REMINISCENCES OF A ROVING LIFE

MAX MÜLLER

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THE AUTHOR.

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BY

MAX MÜLLER.

Illustrated by Photographs, and with Eleven Pen and Ink Drawings by Wilfred Drake.

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PREFACE.

WHOSOEVER that Irishman may have been who said that "the right and proper place for a *pre*face is at the end of the book," he had reason, for in a great majority of cases prefaces have a knack of falling into an apologetic strain, and it is obvious that any apology should follow the offence that called it into being.

Perhaps, in my heart of hearts, I am loth to admit that this book is in the nature of an offence, and so this Preface is less of an apology than a disclaimer. The book it precedes is the narrative of the life of a wanderer—a vagabond —and nothing more. It has been my fortune —evil or good—to visit at one time or another nearly every inhabited country in the world—in some cases under circumstances that appear to me to have some points of interest. I have

fought in the Austrian service, I have been most woundily handled by the Press on at least one occasion, and I have studied human nature all the time.

> "The different ways that different things are done
> An' men an' women lovin' in this world,"

as Rudyard Kipling, the poet of all vagabonds, says in his wondrously true "Sestina of the Tramp Royal."

You will find little enough of History, nothing of Science, and still less of statistics in these pages. If serious research is your aim, the Gazetteer, the guide book, *et hoc genus omne*, will supply you with all your requirements. I can't—and don't pretend to.

So much for one disclaimer, and now for another. Ever since I made England my home this name of mine has involved me in one modestly apologetic explanation after another. "I am *not* Professor Max Müller," I have said again and again to hundreds of people who ought to know better than

need the assurance. "I am not even related to him; I never had anything to do with Oxford University, and I don't know any Sanskrit."

"But you know lots of languages," they insist.

"Some," I admit.

"Latin?"

"Yes."

"French? German? Italian? Russian?"

"Yes. Yes."

"Arabic?"

"Yes; some."

"And you don't know Sanskrit?"

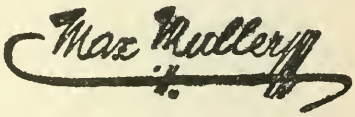
"No."

Then they go away and think I'm a fraud.

I cannot add to my denial of the Professor's identity the statement that I never set eyes on him in my life, because I met him in Vienna some years ago. He was then on his way to Corfu to coach the late Empress of Austria in ancient Greek, and the similarity in our names, together with the fact that we were able to enter on a pretty widely ranging philological discussion of European dialects

and languages, gave the old gentleman, he professed, great delight.

My best thanks are most willingly tendered to Dr. Henry S. Lunn for the kindly loan of the excellent photographs which illustrate this book; and now, having made all necessary acknowledgments and disclaimers, I will proceed with my narrative.



Reminiscences of a Roving Life

CHAPTER I.

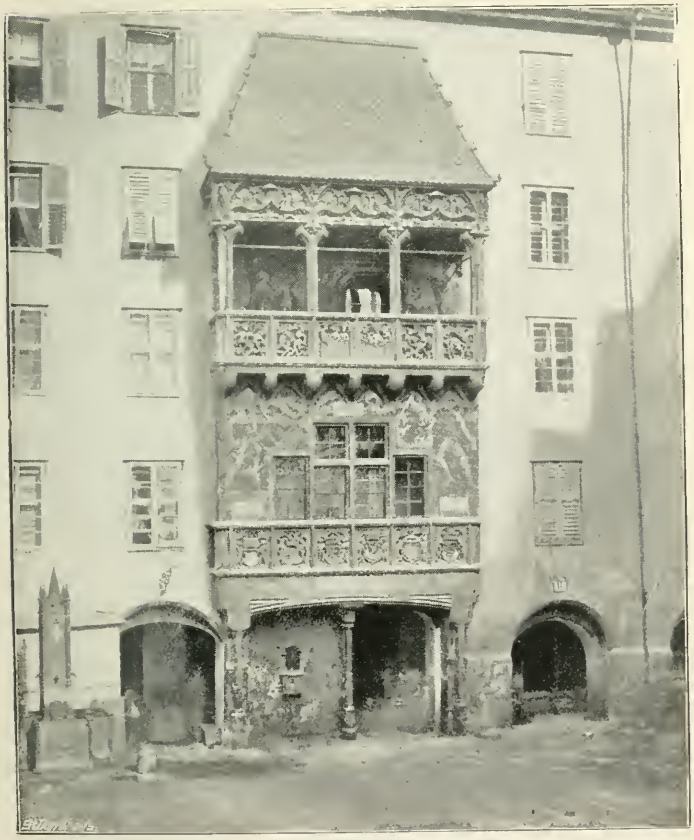
Zwittau.—Simple life on the Moravian plateau.—Iglau and College.—Joining the Navy.—Oaths and Declarations.—The unpleasant duties of a transport barrack.—Pola.

MANY of our present generation will remember the Austro-Prussian War of 1866, which proved so disastrous to Austria. Very near the famous battlefield of Königrätz, one of the most celebrated battles of the campaign, is a small manufacturing town called Zwittau. It lies in Moravia, close to the boundary of Silesia, the province which Austria lost in consequence of this unequal and unhappy war.

It was here that I was born some forty years ago and spent the first years of my childhood. My father was in a large way of business. He owned the largest cotton mill in Moravia, but his great commercial success dated from the time when he was appointed sole Government Contractor to almost all the Balkan States. In that capacity he provided the entire military machinery of those States with almost every necessary article from tunic buttons to the equipment of their forts, and the mill and agency gave employment to some hundreds of hands.

The simple and almost patriarchal relations existing between my father and his employés would greatly surprise an Englishman accustomed to the strongly marked social strata and the gulf that divides employer and employed in this country. He was to the full as much his servants' friend as their employer ; my mother's attitude towards their womankind was always that of a gentle companion and counsellor ; and I remember well that I, as a child, always ran about barefoot, and clad in leather breeches, as did all our village children. Indeed, it was not until later in life that I understood that they did so from necessity, I from a Spartan upbringing. There was never anything approaching luxury in our home. From

SALZBURG.



GOLDENER DACH, INNSBRUCK.

my earliest childhood my mother's one care was to impress on me the earnestness of life and to explain to me the value of hard work, both mental and physical. When quite young I was taught really hard manual labour in almost every department of my father's business, and living thus simply had but little idea of the relative meanings of the words poverty and riches.

Luxury, as I say, I never knew, and as there was always sufficiency I was no better acquainted with the reverse of the shield. We had a comfortable home, enough of plain substantial food, and a healthy life spent in great part in the open air, and what more could any child need ?

My native town could then boast only of an Elementary School on a very moderate scale, and after having exhausted the education obtainable there, it was decided that I should be sent to the next and nearest town, which had the dignity of possessing a College and University. This town, Iglau, is one of the principal towns in the province of Moravia. A wealthy aunt of mine on my father's side lived there, but her wealth added little enough to my comfort then or at any subsequent period.

I don't know that I particularly distinguished myself at college, excepting perhaps in the matter of languages. I always had a natural bent—a

Pentecostal leaning—towards foreign tongues, and the thoroughly good Latin grounding I received there was of material service to me in the study of many of the modern tongues of Europe in later years. When learning Russian it was of course useless, and, owing to the strong Teutonic influence the English tongue exhibits, I cannot say it aided me greatly in the acquisition of that language; but as a preparation for the study of French, Italian, and Spanish I have found it invaluable.

Vacations at College were few and far between. I arrived there before Christmas, and it was high summer before I was able to revisit Zwittau, and of all the unhappy homecomings surely that was the worst. Letters from home had hinted at trouble, but in their desire that I should be impeded as little as possible in my studies, no particulars had been vouchsafed. When I arrived I found disaster; the factory empty and desolate; the workshops filled with silent machinery; the chimney stacks gaunt and smokeless; and worst of all, my mother dangerously ill. The financially and politically rotten little Balkan States for which my father had been contracting had collapsed. They were unable to pay the large amounts outstanding on some old contracts; we were ruined, and the crash had nearly killed my mother. Indeed,

she never recovered the shock, and in my fourth term I was recalled from College by a summons to her deathbed.

My mother's death only hastened the final breaking up of our home. House, estate and factory came under the hammer, and we were all thrown into the world, to fight our way as best we could. I returned to Iglau for another year, and then it became necessary to make up my mind to a profession.

During the time of our prosperity my father had many friends, and open house was kept for all of them. Amongst them was an old, very jovial and amusing half-pay officer, one of the most devil-may-care fellows I have ever met, full of fun and merriment, and a good sportsman into the bargain.

His entertaining qualities were only surpassed by his chronic impecuniosity. Always short of cash, he never had a penny to bless himself with. But little did he care, he said. He had good friends, and was always welcome whenever he came, and when he did come he came to stay. He spent months at a time at our house, and my father and he were the most devoted friends. They had been comrades in arms years before, having served together during the Austro-Italian war of 1848,

in which war they both got their baptism of fire and both were wounded. Many a blood-curdling story of this dreadful war did the old Captain relate to us; many a long winter evening did we breathlessly listen to the old campaigner's war pictures.

He was a born *raconteur* and could spin a yarn with intelligence, humour and conviction, often being almost carried away by his own words. I remember perfectly well that when the old man would relate the circumstances of his being taken prisoner by the Italians, he always used to choke with rage and emotion. He had re-entered the service after his release from Italian captivity, and only age forced him to lay his sword aside to exchange it for a well earned rest.

Needless to say, my father's bankruptcy went to his heart, and though financially unable to help us, he proved a good friend otherwise. He could do little to aid my father, but he undertook to plan the welfare of his greatest friend's children, and through his military influence was able to obtain permission for two of us to serve his much beloved Emperor as volunteers. My eldest brother was destined for the Royal Artillery, in which force, having the ability and good fortune to pass his examinations at an early age, he was shortly

gazetted Ensign. His promotion afterwards was rapid, but his career came to a sad and untimely end shortly after he was made captain. Poor fellow, may he rest in peace.

For my own part, having a great love for the sea, and being backed by his influence, I was soon persuaded by him to enter the Navy. Nothing could have been more welcome to me. I was, even then, already of a roving disposition, and to leave the stuffy schoolrooms, sail the seas and see the wonders of the world was a dream, common to most boys, the realization of which almost made me bless my father's commercial breakdown. Little did I know then what was meant by " a life on the ocean wave " and with what hardships the gold lace is earned.

The necessary steps with the Naval Minister were taken by our good old captain and, both he and my father having fought for their Country, a place in the Naval School with the necessary fees and maintenance allowance were soon obtained for me.

I remember well the day when I was brought up for Medical examination. A most scrupulous doctor bumped and sounded me all over, almost knocking me black and blue before giving the welcome verdict, " Sound as a bell. Fit for service."

I had no reason to like the grumpy doctor, but when he paid me the compliment of saying, "Fine physique,—just the stuff we want for the Navy," I quickly forgave him the rough handling he gave me during his examination.

Once passed and found fit for service, they did not mean to lose sight of me again. I was asked if I was willing to take the Emperor's oath, and on my affirmative, found the ordeal of the medical examination was only play compared with what was in store for me.

Guarded by two officers, I was conducted to another room, very much resembling an assembly hall, thronged by officers of all grades. On a small table covered with black baize stood a crucifix, a bible and two burning candles. On my being introduced to take the oath the eldest officer, a very venerable old gentleman, drew his sword and, making me kiss it, explained to me the terrible earnestness of the oath I was about to take. The whole business reminded me very much of what I have read of judicial proceedings during the time of the Spanish Inquisition.

A more stringent oath can scarcely be conceived. First I swore to serve the Emperor faithfully and unflinchingly in war and peace, and to give up my life to him and the Fatherland if required

Then I had to promise never to belong to any secret society, or to do anything calculated to incite mutiny or insubordination. The penalties for disobedience deserve mention, if only for their mediæval character. I was to be shot if I did one thing; to be hanged if I did another; to be killed by some other means if I did a third; and to be quartered and my four quarters exhibited on four different yardarms in the event of my commission of some fourth offence. My memory is not clear as to what crime was to be punished by this archaic method, but I fancy it was something to do with ringleading in treasonable acts. I never think of that list of fatal prohibitions without recalling the explanation of Napoleon's Old Guardsman to the conscript going on sentry-go. "Manger—la Mort. Dormir—la Mort. Fumer—la Mort. Mourir—la Croix." Only they didn't promise us any crosses in the Austrian Navy in those days.

The ordeal of swearing-in once over I was given to understand that I must report myself in 48 hours at a certain barrack for my transportation to the Naval garrison town, Pola.

Home I went for packing and farewells, my head up and my chest out, all the responsibility and dignity of Austria's future campaigns weighing me down no whit. My few articles were soon

packed, and then came the round of leave-taking. The excitement and novelty of my position allowed of little sentiment on my part, although my poor father felt the situation keenly; but, good man that he was, he had my welfare at heart, and so would not let his feelings get the better of him. I know his heart was bleeding when we finally parted, for how long neither of us knew.

I for one was glad it was all over. True to my promise and orders, I reported myself in due time at Headquarters for my journey to Pola, and here an amusing, although for me very unpleasant, incident occurred. In short and abrupt military fashion I was told that there would be no draft for Pola for some days, but that I must remain in barracks to be in readiness when it went. All this time I was still in plain clothes. In Austria the bulk of the human fighting material is obtained by compulsory conscription amongst the sons of farmers, artisans and the labouring population in general,—rather a rough and ready crowd. But it is open to students and the better educated young men of the middle classes to volunteer for service, go through the necessary naval or military schools or colleges, and in the event of their passing their examinations successfully to attain the dignity of a commission.

As I have already said, it was to this class that I belonged, but at the transport barracks I was herded with the other crowd, the Sergeant in charge not knowing that I was a volunteer destined for Naval training. In the barrack yard there lay a huge pile of dirty straw, just extracted from the hundreds of straw mattresses used in the barracks. The Sergeant entered the room where we were sitting taking stock of our surroundings, and started on us with a perfect storm of abuse.

"Hullo, you fellows," he shouted. "You would like to sit here and laze the day away, would you ? Down with you into the yard and help load the straw into that dray."

The conscripts went off with long faces, but I sat tight. Up he came. After a conversation, couched on his part in anything but parliamentary language, I had to go, remembering my oath for unflinching obedience. Down I came into the yard where the other men were already hard at work. The straw made an unsavoury heap, but I set to work with a good heart, only to find out very soon why the elder and uniformed men had such an objection to loading that particular straw. It had been used for a long time by men who were none too cleanly in their habits and—and I think

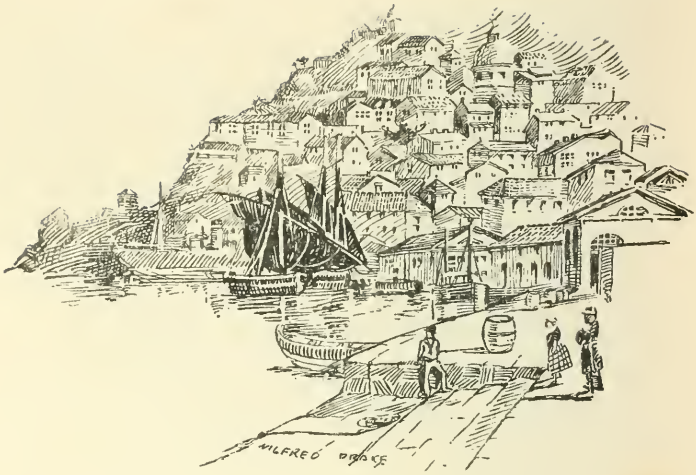
I may as well draw a veil over the rest of the day's work. Most of it was scratching, if I remember aright.

After loading the straw we had to accompany the dray to the place where it was to be unloaded, and I have had few more vividly interesting and exciting promenades. As soon as we returned to barracks I complained of being set to conscript's work, and to this day I am vindictive enough to cherish the memory that that sergeant got into trouble for making the mistake.

At long last I was warned, at a day's notice, that I had to start on my journey south to the Naval base, Pola, in Istria, and very glad I was to leave those hateful barracks and my unfriendly sergeant.

A few friends and schoolmates came to the railway station to bid me a last farewell. The journey went *via* Trieste, passing the famous and majestic castle of Miramar, built by the unfortunate Archduke Maximilian, who was afterwards lured by the scheming Napoleon III into accepting the empty throne of Mexico, a step that cost him his life. His wife, the ex-Empress, lost her reason over this terrible calamity, and the unhappy lady, her memory a blank, is still expecting the return of her beloved husband.

On leaving Miramar I got my first glimpse of the sea from a high cliff, and soon afterwards, leaving the train, a short steamer journey brought me to Pola.



CHAPTER II.

A Naval College course.—H.I.M.S. *Helgoland*.—Armament of training ships.—Loretto and the Casa Santa.—A row at Ancona.—German courtesy.—Ancona military prison.—Courts martial.

I SPENT two years at Pola in being initiated into the mysteries of naval warfare, and a more humdrum existence can scarcely be imagined. Study, study, and study again, varied by physical training and some few occasional monkey performances on a dummy mast and rigging, and there you have the Austrian naval student's life. I remember being confined to barracks absolutely

for the first month, learning nothing but the proper method of saluting superior officers!

However, all things come to an end if one but waits long enough, and after a stiff examination at the conclusion of my two years' land training, I, with a batch of others, was appointed to the training ship *Helgoland*, then being put in commission for a prolonged cruise around the African coasts for the purpose of putting a practical finish on our up to now entirely theoretical education.

