed, and as yet no filibusterer has been taken. Troops are sent from Spain, but no change in the situation takes place. At the end of October the Spaniards were everywhere practically standing on the defensive; they held the towns, certain positions along the coast, and, after a fashion, the railroads, which usually run a very short distance inland; the rest of the island is "Free Cuba," and is in the hands of the insurgents. The Spaniards seldom venture inland in any direction away from their base, and never with a force of less than 2,000 or 3,000 men; and even then the disorganisation of their commissariat and the hostility of the country are such as to prevent them from

keeping the field for more than a very few days at a time.

Almost every Cuban on the island is in sympathy with the insurrection; nothing is more false than to suppose that only those who have nothing to lose favour the revolt. Rich and poor, educated and uneducated, even the children born in the island of Spanish parents—all are against Spain.

So, too, for the most part, the American and English Colonists, owners of plantations, and managers of mines are the friends of the insurgents, and wish them well; and passing freely as they do from the country to the towns they assist the rebels in a hundred ways, and always at great personal risk to themselves.

The Spaniards know that the hand of every man is against them. In the town of Santiago every one is under suspicion, and everywhere there are spies; for an American an unguarded word might mean banishment, and for a Cuban transportation; the news of the morning was who had been arrested during the

night, and crowds of suspects were taking passage with every ship leaving Cuba, no matter where it was bound for, warned by some friend that they had best leave quickly lest worse should befall them.

I remember speaking to the son of a very wealthy Spaniard; he had much to say of the greatness of Spain and of their righteous cause, but was interrupted by the news that a Spanish warship had been sunk with all hands by an insurgent bomb. The youth forgot that he was speaking to a stranger and all that he had said; he clapped his sides and bellowed with delight, an indiscretion which he instantly regretted.

So again, whilst I was making my way out into the country, I fell in with an American. His business lay within the Spanish lines, and there were Spanish troops all around. He spoke with violence of the insurgents, and together we lamented their ways and praised the all-powerful Spaniard. It was only afterwards that I discovered that far and near in "Free Cuba" he was held in

the greatest reverence, that he had helped the insurgents in every kind of way, and that he was everywhere spoken of as Tommy.

On September 20 I landed at Santiago, the Spanish base of operations for the eastern end of the island. I had come by sea from New York, intending in some way or other to join the insurgent forces; though how I was to get through the Spanish lines, or where the rebels were to be met with, I had not the remotest idea.

From New York I brought a letter to a Cuban sympathiser in Santiago, who was to furnish me with some plan of escape. This document was the talisman in which I trusted, and with the greatest caution I brought it ashore and through the custom-house, safely lodged in my boot, but only to find that the most necessary friend to whom it was addressed had shared the fate of other suspects—that he had been arrested on the previous night, and was then lying prisoner on a ship which was getting up steam in the bay ready

to leave for Ceuta, the Spanish penal settlement in Africa.

Santiago is the ancient capital of Cuba. It stands on sloping ground at the head of a magnificent land-locked harbour, and all around, in an amphitheatre, are mountains and forest—a lovely place, but a fatal one for the Spanish soldiers. The town itself is a whited sepulchre. The streets are narrow and the place filthy beyond all words; the heat is only varied by tropical showers, which fall every afternoon through the summer and autumn months—rain so heavy that in a very few minutes the streets sloping down to the bay are like muddy mountain streams in spate, carrying with them all kinds of refuse and rubbish. Everywhere the yellow fever is abroad, but it is particularly deadly amongst the Spanish troops. How many die is never made known; the dead are carried away and buried by night, and at one hospital a hole was cut in the wall facing the burial ground, that the soldiers outside might not see the nightly processions. The Spanish soldiers

stalk about the streets in their dirty white linen uniforms and big straw hats, looking pale and thin ; they are badly fed, and suffer every kind of privation ; boys for the most part under twenty, they are unaccustomed to the climate, and by exposure are made unfit to battle with it.

For more than a week I stayed in Santiago, trying to devise some scheme for getting through the lines, and day by day, as the various plans miscarried, the chances of success seemed to grow smaller. The easiest course would have been to visit one of the plantations which lay outside the lines ; so on landing I professed the greatest interest in sugar-cane, and importuned the Governor for the all-necessary pass. From the first, however, I fell under suspicion, and all passes were most sternly refused me. The longer I stayed, the greater grew the suspicion, and I was followed by a shadow, who watched what I did and to whom I spoke. One Cuban was warned by a friend of his in the Government that he had better not be seen in my

company, and those who might have helped me began to fight shy of me.

Everywhere the talk was of the revolution. From hour to hour new rumours took shape and grew, and there was the incessant story of skirmishes and heavy fighting; everything was rumoured, but nothing was known for certain; and it was impossible to learn where the insurgent forces were, or how to reach them. I had only a very few weeks to spare; my time was passing, and nothing whatever had been done; every one had some plan which had to be arranged, and at the last moment would declare that he found it impossible. The spirit of the place, the word which was in every one's mouth, was "to-morrow"; to-day one had to sit idly in a verandah smoking innumerable cigars, knowing that nothing was being done, and that the morrow would probably be the same.

One good fellow—an American—was bound for a point along the coast in a small fishing boat. He was willing to take me, but as I had no pass, and it was as impossible to leave

without one by sea as it was by land, together we bribed the padrone of the boat to hide me under some sacks in the bows. He was persuaded, though much against his will. I was to be put out of sight overnight, and first thing in the morning we were to sail. The plan was well laid, but, like a dozen others, fell through at the very last, and I had to stay behind. The sailor who worked the boat with the padrone was of a timid disposition, and absolutely declined to risk transportation for a few pieces of money—a sensible view as it turned out, for just as the boat was preparing to sail the port officers came, and searched her from top to bottom.

To be shut up in the town was insufferable ; and I saw that if I wanted to get out I should have to go out alone, and as best I could. My plan was in some way or other to reach my friend, who had vanished in the boat, and who would be able to help me in joining some rebel force. To get there, however, it would be necessary to take to the mountains, since there were Spanish troops between him and

the town. It was awkward not understanding Spanish, but I learned the phrase, "I desire to avoid the Spanish troops," and started one evening just as I stood, save for pockets heavily loaded with cigars. Next day I was with the insurgents. I came successfully to some iron mines on the coast, and there learned that a party of insurgents were coming down from the mountains that night to fetch despatches, and to them I attached myself.

The eastern end of Cuba is mountainous and everywhere covered with virgin forest. The vegetation is semi-tropical, and the creepers and undergrowth present so formidable an obstacle to progress that when, as was very frequently the case, it proved necessary to pass round some particularly impossible bit of the road, the man riding in front had to open out a way with his machete—the large knife of the country, which in times of peace serves to cut the cane, and in times of war is carried as a side-arm.

The first ride I had with the insurgents—there were two of them, a captain and a

trooper—was through the most wonderful scenery I have ever seen. All night we rode through forest, and always in an upward direction ; there was a full moon, and now and again we could look down on the sea which lay below, and up at the wooded peaks above. For two hours we slept beside our horses whilst they rested, and were pressing on again before daylight ; we wished to get to one of the camps by the following evening, and the nearest was still a long way on. The tracks were exceedingly bad, sometimes deep in mud, and at others precipitous and covered with loose rocks, over which the horses climbed like monkeys. All day we pressed on, always at a slow walk, and in single file, now and again pulling up, to give a challenge, for we were near the Spanish forces and did not know whom we might fall in with. It had been a long ride, and the horses were dead tired. They had been going almost incessantly through the whole day and the greater part of the night. It had been terribly hot, and only once in the early morning had we

had anything to eat. We were worn out ; and when after sunset we found that we had lost our way and were wandering aimlessly up and down wooded valleys which all looked exactly alike, we became thoroughly dispirited. Late that evening we came to the insurgent outpost and heard the challenge given from the darkness above us ; and as we rode through the guard we saw through the trees the fires of the rebel camp. It was situated on a triangular spur of land ; behind and above were the mountains, and far below was the level coast land, and beyond it again the sea.

Colonel Valleriano, a mulatto, had occupied this position for many weeks with a few Cuban officers and a force of 100 men, most of whom were negroes. Down below, on the coast, about ten miles off, were encamped the Spaniards, some 2,000 or 3,000 strong. The insurgents lay in their way, a handful of men in a strong position, and the Spaniards had made no move against them.

The Spaniards moved out from their camp

the morning after my arrival. The insurgents were drawn up along the edge of the hill, watching the Spanish advance with field-glasses, and praying that they might come on. Videttes were sent forward, and every one was ready, but that day was like the previous one, and no attack was made.

The camp was composed of a number of palm-thatched sheds, under which were slung two or three hammocks side by side. It was a curious evening—the officers gathered round us in the Colonel's hut, and stood or sat about smoking, whilst we ate with a ravenous appetite the food they set before us. Afterwards, by the light of the camp fires and a flickering candle, my captain read aloud the news from the Spanish newspapers he had brought with him; he sat on a hammock with the officers round, and outside crouched some sixty negroes, listening intently, and now and again laughing quietly at an account of some reported Spanish success.

That night I found my hammock slung next to that of the trooper who had ridden

with me from the muster. The poor fellow was already there. Somehow or other he had got a touch of fever, and was quite delirious, tossing himself about and raving in a most unpleasant way. I had brought a variety of pills with me from New York, but, unfortunately, could not in the least distinguish between them, as they were marked not with the ailment for which they were intended, but with the various ingredients they contained. Happily, I struck on an appropriate bottle, and gave the trooper four large pills, which silenced him in a moment and caused him to lie like a log through the rest of the night. I afterwards learned that the virtue of these pills lay in reducing the temperature from high fever to the normal state at a jump, and that they were very powerful and should have been administered sparingly. We both slept comfortably through the night, and although my patient had a relapse next day, he speedily recovered, and was very grateful to me for the treatment.

In the whole island there were some 25,000

insurgents under arms, all, both infantry and cavalry, carrying the machete as a side-arm, and a rifle of one kind or another, usually a Remington. Here and there the men were armed with Mausers, the new Spanish magazine rifle, which had either been collected from the prisoners or taken from the Spanish dead ; it is a small-bore rifle, and from the cases I saw it would seem that the wound it inflicts is easily healed, the bullet boring a hole through the bone instead of breaking it.

For the time being there appeared to be a tolerable supply of ammunition, but no very large reserve : and in the future the insurgents may have to rely on supplies from abroad. More rifles and ammunition are constantly being run into the country ; and with the increased supply of arms the numbers of the insurgents in the field could be very largely increased, since those who desire to join in the struggle very largely exceed the number of rifles now available.

Everywhere discipline was strictly enforced, guard was regularly kept, and orders had to

be carried out to the letter. In their drill the insurgents cut a most ridiculous figure ; yet drilled they were, however, and that twice a day ; often, as was the case in José Maceo's camp, by Spanish drill sergeants, who, like so many others, had been driven from the Spanish lines by ill usage. The cavalry were much better in hand than the infantry, and those I saw manœuvred with tolerable ease. The men were well mounted, and in the open country to the west they are accustomed to charge the Spanish infantry in square and often with success. In the broken country of the Santiago province the cavalry is of little service, and the fighting is necessarily more of a guerilla warfare, planned by the officers, but executed by the men as units.

The rank and file of the rebels in the east are black, but further west they are almost exclusively white, and a negro there is the exception. The negroes are fine fighting men, and able to endure every kind of hardship ; they march thirty or forty miles in the day without great fatigue, and are able to go

for long periods without food—indeed starvation would seem to make them more efficient, since it is said that Antonio Maceo prefers his men to fast for two days before battle. A few of the officers are black, but usually they are Cubans. The staff of General José Maceo was largely composed of the sons of wealthy Cuban planters, of doctors, and other professional men, many of them educated in America, and many of them speaking excellent French or English.

General José was encamped on the high road, some fifteen miles from a Spanish division; he had only 400 or 500 men with him, and here the insurgents had no advantage in their position, yet for weeks the Spaniards had made no move against him, and here, as elsewhere, they remained inactive and powerless. Further west, on a large open prairie, General Antonio Maceo was able to entertain the insurgent Government with a review of some 5,000 men, whilst within twenty miles, both to the north and to the south, the Spaniards had superior forces, were fully

conscious of all that was passing, and yet declined to make the slightest effort.

General Antonio Maceo is the moving spirit of the whole revolt. He is a tall, broad-shouldered mulatto, with a reputation for reckless bravery and a good knowledge of Cuban warfare, gained during the last insurrection. He is the hero of the Cubans and the terror of the Spanish soldiery, a volcano of energy, with a charming manner, a kindly disposition, and eyes which are perpetually smiling through a pair of gold-rimmed eye-glasses.

I first met Maceo on an occasion of great state and ceremony. Cuba had just elected a Provisional Government, which was to watch over the interests of the country till the struggle should be ended. The General was mobilising the troops of the east to receive and do honour to the President and Ministers of the Cuban Republic, who had journeyed very far to meet him. The President of the Republic, the Marquis of Santa Lucia, is a man very nearly eighty years old, a stately and courteous

old gentleman, and so wiry that he had arrived at the place of meeting several days before he was expected. The rest of the Government is almost entirely composed of young men, who are almost all under forty; shrewd, pleasant fellows they seemed, full of zeal and hope in the future, and apparently by no means over-sanguine. From them I learned how it was proposed absolutely to forbid and prevent the grinding of the sugarcane throughout Cuba, and so to hinder Spain from getting any financial assistance from the island. The insurgent forces were maintaining themselves in the field without expense, and could continue to do so, whilst the Spanish army of occupation was an ever-increasing burden, and one which every day Spain became less able and willing to bear. The Cuban policy was to cripple Spain financially whilst she withstood her in the field. The insurgents would be willing to treat with Spain as to a price for Spanish evacuation, and to pay freely rather than draw the war out to the very end. During the first three

months of the struggle they would have accepted a free and full measure of autonomy, but now the establishment of a Cuban Republic can only be prevented by Spanish victory and Cuban annihilation.

Riding through Cuba from camp to camp was a pleasant life, and often an exciting one. I had an escort, an officer and trooper, and all day we rode over hills and through forest, and always along tracks which were almost impassable. Sometimes our road would pass near the Spanish lines, and on one such occasion we barely avoided a Spanish ambush ; at times we would ride the greater part of the day without food of any kind, and with a hot sun above, with the result that one's grip in the saddle seemed to loosen and one's head to turn. When our horses tired we changed them for fresh ones with the prefects along the way.

Wherever we chanced to find ourselves at nightfall, we slung our hammocks and slept ; sometimes it would be in a shed, and sometimes in the open air, and once and again un-

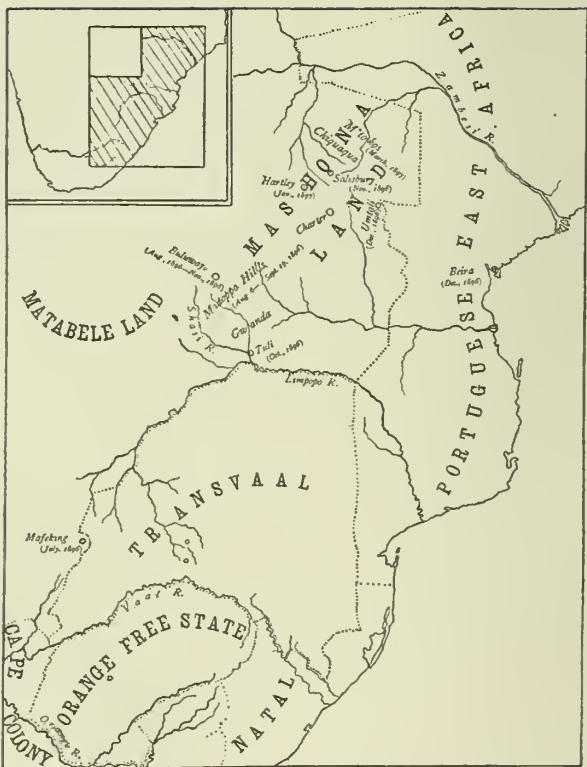
pleasantly near the enemy. We passed one night in the shed which contained the printing-press of the Cuban Republic, and round about us lay the copies of the gala number of *Cuba Libre*, the organ of the insurrection, all printed in blue and red type to commemorate the governmental election. In the morning, we would be up and in the saddle again before sunrise, the only toilet possible being a good shake. Everywhere, I found the Cubans the most courteous and hospitable people conceivable; whatever hour of the day or night it might be, all that the Cuban had and all that he could do were at the service of the stranger. In the middle of the night we were served with coffee and food if there chanced to be any, and no matter how poor our host might be it was out of the question that he should receive money. From the time I joined the insurgents to the day I got back to Santiago, I never spent a penny.

How I ever got back to Santiago I am still at a loss to understand. Twice I had to pass through Spanish troops, whose officers,

as I afterwards heard, had expressed a wish to lay their hands on the Englishman who had joined the insurgents. True, I had borrowed a planter's suit—which was necessary, as I had not had my own clothes off for three weeks—and I had shaved. But, for the rest, I met with the most extraordinary good luck.

I have only been five weeks in Cuba, but I have seen and heard enough of what is passing to wish all success to the cause of the insurrection, and to hope that the United States will not be long in recognising the Cuban insurgents as a belligerent Power.

SOUTH AFRICA



A ROUGH SKETCH-MAP OF RHODESIA TO ILLUSTRATE THE PLACES MENTIONED IN THE ENSUING DIARIES AND LETTERS.

SOUTH AFRICA

IN the passages that follow one can read, in his own letters and diaries, the experience of those few months—the summer of 1896 and the late spring of 1897—which formed the chief passage in Hubert Howard's life. For the importance of this short period there were several reasons. On the one hand he was less constrained than he found himself later in Egypt, when he was merely a non-combatant in a great military advance. On the other hand he had much fuller work to do, and work with more purpose in it than he had ever found before. I believe it would have been impossible to have discovered, in this time in which we live, anything that could have better suited his character than these adventures in South Africa; for they satisfied an instinct which he had inherited from earlier centuries, and of which he always gave an example in our own; the desire for adventurous conquest, and for conquest un-

touched by the rigid conditions that take half the life out of modern expeditions.

Before he went out to Africa it was adventure alone that seemed to please him ; when he returned it was adventure with a purpose. There had happened to him what always must happen to men of energy ; I mean that he had found a nucleus round which his action could gather ; and during the fifteen months between his return and his departure for Egypt his mind was full of those problems which are the chief politics of England ; they had become an interest that would certainly have lasted during the whole of a public career. Always vividly impressed by an actual experience, he had come into touch with that kind of sight and action which must most necessarily appeal to young Englishmen to-day. He had met, and met them in his own surroundings, the men whose names were the centres of debates that had before been pale to him ; and he had seen with his own eyes what had been merely maps and names for discussion.

The men are few whose position, judgment, and daring fit them to serve their country in the conditions under which he served it ; he became suddenly one of them. Nor will the

regret for him and for his powers be more deep or more lasting anywhere, if one may judge by their expressions, than among the older men who were with him during this time. There is no necessity for an ample description by one who has never visited the country. His own letters and diaries that follow give a sufficiently vivid picture of the country, of his journeys, and of the fighting. They are taken from a large diary in which he kept the greater part of his records, a note-book in which the plans and notes of the actions were taken during the short campaign in which he was engaged, and extracts from the letters, which were happily numerous and frequent, written home to his family and to his friends.

It is perhaps as well to put, as a kind of preface to what follows, the words which Lord Grey, who had been his Chief in South Africa, wrote of him upon hearing of his death. They give one the accurate personal impression which is needed to complete the picture.

INVERNESS,

September 12, 1898.

. . . I hardly know how to write to you about dear Hubert. His death has affected me so greatly that I feel closely drawn to you in sympathy and in the belief that I knew and loved

him well enough to realise how great and dark is the cloud which has fallen on your life. I loved Hubert as a son, and was most ambitious for him. He had *great* qualities, and only wanted opportunities, which, had he lived, would most assuredly have been provided, to prove himself to be a man whom any one might be proud to be allowed to call his friend. Of course in Mashonaland I had abundant opportunity of studying him, and of finding out what manner of man he was.

For some time he was my daily companion and my only intimate friend; and he was always most companionable, interesting, amusing, eager, original, suggestive, helpful; most considerate for and careful of me, most reckless and casual about himself. Our relationship was of the happiest and most delightful character—intimately close and unreserved. I treated him like a brother, and he always showed me an affection and respect which could not have been greater had I been his father instead of his official chief. I mourn his loss more than I can tell you. His nature required excitement and action; office life did not suit him. Ready at a moment's notice to go anywhere and do anything, I did not hesitate to send him on difficult and dangerous errands; and most faithfully and well, and with his whole heart in the execution of his duty, did he perform them. After he had recovered from his wound received when in the Matoppos, when I required a man of courage, insight, and decision, to go and examine into the work of an outlying magistrate, who was so far removed from the eye of the Government that he was necessarily to a very large extent a law unto himself, I selected Hubert. No one could have done the work better. He showed that he possessed great power of grasp, of sifting evidence, of coming to a right decision, and of masterful authority. He did his work so promptly, showed such judgment, decision and character, and submitted to me so good a Report, which enabled me to clean out a gang of rogues and replace them by loyal and

honest men, that I asked him to accompany me to Salisbury as private secretary; and from the day he joined me till the day he left me, he was a source of continual joy to me, and I believe this period of his life was a thoroughly happy one. While at Salisbury he had no especial opportunity, outside the part he took in the M'toko Patrol, of gaining personal distinction; but I sent him out with various patrols, knowing that his influence would always be used against procrastination and in favour of bold and decisive measures, and I never was disappointed in him.

In these patrols he always showed a splendid fearlessness, and infused into all about him a spirit of cheerfulness under privations, of loyalty to the Government, of anxiety to make the most of the opportunities that offered themselves, and his example was consequently always useful and inspiring. In the M'toko Patrol he rendered services of the greatest value. He exposed himself frequently, and often unnecessarily, to great personal danger. He did not know what fear meant, and all men, both white and black, held him consequently in the highest esteem. Armstrong, the Native Commissioner, and Harding, the officer in command of the Patrol, both spoke to me on their return in terms of the highest praise on account of his conduct during the whole of this Patrol. Harding had that love for Hubert with which he (Hubert) always inspired every brave man. The Jesuit Fathers, in spite of his rather aggressive Protestantism, also loved him. Many a hot and eager dispute he had with them, all in the best of temper, but merciless and unsparing in showing up the inconsistencies of their position, quick as lightning in pouncing upon an admission, pressing home his advantage with impetuous eagerness, and all the time, though quick and vehement, he prevented the argument from setting up any unpleasant heat, by his good-natured merriment and rollicking good humour, which entirely won the heart of the Jesuit Father, whose heat and vehemence were no less than Hubert's. The Jesuit Father, with whom these contro-

versies were renewed whenever opportunity offered, used in other things to obey Hubert as if Hubert was the Father and he the child. Hubert used to make him come to Government House whenever he could get hold of him, and after hurling at him every good-natured reproach he could think of, used to make him sit down at the piano and play to him for hours. Hubert was very fond of listening to music, and of making people play to him. This good Father will feel, with many others, that Hubert's death has sent a heavy cloud over the sky of their lives.

