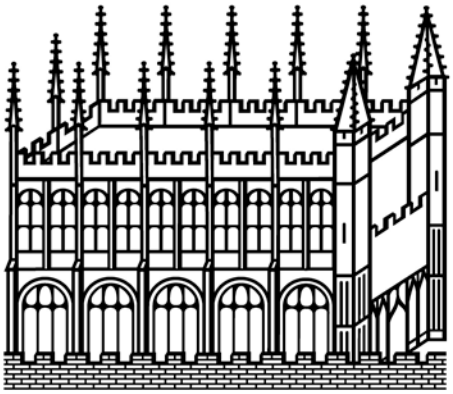
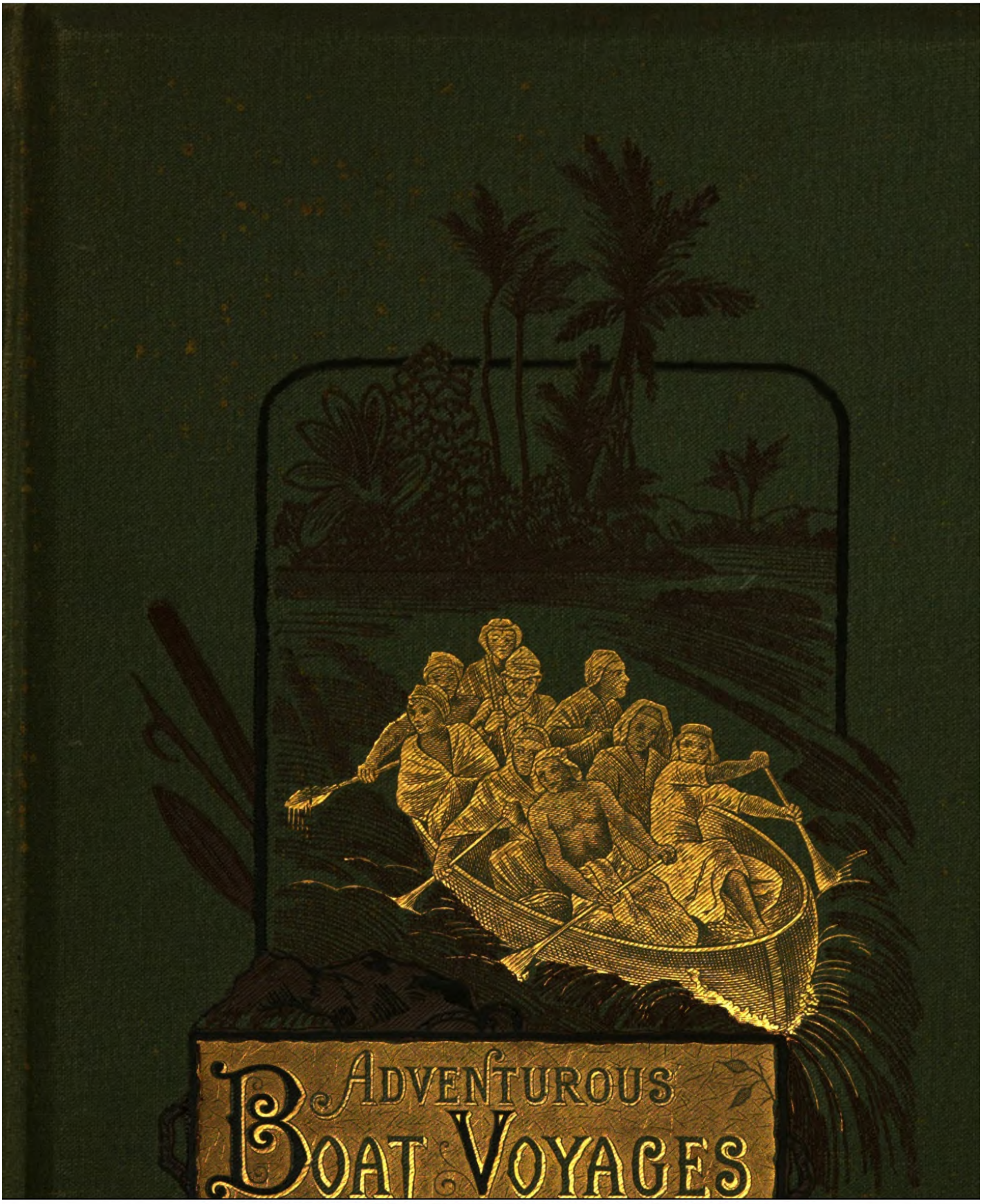
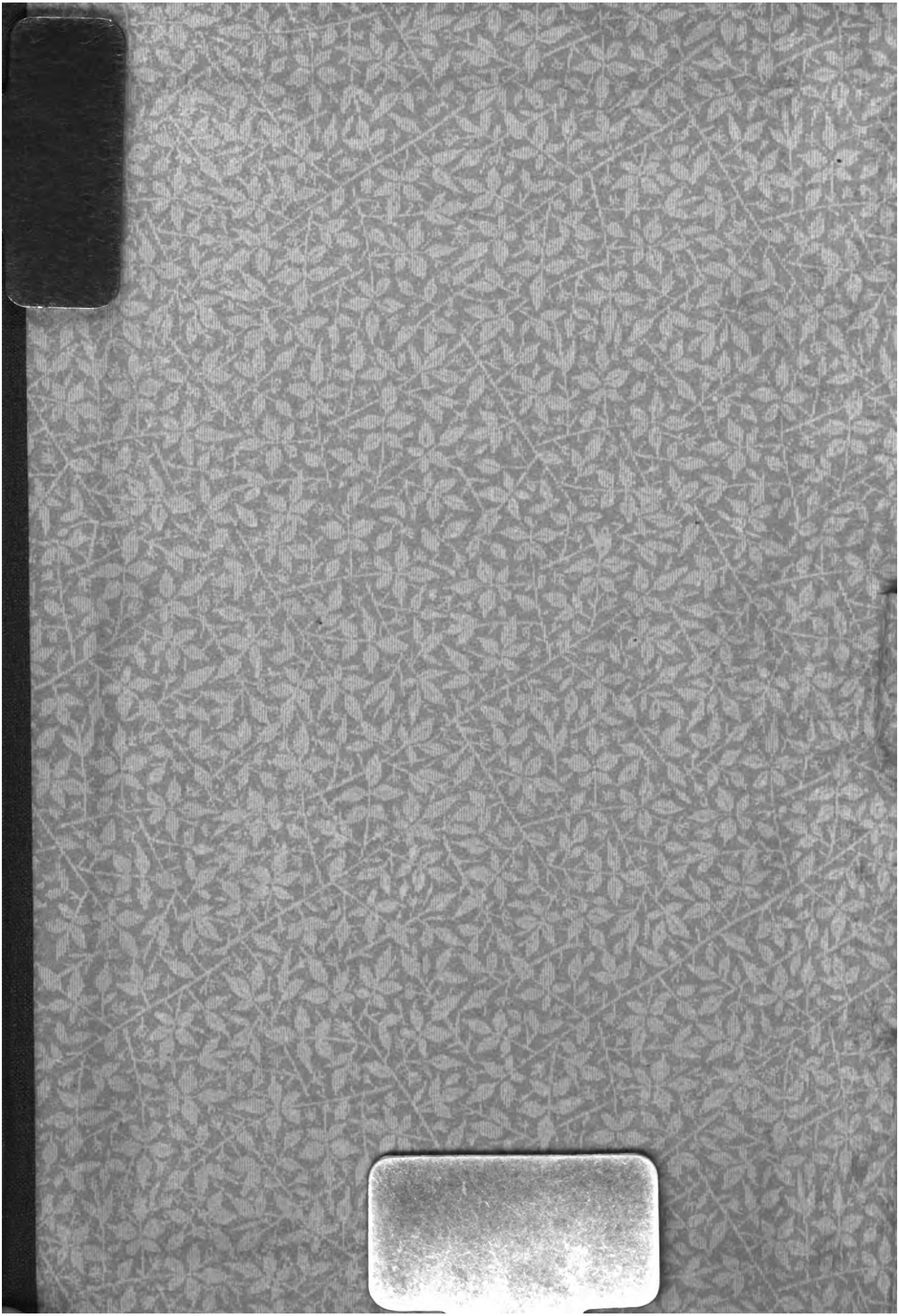
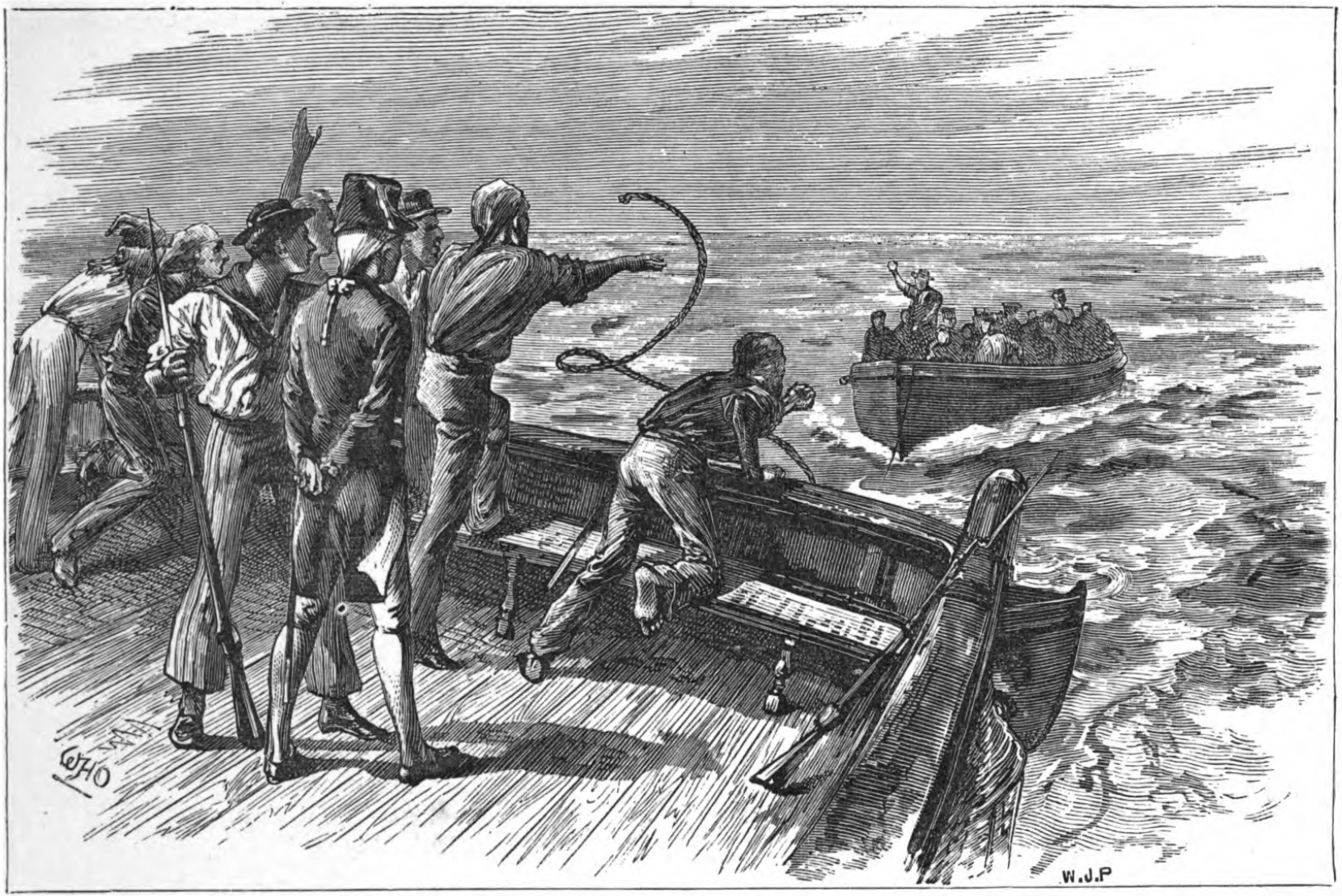