H.I.M.S. *Helgoland* was an old-fashioned, square-rigged, wooden ship of about 1,200 tons, with three masts, and an apology for an auxiliary engine which was supposed to revolve an almost useless propeller. Her guns were even then out of date, and I am sure we should have fared badly if we had been attacked by any foe. A few breech-loaders, several old muzzle-loaders, and a few discarded mitrailleuses constituted her armament. The whole collection might deserve a place in an armoury or a museum of antiquities,—or among the "props" of a pantomime;—it certainly had no business aboard a modern warship. But perhaps it was considered by the authorities that a course of study of antique and obsolete weapons would render us fit to approach modern ones in a due spirit of reverence, or else they feared to trust

valuable appliances aboard so ill-fitted a ship as was the *Helgoland*,—in which case they certainly showed wisdom. We got our powder aboard—and wretched stuff it was—and then we mustered, told off watches, and awaited our orders to depart.

The ship looked neat and trim. The whitest of white, the blackest of black paint, with any quantity of putty and varnish covered any deficiency in her structure, and to the present day I am not quite sure if these decorative appliances didn't keep our noble craft from falling to pieces.

After a few days we were boarded by the Admiral, drawn up and inspected, duly impressed—in a long speech—with the sacredness of our mission and the fact that the eyes of Europe were upon us, and then, to the booming of a 21-gun salute, set sail for Ancona, in Italy.

We had fine weather, and grass-green youngsters though we were, I don't remember that any of us were seasick. Three times a day we were turned aloft for sail drill, and very sick we got of that, to be sure; but from *mal-de-mer* we were entirely free, and by the time we reached Ancona, not a man but considered himself an old salt in every sense of the word. As a natural consequence we managed to get into serious trouble almost as soon as we got ashore.

We had a day's leave at Ancona to visit the town of Loretto, with its famous Cathedral containing the Casa Santa, a little brick-built apartment supposed to be the actual house in which our Saviour was born—the legend, implicitly believed by the truly devout, stating that it was carried by angels from the Holy Land to Loretto and there deposited. In the evening about twenty of us went to a café. Fortunately for ourselves, being in a foreign port, we were not allowed ashore with side arms. In home ports the shore dress of the Austrian naval cadet includes a murderous-looking, if somewhat useless, sort of dirk. Here, as we were in Italy, they were left aboard ship, a fact for which I am even now extremely grateful.

On entering the café an exceedingly good-looking damsel, dressed in orthodox Italian garb, attended to our requirements. Some of us had coffee, some wine, some beer, but, again fortunately, none of us drank spirits. The girl who attended to us turned out to be an Austrian, and it didn't take us long to persuade her to take a seat at our table, and being delighted to meet her countrymen, she certainly neglected every other customer in the establishment. After a while the door opened, and a gigantic German in naval uniform walked in. We later found out he was a subaltern officer

of a German gunboat then in port. He rapped the table once or twice for a drink, but our bewitching damsel devoted all her attention to us and to our more or less true tales of our mutual home and nautical adventures. After yet another angry knock at the table I drew Annetta's attention to the fact that her services were required by Germany, and she went to our neighbour, enquiring his wants. He gave his orders and she went out and returned with a huge mug of beer, which she placed before the already murderous-looking warrior. He looked at the beer, and then up at the waitress who stood by him waiting to be paid, and then without warning the brute got up and struck the poor girl a savage blow full in the face, sending her rolling on the floor!

We all stood aghast; the attack was so sudden and so entirely unprovoked. None of us knew in the least what to do. We were all but raw youngsters, the man was a giant in stature, and beyond that was an officer, superior in rank to ourselves, and in the service of a friendly Power. If we took it on ourselves to undertake any reprisals we stood a remarkably good chance of being thrashed first and, whether we got a thrashing or not, of being imprisoned afterwards.

And yet it was such a blackguard affair that no

man could overlook it. We all glanced at each other to see who would be the first to tackle the big German. At last, seeing nobody else likely to stir, I got on my feet, walked over to him, saluted, and ventured to remonstrate with him upon his behaviour.

The beast never took the trouble to look up at me until I finished my speech, and then he pulled his cheroot out of his mouth and told me to stand at attention when addressing a superior officer! That finished me. I broke out and told him what I thought of him, refusing to admit that the etiquette of the service could apply to such a blackguard. He wasted no words on me; jumping to his feet he landed a blow on my chest that knocked me under the next table, but before he could raise his hand again my mates were on him like a pack of terriers, and they literally swept the floor with the brute. I verily believe they would have killed him if his wits hadn't come to his aid. With one jump he got clear of the crowd; and before we knew what he meant to do he had smashed the only lamp in the place, the café was in darkness, and we misguided youths were punching each other black and blue.

The scene of chaos in that darkness baffles description. Annetta's weeping turned to scream-

ing, the landlord stormed and shouted, the servants and the other waitresses fled screeching, and twenty Austrian sailor boys indulging in a free fight, each one firmly convinced that every throat he grasped and every nose he punched belonged to a hated German—Austrians hate Germans—make more than a little noise among themselves, even if unaided. The English habit of fighting in comparative silence does not obtain among Continental peoples.

When lights were again procured we made a stirring picture. The room was heaped with wreckage. Glasses and mirrors were smashed, tables and chairs overturned and broken, and we ourselves looked a sore spectacle, battered, besmeared, scratched and generally knocked out of shape, an appearance entirely due, not to our noble German, but to our efforts to destroy each other.

I think his idea had been to escape in the confusion, but his plans had miscarried, and he lay on the floor, a huddled miserable heap, knocked out of time by an entirely accidental kick in the midriff.

But the tableau came in the end. The landlord, being afraid that not one stone of his place would be left upon another, had, in the meantime,

SAVONAROLA'S CELL AT SAN MARCO, FLORENCE.

FACADE OF DUOMO, FLORENCE.

sent to headquarters for the Italian patrol, and we had scarcely got our breath before they were on the scene in all their majesty, commanded by an officer with drawn sword, and the men with bayonets fixed. Painful though it was to us, we all got up quickly and stood at attention—some more or less straight, some painfully crooked.

We were accused by the officer in charge of having assaulted and insulted a superior officer of a friendly nation; a grave charge. The statement of the only witness in our favour, the pretty girl, was not taken into consideration at all, and we were promptly marched off to the Ancona military headquarters, German and all, a row of bayonets on either side of us. We knew that we should have to spend the night in prison, as the trial would not take place before 11 a.m. next day. As luck would have it, one of our comrades had been in Ancona prison before for a minor military offence. He didn't want to boast about it, but as he knew the one-roomed prison at headquarters and its capacity he was able to let us know how many bedsteads it contained and how many of us could lie down. He passed the word along that there were nine wooden stretchers. Some of our party having bolted on the entrance of the military we were ten in number, exclusive of the German,

the cause of all the trouble. We were instructed to enter the cell first, and not to let the German in till last, so that we might occupy the nine beds and leave him to stand or squat on his haunches for the rest of the night. We arranged to take turns for the tenth member of our party.

Our man's information proved to be correct. We found nine beds, and speedily occupied them, the German swearing and threatening us, saying that in view of his superior rank he was entitled to a bed. We, in return, assured him that we were quite comfortable and did not mean to move, and also told him that we were very sorry that it was too dark for us to see his badges of rank. Well, poor chap, he had to stand or sit as best he could. He made a few uncomplimentary remarks as to our lack of courtesy, and then subsided into sulky silence, only an occasional scuffling noise on the floor indicating his presence to us for the rest of the night.

At last day came, and a lengthy report having been prepared by the Italian Military Authorities, we were again marched through the streets under a heavily armed escort, and sent off to the ship instead of being tried ashore under Italian jurisdiction.

Our condition was not improved by a night's

sojourn in a dirty Italian prison. Our faces had been battered overnight, and rolling about on a hard wooden bed had done nothing to improve the appearance of our clothes. The streets were full of work-girls going to business as we marched through them, and I can hear those hussies laughing to this day.

At last we got on board. We had been reported as missing overnight, the most dreadful story of murder and bloodshed and mutiny was already all over the ship, and our appearance did nothing to calm the rumours of our misdeeds. The only satisfaction we had was in knowing that the originator of all the trouble was on board with us, a prisoner bound to go through the same court-martial as ourselves.

Angry looked the commander and angry looked the officers who saw us tidying ourselves up for the trial. I met the old Captain just as I came out of the bathroom, where I had been trying to remove some of the marks of last night's affray. All he said was, "A young man like you! You ought to be ashamed of yourself. As you make your bed so you must lie. You were the cause of all this trouble," etc., etc. I had been reported as being a ringleader in the business and had no doubt I should have to suffer the bulk of the penalty.

Judging from the grave face of the skipper, goodness only knows what had been reported against us. I must say I felt a bit uneasy, and the remembrance I had of the string of punishments which had been held over my head when I took the oath of allegiance did nothing towards reassuring me.

When the trial came on we were drawn up in line, with the German at the end of the row, awaiting our judges. They were accompanied by the Italian officer who had arrested us the night before, and so we were quite a cosmopolitan little lot.

A voluminous looking report was handed to the Commander, who appeared to read it with great interest. To my delight I saw a faint, benevolent smile stealing over his face. His look of severity when at last he faced us hardly struck me as being sincere. He probably disliked punishing us for a thing he himself, or any other gentleman, would have done. He gave us a lengthy speech, impressing upon us the enormity of our crime, but at the conclusion it was with ill-concealed relief that he ran over the extenuating circumstances. He admitted that the grossness of the German's behaviour had been a great provocation, said we should have been unworthy of our position if we had not attempted to assist the girl, and made some allusion to the charms of that young lady amid almost open

merriment on the part of the other officers constituting the court. However, chivalry had to give place to diplomacy and military law, and he was compelled to pass sentence on us. I, as the ringleader, got a month "under deck," which meant that I was not allowed upon the upper deck for that period. The rest of us got similar sentences of from eight to twenty-one days duration. As luck would have it, we put to sea immediately after the trial, to experience rather more than a month of the vilest weather, and my punishment (?) saved me a lot of dirty and tedious work on deck and aloft.

Our cases being disposed of, the German's turn came next. Our captain was empowered to try him, but the sentence must be referred to his own superiors, if desirable, with an endorsement recommending leniency or otherwise. In this case it was all very much otherwise, our captain being disgusted with the man's behaviour.

All the matter was thrashed out again and our skipper told the man plainly that though he had to punish us, in accordance with the laws of the service, he did so reluctantly because he thought that with a little tact on the part of the aggresor the whole business need not have occurred. He put it very gently ; no doubt he was wild at being

compelled to punish us, but he meant to have his revenge.

The German gesticulated wildly whilst speaking in his own defence, but none the less he was sent off to his own ship, his sentence endorsed with a strong recommendation, not to leniency, but to severe punishment. Six months at least was put down by our skipper as an equivalent to the punishment to which he had been compelled to sentence us. He also demanded an official confirmation of the sentence passed by himself, and in due time we had the satisfaction of getting it. "Shore leave stopped for six months," which I think was rather more than he bargained for.

CHAPTER III.

Raw conscripts.—Marine compliments.—Foul weather in the Mediterranean.—"Gib."

We shore-bred youngsters, for all our two years' previous training, were, as may well be imagined, ignorant enough of many usages and customs that prevail at sea, but some of the conscripts showed depths of "greenness" beside which our little knowledge was a liberal education. I saw a very funny incident exemplifying this ignorance when the *Helgoland* was leaving Ancona. We had hardly got outside the harbour when we passed in very close proximity to a fine English man-o'-war. I have forgotten her name, but she was a powerful example of the first-class battle-ship of the period. She was bound for the port

we had just left, and it was our duty to salute her, as belonging to a Naval Power of recognised superiority. We passed her so close that we could hear the voices of the men on her decks. In all probability they were criticising our appearance, as well they might, for a greater contrast than that afforded by the two vessels could scarcely be conceived.

One of our conscripts was standing sentry at the taffrail, and the officer of the watch called to him to salute the passing vessel—a salute which, as everybody knows, is performed by dipping the ensign hoisted on the jackstaff over the stern.

The man was evidently at a loss what to do. He was ordered to salute, but it was easily seen that he had no idea of the course of procedure usual in paying marine compliments. He looked at the officer of the watch, at the passing vessel, at the grinning men on the deck below him, and then, frantically pulling himself together, he scrambled on top of the after deckhouse, snatched off his cap, and holding it as far from him as possible, waved it in the air and shouted at the top of his voice. "Hullo! Hullo! Hullo!" he began, and then, with an attempt at a more nautical form of expression, he changed it for "Ahoy! Ahoy! Ahoy!" If I am not mistaken he added "Buon'-

giorno," the Italian "Good day," as well. But whatever the expression was with which he concluded his greeting it was drowned in the roar of laughter from both ships. The Englishmen shouted at the tops of their voices, and as for our men, they stamped and yelled until I thought they would shake the putty out of the *Helgoland's* sides and sink her.

The conscript looked a perfect picture of amazement. He and the watch officer were the only men aboard who weren't laughing the tears into their eyes. The raving officer rushed aft to dip the ensign himself, and when last I saw him he was chasing the unlucky conscript around the deckhouse. And that's the raw material of the Austrian navy. It is only fair to add that for all their laughter on the English vessel, the salute was promptly and ceremoniously returned.

From Ancona we sailed down the exquisitely blue Adriatic, past Brindisi and through the Straits of Messina, in sight of the mountains of Calabria. We made a short stop at Messina for a courtesy call and for our mail, and then proceeded, heading for the Balearic Islands, *en route* for Gibraltar. Our course took us past the celebrated volcano, Stromboli, but his volcanic efforts at that time were very asthmatic.

And then we got it! There is an impression abroad that the Mediterranean is a calm blue expanse of peaceful water suited for summer cruising in small boats. That impression is unfounded. Blue the Mediterranean certainly is; calm and peaceful it certainly is not—at least not always. In addition to the ordinary winds to which all parts of the earth are subject, it seems to have a half dozen special varieties of gales all its own. The sirocco, levanter and mistral are all abominable, each in its own detestable way, and the weather we had on this cruise was as wretched as it well could be.

Alas for the swashbuckling "old salts" that had so valiantly landed at Ancona. We were all sick, fearfully and interminably sick, every man jack of us. We were frightened, too, but as we all wanted to die, the fear of drowning took a less prominent place in our imaginations than it otherwise might have done. The ship behaved vilely, unseaworthy old tub that she was. Not content with taking it green at every other wave she would try to dive two or three times a day. On one occasion she actually went bodily through a high wave—a crushing body of tons of water. The water made its way through the forward hatch down into the battery where our cabins were situa-

VIEW OF THE HARBOUR, VALETTA, MALTA.

ted, and down the companion and other openings it came like a cascade.

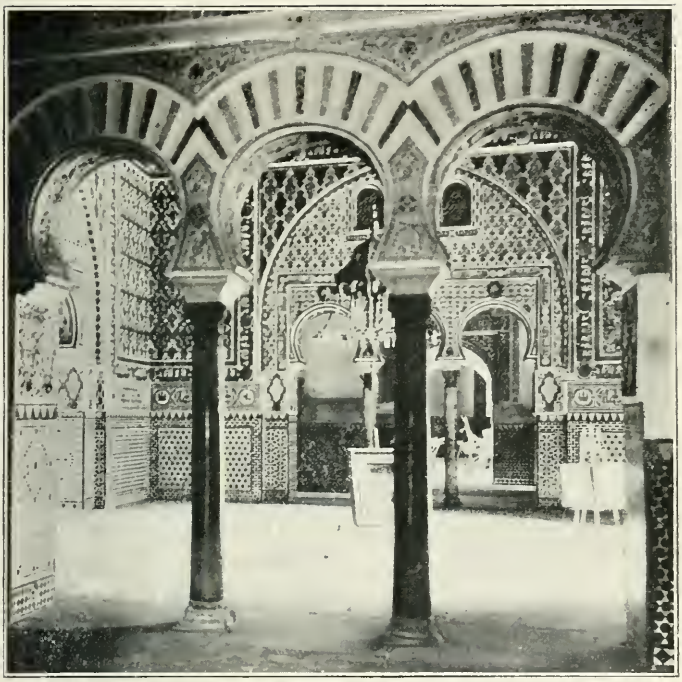
Human nature is a strange thing. One fears death in any shape or form, but when one is face to face with it, there seems to be no fear, no fleeing from what seems a certain end to one's existence. I am sure to this day that at the time I had not the slightest doubt that our end had come and that we were drowned for a certainty. I didn't trouble about seeking a place of comparative safety, but stayed where I was, hoping it would be a short business. I didn't care a hang if I was drowned like a rat. I might as well be drowned in my cabin as on deck; it didn't matter very much, and so I remained where I was. I was as sick as a cat; I hadn't strength enough to lift my head, and what I had called the "glorious life of a sailor" began to have an entirely fresh meaning for me.

When the weather moderated there was an end of my confinement below decks, although the month's sentence had by no means run its course. Hands were wanted, and punishments must wait, and so with my fellow culprits I had to assist in clearing the decks, and a pretty state they were in. What formerly looked a snug and trim vessel, now appeared to our untrained eyes to be a hopeless wreck. Boats, sails and spars were missing,

deckhouses carried away, and the guns and their carriages knocked out of position. It looked as though it would take weeks to make her presentable and fit for her allotted cruise.