It was Hubert's quickness in repartee in his encounters with the Jesuit Father, his versatility, the boldness with which he assaulted the position of his adversary, the tenacity and skill with which he defended his own, the force and pithiness of his expressions, that made me persuade him to leave Rhodesia, return to England, finish his terms, and take up the Bar seriously as a profession. His courage, his never-failing eye for the ridiculous, his epigrammatic language, his reasoning powers, combined with his handsome face and clear-cut legal mouth, led me to believe that he would have a distinguished career at the Bar if he had lived, and could have got into active combative work in the Law Courts without having to serve too long an apprenticeship of drudgery—and now it is all over, and you have to mourn the loss of a son of whom any parent might have been proud.

I knew him well, and I do not know of a single sin or vice which can be quoted against him. He was singularly clean and unblemished in his life as I knew him; a most loveable character, most affectionate, and pathetically grateful to those who he felt took a real interest in him.

Believe me, with my sincerest and most respectful sympathy to you and to Lady Carlisle,

In profound sorrow,

Yours,

GREY.

[The first account of his landing and journey north are given in the two following letters.]

STEAMSHIP ROSLYN CASTLE,

July 14, 1896.

. . . I am still quite in the dark as to where to go immediately on landing, as it must very much depend on what has happened since I have been at sea, but all this I shall learn to-morrow. I have read a good deal about the place during the last fortnight, and learnt a deal more by talking to some of the people on board. There are very few passengers, but two or three of them are the very people one would have wished to fall in with. There is a young C. who is doing all sorts of architectural work for Rhodes, who stayed with him all last year, and who has a fund of anecdote concerning him and others at the Cape. Then there are various residents and speculators from Johannesburg, old adventurers of early Kimberley days, who have the most curious tales to tell; the most interesting and useful, however, of the lot, is a little American hunter, a mining engineer

by profession, who has travelled and shot everywhere, and was at Buluwayo before the Charter was there, whilst it was being negotiated, and has been there since, and one way and another has made his pile and is off hunting again. He has told me any number of things about the country which should prove most useful. One most unpleasant piece of news is that it costs over £50 to get up to Buluwayo, which will make a most unpleasant hole in my finance. As I say, I cannot let you know how many days I shall be at the Cape, but will write again and tell you by the next mail. I find that I have brought an insufficiency of clothes and boots, which is amazing.

EN ROUTE FOR MAFEKING,

July 17, 1896.

(Midnight—hence certain incoherence in my words.)

. . . I send you my greeting and some little news, for I am not sure when I shall be able

to do so again, since I am travelling as fast as it is possible to the north.

At the Cape, where I landed three days since, there is a settled gloom on all those in authority ; it seems that in the absence of Rhodes the politics of the place have got into a miserable plight, whilst up in Rhodesia things are just as bad as they can be.

It is not so much the rising, for that can be dealt with, and after a fashion is being managed almost exclusively by imperial troops ; but the trouble is the condition of the country. Hardly any cattle are left through the rinderpest, and the inefficiency of the rail and coach service have led to a block in all stores going north, so that the country is in a state of famine where the merest necessities of life are at an altogether prohibitive price. Added to this the horses have died, and the few left cannot be fed ; whilst thrown in there has been drought and locusts. All this, and the assurance that it was impossible for any civilian now to serve in any capacity against the

Matabele, threw me into a state of complete despair. However, Goodenough, the deputy governor, has brought some consolation, and has armed me with a letter to Carrington, and altogether proved himself an excellent friend. He says that the troops are preparing to give what they hope may be a final coup to the Matabele in the Matoppo hills, where they are in a strong position ; and it is in the hope of arriving there in time that I am pushing forward as fast as I possibly can—a slow business at the best, and which I fear may land me after all is over.

It is a ruinously expensive business travelling here, and costs somewhere about £40 to get to Buluwayo—three days and nights by rail, and then near on a fortnight continuous coach. So far I have travelled up with Youngusband, who is going touring in the Transvaal for the *Times*. He is full of information and anecdote.

There were several curious people on the steamer coming out, and one was able to pick up a deal of information of one kind

and another ; and amongst it a general understanding that the natives in Rhodesia have been very badly treated and robbed.

I will not write more now as I am again pressing on—I am very much afraid that Rhodesia will prove a fruitless place to visit at this moment. I would like to hear how you are doing. I wish you good fortune and good luck. . . .

[In the first action in which he was engaged, on August 5, 1896, he received a wound in the leg. The following two letters refer to the engagement.]

SUGAR TREE CAMP,
MATOPPO HILLS,
August 6, 1896.

. . . It is possible you may see in the papers that I was shot in an action we fought yesterday, but I assure you it is no very grave matter—a Lee Metford bullet through the fleshy part of the leg, luckily touching no bone. We got well in amongst the enemy yesterday, and there was very nearly a disaster ; for after marching some little distance into the hills we all halted, and the guns were sent forward with an

escort of some 100 men to take up a position further in, where they found the enemy in great force and were surrounded. It became necessary to fight our way to their relief over some very difficult country. I am an officer in Major Robertson's Cape Boys, in fact Adjutant of that corps; and in this action we had to go up and to cross the face of a steep mountain under fire, climbing like chamois and pulling one another up with rifles. On the other side we found the enemy in force, and were on the extreme left of the position, but we held successfully against several rushes. These are not so awkward as the practice now usually adopted by the enemy, of sitting in caves and behind big boulders, and quietly potting us as we advance. I myself was occupying a position rather in advance of the rest of the corps, with some fifteen men whom I most judiciously placed behind boulders on each side of an open rocky slope, on which I had to stand to keep the men steady as they were getting wild in their shooting at the sight of so many

Matabele who were scurrying about like pheasants before they rise at the end of a covert. There I was shot, but luckily only by a Lee Metford, so that I was able to continue where I was and afterwards to go on on a borrowed horse, for we had left ours behind at the foot of the hills. I must say I did not think the fight was of much profit. We may have killed a number of the enemy, and we temporarily drove them from their position, but at night we came back to camp, and no doubt all will be in position again next time. . . . Baden Powell sees that things are properly managed.

There are some 1,000 men in all, perhaps rather less; with the exception of a score of police they were raised by Plumer, who commands them. Robertson's Cape Boys, numbering some 150 men or less, and a few left in a fort, are coloured gentlemen who mostly have a strain of white blood. They are excellent soldiers and full of pluck, and are usually given the rough work in the kopjes.

Carrington came into camp to-day. He is supposed to direct operations, but not to command the troops in the field. This is a beautiful bit of country—great mountains of rock, dotted over with trees and caves, with narrow grassy valleys running in every direction through the gorges. I begin to have sympathy with the difficulties of the Spaniards in Cuba. At the same time I am sorry for the Matabele, who are making an excellent fight. We harry and plunder them, and wherever we go leave a trail of fire and smoke. At night we ride out on marauding excursions, cutting out cattle and capturing their grain, while the miserable owners sit above us on the hills taking pot shots. It is sometimes exciting enough when going through valleys with a small body of men, and not knowing when a volley will be suddenly fired from some kopje or boulder; also lying at night in squares behind our saddles, waiting for the moon to rise and the enemy to come down.

At present I am lying up in camp very

much annoyed at being tied up while all my people are out on a foraging expedition. I hope to be able to ride again in less than a week.

SUGAR TREE CAMP,
MATOPPO HILLS,
August 6, 1896.

I have been having some most agreeable adventures, which for the moment have been checked in a general engagement we fought yesterday, with the result that I was shot through the leg—a small wound from a Lee Metford which did not prevent me seeing the business to an end, but which now has left me turned up in camp, and which I fear will prevent me sallying out for a few days.

It was a good fight; we went out in force to find and engage the enemy, and, with this object in view, detached the guns and a small body of men, some 100 in all, to take up a position; but they were so unfortunate as to fall in with the enemy in force, and to be surrounded and gravely imperilled, and it became immediately necessary to advance through and across a villainous country to

their relief, and this with all despatch. I, with my Cape Boys—good fighters, and fortunate in having me for adjutant—advanced on the extreme left over some precipitous hills, which we mounted like goats, or rather lizards, whilst the enemy took pot shots at us. Over the crest we had two hours most lively engagement, driving back the rushes of the enemy and replying to their fire, which is now their usual mode of aggression, and the more unpleasant as they take up every kind of concealed position where they are invisible and unassailable. I myself had a few men in advance skilfully placed behind boulders, and it was whilst standing about exhorting them to be cool that I was jumped, and had to continue my moving appeals in a sitting position.

Altogether we have an exhilarating time; the country is a mass of mountains made up of great boulders, heaped one upon another, with trees scattered more or less thickly through the crevices and over the face, whilst in between the hills run innumerable grassy valleys, in which we pillage and cut out the

cattle of the enemy. The patrol may sally out in the moonlight, and away you ride with a few men through these valleys expecting every moment a volley from the hills round about, and not knowing where the enemy may be in force and how he may be avoided if our numbers are few. Every kraal or shed is burned, whilst the unhappy owners sit like cherubs above dropping shots. Then there are dark nights when the patrol has to wait for the moon, lying in square behind the saddles; very cold. For it is very cold at night and very hot by day. When the enemy will have had enough I can't say, nor can I say when I shall finish my little tour and get back to the law, which I suppose will be my fate at no very distant date, for I can see no avenue to fame or fortune here, anyhow till things are more settled, and people and money begin to return. At present, apart from the troops the country is practically deserted, as every one who can afford it has left with the intention of remaining away till more prosperous days—eighteen months or

two years hence, and not before the railway has advanced very close to Buluwayo.

At present I am earning the princely sum of 17*s.* 6*d.* a day as an officer, with all the arduous duties of adjutant.

NILIMO CAMP, MATOPPOS,

BULUWAYO,

Sept. 19, 1896.

I am exceedingly pleased to hear from you—three letters which have all duly reached me, also the corpse of a once very fine cigar. Honesty and the fear of detection lead me to make confession that the amount of the fight in which I took part was glorified, and so handled as to wander very far from the truth. One sad fact amongst these is that I hold no independent command. Here affairs have been in a state of stagnation, and nothing save peace negotiations have been forward for the last month and more, and nothing of a more stirring nature than winter (summer) quarters through the rains await the column. Should the surrender of the natives be then incomplete the “white impi” will march into

the newly grown corn, and sword in hand demand the surrender of arms and anything further which may seem good to them. The natives are now without supplies, and should their crops fail must starve, so that such a policy, even should it become necessary, can lead to no further fight worthy of the name. At a recent indaba of the chiefs an Induna of great wisdom touched Rhodes on the "Thuckembar" and made the pronouncement that all men are governed by their bellies, and here is the difficulty of the whole situation, for to finish this matter cleanly and thoroughly by the sword more men are necessary, but there would be no food to feed them with, and the question is whether, with the transport breaking down, there will be provisions for those already here, and whether or no with the rains there will not follow famine. So it is that indabas have been held, and that after having explained to the chiefs that they are beaten and can expect no mercy, the queen is pleased to pardon them should they give up their arms and

come out into the plains, all of which things they profess themselves most anxious to do, but so far without any result. So much for the state of affairs which drag along with a good deal of ill feeling amongst those in authority; all these weeks I have been more or less a prisoner in hospital through the hole in my leg having proved obstinate, and having necessitated various slicings, all of which take an unconscionable time to heal. Now, however, I can make short excursions on my horse, and yesterday was engaged with a fatigue party of Cape Boys in an undertaking of the most solemn order. It is here—a great chief in Zululand, Omzilikatsie by name, being discontented with the rule of Chalra, the king, wandered north with his people and founded the Matabele nation, he himself being the first king, the father of Lobengula. Some forty years ago he died and was buried with all the pomp and ceremony of a great chief, high up on a kopje in a narrow slit between some most gigantic boulders; and there walled up he lay looking towards the rising sun,

over a grand valley with royal spears set around him, and the Matabele nation yearly sacrificing cattle before his tomb. The other day some vagrant half breeds discovered, opened, and looted this place, and spread his bones abroad, thus greatly enraging the nations on all sides. It was to wall up such of his bones as remained, that I set out; I tied them up in a bundle like a heap of washing, and solemnly replaced, building up again the cave with a wall. So violently did I work for the first time for six weeks that to-day I am myself laid out. There is a prologue to this story, which I must relate to you some day, of how we captured the widow of this king, and carried her away in an ox skin, whilst she charged Rhodes with having stolen her chicken. All this is less interesting I find when written down than in the accomplishment. So, too, would be the description of an indaba at which I assisted, where the chiefs appeared, some in a coat and some in a hat—the seediest looking fellows possible. . . .

PS. . . . How does one feel under fire? Possessed by a kind of tremulous physical exaltation and a delight which cannot be described. . . . I don't know whether I told you of the pleasures of patrol pillaging and marauding, burning kraals and stealing native cattle, galloping here and there, and now and then a dropping shot from a kopje. I had little enough of such an unholy life, but such as there was, was good. Poor natives! I am more sorry for them than I can say, they have been practically driven to revolt, and have fought well considering the circumstances; in these hills we have made no real head against them, and further killed *far* fewer than the estimated numbers, which are mere guesses as the dead are seldom found, but are carried away. I have hardly fired myself at all, and did no shooting in the big fight we had, except at a long range, as one's attention is devoted to disposition and exhortation. . . .

BULUWAYO CLUB,
BULUWAYO,
Sept. 29, 1896.

. . . The war is officially declared to be over. Everything has been very interesting. . . .

I imagine I shall come home for a while as soon as I can travel, but the small hurt I came by in the leg has proved so obstinate that I am still a cripple, and require to be tied up every day, which is altogether a hard fate when those who were injured much more gravely are now up and about again.

The other day I rode out with some Cape Boys and walled up the rifled grave of the first king of the Matabele after collecting and burying such bones as remained—most mysterious and altogether in the nature of King Solomon's mines—and now before his tomb the natives have once more sacrificed black oxen.

It was a most interesting duty, but unwise, as I was thrown back into hospital.

I won't write any more, as I am in no vein

for it; I have a hundred things to tell you, and very much would like to see you again.

I had ideas of going further into the wilderness across the Zambesi, but the flesh is too rotten, and it must be for another time. . . .

[In this letter and the next he gives the account of his mission south to enquire into certain abuses that had arisen in a small frontier post. It was his first, and I believe his only administrative work.]

October 22, 1896,
Thursday.

. . . The adventures of a "waster" are being multiplied at a great rate, and the last chapter has me in the character of judge and special commissioner, summoning before me and closely examining those who have been administering a vast district of 25,000 square miles. Can you imagine how ludicrously placed I find myself—sitting in the court of the magistrate, solemn and grave, cross-examining a rascally civil commissioner of some fifty years, a pompous unprincipled ruffian who has trampled on all who could not or would not bribe him for years. Then

there are the complaints of the down-trodden citizens, which I collect and use as whips for the R. M., whilst my clerk, with a cunning which is perfectly devilish, routs about in countless books and ledgers and produces irregularities and mistakes with which to finish up the rout. Here is the course of affairs which has led up to this extraordinary state of things. My place in the coach was taken (my leg would not heal so that I had been ordered off) Saturday. Ava and I left together, and Friday evening we rode into Buluwayo from the camp in the hills some twenty miles off, and as we dismounted fell in with the Administrator—in whose house I had enjoyed great hospitality—a Dutch-Greko building lying in the open veldt some three miles from Buluwayo; and riding out at night from the town it is customary to lose the way, and then when one's spirits are at the lowest the Palace of Aladdin shines out over the waste, a blaze of light in the middle of the desert—part of the mystery of this country which makes what would otherwise

be squalid into objects of huge interest ; Buluwayo, a detestable place in itself, dusty, dirty, a mushroom town of low brick barracks, shanties, tents, and tin ; yet where the stands sell for thousands ; you ride through long thirsts and deserts and pass through wooded mountains where there are giraffe, lions, elephants—the whole Noah's ark ; and in these mountains are embarked huge fortunes, and out of them will come fortunes colossal ; it is this charming mystery and unreality of things which has a very great fascination.

To resume. The Administrator offered me the post of going to far-off Tuli to investigate the course which affairs were there taking ; anonymous and other complaints of the officials there had been for a long while coming in, and it was time that the matter should be investigated. I was given a clerk, a man with what has proved a very excellent skill in books, and what proved a great comfort and of vast service, a fine knowledge of life in the veldt, and a willingness to perform all manner of menial labours. I was further

given a mass of instructions; books, the names and far less the use of which I had never heard, and orders when the matter should be ended to make an exhaustive report, to wire for instructions, to remove the nabobs of the place, and then liberty to go home if and how I could. To horse—two and a pack-animal, since dead; the doctors flouted; my wallet full of bandages; “Rome,” the gift of the President of the higher Commission, also with me. No clothes and a few tins of bully beef; the food of the veldt, and against which a convict would soon revolt. The distance some 170 miles, a long way for beasts in wretched condition, as are now all animals in the country. The journey was interesting and through a country I had not seen. Past the Matoppos, where I had been as a militaire, and then successions of open veldt with the everlasting mapana trees, short and stunted, a melancholy monotonous sort of country; then through more mountain ranges, through the Gwanda mountains where there are reefs of fabulous value, and where at no distant

date there will be a teeming population. Now not a soul but half-pacified natives, who, till the other day, were shooting at us. It is peace now, and from one of the rascals I bought a fowl which is a poor substitute for looting the same. In the Gwanda district we saw giraffe; then came the long thirst; no water save in the middle of this arid waste, "the elephant pit" a hole in a floor of rocks which has water, stinking and discoloured but very welcome; round the pool was the spoor of many elephants, but there were none to hand; further along the road there was the roar of a lion, also invisible, whom we kept at a distance by fires. It was a journey of many trecks, mostly by night and in the cool of the morning and evening; seven days; very slow, and yet the animals could scarce get in; one has died, and another is now useless. Hot days which take the starch completely from one, and most beautiful evenings, when doves hover all round one, and pheasants, partridges, and guinea-fowl run before you in the road. No twilight

either in the morning or evening. It is quite black; there is a slight line of light in the east, and presto! it is broad daylight. And so it is in the evening—the sun sets and the light has gone.

For miles on the last evening of our journey we had ridden along the banks of the Shashi river, one of the big rivers of the country and without a drop of water visible, in breadth the third of a mile of sand, in which, should you dig, there is water enough, but till then it is dry. In winter there will be a roaring torrent. Suddenly there appears over a rise an inn. Imagine a small Cumbrian whitewashed farm, with a tin roof and one long room inside partitioned, the one side the bar and the other the dining-room, and you have the inn. Behind beehive native huts; the bedrooms; across the road a billiard-room, and beyond a building and beehive like the inn, the home of the native commissioner on the far side of the river. A dreary trudge through the sand, two or three dilapidated brick huts, police barracks,

&c., and on a high rise the court-house and residence of the magistrate—him as had to be laid by the heel before all others. Lastly, an abandoned fort, and a population of some twenty whites.

In this place for some five days I have been most busily engaged. The magistrate was away on my arrival on some rascality, so that I had time to hear a great deal and examine his books, &c. before his return. His rule has been insufferable; he is well hated; formerly chief of the Johannesburg Police, he has been brought up in a school of corruption. His manner is plausible and engaging almost, but I think that I routed him in the first encounter. He was menacing, candid, and conciliatory all in turn, and I plied him for over an hour and got him into a condition of heat, confusion, and entanglement which was delightful. Since then there have been a variety of examinations, but he and a thoroughly incompetent clerk are the only two who can be justly removed. Were I Sherlock Holmes I would

get at the Native Commissioner ; I suspect his face, but can learn nothing authentic about him ; the rascal has made himself popular.

Another episode—the inn after dinner ; H. H. and the cut-throats of the place yarning on various matters, of claims jumped, of prospectors shot, of every kind of thing, when there is a clatter of horses' feet outside, and three ruffianly-looking horsemen, armed, loudly tramp into the bar and call for drinks. George Wyndham it proves to be, with two troopers ; he had ridden hard from Buluwayo, and, in spite of changing horses, had left one of his escort laid up on the road with a horse dead beat ; a great ride he had made, and he was off again at three in the morning, on through the Transvaal to catch the coach south. He is boiling with energy and zeal, has been flying all over South Africa, and has a hundred matters in hand ; chiefly, I imagine, providing evidence of the Company before the commission. Certainly he is charming ; had had no sleep practically for three nights,

and had ridden hard, yet here he sat far into the night explaining his plans and the schemes of his party. I started him off on his way and went with food to the rescue of his trooper, who had crawled on a bit but was very hungry. I found him at dawn very hungry, sitting on the veldt with his horse tied up and a fire lighted to keep off a lion whom he thought would fall on him.

This is a long and drivelling account, and I end it here. I am ready to leave, and have telegraphed all manner of charges to Grey. My plans were laid for riding on through the Transvaal in the tracks of G. W. and journeying home with him. Now I have a telegram from the Administrator asking me to come back to Buluwayo and to go on to Salisbury with him as Secretary, *pro tem*. I shall go (it has begun to rain, big black clouds are coming up and the rainy season is going to begin). . . .

I am drivelling again ; the storm is becoming very fierce ; a tempest.

Sunday, *October 25.*

More letter. I am badly wanting to see you and to be home just for a while. I am so tired ; all night long I have been writing a report on the state of affairs here, and to-night I am starting back for Buluwayo—saving leather as far as is possible on half-fed beasts.

I think I have found out all that was possible here ; constant examination of every kind of person, officials, coolies, natives, every one. Sometimes I really made very good investigations and found out all manner of things from mere chance words, and have often extracted most from the most unwilling informants. All yesterday I sat in my beehive hut on my bed, cross-examining ; successfully, for I think I got the Native Commissioner by the ear, and I could not learn anything about him for ever so long, only his rascally face to show that he was a scoundrel ; a pleasant-spoken fellow who, unlike the magistrate, has had the sense to make himself popular. Then there have been masses of books, and wading through these my clerk has proved himself

a man. They are in all manner of confusion. Another matter, which proved very successful, was getting the magistrate by persisting baiting to give away every one else and accuse them of every kind of thing. Man, it is a curious game; not a very pretty one to be engaged in; but what would you! I am a 'waster'—an expression of this country full of meaning—a rolling stone which will never be used at the corner. . . .

[This last part of the letter was written in the extreme south, near the Transvaal frontier. He returned on October 30 to Buluwayo, and three days later sent the following.]

BULUWAYO CLUB,

November 2, 1896.

This is the very last of this interminable letter. I am back in Buluwayo. The journey back was harder than that going. The food and horses gave out, and the long thirst was unbroken owing to the elephant-pit having dried out. I came back as far as the first fort with two troopers brought and left by Wyndham on his course south; both of them gentlemen. . . .

Well, owing to the letter of that dear old fool, such was not my fate. From the first

fort, half-way, I rode in alone with two horses, changing from one to another, and so doing the distance in good time. . . .

I have no clothes, such as I brought to this country, save a few pairs of riding breeches were left below and cannot be sent up. The things I had here are in rags, and I have been trying to buy reach-me-downs at Buluwayo.