Adventurous Boat Voyages





LIEUTENANT BLIGH AND HIS COMPANIONS CAST ADRIFT.

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ADVENTUROUS BOAT VOYAGES.

BY

ROBERT RICHARDSON,

AUTHOR OF "RALPH'S YEAR IN RUSSIA," "ALMOST A HERO."
ETC. ETC.

WITH EIGHTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS.

London:
T. NELSON AND SONS, PATERNOSTER ROW.
EDINBURGH; AND NEW YORK.

1884.

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Introduction.

WHAT boy has not at some time of his life delighted in boats? Does not the true-born British infant reveal the sea-loving instinct, the maritime bias innate in the race, when he launches in a pail of water his first tiny skiff, constructed, it may be, out of a wooden match-box, with a paper sail; or later, when the school-boy trusts the gaily-painted little craft, purchased out of the savings of many weeks, to the placid waters of the village pond, or to the more uncertain waves of old ocean itself? What boy has not attempted, with more or less success, to fashion with his own hand a boat of some sort? How many a brave jack-knife has there not been broken in the endeavour to hollow out the little craft? How lucky the boy considers himself who has some sailor friend who will teach him to fashion out of a block of pine-wood a little vessel that shall ride the waters like a thing of life, and be to him a thing of joy and of beauty, until riper years bring wider views and larger ambitions! Few of us but have some recollections of boating adventures in our boyhood. As the boy approaches his teens the mimic boat no longer satisfies his maritime instinct. He longs to have personal contact with ships and sailors, and to become in some degree a navigator. The village lad embarks in a tub on the turbid

or sedgy waters of the mill-dam, or on the swifter current of the stream that flows by his native hills. The boy born in a sea-port town is yet more strongly stirred by the sea-roving impulse within him. It frequently becomes a passion; and it may be fairly said that there are few lads born within sound of the sea but have nourished the hope of one day becoming sailors, and to whom the crown of ambition and happiness is to become the captain of one of the rakish clippers that anchor in his native port. The lad born in the sea-coast town, does he not spend all his half-holidays on the wharfs among the shipping, making the acquaintance of sailors and boatmen, helping sometimes even in the ship's work, amply rewarded if he be allowed to have the free run of the decks, or if he get an occasional row in one of the ship's boats? Then at last, perhaps, he will be the happy possessor of a boat of his own, and spend his Saturday afternoons, when free from school or from office, on the waters of his native bay, exploring its winding coast, until he knows by heart every beach and rock, inlet, creek, and headland. Yea, there are thousands of men in England whose present recollections of boyhood and of the most notable adventures of youth are connected with boats and boating; of glorious summer afternoons, with cloudless skies and soft breezes, spent on harbour, loch, or river; or of threatening night-falls off rock-bound coasts, when a sudden wind had sprung up, and the little skiff was driven fast through the tumbling foam-capped waters before a blackening nor'-easter, and the stars were quenched in darkness, and the harbour lights glimmered faint and far.

It will probably ever be the case that English boys, dwelling in an island home, will take a special interest in everything connected with the sea, both in boats and in ships, as well as in adventurous deeds done by sailors. The nature of an English man or boy must radically change

before he will cease to delight in tales of adventure by land and flood. Nor is there any good reason why it should be otherwise. Courage, endurance, patience, strength under hardship and difficulty are great and good gifts of God, invaluable to the possessor, and of unquestionable benefit to mankind when used with wisdom and judgment, and in a good cause. These are the chief qualities which stimulate men to deeds of daring and enterprise, and which sustain them in the face of privation, of peril, and even of death.

It is the purpose of this book to tell some of the stories of notable adventure in connection with boat voyages; to present to the reader in the space of a single volume what can otherwise only be found in many. The reader who is not already acquainted with the stories which we shall relate, might have neither the time nor the inclination necessary to read them through the books which contain them. He might not care, for instance, if he did not read them at the time of publication, to go through Mr. Stanley's two bulky volumes, descriptive of the cruise of the *Lady Alice*, full of thrilling interest as they are. But he might easily have both the time and the wish to read a summary of Mr. Stanley's travels which should be at once rapid and detailed enough to be characteristic and interesting—not so brief as to be bald, and robbed of none of those incidents that give life and movement and colour to the original narrative.

If we shall have succeeded in presenting such versions of the several stories which we have chosen for illustration, we shall be content. If the reader rests satisfied with these rapid summaries of famous stories of voyage and adventure, he may have derived from our book not only entertainment, but some little measure of instruction and benefit. If, on the other hand, the perusal of this book should tempt him

to seek the original sources whence our narratives are derived, then we feel little hesitation in saying that we shall have conferred on him a real benefit; for he will thus find laid out for him a course of reading for winter evenings as full of information as of human sympathy and absorbing interest.

ADVENTUROUS BOAT VOYAGES.

I.

Lieutenant Bligh's Famous Voyage in an Open Boat.

"Alone, alone, all all alone,
Alone on a wide wide sea."—COLERIDGE.

OF all sea romances, whether in fact or fiction, there is hardly any more romantic than the story of the mutiny of the *Bounty*. There is, it is true, much that is tragic in the story; but that does not prevent its being also wonderfully picturesque. The tale has been often told; but as long as English readers take an interest in what is adventurous and romantic, which will probably be as long as the English nation endures, it will be told afresh to each successive generation.

In the year 1787 the ship *Bounty*, of a little more than two hundred tons burden, commanded by Lieu-

tenant Bligh, sailed from England for the West Indies. The object of the voyage was to introduce the bread-fruit tree into the West India Islands for the benefit of the inhabitants, the expedition being under Government auspices. The crew of the *Bounty* comprised forty-six men in all—captain, officers, and seamen.

After encountering much adverse weather, and putting in at various ports, the vessel was steered for the Cape of Good Hope, the captain deeming it impossible in such tempestuous weather to reach the Society Islands, whither the ship was to proceed for a supply of bread-fruit. After a stay of thirty-eight days at the Cape, the *Bounty* again set sail, and reached Van Dieman's Land on August 20, 1788. On the 26th October the ship arrived at Otaheite.

At Otaheite—for ever memorable in connection with the veteran voyager Captain Cook—the crew of the *Bounty* had most pleasant intercourse with the natives, whom Lieutenant Bligh describes in terms of high praise. They showed themselves extremely kind-hearted and amiable, united and happy in their domestic life, and sincere and hospitable in their dealings with strangers.

After shipping a sufficient quantity of bread-plants, the *Bounty* steered for the Friendly Islands. On the 28th of April, 1788, when near the island of Tofoa, an occurrence took place which, according to his own account, took Lieutenant Bligh completely by surprise.

We will give in brief his statement of the matter, appending a few words of comment based on the testimony of other actors in the drama.

On the morning of the 28th, while Lieutenant Bligh was asleep in his cabin, he was roused from his slumber by a party of the ship's crew headed by Fletcher Christian, the master's mate. The captain was seized, and his hands being tied behind him, he was taken on deck. He at once perceived that his crew had mutinied. A boat was lowered, and Lieutenant Bligh placed in it, together with eighteen of the crew. It was in vain, Bligh writes in his journal, that he asked the mutineers the reason of their conduct; in vain that he protested against it: he was answered only with oaths and threats. Some meat, bread, a little rum and wine, some clothes, four cutlasses, and a few other articles, were placed in the boat, and Bligh and his companions were ordered to shove off from the ship, and were thus cast adrift on the wide ocean.