We were all set to work, and although she was still rolling and pitching heavily, we put her deck at last in something like a tidy state. I remember well that one afternoon during this time, the captain was so delighted with our work that he ordered the paymaster to bring and give all hands wine. No sooner was the wine brought in small buckets and deposited on deck than over she heeled and upset buckets, wine and all. It was almost pathetic to watch the men's expression as the red juice ran down the decks. I suppose that most of them would have liked to have been in Neptune's place to get such a treat. But the " old man " renewed the dose and we drank his health cordially.

Some of the more extensive repairs were necessarily left over until Gibraltar was reached, and whilst they were being performed we had ample chances of visiting those parts of the powerful stronghold which were open to our inspection. Ashore we foregathered with our fellows in the British navy, who showed excellent feeling towards us, though I am bound to confess that this *entente cordiale* was generally expressed by hospitable



SEVILLE, ALCAZAR.

GRANA, TOCADOR DE LA REYNA.

offers of cordials—without the "e"—that produced at times lamentable effects. Your hot-blooded Southern sailor, accustomed to nothing stronger than wine, or perhaps an occasional glass of "aguardiente," or "fine champagne," finds that he has embarked on a new and strange undertaking when he sits down to drink British grog with the British sailorman.

CHAPTER IV.

Tangier.—Encouragement of trade in Morocco.—M. Perdicaris.—Tangier prison.—The Navy of Morocco.—Non-existent Malta.—Lazy Giovanni.—The ingenuity of idleness.—Discovery.—A Senegambian experience.

FROM Gibraltar we went to Tangier; from method, rigid and excellent government and modern enlightenment, to a town that even now, nearly thirty years later, I consider one of the plague spots of the world. The hundreds of tourists that land there now every year see the present condition of things only from the outside. Their ways are carefully smoothed for them, but even

their accounts of the place temper amusement and condescension with something like horror at the wretchedness and insanitary condition of the port.

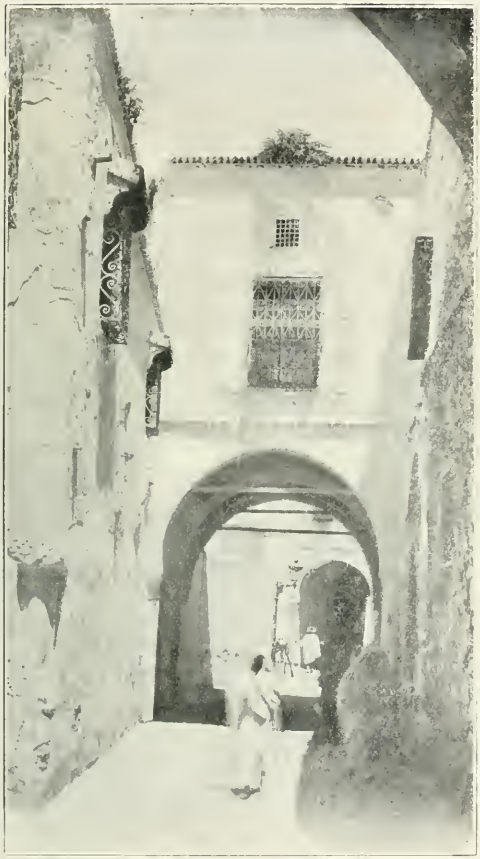
The worst of the oppression, of the tragedies of horrible misgovernment that make the narratives of natives read like nightmare tales, is behind, below, out of sight; but it still exists, despite the now greater knowledge of the civilized world, that, by Algeciras Conferences, suggestions as to policing, and the like expedients, shows its desire to end the present wretched state of the unhappy country.

It was, as I say, in the early eighties when first I landed at Tangier, and the first native whose acquaintance I made did much to enlighten me on the subject of the rights of man under the rule of the Sultan of Morocco.

He was a handsome fellow and of fine physique, as, indeed, the better nurtured Moor usually is. He was hawking tobacco and small trinkets near the landing place, and I, having a knowledge of Spanish, the commercial tongue in Tangier, and, of course, in Tetuan as well, was called on by my comrades in the leave party to translate their wants for them. After attending to their request I struck up a conversation with the man on my own account and found him an intelligent and decent

fellow. He volunteered to show some of us round Tangier, and being naturally in want of a guide we gladly accepted his invitation. More, he asked us to his house and regaled us Moorish fashion, an act of hospitality one would wait long for, unavailingly, in these later days of enlightenment.

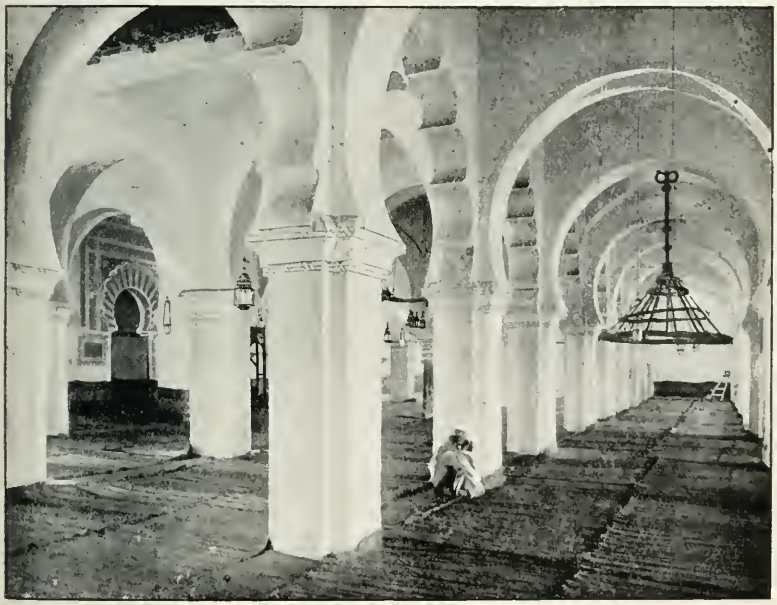
Over the coffee he apologised again and again for the poverty of the entertainment, and after the meal, when we re-emerged into the narrow street volunteered to show us the reason why it was not in his power to offer us a better. He had been a dealer in tobacco in a prosperous way, he told us, and in one of the labyrinth of alleys that serve as Tangerine streets pointed out to us his former establishment—his name still over the door. For years he had succeeded in making a living in the place, despite the never ending demands upon his resources made by the farmers of taxes and their auxiliaries as blackmail. Unfortunately a visit from one of these gentry, who succeeded in extorting from him all the loose cash in his possession, happened to coincide almost exactly with an urgent levy on the part either of the imperial or duly appointed municipal collectors, the near proximity of which his blackmailing friend had not thought it worth while to mention, and in default of payment our friend, Ali—Sheikh and



A LANE IN TUNIS.

A CAFÉ, TUNIS.

MOSQUE OF SIDI BOU MEDIN, TLEMCEN.



INTERIOR OF GRAND MOSQUE.

Effendi though he was—was haled off to the prison in the Kasbah.

There he had to stay. There was no form of trial given him, no sentence pronounced upon him. Committal to prison for non-payment of taxes called for no waste of time in trying him, and the same poverty that had brought him to the common jail rendered any appeal to a tribunal of justice impossible. For the judges pay for their places in Morocco, as do all officials, even to those minor ones employed in the prison and court of justice. They reimburse themselves by extortions from the prisoners—and a trial, if desired, must be paid for, and so poor Ali got none.

Influence got him out at last. He had a brother-in-law, a man of position—"Con viginti mujer" (with twenty wives), he explained, not without pride—and his representations had at length the desired effect. But the business was gone, the shop had been stripped, and the Sheikh Ali Effendi had perforce to take to the humble trade of hawking. Perhaps the insecurity of rights of property had some voice in his decision. I know it would have had in mine.

This tale is true. It is not impossible—not even improbable or unusual—at the present date, but then it was simply a matter of course. He was

careless in paying the usual blackmail with a view to avoiding minor tax levies without finding out that there was an immediate probability of some more important levy that could not be avoided. That was all.

If any evidence besides Ali's own had been required we had it—unimpeachable evidence. Mr. Perdicaris, whom my readers will remember as having been kidnapped and held to ransom by the brigand, Raisuli, the year before last, supplied it. He was aboard the *Helgoland* during our stay; invited us to a picnic in return, and he himself corroborated the whole story.

He was at that time, and for that matter during the whole of his long residence in Morocco, engaged with all his accustomed energy in agitating for some mitigation of the terrible lives led by the prisoners in Moroccan gaols. He has done much in this good cause. For one thing, the prisoners are now provided with a bare sustenance of bread and water by the government, whereas in the old days, if a man had no money and no friends, imprisonment almost inevitably meant death by starvation. They were allowed to beg through a round hole, six inches in diameter, in the prison door, and that was all. If the charitable gave, they dragged on their miserable existence; if not,

they died. Without money or influence they had no trial, no food, and no chance of liberty, and it is to be presumed that the sooner they died the better for them. If but little good has resulted from Mr. Perdicaris' agitation, at the least let it be placed to his credit that starvation is not now inevitably added to the other horrors of that Hell that is Tangier prison.

Indeed, the place beggars description. Picture it. Twenty feet by twenty feet; stone-flagged, stone walled, and stone roofed. It is divided down the middle by a row of pillars supporting the vaulting, to which the more recalcitrant prisoners are chained by the ankles. Beside these pillars runs—or rather stands, for it is practically stagnant—an open gutter which is supposed to carry away *all* the refuse and offal of the place. It doesn't, and the stench is insufferable. The only light is admitted through a few narrow loopholes high in the walls, and from these also is derived the sole ventilation. Imagine the whole under a North African sun, to say nothing of the starvation which up to only a few years ago was superadded. And this prison at Tangier is the best in Morocco—a modern model of sanitation and comfort compared with those at Fez and Tetuan, to say nothing of the others inland!

Mr. Perdicaris was, as will be well remembered, American consul at Tangier. Of Greek parentage and American nationality, he has carried his work on behalf of the Moorish prisoners so far as to suffer incarceration with them. The gratitude of the Moorish government may be gauged by the fact that after Raisuli had been compelled to liberate him, that enterprising bandit, in addition to the six thousand pounds he claimed as ransom, was put in charge of a province, and is now high in favour with the powers that be. Mr. Perdicaris must now be about sixty years of age.

From tragedy to farce is an easy step in any Eastern country. Perhaps this is due to the limited sense of humour possessed by the Oriental temperament. Travellers have often observed that Easterns rarely, if ever, laugh, no matter in what ridiculous situations. Anyhow, comedy of the lightest lay alongside us in Tangier bay during this my first visit to the place. The Sultan, then a mere boy, had, with his ministers' concurrence, declared for a naval policy : a smart firm of Scotsmen, hearing of the pronouncement, had sent a representative to oil palms on the spot, and the fruit of their negotiations floated—yes, she could float—in front of the town, the laughing-stock of every European in the neighbourhood.

AN ALGERIAN SHEPHERD.

A KABYLE WOMAN

How she got that far is a mystery to me. She was an old, patched, be-ruddled, sunburned, broken down tramp steamer, that must have been cast by the Board of Trade examiners years before. She had put out to sea once since hoisting the flag of Morocco—in search of an island called Malta, presumably to demonstrate to England how navies should be managed. At least, she sailed from Tangier, Malta being named as her destination, and was at sea a month—where, Heaven only knows. On her return her captain sent in an official report denying that there was such a place as Malta, giving as evidence to support his statement the somewhat negative information that he couldn't find it! And that boat had cost the Empire of Morocco the modest sum of three hundred thousand pounds sterling! Alas! perhaps there may be something to be said for the Oriental point of view when it is remembered by what means that money was raised. It needs a keen sense of humour to laugh at the wretched, sunblistered wreck that is Morocco's navy when the sorrows of the harassed tax-paying natives are remembered.

From Tangier we sailed for Cape Town, calling at St. Helena on the way. It may seem strange that this cruise, after so many years of other voyages, should be so clearly in my mind, but it

must be remembered that it was my first taste of liberty. Fresh from college and shore routine, new places and things impressed themselves indelibly upon my memory, and to this day the events and, to me, great hardships of my first ocean cruise are still wonderfully clearly defined in my mind. At one trifling incident of this part of the voyage I often laugh even now. We had a sailor aboard who was, I think, the laziest scamp I ever met. Giovanni was his christian name, so he must have been from one of the provinces bordering on Italy, with, maybe, some *lazzarone* blood in his veins. His other name I forget.

Whilst we were settling down to sea customs and discipline—a process that in our raw ship's company it may readily be understood took some time, and which the bad weather we experienced in the Mediterranean still further delayed—Giovanni's little idiosyncrasy escaped notice; but on the long slow voyage down the African coast the non-commissioned and petty officers who came in contact with him speedily reported that when work was to be done Giovanni had a marvellous knack of avoiding it. Orders were in consequence quietly passed along that he should be made to labour by the simple process of "keeping him at it."

IN FRONT OF ST. PETER'S.

VIA SACRA, ROME.

As all sailors know, this is a little matter generally easily managed at sea, where the idler finds a difficulty in avoiding the attentions of his fellows and superior officers, and Giovanni's life speedily became a burden to him. Curious enquirers may receive enlightenment on the subject by asking any man in the uniform of the British navy for information respecting the mild discipline known as " 10 A." They will also stand a chance, if their informant be a man of untrammelled tongue, of learning something new and effective in the profanity line.

At all events Giovanni endured the tribulation that is the Austrian equivalent for " 10 A " for a longer time than he considered desirable, and, becoming weary, cast about within himself as to a method of avoiding what he considered to be more than his fair share of the ship's work.

The men's sea-kit was packed in kit-bags, similar to the " ditty bag " of the English sailor, except that on the bottom of each bag was printed in large figures the number borne by its owner on the ship's books. During the drills and work that occupied the daylight hours these bags were stored in racks against the walls of a dark alley-way under the batteries. Master Giovanni, taking advantage of one of the few moments in the day

in which he was free from superintendence, slipped down into the alley-way, ripped the bottom of his own kit-bag off, pinned it to that part of a sailor's trousers that is generally remarkable for tightness, scrambled into the rack, doubled himself up knees to nose, with the figured end of him plain to view, and peacefully went to sleep, using his mutilated kit-bag as a pillow.

It was a beautiful idea, and, impossible as it seems to anyone acquainted with the more exact superintendence of the British navy, it succeeded well for days. He invariably contrived to wake when the "dismiss to quarters" bugle sounded, and, removing his numbered shield, always managed to account for his absence from any one particular squad or gun crew.

But one day the boatswain happened to be down in the storeroom with a lantern, and noticed that one of the kitbags was lying in the rack with its number upside down. Being a tidy and methodical soul he took hold of it to turn it over and found—Giovanni. The lazy rascal never woke, and the boatswain retired on tiptoe, taking his lantern with him.

Five minutes later all the ship's company that could crowd into the narrow alley-way were there, barefooted and silent—so silent that Gio-

ST. JOHN, LATERAN, ROME.

vanni's gentle breathing was audible to us all. In the centre stood the boatswain, a large-sized sailmaker's needle in his hand. Its first application, intentionally gentle, scarcely did more than bring Giovanni to a waking consciousness of discomfort. He moved, rustled, and then the brave bos'un drove his lethal weapon home, and Giovanni's yell almost drowned our roar of laughter.

Before the needle could be applied a third time the culprit had scrambled to the back of the deep rack, where, entrenched behind the kitbags, he held us all at bay. We got him out, though—and without loss of life. We threw and blew snuff at him—heaps of it—until his position was untenable, and sneezing and coughing, with streaming eyes, he surrendered at discretion.

He got off lightly. Fortunately for him our old captain was one of the kindest and best men alive, and he said the ingenuity he had shown in skulking deserved exemption from punishment. I might add that restricted diet, cells, and even irons had had no effect on him before, so perhaps the "old man" may be said to have made a virtue of necessity. But Giovanni never forgave his mates the snuff trick, and for the rest of the voyage fights in the 'tweendecks were frequent, owing to his ineradicable habit of letting down hammocks

by the head after "lights out." He made quite a hobby of it, much to the indignation of the men who slept in his battery.

We repelled another enemy with unusual weapons on this cruise, too. We had put in at some Heaven-forsaken place on the Senegambian coast for water and fresh vegetables and fruit, if any could be procured. There was a village near our landing-place, but the inhabitants had bolted for cover at sight of our flotilla of boats, and nothing we could do, and no signs of amity we could make, would tempt them from the thick undergrowth of the surrounding woods.

Unable to pay, we took what we required from their gardens, a proceeding that not unnaturally aroused their anger, and as we went down the beach they began to muster at the edges of the woods shaking spears at us and making undeniably hostile demonstrations. An advance on their part—they were some two or three hundred strong—added considerably to our haste in embarkation. In the hurry I lost my revolver. It must have fallen on the beach, and in my excitement I did not at the time notice the loss. No sooner had the boats pushed off than they began to drag out rafts and rough catamarans from the hiding places beneath the tropical vegetation where they

had concealed them, and placing them in the water began to paddle after us. We got aboard before we were overtaken, but they still came on, and no sooner had they reached the side of the ship than they produced fire and torches smeared with resin and in a most business-like way began to set fire to our hull. As before mentioned, the *Helgoland* was an old wooden ship, heavily coated with tar, and they had succeeded in setting our timbers alight in no less than three places before the captain awaked to the serious nature of the attack. He had refused to fire on them as they were approaching, recognising the fact that we, with all our good intent, were still the aggressors, and by the time their attack had developed into a real danger they were too close for the guns to be depressed to hit their small craft. However, steam was up, the fire hoses were manned, and we repulsed them with the streams of water that were being used for extinguishing the flames they had caused. The expressions on their faces were very amusing. I remember one tall negro stooping forward with a most savage grin, and reaching out his torch to our side just as the jet hit him. It extinguished his torch with one gigantic hiss, and the next moment the force of the jet knocked him backwards over the gunwale of his boat into the

sea. I really think they were more frightened by the water than they would have been by guns. At all events they all turned tail together and rowed for the shore, those members of their party that had been knocked overboard or capsized swimming alongside the retreating boats. None the less they had my revolver, which I suppose is now regarded with veneration and awe as a high-class fetich in some Senegambian village. I was not unnaturally annoyed at its loss, as I had to make it good out of my limited pay.