Yesterday I was given chloroform and had my toe-nail whacked out; it has disagreed with me, hence the incoherence of this letter. I am now a cripple on both legs.

Expense here is terrible—boarding and feeding in a modest way at an hotel £25 a month, and everything is in the same proportion. Lawley, Grey's secretary, is staying on here to run the show. He is a very good fellow, and would do excellently as a permanence. Major Forbes, whom we know of from the past and who has been up across the Zambesi, is to be Administrator of all Zambesia. Little Johnston is leaving Nyassaland to marry and for good, and I have not heard who is to replace him. . . .

BULUWAYO,

November 2, 1896.

. . . Many things have happened since I wrote to you last. I had taken my place in the coach south, and was sent on a mission to examine into the affairs of a district, and to inquire into the administration of the officials there. I did this, and when it was finished had arranged to go through the Transvaal as best I might and thence home. However, I was telegraphed to by Grey, and asked if I would go back to Buluwayo and go with him as secretary to Salisbury, and I have said yes, and to-morrow we start. How long a delay this will make before I can see you all I hardly know—a few months and no longer. It was an opportunity not likely ever to recur, and I thought that you would think it best to seize it while it offered. I would so much like to be back with you, and will be soon unless you go to India this winter and run up to Salisbury from Beira on the way.

It was about three weeks ago that I had intended to start for the Cape, and the day

before Grey asked me to go south, some 180 miles from here, and find out what was going on there ; rumours were coming in that the magistrate and other officials there were engaged in every kind of theft, and that the place was in mutiny against the valid administration of the authorities. My business was to examine carefully into the books of the place, and for this purpose I was provided with a clerk, who proved himself endowed with the cunning of the devil in these matters. Without his help I should have been very much at a loss how to report on this matter. Further, I had to find out and hear all that had been going on in the district, and question and examine those who were responsible about it. This I did myself—a queer game. I was detective and inquisitor, sometimes sitting on my bed in a little hut giving audience to those who had stories and grievances to tell, and at others seated in the magisterial chair questioning and cross-examining the magistrate and native commissioners on their misdeeds. . . . All this was not quite a nice business to be engaged

upon, but I think I managed it in as open a way as possible, and always told the accused of any matter which I had heard, and so gave them every opportunity of explaining and justifying themselves. All I learnt I reported on in writing, and the matter is now being dealt with by the Administrator.

The journey to this district was slow. We went on horses with a pack-animal. Over the first part of the road there were forts, but beyond the veldt was quite without stores or grain of any kind, so that horses which are now throughout the country in a very poor condition could scarce get along through the long thirst which for forty-five miles was only broken by a pan of bad water, and which coming back was quite waterless owing to the pool having dried up. Along the road there were the signs of every kind of beast, all sorts of big buck. The man with me saw a giraffe. We heard the lions roar at night, and saw the spoor of elephant round a pool. The country was sometimes level with the short mapana tree, very dull and uninteresting, and at other

times the road passed through ranges of mountains, some of which are supposed to be exceedingly rich in gold, and here before the war were some of the big workings; and soon when the rains are over, stores will spring up again and people will flock here in big numbers should the reef prove as good as every one believes. The rivers are the great defect of the country—waterless sandy stretches, with here and there in the larger ones a pool of stagnant water: in places the water is so thick that it might be cut, and it is stinking. This we boil and make tea of, and are happy at finding. I left my clerk to keep an eye on affairs and go back the first part of the way with the troopers left there by George Wyndham, who has been out here and made a very fine road from Buluwayo to the Transvaal.

Grey starts to-morrow with Carrington. We have some 250 miles to do. The rains will probably break before we get there. I am in a sad plight for clothes, and have literally nothing to put on of any kind save

some reach-me-downs I have been buying in the town. When I came up here I left nearly everything I had at the Cape or Mafeking, and it is now, in the disorganised position of transport, impossible to get them. . . . My foot where I was shot is much better, though a little sore. I will write to you again as soon as I get to a post. We ride and take waggons—a slow game. . . .

SALISBURY,

MASHONALAND,

November 25, 1896.

. . . We were a fortnight trekking up here from Buluwayo, and it was a pleasant thing, more especially after my expedition to Tuli and back. We trekked early in the morning and in the evening, right through the veldt, shooting and meeting the waggons on the outspans. Carrington and his staff crept along with us, but our organisations were kept apart. Our party consisted merely of Grey, his wife and daughter. Grey and I were engaged here all along the road in writing a report on the causes and history of the rising. Here

I have been interested, hearing everything and seeing every one. Rhodes trecked up here just before us, and was heard also. Major Forbes, Administrator of Northern Zambesia, arrived and all his matters gone into. The ladies of the party are going home in a day or two *via* Beira, and Grey and I will take them all or part of the way to the coast, which I am glad of, for so I shall see much country. Salisbury itself is a dull torpid town compared to the life and enterprise of Buluwayo, which I like in spite of its hideous appearance and discomfort. Here there is no fresh meat procurable. Most of the inhabitants have left. Cust and Younghusband are here, going around. . . . The mail cart is going so I must end. I do not know how long I shall be here, but only temporarily. . . .

SALISBURY,

MASHONALAND,

November 30, 1896.

. . . For about a fortnight we have been here in Salisbury, a town without the life or enterprise of Buluwayo and thoroughly dis-

contented at its lot ; for months past the inhabitants have bombarded the authorities with complaints and reproaches, and threatened every kind of exposure and revenge, yet so soon as the Colossus (C. J. R.) was within half-a-dozen miles of the town the valour of the agitators vanished, and the deputation which was to bring him to reason was merely a pack of so many sheep. In the train of the Administrator, who arrived here a week later than C. J. R., journey Lady G., Lady V. G., a youth named Lister and myself, and side by side with us the General and his staff ; a pleasant journey of a fortnight, with fine weather almost the whole while, it is a comfortable way of trekking, riding through the veldt shooting and joining the waggons at the outspans hungry and ready for food, getting to horse at 5 a.m., and through the heat of the day resting in the shade or writing a report on the war, a business that the Administrator had in hand all the time, and which we worked at most diligently. In the evening another trek, dinner, a smoke, and

a shake down in the veldt, the best of all beds on a fine night. So one slowly covers the ground at the rate of some twenty miles a day.

I like this work of secretary, one sees and hears a great deal that otherwise would be impossible; there are councils and meetings of the authorities where weighty matters are discussed and dealt with. Major Forbes came down from northern Zambesia, of which he is Administrator under Grey; there he has under his surveillance countless tribes each one as large as the whole Matabele nation, and there this small man journeys about on foot, often shaking with the worst of fevers, through these huge unexplored territories black with fever.

Rhodes now has left to make his way to the coast, where a special steamer is to meet him, and from there he goes triumphantly through the Cape and so home to face Labby. The ladies of the Administrator are to catch the steamer too and go back to England, and the Administrator and myself are to take

them over a certain part of the road. We start probably on Tuesday, to Umtali, perhaps further, and then come back once more to Salisbury for a while, for how long I do not know, nor can I tell what will follow.

. . . That matter by the way has turned out most serious, and I rest in terror of being shot by the infuriated rascals whom I reported on. The magistrate has been sacked, and there are some arrests for gun-running, &c. Luckily I am far away.

I will stop now writing. Patrols have been going out constantly till to-day in this country, but now the natives will never fight, and if they think they can do so in safety will drop it. To-morrow morning I am going out to an indaba with a chief who has not given in ; I hope I shall not be shot in the stomach.

His Lordship hunts with the Salisbury hounds, for we are quite civilised, and here the company has five couple of these animals, fox-hounds. I wonder if I shall ever see you again ; I doubt it ; anyhow good wishes. . . .

UMTALI, MASHONALAND,
Dec. 10, 1896.

A word to inform you of the progress of my Odyssey. I continue to trek in good society through the country. We set off from Salisbury for the coast about a week ago. . . . Here Rhodes, who has gone before us into the wilderness on a jaunt, is to join in, and the combined forces will burst through Portuguese territories to Beira, where all these wanderers would be shipped aboard the special steamer of the Colossus and set out for the south and home, leaving the Administrator and myself to make the best pace possible back to Salisbury, where I fear he will be vastly bored, for the place is of the dullest, and without any of the dash and enterprise of Buluwayo. How long he will remain there it is impossible to say ; the rains are even now upon us, and so all travel will be difficult and unpleasant, yet it may not deter him from pushing through to Buluwayo, and then I shall once more be on the street, penniless and unemployed.

At present, when we are in a civilised centre, my duties are various, combining those of the judges and the marshals, with much letter-writing and interviewing of importunate petitioners, and of these there is a continuous stream pressing for every kind of favour without the very faintest justification. I would tell you of many curious matters had I time, and of experiences and episodes which, were one at home, would appear peculiar, but which here lose their novelty and so pass almost unnoticed.

The day before I left Salisbury I had a more stirring adventure than has fallen to my lot since I was laid on my back in hospital. In Mashonaland the rising has drawn on far longer than in Matabeleland, and indeed the day we came to Salisbury a patrol was out against some kraal—futile expeditions mostly against a vanishing enemy, but an enemy none the less. Now the policy of the government is to confer with the natives, and by fair words to remove their fear, and so to induce them peacefully to recommence the sowing

of the land. The difficulty is to bring them into conference, for they are suspicious and poltroons, and prefer to fire one or two shots from the shelter of some rock and then run.

I am delaying in telling the story—here it is. I set out with a police officer and a patrol from an Irish regiment to hold indaba with a chief who had never been attacked or spoken with, and who lived hard by Salisbury. As it happened no news had been sent before us to say that we were coming and that with peaceful intentions, so that the danger was that the expedition would end and fail with a few shots and a deserted kraal. So stealthy was our advance in the early morning that, coming through the great rocks, we suddenly came upon three gentlemen and flushed them like so many partridges, and had we been bent on war, we could have shot a pretty number. As it was the game was more delicate, for, halting the column, the police officer and myself, with a black boy, dismounted and ran over the rock after the fugitives down to an open grassy space before

a great stockade which fronted the kraal : out of this many niggers with rifles and every other kind of arm came stringing out and around the rocky arms which surrounded us, whilst we shouted out our intentions and waved our arms to show that we were unarmed. The excitement was here—whether they would shoot or run, or whether they would come down and talk. Finally they did the latter, and we sat on a flat stone, and slowly the natives came and sat round us, armed every one of them, and we talked. This is a long yarn and what is a common experience, but in this shape quite new to me, for the indabas I saw in the Matoppos were of a different character, and I only saw the latter ones. . . .

The growth of places is like magic, and indeed there is very much here like a fairy story. From Salisbury start some ugly iron telegraph posts ; they are the children of the colonies, and are carrying the wires up to Egypt. Prices are now ruinous, and yet the poorest make some money ; industry and enter-

prise have to a great extent ceased, yet those who remain are busy, and those who have gone will come back; the rail is coming on apace from both sides. . . .

UMTALI,

Dec. 27, 1896.

No more than a line. The Administrator and I are on our way back to Salisbury after our journey through Portuguese territory to the coast, where I once more bathed in the sea and sailed upon the waves. It was a most interesting scene. Rhodes is full of confidence, and is determined to make most effective back answers should he be attached on the inquiry. The whole of South Africa is clamouring to do him honour, but he has refused to make a triumphal progress in the nature of a Midlothian campaign for fear of raising more race jealousies, so he will go back with only the demonstrations of Cape Town and Port Elizabeth, where he lands, behind him. Should you come across them, you must tell me how they bear themselves in their fine plumes.

By the same ship—Rhodes' special—went many soldiers, Carrington and his staff. . . .

Really you have no conception of how great the distances are here, and it is impossible to realise till you are on the road—400 miles very near from Salisbury to Beira, and, once off the plateau into Portuguese territory, like a fiery oven and full of fever, which I believe we have avoided. The railroad there is a real romance, built literally on corpses, not as bad as at Panama, which was two corpses to a sleeper, but still at tremendous sacrifice. Relays of men to work the rail and push it forward are always on their way to fill the places of the dying. This I say with confidence, that Rhodesia is one of the healthiest places on the face of the globe, save for a bit of fever during and after the rainy season, which is usually aggravated by imprudence and exposure and lack of reasonable care. So far I have not seen the real wet here, but as far as climate goes it is very pleasant—warm, but tempered by a breeze which makes the hottest days bearable and possible to work through. Then we are 4,000 feet above the sea in this country. . . .

[At the close of the year Hubert Howard opened a Diary, whose entries (together with the letters he wrote from time to time) will form the matter of what remains.]

December 30. Leave Marcendellas and ride through to Salisbury with Administrator, 50 m. Start 3 a.m., 2 horses sent on to Graham and White's, 25 m.; lunch at club. Dine with Milton.

New Year's Eve. Dinner with Fox. Up at 5 a.m. to hunt; a good run.

January 4. Reported wish of Brabant to attack and capture the Mondoro by a surprise.

January 5. Decided to hold an indaba with Mashingombi, who is to be given an ultimatum that he must lay down his arms within 48 hours or fight.

January 6. Report from Hopper, Hartley, that Mashingombi has fallen out with Mondoro and has asked for help; that he has attacked once already. De Moleynes and a patrol under orders to start at once. Got off smartly at 6 p.m. In order to get dispatches through to Hartley quickly, Father Beihler and I go off at 3.30 p.m.; heavy rain, slippery roads

and very dark night, which prevents us from very clearly seeing road, which we often lose.

January 7. Salisb.—Hartley, 56 miles. Arrive 7 a.m. Hopper has taken no independent action and no confirmation of news sent in to Salisb. since arrived. Brabant and native contingent very keen to move against Mondoro, and Co.'s offer of £100 for his capture excites them still more. Over 20 cases of fever in camp, and patients so far all come from tents and not huts; horses dying of sickness: a very wet night, which soaks me in spite of tarpaulin cover.

January 8. Officers at Hartley—Hopper, Stockley, Springfield, Brabant. De Moleynes and Taberer arrive 12. Indaba arranged with Mashingombi—15 miles—for next day, so as to ascertain position of affairs.

January 9. Meet incoming patrol as we start out; halt and summons to Mashingombi to indaba; long delay. Taberer, De M., Brabant and self go forward to kraal. Mashingombi appears for first time; guns and 500 natives round about. Mashingombi declares

enmity with Mondoro ; refuses to attack with us ; is told that after dealing with Mondoro we shall require his arms and later taxes ; no definite answer. De M. unwilling to take risk and responsibility of surprising Mondoro in spite of recommendations of Taberer and self. To save time on arriving ride off to Salisb. with dispatches containing De M.'s recommendation for a surprise. Natal trooper with me ; arrive 3.30 p.m. ; Martin undecided. Administrator fixes him, and in a few hours start back direct with orders for attack. Doctor, detonators, &c. ; road greasy, and horse-fly bad all along the road.

January 11. Arrive Hartley 11 a.m. De M. out on patrol ; brings back prisoner, who accounts for trouble between Mashingombi and Mondoro. De M. in spite of orders authorising attack somewhat undecided, as kraal reported fortified, and number of Matabele there unknown. News of Male, the woman witch-doctor, who lives close to Mondoro's, and was the recipient of stolen hospital cattle which were taken. Late in evening De M.

decides to make surprise following evening and to send in native contingent with the police in support.

January 12. Burial of first death at Hartley; preparations for attack. Start 5.30 p.m.; 15 miles to kraal. 5 officers, 75 white and 40 black police. First part of night moon, then darkness. 3 a.m. arrive 1 m. from kraal, and report (mistaken) brought in that natives on look out and firing guns. De M. abandons idea of attack; sleep till morning.

January 13. Ford goes off with one patrol; later De M. with remaining men moves to find position for fort to harass Mondoro from. Native Contingent angry; finally find suitable kopje 3 miles from Mondoro; sheets of rainfall. Ford's patrol wiser in having found extensive mealy fields, also some prisoners, women and children. The movement in Mondoro's kraal previous night due to a dance; they had no suspicion of our presence, and the surprise would have been complete. De M. refuses to attack this evening.

[A letter follows at this date, written from Hartley.]

HARTLEY HILL FORT,

Jan. 14, 1897.

. . . I write to you in a state of dejection, for a week past, night after night and day after day, I have been riding very near continuously through the enemy's country, the rain and the darkness, and all to no purpose, owing to the irresolution of an officer who, having the ball at his feet, feared to take the responsibility of kicking lest by some mischance he should hurt his toe. List to the tale. Out from Salisbury to Hartley, 60 miles, with a fighting little Jesuit father for companion; behind me I left an Administrator calling loudly for action and following along the road the patrol which was to make the great venture—the capture of the god almighty of the Mashona from his own kraal. From Hartley out to indaba 15 miles away, with a chief who had quarrelled with this same god over some woman; the result of the indaba being to show that we must strike at once and sharply. Straight back through Hartley to Salisbury, where I had

laid the Administrator on to Martin, and was off again with detonators, a doctor, and orders to attack within three hours of reaching Salisbury. I was back at Hartley after riding 150 miles very near without a halt, dead tired, two nights and two days on the move. I found the O. C. had heard the position was fortified strongly, and he feared to lose men. However, the policy of action prevailed, and we set out on a night march with the purpose of surprising the kraal at dawn, all happy with the prospects of the struggle which was in store; marching along first by the light of the moon, and then in darkness; the long column moving along in perfect silence, which always covers a night surprise with so fine an air of mystery. So we advanced to within one mile of the enemy, and then came the news, afterwards found to be incorrect, that the natives were on the watch. In a moment our hopes were dashed, and the venture abandoned. Where we should have struck a decisive blow they turned aside to effect the same result with infinite pains by setting

up a fort before the position—a wise course at times, but here so unnecessary. With the day came sheets of rain, and again the opportunity was favourable, and again was passed. I believed I could rush the position, shoot the witch-doctor, and clear again with two companions only; but it was not to be, and we left the column, drowned in wet, sitting on the rocks where they are to build their fort. To-night I shall push back to Salisbury with the Doctor and the fighting Father. We are all in high dudgeon at so unsuccessful an issue to our alarms. . . .

[The Diary resumes.]

January 19. Lister back from Victoria with fever, complains of his thinness and loss of 2 stone in weight since coming to country; his account of state of things at Victoria.

January 20. Lord Grey's dance, 9 p.m.—2.30 a.m. Arrangements and difficulties about lights, jugs, chairs, &c.; goes off successfully and well; dancing energetic; plenty of smokes.

January 21. Cheap feeling at Gov. House,

and according to report all over Salisbury. Billy's cattle occupying attention of Administrator. Billy comes instead and transacts business after his own fashion, and leaves satisfied and no longer threatening to leave the country. 5 p.m., Administrator, Father Beihler and self ride out to Abu Nywacher, 14 m.

January 22. Ride with F. Ricardo and F. Beihler to Reimer's and Tapsell's farms. Reimer 50 acres under cultivation and Tapsell more, though he only began ploughing Dec. 4th. Police guards at farms; reported declaration by natives that they will reap our crops when they are ripe. Ricardo does not believe Mondoro is with Chiquaqua; boy sent out to gather news says nothing heard of it. Harding rides over; cultivation and garden at Mission; the brothers, Father Beihler's two pupils, sing with him to harmonium, they have good voice and ears; sentry paces up and down outside, and the night fine.

January 23. Start for Salisb. 6 a.m. after hearty breakfast; arrive early, and do day's work in office.

January 24. Arrange to start for indaba Monday morning early; send on 2 horses to Ballyhooley.

January 25. Start for camp 18 m. from Salisb. 3.30 a.m. Start off from camp to indaba with Sike, 6 m. from camp. Very strong position at the top of a rocky mountain; natives at first went; come down finally; speak with Lord G., Taberer, Harding and interpreter; refuse to give up guns; 10 men left to wait till 3 p.m. for guns; they come back with insolent message; determined to attack and surprise at dawn; march out at 10.30. Lord G. accompanies column police. Native Contingent under McAndrew, Taberer.

January 26. Arrive 2 miles from kraal 2 a.m.; sleep in wet 2 hours; then general advance on foot. Leading guide Harding; Biscoe with dynamite behind Native Contingent and following police; get to stockade, when dog gives alarm. Native Contingent come up and open fire, quickly joined by police cheering and firing. First into kraal; burnt; volleys; pot legs; flames when light

comes; go off with Harding and N. police and burn 2 more kraals and capture 20 cattle; find of luggage. Administrator in action; shoots through hut and goes everywhere. Result—5 kraals burnt, 20 oxen, 31 sheep and goats, grain, mealies, &c. spoilt, luggage taken and loot—return in afternoon to Salisbury.

January 27. Day in the office. Lister comes up to Government House; has had 100 letters in 2 weeks. With loot was taken Bishop's communion plate, Roman Catholic vestments of Father Beihler, the fighting father, who was much annoyed at not being present. Hear during morning that there had been dynamite explosion previous evening. Never heard it, neither did Godley or Administrator.

January 28. Office. Report of Guling's patrol. Visit scene of dynamite explosion.

[After a few absolutely unimportant entries come the following three letters.]

SALISBURY,

MASHONALAND,

Jan. 31, 1897.

. . . I have not time to write now merely to tell you that I was glad to hear from you and I hope you will write again.

I have been travelling a great deal lately, and am now just back here from the east coast, where the Administrator embarked, his wife and daughter, Rhodes, Carrington, and a whole crowd of people besides, and of all their doings and the success of Rhodes at the Cape you will now know as much as I from the press. Coming when it did the rising was most fortunate for Rhodes, for he was able to play a part and show once more how strong a man he is.

As you heard, I am acting temporarily as private Secretary to Grey. Lawley, who occupies that post, was left behind at Buluwayo as acting Administrator, and I came on with Grey from there; much travelling, and luckily with singularly fine weather. Salisbury is the nominal capital and seat of Government, and is jealous of the progress

of Buluwayo, which is not so pretty, but a livelier and a more enterprising place to live in. I am always fairly busy, and have a great deal that is interesting to see and hear and do.

SALISBURY,

Feb. 4, 1897.

The Administrator has taken the fever, so affairs are in a pretty pass, the more especially as this morning we had ordered our horses and arms to be in readiness this afternoon to sally out to indaba, which would no doubt have been followed by a kind of Islington military tournament. However, last week we had a most pleasant little fight, and thoroughly successful, and as the venture was infinitely more ticklish than that which I tried so hard to bring off, with so little success, I with every one else was delighted.

The business of night marches, scaling a position in the van of the column with a great dynamite bomb, the suspense lest the surprise should be anticipated, and the aggressors should find themselves surprised by a sudden

volley, makes these undertakings vastly interesting and mysterious.

There will be more of it to follow, for like Hampden our demeanour has grown fiercer, 'we have drawn the sword and thrown away the scabbard,' and are now for prompt and effective action, a wish which has to be held in check by the smallness of the police force. The plan usually followed is to build a fort outside the kraal of the turbulent chief who requires punishment, and to patrol round and about, chastising those who come out from the kopjes into the open and ravaging the crops, an effective plan, though somewhat slow; the other plan, that of storming the kopje, requires too many men, and in any event is very costly of life unless the manner is as successfully planned and executed as the little expedition I have told you of. . . .