Such in brief is Lieutenant Bligh's own account of the mutiny. In his published narrative, he declares that up to this point the voyage had proceeded in the most prosperous and satisfactory manner; that he had never given his crew the least cause for their conduct; and that with Fletcher Christian, in particular, he had always been on the friendliest terms. He attributes the mutiny to a desire on the part of the mutineers

to return to Otaheite, in order that they might lead there a life of ease, free from all labour and trouble, on a fair and fruitful island, whose people would be obedient to their will, and where nature would administer to their every want and pleasure.

Here we must consider for a moment the testimony of other witnesses, which goes to prove beyond all doubt that Lieutenant Bligh by no means gave a full and exact account of the matter. Bligh possessed not a few of the qualities of a good seaman and a good officer. He was active and energetic, punctual in the performance of his duties, a master of navigation, and unquestionably brave and determined. But the irritability and heat of his temper to a great extent unfitted him for any position of uncontrolled command; and it is to his grave defects of temper chiefly that the mutiny of his crew must be attributed.

Notwithstanding Bligh's declaration that his mind was entirely free from suspicion of disaffection among his men, it is probable that the seeds of rebellion were sown between himself and some of his officers at an early stage of the voyage. His chief officers, on the whole, do not appear to have been efficient seamen; but Bligh's treatment of them was imperious and harsh in the extreme. Fletcher Christian, however, the master's mate, was a man possessed of much cleverness and sagacity, though combined with an eager temper that could ill brook restraint or blame. Between Bligh and

Christian quarrels were frequent; and the final result was that the latter resolved on instigating the crew to mutiny. Lieutenant Bligh believed, or said that he believed, that the mutiny was the outcome of a secret and deep-laid plot among a number of the men; but the balance of evidence is in favour of the supposition that the conspiracy originated solely with Christian, and that even he only conceived the plot very shortly before putting it into execution. Nor is Lieutenant Bligh's idea that the motive of the mutineers was a desire to return to Otaheite a probable one; for, if so, why should they have allowed the ship to leave the island three hundred miles behind before carrying out their scheme? That their thoughts should turn upon the fair and pleasant island after the committal of the conspiracy was quite natural. Reviewing the whole evidence—as we have here done only in brief—the conclusion which an impartial reader arrives at is, that the disaffection of the crew of the *Bounty*, and their final mutiny, arose from the unwarrantably harsh treatment of a number of the men by their captain. Nevertheless, we do not wish to imply that this was sufficient to justify the deed.

We now turn to Lieutenant Bligh and his companions adrift in their boat on the open sea; it is with their fortunes and fate that this narrative is chiefly concerned. It needs no aid of descriptive colouring to impress the reader with the critical position of

Bligh and his men. A simple statement of the facts is enough. The weight of the nineteen men brought the launch so low in the water that she seemed incapable of resisting even a moderate swell. The whole of the provisions consisted of one hundred and fifty pounds of bread, sixteen two-pound pieces of pork, six quarts of rum, six bottles of wine, and twenty-eight gallons of water.

It has been stated that on the morning of the mutiny the *Bounty* was near to the island of Tofoa. Lieutenant Bligh therefore steered for it, for the purpose of securing, if possible, a supply of bread-fruit and water. All that could be obtained in the shape of food, however, were a few cocoa-nuts. During the search for bread-fruit the natives gathered in great numbers on the beach, and began to make threatening demonstrations. The boat was, therefore, forced to put to sea again; and, while doing so, one poor fellow, John Norton, quarter-master, who was engaged in casting off the stern-rope, was seized by the angry natives, carried off, and stoned to death. His comrades were unable to render any assistance, for, at the same moment, they were attacked with a hail of stones, and all more or less injured.

Bligh was now besought by his men to steer a homeward course. He replied that the only chance of safety lay in making for Timor, one of the Sunda Islands, which was upwards of twelve hundred leagues

away. At the same time, he told them that the daily allowance of food and drink which each man could have would be an ounce of bread and a quarter of a pint of water. They received this announcement cheerfully enough, and seemed to view their position with a greater degree of hopefulness, Bligh declares, than did he himself, probably because they were less fully alive to its perils. The comparative cheerfulness of his men eased their commander's mind somewhat of its anxiety and heavy sense of responsibility.

It was on the 2nd of May that the boat left Tofoa. On the 3rd the wind increased till it blew a severe gale. The sea broke over the boat's stern, necessitating constant baling on the part of the men. They were now obliged to lighten the boat as much as possible by throwing overboard all clothes except such as were absolutely required, together with some ropes and sails. A quarter of a bread-fruit and a teaspoonful of rum were served out to each man for dinner. The night passed in extreme cold and fatigue, the men being wet to the skin.

By the morning of the 5th the storm had ceased. On examination of the bread, it was found to be so much damaged by the water that it was almost rotten. Nevertheless, it was carefully preserved. The boat was now close to some islands, but the reception met with at Tofoa forbade the navigators landing. The men were painfully cramped by the narrow dimensions of

the boat, which prevented them moving their limbs with anything like freedom. Thus, when they lay down at night, cold and wet, after being asleep for a short time their limbs became so stiff that they could scarcely move them.

On the 7th the boat approached some rocky islands, and presently two large canoes put out in pursuit, but soon abandoned the chase. Bligh supposed this land to be a part of the Fiji Islands. At this time he was no more than able to write in a book a record of the day's events. A welcome addition was made to the supply of water on this day, a heavy rain having come on, and the men having succeeded in catching some water. The rain, however, caused the night to be spent in great wretchedness, the cold shiverings experienced by all being extreme.

On the 8th each man's allowance consisted of an ounce and a half of pork, an ounce of bread, half a pint of cocoa-nut milk, and a teaspoonful of rum. Small as the quantity of spirits was, it was found to be of great benefit. Bligh endeavoured to the utmost of his power to keep the minds of his men from dwelling on the forlornness of their situation. He talked to them, devised schemes for keeping their minds occupied, and described what he knew about New Guinea and Australia, so that in the event of anything happening to him they might have some idea of their whereabouts.

The 9th was signalized by a thunder-storm with lightning. More water was secured, and a sleepless and miserable night passed. The storm lasted throughout the 10th, nor had the weather much improved on the following day. The situation of the navigators was now one of great peril, as the sea continually broke over the stern of the boat.

The morning of the 12th found Bligh and his men in pitiable case—worn out from sleeplessness, famishing with hunger, stiff from cramp, and some suffering from internal pains. The relief afforded the men by their teaspoonful of rum had now also to be denied them by their commander, from motives of economy, a deprivation that was severely felt by one and all.

On the day and night of the 15th heavy rain fell. Not a ray of light was to be seen to assist the steering, which was therefore, in the absence of a compass, very uncertain. On the 17th the men begged their commander for an additional allowance of food, which he was obliged firmly to refuse. On nights which were more than usually distressing Lieutenant Bligh generally served out two tea-spoonfuls of rum per man, and he states in his journal the joy with which this extra allowance was always hailed.

All that Lieutenant Bligh had to guide him in his steering were the wind and waves. His object was to make the coast of New Holland, as Australia was

then usually called. On the 18th the rain, which had lasted for so many days, ceased, and Bligh advised his men to take off their clothes, and wring them —which resulted in their feeling much refreshed and warmer on putting them on again. Unfortunately the rain began again at night, and continued throughout the two following days, sometimes falling in a perfect deluge.

On the morning of the 21st some of the men appeared to be half dead from hunger, sleeplessness, fatigue, and pain. But the sun breaking out at noon, the reviving effect of its warmth upon them was wonderful.

The stormy weather moderated on the 24th, just in time, according to Bligh's belief; for had they passed a few more nights such as the past three, he states that several of the men would probably have succumbed. The party had now bread sufficient to last for twenty-nine days, according to their daily rate of consumption. In twenty-nine days Bligh calculated that they should reach Timor; but in order to be prepared for any delays that might happen, the commander resolved so to proportion the allowance as to make it last for six weeks. He feared that this proposal would be badly received by his comrades; but, to his relief, they cheerfully agreed to it. Their supper was accordingly discontinued.

On the 25th, some noddies* flying near the boat,

* A noddy is a bird of about the size of a pigeon.

one of them was caught. The bird was divided into eighteen portions and distributed. On the evening of the same day several boobies were caught. This bird is about the size of a duck. The blood was given to such of the men as were suffering most from weakness, and on the flesh the rest made quite a good supper. Again on the following day another booby was captured; so that Bligh says, "Providence appeared to be relieving our wants in the most extraordinary manner." Their spirits were greatly cheered by these additions to their daily fare.

The weather had now become calm, but the sun was so hot that the distresses of the unfortunate navigators only altered in form, for they now suffered greatly from languor and faintness. Two more boobies and several flying-fish were caught, however, which raised their spirits somewhat. Moreover, Lieutenant Bligh could now assure them, from the appearance of the clouds, that they were not far from land.

On the 28th the party landed on the east coast of New Holland. In the midst of the general joy at reaching land, the worn and fainting castaways did not forget to render thanks to the Almighty for bringing them alive through their many and sore distresses. Food in plenty was found on the shore, there being an abundance of oysters on the rocks. The men complained chiefly of giddiness, extreme weak-

ness of the joints, and "violent *tenesmus*." But no one seemed seriously ill, and all retained a degree of strength greater than could have been expected. Oysters and the young shoots of palm-trees made into a sort of stew formed an excellent meal; and in the course of a couple of days Lieutenant Bligh beheld with joy a manifest improvement in the condition of his comrades, the result of rest and a more generous fare.