CHAPTER V.

St. Helena.—Capetown and feasting.—Zanzibar and more feasting —Strange dishes.—Review of the Imperial Army of Zanzibar.—How the Zanzibari army is recruited.—The "gilded staff" in mufti. —Ismailia and Cairo.—Orders for active service.

At St. Helena the usual shore visits were paid, a party of us being taken over Longwood and duly impressed with the solemnity of Napoleon's exile there. At Cape Town the Austrian colony—then a fairly numerous one—turned out to do us honour, and we were fêted and fed, and fed and fêted, by one batch of enthusiastic compatriots

after another. To Austrians abroad the sight of one of their own country's men-o'-war is a less common event than it would be to Englishmen similarly placed, and this visit of the *Helgoland* was a thing to be made much of in consequence. They gave us a most enjoyable time, and there were many long faces aboard when our stay came to an end and we weighed anchor for Zanzibar, calling at Port Elizabeth and Mozambique on the way.

At Zanzibar we were fêted again, in a most laughable way. The Sultan—this was, of course, years before the establishment of the British Protectorate—took advantage of our visit to invite us to a succession of entertainments, and the whole of our ship's company suffered from internal strains, the result of indigestion and suppressed emotion, for days afterwards. After the presentation of our credentials at an audience with the Sultan, at which, owing to some accidental absence of interpreters, the whole of the proceedings were carried on in dumb show, we were invited to a State banquet to take place the same evening. It was a melancholy ordeal. Crocodile tail with almonds and raisins was one dish especially pressed upon us, I remember; ostrich tongues stewed in some sort of cocoanut milk, and native oxtail

with barley, rice and onions were two others, and there was nothing to drink but sherbet and orange water. For the first time in most of our lives we returned to ship's beef with an appetite.

Next day we received an intimation from the Austrian consulate that the Sultan had arranged a review of the Zanzibari army for our edification, at which His Highness would be present in person, and that all officers attending were to sport "full dress, medals and decorations." Naturally the latter part of the order meant but little to the younger members of the *personnel* of a training ship, but we donned our smartest uniforms, the senior officers mounted the polished insignia of their orders, and to the booming of a 21-gun salute we went ashore neat and tidy, in the hope that our appearance might not be altogether extinguished beside the gilded staff of the Imperial Army of Zanzibar.

The delegates who met us at the waterside—some of them municipal representatives, presumably—were a bit of a shock. A more shabby crowd I have seldom seen, and the enthusiastic populace crowding the beach behind them seemed to think little more of them than we did, for, pressing forward to look at our landing, they managed to push the foremost of the welcoming delegates into the

mud, and mud is not nice on the beaches of African seaports. However, after being pulled out and having some of the filth scraped off their clothes, they made salaams and led us to an open space in front of the mud-built barracks by the palace, the loyal population screeching themselves hoarse on either side of the procession. One side of the square was roped off for our accommodation, and here we were marshalled in the blazing sunshine to wait events.

I don't suppose Zanzibar has any army now, unless troops are raised for police purposes in the Protectorate, as I shrewdly suspect they are. In those days the Sultan's troops were Militia of a sort, raised by compulsory service and domiciled in their own homes. They were expected to arm themselves, and uniformity of clothing was not expected. Moreover, physique was a matter totally disregarded ; lameness or deformity was no exemption from service, and as long as a man could stand upright, see both sights of a rifle and had fingers enough to pull the trigger with, he belonged to a crack corps. If he fell short of these requirements —well, they made a spearman of him.

Of all this we knew nothing, and, penned in our enclosure, began to wonder at the delay in the appearance of the troops. We wondered, too,

at the entire absence of any attempt to keep the square clear, the dirty ill-clad crowd of natives filling the open space completely. There were no women amongst them, and many of them were armed; some with swords or spears, and about a third of their number with trade muskets, jezails, old Minié and other obsolete muzzle-loading rifles—any rusty ironmongery that had a lock and a barrel. We accounted for the absence of women by the traditions of the *hareem*, and the public bearing of arms by the lawlessness of the country. Not one of us had any suspicions of the truth. How could we? Some of the crowd were one-armed, some lame, some—and not a few—one-eyed or hump-backed. A large proportion of them wore discarded European clothing—old swallow-tailed coats, frock coats or blue and even scarlet serge jackets, which again ought to have opened our eyes,—but it didn't.

Suddenly from the palace came strains of military music—drums in unison with bell and cymbal obligato. Round the corner of the court-yard came the shrieking, yelling, hideous row; the crowd sorted themselves out at their own sweet will, firearms on one side of the square and swords and spears on the other. The Sultan appears, surrounded by his retinue, and—*voila*

la revue! The lame, filthy, hideous mob was the army of Zanzibar!

We never had a chance to laugh or do or say anything. Before we had appreciated the sudden change—got the farce into our minds—the Sultan had skirted the crowd and was addressing us from his palanquin, and though we couldn't understand a word he said, we had, of course, to keep our faces straight. Something had gone wrong with the arrangements, I think, for at intervals in his speech he would break off to shake his fist at the offending Master of Ceremonies, or Hereditary Earl Marshal, or whatever title that official holds in Zanzibar. But, whatever it was he considered ill-appointed, of one thing I am sure, it was not his army, for the light of pride in his eyes as he waved his hand towards the crowd behind him was unmistakable. Eh! it was funny. The bells and cymbals and drums made the most unearthly din I've ever heard, and we all looked as much admiration as we could cram into dumb show, much to the Sultan's delight. The noise, and the heat—which was peeling the skin off the backs of our necks—and the struggle not to laugh, made worse by the whispered remarks under cover of the shindy the band were kicking up,—if it was funny, and it was, it was also none the less a trying ordeal.

But it didn't last long. Both the officers and privates were anxious for a closer look at the Sultan's guests, and so the march past began long before the time appointed for it. It didn't amount to a march past so much as a push past, because as each man came opposite the saluting point, after raising his musket in the air, or salaaming, or saluting in any way he thought fit, generally accompanying the salute with a shouted greeting, he tried to stop and have a good stare at us, and nothing but the press behind sent him on, struggling and kicking like a wild cat to retain his favourable position for observation. Consequently the ground in front of the saluting base became a struggling Oriental Donnybrook fair, which was interesting if not military. At all events it certainly looked like warfare.

After the review the army broke ranks and mingled with us fraternally, conducting us in small parties about the town. Each party early found itself at its conductor's shop, being importuned to buy. Captain Yussuf, R.E., fell to the lot of my party, and as he happened to be a curio dealer we were better off than some of our comrades, as even inferior curios at exorbitant prices made more suitable purchases than the fly-blown meat purveyed by General Mohammed (a butcher in

private life), or frowsty native garments, the work of Colonel Mustapha, who devoted his civilian hours to tailoring.

Next day we showed what we could do by sending all the punishment men and idlers ashore with field guns—not an imposing display, but one much appreciated by the Zanzibaris—and then we broke the anchor out of the mud *en route* for home.

By way of Massowa, Aden and Suez we arrived at Ismailia, where, by permission of the General Officer Commanding the Army of Occupation we were allowed to visit Cairo (El Mazri, the natives call it) whence we made tours to the Pyramids at Ghizeh. Often as I have visited them since, the fascination of those giant silent tombs is as keen now as it was then. Not for nothing are they classed among the seven wonders of the ancient world.

The day before our departure we paid a visit to the Apis Tombs, discovered by the famous Marietta Bey, where as may well be imagined our sailor boys were ready with every conceivable joke that could institute comparisons between the mummied oxen in the magnificent sarcophagi and the salt junk in the ugly but useful harness casks aboard. All jokes came to a speedy end

THE ROAD TO THE PYRAMIDS.

OUTSIDE THE HARBOUR, ALEXANDRIA.

MEMPHIS.

THE MEMNON COLOSSI.

that evening, though, for the first news we received on arrival at our quarters was an intimation that civil war had broken out at home, that Bosnia and Herzegovina were in open revolt, and that we were immediately to rejoin our ship at Ismailia to return and take part in the suppression of the rebellion! Our training cruise, regarded by all of us more as a holiday trip than as a matter of duty, had come to a tragic end.

CHAPTER VI.

Civil war.—The Dalmatian Insurrection and Hadji Loja.—Austrian disasters.—Destruction of the 48th Jägers.—The final expedition.—Cattaro Bay.—A smuggling incident.

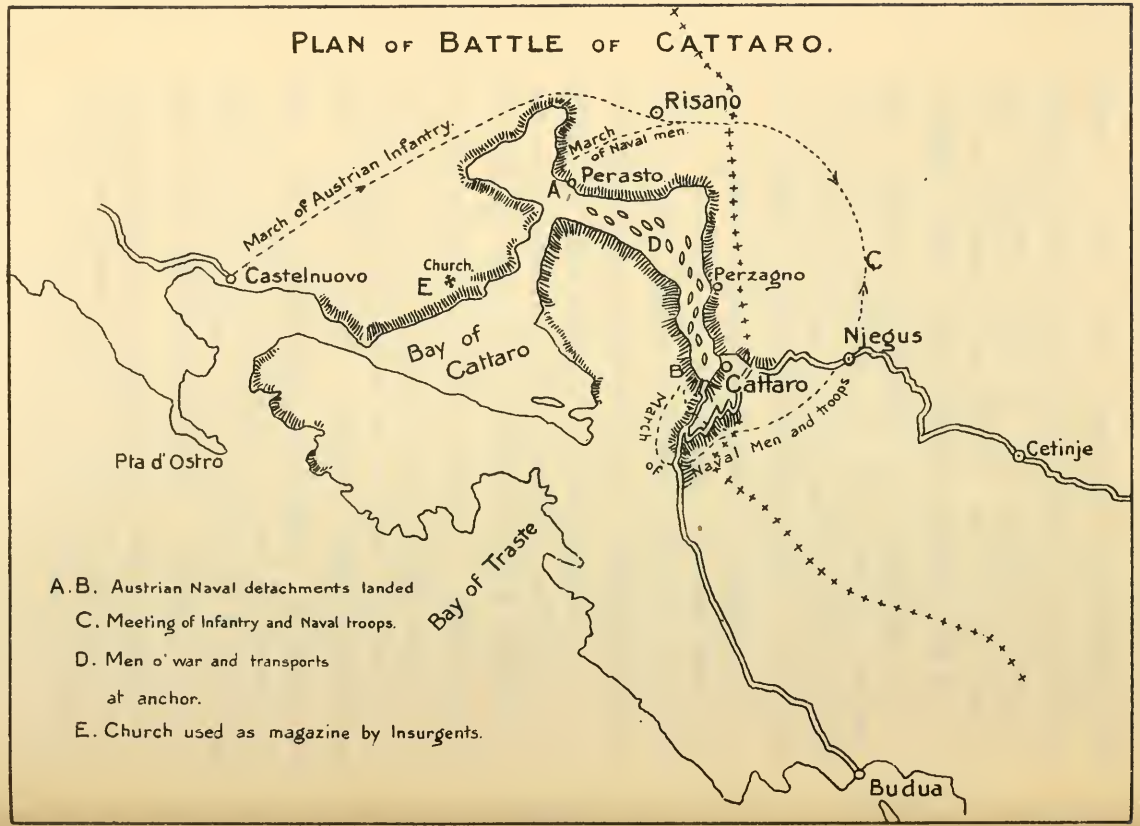
ANXIOUS though youngsters in the naval or military services of any land may be for the excitement and chances of promotion that accompany and provide the attraction of active service, it may yet be well imagined that our orders to proceed to the Adriatic provinces were as unwelcome as they were unexpected. For one thing, they practically meant engaging in a most unhappy civil war, Bosnia and Dalmatia having been made part and parcel of the Austrian Empire after the subjugation of the insurrectionary Mahommedan chief, Hadji Loja. Thanks to the mountainous

character of the country and the difficulties of transport, he had for some few years succeeded in maintaining a guerilla warfare against our troops, aided in part by irregular forces drawn from the adjoining Balkan States, but also by the simple expedient of compelling the wretched peasantry to serve, however unwillingly, under his banners. Knowing that this method of raising troops had caused great illwill towards him in the seaboard villages, it was thought that after his capture and confinement in the fortress of Olmütz, in Moravia, the country would subside by degrees into a peaceful state; and the troops that had fought at the battles of Plewna and Sarajevo—the two final actions before Hadji Loja was captured—were withdrawn from the interior of the provinces and set to the policing of the frontiers. This happened in 1878, and though at the time 28,000 of the Hadji's men retired to the Dalmatian mountains, it was not considered necessary to do more than guard the main roads, hold the chief towns, and allow the sulking insurgents to either stop where they were or come in and make terms.

But Austrian policy had overlooked the fact that behind Loja's influence there lay in the hearts of the mountaineers a deeply seated hatred both for the Austrian rule and the Christian religion.

Many of them were desperate cut-throats, who had spent their lives in being driven from one State after another, either by the exigeant demands of the Turkish tax-collectors or by the placing of their abode under Russian control, and so far from coming in to surrender or remaining merely sulky they recommenced the guerilla warfare, giving no quarter and asking none, and so harried the unlucky provinces without mercy. In 1879 an Austrian column was sent to Cattaro in Dalmatia to crush the insurgents. It was defeated, and another, better equipped and more powerful expedition was sent in its place. With this column went the 48th Jägers, or Sharpshooters, one of the crack Austrian rifle regiments, and again the attempt to quell the insurgents failed hopelessly, the 48th being almost wiped out. Seventy-five per cent. of the regiment were killed, mostly by being trapped in narrow defiles where the insurgents were able to throw boulders down upon them from the overhanging precipices. Seventy-five per cent. killed, and, grim comment, no wounded! When the insurgents took prisoners they killed them—and tortured them first. It was, as may be imagined, not a popular war, and we were anything but pleased at our orders to take part in it.

We were to join the expedition then mobilizing


PLAN OF BATTLE OF CATTARO.
Risano
March of Naval men.
March of Austrian Infantry.
Perasto
A
D
Castelnuovo
Church.
E
Perzagno
C
Njegus
Bay of Cattaro
B
Cattaro
March
Naval Men and troops
Cetinje
Pta d' Ostro
Bay of Traste
A.B. Austrian Naval detachments landed
C. Meeting of Infantry and Naval troops.
D. Men o' war and transports
at anchor.
E. Church used as magazine by Insurgents.
Budua

to sail for Cattaro, the centre of the disaffected districts, and on the return of the *Helgoland* to Trieste our ship's company was divided up among the nine men-o'-war and twelve transports which were to convoy and convey the troops, mostly infantry and artillery, to Cattaro Bay. I was appointed to H.I.M.S. *Archduke Ferdinand Max*, one of the men-o'-war.

We arrived at the Bay of Cattaro on the evening of the 13th August, 1881, and after landing a strong force of infantry at Castelnuovo, at the mouth of the bay, anchored opposite Risano, a town that lies in the narrow and landlocked harbour half-way between the Adriatic and the town of Cattaro, where our intelligence department had information of the presence of 25,000 of the insurgents. Immediately after dark the remainder of the infantry with some artillery and a naval detachment were landed and camped for the night, all the rest of the naval forces returning to the ships. In spite of our information, the place seemed absolutely deserted, not a camp fire or any sign of life whatsoever being visible either from the ships or the camp.

The attack was planned for the next day, and at six o'clock in the morning the forces on shore commenced to advance towards the almost impregnable cliffs that, crowded though they were

with the enemy, still remained silent and apparently as deserted as they had been the night before. As soon as some scattered firing announced that their skirmishers had got into touch with the enemy at the base of the cliffs, which happened after about half-an-hour's advance, landing parties with marines and field guns were despatched from all the men-o'-war to the opposite side of the bay, with instructions to follow the coast road to Cattaro. I was attached to one of these landing parties. This shore was as quiet as the other had been, but an incident that occurred the evening before our landing had forewarned us that its peaceful appearance was no sure guide to the reception that awaited us. As we steamed slowly up the narrow gulf a gunner, by name Schmidt, a Viennese, who was on duty at one of the fore guns of the *Archduke Ferdinand Max*, fancied he saw some dim forms moving about a church that stood near our proposed landing place. Contrary to orders, he, without reporting his suspicions, turned loose his gun and let fly at the church, firing four rounds before he was placed under arrest. The first three shots brought the insurgents out of the building like bees from a disturbed hive, tumbling over each other anyhow by every door and window,—and the fourth blew the place sky high. They had

been using it as a magazine! So much for the "usages of war" amongst the gentry we were about to meet. Schmidt got seven days "below decks" for firing without orders, a nominal sentence that just kept him in comfortable quarters whilst the rest of us were roughing it ashore. Had not his guess proved accurate, he would probably have had a punishment on which he would have been less able to congratulate himself. At the end of the campaign he got the Austrian decoration corresponding to our D.S.O. for his "crime," but I am sorry to say that shortly afterwards he was killed in a gun explosion.