SALISBURY,
Feb. 8, 1897.

. . . Many times I have taken up my pen to write to you and have written a number of scraps more or less lengthy, none of which

have ever found their way to the post. However, I now send you a yarn about the Mondoro—the god of the Mashonas; the story of an unsuccessful mission. Since then the campaign has become more serious; the mounted infantry left the country without having really broken the back of the business, and consequently the whole thing has to be done with a handful of police as quickly and quietly as possible. We all went down to the coast—Rhodes, Grey, and the Imperial troops—thinking that by a little patience and diplomacy what remained of the rebellion would fizzle out as in Matabeleland. The idea that the Mashonas wanted peace, and only wanted reassuring to come out, was an error; they have never been really punished like the Matabele; the mere fact of our offering them terms was in their eyes a sign of weakness, and they were and are merely waiting to get in their crops. Their answer shows their attitude; they declare themselves willing to give up their arms should we give ours in exchange, they will keep the peace if

we pay them hut-tax, &c. They are cunning, cowardly, and without any organisation, so that the difficulty of either hammering them effectively or of coming to any satisfactory terms is far greater than in Matabeleland. However, the police are doing good work in spite of fever, which is running loose just at the present.

Last week the Administrator and myself took part in a successful expedition against a chief who had relied on the strength of his kraal to defy us openly. His stronghold was perched at the top of a steep rocky ridge, and there he lay in five kraals surrounded by palisades and walls. We marched upon him by night, so that we might scale the position under the cover of darkness and storm the kraal at dawn. Two miles from the enemy we lay down in the long grass and slept for a couple of hours, and then on again on foot. I was on in front with the dynamite party. The first notice of our coming was to be the blowing away of the palisades and the explosion of these dynamite grenades in the

kraal. Here we were disappointed, for we were successful only in getting to the foot of the palisades when the alarm was given and the shooting began. For a short space we three were alone, and then came the native contingent and the police. There was a deal of shooting—a pleasant music—but owing to the darkness without much effect. We burnt the first kraal whilst it was still dark, and then with the light fell to on the work that remained. I gathered together some of the native contingent who were looting, and together we burst into two more kraals—five in all that morning. The natives made the poorest defence, and scarcely fired save from the caves and rocks round about; once surprised they are useless, whereas had we made the venture by day the business must have been very costly. As it was it was very successful, and a blow that will have an excellent effect. Lord Grey was everywhere prowling round with his rifle in the most incautious fashion—a shot came from a hut—“Put a bullet through that,” said an officer,

and the Administrator put in a bullet, and out came an unfortunate policeman. He is a man of very little fear, and men of courage and nerve are not as common as I had believed. Two nights in all had we been afoot, and the following evening so soundly did we sleep in Salisbury that we were not roused by a dynamite explosion which shook the town.

Since then little of interest has happened, though the rumours of war continue and there will be more fighting for some months to come. Both the Administrator and myself have had a slight go of fever, an unpleasant experience whilst it lasts, and against which I had come to think myself proof. We get telegrams setting out something of what is forward in England, and your reception and attitude towards the Colossus; it should be an exciting moment reading his evidence. The news published of this country in your papers is really lamentable, stupid, and incorrect. Of late I have been giving audience to reporters, supplying them with such news

as is wholesome, and showing them a great courtesy of manner, so that I trust they may improve.

Here is a long letter with long rambling accounts which can have little interest in their detail, and yet if merely as a sign of goodwill it must go.

I am living here altogether in the present with no idea of what may be my fate tomorrow, and I am careful to give the matter no thought, for it would be unprofitable. So far I have been fortunate in seeing much that is very interesting, and that I would not have missed. The Administrator is of a restless spirit and can never remain long in his office, so there is usually some expedition on hand and something new to see. He has done excellently out here, and purely from love of the undertaking.

[The Diary resumes on the following date.]

February 12. Earlystart ; Chiquaqua 1 p.m. ; arrive 9.30 a.m. Harding and Roache out on patrol. Fort about 200 yards from Chiquaqua

and 1,600 from Gento's kopje. On return shell practice on both kopjes, and rifles fired when any natives visible, so that former check ended. 4 p.m. patrol round kopje; fired upon, but silence enemy by volley-firing from police and N. Contingent. On return shell kopje again. Idea of storming Chiquaqua next morning given up. Dinner. First post 2 more shells, and, at lights-out, star-shells.

February 13. Leave Chiquaqua at 6.

February 16. Dinner; Taberer and Father Beihler, who starts with me for Gosling's patrol. News comes of taking of Chiquaqua and Gondo. Start 11 p.m.; discover Gosling at Laws waiting for N. Contingent, about 50 police. 30 Native Contingent under McAndrew next morning, and Brown about 50 men. Marandelea. Biscoe, Felton, Godley, Soden, Gosling.

SALISBURY,

Feb. 16, 1897.

. . . Last week Grey and myself visited a fort newly established to intimidate a couple

of rascals. We had a pleasant military display, shelling their positions with a 7-lb. gun and making a noise with the maxim. Later we rode out on patrol, and had to silence the fire of some unruly fellows who made us a target. To-night I am off fifty miles to a place where there is to be a sharp engagement, at least this is supposed and hoped for. You see we are quite full of war again, which lends a zest to the more monotonous office hours.

Some day you will suddenly see me in England returning to eat dinners, but when that day will be I do not know, possibly soon if I be not shot. . . .

PS. The mail is leaving, and I have just time to make an addition and tell you that I am still alive after a most arduous excursion: sixty miles to camp, and the usual march by night upon the enemy; eight miles in the rain and with a bitter wind, so that the cold took complete control over me. I was in front again with two others carrying the hand grenades of dynamite; I cannot get rid of my

timidity in handling them, and am in constant terror that they may either be struck or drop with results which I can only imagine. In front of us was our prisoner, who acted as guide after witnessing the sharpening of a knife, which he was told would be used upon an unfaithful slave. The attack was as usual a fine spectacle. One bomb exploded, the others were damp; then there were the volleys from the Native Contingent, blazing kraals going up into the night, for it was still dark when we fell to; and the rest, all that goes in their expedition. We cut down the mealies and laid waste the land.

An incident in the day's work was that I nearly came by my end going through cover with a native boy. Two bullets warned me of the presence of the enemy in very close proximity. I increased my force with three native boys and advanced, but did not unearth the rascals.

I am just back this morning, fit and well. I write you this account before turning to more serious duties.

[The Diary continues as follows.]

February 17. McAndrew and Armstrong arrive at 10 a.m.; start 2 p.m. Observe Mashingomi with view of taking it on way back. Off saddle and camp, Graham and White's; post of 9 volunteers there.

February 18. Start daybreak. Off saddle White farm, and ride on into Marandeleas. Brown seedy; doctor salty. Lay plans for attack

February 19. Afternoon march 7 miles down road and camp. Sleep till 1 a.m.

February 20. 1 a.m. march off, wet and cold, 7 miles. Biscoe, Felton, and self in front with prisoner and dynamite, then N. Cont. and police. Waiting at bottom of kraal for dawn, hear firing, so go up; dynamite wet, and only one bomb goes off; volleys from N. Cont.; kraal burnt; double through bush; mealies destroyed. Go off with native boy to firing bullets; excursion through rocks; coming back find Brown returned. We all start back miserably cold; lie up in blankets, feeling bad. Beihler goes off to Marandeleas.

February 21. Start early ; feed and off saddle ; Marandeleas, and Graham, and White's ; horse tired. Meet police waggons by Ballyhooley, so sleep there.

February 22. Come into Salisbury early for breakfast. Office. Administrator decides to go out next morning to see fight. Arrange to send on 2 horses to Ballyhooley and ride on from there and start in Cape cart.

February 23. Up early, getting off ; horses start 9.30 after bringing up mail. From Ballyhooley ride on and find camp already at Laws, and patrol on way to attack. Three miles' gallop through veldt. G. down ; hear gun ; arrive at foot of ridge. The attack ; leave horse with G. and scale hill ; action against caves ; Godley ; very warm ; Brady shot ; Biscoe and his dynamite ; find G. at last at bottom of hill, where two bullets have struck under his horse. Warm going down. Off to camp at Laws, and on with G. to Chiquaqua.

February 24. Roach and Harding take in our position ; great strength. Martin arrives ; go over Chiquaqua again and Gendos. Plan

of attacking Kungi postponed. Plan of sending expedition to M'tokos, and raising Bonglas¹, a different race, with a grudge against Mashonas, to play the locust for their own benefit on the Mashonas. Armstrong confident. In meanwhile Kakombi and Mugoie to be wiped up.

February 25. Call for volunteers for M'tokos; sep. and inspect Harding's patrol; start 8.30. Martin Grey in front, Mundell and self next, &c., 2 more carts behind. Lunch at mess office. Meeting to consider spring carnival. Speech by G.; committee elected; subscriptions called for B.S.A. Co.; 1,000 quick and repeated promises soon amount to 4,000 in all. This at 12 hours' notice. Call on Fox and rout out Chunkey on return.

February 26. Read over old reports on patrols here. Show how really little done save rapid passage through country. Shall go to M'tokos. Pack mules being broken.

¹ Of the action of this levy an account is given in the smaller Diary, printed below, under the date March 15, and on the following dates.

Another exped. off on Monday to Makombi.
Concert at Masonic and supper with Fox.

[On February 27 and 28 Hubert Howard remained at Salisbury, preparing for the M'toko expedition; just before starting he sent the following letter, the opening of which gives some idea of the purpose of his march.]

SALISBURY,

Feb. 29, 1897.

. . . To-morrow with the lark I am off with an expedition which is to make its way with such speed as may be through the Mashona people to a country N. E. of Salisbury, known as the M'tokos, where the people are of a different race to and hate the Mashonas; there our purpose is to raise the tribes and bring them back in their hundreds to lay waste the fields of our enemies. It is an interesting venture and much is hoped from it, though its success is most uncertain, for the country is little known, and since these gentlemen chased away the Native Commissioner at the beginning of the rising, no one has either been there or heard what their attitude is; with us go twenty-five white and thirty black police to act as escort through

the area, which is hostile, and to make some show should the M'toko natives prove unruly; then there is a police officer, a most excellent fellow; the Native Commissioner, who is knowing though a coward, and some pack mules. Our greatest difficulty will be fever amongst the men, for we are still in the rains, and nights spent out in the open are unhealthy. In ten days or so I will give you some account of how we have prospered.

It is curious that the great strength of these rascally Mashonas lies in their cowardice and disorganisation; they cannot be thrashed or controlled, they are simply baboons with a most devilish cunning.

Last week I was out on an expedition, the usual night march and attack at dawn; a successful business, but full of discomfort, as through a long tramp it rained incessantly and blew an icy wind, and you have no idea how bitterly cold these tropics can be.

Again, at the beginning of the week, there was an affair with the natives, the sharpest I have yet seen in Mashonaland. We were too

few and the natives too numerous, shooting all round from rocks and caves, so that the expedition was only partially successful.

There I had two experiences, the first of helping to carry out a man who was shot beside me, and who died as we went ; the second that of walking over a field under a cross-fire, for foolishly, as our men were drawing off, I went down the face of the kopje on the wrong side and across some open ground to find Grey, whom I left as I thought in safety ; imagine how anxious I felt when I could see him nowhere and found how unpleasant a position I had left him in ; however, I found him whole ; he had wisely retired after two bullets had knocked up the earth beneath his horse's feet. Fancy how disastrous a matter it would be if this warlike Administrator had been shot. This is the third time he has been under fire, and he is the reverse of cautious. You do not recognise sufficiently in England what excellent work Grey has done out here. He is zealous, sanguine, and full of ideas, all of which is useful out here, and especially at the present.

Then there are a hundred difficulties ; this dual control, which would have ended in a smash long since had it not been for unwearying patience and tact. The people are naturally discontented at the war lasting so long, and there are constant grumblings and dissatisfaction, all of which Grey has handled most admirably. The people wanted bucking up, so on the idea of a moment Grey summons a meeting, declares that there shall be a great carnival in the autumn—spring here—all kinds of sports and a great race meeting ; he dumps down a thousand from the Company towards prizes and calls for more, and in half-an-hour four thousand additional pounds are put down by this handful of people on the spot. Now more thousands are rolling in from companies, &c., and there will be a great show, a capital thing to show the sceptics abroad the terrible position of Mashonaland.

Now I will end. You must be sick of Africa with the inquiry, &c., with the Colossus amongst you, and with the news of all that is doing in the Transvaal, which you must

read in far greater detail than we do here, who learn the news of the day only from telegrams, often very insufficient, sent from the Cape, and from two weekly newspapers. . . .

PS. More African news. Buluwayo hear of the Salisbury carnival and are going to go one better ; they are very jealous of this town, and they too are now going to have a monster show ; the date October, when it is expected the rail will reach that town : the line there is coming on with leaps and bounds beyond the most sanguine hopes, and the merchants are furious, for their huge profits will be knocked on the head, and they are surprised with large stores on hand brought up at a great cost and retailed for monstrous profits. Altogether the outlook for this country is bright. No more native trouble now or to come in Matabeleland, and here every one bucking about their country, holding on to their interests which still go up in value, and the natives, though still hostile, within measurable distance of being knocked out. By the dry season much of the trouble will be over,

for the Administrator and police are very active.

Feb. 10. The mail is leaving, and with it this long-drawn letter, of which I am ashamed.

The rain is falling in torrents, and now we are at the height of the rainy season. Fever is running loose amongst the police, and the horses are dying of sickness. The weather however is delicious, cool and balmy and never too hot; a pleasant climate to live in, where one may commit many imprudences without any evil effects save sometimes a touch of fever, usually no very serious matter when looked to in good time.

How good *The Seven Seas* are; I have just been reading the book. . . .

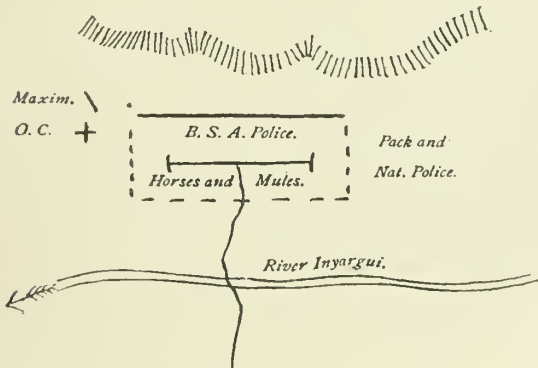
[It was Howard's custom when upon some active service to take with him a notebook smaller than his ordinary Diary. It is in such a notebook that he put down the rough notes and plans that follow with regard to the M'toko expedition.]

March 1. De Moleynes and I ride out to Chiquaqua and meet waggons and mules on road.

March 2. De Moleynes goes alone over Chiquaqua's kopje in afternoon.

March 3. All natives very keen to come, and discontent among those left behind.

March 4, Thursday. Reveille at 5.30, leave Fort Harding 7.30. State of the company—



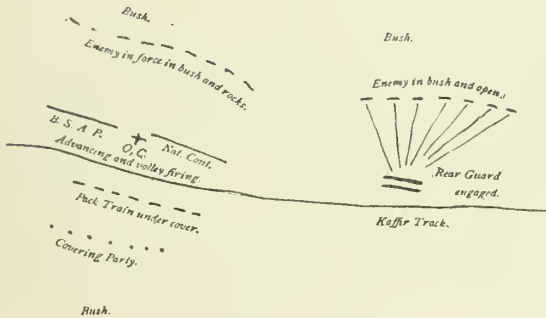
ACTION OF MARCH 4

22 B.S.A.P., 24 horses &c., Maxim guns; 200 rounds and so forth; O. C.—C. Harding. Off saddle 11.15; saddle up 2.15; mules 40 minutes saddling and packing; over Inyargui river and laager 4.30; bush country with many gardens on the way, in which we surprise natives, who cleared and apparently had no

suspicion of our coming. Road followed so far an old waggon track; Kungi's kraal lies to the right of the road. Laager formed in an oblong, the front of the B.S.A.P. facing the kopje in our front, the Maxim at the left corner, the other sides lined by natives. Guards posted at 7 p.m. About 18 miles. Niggers reported talking across river. Signal fire of Kungi answered away to the north. Mules break loose, one horse completely done.

March 5, Friday. Reveille 5.30; parade 6.40. Leave waggon track and follow Kaffir path to the right; pass through a gorge with gardens; from a kopje to our right niggers shoot as soon as we have passed, that we shall see what is in store further on, and shortly afterwards a shot fired in the rear—presumably a signal to Mashonas waiting for us on the road, for shortly afterwards the rearguard was fired at from the bush, the natives lining the bush at 150 yards distant or so, and even coming to the open to fire. Two horses shot through the shoulder. The mules and main column, who had passed from the open ground

into some rocky bush, were immediately afterwards engaged. Harding fetched up the rearguard, and leaving the mules with a sufficient guard advanced against the natives on our right, with B.S.A.P. and Native Contingent volley-firing. The natives fired persistently, and from a portion of the line could



ACTION OF MARCH 5

be seen in large numbers running from rock to rock : probably some of them were hit, as they were close and offered a fair mark at less than 200 yards. After going about a quarter of a mile (one rifle jammed) through bush and silencing return fire we file back upon the mules with no casualties. One boy's rifle was

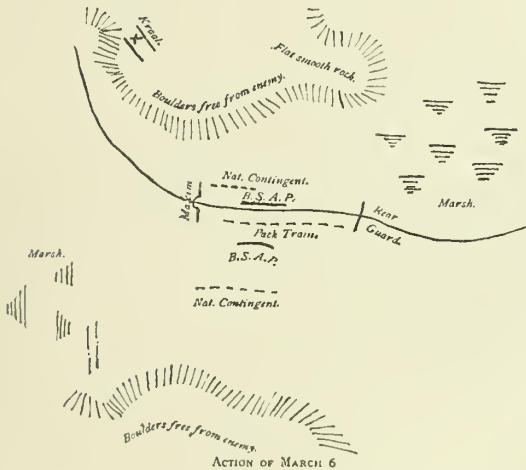
smashed with a bullet. Two horses were hit. Nicholson with some of the Native Contingent in extended circles in front and B.S.A.P. flanked on each side. Afterwards to avoid passing in front of Gazi's kopje we strike into the bush, leaving the path, so that this kopje is about a mile to our right, and pass by several gardens, failing to find any good water. Off saddle at 11.15; close by are water-holes sufficient to drink and dug out for horses. During the last two miles several women and children captured and immediately released again. With a long pack-train in a rough country merely following a track or no path at all the difficulty of guarding and keeping together this necessarily extended line is very great, and the anxiety and responsibility of the Commanding Officer immensely increased. At present camped on water-shed, hence scarcity of water. Water-hole sufficed for watering horses and mules. Saddle up at 2, and start at 2.30. Treck through bush, off saddle at 5.30, and mount two guards. Country very rough, and we pass through hills and

over many hollows, some of which have to be filled in so as to be practicable for mules, sleeping about five miles from Umbewa's kraal in his country. Saw the Uzumgue and Shangue mountains for the first time.

March 6, Saturday. Reveille 5.30, start 6.30. Pass through Umbewa's country, leaving his kraal five miles to the west; rocky and difficult country. Off saddle 10 a.m., trek on at 2.30. Outspan bush and double grazing-guard put on. In afternoon, passing round a vlei we see natives on bare rocks, and passing through a gorge the natives open fire from both sides. The Native Contingent reply on either side with volleys, the Maxim brought up and fired about 250 rounds on the rocks both to the right and to the left. The column then proceeded round to the right, covered by skirmishing line of the Native Contingent, through some extensive mealy gardens of Umbewa, and then passing through some thick bush come out on some high ground, from which for the first time the M'toko hills were clearly visible, and leading down into a valley

running between large kopjes. Passing between these hills the column was fired on from the left-hand side, but proceeded till an open space was reached in the valley with good water. Here at 5.15 the Commanding Officer resolved to outspan in spite of the vicinity of the kopjes. The mules, horses, and men were tired out, the sick could scarce sit their horses, and in spite of the Native Contingent's wish to seek some safer place further down the valley the Commanding Officer resolved under the circumstances to remain where he was, rather than chance a further trek without any certainty of finding a suitable camping-ground. Whilst off-saddling the natives opened fire from two kopjes about 800 yards distant, and the firing was kept up till dark, after which only one shot was fired. The Commanding Officer arranged a shelter of earthworks and the packs under which he could shelter the men. The fire from the kopjes was answered at intervals from the Maxim and B.S.A.P. The fire of the enemy was either too high or short of the camp, though in one case a bullet

came within a yard or two of the Maxim. At dark a fire was lit some 20 or 30 yards from the camp, and our own was carefully extinguished, so as to draw the enemy's fire. Mounted guard at 7 p.m. Double picket

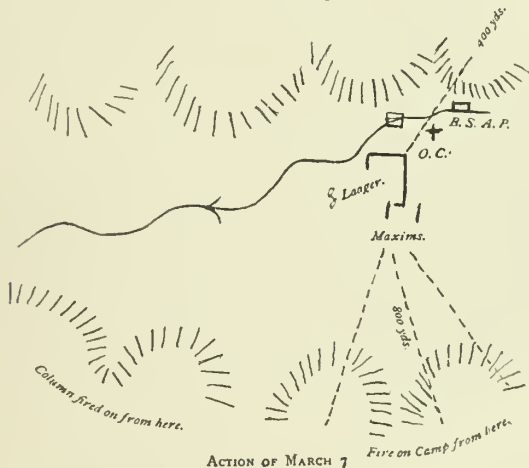


under a corporal, which was visited two or three times during the night.

March 7, Sunday. Reveille 4.30 ; no bugle-call, fires, or lights. Mules saddled and packed in darkness, but with the first dawn, as column was almost ready to move off, the enemy re-

commenced fire. Start at 5.45, through very rough country intersected by sprints and small marshy vleis, the natives keeping up a fairly continuous fire from the kopjes on our left for $1\frac{1}{2}$ hour, which was replied to by volleys from the rearguard. Off saddle at 8.30, on the open bank by good water. Saddle up at 11 a.m., striking the footpath, so that travelling becomes far easier. Off saddle at 2 p.m., and start at 4 p.m., and reach the Inyaderi river. Camp for the night on the near side of the river; formed laager; mounted guard 7 p.m., one of which was B.S.A.P. and one Native Contingent, and visited guard 10 p.m. and 2 a.m. Every precaution taken for the possibility that the M'toko natives might prove hostile, and might either attack or resist our crossing in force along the Kaffir path. The fresh spoor of two natives showed that news of our coming had already been carried to the M'tokos, and should the messengers who had been sent have been cut up on the way, the M'tokos would very probably look upon our forces as a punitive expedition sent against

them. According to Armstrong the M'tokos are a very strong force in the field. They had seen very few white men, and had never fought a white force. Their tactics were reported to be a rush with the assegai. The Myadin



is the boundary of their country. On both sides of this river for a considerable distance the country is uninhabited, and through it swarm a troop of elephants.