Bligh resolved to put to sea again on the 30th. As large a supply of oysters and as much water as the boat could carry were got on board, and the navigators again put off. As they were embarking, a number of armed savages made their appearance on the shore, but no communication was held with them.

On the 31st the boat landed at a small island, to which Bligh gave the name of "Sunday Island." A part of the crew were sent to seek for food. At this stage a sign of discontent and mutiny for the first time manifested itself among them. Murmurings were heard by the commander; and at length one man—the carpenter—with an insolent look told Lieutenant Bligh that he was as good a man as he. At this critical juncture Bligh's action was prompt and determined. Arming himself with a cutlass, he told the rebel to take another and prepare to defend himself. The man was at once cowed, asked for par-

don, and harmony and obedience were restored among the party.

Oysters, clams, and dog-fish were procured on Sunday Island, together with a small bean in considerable quantities. All still suffered from various complaints, Nelson the botanist in particular becoming very ill.

After passing several islands and rounding Cape York, the most northerly point of Australia, the navigators were once again upon the open ocean. Bligh now steered west-south-west. They had been six days on the coast of Australia, and there can be little doubt that the oysters, clams, and water obtained there were the means of preserving the boat's crew alive.

On the 5th of June they succeeded in catching another booby, the blood of which was again given to those who were weakest. These were Mr. Ledward, the surgeon, and Lawrence Lebogue, an old seaman, both of whom showed symptoms of rapidly sinking.

On the 10th a distressing night was passed, and in the morning a marked change for the worse was apparent in the condition of the castaways. Great weakness, swollen limbs, a death-like colour, extreme drowsiness, and mental debility—all these signs seemed to presage the melancholy end. Ledward and Lebogue were especially low, a few teaspoonfuls of wine, kept for them alone, being the only thing which seemed to keep

alive within them the feeble spark of life. It is sufficient proof that Bligh was at this time suffering equally with his companions to note that the carpenter innocently told him that he thought he was looking the worst in the boat—a remark which amused rather than disconcerted the commander. Yet, at this time of dire distress, all in the boat found cheer in the hope of reaching Timor.

This hope was not belied. On the 12th Timor was sighted, at a distance of two leagues. The joy with which the faint and weary navigators beheld the land needs not to be told. It seemed almost past belief that, in a small open boat, they should have been able to sail all the distance from Tofoa to Timor—three thousand six hundred and eighteen miles—in forty-one days, and that all should be still alive.

The boat anchored in Coupang Bay on Sunday, 14th June. The inhabitants, who were Dutch colonists, received Lieutenant Bligh and his comrades with great kindness, taking them into their houses, and nursing them with every care. On landing, the men could scarcely walk, and their appearance was most miserable. Their ragged and tattered garments hung about frames that were simply skin and bone. So utterly forlorn and melancholy was the aspect of one and all that the people of Timor, beholding them, wept tears of mingled pity and horror. But the navigators themselves, when they reflected on what they had come

through—their miraculous escapes, from the savages at Tofoa, from storm and foundering, famine and sickness—were filled only with wonder and thankfulness.

Bligh and his comrades remained two months among the kindly people of Timor, resting and recovering their strength. On the 20th of August they sailed in a small vessel for Batavia, which they reached on the 1st of October. Here Lieutenant Bligh embarked in a Dutch ship for England, and landed at Portsmouth in the middle of March 1790. Five of his companions died on their way home. Mr. Ledward, the surgeon, having been left behind, was not again heard of. It will be remembered that the man John Norton was stoned to death by the natives of Tofoa; and thus twelve men out of nineteen survived this extraordinary voyage.

Throughout our narrative the reader will not have failed to be struck with the conduct of Lieutenant Bligh. Nothing could have been more judicious than his management of his men, while no position could have been much more difficult and critical than that in which he was placed. His action was at once firm, considerate, and unselfish, having constantly in view the best interests of his companions. We have seen that Bligh's conduct while in command of the *Bounty* was in several respects blameworthy, while his subsequent career was by no means above criticism; but as regards his management during this unparalleled voyage there can be but one opinion—namely, that it

was not more able and courageous than it was wise and humane.

Bligh's story excited in England a universal interest. Nothing but pity and admiration were felt for the survivors of the marvellous boat voyage, nothing but indignation was reserved for the mutineers. Bligh was raised to the rank of commander, and was presently placed at the head of a second expedition to convey the bread-fruit to the West Indies. Prompt action was taken on the part of the English Government in regard to the mutineers, a vessel being sent in search of them, under the command of Captain Edward Edwards.

The *Pandora*—the name of Captain Edwards' ship—arrived at Matavai Bay, Otaheite, on the 23rd March, 1791, and there they found a part of the mutineers—fourteen men in all. Captain Edwards placed his prisoners in irons in a round-house built on the quarter-deck. He seems to have been determined to carry out to the very letter his instructions to secure the malefactors against all chance of escape, and to have treated them with a quite superfluous degree of rigour. But, in truth, Captain Edwards' whole conduct proves him to have been a man almost destitute of humane and sympathetic feelings.

Some of the mutineers had contracted marriages with native women, and the partings between husband and wife were in several cases extremely distressing.

George Stewart, a midshipman on board the *Bounty*—who, as well as others of the men, was subsequently proved to have really had no hand in the mutiny—had married the daughter of an old chief. The two had lived together in a state of complete happiness, and had one child, a beautiful little girl. The parting between Peggy, as her husband had named her, and George Stewart was a scene of the most affecting description. The woman clung weeping around his neck, begging that she might be taken in the ship too, and force had to be used to tear her from him. The officers on board were deeply moved by the poor creature's keen anguish. Stewart himself was not less moved, and, fearing a repetition of such a scene, requested that his wife might not be admitted on board again. Peggy sickened from that day, fell into a state of the deepest melancholy, and two months later breathed her last, "dying literally of a broken heart."

The *Pandora* sailed from Tahiti on May 9th for the Friendly Islands, in search of the rest of the mutineers. In the beginning of August she endeavoured to find a passage through the reefs of New Holland, but unsuccessfully. The luckless vessel drifted on to a reef, and was rapidly a hopeless wreck. The four boats belonging to the ship were got out, and the crew and the prisoners distributed among them. After a long voyage the four boats reached Batavia in

safety; and thence Captain Edwards and all under his charge sailed for England, arriving at Spithead in June 1792.

Three months had been spent in the fruitless search for the rest of the men who had taken part in the mutiny, and among whom was the leader in the conspiracy, Fletcher Christian. It must now be explained how the mutineers had become separated into two parties.

After the mutiny, Fletcher Christian and his companions steered the *Bounty* at first for the island of Toobouai—lat. 20° 13′ S., long. 149° 35′ W. Here they attempted to make a settlement, but were frustrated in this endeavour by the hostility of the natives. They then sailed for Otaheite, where they arrived on the 6th June, 1789. In reply to the inquiries of the otoo or king as to what had become of Lieutenant Bligh and the remainder of the crew of the *Bounty*, Christian and his companions framed a plausible story to the effect that they were stopping at an island called Whytootakee in order to form a settlement there, and that Mr. Christian had meanwhile been placed in command of the ship. This statement seems to have amply satisfied the simple Otaheitans, and they treated Christian and his companions with all hospitality, supplying them with abundance of bread-fruit, bananas, fowls, and other provisions. The ship then returned to Toobouai, taking with it twenty-four of the natives of Otaheite.

Christian and his comrades now proceeded to build a fort; a work which was greatly interrupted by quarrels with the natives, which at last became so violent that Christian determined to abandon the idea. The ship was once more put to sea, and steered again for Otaheite. Sixteen of the mutineers landed, and the rest remained in the ship, which then sailed away, being last seen by the party on shore on the 21st September, 1789. It was Christian's idea at this time to discover some remote and unpeopled island, where he should be as secure as possible from pursuit and discovery. Two of the party of men left at Otaheite met their death by murder. How the others were taken off by the *Pandora* has been described.

Captain Edwards' prisoners were put upon their trial for mutiny by court-martial on the 12th September, 1792. The trial lasted six days, and the result was that Peter Heywood, James Morrison, Thomas Ellison, Thomas Burkitt, John Millward, and William Muspratt were condemned to death; that Peter Heywood and James Morrison were recommended to mercy; and that the court found the charges against Charles Norman, Joseph Coleman, Thomas Macintosh, Michael Byrne, and George Stewart not proved. The extenuating circumstances in the case of Heywood and Morrison were so great that they received a full and free pardon, and a respite, followed by a pardon, was also granted to Muspratt.

Heywood and Morrison, both of whom were midshipmen, had actually taken no part in the conspiracy whatever. Their only fault was that they had not *tried* to leave the ship with Lieutenant Bligh and his comrades—that they had not asked to accompany them. Had they not been young and thoughtless men, with little or no idea of the real gravity of the deed in which they were seeming to be silent abettors, they would no doubt have done this, as Norman, Macintosh, Coleman, and Byrne had done. Mr. Heywood was a young man of remarkable amiability of character, and his subsequent career amply proved how incapable he was of acting any base and lawless part against his country and king. During our long and stern struggles with France in the beginning of this century he greatly distinguished himself by his meritorious services, and at his death left the reputation of a noble and unblemished character, and a chivalrous devotion to the service which he loved and honoured.