By nine-thirty we had got near enough to the enemy to have sustained sixty casualties, although not a single shot had been fired on either side. The insurgents had adopted their old tactics of rolling rocks down the cliffs, a very trying ordeal for young and raw troops engaged in the fatiguing business of climbing them. Occasionally we would encounter small bodies of the enemy in some blank defile from which they were unable to retreat, and in such cases no quarter was given on either side. Our men were savage with the punishment they had received, and most of their opponents, fighting as they were with ropes around their necks, wasted no breath in asking permission to surrender.

It was in one of these small and desultory massacres that my old friend and schoolmate, Midshipman Bürger, was killed. He had just passed some joking remark upon the untidy and dirty appearance of one knot of rebels that we had overtaken, when one of the ruffians levelled his rifle and shot him through the heart. I caught him as he fell, but he was dead before I could lay him on the ground. In the business of destroying that particular nest of hornets I had a bayonet thrust through the palm of my left hand, but save for that had the good fortune to go through the day without a scratch. In addition to poor Bürger I lost three other old companions who had been with me either at school or college, all killed! It was a bad business, rendered worse by the insufficiency of Field Hospitals and medical aid for the wounded.

By eleven o'clock we had cleared the cliff-face of the rebels and could turn to the right to march on Cattaro. It had been a slow and trying time. It was only when we had, as described, accidentally trapped or cut off any of the enemy that we had as much as seen any of our opponents. One of their most irritating ruses was to stick their red caps on a rock, hiding behind it until the spot of colour had drawn the fire of one of the climbing and breathless attacking party, when they would imme-

diately spring to their feet, return the fire, resting their rifles steadily upon the rock that had sheltered them, and then decamp. It may well be imagined that this proved particularly trying to our men, wearied as they were with scrambling, loaded with kit and ammunition, up almost inaccessible precipices in a blazing sun.

The enemy still kept up a vigorous resistance, but we now had them on comparatively level ground, and their opposition had no chance against our more disciplined form of attack. Moreover, just past Risano we were joined by the forces landed at Castelnuovo the night before, and it was a running fight to the head of the bay, where the enemy met the other half of their friends in hot retreat before the naval detachment that we had landed in the morning. The two bodies of insurgents united just outside Cattaro in a space flanked by the seashore between the city and the cemetery, and there stood and fought at bay, our troops on either side of them.

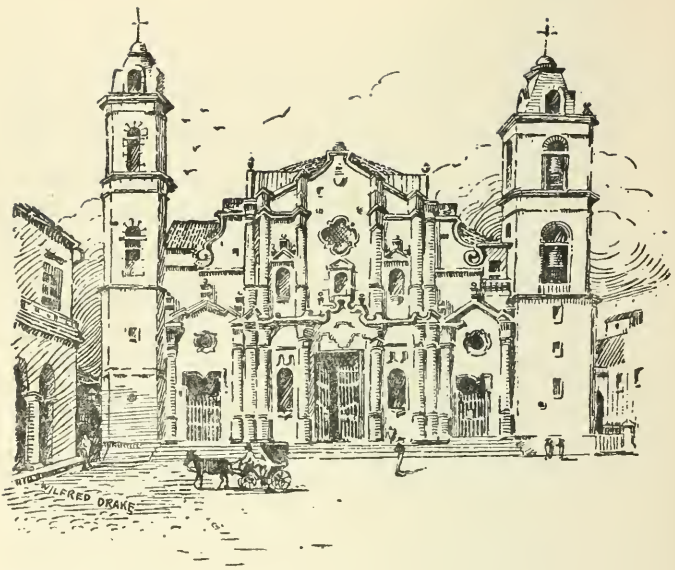
That fight finished the revolt. Only a few stragglers got away from between us, and they were speedily pursued, most of them being shot down on the road to Cettinje, the capital of Montenegro. By the roadside in the Cemetery there now stands a monument to the memory of the soldiers and

sailors who lost their lives in the work of stamping out the insurrection. I may here mention that though the natives are now settled down and presumably engaged in the peaceable pursuits of husbandry, the Austrian Empire still considers it worth while to keep the country strongly occupied by troops. The air in the neighbourhood of the Balkan States is remarkable for its bracing qualities and absence of repose.

After the campaign came our long yearned for furlough, now, for me at least, overshadowed by the unhappy prospect of making poor Bürger's family acquainted with the news of his death. On returning to service we received our war medals at the hands of no less a personage than the then Crown Princess Stephanie of Austria. I say "the *then* Crown Princess" because, as all the world knows, she was married seven years ago, with the Emperor's consent, to Count Lonay of Hungary, laying down her rank of Serene Highness and retiring to private life as Countess Lonay.

Presumably with a view to defraying some of the cost of the expedition, or perhaps with the idea that after our pleasant holiday we ought to be mulcted in fines, the Customs officials at Pola announced their intention of being more than usually strict in their inspection of our baggage.

As most of us had large collections of more or less dutiable articles, brought home from the cruise of the *Helgoland*, or pillaged from Cattaro, this announcement was anything but welcome, and all the more ingenious spirits set themselves to devise means of passing in their goods duty free. After two or three attempts at concealment about their persons and similar expedients, all of which failed lamentably, some of our choicest spirits hit upon the following plan. Enlisting the sympathies of some of the men before the mast, two boats were sent ashore, the first laden with the longest legged sprinters in the fleet, their kitbags filled with harmless if somewhat soiled linen. Immediately the bows of this boat touched shore, each man, grasping a kitbag, bolted at his best speed along the beach to the south of the town. Naturally the customs officers gave chase in a body, and whilst they were running down the flying sailors and searching their bags, the second boatful of cadets, laden to their eyes with dutiable articles, quietly disembarked and made the best of their way to an appointed meeting place in the town, where the spoils were shared and the panting and gleeful sailors rewarded.



CHAPTER VII.

Adieu to the Navy.—United States.—Hard times and the SS. *Wyoming*.—Farming.—Detective work.—Harder times than ever.—Luck turns.—The SS. *Orizaba* and the American mercantile marine.—Vera Cruz and yellow fever.—I leave the Ward line.

SEVEN years after Cattaro I wearied of the restraint of the naval service, and in 1888 retired after having obtained my hard earned naval commission. Next year I went to the United States and, falling on evil times in New York, shipped before the mast as quartermaster on an old tub

AMERICAN SKYSCRAPERS, NEW YORK.

of a passenger boat, the *Wyoming* by name, that traded between New York, Eastport, and St. John's, Newfoundland. She was an old bluff-bowed, wooden-built beast of a boat, worse found and more rotten even than the *Helgoland*, in which my maiden voyage was made. I spent sixteen months aboard her, and then concluded to stay ashore. For once, I proved myself no bad judge of a ship's qualities, for the very next voyage she put out from New York for Bar Harbour, Maine, and was never more heard of, being lost at sea with all hands. All the same, I had little to congratulate myself upon in my fortune ashore. Finding nothing to do in New York I left the city and went South to try my hand at farming, but little is taught of practical agriculture at sea, and I soon found myself outside the farm with a nice long tramp back to New York. Then I got a job on Pinkerton's staff, the great American private detective agency, which will show better than anything else into what straits I had got. I didn't like the work, of course ; in fact, I loathed it, and it is not surprising that I very soon had to look for another berth. This occurred just as winter was coming on—a New York winter ! I spent most of the next few months in Ishmaelitish warfare with saloon bar-tenders, who appeared to think that the amount

of beer I consumed—which I had to pay for—was not proportioned in adequate ratio to the bread and cheese, cold beef and sausage which I bolted over my lingering "schooner." The bread and cheese and etceteras were, of course, free to beer drinkers, as is the American custom, and however much prohibitionists and teetotalers may decry this habit of tempting men to drink with free lunches, I can only say that it is a custom that saved my life in the bitter winter of 1890-91. It didn't tempt me to drink much, either, that I can safely say. In the cheapest saloons beer cost five cents a glass. I did not frequent the dearest.

From time to time I called at the Austrian Consulate. Had it come absolutely to the worst, I could have got aid from our Consul, who was an old friend of my uncle. I managed, however, to hang it out till March, and then on calling one day found a most welcome remittance awaiting me from home. Better still, the Consul asked me if I cared to go to sea again. Did I care? Did I? I jumped at the chance, and after laying out the first of my remittance on the first square meal I had enjoyed for four months, spent most of what remained on a sea outfit, and joined the steamship *Orizaba* as assistant purser.

The Ward line of steamers, of which the *Orizaba*

NIAGARA.

CAPITOL, WASHINGTON.

WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON.

NIAGARA.

was one, sailed regularly in those days—and, for aught I know, still do sail—for the West Indies and the Gulf of Mexico, touching at Charlestown, Galveston, Key West, Havana, Matanzas, Santiago, Yucatan, Vera Cruz and New Orleans—all new ground to me. They were fine boats, well found and convenient and comfortable, but owing to the difficulty of getting decent seamen and firemen out of American ports their crews were the very scum of the earth. The high rates of pay offered by the United States Naval Authorities, together with the short terms of engagement under which their men-o'-war are manned, have the effect of sweeping all the smartest and most able seamen in American seaports into the U.S.A. navy. The remnant, from which shipmasters of the mercantile marine have to draw their crews, consist of the lowest and most incapable of their class, and accustomed though I was, and have always been, to knocking about and roughing it anyhow all over the world, I must confess that the *Orizaba's* crew came as a most unpleasant surprise. Scandinavians and Irishmen mostly—the worst of their respective nations in both cases,—and your really bad Norseman, Swede or Dane is as bad as—an American Fenian. I can't say worse for him than that. The mixture in the stokehold beggared description.

Greeks, Spaniards and Italians, Mexicans, Cuban Jews, and even half caste Indians from Guatemala and the other Central American States, all were there, and the engineers would as soon have thought of going on duty without revolvers as they would have exchanged their dungaree overalls for frock-coats and silk hats. An interesting mob they were, but insanitary to a degree, lead-poisoning—the cold lead sort—being endemic in their quarters.

It says much for the schooling of my previous winter that I was able to stand seven voyages on her, but eighteen months after I went aboard an incident which occurred at Vera Cruz set me free of her for all time, thank goodness! We had steamed into harbour and anchored in that most pestilential port when we were informed that yellow fever was rife in the town; that we were forbidden to land; or that, as an alternative, if we landed, we should not again be allowed to depart. The captain, however, was very anxious to get his papers clearing the ship for home ports, and so relying on the efficacy of palm oil with the officers whose duty it would be to detain us, resolved to send the purser and myself ashore for this purpose. Whilst we were having a friendly drink with the doctor of the port, we noticed in a café adjoining the hotel a party of English travellers

who seemed to be considerably discommoded with the state of quarantine that delayed them in the stricken town. We entered into conversation with them. They explained that their guide and conductor had died of the fever, and being ignorant of Spanish they were at their wits' end as to what they should do next. On learning that we were bound for New York they implored us to arrange to take them on board. The purser, an Irishman, said he would have nothing to do with it. However, after a few drinks he seemed more amenable to reason, and on the unlucky party promising to pay liberally for the accommodation, consented to go aboard and request the captain to lay to outside the harbour for a couple of hours after sunset. At their urgent entreaties I stayed with the English family, and at nightfall we got a shoreboat and were put off to the ship. The captain was furious with me, and I saw my connection with the Ward Line was over as soon as he was able to report me at the office. In the meantime—we were four days at sea—the people we had assisted, displeased at the Captain's churlish behaviour, did their best by kindness and unvarying courtesy to make up to me for the discomforts their arrival had put me to.

Two nights before our arrival in New York

we had an entertainment in the music-room, and afterwards, when having a nightcap with my new friends in the smoking-room, the senior of their party asked me if I knew any European languages. I told them I knew half a dozen, and was on nodding acquaintance with as many dialects. They then asked me if I would care to join their party in returning to Europe and conveying them all over the Continent, acting as interpreter, guide, philosopher and friend. I was to live with them in all respects as one of themselves, all my rail and other expenses would be paid, and I was offered remuneration in the shape of a regular salary to boot. I jumped at it, as may be well imagined when it is remembered what a crew the *Orizaba* carried, and moreover in what bad odour I was with the captain.

On our arrival at New York I took the wind out of his sails by handing him my resignation before he could send in his report, and after a short stay in New York, set sail for Liverpool with my strangely acquired friends.

CHAPTER VIII.

Liverpool, London, India.—Benares and the Ganges.—Cawnpore and its well.—Memories of the Mutiny.—Lucknow.—Delhi.—Kurrachi and Bombay.—Travelling light!—Home again.—An Irish pilgrimage.—Loretto and disaster.—Trials of a trip conductor.

With my newly acquired friends I set sail from New York to Liverpool, *en route* for London, intending to go thence to Paris, Berlin and Vienna. Being late in the season our boat was only comfortably filled with passengers, and the room at my disposal in the comfortable berth allotted to me, together with the courtesy, the cordiality and kindness I received from the rest of the party

made a delightful change after the cramped quarters, the detestable company and generally unpleasant surroundings on board the *Orizaba*. On reaching London, however, I found orders awaiting me to go direct to India, *via* Brindisi. Naturally I was sorry to part from my friends, but acceptance of these new instructions ensuring more permanent employment, I did not feel justified in declining the offer they conveyed, and within a week was settled comfortably in the Overland Mail bound for Brindisi. Embarking there on one of the excellent steamers of the P. & O.—another contrast to my American experiences of shipping—I was able to review in comfort some of the scenes of my earlier experiences of the Austrian navy. Port Said, Ismailia, Lake Timsah, Suez and Aden were all passed, just as brown, sundried, evil-smelling and dusty as they had been in past years when I visited them from the *Helgoland*, and then, after a long week of Indian Ocean summer cruising, we arrived at Calcutta, and I had to get into harness again.

The people I was conducting were bound for Kurrachi overland, visiting various Indian cities and other points of interest by the way. Our first stop was at the Holy City of Benares, sacred in the eyes of all the millions of Hindu inhabitants

of our Eastern Empire. Here we stayed some days, visiting the temples that abound in the narrow, crooked and filthy ways of the city, watching the fakirs, bairagis and holy men of their faith, and the thousands of pilgrims that yearly visit the "City of Shrines" for the purpose of bathing in the corruption-laden waters of Mother Gunga (the Ganges). Of all the swarming and pestilential cities of the East, Benares swarms thickest and smells worst; a fact due in part to the praiseworthy determination of the Indian Government to interfere as little as possible with native religious customs wherever those customs do not actually contravene the laws of the State, and in part to the obscenely dirty nature of many of those customs in the territories where Vishnu and Shiva are worshipped.

From priest-ridden Benares we travelled to Cawnpore, scene of the worst atrocities of the terrible year of Mutiny, enacted here under the eye of the unspeakable Nana Sahib himself. Here, as all the world knows, the 32nd Foot, now the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry,—were stationed, and here were their women and children massacred. The well into which their mangled bodies were thrown is now consecrated ground, surrounded by a Gothic architectural arcading, reminiscent

of the church architecture of the native land of those poor dead, and in the centre of the enclosed space stands the white marble statue of an angel, with wings closed to typify the peace in which they rest. All the town is full of memories of the devoted struggle of that little doomed body of Englishmen and Englishwomen, and even fifty years later tales of their heroism and self-sacrifice were everywhere narrated.

Lucknow came next with reminiscences almost as stirring, almost as pathetic, save for the slaying of the women and little ones, as those of Cawnpore the Damned. To-day it is much as it was then. The work of rulers and ruled goes on as uninterruptedly as it did in those dim years before the 'Fifty-Seven, only that outside the walls tourists and visitors are shown where stood the batteries of the relief force under Nikalsam Sahib, and within them, amongst other scenes, the names of which sound like trumpet calls to men of English blood, is shown the little room where the Scottish serving-maid, leaning over her wounded mistress, stood erect, hand to ear, at the first faint whisper in the distance of the Campbells' stirring pipes, telling the defenders that help was near, and that a few hours would grant them deliverance from the terrors of Death. How that help was delayed, how the besiegers of

the Residency, themselves besieged in turn, strove with might and main to effect an entrance before retribution came,—

> "Whilst ever aloft, on the topmost roof
> The banner of England flew—"

is an old story now, but there on the spot, peaceful though it be, it is difficult to remember that fifty years have come and gone since those stirring days, and that nearly all those brave hearts of defenders and relief beat no more, but rest in well earned peace.

From Lucknow we went to Delhi, once chief city of the Mogul Dynasty, and at the time of the Mutiny the residence of the old and decrepit King of Delhi, last of his race. With his passive consent it was, if not with his direct encouragement, that fire and sword broke loose. Maddened as were the avenging columns, his age and feebleness saved him from aught worse than deposition, and for the last few years of his life he was a pensioner on the bounty of the nation his subjects had so foully betrayed. His great palace within the colossal red stone walls is one of the sights of the city, and unarmed Western tourists walk through the halls where once the mighty Mogul sovereigns "gloried and drank deep."