March 8, Monday. Reveille 5 a.m.; fall-in at 6. Packs sent across the Inyaderi. Slippery rocks impassable for horses or mules,

which are led through the river, water coming over the mules' bellies. Mules packed on the far side of the river covered by the advance party of the B.S.A.P. and Maxim. Treck with the Black Watch extended across front from 9.30. Saddle up 11.30; treck till 4, when we reach Armstrong's camp. The heat was very great and the track rough; and the country very unfavourable should the natives have attacked. Armed natives and goats were seen on the kopjes, and very extensive gardens were passed on the way. Two horses were lost on the road. At the camp Armstrong surprised some natives, but to them and others messages were shouted by Armstrong's boys that we had not come to fight, and that the Native Contingent wanted to speak with Gutopela. The men slept under cover. Lights out at 8 p.m. Mounted guard at 10 p.m., and inspected at 1 a.m.

[On March 14 a short report was sent in by Howard in these terms.]

March 14.

Last night it rained heavily and only a small portion of our troops turned up, so we have

postponed our start till to-morrow morning. All day parties have been coming in, and we have now 300 men with us, and Armstrong expects 200 more before we reach the Myadin, as more will come into our camp this evening and outlying districts will join us on the way. Their spirit is excellent, and we have been having many and most ferocious war-dances. Gutopela is coming with us himself. He has been a most valuable ally, and has pressed this matter to his uttermost.

Harding is down to-day with fever, but I hope he will be well to-morrow. A heavy hail-storm is falling as I write, and we shall have to have a very big war-dance to warm the Major.

March 15. Leave Armstrong's camp early, a mere handful at starting, as some had left to sleep in neighbouring kraals. All along the road they joined the column, and when we were off saddle, after three hours' trek, the Bongla¹ file past in one continuous string

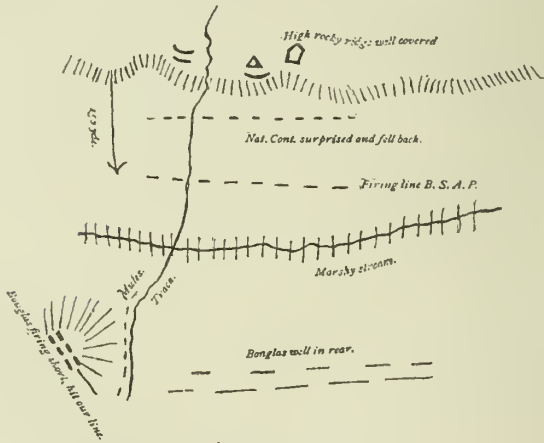
¹ The raising of this levy is alluded to under the date Feb. 24 above.

which seems interminable. In the afternoon march, riding through open vleis, they can be seen clearly marching in single file parallel with us in long columns which, as they file out of the bush, seem never ending. They form an extraordinary impressive sight. By the time we reach the Myaderi river there must have been 500 men with us at the very least. From Armstrong's account of their previous fighting record and from their appearance we have the greatest hopes of a column which can go anywhere and do anything. It seems advisable that if we could go back by Kenizi we should leave the white police and all the mules there or at Chiquaqua, and that Harding, Courtney (perhaps Coventry) and I should go on alone with the two Bongla and Black Watch. This depends on our allies' conduct in action, as we should know more of them after tackling Umbewas. The plans are laid for this attack, which is to be made in three columns marching from under Shangue. Camp on the Myaderi; the Bongla in Mashona territories; their long line of fire;

they are hungry ; their war-dance ; rush through laager and panic among Native Contingent who stand to arms. The three young Mahorin, who have usually shown contempt for Bongla, cannot help joining in dance, and go quite wild. They say it is a big impi, a very big one.

March 16. Reported before we march that some of the people who had joined in the night had seen fires on the hills. Little importance attached to the rumour, and fires, if any, supposed to belong to Mashona scouts. March at 1. Bongla catch us up, as they do not like marching in wet grass. Order of march as usual. Nicholson, Armstrong and myself advance guard with ten of the Native Contingent. In front a high rocky and well-wooded ridge which runs across our path. It is considered that if there were natives about we should be able to see them. We cross a reedy stream and ride over a vlei of some 500 yards to the base of the ridge without seeing a sign of natives, when, without the least notice, we are opened on from the whole

hillside, shots singing all around. Confusion among the Native Contingent. Try to get them to line with little success. William loses his head, and does not get the Maxim into order for some time; a continuous and



ACTION OF MARCH 16

well-directed fire maintained by the enemy all the while. Harding and the police cross the stream and begin volley-firing at about 300 yards. Maxim opens and the Black Watch form up. Firing from kopje in our rear, and bullets strike all around, the shoot-

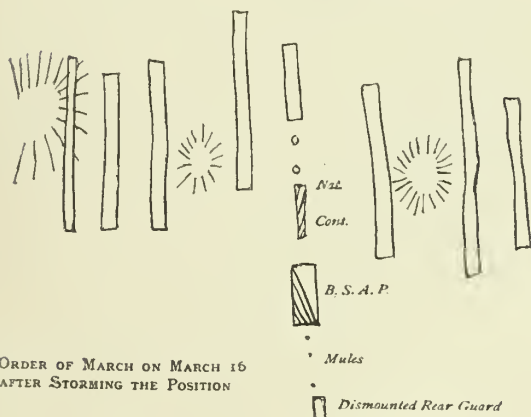
ing of the natives being more accurate than I had yet seen. Armstrong went back as the police came up, to hurry up the Bongla. I see him back in a few moments. He tells me that his boy says the Bongla have turned on us and are upon us from all sides. He says he fears it is so, though he cannot understand it. He goes back once more to see how matters are going. I draw Harding away from the Maxim and tell him the state of affairs, and advise an instant attack so as to get forward and through enemy. He agrees, and I go back to fetch up mules which, with rear-guard, had been left on the other side of the sprint. As I go I meet Armstrong coming back with some half dozen men. The Bongla were loyal, but in terrible funk at the heavy firing they heard on their front, and for a very long while they could not be induced to come forward, and when they came, it was crawling along and letting off their guns in our rear in a most dangerous manner. It was a Bongla party firing from the kopje at the enemy (that we heard), but

their bullets were falling very short amongst our men and mules. Their loading and shooting were wonderful. They complained of being without powder and shot, and said they would not face the enemy, and altogether showed the most pitiable funk and disappointed us all very greatly. Harding, in the hope that they would in time come up into the fighting line and join in an attack, had delayed his attack far beyond the usual time. The position was strong and secured, and the enemy evidently very numerous and well armed, and the attack was a risk which would have been lessened considerably by a superior force. Finally, after he had been volley-firing from an open and grassy vlei for at least an hour from the time the first shot had been fired, and after the Maxim had fired some 750 cartridges in answer to the sustained fire of the enemy, we charged, covered by the Maxim. At the time there were some sixty or eighty Bongla in line with us, but they made a poor show and fell well behind. We carried the position without loss.

It was well fortified, and there were huts. The enemy had possibly expected us back alone, and were waiting on our road for days. Casualties, Native Contingent, the boy



Bonglas Column marching in single file, covering 2 mile front.



ORDER OF MARCH ON MARCH 16
AFTER STORMING THE POSITION

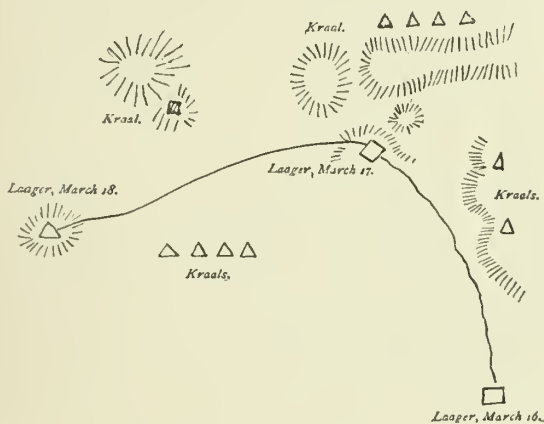
Jim shot dangerously, two rifles smashed, laager two miles further on.

Resumed march in the afternoon to a point near Shangue. On the afternoon march, Bongla march in long fluctuating columns,

covering a face of some three-quarters of a mile. They may do better, and say they were hungry and unprepared, in the rear, and fresh to the job. Anyhow their numbers should be a great menace to the Mashonas, and we shall not again be surprised.

March 17. Mules and horses turned loose and run for half an hour. Saddle up and start 7.15. Strike through bush, leaving Mount Shangue to the right. Presently reach extensive gardens which cover whole country. To the right on the rocky ridge Bongla attack and burn Marumissa's present kraal, and continue scouring hills, firing and being fired at by Mashonas, who remain in caves. Two kraals are burnt. 10.15, laager on rising ground surrounded by gardens, and presently joined by Bongla, who file in well laden with mealies, fowls, &c. Harding puts tube into the wound of a wounded man. Two shots fired into the Bongla camp from neighbouring rocky and wooded kopje. Bongla expressed the wish to clear the hills of Mashonas, who can be clearly seen in considerable numbers.

One party of Bongla told off to destroy crops, and the remainder move off in three bodies and scale and clear the hills in excellent style and in the face of the enemy. Gurupila's



MARCH AND OPERATIONS OF MARCH 17

column attacks ; takes a kraal. These columns proceed round through continuous gardens and through several kraals to Umbewa's kraals situated some 200 yards from the neck where the column was attacked on the way out. Here are found, as in the other kraals, large supplies of grain, potatoes, rice, fowls

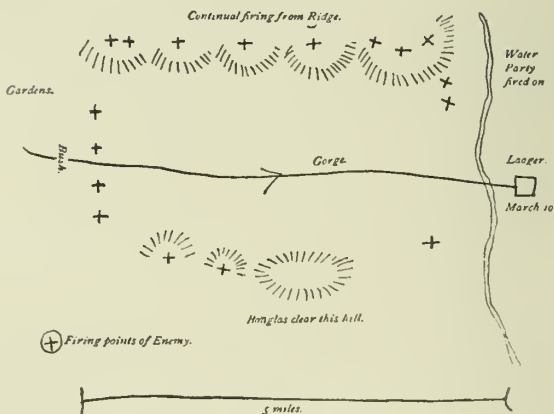
and pigs, which the Bongla hunt and catch. Two sporting dogs were found. Altogether some fourteen kraals were burned to-day, and the Bongla have shown themselves capable of fighting and independent action. The necessity for pushing back with the white police so as to obtain ammunition and supplies may cause great dissatisfaction among the natives, who do not wish to be hurried from so fertile a hunting-ground. It would be a great advantage to remain here and finish this grain area, but both Armstrong is required as guide and natives as supports and scouts in the kopjes. We shall have to pass on our way to Inyague drift at Domberambutsi. There is some fear that the Bongla may leave us in considerable numbers, but the return is necessary to some point from which we may send a messenger—no easy matter—and further to where waggons may bring supplies.

March 18. Bongla unwilling to leave the stores in the kraals, and to humour them column moves at 7.30 to kraals burnt on

previous day, and advance postponed till next day. Two kraals taken by Bongla and burnt. Lots of stored grain, &c. Message shouted out that Mashonas wish to talk. Armstrong says Umbewa or a chief must come. Fatigue of B.S.A.P., and Black Watch assisted by few Bongla do crop-destroying in morning. Work done well and quickly. Bongla useful in scouring country and in destroying stored grain by eating, but little good as grain-reapers. Three kraals burnt by Bongla, stores destroyed, &c. There have been advances by some of Bongla that they may be allowed to return—that they are far enough. In evening Gurupila comes to say that many of his people wish to return. Armstrong squares the trouble; makes various promises. Later however the firing which has been heard by natives towards Shangue serves as an excuse once more for them to say they must go, that the Mashonas have attacked M'tokos as they threatened they would do from kopjes. We swear it is Ross, and fire ten rounds of Maxim to bring

him up. Nevertheless about a half of our impi leave during night.

March 19. March at 7. Treck for three hours. Number of impi 270 in all, so that more than a half have left.



MARCH AND OPERATIONS OF MARCH 18 AND 19

[The large Diary begins again at this date, and the following entry refers to the map just given from the small notebook.]

March 19. Leave camp. Fight our way through Domberambutsi Gorge. Enemy open fire before Saranoe river. Fire right and left flank and in face. $2\frac{1}{2}$ h. fighting; 4 miles;

camp far side of Myague, 35 m. from Salisbury. Natives fire on water parties.

March 20. Wake up very wet; dispatches written; shots rapped in as I leave. Set off 10.30 for Salisbury, 35 miles off. Start and go on as far as Campbell's Camp, 5 m., with wounded boy on stretcher; ride through from there with trooper; road overgrown with grass. See no niggers; feel ill. Get in at 9; find every one at billiard match. Make report. Go to Gov. H.; find later De Mol. starts with patrol at 1 next morning; taken my horse, which dies.

March 22. Office; told to write report for board, but felt sick; shivers; go to hospital and put to bed; very comfortable there.

[The remaining entries up to March 30 are omitted, as they are highly abbreviated, and most difficult to understand. They refer to nothing of importance. The following letter is, however, worth inserting.]

SALISBURY,

March 26.

. . . Not a moment to write. I sent you what remains of two letters sent through to my chief from our expedition. We had a

real stiff time, and but for exceptional luck should have been well stuck up; no more stores or ammunition to speak of.

After the last letter we struck straight for the river, 35 m. from Salisbury, where we thought we could get through dispatches. We had to go through a gorge which the Imperial troops put their nose into and retired.

Before we got there the enemy opened on us from all sides, lining the bush even in our faces. There we fought for 5 miles—2½ hrs. incessantly—and got through, and we began by rushing a river in the face of the enemy. They followed in right to the banks of a river where we laagered, and fired on our water parties.

Next day, March 20, I rode into Salisbury with a trooper and dispatches. Since then I have had a touch of fever, nothing much; reinforcements sent out the same night.

Grey and I are off this moment to the same place to have a look.

I shall be coming home shortly. . . .

[The Diary again.]

March 30. Cross river to clear kopjes. The attack; little resistance. Hard climbing over slippery rocks. Further advance through hills, shooting at bolting niggers over flat. Capture of women. Black Watch behave well. Bongla engaged again in evening, but draw off. Grey out all day with column. Armstrong's plan for getting to telegraph line from M'tokos.

March 31. Grey leaves camp for Salisbury with Beihler and Everett. Burn kraal where Bongla engaged previous evening; little resistance. Col. goes off with mounted men, and Armstrong and Bongla and myself and Black Watch take another direction; strike goat spoor; come to stronghold. Bongla won't advance. Black Watch unwilling; draw fire of enemy and locate cave; shout messages; march home to first camp across river; very done. Bongla remain in camp. We hear firing after dark; discover Bongla had seen Mashonas around.

April 1. Mashonas, Bongla and Black

Watch cross river and cut crops. Bongla useless at this.

From prisoners hear movement of natives and numbers killed—six on 30th. Chiquaqua had done the fighting in the district, and had followed to Myague. There when column remained following morning Gutu. Chiquaqua Vuchema all go back to Vuchema's district. De M. postpones going to Kungo, and resolves to go straight through to Vuchema, and Kunji later.

April 2. One of old women come back from chief with goat to ask for a road. She is sent back (a safe conduct promised). Dispatches written in camp. Start for Salisbury 12.30; meet dispatch riders coming in, so turn back. Hear of trouble about Mashona prisoners. The matter arranged; indaba. Women come back in evening with one gun belonging to their chief; gun, women and goat sent back till they make more satisfactory surrender.

April 3. Ride in from Domberambutsi camp to Salisbury with dispatches.

Hear the result of the frontier delimitation ; do not gather fully at first its monstrous character.

SALISBURY,
April 4, 1897.

. . . I am just back from the veldt. As I believe I told you in a very hasty letter, Grey and I went out to camp to see some hills cleared—a gorge where we had a stiff fight coming back from M'tokos.

I there heard that after I left them with dispatches the whole lot went down with fever: 20 out of 23. A little rain on the road and this would have happened before; the rivers would have been up, we would have been stuck, eaten all our stores, lost our mules and horses, and been in a real tight place. However, the matter ended happily.

In the present expedition we met with success, though with no very severe fighting—a real hard time racing fit to split, with our naked allies up and down the most precipitous places. I remained on after Grey left, and was sent out with the native con-

tingent to scout; coming to a particularly strong position it was my purpose to locate the caves and position of the enemy by drawing their fire, and in this instance some of my men showed a reluctance to move, which I only removed after knocking three of them down.

Last night I arrived back in Salisbury; there had been a complication between Martin and Grey about some arrangement with our new allies and the native contingent, and I had had a difficulty in arranging matters; however, it all came right.

Now the trouble here is the award in the Portuguese frontier question. We lose some very valuable property, and far more than was ever anticipated.

April 5, 1897.

. . . I have been away for several weeks fighting, fighting, fighting, day after day; the expedition small and of importance, the difficulties many, the end successful; if you have a mind to listen to the tale. I will tell it to you myself, for I am presently bound for

England, to eat such of my dinners as remain. I shall leave this country and my chief with real regret. He is the best of companions to live with; full of life and zeal; interested in all that passes; and with the same love for the camp and the veldt as myself. The charm of the veldt I cannot describe to you—it is very great, especially at night.

Now I end, for I will be with you soon. . . .

[There is a letter from a comrade with regard to this time; it came soon after the news of his death, and I give it at some length, as it adds detail to the general impression which his own letters sketch out.]

. . . I first met him at Salisbury, in November, 1896, when he was acting as secretary to Lord Grey. At that time I was running about the country, having meetings with various chiefs with a view to their surrender, and it was at one of these indabas with a chief at Cherumba that Hubert first accompanied me. Besides Hubert and myself we had a native commissioner—who had to act as

interpreter—and an escort of thirty M. I. On nearing the kraal these were left behind, and we three proceeded alone. Though knowing the direction of the kraal, the native commissioner, who was also acting as our guide, failed to locate it definitely, and much to our surprise we found ourselves quite unawares in front of the kraals, and about 200 natives, who had seen our approach, promptly took positions on the surrounding rocks, fully armed and practically cutting off our retreat; our escort had been left too far behind and were practically speaking useless, and to have sent back for them would have been a sign of fear, and fatal to us; and though of course in a terrible state of funk (and speaking of myself I know I was), we acted on Hubert's suggestions, walking towards the chief, waving our handkerchiefs and showing him we meant to do him no injury, but that we had come to talk. Our pacific demeanour was spontaneous and due to the uncomfortable position in which we found ourselves placed, and I assure you we never felt so friendly towards

that chief as we did at that time. He told us to remain where we were, and threatened that if we came close he would open fire; needless to say, there was no occasion to repeat the warning. We sat down at once, tried to look jovial, and smoked. After a little delay the chief came down with about 40 of his followers fully armed, sat down in front of us and wanted to know what we had to talk about. We informed him that when we left Salisbury we had an idea that he wished to surrender and lay down his arms, but this opinion was evidently not unanimous. After a little more friendly conversation, the whole time we being most polite and obliging, giving the chief all our cigars and cigarettes to insure his good temper, we begged permission to withdraw, saying we would come and see him another day.

The next time I came was with De Moleynes, about six months after, when we rushed the kraal before daylight; and it so happened that I shot this same chief through the arm, whilst trying to escape through our pickets at

night. I forgot to mention that at the time of the indaba neither of us were armed.

The next time I saw Hubert after this was at the attack of Sekies kraal, when he came out with Lord Grey. I then asked Hubert, or rather he volunteered, to come with me and a dynamite party, whose duty it was to go ahead and to blow down the stockade, to enable the column to enter. Biscoe was also with us. We got to within a few yards of the stockade and were just preparing to light the dynamite, when the alarm was given by a Mashona dog; the Mashonas then rushed out, opened fire, and prevented us lighting our fuse. Hubert pluckily clambered over the stockade, closely followed by Biscoe and others; the Mashonas did not stand, and within a few minutes we had possession of the kraal. Hubert could not stay still. I saw him about ten minutes afterwards, in his shirt sleeves as always, accompanied by about ten of the Black Watch rushing another kraal about two hundred yards away, where he captured lots of cattle and goats.

After the capture of Sekies kraal I did not see Hubert for two or three months, but in the meantime I know he went with Lord Grey, when the latter and Gosling attacked the Mashionginatas kraal, where again he was well to the fore, and had one or two marvellous escapes from being shot.

In February it was decided that I should take a small patrol up to the M'toko country with the idea of inducing the M'toko natives to come back with us and fight the Mashonas ; this was supposed to be an important patrol, and as seen by my enclosed report the supposition was well founded. Hubert got permission from Lord Grey to accompany me, and we started away on March 1 ; the report referred to will give you some idea of the work and result of our expedition. From the very outset Hubert proved invaluable, as the relations between A. and myself were rather strained, he failing to realize from the outset that I was in command of the patrol ; and Hubert as secretary to the Administrator acted as a buffer between us.

Hubert took charge of the advance guard, which was composed of native troops, and from start to finish had to bear the brunt of the fighting. These were placed in extended order covering a front of about 300 yards. Hubert, who was well mounted, assisted by a white sergeant of police, would be constantly riding up and down this line, keeping them in touch and in the right direction. If the Mashonas were firing from one kopje, Hubert would always be with the men nearest that point, and constantly I had to be ordering him to be more careful. On one occasion I lost him for ten minutes and had to send a couple of mounted men to find him. He had quietly gone off to a neighbouring kraal to do a little reconnoitring on his own account. I jokingly told him if he did it again I should put him under arrest; he was very penitent and promised to bear my threat in mind. When we arrived at our camp at night, Hubert would be always the first to off-saddle the mules, doing more work than any five men; morning would be the same when we saddled-

up. The white police and the natives were naturally very fond of him as he was always sympathetic, looking after them when sick and always ready with a cheery word.

On our arrival at M'toko, after a journey of six days during which time we were constantly under fire, Hubert's advice and tact were invaluable, and I never did an important thing without consulting him. One of us was always on watch during the greater part of the night; Hubert always doing his share, or more than his share, of the work.

Whilst at M'toko I had a very bad attack of fever, and I shall never forget his kindness and thoughtfulness in nursing me. I was also in this condition when we started on our return journey, the order of march being the same; Hubert in front with the advance guard, whilst I was riding with the main body, enveloped in a great coat and feeling very seedy. About 7 a.m. of the second day, while trekking through a very bad bit of country, the advance guard was suddenly fired on by about 200 Mashonas. I imme-

diately rode up, to find Hubert doing his best to keep his men together, they being very much disorganized by the sudden attack, having such considerable odds against them ; Hubert's command only amounted to about 20 men, and for some time there were serious chances of a reverse. How Hubert escaped being shot on this occasion I could never understand, for at the time he was continually riding up and down the line directing the fire of his men, being a conspicuous mark for the Mashonas. Needless to say we were all soon into work ; the charge was sounded and the kopje cleared and the position taken in about half an hour. An amusing incident of the charge was when a native friendly came to Hubert and asked him to spare him some ammunition. Hubert was wearing the bandolier of a man who had just been shot, and as we were very short of ammunition he very reluctantly drew from his bandolier one round, and gave it to the unfortunate native in much the same way as we would give a man a tenner. We both imagined that the man

had seen a Mashona quite close and was keen on his extermination. Instead, he rushed about twenty yards ahead, fired his rifle in the air, executed a war dance, and came back to Hubert saying, 'That's how we frighten the Mashonas.' Hubert lost his temper, and for a few minutes, forgetting the seriousness of the situation, chased this unfortunate aborigine around the rocks whilst I was convulsed with laughter.