The romance of the mutiny of the *Bounty* was not yet ended. We have yet to describe the last, and by no means the least interesting and romantic, act. Between that just described and the concluding act of this strange, eventful story a period of twenty years elapsed. The memory of the mutiny and all connected therewith had quite faded from men's minds, erased by events of greater national moment—by the fate of princes and the change of dynasties, by war on

land and sea. But the story was destined to be revived in the public mind, and to reawaken a very considerable degree of fresh interest.

On the 14th May, 1809, the Admiralty received information from Sir Sydney Smith, who was then at Rio de Janeiro, to the effect that an American vessel, the *Lopaz*, commanded by Captain Folger, had found on Pitcairn Island, in lat. 25° 2′ S., long. 130° W., an Englishman named Alexander Smith, who had stated that he was the only survivor of nine men who had been concerned in the mutiny of the *Bounty*, and that a number of the children of the mutineers were also living on the island. The English Government did not take any immediate action on the receipt of this intelligence, interesting as it was, probably because their hands were sufficiently full at the time with the affairs of the state both at home and abroad.

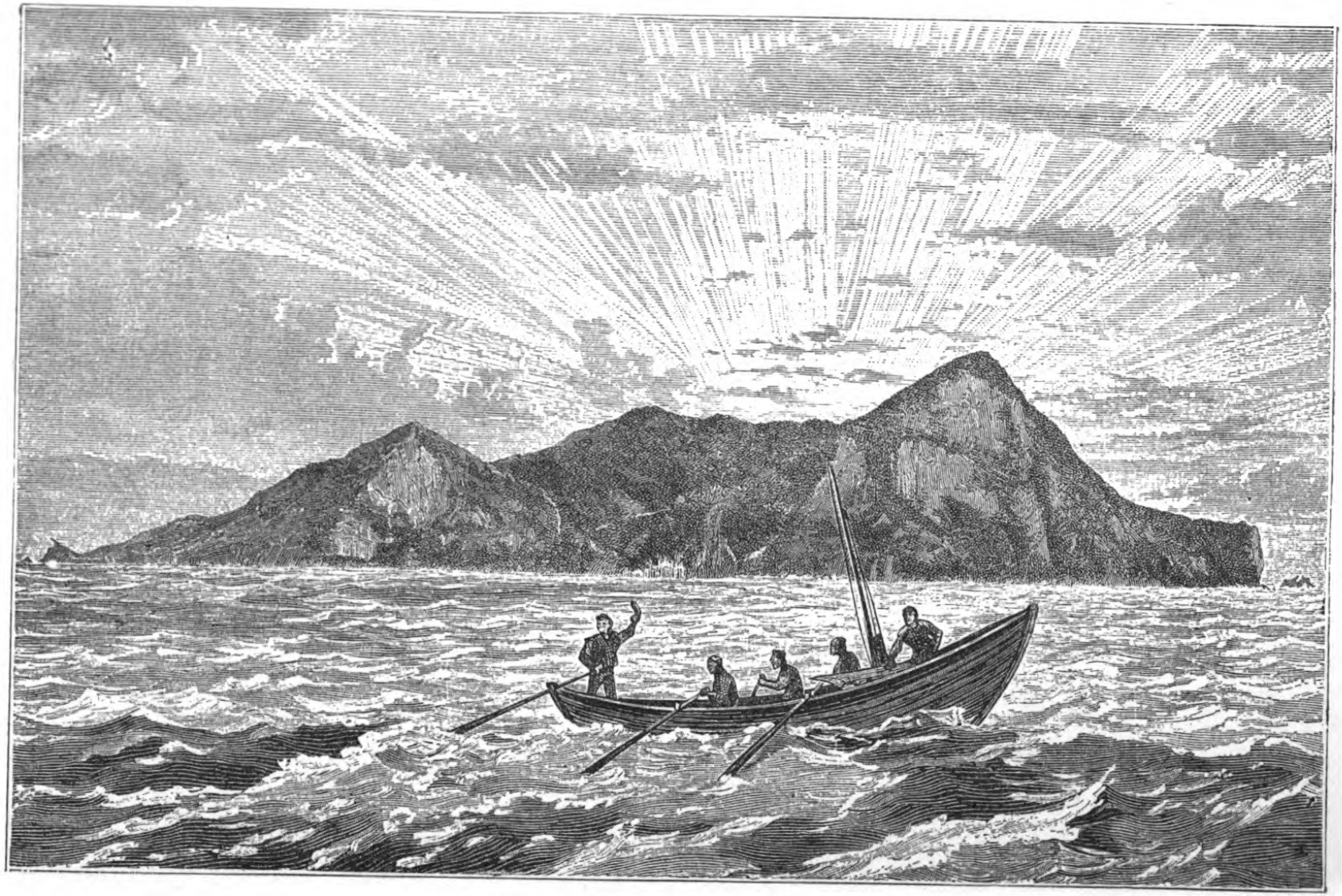
In 1814, however, Captain Pipon and Sir Thomas Staines, commanders respectively of the *Briton* and the *Tagus*, which were cruising in the Pacific at the time, visited Pitcairn Island, and furnished a full report of what they saw and heard there.

The *Briton* and the *Tagus* having anchored off the island, those on board saw several men coming down to the shore carrying canoes on their shoulders. Presently one of the men launched his canoe, and was soon alongside the ships, when, to the considerable astonishment of officers and crew, a voice called out,

in excellent English, "Won't you heave us a rope now?"

A tall, athletic young man then sprang on board, followed by a second younger man. Questioned as to who he was, the first youth answered that his name was Thursday October Christian, and that he was the son of Fletcher Christian by an Otaheitan mother. The young man was twenty-four years old, fully six feet in height, and of a conspicuously well-shaped and graceful figure, which the absence of all raiment, save a strip of cloth about his waist and a straw hat decorated with feathers, displayed to the fullest advantage. His colour was of a brownish hue, his hair nearly black, and his face remarkably frank and prepossessing. His companion, whose name was George Young, son of Young, a midshipman of the *Bounty*, was also a handsome and bright-looking youth. Both spoke English correctly, and with a curiously pleasing accent. When the two young men were taken into his cabin by Sir Thomas Staines, and food placed before them, to the fresh surprise of the two captains one of the youths folded his hands, and reverently pronounced the familiar grace, "For what we are going to receive, the Lord make us truly thankful."

The two youths gave Captain Staines and Captain Pipon much information about the island and its inhabitants, concluding by saying that there was an old man still living among them, John Adams by



PITCAIRN ISLAND.

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name, who could tell them everything about the *Bounty*, and all that had happened since the mutiny.

The two captains therefore landed, and were met by old Adams, the Alexander Smith of the *Bounty*, and his wife, who was nearly blind.

Adams at first seemed somewhat uneasy as to the intentions of his visitors; but his fears were set at rest when the latter assured him that they had no design of taking him away in the ships. From Adams was learned the whole history of the little settlement on Pitcairn Island. The nine men and their Otaheitan companions, who had left Otaheite in the *Bounty*, lived for some little time in peace together on the island. But it was not long before dissensions arose between the white men and the Otaheitans. These quarrels seemed to have been entirely due to the white men, who began to treat their dark companions so oppressively, that at last the latter, unable to bear their tyranny any longer, rose in rebellion and murdered five of the nine whites, and among them Fletcher Christian, the leader. The four men who escaped were M'Koy, Quintal, Young, and Adams. This act was quickly followed by a rising on the part of the women and the slaughter of the whole of the coloured men who had murdered their husbands. This happened in October 1793.

After these tragic events, the remaining members of the little colony lived on together in comparative

peace and harmony. The man M'Koy died from the effects of intemperance, having succeeded in making an intoxicating drink from the *tee-tree.* Not long after his death Quintal made himself so dangerous to his two companions—threatening to murder them—that Adams and Young, in sheer self-protection, were forced to put him to death. And thus miserably perished seven of the leading mutineers of the *Bounty.*

It is certainly not a little extraordinary that from these ignoble beginnings arose a community of singularly simple and innocent character, and marked by many admirable and lovable qualities. That this was the case was almost entirely due to the exertions of Young and John Adams. About a year after the death of Quintal, Young died, and Adams was left head and ruler of the little colony.

Whatever had been Adams's faults in the past, they were certainly in a large measure atoned for by the later part of his life. All who visited the island—Captains Staines, Pipon, Beechey, and Albemarle—agreed in believing that Adams had genuinely repented of his past life and the prominent part he had taken in the lawless and heartless proceedings on board the *Bounty.* Of the good influence his teaching and example had exercised upon the community which recognized him as its head and father there can be no two opinions. In fact, considering his limited educa-

tion and enlightenment,—he was but an ordinary seaman,—the wisdom and judgment which Adams displayed in his teaching and government of the Pitcairn islanders is something almost unique in history.

So successful was he in instilling into the hearts of his companions the lessons of morality and religion that the gentle manners and virtuous conduct of the people filled the early visitors to the island with astonishment. They were found to be free from any form of immorality, and so truthful and direct in speech and conduct that they could not even understand playful or ironical speech, but accepted everything that was said in literal earnest.

Adams possessed a Bible and a Prayer Book, which he read regularly every Sunday to the assembled people, whose conduct during the ceremony was invariably attentive and reverent. Sunday was kept with as much observance and respect as in England, no work or frivolous amusement being indulged in on that day.

Captains Beechey and Albemarle, who visited Pitcairn Island subsequently to Captains Staines and Pipon, confirmed the favourable report of the little colony given by the latter. At this time another Englishman had come to live with them, John Buffet, a man of some education, who acted in the capacity of pastor and schoolmaster to the islanders, and who seems to have done his work faithfully and well up to the

measure of his capacity. The children attended school with great punctuality, and learned with facility.