Thence to Kurrachi, the busy seaport on the Delta of the mighty Indus, and thence again southward to Bombay. Here I had a substantial addition to my party. Sixty-two additional passengers on their way to Europe were to join us, disembarking at Trieste and proceeding overland for the last stages of their journey. On arrival at Bombay I at once called on the leader of the party, Colonel ———, whom I found sitting in his verandah amongst a pile of luggage, calmly reading a paper. He received me rather curtly and requested me to go with him to his Officers' mess to ascertain the exact number of his party. Forty of them were officers on furlough, the remaining twenty-two comprising some married ladies, soldier servants and native ditto. The ordinary arrangements were made without much difficulty, but when it came to the transfer of the gallant Colonel's baggage I admit I was staggered. I have in the course of my experience seen bridal parties fairly heavily loaded; (and some ladies on their honeymoons almost require a pantechnicon van to carry the array of dresses necessary for the due subjugation of the bridegroom,) I have also seen goods of large households in course of removal, but the amount of the Colonel's luggage was something altogether new to me. However, as I had been instructed

FRARI QUAY, VENICE.

THE LEANING TOWER, PISA.

to pay this officer particular attention, I refrained from expressing any opinion, and sent his nine Saratoga trunks, innumerable smaller kitbags and portmanteaux, two monkey cages, one parrot cage, one pet snake in a large tin box, one pet cat, one dog, and other small incidentals on board without making any demur.

It was Thursday when I arrived at Bombay, and as my party were leaving next day I had not much time to devote to the transport of the aforesaid menagerie, to say nothing of the largely enhanced number of the party now on my hands. None the less, I got all safely on board. It was eight o'clock in the morning when we arrived at Trieste about a fortnight later, and the through train for London left at 10 a.m. I was able to get the whole party on this train with the exception of the Colonel, but in his case the Customs Officer was inexorable, and the whole of his luggage and live-stock were detained for examination. When this was reported to him he said his belongings must come on to England with him by the ten o'clock train, and that he entirely refused to pay any charges in the matter, as I (according to him) had undertaken to frank his baggage through. In vain did I advise him to employ a local forwarding agent and have his possessions

sent after him. He refused in any way to meet the wishes of the Customs Officer or myself, and as a natural consequence had the pleasure of seeing his party depart without him. He afterwards sued my firm for the delay and expenses incurred; but, needless to say, he lost his case. I have often thought of him since; wondering whether there are many of his type in the commissioned ranks of the army. Probably he was in one of the columns which in the South African war were hunting De Wet, the fleet of foot, with pianos and mess furniture.

By a strange coincidence my very next journey let my employers in for another lawsuit. I had to conduct a large party of Irish pilgrims from Holyhead to Rome, meeting them on their disembarkation from the Irish mail boat and conducting them to Rome, Ancona,—for Loretto—and back again. There were four hundred and sixty of them: many of them had never been beyond the shores of the Emerald Isle before; and scarcely any of them spoke any tongue but their own. As may well be imagined, what with their inexperience of travelling, their tendency to stray, and their native volatile temperament, they kept me exceedingly busy. I was new to the business, and perhaps had less patience and tact than I have found it necessary

FLORENCE

ENGLISH TRAVELLERS IN THE FORUM, ROME.

THE FORUM OF TRAJAN, ROME.

to acquire since, and as a natural result the trip went wrong from the first.

We arrived at Rome in fairly good order; went through the prescribed visits to churches and basilicas that makes up the round the pilgrim sets forth to accomplish; kissed the toe of His Holiness—Leo XIII was Pope then—and made our way back to Ancona, our first stopping place on the homeward journey. Here came disaster: the lodgings that had been ordered by wire were not ready, there was no available substitute for them, and much of the baggage had gone astray. Had it not been for a priest there—a German—I do not know what would have become of us all. The good father came to our aid, begged and borrowed all the bedding available in the place, and aided me in bestowing the unhappy and angry pilgrims in verandahs throughout the town. The remainder of the baggage—all that had turned up—we placed under cover in the centre of an open space, the *gendarmeria* on duty being bribed to exercise special vigilance over it on our behalf. The bribe—which was accepted—was 50 lire, about two pounds; but it was evidently not enough to fulfil its purpose, for in the morning we discovered that either by the connivance or through the laziness of its guardians another large portion was

missing. The rest of that journey I scarcely like to recall. "Chaos" describes it! I only know that I started with four hundred and sixty pilgrims, plus baggage, and I re-delivered four hundred and sixty, minus baggage. And I didn't much care, by the time we arrived at Holyhead, whether I lost any or all of the four hundred and sixty as well.

It's a trying business at times, trip conducting. It seems to be expected of a conductor by those he shepherds that he should speak every language, know the history of every house, church, monument, lake, dale, river,—nay, of every individual inhabitant—of every country they visit, and that he should also be able to evade or overcome any obnoxious laws or regulations as to tickets, passports or customs duties. He must, in addition to these trifling accomplishments, be always at liberty for any dances, games or other pastimes that may be set on foot during the journey, and make all the necessary arrangements with railways and steamers, guides, customs officials,—aye, and doctors, too, if any be required,—as well.

I began my experience in the Holy Land many years ago with a party of Americans, chiefly University professors and clergymen, who took the keenest interest in the Biblical associations of the

country. I was new to the district, and to tell the truth, my knowledge of the various places of interest was not at that time so extensive as it might have been, but I imagined it would not do for me to admit this. All went well at first, because the members of my party were not accustomed to long rides on horseback, and were as a rule too tired to ask many questions. But as, after a time, my flock became more or less accustomed to the hard Syrian saddles and the amenities of camp life, they began to remember the object of their trip. One day we approached a hill of considerable size, surrounded by broken columns. One of the party rode up to me and asked what that place was?

"Oh," said I, "nothing of any importance. Some shepherd's shelter or something of that kind. Besides, we must really press on, as we are very much behind time."

The rest of the party had gone on, a good way ahead. My good Yankee, doubtful of my information (and small blame to him!) hunted up his guidebooks, in one of which he found a representation of the place we had just left, described as the ruins of the ancient Samaria!

"This is an object," he said, "that I wouldn't have missed for anything in the world. It is one of the things I came from America specially to

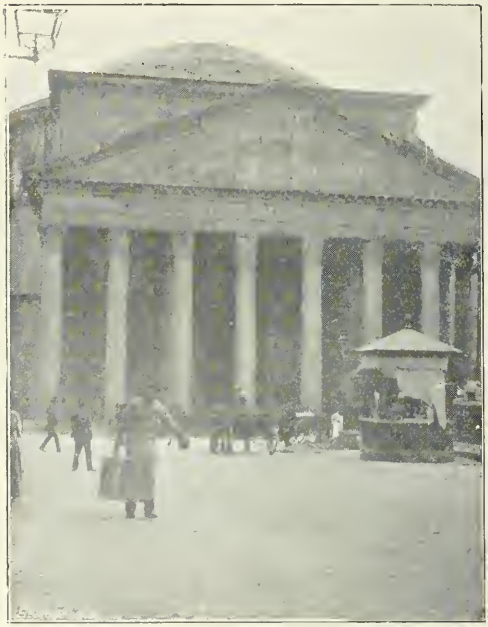
see." And that evening I had to hear some not particularly flattering criticisms of my qualifications as an organiser, philosopher and friend.

Retribution, however, quickly overtook my professor. Our next halt was at Nablous. Before leaving Jerusalem I had been warned of the fanaticism of the inhabitants of this town. We arrived at 7 p.m., the authorities of the town awarding us the local Mahommedan cemetery as our camping ground, this being considered good enough for infidels. In view of the unfriendly disposition of the inhabitants, we were warned not to stir beyond the cemetery. However, nothing daunted, my professor, in spite of my remonstrances, sallied forth with an expensive stand camera to take photographs in the village. He had not been gone twenty minutes when I espied on the top of the hill a huge assembly of native urchins, in the midst of whom was the American, covered with mud and defending himself, as best he could, with the stand of his camera. I at once went to his rescue, assisted by my Turkish guard, but not before he and his photographic apparatus had sustained considerable damage.

I once had another disagreeable experience at Tangier. We needed about a hundred and fifty transport animals—horses, mules, donkeys

VIEW OF BAALBEC.

TEMPLE OF THE SUN, BAALBEC.



FRONT OF THE PANTHEON, ROME.

CASTLE OF ST. ANGELO, ROME.

and camels—to convey a certain expedition from Port Marteen to Tetuan, and on applying to our agents at Tangier I was disgusted to find that they had ordered the animals in Tetuan instead of on the spot. Moreover, it was impressed upon me that only a *personal* application at Tetuan would avail to get them delivered at Port Marteen in time for our use. There are no means of communication between Tangier and Tetuan, not even a road or bridle path, and it was already half-past two in the afternoon,—the animals being needed on the following day! So there was no time to lose. I ordered my mount to meet me in the square in front of the Kasbah in half an hour's time, packed some brandy and sandwiches, and prepared to start. On arriving at the Kasbah I was informed that I should not be allowed to undertake the ride by myself, but that a Moorish soldier would accompany me as guide—of course at my own expense. The route being unknown to me, this at first seemed a convenient arrangement; but when the soldier was produced, I confess I was less certain that I desired his company. That he was old, short and thin went for little. He seemed stupid, too; was undoubtedly sulky, and, above all, was the most ragged, hangdog-looking ruffian I ever beheld! To do him justice, he seemed no better pleased

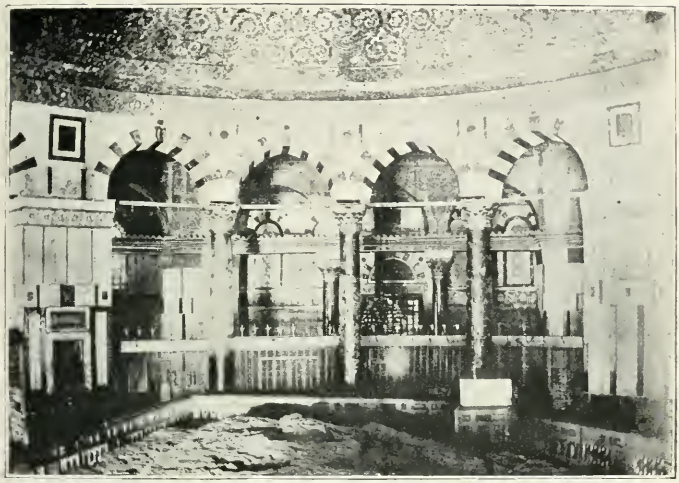
to accompany me than I was to have him. By way of starting some sort of conversation at the outset of the journey I asked him if he knew the road to Tetuan, and was it a good one ?

" There is no road at all," he growled, " and consequently I need not know it. And as there is no road it can be neither good nor bad." On the whole he seemed likely to prove cheering company !

He was armed with a huge ancient muzzle-loader and had a knife in his belt. For myself I had a six-chambered Colt, a fact which I impressed on him at the outset of the journey, and also added for his information that it was my desire that he should ride in front of me, and attend strictly to the business of finding the way.

We started at about four o'clock. The heat was tropical, a cloudless and magnificently blue sky exposing us mercilessly to the broiling sun. However, I had the satisfaction of being able to look forward to the cool of the night, as, the moon being full, we should be riding till dawn.

The first mishap that occurred was the loss of my parcel of refreshments, which unfortunately I only discovered when it was too late to turn back to search for them. About nine p.m. my genial companion lost his way. We were then at the foot of a steep and high hill in bare and absolutely



HOLY STONE IN MOSQUE OF OMAR, JERUSALEM.

IN THE ARAB QUARTER, CONSTANTINE, ALGERIA.

deserted country. Seeing that the guide had lost his bearings, I ordered him to skirt this hill, which he had proposed to ascend, and climb a considerably higher one which lay a few miles off. From its summit our way seemed clear. On our left was the beautiful Mediterranean, lying like silver beneath the glory of African moonlight, and in the distance were the white buildings of Tetuan. We descended the hill, and at about midnight, observing a small hamlet by the way, I made for it in the hope that I might be able to obtain some refreshments there. For some reason or other the guide did his best to prevent my reaching the place. He explained to me that it would be very dangerous to rouse the inmates, and, on my persisting, flatly refused to accompany me. I did not understand his object, but concluded that he as a native ought to know better than I, and so remounted and accompanied him upon our way.

About half an hour later the light most unaccountably began to fail. I was watching the ground and helping my mount to pick his way amongst the boulders and narrow watercourses that covered the hillside everywhere, and so at first was quite at a loss as to what to make of it. When I came to the conclusion that something was wrong, I looked up at the sky, to find that

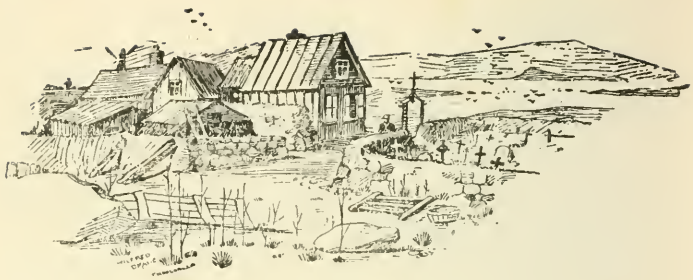
three parts of the full moon had become dull copper, enclosed only by a thin crescent of light. We had chosen for our journey a night when a total eclipse was due !

I was annoyed. It meant an hour's delay—no man could travel over that rough ground in absolute darkness—so I dismounted and called the guide to me to explain that we must wait. When he approached I struck a match and looked into his face, only to find it transfigured with fear and horror ! I began to try to tell him there was nothing to be afraid of, when suddenly, without any warning, he jumped on his mount and I heard him galloping *ventre-a-terre*, helter skelter down the steep side of the hill in the darkness. And that was the last I saw of my brave guide !

My own position was now anything but an enviable one. Hungry, thirsty, tired, my mount done up, and I alone in this inhospitable wilderness, with my own way to find to Tetuan. And dark ? Pitch blackness is a poor description. However, I knew the darkness could not last long, so patiently awaited the reappearance of the moon, making the most of the opportunity to give the horse a rest. As the light gathered I pushed on, and at 5 a.m. reached the gate of Tetuan. It was locked ; but, anxious to obtain an entry, I

hammered and kicked at the door, only to be refused admittance till the hour at which the gates were usually opened. All my pleadings were of no avail, so there was nothing to do but to lie down outside the gate and go to sleep. There was no need to tie up my horse: the poor beast went asleep where he stood.

All's well that ends well. In due course I was allowed to enter the town, and was fortunate enough to secure all the animals and send them down to the coast in good time for the arrival of the expedition. But I was a wreck when I got back to the ship.

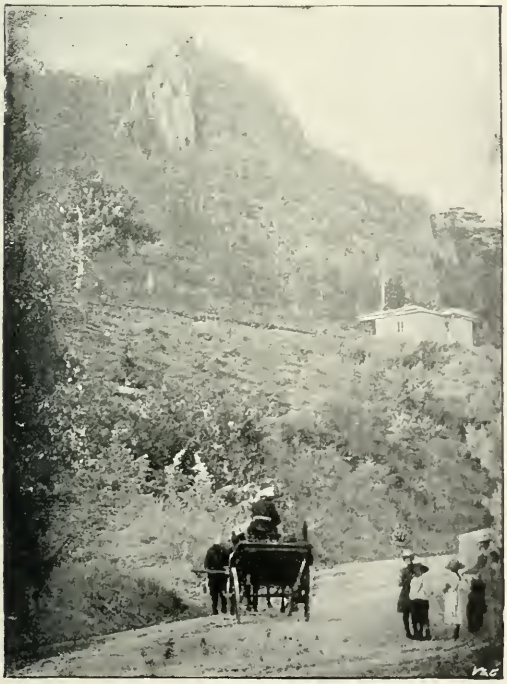


CHAPTER IX.

The S.Y. *St. Sunniva*.—Iceland.—Reykjavik.—Honesty of the inhabitants.—Thingvellir and the Logberg.—Bruara foss and the Geyser field.—Round the British Isles.

About two years after my first Irish pilgrimage to Rome—years spent in travelling all over the continent to Italy, Austria, France, Germany and Belgium, and even as far afield as Greece and the Balkan States—I went for a more than usually interesting cruise around the British Isles and to Norway and Iceland. The S.Y. *St. Sunniva*, Captain Angus, had been chartered by my then employers, and the secretariat of the cruise was entrusted to me. After the usual visits to the Norwegian fjords, we set sail westwards, and from the North Cape reached Reykjavik in four days—a remarkably good passage. The town, a starved-looking collection of timber and corrugated iron

THE ERECTHEUM, ATHENS.



ON THE ROAD FROM YALTA.

huts, some of those on the outskirts being roofed with turf on which the native thick-fleeced sheep graze, only boasts of two hotels, the Hotel Island and the Hotel Reykjavik. The squarely-built uninteresting-looking cathedral fronting the square wooden-railed grass plot whereon stands Thorwaldsen's statue, together with the Salvation army barracks, the Bank, and the governor's house, are the only buildings in the place with any pretences to be entitled anything better than hovels, unless two or three warehouses for the storage of dried fish are excepted. The low lying shores, with wooden groins here and there, serve as quays, and the anchorage is studded with flat shingly islets on which the eider ducks nest, small wooden huts for the shelter of their guardians being erected on some of them. The down being a staple and valuable article of export, the penal laws of Iceland are severe upon any offender who disturbs the nests or steals eggs or young.

The islanders, however, are as honest as they are stupid. Their gaol has been empty for years, and one single policeman is found sufficient for the whole country, which has approximately an area equal to that of England and Scotland together—the whole of Great Britain.

The country is bare and bleak in the extreme,

and it is difficult to reconcile the impression its glacier-capped uplands, its bare depressing stretches of snowy lava, its marshes and boglands, give the visitor, with the inhabitants' boast that "Island hinn e besta land sem solinn skinnar uppa." (Iceland is the best land the sun doth shine upon.)