On our arrival at Domboundrizi—about three days' march from the latter place, nineteen out of the twenty-five men were down with fever; added to this we were constantly under fire for the last three days—crossing the river we formed laager closely followed by the Mashonas. Hubert had been suffering for the last week from an ingrowing toe-nail; but notwithstanding that, he did the greater part of the journey on foot, as his horse was fearfully knocked up. The place where we were now camped was 40 miles from Salisbury, and the next morning in consequence of being short of ammunition and provisions,

I decided to send a couple of mounted men in to Salisbury to procure the necessaries required. Hubert volunteered to go although he was suffering from fever; and I, knowing that he would stand a better chance of getting through than any one else, gladly accepted his offer. Mounted on the best horses in camp, he, with Trooper Kelly and another, started away about 5.30 the following morning. Though knowing the general direction of Salisbury, neither of them really knew the way; it was raining in torrents when they started, and the grass in many places higher than the horses' heads. Eventually they arrived at Salisbury about 8.30, fearfully knocked up. Hubert, after having delivered his dispatches to De Moleynes, was at once ordered to the hospital, where he was detained for more than a week with fever.

De Moleynes left within three hours after Hubert's arrival, with all the available men and stores. This ride of Hubert's I consider as good a piece of work as any done during the rebellion.

Hubert was without exception the dearest and best fellow I ever met ; and I assure you that when the news of his death arrived in Salisbury no one could have felt it more than those men who had accompanied Hubert and myself in that patrol. The last messages I had from two or three of them on leaving Salisbury, Sergeant French amongst the number, were to you, expressing how much they felt for you in your sad loss.

It is impossible to say what I think or feel about Hubert, but I hope in some way these few lines will show you a little of his character and the work he did ; which I am sure you would never hear from his own lips. . . .

[The remaining entries are a few brief notes with regard to the journey south. I omit them, for they have no interest even where they are intelligible: their extreme brevity shows that they were intended only for the writer himself, and they have little meaning for us: moreover, their admission might destroy that clear picture of his life in Africa which is given by the foregoing entries, letters, and maps.

With the end of the month of April he had reached Capetown, and by May was on his way back to England.

EGYPT

EGYPT

THE expedition to which Hubert Howard was attached in the last months of his life was not of that kind which we should have necessarily associated with his temperament ; nor was it one in which he could be occupied in the position that best suited his energies or his ambitions. It had, as that short experience of his in Cuba had had before, a quality resembling that of an interlude. It should by rights have been an important and interesting, but not a characteristic, period in a life whose development ought normally to have followed lines in which he would have directed and have formed a large part of the whole. The matter happened to end in such a manner, that this short experience became for us sacred ; because, by an accident which modifies the tragedy, he was at the last moment of his life in the supreme enjoyment of that to which his life was mainly directed.

The time to be chronicled in this division

of his short life is a brief one. It stretches over little more than a month, and its principal events (so far as he is concerned) are contained in a large diary which he kept during his journey to Egypt and down the Nile. Everywhere he noted the nature that passed him with the keen enjoyment that he always had in the things of the outside. And he felt this the more keenly because he was associated (though in this case in a more distant manner) with the political spirit which was, after all, his interest and his principal enthusiasm. His particular work in following the army to Omdurman was that of a correspondent. Associated with Colonel Rhodes he was to send letters to the *Times*.

This work he did well. He was not a man who loved to write; yet he had always written with terse expression. To this (a minor task) he addressed himself, with a clear conception of what was needed, but it irked him. He was not at ease in the expression of anything, perhaps, except his own direct experience, direct interest, and direct emotions. There is a passage in one of his letters which expresses exactly his sentiment, and the difficulty of his task. 'I feel it impossible to write if I have to leave out the letter I.' It

is for this reason that the notes which he took himself in his diary, and especially the few letters he sent home, are of much more value to us than the accounts, careful and succinct though they are, which were printed in the paper for which he corresponded.

There are in this month of August one or two little incidents which are not recorded by him, but which are worth remembering for those who will find in them his character; its humour and its peculiar daring.

Captain de Montmorency has preserved in his diary the memory of a very gallant passage in which he and Howard were engaged together. It is a story of which the details are few—it all passed in little over an hour. From about a mile south of Kerreri (I follow Captain de Montmorency's diary) the villages follow each other along the river bank right up to Omdurman. This officer, with fifteen men of his troop, and accompanied by Howard, went forward to clear the first of these groups of houses, and in doing so came upon a Dervish fort¹ on the river. They rode forward alone over a space of some six hundred yards and across a khor, to summon the fort to surrender.

¹ This fort was some two miles north of the wall of Omdurman.

At fifty yards distance from it the Dervishes inside opened fire upon them, but failed to hit either them or their horses. Howard and his companion answered with their revolvers, and retired to bring up the troop. There followed a short exchange of shots between the little group of lancers and the enemy, during which Howard was ordered under cover as he had insisted on running out to see the effect of the fire.

The fort was not taken till it fell later to one of the gunboats, but in the end of the adventure Captain de Montmorency found himself in a rather dangerous situation. Approaching the fort alone with a carbine, and taking random shots at the loop-holes, he was attacked in his turn by an isolated party of Dervishes who approached from the south. In this pass he was greatly helped by the action of Howard, who ran back with one or two men of the troop to meet the advancing body of Dervishes; these they kept off, and finally, after the delivery of a few volleys at a rather long range, drove them back towards the city.

The little group of men then fell back upon their regiment (some three miles behind them), not, however, without a further brush with

a number of the enemy, who opened fire at eighty yards, but (a repetition of the earlier experience) failed to hit.

Of the many minor adventures through which Howard passed in the time immediately preceding the battle, this is the most fully related and may serve as a type of the rest. Howard's action in his defence remains very clearly in the memory of the officer who commanded ; and it is only because this book shows so many examples of his conspicuous and splendid courage that I forbear to quote in addition the praise which his friend bestows upon him in this case.

But there is little more to relate because little was done until 'the happiest day of his life,' when the battle was fought. In that day certainly he lived harder and more than he had ever lived in his life before. In a sense he saw more than almost any man on that occasion. He saw the action as an onlooker, he noted it for the purpose of description, and he took part in the one bit of fighting that brought the enemy hand to hand with our troops. He rode through the Lancers' charge, and it was he who told the other correspondents of it after the battle.

The materials upon which this division of

the memorial can be based are exceedingly scanty. He left indeed a certain number of notebooks, but in one case the few words it contains are all blurred with the Nile water ; in another the rough notes taken in the saddle are illegible from the circumstances under which they were written ; in the third there is but the jotting down of a note or two on the number and formation of the corps, which would have no purpose in such a recital as this. With the exception then of the diary and the letters there is nothing to be written. But I have put down at the end a few and insufficient sentences. They were, I believe, the last words he ever wrote with his hands, and these things are important almost in proportion to their triviality. With these notes of his, at times halting and sharply interrupted, notes such as a man would write who was waiting for greater things, and for whom that moment was but an interlude, I am compelled to close this record of his life.

The close is abrupt, and in this it rightly interprets the feeling that made this book necessary. A hand was suddenly laid on one's shoulder as one was going on the ordinary thoroughfare of life ; and in the sudden gesture there was emphasised, as no long

success could have done, a loss which I will not attempt to express, save by a similar silence.

Monday, July 25. I choose the Trieste route and the 25th for starting so as to travel with Wingate and Rhodes. Also choose Charing Cross to start from, so as to travel with Rhodes who had reported himself as starting from here, but he never appeared till we embarked at Dover, having the same aversion to saying good-bye as C. J. R., and having purposely gone off from Victoria; great annoyance of Grey and Weston Jarvis who had arrived to see him off. To Ostend from Dover fine. At Ostend board the Vienna express, one of a line of dirty, sluggish-looking trains, the expresses for every part of Europe; a crowded train. Wingate, Rhodes, de Rougemont, and self all in the same compartment; a coincidence. Belgium, the German frontier, and Wingate's Austrian pass.

Tuesday. Upper Danube and Austrian

frontier ; the train and the food the same as in all the expresses of the world.

Vienna : 7 hours whilst our carriage goes round. The British Hotel and the pleasure of the Egyptian porter at sight of Wingate. Gregson, who is always with us, invites him to come as his servant ; the boy delighted, but the proprietor will not consent ; the boy declares his intent of joining us that night at station and does so. Start to walk the town ; seduction of the shops ; cheap, good, and admirable ; campaigning contrivances of wonderful cunning. Dinner at the Bristol, the Earl's Court of Vienna. Altogether a delightful town.

11 p.m. *en route* for Trieste.

Wednesday, 27. Hills and mountains and the Adriatic. Trieste 11 a.m. *Semiramis*, the newest Austrian Lloyd, comfortable and empty, and not a woman on board. The Dalmatian coast ; delicious weather ; Gleichen handbook. Count Seluski, courteous, cultured bore ; Wilson off to work at the Assouan dam.

Thursday, 28. Trial of kodaks. Brindisi, 2 p.m.; 2 hours. Wire to Le Gallais for horses and transport at front. Rob. Grenfell comes on board; view Brindisi with the Count and Austrian Lloyd agent; the plan of the Labyrinth photographed. The cathedral with the figure of St. Theodosius, lately the subject of a miracle.

Friday, 29; Saturday, 30. Read, talk and am comfortable; the weather delicious and balmy; have the intention to write an article for the *N. Y. H.* only and put it in hand, can however say nothing new of a journey common to every tourist to Alexandria, who travels in comfort and sunshine; to write gossip about Rhodes and Wingate possible, but low, so the matter drops. Wingate most interesting about present affairs in the Soudan; curious how little anecdotes show how complete a knowledge he has of all that is passing. His anecdote of Neufeldt, the European prisoner now with the Khalifa. He had the story from an Arab in the secret, had also had a letter from Neufeldt—information is

brought to him from Wadai and the centre of Africa. He would go into no detail as to the future of the Soudan after the fall of Khartoum, but the situation very grave. The end of Mahdism leaves the way open for graver questions with Abyssinia and France. The two questions coming are the policy we will adopt, the degree of firmness we show, and the question of time, how far our line of advance has already been anticipated. In a way we race against time. The French designs are known, they are now at least in the Bahr el Gazal if not further; we have stated our position and they theirs, and occupation will be a great factor in the future development of the rival ideas. With Abyssinia the case is worse: in the first place the public do not know or realise the aims and ambitions of Menelik nor do they appreciate what the result of his policy would be. A military power capable of putting say 200,000 men into the field. Menelik ambitious for Abyssinian expansion. It is the advance of the Abyssinians which is the great danger,

and which causes the liveliest anxiety. How far they have already advanced is known, if at all, only to the intelligence department and military authorities. Jallabat and Gederef are already occupied by Abyssinia. Their claim is to all the territories west of Abyssinia to the Nile. The matter is graver than we can suppose, they are somewhere on the lower Sobat, where we cannot say. Sennar, Gallabat, Beni Shangoul, are the most fertile and richest provinces of the Soudan, and also portions of Khedivial Egypt. To oust them may be impossible and impolitic, to anticipate them is essential, and every day the matter becomes more perilous. Not only the richest portions of the Soudan but our line of communications are in the balance both from the east and the west.

Macdonald was to have been at Fashoda months ago ; the mutiny of the Soudanese prevented his movement. Cavendish's proposed expedition might have served the purpose, but he must almost infallibly have come into collision with the Abyssinians on

the Sobat ; in any event must have made trouble. Now Macdonald is once more struggling north ; in Sept. Khartoum should fall and the road up the river be open to our gunboats, which can run without a check to Fashoda and beyond if necessary.

The presence of this force on the Nile must have an inestimable moral effect. Then it will be possible to negotiate 'sword in hand' where now no reasonable understanding could be come to. It will be possible to settle finally with Abyssinia in a peaceable way, matters which, if they be allowed to develop and drag on, must carry with them all the elements of trouble for the future, trouble such that the difficulties of Mahdism will be as nothing.

At present Darfur has no fixed or settled Government ; Mahdism is there no longer, and the Sultan no longer rules. The country is in a state of anarchy. Wadai, with its Sultan and the presence of the Senoussi, who may at any moment declare himself Mahdi, is disposed to look on us with friendship ; we

fight the Khalifa to whom they are opposed. The following of Senoussi is however very large, and includes Wadai and Northern Africa; Mahomedanism is to be purified, and the Turk and the Christian killed, elements here also of future trouble. How strong the country is, as a fighting power, not really known, and apt to be overrated; *vide* Rabbeh's march through Southern Wadai with years of fighting. Rabbeh, the friend of rebellions and betrayed, Suleiman, a hater of white men, Sultan of Bornu, elements of trouble for the Niger; many arguments for retention of Nile Valley:—

1. Might be profitable; e.g. Gordon acknowledged the great difficulty, the sparseness of population and the tracts of fertile country; there are now no hands to cultivate, three-fifths of population killed by Mahdism, by war, famine and slave-raiding.

2. Slavery.

3. Necessity to prevent European power from entering upper Nile; Bruce and his servant's prophecy at L. Tzana French.

4. Our policy ; Uganda ; communications, Rhodes, telegraph.

5. Fighting material.

If only a definite policy is laid down, the country itself a particularly easy one to hold—flat ; jealousy of tribes united only by fanaticism and misgovernment ; a great waterway : a narrow line of country easily policed ; the railway, telegraph, and a just administration.

Sunday 31. Alexandria, 6 a.m. ; leave, 9 a.m., the East and the West. Cairo, 1.30 p.m. Continental Hotel ; Cairo full ; officers everywhere ; correspondents. The Guards on the Nile a picture for Ouida. Wire from Le Gallais that he has pony and camels ; a comfort ; but I now have two ponies here as well, bought by Brinton. *Que faire ?* I see him and the 1st squadron Lancers off. Enthusiasm of the men ; different from the Guards. Block at Luxor, and in the line, but Wingate may take me through Tuesday. Rodd ; Grenfell : rumours flying around of Dervish advance : the usual yarns at the base.

Claud and Gibert. Claud's experiences with the Turkish princess on board ; his favourable comparison between the streets of Cairo and Constantinople. The 'dancing halls' of Cairo, and the 'thousand nights in one'—dismal failure ; the guide!

August 1, Monday. Bustle in getting stores, &c. ; also great bother about the 2 ponies Brinton has got me here, for which I have paid £75, and can't either take forward or sell.

Lunched with Grenfell. He says that the Soudan cannot possibly pay for some time to come ; the arguments for advance are political. Visit the iron-work bazaar, and buy a Persian pigeon with superhuman powers.

See Wingate, who has arranged to get me through with him.

Dine with the Guards at the Club. Archie Morrison to be left behind in charge of sick. Very furious.

All day, off and on, have been rushing round buying stores, &c.

[He wrote on the same day the following letter to England.]

TURF CLUB, CAIRO,
August 1, 1898.

. . . I am starting south to-morrow evening, and shall probably go straight through past the block, which is, I believe, very hard to get through. This will be due to Wingate—it was a very wise move going out with him.

The trouble about horses has ended only too prosperously, as I have had to pay for two I shall not want here in Cairo. Brinton got me two here, as I asked him, and then I heard that there would be no hope of getting them up, so I wired a forlorn hope to Le Gallais, who is in the Egyptian cavalry at Atbara. He can anyhow produce a pony and two camels. This surfeit of ponies is very costly.

It is very warm here, ninety or so in the shade ; Cairo is, however, quite full—like in the season. The place to go to is now the Continental, and Sheppard's is superseded. The Continental is my permanent address.

I arrived in Cairo yesterday, and also saw

off the Lancers that day; they went off singing and full of enthusiasm.

Gilbert goes south to-morrow. Claud is in Cairo visiting him. I will write to you again.

August 2, Tuesday. Story of the Lancashire Fusileers at mess: eating their roses at mess; old 20th; Minden. The Tommies wear sham roses on Minden day.

The 2 horses Brinton bought begin to give on my nerves, as they must be disposed of at once, and now at the last moment there are no prospective purchasers. I try an Arab horse merchant; he says he will bring his partner, but does not. I take Claud to see the El Hazar. The man who first laid siege to Khartoum a teacher there; swinging movement of the students' prayer squad.

Lunch at club. Dr. Pinchin looks at my horses, and will not buy them for a friend.

Go to see off the Guards, 4.30; they look hot Morrison, who had been told to remain in Cairo with sick, coming up instead of

F. Hardy who has dysentery. At last moment, and after infinite haggling, and finally tossing up for odd £2, sell ponies to Claud for £40—loss of £32 10s.

Our train for Luxor goes at 9.30; 4 great cases from Walker of provisions; Wingate has reserved 7 places in train for Luxor, and each of us have separate compartment.

Wingate; Rhodes; De Rougemont; German attaché and Italian attaché; Gregson and self.

The dry mud of Egypt now makes an awful dust; clouds of it fill the carriage.

August 3, Wednesday. A terribly hot day; dust awful. There is no Egypt now, all dry mud, with here and there small patches of durrah, the rest desert. Arrive, Luxor, 3 p.m., hotter and hotter; place much the same as I remember it; more hotels; temple quite dug out. Are going on by steamer to Assouan, and not by rail. The Guards just leaving Luxor by train for Assouan, some of them tucked up by heat.

Cook's steamer leaves 4; determine to bathe,

but unfortunately jump into river with bracelet-watch on. A little cooler on the river ; in evening arrive at Erment and stay there for night. Go on shore in party to see fantasia arranged by Colonel Rhodes ; a great failure ; first, wait for half hour in dirty small hovel, the ball-room ; no one comes ; the boy who has arranged the show says that official leave must be procured, that it has been got, and that they are coming, but no result ; finally we leave disgusted ; are stopped in the way by 3 of the girls who feebly dance in the street. We leave ; I am quite tucked up by the heat and feel very bad.

Attribute it to bathing from boat at Luxor and sitting in sun on bank.

August 4, Thursday. Cooler, with north wind. Realize how great the river is, for now there is nothing visible but brown baked mud ; brown water, a hot sun and, when the breeze springs up, endless dust-storms. A very bad dust-storm, afternoon, leaves air cooler, in fact

quite cool, with strong wind at night, where we all sleep out on deck. At dinner, thermometer 103. Wingate gave me Intelligence Department maps, and explained situation at Shebluka and Omdurman. The Dervishes are at head of cataract, encamped at El Hajis, both sides of river fortified, with iron chain across. The position naturally strong. For 10 miles cataract runs through island, '99 island'; opposite Dervish position river runs through granite cliffs 300 feet apart, also at head of cataract is island of Rojan, 700 feet above Nile. Country round rough; camels take 8 hours to do the 10 miles. Concentration will be at Wad Habashis, below Mernat. Here Lewis and 3rd Egyptian Brigade are already camped. There is also a large Dervish camp 7 miles west of Omdurman, at Rihet-erb-Shifa, two miles south Kerreri; here also they may fight. Omdurman and banks of Tuti and Khartoum are lined with forts and works; the great wall; pass Lancers camped on bank; bright moon.

August 5, Friday. 20 miles from Assouan.

Has been big rise of Nile, and foam-suds floating down the river, which to-day is quite smooth.

9.30 a.m. Arrive at Assouan, passing K's island. There are very great changes since I was here last. All the façade of big houses new and also the hotel. The large fatigue parties marshalled wherever we arrive, owing to presence of Wingate; at Shelâl they were the remains of the old railway brigade. W. wonderful in removing all difficulties, his very quiet, suave manner makes the way very smooth. Photograph 3 Bisharin Arabs.

We all go by rail to Shelâl, opposite Philae; here there is a rest camp, stores, &c., also preparations for the great dam—iron stanchions, &c. lying about. We go on in the Sirdar's old stern-wheeler; small boat for so many of us, but most of us are very lucky to get on at all. Two barges came with us tied on to each side. We are also fortunate in having a restaurateur on board, and so do not have to shift for ourselves with food.

The river runs through rocky banks. The

little deck at night, covered with our party sleeping, and difficult to find a spare spot. We steam all night in this boat.

[Then follows a letter sent home in the evening on that day.]

PAGNONI'S HOTEL, ASSOUAN,
August 5.

. . . I am going on straight through with Wingate and others. We left the train at Luxor and came on here by boat, which was pleasanter than going on by train. The dust was awful, as the whole country is baked up. No green anywhere except a few palms. It is also very hot, about 115, at Luxor. I got a touch of sun there, I believe, through sitting on the bank of the river bathing, but am right again now. I jumped in with my bracelet-watch on, however it is going again. From Halfa we go by train to Atbara; the last of the British Division gets to Atbara by 15th, and the advance will be then. The first fight probably will be at the head of the Sixth Cataract; the Dervishes are there now; both sides of the river are fortified. The cataract

is ten miles long. We concentrate at the bottom of it.

August 6, Saturday. 8 a.m., the boiler goes wrong, and takes 4 hours to repair. W. is full of talk about Gordon and Zebehr.

It arises out of Gordon's diary. W. says one may there see some of the curious inconsistencies of the man. He made the mistake of showing the Jaalin Arabs at Berber the firman authorising evacuation, and has it pasted up. He afterwards is always regretting this, when he later sees it is impossible to leave. Always speaking of that dreadful firman, and how cocky the Madhi would be if he could get hold of it. It is sent down with Stewart, and along with G.'s diaries and other papers is sent to the Mahdi, who writes a long letter to Gordon, enclosing a list of the documents taken, and especially noticing the firman, and saying that if G.'s orders were such, why did he so object to his having the country. G. never read this; was always a bad Arabic scholar, and handed it over to his

secretary, and apparently it was never translated at all till it came to Cairo, and then at a time when G. did not know what had happened to Stewart, and where the same afternoon he sets down in his diary what a calamity if the order were to fall into Khalifa's hands.

The publication of the firman was the great mistake. The Jaalin were the natural enemies of the Baggara; the river men against the western Arabs; if they had believed we were going to stay they would have remained firm; so soon as they changed over, Khartoum was in a hopeless position. On the publication of the firman at Berber, a Jaalin Emeer went to the Madhi, and told him that since the 'Turks' were leaving, they tendered their submission.

Zebehr was a Jaalin, and if he could have been at Khartoum when Gordon called on him, the position might have been changed. Gordon only 2 days in Cairo staying at Wood's house. Gordon quarrels with Baring, Wood, and all the authorities who object to

Zebehr going up. G. refuses to dine at table although Wood had party for him.

Before G. left Baring told him that if, when he got on to the spot, he was still convinced that he must have Zebehr, he would back his wishes all he could with the home Government. G. does telegraph from Khartoum, but tells *Times* correspondent there that he is to get him. Baring, as he promised, wired on G.'s wishes with strong support, and a wire comes back approving. *Times* correspondent, however, wires home: 'Zebehr, notorious slave-raider, had been applied for by G.,' &c.; public opinion excited, and Granville immediately wires out cancelling order of approval.