When Captain Waldegrave visited the island, he described the hospitality with which he and his companions were received as boundless, the people receiving and entertaining the strangers in their houses with a charming simplicity and guilelessness of manners. Their cottages were spacious, well built of wood, and neatly thatched with palm leaves. Attached to every cottage was an outhouse, in which cloth was made, and which served also as a baking place and poultry house. The village comprised a pretty square, in the centre of which was a fine level fenced lawn. The gardens and plantations attached to the houses were neatly laid out, and the houses themselves contained a good deal of serviceable and decent furniture. The islanders cultivated the banana, yam, plantain, melon, taro, sweet potato, tee-tree, and cloth-plant, with several other useful plants and fruits. Physically the islanders were an exceedingly well-made people, of a pleasing cast of countenance. The men were tall and athletic, the women also tall and of a handsome figure; while all, men, women, and children, were remarkably strong and healthy. Kindliness of disposition and practical benevolence were leading characteristics of the people, says Captain Waldegrave. The children were loving and obedient, the parents affectionate and thoughtful for their offspring. A fine spirit of brotherliness pre-

vailed in the little community. Slander was a thing unknown. "It would be wrong to tell my neighbour's shame," was a common expression when any one was questioned in regard to another's fault.

John Adams died in 1829, his death constituting, as may be supposed, the most serious loss the little colony could have sustained; for to him the people owed almost all they knew of civilization, education, and Christian morality. Fortunately the blank caused by Adams's death was presently filled by the arrival in the island of a zealous and suitable missionary, Mr. Nobbs, who henceforth devoted himself to the welfare of the islanders with a zeal and affection that won for him the universal love and respect of his little flock.

Mr. Nobbs belonged to the Church of England, and for twenty-three years he lived and laboured among the natives of Pitcairn Island. His long experience of the people only corroborated the impressions formed of them by previous visitors. A strong desire at last arose among the islanders that Mr. Nobbs should take orders, so that they might have a regularly ordained minister for their pastor. With this object in view, Mr. Nobbs returned to England, and was duly ordained a deacon of the Episcopalian Church. After spending some little time in England, and being admitted to an interview with Her Majesty the Queen and Prince Albert, he returned to Pitcairn Island and to the charge of his affectionate people in 1853.

Owing to a fearful hurricane that devastated the island in 1845, fear was entertained that sufficient food could not be relied upon for the wants of the increasing population, and the expediency of leaving Pitcairn was again under consideration. In 1831 such a step had already been taken, and the whole colony had moved to Otaheite, but owing to a great mortality which at once occurred the survivors returned. The population was steadily increasing, their numbers in 1856 being one hundred and eighty-seven; and as their resources were becoming more and more inadequate, especially as at that time a continuous fall of rain had inundated the fertile fields, they requested the British Government to grant them Norfolk Island as a place of residence. This island had previously been used as a penal settlement; but as the system of transportation was now discontinued, it was thus at the Government's disposal. The wish of the Pitcairners was readily acceded to, and the whole population was at once transferred to their new home.

This island, which lies in the Pacific Ocean, two hundred miles from Fiji, and twelve hundred from Sydney, is infinitely richer and more fertile than Otaheite. Its climate is warm and genial, its soil remarkably favourable to vegetation, and its scenery picturesque. It is covered with fine forests, the majestic Norfolk pine (*Araucaria excelsa*), a tree almost unrivalled for stateliness and symmetry, being

especially abundant. There are many native fruit-trees, and those that have been acclimatized have multiplied rapidly; forest-birds and sea-fowl are plentiful, while fish of fine flavour are caught along the coast. In short, this beautiful and luxuriant spot yields all that the islanders can desire.

The little colony of Norfolk Island has been frequently visited by travellers. This intercourse with Europeans has had the effect of civilizing and polishing their external manners, while it has not destroyed the ingenuous simplicity of their character or the genuine hospitality and the virtuous integrity of their life. When the community was visited at their first home on Pitcairn by Captain Beechey, they were reported to be a grave people, denying themselves even the most innocent amusement. At that time it was with difficulty that they could be got to join in the dance; but they have now abandoned this extreme strictness with regard to recreation and amusement, and are said to be extremely fond of music and dancing.

The men are occupied chiefly in fishing, herding their cattle, or in attending to the cultivation of their farms and gardens; while the women, who are remarkably industrious, look after their families, manage their dairies, and sometimes even lend assistance in outdoor work.

Some families, however, returned to their old home; and Pitcairn has now a population of ninety-three

persons, who are employed in cultivating arrow-root, maize, and other tropical products.

The last important visit paid to the Pitcairn islanders was made by Captain Robinson, R.N., who brought them an organ, presented by the Queen; a gift which caused them great pleasure, evidencing as it did that they still possessed the favour of their sovereign, which they feared that they had lost on account of their leaving Norfolk Island. Their joy at receiving this organ was manifested by the manner in which they hastened to welcome the vessel which had conveyed it to them; for although the weather was stormy, the "governor" put to sea in a boat to take possession of it. It was carried in triumph to the church on the hill-top, and soon after the familiar strains of "God save the Queen," accompanied by the voices of the greater part of the inhabitants, were heard floating over the waters. The islanders are described as still bearing their good character as guileless, sincerely pious, healthy, and handsome.

From this rapid summary of the story of the mutineers of the *Bounty*, it will be seen that the whole history of the Pitcairn islanders is unique. It would be difficult to picture anything more striking and dramatic than their origin, born as the little colony was in tragedy, in crime, and in shame; or anything more remarkable than their after career—their gradual emergence into honesty, goodness, and purity.

II.

Captain Inglefield—Captain Pollard—Botelho Diego.

"One vessel left we burning far out in Indian seas,
And twenty days we plied our raft scorched by the torrid breeze;
Another lay off Chinese coast for days on fearful tack,
The monsoon blowing in our teeth, the pirates at our back."

AMONG open boat voyages there are few more remarkable than that made by Captain Inglefield of the ship *Centaur*. When his vessel was sinking, Captain Inglefield and eleven companions put off in a small crazy boat, one of whose gunwales was broken in. They were in mid-ocean; they had neither compass, quadrant, nor sail; a gale was blowing, a high sea running; the weather was bitterly cold, and all the men were scantily clothed. The sun and stars, by which alone they could guide their course, were sometimes obscured for twenty-four hours together; and in this forlorn condition Captain Inglefield and his comrades had to face a thousand miles of the stormy Atlantic. By chance they had a blanket with them, which served for a sail; and thus

they drove before the wind, in momentary expectation of being engulfed in the sea. The water had to be baled out of the boat before the return of each wave, so that the men were nearly drowned, all except the balers being seated at the bottom of the boat. When they left the ship they were about nine hundred miles from Fayal.

A bag of bread, a small ham, a piece of pork, a couple of bottles of water, and several flasks of wine were all their provisions. The twelfth part of a biscuit was each man's allowance for breakfast, and the same for dinner. The broken neck of a bottle, with the cork left in, served for a glass; this filled with water served each man for a day.

On the fifteenth day only one day's bread remained and one bottle of water. On this day Matthews, a seaman, apparently the strongest of the party, died of exposure and hunger. During the night, being thirsty and unable to swallow his small portion of food, he had drunk some salt water, which caused delirium, and he died without a moan. A hopeless gloom now settled down over the men, and it was in vain that Captain Inglefield strove as hitherto to raise their drooping spirits by encouraging them to sing songs and tell stories. The body of their dead comrade Matthews was so appalling in its skeleton-like emaciation, that it produced a depression among the men from which it was impossible to rouse them. But

their sufferings were almost over. On the next day, the sixteenth, they ate their last breakfast in the boat, of bread and water; and shortly after, one of the men caught sight of land. It proved to be Fayal, which was presently reached.

An extraordinary boat voyage was related to Mr. Bennet, a missionary in the South Sea Islands. The narrator was Captain George Pollard, and the narrative may be found in the journal of voyages and travels published by Mr. Bennet and his colleague, the Rev. Daniel Tyerman. The following is an abstract of it:—

Captain Pollard, while commanding the South Sea whale-ship *Essex*, was wrecked in mid-ocean, on the 20th of November, 1820, not far from the equator, in about 118° W. longitude. On that day the crew had struck two sperm whales, and the boats were in full pursuit. Just then Captain Pollard perceived a huge whale rushing straight for the ship. It was hoped that the monster when it saw the ship would turn aside; but, on the contrary, it came headlong against the stern of the vessel, which trembled at the stroke in every plank and timber.

The whale, as though shaken by an unexpected concussion, reared its huge head, and moved away to some distance, and was presently out of sight. Those in the ship now hoped that all danger was over.

About an hour afterwards, however, the same whale was again seen making for the vessel. The danger was manifest, but there was no escape. This time the fish struck the ship on the side, and stove it in, so that the vessel rapidly filled, and soon became waterlogged. The boats were at once lowered, and the whole crew, twenty in number, got into them.

Seeing that the vessel did not sink, the men went on board again, and having scuttled the deck were able to get some biscuits, beef, rum, and water, two sextants, a quadrant, and three compasses, together with some ropes, a few guns, and a little powder. These stores they divided among the three boats, which they rigged as well as they could. Not until the ship had sunk did Captain Pollard and his companions fully realize the peril of their situation, and rouse themselves to meet its difficulties.

They now consulted together as to which course it was most advisable to steer—whether westward to India, eastward to South America, or south-westward to the Society Islands. Captain Pollard knew that the island of Tahiti was not far distant; but being doubtful how they might be received by the natives, he feared to land there. He therefore resolved to steer for South America, which he judged to be more than two thousand miles away.

The three boats were accordingly steered in an easterly direction, and though the weather was squally

they managed to keep together. Presently, however, one of the boats started a plank, which it took some little while to remedy. Through this mishap some of the biscuits were damaged by the salt water.