The principal attraction it possesses for the tourist is of course its marvellous volcanic character. The great volcano of Hekla is still active, its smoke-crowned summit being visible for many miles in clear weather, and the whole island is of ancient volcanic formation. Even at Reykjavik there are hot springs, turned to economic account by being enclosed in public washhouses, and it is to the steam emanating from them that the town owes its name, Reykjavik means Smoky Bay; the Icelandic "reyk," our Scottish "reek" and the German "Rauch" all being words derived from one common root.

But the *clou* of the whole volcanic exhibition is the Geyser-field near Haukadal, two days' journey inland from Reykjavik. Taking ponies thence we stayed the first night at Thingvellir, distributing our party as best we were able between the manse of the hamlet and the Hotel Valholl. The view as one approaches Thingvellir lake is wondrously striking. After passing over the Mosfells-heithi

the path turns sharply downwards through a cleft in the cliffs that surround the green marshlands around the water. This cleft is known as the "Almannajia," or "Allmens Cleft," as through it in olden times the duly appointed members of the "Thing," or Council, with their retainers, approached the valley where their meetings were held. Looking from here across the valley, a similar cleft, the "Hrafnajia" (meaning Raven's Cleft) is seen facing the opposite direction. The path across the valley and around the head of the lake leads from the one mighty cleft to the other, passing through the steadings of Thingvellir on its way. Over and behind the Hrafnajia are the bare and bleak uplands that must be traversed before the Geyser-field is reached, and beyond them again in serried snowy grandeur rise the peaks of Snaefells Jökul, sloping to the southward to mighty Hekla herself. Close to Thingvellir is the Logberg (= Law rock) on which the "Thing" once was wont to meet in solemn conclave. From a little distance it appears to be simply a grassy knoll but very slightly elevated above the surface of the surrounding ground, and only on nearing it is its truly remarkable character made manifest. A deep volcanic cleft detaches it from the rocks around, only a narrow neck of rock allowing of passage to and

from its precincts. Deep in the bowels of the cleft some stray shaft of light here and there reveals glimpses of still water far below, but for the most part the bottom of the narrow ravine is lost in gloom. Here on this rock sat in olden times the ancient lawmakers of the isle, in plain sight and hearing of the inhabitants assembled around, and yet as safely separated from an unarmed throng as though sitting in the strongest walled council chamber. Near by is a flat grassy island or holm, on which such cases as would not yield to arbitration were decided by trial of combat, a custom which gave the name of "holmgang" to all such methods of decision.

Leaving Thingvellir, with its strange and interesting associations, on the following morning we climbed through the Hrafnajia and over the Langdalsheithi, descending to the awkward passage of the Bruarafoss. Here the Bruara river, after spreading itself widely in rivulets and stickles over flat rocky ground, re-assembles its waters to plunge into a narrow ravine in the hillside, and it is at the head of this ravine that the bridge is placed. The approaches to it on either side lie through a swirling torrent, racing over an irregular and rocky bottom, and the bridge itself, besides being but a flimsy structure of wood, is also under

water when the Bruara is in spate. All crossed without mishap on this occasion, fortunately, pack ponies and all, and a comparatively easy ride brought us to Haukadal and the Geyser-field.

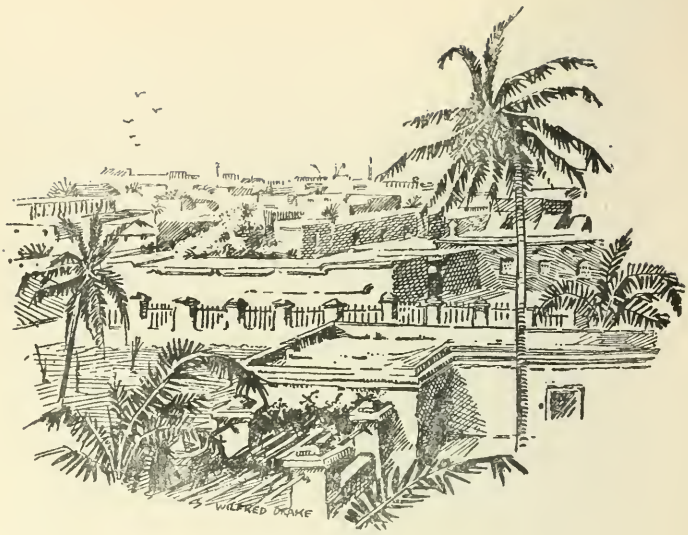
Nothing can describe the dreary wonder of the barren waste. A great sweep of mud and poor earth slopes from the foot of the hills to the shallow valleys that convey the drainings of the Geysers to the sea. The mud is particoloured, blackish grey for the most part, but here and there diversified by lime deposits or broken with the green of the rich lush grasses that thrive at sufferance between the springs, encouraged by the warmth and moisture. Over the whole expanse lie the circular basins of the Geysers, steam rising from them in clouds, their craters gurgling and muttering sulkily, as though imprisoned souls in sulphurous torment strove to escape through their orifices, or sending jets of water high in air, sometimes clear, sometimes muddy, but always scalding hot and wrapt in wreaths of steam. The largest of them, *The* Geyser *par excellence*, has been of late years almost dormant. The hot water lips the brim of her great basin, sixty-four feet across, and pulses, rising and falling an inch or so at a time, just as water on the verge of boiling behaves all the world over. Now and again an eruption takes place, and after

such an occurrence the basin is restless for days, but the intervals between periods of activity tend to become longer and longer, and eruptions rarer and rarer.

Next in size is "Strokr," or The Churn, so called from the height to which his deposits have risen above the edge of the rim of his basin. Strokr erupts more frequently than his greater neighbour, though he, too, is less active than of yore. The natives attribute this to the artificial eruptions produced for the benefit of visitors by emptying turf in barrow loads into the ten-foot-wide basin. The turves, sinking to the narrow bottom, choke the orifice; and shortly afterwards Strokr, not unnaturally indignant at such treatment, mutters angrily, and then with one mighty belch of boiling muddy water, many feet high, ejects the obstacle. But, "Strokr is getting tired," the inhabitants assert, and natural eruptions are rarer, artificial ones feebler than heretofore. Perhaps this is so, but perhaps also volcanic activity is becoming less all over the island. Besides Geyser and Strokr there are many hundreds of smaller geysers, varying in size from five or six feet in diameter down to tiny orifices no bigger than the bore of a lead pencil, that bubble and spit angrily at the passing visitor. A stick thrust into a smoking sandbank will produce

others readily; little spurts of mud, of muddy water, or sulphur-smelling steam answering to the affront. Anything so unutterably dreary as that bare wilderness with its smoking, evil-smelling, muttering pits I have nowhere met with in my experience.

From Reykjavik the *St. Sunniva* returned to the Western Hebrides. Columba, with its ancient ruins and memories of St. Patrick's evangelizing mission to the savage Picts; Iona, Staffa and its basaltic caves, at the northern end of the columnar formation which, diving beneath the Atlantic, re-emerges at the Giants' Causeway,—all were visited. From the Hebrides we put in at Douglas, Isle of Man, returning to Hull to pay off. On the whole, it was one of the most interesting trips I remember.



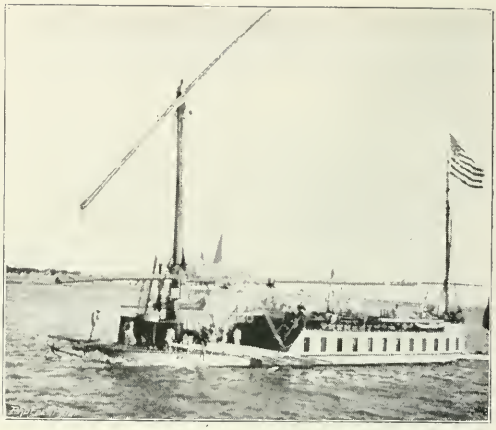
CHAPTER X.

Egypt.—London and the Standard Oil Trust.—Egypt.—Egypt again.—The Omdurman prisoners.—My unwarrantable impertinence.—The S.Y. *Argonaut*.—A West Indian cruise.—Awful St. Pierre.—The West Indies as a pleasure resort.

Two months after the Iceland voyage I was ordered to Alexandria and placed in charge of my employers' office there. Most of my time not occupied in receiving tourists on their first landing in Egypt was spent between Alexandria and the head office at Cairo. About the middle of the following year, imagining I had an inclination at last to "settle down," I returned to London. I had, some few years before, had the good fortune in Florence to make the acquaintance of Mr. Louis D. Clark,

STATUE OF RAMESES, SAKKARA.

CAIRO, FROM THE CITADEL.



A NILE DAHABEIAH.

GYASSAS ON THE NILE.

Mr. Rockefeller's private secretary, an acquaintance which, begun in an hour of sickness in an hotel in Florence in which Mr. Clark was staying, had in the course of years developed into a genuine feeling of friendship. He had some time before made me an offer of a post in the London offices of the Standard Oil Trust whenever I decided to relinquish my unsettled state of life, and, growing weary of Egypt in the dull season, I decided to make the change. I soon tired of office work, however, and in the course of a few months threw up the position, and after a visit to Austria, returned to Egypt. I was in Cairo when Omdurman fell; amongst the consequences of which stirring victory was the, to me, important one of opening up a large new tract of visitable country, and thus adding considerably to my work. Before when I had been in Egypt tourists could go no further up the Nile than Assouan and, later, Wady Halfa; but now the conquered districts were being opened up by the new railway and my work was redoubled.

It was at this time that I drew down on my devoted head the wrath of a certain section of the English press. Whilst in Cairo I had been brought into contact with most of the released Khartoum prisoners, amongst them being my compatriot, Charles Neufeld, author of "A Prisoner of the

Khaleefa," and one Giuseppe Cuzzi, whose acquaintance I happened to have made some years before. The poor fellow had been trading in Berber at the time of the fall of Khartoum and Gordon's death, and shortly before that tragic event had received from General Gordon himself a letter authorising him to act in the place of the British Agent at Berber and instructing him to keep telegraphic and other communication open as long as he dared. Here is the letter:—

"Berber,
"the 13th of February, 1884.

"Dear Sir,—I herewith beg you to act here as my personal agent, and also as sole agent of Her Majesty the Queen. I beg that you will telegraph to His Excellency the Plenipotentiary Minister all that you think would be of use to His Excellency, and that you will keep me informed of all that is going on in Berber.—I have the honour to be, dear sir, your obedient servant,

"(Signed) C. Gordon."

Acting upon these instructions Cuzzi did his best to establish and sustain uninterrupted daily telegraphic and postal communication both with Gordon at Khartoum and with their Excellencies

ON THE NILE.

Photo by FELLAHIN WOMEN. *W. Holdsworth Lunn, Esq.*

PYRAMIDS OF SAKKARA.

Baring and Nubar Pasha at Cairo. To show that his efforts were appreciated, Colonel Stewart wrote him :—

"We have received your letters. Mr. Pawer begs of you to send him his letters. Do all you can to send news. We thank you very much for all the pains you are taking, and that you have taken, and I hope you will see us in better places where we can speak quietly of the affairs in the Soudan."

On the 19th of March Cuzzi telegraphed to Baring as follows :—

"Osman Digna has decided to close the only retreat that remains, the way *via* Korosko. If this is done thousands and thousands of people will be massacred, and it is indispensable that you should send at once soldiers to protect the retreat."

20*th of March.*—"I have great fears for Gordon and Colonel Stewart and for all the rest that are at Khartoum. The situation is most serious. It is absolutely necessary to provide instantly."

21*st of March.*—"The situation in Khartoum is critical. You must not wait a single instant. You must send soldiers by way of Korosko, whence you can guarantee the retreat of thousands of persons."

March 22*nd.*—"As it seems, Khartoum is

surrounded. The situation is very critical. It is necessary to provide, and quickly."

March 23rd.—" Khartoum is surrounded. The situation is growing graver. Provide."

March 24th.—" The communication with Khartoum is broken. Very much is feared for his Excellency Gordon, for Colonel Stewart, and for all Europeans that find themselves there."

March 25th.—" Khartoum is completely blockaded. I repeat that very much is feared for his Excellency Gordon and for Stewart."

March 25th.—" It is indispensable that his Excellency should give me an immediate reply if there is any hope that English troops are coming. Without English troops the road from Assouan to Berber will never be opened. Your Excellency finally says that English troops will never come to the Soudan. Do you not consider that there are thousands and thousands of people to save, all of whom will be massacred if the troops do not come to open the way to Khartoum ? If you decide to do so now, there is still time. England evidently does not know that Gordon, Stewart, and Pawer are in Khartoum surrounded by rebels, and that they may be killed at any moment. Is it possible that this is not thought of ? I beg your Excellency to communicate my present telegram

to the House of Lords, who may think fit to interfere. I assure your Excellency that I shall remain at my post until the end."

April 1st, 1884.—"If I expressed myself in my telegram yesterday a little too rashly, it is because I would like to see the English Army respected, and because I greatly fear for the safety of his Excellency Gordon, Stewart, and Pawer, and desire that they should not face the same end as many of ours have already done."

April 3rd.—"To-morrow at noon an express will leave here to take to Khartoum all letters for General Gordon that arrive on Tuesday by post, and also the letters that arrive to-morrow from Cairo for General Gordon. If your Excellency should have an important telegram for Gordon please transmit it the first thing in the morning. The situation is anything but better; it is getting worse from day to day."

April 7th, 1884.—"The situation is no better yet. The troops at Sebaloca have been drafted to Shendy, but this is a very long way from the rebels."

"No news from Khartoum. The telegraphic communication from here to Scendi is still interrupted. It is greatly feared that the road *via* Korosko is closed by the rebels."

April 9th.—"Yesterday at 4 p.m. a telegram

arrived here from General Gordon brought by an Arab. Khartoum is still surrounded by the rebels."

April 10*th*.—"The situation is no better yet, but worse. The communications with Khartoum are still broken."

April 12*th*.—"Yesterday evening I received a telegram from your Excellency asking me to take a copy of all the telegrams that have been sent to General Gordon after the 10th of March and send them again to Khartoum, so that General Gordon may receive them in case, perhaps, the first telegrams sent had been lost. When I received your telegram the copies were already made, and to-night, towards evening, an express will leave for Khartoum."

April 12*th*.—"The situation grows continually more critical. Communications with Shendy and Khartoum are still broken. An express left to-day to take the telegrams to General Gordon."

"General Gordon has ordered that henceforward only telegrams and official letters shall be sent daily."

April 13*th*.—"A confederate barge with twenty cases of ammunition, accompanied by ten soldiers from the detachment now at Shendy, has been taken by the rebels."

"The situation grows more and more serious,

and I fear very much that the rebels are cutting the route *via* Korosko."

April 14*th*.—"The situation is growing worse and worse. At Shendy grains, ammunition and money has been given out."

April 15*th*.—"The situation in the Soudan is absolutely desperate, if English troops do not arrive at the earliest possible moment. Khartoum is completely blockaded, and for fifteen days now we have had no news of any sort. Only two of the expresses that I sent from here succeeded in arriving safely there. The others have been taken by the rebels."

"Kordofan is taken. The White and the Blue Nile are occupied by a strong force of rebels."

"There is no time to lose, and you must really send troops at once to save General Gordon, Stewart and Pawer, and thousands and thousands of persons who will, if you do not send troops, have to face the same fate as General Ichs (Hicks Pasha) and his troops in Kordofan. It is impossible for Europe to coolly look on at this prospective carnage. No! Civilised Europe can really not stand inactive, and ought at once to interfere. Will your Excellency please excuse me if my expressions are strong, but this is the simple truth, and I should think that I failed in my duties if I expressed myself otherwise."

On April 17th Colonel Stewart wrote him as follows :—

"General Gordon has telegraphed to his Excellency Baring that you are under his orders, and it is he who must give you the order to leave, but if you are in danger, depart, and you will find in Cairo what the Government owes you."

Cuzzi immediately telegraphed to Cairo :—

"*April* 17*th*, 1884.—An express arrives here from Khartoum, bringing telegrams from General Gordon, which, according to my instructions, must be immediately transmitted to your Excellency. According to the instructions I had from General Gordon I am for the present moment under your orders."

No orders came from Baring, and Cuzzi, though conscious that Berber was daily in danger of being taken, was averse to deserting his post without definite instructions from headquarters to do so.

On April 18th he telegraphed :—

"It is now certain that the telegraph from here to Korosko will be broken very shortly. The villages and settlements three hours from here to Khartoum have been deserted."

April 19*th*.—"I received your telegram for General Gordon, which will be sent on to-morrow,

and I await your further orders.—English Consul Agent (signed) Cuzzi."

"*April 20th*, 1884.

"Your Excellency did not choose to listen to my words, and now the situation is absolutely desperate. An incredible panic reigns in the village here, and all the Arab merchants are hard at work taking their goods, their valuables, and their merchandise to the river. All the Greeks that are here will depart in two days, for Korosko. The situation is so grave that I have decided that even my wife with my little daughter of six months should withdraw to Assouan and stay with Ussen Pasha Kalffa. It is very likely that Berber also where I am stationed now will in a few days be in the hands of the rebels; but I, true to the duties of the post assigned to me by General Gordon, will remain at my post. I await your immediate orders. British Consul Agent.

"(Signed) Cuzzi."