W. considers Zebehr has been ill-used after doing a great deal for Egypt, since he practically conquered Bahr-el-Gazal, Darfur, and Kordofan for the Khedive. He was a slave-raider, but so were most of the officials in the Khedive's employ indirectly. He was more of a man than others of the time, and had vast influence. Gordon's allowing Gessi to

shoot Suleiman was a mistake ; for Gessi to do it was a breach of faith. War ought never to have been made on Suleiman, and the letter Gordon saw, which he believed Zebehr had sent to his son from Cairo, really never existed. The officials, &c., whom Gordon found were jealous of Zebehr, and poisoned G.'s mind. He may have partially realised this later. W. wrote the historical part at the commencement of Slatin's book in order to set this matter right. Zebehr was again hardly dealt with when imprisoned at Gibraltar during the Nile expedition. He is now anxious for our success. Has drawn a map for W. of Shabluka with all the possible points of attack. Once Zebehr had the Khalifa in his hands a prisoner, condemned to be shot on the morrow. Khalifa begged an interview and told Zebehr, in a dream he had seen that Zebehr was to be Madhi, and he his Khalifa. Zebehr laughed him down as a madman, and the death sentence was removed on the grounds of his imbecility.

The boiler goes wrong again in the evening,

and we lay to to repair, and are still there at sunrise.

August 7, Sunday. Several times the boiler goes wrong, each time the matter takes 5 hours. The pipes leak into furnace; matters serious, as quite impossible to say when we shall reach Halfa at this rate.

The Lancers pass us, and we again repass their second steamer at about 10 p.m.

August 8, Monday. Break down; are passed; get on again; the point is, Can this boat get to Halfa? engineer thinks it can with an overhauling at Korosko. Pass Lancers' second boat, but break down again one mile from Korosko. Expecting steamer *Isis* down, Wingate will not take it unless he is persuaded he can't get on in this, as to do so would throw out all arrangements from Cairo right up. However we have now been since Friday afternoon doing 100 miles, and this won't do. There are 110 miles more to Halfa, and we can't waste all this time.

The country between Assouan and here very desolate; rocks and stony hills, with

sometimes a fringe of palms, and here and there a narrow strip of durrah. In many places the desert is right down to the river on either bank. On the western bank the valleys and waddys are drifted up with loose sand, lying just like snow in the hills.

We do not get away till late in the afternoon ; pass Korosko, but the current is so strong we can make no way ; luckily we meet and hail the tug *Ocean*. At first she is laid alongside, and steams level with us, and then sent along with the heaviest nuggar.

The evenings are beautiful. All the stars reflected in the river, and the air balmy and cool.

Affairs look brighter.

August 9, Tuesday. Wake up to find we are again at a standstill, our boat has waited for the tug ; consequently cannot get up steam again, and must go through another course of repairs. At first we propose to abandon our *Water Lily* for the tug, but finally arrange to be towed by her whilst we repair. We shed a nuggar and go better ;

various breakdowns in which the tug is of great assistance; we hope to reach Halfa early in the morning; try and write article, but none too successful.

August 10, Wednesday. We reach Halfa at about 11.30 a.m., discover the first lot of Lancers have already gone on, and the second is going in the afternoon. Wingate arranges to go through the following morning; expects to get right through in fast time; the ordinary trains take 40 hours or so. Sandbach is here as commandant; he is very friendly and pleasant, and gives me a bed in his house. He is going up as A.A.G. to Kitchener. Lunch in the mess with the Lancers before they leave. Receive wire from the *Times* to say I am to call myself their assistant correspondent, so that *New York Herald* is done with; also I get a wire from Le Gallais to say my ponies are all right—two ponies, two camels, and a donkey. Interview with Mahmud, who is more talkative now we bring him out and photograph him. Also see Emir of Abu Hammed. Wingate tells

us Mahmud says there will be a big fight, that the Dervishes do not mind dying, but that we care to live. Estimates numbers at 175,000. Says that at the Atbara they were not ready. Sandbach, at dinner, tells me that transport has been success all through. 7,000 tons through Halfa in one month (July), enough for army at front for three months. Thinks first lot of Guards looked, and were, smartest in getting through.

[From the same place he sent this letter on his arrival.]

WADY HALFA,
August 10.

. . . This is to inform you of the progress of my journey. We arrived here this morning after a journey full of disaster, for our steamer persisted in breaking down; luckily Wingate being a man of authority seized a tug by the way, so that our continual repairs might not entirely delay us. To-morrow we go on by train to the Atbara and, I suppose, there pause till the whole of the British Brigade has arrived, which will not be till

the 18th. The advanced post is now at Shabluka at the foot of the Sixth Cataract — Wad Bishara they call the place, where Beresford fought in the *Tufic*.

Sandbach is commandant here and is going up to the front as A.A.G. to Kitchener's staff. He is most friendly and kind, and I am lodged in great comfort.

I am almost sorry to leave the steamer ; you can't think how lovely the river is now, and especially at night when there is a moon and all the stars shining in the water, quite cool too in the evening, and during the day even there is generally a breeze on the river.

I have read lots of books about the Soudan, but I do not know that they are of much profit. I tried to write to the *Times* but failed to do anything decent. I do not want to write about a journey common to every tourist, and if I pause to think I am done and have to begin again and again. I am appointed assistant correspondent to them ; this is well.

August 11, Thursday. Start from Station 11. In truck with angaribe, and American engine; expect to do almost record journey if only we catch the other American engine *en route* at Abu Hammed. The rail, 384 ms., to Atbara finished in two years, and that with intervals also 175 miles beyond Sarras. Girouard (32) did this, and now appointed Director Egyptian Railroads; 25 engines running on the line. The American ones newest and best. C. J. R.'s now wearing out, but were given at a most necessary moment.

At Station No 4, 27 miles from Halfa, we are many ft. above Halfa; here change and get into Sirdar's saloon. We have brought stores with us. At night exceedingly hot and sultry.

August 12, Friday. Breakdown in desert a little before Akashey. We had had to go on with an ordinary engine; six hours' delay here whilst new engine fetched; and then further delay at Akashey; here three new gunboats were put together. At Darmali we

pass 1st British Brigade expecting steamers hourly.

2 p. m., reach Atbara. Lunch with Gatacre; correspondents' camp clique; tea and dine with Maude, James, Scudamore, and Steevens. Have no tent. Storm of wind and sand in night most unpleasant; covered with dirt. See Gilbert Pitt, &c.; also Lyttelton and Francis Howard. Storm of dust.

August 13, Saturday. Ride out on Steevens' pony into desert to see Brigade parade. Guards' officer on donkey; independent firing; get tent; interview with Kitchener; row about *Times*; am still nominally *New York Herald*, but may wire direct to *Times*. Dine with Francis Howard. See 18th battalion ready to embark. Storm again at night. K. goes off quietly and suddenly at mid-day.

[There is no entry in the Diary for two days, but the following two letters help to supply the gap.]

ATBARA CAMP,
August 15.

. . . This is just a line as I am crossing the river, and to-morrow starting to march along

the left bank with the two squadrons of the Lancers who have arrived. We shall be about eight days. I imagine we shall not leave Shabluka much before the 23rd or 20th, and I do not think there will be much of a fight there even if there is a skirmish, which is doubtful. I have disgraced myself in a letter to the *Times* to-day, I was feeling so seedy and really couldn't write or think. No ideas at all, and I *had* to write something, and having failed last night got up at four to do it, with an awful poor result. We are allowed to wire nothing from here which is not the merest piffle. They say Omdurman will fall on the 7th, earlier than was expected. Winston arrived yesterday, and marches with us to-morrow. I hear he has been writing what he calls 'descriptive articles' all the way up for the *Morning Post*; he does not want this known, but it will be, naturally.

There was such a row here about the *Times*: I was threatened with being sent back if I presented myself officially as second for *Times*, so I told K. I was *N.Y.H.*, and he

says he will look upon me as such, and that I may wire direct to the *Times* or anywhere else. He wants to tell the other correspondents he has only sanctioned one. The others were all going to kick up such a row.

Here there is only left the Second Brit. Brig. and Lancers. All the others have gone up. Correspondents have not been allowed to go yet. It is very hot in the middle of the day till four, nothing very serious however. The place where I am camped is very dusty, and there have been dust-storms at night which are beastly. We arrived here two days ago. . . .

ATBARA,
August 15.

. . . This is just a line to say that I am off to-morrow. I am going to march up the left bank with the Lancers to Shabluka 8 days. All the troops but Lyttelton's Brigade have gone on. One is not allowed to wire anything, as the censorship is very strict.

It is hot but not very serious, and cool

at night. The dust-storms are trying. We arrived here 2 days ago.

They expect the big fight at Omdurman about the 7th, and I do not think there will be anything before.

August 16. Get up early to get off transport; have arranged to ride out in the afternoon with Winston for the 12 miles to camp and send on camels. Before daybreak officers are packing their mules by candle-light out in the open of the left bank, and I go back with one of the Northumberland officers, he with his candle in his hand in the broad daylight.

Lunch at the Atbara camp with Wing. Tom Moore there full of ideas and information. Rhodes makes his joke about the ever-present and pushing Greek trader: he will, he says, be into Omdurman first; Gatacre and he will arrive before the zareba together and as G. pulls away the thorns the Greek will slip in and be ready to sell G. a bottle of Rosbach when he gets through. Certainly

they are in great numbers at the Atbara, and are reported to be at Shabluka ; they may sell no drink.

Winston is too long for me to wait, so I get off alone with my groom and second horse. We do not know the road and get too far in towards the river ; villages and palms at first, till we get out on to the edge of the desert, along which the column has marched. Several hollows full of water, which everywhere is creeping inland, up the many hollows and depressions. It becomes quite dark, and impossible to find the way, or where the column are camped. Shout at a deserted village, but finally catch sight of a light ; fires of the camp, situated on an awful piece of ground, cracked and seamed, and everywhere deep holes. Three camels here broke their legs. Hopeless to try and find my transport. Stumble upon the officers of the Howitzer Battery, who entertain me, and then, having failed to see or hear of my boys, I am given a shakedown by the other British battery. Major Williams, 37th F. B. Winston I give up.

August 17. Seedy, and fully expect to be knocked out with dysentery. Soldier down with heat, expected to be dying, but just shows signs of improvement; taken down to river to wait for steamer. Camp wakes and begins to water and feed horses, &c., at 3; 21st start at 4.30 a.m.; march supposed to be between 20 and 24 miles, as we have to reach depôt of stores left along the river at certain places. 21st march till 1, some 28 miles, and cannot get to stores for the flood of the river, which has run up a long hollow between us. Muster camps, and the men turn to to make themselves comfortable. At about 3 they have to saddle up again to be taken round to stores, as it is found impossible to get forage across. 32 miles or more in the day. The men very quiet about it, a really hard and trying day, most of them six years' service in India—hard and fit; the new draft not so used to roughing it; folly of trying to do thing too much on the cheap. 21st not brought up before, as would be expensive to feed them. The second squadron only arrived

day before we start, consequently horses soft after 12 days' travelling, and their feet get fever. After this march all the horses of the first squadron fit, and ten of the second squadron got fever in the feet and have to be left with a sheikh, who is to get a £1 a head if he brings them to Wad Habashi.

The column an extraordinary mixture, stretching over miles of the road; 1,500 horses, mules, camels, and donkeys; there are the troopers of the Lancers, Tommies looking after their transport, grooms, Arabs in every kind of dress or undress, with swords and guns, seeing to the camels; Egyptians, gunners, &c.

The guns and stores have gone on by boat; had this not been possible the cost of transport must have been enormous. The transport animals and horses of the men march. Then we have the two squadrons of the 21st, the transports of the 1st and 2nd British Brigade, the Egyptian horse artillery—horses, fine animals with fine men; the British artillery mules and transport; a whole army of camels, and

a regiment of syces riding officers' chargers, for they are all being sent round this way.

We are marching through the Jaalin country, showing all the signs of being once much cultivated; now the tribe is reduced; famine, Abu Klea war, &c.; pass a Jaalin graveyard in the desert, hundreds of graves; large villages, and broad alluvial plains all once under cultivation, now cracked with the water running in from the river—long winding streams full of deep mud, and the dried ground all around.

The different kinds of desert: hard and stony rocks, baked, cracked mud; sand with mimosa, &c., and the edges of the river and wells with palms, and here and there a squalid brown mud village.

Mahon leading the column, Martin commanding.

Jokes and good spirits of the men in their camp by the Nile; luckily the day cool.

August 18. We are to take a 12-miles march, but it appears longer. Thorn acacia everywhere, and Sodom apples. The column more spread out than ever, as some of the

batteries and transport didn't cross the khor.

Pass another Jaalin graveyard. Our Jaalin guide and his sword, gun, and clothes all covered. Jaalin villagers; camp by a khor where the flood waters are standing, with bushes and graves standing clear.

Dine with the Lancers; grouse about transport promised and never supplied for independent baggage and men.

August 19. March at 5, a cooler day. 14 miles or so, pleasant camp by the side of the Nile in a palm grove; arrive about 1. Intention to rest here all to-morrow, but at one time, as no stores here, seems we should have to go on to Metemmeh. However they are 3 miles up the river and will come down by boat.

To-day, on the opposite bank, I saw the pyramids of Meroe. Our guide, a really fine-looking fellow, quite young, but was shot at Abu Klea.

The bird of the Nile banks here is the dove; he is everywhere, cooing and hovering round, and, when one rides alone in the early morning

or evening, furnishing a regular escort all round about.

Also there are sand-grouse and pigeons, and a kind of paroquet ; here and there a hare.

The mimosa thorn, grey and spiky, everywhere, and growing where the Nile would appear never to reach. but here we are in the land of rain. Now a fortnight of storm and wet should be upon us, but as yet there have only been a few drops. Other trees are the big thorn-tree, I suppose some kind of acacia, and here and there groves of 'Dead Sea fruit,' or 'Sodom apples,' with their great, soft, round fruit full of white juicy poison—an evil, grey-looking plant.

Palms grow in groves and fringes near the river, and here in our present camp there are great fields of ground ready for cultivation, with their area partitioned off into little squares by raised mud ridges ; now the whole lying dry and dusty with the Nile running bank-full by the very side.

My servants are a great trial, and really too slow and stupid, really stupid, I believe,

although when one is not properly understood, one is apt to attribute this fault. The cook I should have left behind. He is unnecessary, and an ass. They really carry more kit than enough, and I have had to leave behind some of my things. The donkey I found yesterday entirely taken up in carrying one of the syce's clothes—great saddlebags full of them.

This morning it was interesting to see the Egyptian gunners carrying a sick man, four of them toiling under the hot sun, mile after mile, patiently; they arrived in camp only three minutes before a steamer left, and that by trudging on persistently. This is their great quality, dogged endurance; they have much of the Turk in them, they will march till they drop, and are willing, orderly, and obedient, with a passion for drill; like the Turk they are great natural engineers in a campaign, good at throwing up trenches, &c. The Soudanese, with their dash and pluck, are harder to drill, and less docile. It were impossible to find three more distinct types than the British.

Egyptian and the Soudanese soldier, and, as Maxse says, the Sirdar's great genius is to appreciate and use the qualities of each in their own particular direction. I hear confirmed by several officers, the popularity K. has lately gained ; it is said that he will some day be Commander-in-Chief.

Steamer passes up with troops, Lancashire. A man very bad with heat apoplexy ; naked on the bank, fanned with a great towel. Ten sick men and seven horses sent down to Atbara on a steamer.

August 20. Peaceful day in camp ; steamer passes with the Guards on board ; crowded everywhere. A great stern-wheeler steamer, with two double-decked transport barges fixed to the side, and two ginnets tied behind.

This morning one of the syces and the camel boy came to blows about a matter of theft. I dragged them up to the Provost, but the interpreter was not there ; in so far the *lit de justice* has not been held.

Spend the morning in trying to frame a rough copy for a letter, but suddenly discover

that Gatacre's steamer is to be stopped to put sick man on board, in fact it is stopping before the camp, before I know anything about it, so bundle a mass of rough notes into an envelope and send them off up the river, so that they may come down with the first post, which should leave before we do.

Dine with Harold Grenfell and his brother there. Storm has been coming up all the evening, gusts of wind driving great clouds of dust, and now it begins to rain heavily and steadily and goes on for some hours. My boys have put my angarib, which they have procured at the last two camps, inside the leaves of two palms but this is little protection.

Two stories illustrating the nature of the Tommie's grouse: Brinton passes; Soldier: 'If I were in the 1st and 2nd Life Guards I'd — well stay in Piccadilly.' Trooper, drawing water for mule, and handing second bucket up to trooper watering the animal: 'The — mules drink two — pails full.' Second trooper, 'It isn't only a — mule can drink two pails; you try me with ale.' And

yet they are in the best of spirits ; won't go and see the doctor now for fear of being put on a downward boat, for the Dr. has sent all the sick, even if it be only a sore toe, off by boat. Certainly it is impossible to carry many sick : seven men left sitting alone on bank of Nile at second camp to wait for steamer ; one died.

August 21. Start at sunrise ; after the rain the dusty mud firm and soft, the Nile is rising every day, and we are always finding floods running further inland. It is curious to see the end of one of these flood streams where it meets the desert and sometimes pours itself into some great hole in the ground.

Halt on the bank of the Nile in front of Metemmeh ; the town a mile from the river, across a great cotton field, everywhere riddled with deep holes ; behind the town again, a mile or so over a ridge, are the remains of Mahmud's great camp. The whole is near the river, and the camp is covered by dried-up carcasses, and bones of innumerable animals ; they are everywhere carpeting the ground. In Metemmeh itself there is the

silence of a deserted town; it stretches for near on 2 miles in length, and riding through it I never saw a soul, but everywhere carcasses, foul birds, and a terrible stench. Along the face of the river are ten round mud forts, each with three embrasures and some 15 yards in diameter. Joining these forts in many places are rifle-pits and trenches; even as far as Abu Kru the low-lying ground is cut about here and there by these works; there are works and trenches round the great camp and in the cotton fields on the way to the river; all the work of Mahmud's army of destruction. His forts were shelled repeatedly by our gunboats after the taking of Abu Hammed; first I believe on Oct. 16, 1897. The river runs right under the left bank, where the forts are built, but the channel must be shallow, as the gunboats shelled from the far side, over 12,000 yards away.

Metemmeh was the capital of the Jaalin, and also the grave of 2,000 of their tribe last year, in the great slaughter of Mahmud and his army. This is the story told to-day by

a Jaalin. The trouble arose over women. Mahmud had sent a party with the Khalifa's order to bring in three of their women; of the Emir's wives. The raiding party was driven off and killed. Here was the occasion for the final stroke, the causes were deeper, and lay in the hatred of the Jaalin for the oppression of the Baggara strangers and tyrants in their land.

[This story was amended subsequently for me by Townshend and Slatin. The Jaalin were waiting for an opportunity to rise but we were still too far; at Korti and along the river across the desert. The Khalifa wished to force their hand. They were ordered to provide all their flocks for the use of the army, and this was the immediate cause of that row. Townshend wanted to send men, anyhow with rifles, across the desert to their support, but the Sirdar would not allow it.]

Mahmud and his Western army, bent for the North against the Sirdar's advance, visited vengeance on the Jaalin. The Dervishes were all armed with rifles; the Jaalin had only a

few, and a limited amount of powder; they defended the town and fought for three days till they had no more powder, and the Dervishes, informed of their plight, attacked and slaughtered. The male prisoners were set up in a line. The first man lost his head, the second his hand, and the third his foot, and so on in rotation; and when the business was through, the Jaalin Emir was led along the line of dead and maimed and asked what he thought of his tribe. He himself was carried a prisoner to Omdurman, where, walled up so that he might neither stand nor sit, he died slowly of hunger and thirst; his groans and ravings the while clearly audible in the great mosque. For the women, they appear to have been treated worse than the Dervish usually treats his female prisoners; that is worse than beasts and slaves. They were penned in the market place for 29 hours without food and water; at the end of that time a trench was dug and filled with water, and they were allowed to drink kneeling, stripped entirely naked, before the Dervish army; there are

further details of cruelty hardly credible. Forty of the handsomest were chosen by Mahmud. Curious to think of that great upright Arab at Halfa as the perpetrator of all the atrocities I hear laid to his account, and natural that the Jaalin are on the warpath ; their country has been laid to waste, they have been murdered, and their women taken, and it will go hard with any of the Baggara whom they may meet.

Mahmud, a prisoner, was cursed by the Jaalin women whom he passed, the refugees from their own country. So fierce were the reproaches of one whose two sons and husband Mahmud had killed, that he was stung from his sullenness to spit in her face as he passed. Slatin struck him in the face ; ‘ So, Slatin, you strike me when you were once my syce ; you are a Christian again.’

When we saw him at Halfa he had changed his manner ; originally he would do nothing but spit ; now he is all smiles and conversation.

Standing on the ridge behind Metemmeh one sees the river stretching like a long ribbon

far to the North and South, a broad, brown flood, running through a grey desert of stony hillocks and sand, with a belt of flat, rich, dried-up mud along the banks, and here and there a clump of palms; not a place where one would expect to find so many memories of battle.

Away to the North is a clump of green palms standing clear on the right bank; this is Shendi; 20 miles or so away to the North-west, in the desert, are the wells of Abu Klea, where the desert column fought and the British square broken and rallied on Jan. 17, 1885. South again, along the river, is the hill on which the British column halted and built a fort; the lines and trench are still there, and low mounds mark some of the English graves. The battle-field of Abu Kru is some miles inland; Sir Herbert Stewart was one of the first men hit, and lay at Abu Kru fort for weeks with a bullet behind his spine. The mud house stands there now; brown mud ruins Abu Kru was fought on the 19th, two days after Abu Klea, and the same day the

column saw and raced for the river, without order they rushed into the water on the spot where we bivouacked for the night. Burnaby and Stewart were down, and Wilson in command. On the 21st Gordon's four steamers arrived, whilst a reconnaissance was being made against Metemmeh. There was a further reconnaissance to Shendi, and not for three days, till the 24th, did Wilson start in two of the steamers for Khartoum; on the 28th they arrived within sight of Khartoum to find that it had fallen $2\frac{1}{2}$ days previously, on the morning of the 26th before dawn.

Our Jaalin guide was hit at Abu Klea: Burleigh, *D. T.*, the only man with us now who was present with the desert column in 1885. Rhodes and others who were there have gone up by steamer.

I forget whether I have recorded this that Rhodes told me. When G.'s diary came down in the steamer, Rhodes would sit and read pages here and there (it was written on loose slips) to Stewart who was lying dying; he laughed so much at G.'s reflections on

the conduct of affairs that it had to be stopped, as the movement gave him pain.

This is an extraordinary country; none less promising for adventure and war, yet none where, from the earliest days, war and trouble have flourished more abundantly.

Here is this river; the object and the means in one of all these expeditions.