Soon both food and water began to fail, and the strength of the men to become exhausted by hunger and fatigue. At last the boats one stormy night became parted, and one was never again seen by the other two.

When the navigators were reduced almost to the last extremity, after they had been three weeks afloat, a small island appeared in sight. The men now hoped their sufferings were over; but to their bitter disappointment all they found in the way of food on landing were a few birds and their eggs. A small spring of water was also discovered on the beach; but even this was covered by the return of the tide before they could fully quench their thirst.

Seeing nothing before them but starvation, if they remained longer on the island, Captain Pollard and his comrades again launched their boats, leaving behind, however, three of their companions, who preferred to remain, in the hope that a ship would be sent for them from whatever port the boats should ultimately reach. In a few days the men had consumed the remnant of their provisions, after which two of their number died, and the rest were reduced to the terrible alternative of living upon their remains.

The flesh they roasted dry, by means of a fire kindled on the ballast-stand in the bottom of the boat.

What was next to be done to stay starvation? The same thought was in the mind of each, but no one uttered it. Captain Pollard declared that a strong mutual affection had sprung up among the men; and yet the face of each man plainly revealed the thought that was in his heart. Lots were cast, and the cabin boy drew the fatal one, which doomed him to death. Captain Pollard exclaimed, "My lad, my lad, if you don't like your lot, I'll shoot the first man that touches you." The poor starving boy, after hesitating a moment, placed his head on the gunwale of the boat and said quietly, "I like it as well as any other." His body was soon consumed; and then another man died, and he too was eaten.

At this point of his narrative, Captain Pollard declared to his hearers that he could no longer dwell on the dreadful details of this awful experience. His brain burned at the recollection. After a few more days of horror and hopelessness, some of the men being stretched at the bottom of the boat too exhausted to move, and when hardly any one was able so much as to raise a hand, a vessel appeared in sight. More than half dead, Captain Pollard and his men were taken on board, and treated with every care and kindness that their critical condition required. A vessel subsequently sailed for the island on which the

three men had been left, and brought them away. The account of their life on the island is as follows:—

It was the 26th of December when the boats left the island, the men separating with mutual prayers and good wishes. The prospect before each party was equally gloomy—those in the boats seemed to be facing speedy death, the three men left on the island slow starvation. The latter attempted to dig a well, but failed to find water. Fortunately, however, a shower of rain relieved them from the immediate fear of dying from thirst. They now set about searching for food, but with little success, a few birds and a small quantity of berries were all that for some time relieved their hunger. They beheld from the rocks a number of sharks and other fish, but having no fishing gear were unable to catch any. They at last secured several turtles, but being now again in want of water, could only manage to eat one of them before the rest became unfit for food.

Their chief sufferings arose from thirst. Sometimes they went five or six days without any water; at which times they had to suck the blood of the birds they caught to assuage their thirst, and even this brought on sickness almost as distressing as their thirst.

Some caves sheltered them from the storm: in one of these, eight human skeletons were found, those doubtless of some hapless sailors cast ashore on the

island, and who had perished from starvation. The three men contemplated this pitiful sight with a dreary foreboding of their own fate. Often they lay down side by side at night with tongues and lips dry and swollen with thirst, hardly expecting to live till daybreak.

On the morning of the 5th April, as they were wandering through the woods, with fainting footsteps, in search of food and water, they heard the sound of a gun, and looking towards the sea, beheld a ship not far off. Almost speechless with joy, they fell on their knees and thanked God for his timely deliverance. A boat from the ship approached the land, and with some difficulty took the men off the rocks. The vessel was the *Surrey*, commanded by Captain Raine, and the three men were carefully nursed, until health and strength were again restored. Thus ended, more happily than might have been expected, this melancholy record of Captain Pollard and his crew.

Among early boat voyages, that performed by Diego Botelho Perreira deserves mention as a most marvellous feat of navigation. Diego Botelho Perreira was the son of the commander of Cochin, and was educated by his father with much care. The young man became specially skilful in the science of navigation and all pertaining thereto. As he grew to manhood, he became desirous of visiting Portugal. This he did, being

well received by the king, who found a pleasure in conversing with the youth on maritime subjects.

Trusting to the favour with which the king evidently regarded him, and with the confidence of a clever and ardent youth, Diego asked his majesty to appoint him to the command of the fortress of Chaul. The king seems to have regarded his request with amusement, only replying, "The commander of the fortress is not the pilot."

Botelho was chagrined by the king's reply, and said to Don Antonio No Ronha, a son of the Marquis of Pilla Real, that he would apply where his suit would not be neglected. These words of the angry youth reaching the ears of the king, annoyed him so much that he confined young Diego in prison, from which he was finally released at the petition of Don Vasco de Gama.

Botelho now sailed for India, still eager for a chance of distinguishing himself, so that he might again win the favour of the king, and be allowed to return to Portugal.

About the same time, the Sultan of Cambaya gave the governor of the island of Diu permission to build a fortress there, which, it was believed, would be of signal importance in protecting the Portuguese possessions in India.

Aware of how welcome this intelligence would be to the king, Botelho determined to sail for Portugal.

He was resolved also that his voyage should be of such a kind as to secure fame for himself, and to create astonishment in the minds of all who heard him. With this ambition he procured a fusta, which he furnished with some sails and other necessary gear. In shape, a fusta is a long shallow boat, built after the fashion of Indian rowing-boats. The length of Botelho's boat was only sixteen feet and a half, while its breadth was nine feet, and its depth four feet six inches. It was covered with a deck, and furnished with two small tanks for water.

Botelho took with him a few men, and set sail in October 1536, arriving safely at Milinde. He took in fresh water and provisions, and again set sail. It was not long before signs of mutiny began to show themselves among his men, but Botelho met the crisis with promptitude and determination. The leaders of the conspiracy he put in irons, while the rest he promised to reward at the end of the voyage. Thus he sailed on, putting in at various ports for water and provisions, sailing always close to the land. He at length reached in safety the Cape of Good Hope, whence he steered for St. Helena. Here he landed, cleaned and repaired his boat, and rested and refreshed himself and his crew. Notwithstanding all his care for their comfort, two of his men had died of cold before this stage of the voyage was reached.

Botelho's course now lay across the open ocean.

At St. Thomé he again took in water, food, and fuel; and sailing thence, direct for Lisbon, reached it in May. Decking his little boat with flags and streamers, he rowed gallantly up the Tagus, and cast anchor at Point Leira.

The novel appearance of the little, foreign-looking boat created such a sensation that boats crowded around to see it. Botelho having landed, made his way to the king to tell the story of his voyage, and to convey the intelligence of the fortress on the island of Diu. The king received the news with pleasure, but treated Botelho himself with far less cordiality than the young man had hoped for. Nevertheless, his majesty went on board the fusta and examined it with much interest; to the sailors, money and clothes were distributed; nor could he fail to regard Diego Botelho as a man of extraordinary spirit and daring.

In a little while his majesty received from the governor of Nuno Da Chuna letters confirming the intelligence brought by Botelho. For many years the hero of this adventure suffered neglect at the hand of his sovereign, but at last he received the appointment of commander of St. Thomé.

The little vessel in which Diego Botelho had performed this signal feat of navigation was preserved for many years, being visited by many strangers from all parts of Europe, who viewed it with curious interest and astonishment.

III.

Captain Ross's Boat Voyage.

"We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea."—COLERIDGE.

IN the year 1829, Captain Ross, who may be regarded as the pioneer of Arctic exploration, resolved on making a second voyage. Failing to receive Government support, he resolved to undertake it at his own expense. He was fortunate enough, however, to enlist the sympathies and assistance of Sir Felix Booth, the wealthy distiller, who contributed the large sum of £17,000. The name of Captain Ross's vessel was the *Victory*, a small steamship of one hundred and fifty tons. Commander James Ross, nephew of Captain Ross, held the second command in the expedition, and the vessel was equipped for a voyage of three years' duration.

It is not a part of our plan to describe the voyage of the *Victory;* what we have mainly to do with is the boat voyage of Captain Ross and his comrades, in

escaping from the Northern Seas. The expedition passed two years amid the ice-bound regions of the Arctic Ocean, their vessel being fast locked in the ice during the winter. Their position at last became so full of uncertainty and peril that, there being no hope of extricating the ship from the ice, Captain Ross determined to abandon it, and to make for Fury Beach, where the boats and a store of provisions had been left. From thence the explorers hoped to make their way to Davis Strait, and there meet one of the ships engaged in the whale-fishery. It was with a feeling of the keenest regret that Captain Ross found himself obliged to desert his vessel—the first he had ever had to abandon out of thirty-six which he had commanded.