Daring too long, he was taken prisoner by Osman Digna at Rubatub on May 1st and sent to Khartoum, where he lingered in captivity for twelve long years. During that period he had been compelled to take a native wife—his own had died of smallpox on the very day of his capture, and his second wife also died after giving birth to a daugh-

ter. On his release by the forces under Kitchener he returned to Cairo, broken by privations and captivity, and unable even to earn his own humble living or to support his child. He had sent in a claim for compensation against the British Government before we met, and pitying the hardness of his lot, I ventured, with his permission, to give a *resumé* of his case in the pages of "Travel," quoting from the letter from Gordon to himself and from others passed through his hands in the course of his duties as British Agent in Berber.

Then I got it, hot! The newspapers above alluded to fell on my harmless little article, tooth and nail. I was an intriguing scoundrel, masquerading under the name of Professor Max Müller: I was endeavouring to turn Cuzzi's case to my own account, and last and worst, *I was trying to teach the British Government its own business!!*

And all this because of my poor little article in "Travel." So much for trying to interest the readers of that magazine.

Shortly after this I joined the S.Y. *Argonaut*, Captain Robert Roach, F.R.G.S., in which I have since voyaged many thousands of miles. It was aboard the *Argonaut* that I renewed my acquaintance with volcanoes: a meeting in this case, alas,

IN THE BALTIC CANAL.

S.Y. "ARGONAUT" OFF TAORMINA, SICILY.

infinitely more terrifying to me than anything I had seen in Iceland.

We sailed from Barry Dock, near Cardiff, towards the end of November, 1902, for a cruise to the West Indies, calling at Fayal (Azores) *en route*. Mr. Connop Perowne, son of the Right Reverend the Bishop of Worcester, was cruise conductor, and I had the pleasure of acting as cruise secretary under him. The cruise was organised by the Co-operative Cruising Co. Ltd., and was an unparalleled venture in yachting enterprises, the distance covered having, as far as I know, never been equalled on board any similarly chartered vessel.

Out from Fayal our next port of call was Nassau, New Providence, in the Bahamas, eleven days sail. Thence we went to Havana, Cuba, in those days under Spanish rule—a rule then approaching its end. In Havana Harbour we lay beneath the frowning fortifications of the Morro Castle, the wrecked United States warship *Maine* close alongside of us. The explosion which wrecked her had already sounded the last knell of Spanish supremacy in the New World. After a few days in Havana, during which time we coaled with what is surely the worst and dearest coal known, we went on to Cienfuegos. In the excellent harbour here

we met with the S.S. *Topaze*, the imprisonment of whose captain and crew and the hauling down of whose flag by the Venezuelans, only a few days before our meeting, led eventually to the demolition of the forts at Puerto Caballo by the English and German gunboats. She—the *Topaze*—was then loading for Liverpool, and the captain, taken prisoner a second time by his enthusiastic compatriots, was brought aboard the *Argonaut* and regaled royally.

Port Antonio, on the northern side of Jamaica, was the next place visited, the exquisitely beautiful harbour, surrounded by hills covered to their crests with luxuriant vegetation, with the towering summits of the Blue Mountains occasionally breaking through the lofty clouds above and beyond, being the first sight of really tropical scenery to many on board. From Port Antonio we went round the island to Port Royal and Kingston, and there spent Christmas Day. Next came Basseterre, the capital of St. Kitts, where the passengers were entertained by the American Consul and his wife at a garden party; then St. John's, Antigua, where the stone built Cathedral is lined with wood as a precaution against falling stones during earthquakes; then to Roseau, Dominica, and thence sailed for Martinique.

RIVER SCENE NEAR KINGSTON.

ROSEAU (DOMINICA).

After putting in at Port de France to obtain a Government permit to land at St. Pierre, the *Argonaut* turned and slowly steamed back to the ruined town. Soon the newly-formed cone over the crater of Mont Pelée came in sight, and as the coast slid past the first signs of the volcano's devastations began to appear. At first the tropical verdure was as dense and green as it had been in Dominica, and little villages with church spires nestled in every cove. Then, as we neared Mont Pelée, its gray dust-covered sides rising higher and higher above the green slopes in front, the trees on the crest of the foot hills were seen to be charred and leafless, though the grass beneath their withered branches was as green as ever.

Next came a little bay where roofless houses stood amidst the stricken vegetation; and then, steering around a point that projected into the sea, St. Pierre suddenly lay before us, a picture of desolation and death.

The nearer portion of the city lay under a hill, which perhaps had somewhat sheltered it from the full blast of the eruption, for though all the houses were roofless, the walls of some of them stood as high as the first floor. As the ground became more open, the walls stood no higher than a man's shoulders, and on the side of the city nearest the

volcano were lost altogether, hidden beneath a sea of grey and desolate ash. The iron bridge over the river at the extremity of the town was still standing, its girders and rails twisted and corroded with the heat, and twisted, bent and rusty iron girders, stanchions and supports littered the wrecked masonry and *debris* of the town buildings. Half-buried cannon, once used as mooring posts and bollards still projected from the ground along the deserted foreshore, but little altered by the fiery blast that had obliterated the doomed town. All along the ruined quays the cracked and crumbling stonework still held in place mighty iron rings, formerly used by the crews of sailing vessels for making fast their warps and hawsers. Amongst the *debris* of buildings flanking and littering the spaces that once were streets were scattered everywhere scraps of clothing, charred by fire, bleached by weather, and alternating and mingled with these unhappy *disjecta membra* of the former population, everywhere lay their bones, bones, bones! The place was one vast charnel house.

Little of the traditional ideas of awful grandeur or grimness hung about this place of dreadful death. For all the horror of the city's destruction the only impression it gave the onlooker was one of untidiness. Torn clothes, dried bones, broken

REMAINS OF THE CONVENT (ST. PIERRE).

AN ERUPTION OF MONT PELEE, WITNESSED BY THE AUTHOR.

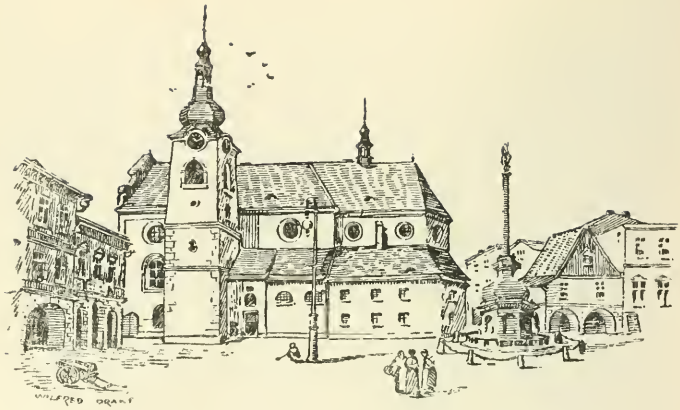
bottles and household implements, lay all about the ruins, sinking its tragic associations in the litter of a waste rubbish-heap. All that was left of human remains was charred and torn, bleached and shattered and scattered until no human semblance remained; and the whole of the remnants of the tragedy lay beneath clear and fine summer weather. From the slopes of the mountain faint wreaths of steam rose towards the sky, the prevalent land breeze blowing it seawards. Heaped scavengers' refuse beneath a blue tropical sky; a few wisps of steam vaguely clothing a desolate hill; and that was St. Pierre as we saw it, seven months after the eruption that destroyed it.

Gens-d'-armes accompanied us everywhere ashore, warning us at our peril not to cross the bridge over the river Blanche, now white no longer, but muddy and turbid, almost choked with refuse and scoriae. That this warning was needed the accompanying photograph clearly shows. It is a small snap-shot, taken by one of our party, of a blast of ashes and sulphur from the still active sides of the hill. We visited the gaol where the sole survivor of the town had been imprisoned. He was a negro, condemned to death for murder! Strange irony of Fate, that of all the thirty thousand of inhabitants the only one to survive the eruption

had been, the day before, the only one of all those thousands *sure* of death. The very buoy we tied up to in the roadstead was that to which the S.S. *Roddam* had been moored, and from which she fought her way seawards from the sudden hell of fire. The flesh was peeling from the faces and hands of the devoted men on deck and on her bridge, and only the engineers, shut down below in the engine room and stokehold, were able to breathe air that did not fill the nostrils and mouth with red hot dust. Strange inversion of circumstance that only in facing the raging furnaces was it cool enough to live ! The hands of the quartermaster at the wheel left masses of roasted flesh sticking to the spokes when he relinquished them !

Of course all our passengers went memento hunting, bringing all descriptions of rubbish aboard with them when they re-embarked. Some had banknotes of the Bank of France, they having discovered amongst the wreckage of the Bank premises a bundle with only the exterior notes and the edges of the inner ones showing any marks of fire. Another had a bottle of absinthe from a ruined cabaret, still corked, and with its contents unspoilt. I was so fortunate as to discover a very handsome statuette of marble which I brought home with me, and which is now in Sheffield.

Bidding farewell to St. Pierre we returned to Port de France, thence shaping our course for the adjoining island of St. Lucia. From Castries, the chief town of the island, we visited the sulphur springs of Soufriere, the village that takes its name from their near proximity. The presence of volcanic action here indicates some sympathy with the series of seismic phenomena that are observable throughout the whole island group. From St. Lucia we went by way of the Dragon's Mouth, one of the beautiful narrow straits lying between Trinidad and the Venezuelan coast, to Port of Spain, and from here, after a visit to the bituminous lake at La Brea, the *Argonaut* set sail for Europe, touching at Funchal for a couple of days on the way. We arrived at Gibraltar on the 24th of January, and on the 26th, sixty days after leaving Barry Dock, the *Argonaut* came to an anchor at Marseilles, her eleven thousand miles of cruise at an end.



CHAPTER XI.

Cruises on the *Argonaut*.—St. Petersburg and Nijni Novgorod.—Cycling through Europe.—Our unpopularity at Cettinje.—Crimea.—The Caucasus and Teheran.—Old friends at Vladikavkas.—"East, West, Home's best."—Old schoolfellows at Zwittau.—Farewell.

I HAVE many memories linked up with the S.Y. *Argonaut*. It was in her that I went to Kronstadt and St. Petersburg in 1899, leaving the yacht at that place and journeying on to Moscow and Nijni-Novgorod, opening new ground for touring, ground that now unfortunately has been closed again, owing to the state of social disquiet in Russia. From Nijni-Novgorod I returned to

VIEW OF THE YEZERA, CROATIA.

ST. PETERSBURG FROM THE SEA.

NEVSKI PROSPECT.

Kronstadt and thence home. I met her again at Marseilles in the early days of the South African war, after a trip considerably more uncomfortable, if also more interesting than the above.

Together with Mr. Connop Perowne, whose name has already been mentioned as being aboard the *Argonaut* on our West Indian trip, I crossed to Flushing for a long cycling jaunt through Europe. We parted there and made an appointment to meet at Trieste, after cycling thither by entirely different routes. We were within forty-eight hours of the time appointed for meeting, which I venture to think constitutes a record, considering the varying conditions and different countries through which each route led. From Trieste we rode to Rovigno and down the Adriatic seaboard to Pola, through scenes familiar to me of old. From Pola we went to Zara, from Zara to Sebenico and Metkovic, getting deeper and deeper into the Mahommedan country that I remembered alight with rebellion at every kilometer of the way. At Metkovic we parted company again, Mr. Perowne going inland to visit Mostar and the battlefield of Sarajevo, whilst I took the easier coast road to Ragusa. Here again we met by appointment, and this time, after eighty miles of riding through unknown country, managed to

keep the appointment only two hours late ! From Ragusa we went to Castelnuovo and Cattaro, the whole of the way full of memories for me, and from Cattaro to Cettinje, passing on the road the memorial erected to my dead comrades killed at the battle of Risano.

At Cettinje we made ourselves a little unpopular. An attempt to snapshot the reigning prince perhaps had given rise to the idea that we were dangerous visitors. So back to Cattaro went we, Mr. Perowne leaving me there for England. The urgent call for more mounted men had come from South Africa, and he went back to join the Imperial Yeomanry, proceeding with them immediately to the front. I rode to Antivari in Dalmatia, then, getting tired of riding alone—we were probably the first cyclists ever seen in the country, and shying horses and stampeding cattle were daily incidents—I took a small coasting vessel for Ancona, and thence to Marseilles, where I once more joined the *Argonaut*.

This again was a most interesting trip. The quarters were rough to a degree at every stopping place, and milk and rice were our daily food ; moreover, we both fell ill at different stages of the journey ; Mr. Perowne at Kleck, where we feared he had dysentery, and I at Ragusa. Something had poisoned me slightly, or perhaps I had over-

heated myself riding. At all events, a red rash came out all over me, and feeling about as sick as I could, I assumed I had contracted smallpox. Fortunately the case proved otherwise, and a couple of days' rest put me on my legs,—or rather, on my wheels—again.

One needs a knowledge of half the tongues in Europe to make oneself understood in these districts. As we were shoving our machines up a hill in Istria, on the road to Pola, we met a harvester on tramp. I spoke to him first in German, then in Italian, and then in a Sclavonic patois that is commonly spoken in the south of Austria. He could not understand any one of them alone, and yet he spoke a mixture of all three! I asked him what he called this mixture he did speak, and he said, "Why do we want a name for our language? It is not necessary. It is simply the tongue our mothers taught us, and we do not want to know any other." Here is a sample of his "simple tongue." "Ja san (Sclavonic) da St. Pietro (Italian) gledam (Sclavonic) Arbeit (German). Bilo san (Sclavonic again) quatuordici giorni (more Italian) am weg. (German)." The whole precious jumble means, "I am from St. Peters and am looking for work. Have been fourteen days on the road."

After another autumn cruise to the Crimea,

Yalta, Sevastopol, Inkerman, Balaclava and all the other usual points of interest in the peninsula, I left the yacht for an overland journey through the Caucasus to Persia. Wearisome in the extreme the longer part of the journey was to me. Twenty-eight days of it were spent in the train, travelling with the accoutrement of mattress and samovar deemed indispensable in Asiatic Russia and on the Persian frontier. Past Erivan and Mt. Ararat the Trans-Caspian railway runs to Baku on the shores of the Caspian Sea, and from Baku, leaving the train, I went overland to Teheran. On the return journey, after passing again through Baku, I reached Vladikavkas by way of Petrovsk, on the banks of the Caspian. Here—at Vladikavkas —I met with a curious reminder of home, one of the principal ornaments of the common room of the inn at which I stayed being a photograph of *Messrs. Edward Lunn, J. Foster Frazer, and Francis Lowe,* taken on the occasion of their passing through the town when on *their celebrated cycling trip around the world.*

From Vladikavkas I returned right across Russia to Nijni-Novgorod and to Kronstadt, there to join the *Argonaut* again, almost immediately going round the coast of Europe to the Crimea again, and thence back to Cairo. To give an idea

CAMEL CARAVAN ENTERING SMYRNA.

BACTRIAN CAMEL AND DRIVER.

AT THE GLACIER, C.P. RAILWAY.

VIEW OF MOUNT HOOD OREGON.

of the comforts of Russian travelling I may say that on boarding the *Argonaut* at Kronstadt I had to burn half my clothes and fumigate the rest!

Since then I have been yearly over and over the same ground, from the North Cape to Cairo, and from the Caucasus to Finisterre, "per mare, per terram." Sometimes there have been variations. Once I spent three months with an archæological expedition in Yucatan, Central America. The results of our investigations and excavations were important to antiquaries, but as they are hardly likely to be of interest to the average reader, I will make no further mention of them here. Once, too, I departed from the usual routes so far as to revisit Sierra Leone and the Gold Coast; but, in truth, after having travelled three times round the world,—I was almost forgetting to mention that I have been to China and Japan each twice, to say nothing of touching three times at Colombo—such a trip as that seems only an unimportant event.

But, in truth, "East. West. Home's best," and though England has now been Home to me for many years I confess I think at times of dear little Zwittau, nestling amongst the valleys of the Moravian Plateau. I revisited the place a year or two ago, and a very pleasant visit it was. I

met four of my old schoolfellows daily during my stay, and as an instance of patriarchal simplicity I do not think I can do better than tell the state of social affairs between them. One of them had taken the degree of Doctor of Law since our school-days together. He was a man of means, and another old schoolfellow of ours was his gardener. Another, the owner of a cotton mill, had also prospered, and yet another old schoolfellow was a book-keeper in his employ. Now, in the evenings, work once done, the mill closed, the horses stabled, these four old cronies were wont to meet together at the same *Wirtschaft*, and there, evening after evening, sitting at the same table, drinking together, addressing each other by their Christian names and the familiar "thou," employer and employed laid by their respective ranks for the while, and met upon equal social footing. Very pleasant to me, these meetings, as may well be imagined, with their Fritz and Max and Carl, and their reminiscences of old days at school together.

And yet—I don't know—perhaps I should weary of it in time. Vagabond blood is restless after a while, and perhaps the spring and autumn fret would send me off again to "fresh fields and pastures new."

And now I must bid farewell to the reader,

trusting that the reading of these few reminiscences may not have proved an unduly heavy task, and that I have not trespassed too far upon either time or patience. In truth, this business of reminiscence tends to become prolix, one memory engendering another, one name recalling another, until perhaps the reader's mind, unaided by remembrance of old journeyings, rough or smooth, begins to tire before the writer's pen has told the half his tale.

HOR'S JOURNEYINGS.

PLACES VISITED.

CHART OF THE WORLD SHOWING SOME OF THE AUTHOR'S JOURNEYINGS.

LINES AND NAMES IN RED INDICATE ROUTES TAKEN AND PLACES VISITED.