Twelfth dynasty Ptolemy, Romans, Turks, French, English—they have all had a turn; Christianity and Moslemism; Arab and nigger warring and struggling. Kingdoms growing and falling; the Mahdi, the Abyssinians, modern politics, all forming a *mêlée* from which much of the same kind must come in the future.

Yet we are not as others are, we have the rail, if it be continued; the telegraph; it is at Shabluka (it was up to Regaf, but *there* is a blot in history entirely inexplicable), and above all we have young men and the power of administration; the rough material to govern all the unruly portions of the world, and here the young man is the pick of

England, the most capable of handling all the rough material before him.

There are now serving with the Sirdar and correspondents in all 14 who were at Metemmeh with the desert column.

August 22. Great row amongst correspondents owing to Bennet Burleigh having gone on in front to camp. It is impossible to exaggerate the jealousy amongst war correspondents; the older ones often are not on speaking terms at all; at every turn they are trying to do their neighbour, a part of the business I suppose. There is a mess of four, James, Maude, Scudamore and Steevens, who live in luxury, and march with a transport of 22 camels. They, it appears, have been sending telegrams all the time by boys swimming down the river, whilst the rest have waited patiently to get communication with a steamer, which we did at Metemmeh. It is Maxwell's first experience of campaigning and he is not too happy, though I believe happier than he was in the sand-storms at the Atbara. Weldon (*Morning Post*) was one of

those so excited at the idea of the *Times* having two correspondents. I find he has a servant, Harvey, a man more like a Greek trader than anything else, in a white Toppee and dirty clothes, who is innocently marching whilst his master goes by boat, collecting news all the way; it was his story of Metemmeh—a shrewd Irishman. Then there is Winston, writing early and often, so that the *Morning Post* has not done badly.

[The Greek trader is a surprisingly enterprising fellow, he is here with stores, cigarettes, and every kind of thing, living in grass tackle, speaking a multitude of languages—Arabic, Italian, French, some mongrel English, and I suppose his own tongue.]

To-day's march is a shortish one.

We pass two curiously shaped Arab tombs, very old, with the Jaalin graveyards round.

August 23. March over rough country, men leading their horses 6 miles or so; a wilderness of rocks, and here and there, on higher ground, a view of the Nile. Strike into the flat mimosa sand, and hear a military

band, sounding very strange in the desert. Comes from Nasari Island, a depot 13 miles from Wad Hamed. As the 21st appear, the band plays the regimental tunes of the regiment. I and the correspondents go on ahead, with an advanced troop of the 21st, and arrive at camp at 10.30 or later. Dismount in the lines of the Egyptian cavalry.

The camp some 2 miles long, a hopeless confusion of tents and straw tackles, till the system of arrangement grasped. First, and at the northern end of the camp, is the transport, and following along the bank the Camel corps, Egyptian cavalry, the artillery on the river front, and the first Egypt. Brig., in rear the 2nd Egypt. Brig., 3rd Egypt. Brig., 4th Egypt. Brig. The camp of Colonel Wingate, and staff of correspondents; and on a mound some 100 yards from the river the Sirdar's tent, with the Egyptian flag flying before; again beyond are the 1st and 2nd British Brigades. In the river, lying by the bank, are some light white gunboats and a crowd of ginnars, with their long masts.

The telegraph comes into camp, but I believe is poled only to Nasari Island, so that communication is interrupted by the wet.

My tent and stray box have not come on so that I have to lie out, and in the night it rained heavily and blew.

I found and dined with Townshend. He was full of talk and information, and showed me portions of his diary. The outpost affair, where his picquet killed two Dervishes; cavalry black not Arab. It is reported about that the Baggara have left Omdurman, and that the mounted men are now blacks, and if this be so, they should charge more resolutely than the Arab cavalry. Townshend's picquet justified me in saying that the first shots of the campaign would be fired at Shabluka—it fulfils the letter of the prophecy but not the spirit, for the Sirdar has made his reconnoissance up the cataract to Jebel Rojan, and there are no Dervishes there. Their forts are there, two on the one side and one on the other, but they are abandoned. From the

top of Rojan, 700 feet above the river, Omdurman is clearly visible, 31 miles to the South.

It is curious how comfortable the officers of the Egyptian army succeed in making themselves wherever they are. They and their men live in straw tackles, huts made by weaving grass with a framework of posts, cooler and roomier than a tent ; the Soudanese and Egyptian lines are marked by the long lines of these grass barracks. The British soldier is here under canvas, but has no aptitude for making himself comfortable. He is too careless to trouble, and would not have the knowledge to do it. General Gatacre has insisted on the men and officers sleeping out fully dressed and equipped, they must wear their boots and bandoliers, and the officers too must sleep with sword and revolver on ; it seems almost unnecessary here, where the position of the enemy is known, anyhow that he is nowhere near.

The Egyptian army take no such rigid precautions ; the officers sleep in pyjamas,

and the men in their undress, flowing white shirts and trousers, which the Soudanese, I understand, will always insist on making too tight, to show off the contour of their legs. The British are a source of infinite amusement to them. Gatacre is reported to have warned the men that they must be careful, lest the Dervishes arrive and jump the zariba into camp, using their lances as jumping poles.

Another story of the guardsman grouching that he had taken seven days getting up to the Atbara from Cairo. 'I have taken $2\frac{1}{2}$ years' said the Egyptian officer next to him.

The health of the British here is excellent, 3·3 per cent., I believe, the mortality, less than London. It is certainly very pleasant climate, but from 10 to 3 or 4 p.m. not insufferable, and at other times it is cool and pleasant. When it blows and rains at night it is odious, and dust-storms are not uncommon; but on a clear, fine night, with a moon and stars, and all the noises of a camp, the fires all round, and the animals moving on their picquet lines, there is nothing more delightful. We are now

at the worst time of year here, but it is not so very terrible.

August 24. Here is a computation of the strength of the Khalifa's army in Omdurman, gathered by the Intelligence Department from different sources:—

Blacks, willing to fight, armed with Remingtons	10,000
Blacks, disaffected, armed double barrelled guns	5,000
Mulazimieh, willing to fight, with rifles	4,000
Arab tribesmen, with sword and spear only	8,000
Cavalry, armed Remingtons and carbines	5,000
	Total 32,000
	Total 32,000

Over 50 guns manned by Egyptian gunners.

The 10,000 keen blacks are newly raised and have not fought us before, they have had fresh rifles issued to them, raised from tribes of Ibrahim Khalifa Sheikh-el-din, and are collected inside great wall.

The 5,000 blacks not so anxious to fight have met us before at Dongola, Kassala, &c.; they are under Ibrahim Khalifa, and live in old Omdurman.

The Mulazimieh are probably by now armed with rifles.

This is an estimate probably beyond the mark, and in any event may not be recorded by wire. The Khalifa would have us believe that he has got in all his outlying garrisons; but there are still some scattered round, the only substantial one being that of Gedaref. The garrison of Kordofan is practically in a state of open siege in El Obeid.

Daily refugees come in from Omdurman, and their accounts are all the same—that the Khalifa is adding defence to defence round Omdurman, and that he will fight and probably come out and meet us at Kerreri, and fall back for their great stand to Omdurman.

When the Sirdar's gunboat went up through the Shabluka gorge the Khalifa marched out from the town, and when they saw the boat

return, declared that we were retiring, as we had always done before.

To-day the Egyptian and Soudanese Brigades left camp, the 1st Soudanese and 3rd Egyptian Brigade parading before sunrise in a storm of wind and rain, and the 2nd Soudanese and 4th Egyptian Brigade parading and marching in the afternoon. General Hunter commands the Egyptian Division, and should be proud of the appearance of his command. The men all looked so fit and smart in their brown jerseys and blue putties, with a grey tarbush and shade. The Soudanese regiments carry a club or kind of shillalah for their own particular satisfaction. The accounts of the Soudanese recruits after the Atbara are not entirely satisfactory; a few have deserted, curiously enough leaving behind their arms, and it would, in the opinion of T., have been more satisfactory to keep them at Halfa, or somewhere on the lines of communication, till after the fall of Omdurman. One deserter was brought in here and shot just before we arrived.

Dine with Le Gallais and the Egyptian cavalry; a delightful, a delightful night.

[Then follows the last letter which he wrote to England.]

WAD HAMED,

August 24.

. . . There is suddenly a post going out, probably the last, so I write to tell you that I have come here. Before this reaches you everything will be over, the 1st of September they say. I am very low about these miserable newspaper letters. I have written such terrible stuff and know it—I don't know why it is. I can do better, and hope I shall, when the fighting comes, but so soon as I dare to write for what I know is a newspaper, then my mind and pen are paralysed completely. There is Winston, who sits down and in a couple of hours turns out a letter, neat and ready, 100 times better than mine. I believe it partly arises from the fear of ever using the word 'I.' I thought I was going to be tucked up the other day, but got all right again. The heat is great sometimes, and at first

tends to upset head and liver, and also one goes down so very suddenly that there is always this danger that one may suddenly be done.

It has taken to rain, and in camp this is not nice in a tent, nor is the sun nice when one is sitting still without shade. But I like it so; if only one had not to write, for one may not telegraph anything interesting—it is all cut out—and to write details and forecasts is so useless, when the whole matter will be settled before letters can reach. I would so gladly swop with Winston. Rundle came up to me; I have not seen him since, but am very glad to know him. I have only so far had one letter from England, which I got at the Atbara, written the day after I left; the posts are really non-existent here. . . .

August 25. The 2nd British Brigade—Grenadiers, Northumberland, and Lancashire Fusileers—marched early. The Rifle Brigade to follow; Gatacre and the Sirdar saw them on their road for a few miles.

At 4 p.m. the 1st Brigade marched—the Seaforths, Camerons, Warwick, and Lincolnshire regiments; it was a fine and picturesque sight. The men swinging through the desert, the subalterns and captains marching by their side, a really fine body of men altogether in these two British Brigades. The only criticism is the absence of the Royal Irish Fusileers; there is a strong feeling that they should be here, and that it was a pity from every point of view to pass them over with fresh regiments, when they had been so long in Cairo and were so keen to see service. If there were reasons for leaving the regiment, it is strongly felt that those reasons might have been surmounted.

By the 27th this camp will be merely a geographical term and a memory, for the last of the troops will have left for the further point of concentration at the head of the cataract opposite the island of Jebel Rojan. Wad Hamed will be entirely cleared, and all stores not taken forward will be taken back to Nasri Island.

On the island of Jebel Rojan will be a communication hospital, and the advanced depôt for stores. Barges will carry stores for ten days, and camels, following the army, food for two, and will replenish from the barges, as necessary; on Jebel Rojan there are five days' rations; this is the arrangement for the commissariat of the British Division in the evening of 25th. We are very near the end now; anyhow we may learn that there has been an outpost affair. On the evening of the 27th the whole force will be together and ready to advance, which they will do together; 31 miles only to Omdurman; the bombardment for the 1st September.

There is now a moon, and there will be a morning moon for the march.

Dined with the Egyptian artillery, and had a good talk about all that is to be.

Bennet Stanford arrived in camp to-day, noisy, boisterous, and familiar to every one, whether he knows them or not. He immediately sat down to write a wire; cribbed the first part from me, about Dervish refugees,

and then set himself to record movements of troops and places; the most extraordinary jumble I ever saw, quite impossible to make head or tail of it. His native boys laugh at his nose. He bought a horse for £100 to-day, but has no transport.

I have to buy another pony to-day, as one of mine is lame. Also trying to get a trotting camel so as to get off news if ground wet, and for despatches.

Aug. 26. Egyptian artillery, 42nd field battery with column. Long march; accompany them, starting about 4.30. The ground rough and stony, with patches of sand, very little good going. Strike across desert, with Shabluka to left, marked by ridge of rocks and palms in glimpses now and again.

Camp half-way Wad Bishra, 10 miles in sand. Artillery occupy long ridge. Talk to De Rougemont on the way, and hear about his battery 12½ pds., big men in the battery veterans now; the artillery have the pick of the recruits, and the bigger the felahéen, the better the man. Bennet Stanford

has got no camels but two horses, one of which he payed £100 for ; he has sent them on and goes by boat.

Maxwell dines with me in the sand. Poor little Cockney, his most uncomfortable experience the top of a French diligence, and he tells me he loathes discomfort. I can't imagine anything more pleasant than a night like this, so clear a sky, with little wind, the river in front, five batteries behind, and a pipe to smoke.

A number of Artillerymen have fallen out by the way, reeling and dragged along by others, and then left to come on. Cases of sun.

Aug. 27. Gallop on to Rojan camp ; just before getting in pass the last bivouac of the British, now alive with vultures, kites, &c., strutting about and circling round. Catch 2nd Brigade marching into camp, in rear transport, and sick being carried on camels. Fine sight to see British march into camp ; along line of Egyptian and Soudanese camp, native regiment crowding, in undress, to see the sight ; the bands of the Egyptian Brigades

playing in the English soldiers with their regimental tunes, which stiffens them up.

‘What is the tune of the Grenadiers?’ asked the drum-major of Townshend. He hums it. ‘Tahib, sahib,’ and off they went very well.

The First Brigade have 50 sick, and Second 44. They are going to weed out the sickly men before marching to-morrow.

‘What are all these — stretchers for?’ said one linesman to another. ‘To carry all these — Guardsmen into Khartoum on.’ No ground for this, but shows jealousy, which certainly exists. The Rifle Brigade, only half battalion, marched in best.

I repair to Townshend’s camp to write a letter; he tells me all about the composition of his regiment, and where they all come from. The Adjutant-Major with the medal of the Mexican camp, and the history of Bindarh, his orderly, who carries the Commandant’s flag, now a corporal. Also I am given the material for slanging the British uniform. I ask Gatacre about it, and he very much agrees with some of the details, but explains

how much expense regulates the whole matter. Lyttelton, too, I see ; he has no news, but I manage to fake up a wire about the march of the British, &c., and get it wired by Cecil, as Wingate does not arrive till quite late, and then after all this trouble I find it is Saturday.

The camp lies on the river bank opposite the island of Jebel Rojan, a stupendous mass of rock, huge and flat-topped, rising 700 ft. above the river, which here is very wide. Below the ridges of rock and the Shabluka gorge, narrowed to 300 ft., the Nile running here through high mountain walls. A very fine scene. The camp is really El Hajir, where the Dervishes were. By night the whole army collected here.

Sunday, Aug. 28. A day of bustle and row. The Egyptian Division, Horse Artillery and cavalry march out, bands playing, for camp 10 miles on.

All the Press is in arms, and have gone to the Sirdar. This is the point : after an action there is a limit of 200 words at a time. By being *N. Y. H.* we should get 400. This they

tumbled to and there has been a proper shindy. Now R. and I are to share the 200, a poor arrangement, as we shall never know where we are.

Hear the news that the *Zafr* has gone down near Metemmeh, with Keppel, Rundle, and Christian aboard. She sank suddenly, and the people got off, only a gyassa by the side. She must have been overloaded.

I am so foolish as to cross the river, a slow business in the great heat, to the stores and hospital on the other side.

On returning see the Sirdar about this newspaper telegraphing business. He is most amiable, as we have fallen in with his wishes.

It is Monday, and early in the morning rode through British camp and saw the men at service.

The Highlanders sitting round and listening to a homily from the Minister; the chaplain preaching the crusade to the Churchmen, 'The blessing of God is on your rifles and your swords.' He also took occasion to say that, here in the Soudan, no one could think of

W. E. G. without veneration and respect ; 40 miles from Khartoum is a curious place to make a eulogism on him.

The British Division march, 4.30. I hear that in the march from Hamed to Rojan only three Guardsmen fell out, and that all their stretchers were bagged by the line regiments. If true, a proper repartee to the jokes that go around.

The desert between Rojan and the new camp, 10 miles on, stony. Villiers tries to ride his bicycle and fails to get far.

Arrive in camp ; a huge affair, with the lines marked and great roads through it dividing up the bivouac into squares. As it gets dark, hopeless confusion of the incoming camels, &c. Wingate, who arrived with the Sirdar, was kept there interrogating a prisoner till after sunset, and stumbles about with Slatin for an hour or more amongst camels and horses, unable to find his camp ; finally he is shown it ; no tents arrived and camels all about. The transport of his camp had been mislaid. Wingate, when it comes,

looks after everything and everybody ; Slatin after himself, and the attachés let the camp be arranged whilst they go off to drink somewhere. Wingate has a deal of work—his own and all the Press censorship, which bothers him from morning till night.

In cavalry lines hear that reconnaissance only went out two or three miles, saw nothing ; later picquets saw Dervish horsemen.

Monday, August 29. We remain here to-day ; the enemy have undoubtedly come out beyond Kerreri, so that we are very near in touch with them, and may come into contact at any moment.

There is a storm of wind and sand blowing, so that it is exceedingly difficult to see far ahead, and people are walking about with blackened, dusty faces.

A reconnaissance of four squadrons Egyptian Cavalry, one company Camel Corps, two Maxims, went out for 10 miles and found thick bush after six miles. They saw no Dervishes, but found their spoor fresh—Dervish horsemen.

Last night a Dervish horseman galloped

past the piquets, Northumberland. They thought it was a loose mule; in came the Dervish and let drive with his spear at the sentry, who fell down so that he was untouched. Then the Dervish made off; a gallant fellow to attack a camp of 23,000 men.

The *Melik* was to make a reconnoissance up the river, but the wind was too strong, which will have the further evil effect that the gyassas and nuggars with supplies will not be able to get up the river in good time, and we may not move to-morrow.

I was on the river bank when Wood began signalling from the other side; Wortley and the friendlies have found the enemy, some horse and foot at a village some miles up the river, Gaali, loading grain. He took five and captured a nuggar.

Here is the formation of camp for the future. 200 yards by 500.

British Brigade in columns of double companies.

Soudanese Battalions, column of mass of half-battalions. Egyptian Battalions.

Brigades, three in advance as in rear.

Egyptian and Soudanese Battalions, six companies extra: two in rear, for marching, change from line to column of fours.

Later, twice misled in my wires to-day by Wingate; the *Melik* has gone up the river and been within a few miles of Kerreri; Dervishes are there and on this side of it. The Khalifa in Omdurman, total number about 32,000. Wingate's figure. The storm subsided in the afternoon, Gordon on his reconnaissance passed many stacks of wood; nearly stopped to take them in when he remembered that Kitchener has mentioned that spies had reported their being laid to cover mines which exploded so soon as the wood moved. If this is true, the Dervishes must have taken the idea from the mines of General Gordon, who placed a flag over a mine so that when it was seized the mine exploded.

I am messing now regularly with Townshend, and find it a great comfort to be looked after as to food, &c., without bustle or thought.

The night is vilely bad and heavy rain;

I am wet through in spite of trying to hang a blanket above my head.

Tuesday, August 30. Reveille, 4; still raining. The army to march for the first time together and in battle formation; two double lines of three Brigades each; first line from left, Wauchop, Maxwell, Lewis, second line from left, Lyttelton, McDonald, Collinson; the Egyptian cavalry and Horse Artillery ahead to right, the Lancers to left along river. From high ground on right can see over great tract of country covered with bush, stony and difficult ground to march through.

Can see Dervishes riding in bush, distinguishable by white patched jabbas. I see three; after leaving Broadwood, the Camel Corps discover 30 or more quite close to where we were, indeed they must have been here in some numbers last evening, for there are everywhere signs of their bivouacs. and angaribs lying around. Winston C. and some Lancers made a capture, they bucked about it a deal; the prisoner proved to be a spy of Wingate's. I go as far as Sheikh el Taib, where Lancers

are; village beyond with the Nile flooded and very broad at our side. Two blue hills ahead we are told are Omdurman. (They are not.)

Camp is pitched, or rather laid, 3 miles short of Sheikh el Taib. A strong zariba is thrown up, wide and large, as it is imagined the Dervishes may attack.

Rage of Townshend at having to strike the tents he has pitched for himself; quiet night, nothing happened, but we hear that the wire has not been able to work owing to last evening's rain.

Innumerable Gatacre stories. Also hear that Guards are doing admirably.

Wednesday, August 31. Wake up 4 a.m. to find the regiment lining the zariba in anticipation of a before daybreak attack, but there is none, and the army marches same formation as yesterday. Cavalry screen the front. The Lancers on the left get in touch with the enemy, and see many horsemen who retire before them; they get within a mile of the advanced Dervish camp; flags and tents

in thick bush ; there has been bush everywhere, but here particularly thick. Montmorency and Adjutant Pirie ride after the retiring horsemen into bush, and get amongst Dervish horse, they both have narrow escapes ; Montmorency shot one. The Egyptian cavalry and camel corps were not sufficiently in touch, and came up too late to strike promptly ; apparently only a small force here under Abdel Baki ; camp called Wad Taidua ; he was second in command to Wad Bishra at Dongola. Gunboats steam up and shell position, and now it is reported to be evacuated, probably enemy will retire to Kerreri 3 miles south ; possibly the whole army may go into Khartoum, only 13 miles away. Personally I feared I had missed a cavalry skirmish. I had been with the Egyptian cavalry all the morning, and right on with Le Gallais to a sandhill to look out, and imagining that everything was over rode back the 4 miles or so to camp. There they had just arrived, and a great state of excitement, for there were clouds of dust ahead, and the

camel corps could be seen hurrying forward at a fast trot—an officer (native) came galloping in.

The Sirdar was on a knoll watching through his glasses, altogether great expectations of a big thing. However, even had I remained with Broadwood the few minutes more it would have served nothing, for they arrived after all was over, and that very little. The Horse Artillery get over the rough ground here very well; in and out of deep Wadis with a plunge and a jolt and on again; Young and his battery are veterans now of many years, and his men and horses are fine and smart.

[Here the larger Diary ends.]

[What follows was written in a small pocket-book, such as he had been in the habit of taking into an action in Rhodesia.]

. . . This morning the cavalry advanced ahead of the army to the camp where the Dervishes were discovered yesterday, but it was found to be deserted, the [*word illegible*]

were there, and a multitude of birds, but nothing more.

From the hill above there was the most magnificent scene I have ever seen. The hill broad, and flooded with swamps, stretching far to the East. Ahead the green palms on Tuti island, and standing clear and visible the Mahdi's tomb—at last! The cavalry advanced across the plain below, across another ridge, and there in a great plain was the Dervish army, a great black line covering a front of two miles or more, advancing over the plain in five great bodies, with many flags and horsemen galloping across their front. Our cavalry fell back to the ridge, midway between where the Sirdar had bivouacked and the Dervishes had halted.

The ridge lies midway between the armies 2 miles away on either side. From the Dervish body horsemen pushed out. The Lancers lined the ridge, and kept them back. . . .

[These are his last notes.]

2 *Sept.*

Army echelon from left ; 2nd B., 1st B. ; Max., Lewis, Mac., Colin, Brewe. Cavalry go ahead to ridge. Guns booming. Howitzers and gunboats.—As sun . . . (rose) river . . . cloud . . . gold. Men had been sitting in moonlight. Before daybreak, paraded. Sirdar staff . . . in front.

21st behave steadily under fire, retiring slowly in squads. Under fire no uneasiness apparent . . .

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