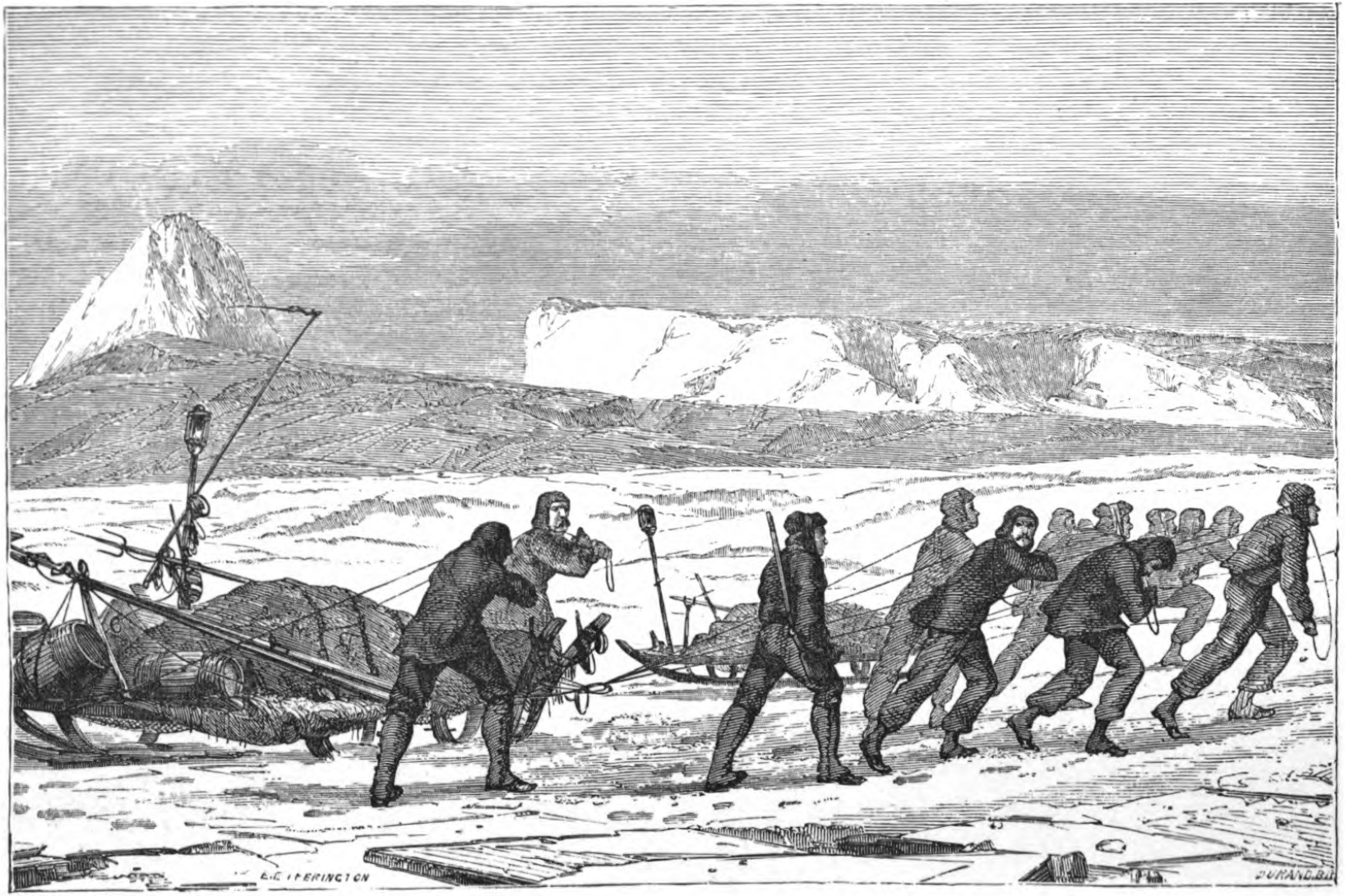
It was on the evening of June 1, 1832, that Ross and his companions started in their three sledges. The snow being hard, and no water anywhere, it had to be thawed for drinking purposes. Eclipse Harbour was reached on the 4th; and here the party used their summer tents, and although the temperature was very low, they found no great inconvenience from so slight a covering. By the time the month was out the travellers had reached Fury Beach and pitched their camp there. The latter part of their journey had been accomplished with much toilsome labour, on account of the enormous wedged masses of ice which had to be encountered. Signs of summer were now showing themselves, and all surrounding

nature was rapidly changing its shape, melted snow flowing among the cracks in the ice, and streams leaping down the ravines.

In their camp on Fury Beach the party had a sense of home and safety, for here had once been the store-house of the expedition. All now enjoyed a period of needful and refreshing rest. A canvas house was built, the completion of which was celebrated by a grand supper, the heartiest meal which the navigators had enjoyed for many a day.

When the men were thoroughly recovered from the fatigues of the sledge journey, Captain Ross set them to strengthen the boats—each of which was forty-five feet long—by two bulkheads and two strong beams. By the beginning of August all the three boats were ready for their voyage. The ice had now broken up sufficiently to leave a considerable space of open water. The crew of each boat comprised seven men and an officer; enough provisions were taken to last to the end of October, together with bedding and other necessaries. Captain Ross hoped to reach Baffin Bay before the whaling ships started on their homeward voyage.

The navigators left Fury Beach on the afternoon of August 1st, their progress at first being slow, owing to the floating pieces of ice that blocked up the crooked channels. At nine o'clock they halted under the precipice where Parry's ship, the *Fury*, was wrecked; and



SLEDGE JOURNEY OF CAPTAIN ROSS.

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the boats were hauled up on the beach not a moment too soon, for immediately afterwards two ice-floes split in pieces with a great crash, raising a ridge of hummocks near the shore. This was a narrow escape for the boats; and it was certainly a curious coincidence that on this very spot, and on the same day eight years previous, the *Fury* was lost. The condition of the ice became worse instead of better, and a dock had to be cut for the boats in a hummock.

In order to realize fully the critical situation of the party at this time, the reader must keep in mind the wall of ice, four hundred and seventy feet high, which hung as it were above their heads, and from which a thaw might at any moment loosen and bring down great fragments, crushing all beneath them.

On the 7th of August, the party being still detained at the same spot, there was a slight movement in the ice, and on the following day they were able to embark in a narrow lead, or channel, flowing northwards. Only two hours' sailing was made, however, when the boats had again to be hauled up on the first beach that offered a landing. On the 10th the men were able to drag them along the shore to a more suitable beach. On the 12th the ice again closed in, and no further progress could be made until a fortnight later, when the navigators were again able to launch their boats. With stormy weather they passed Batty Bay and Elwin Bay, and on a beach a mile farther north landed

and pitched their tents, in the midst of a snow-storm. Next day, steering for the edge of the pack-ice, they ran along by Cape York, hoping to find a passage. But they were only led out of their proper course, and with great difficulty rounded the cape. On August the 30th they coasted along the pack-ice, up Barrow Strait, but found no outlet anywhere. A good camping ground was found on the shore, close by a mountain, from which an extended view of the surrounding country was obtained.

The month of August had been a period especially anxious and trying for the navigators. Things had looked well when they left Fury Beach; but subsequently the condition of the ice was so unfavourable that it seemed doubtful if they would succeed in their purpose that year. A look-out house was built on the cliffs, and afforded the men both employment and amusement, while the occasional sight of numerous black and white whales gave a little variety to the day's routine.

During the first week of September there was little change in the weather. The cold increased somewhat, and snow fell. Presently it became so cold that snow walls had to be built round the tents. A few foxes and ptarmigans fell to the sportsmen's guns, forming an agreeable change in the daily fare.

On the 19th the thermometer fell to 18°; but on the following day the ice seemed to be loosening, and

Captain Ross and his companions were able again to launch their boats. When they reached the pack-ice in Barrow Strait and Prince Regent Inlet it was found to be perfectly solid, forbidding entirely the hope of its breaking up during the present season. The boats had therefore to retrace their course, and did not reach the old camping-place a minute too soon; for the ice blocked up the shore immediately after their landing.

After a delay of three days, Captain Ross detected signs of motion in the ice. The crews therefore embarked, and with a favourable breeze steered for their old position near Elwin Bay. A landing being impracticable, they had to pass the night in the boats, with the snow falling around them and a bleak wind blowing. Next day, in endeavouring to cross Elwin Bay, they were much impeded by the floes, and had at last to land at a little cove in the ice.

On the 28th the ice was looser, and they were able to depart. When they again landed, it was at two miles distance from Batty Bay, beneath a frowning precipice, towering five hundred feet above their heads; too perilous a situation in which to remain long.

On September 30th they succeeded in rounding the north headland of Batty Bay, and having discovered a favourable landing-place, hauled up the boats and got out the stores. At the beginning of October ice covered the whole sea, which looked much the same

as though the season was midwinter. It took a whole day to make a path through the ice for the boats.

With the empty bread casks the carpenter had, in a few days, constructed several sledges, which were loaded with the tents and other baggage. Captain Ross now clearly recognized, from the condition of the ice, the fruitlessness of the attempt to escape that year in the boats. The only safe course left was to return to Fury Beach and there spend a fourth winter.

The sledge journey was slow and painful: the weather was exceedingly cold; one of the sledges broke down; and one of the men became lame and had to be carried by his comrades, not being able to endure the uneasy motion of the sledge over the rough ice.

On October 6th they were within eight miles of their old home on Fury Beach, which they reached next day, finding everything as they had left it. The canvas tent which they had built on this spot, and which they had playfully named Somerset House, they now protected by a rampart of snow. They also fitted up another stove, and thus contrived to make themselves pretty comfortable, until the approach of winter brought with it increased severity and all the old hardships familiar to readers of Arctic narratives.

Scurvy broke out among the men, carrying off the carpenter and two others. Indeed the situation was at this time most critical; for if they should not be able to escape from their ice-bound prison in the fol-

lowing summer, it did not seem possible that they could live through another year. It had now become necessary to cut down the men's daily allowance of food; for the stock of bread had become greatly reduced, while the wine and spirits were entirely at an end. Fortunately they had a sufficiency of flour, soups, and vegetables, and they occasionally caught a few foxes, which were esteemed by the men a great delicacy.

During the spring, while the ice was still firm, a quantity of provisions was transported to Batty Bay. The distance was but thirty-two miles, yet the transfer occupied a whole month, as the men in their weak and reduced condition were ill-fitted to bear the heavy loads. No fewer than eight journeys were made to and from Batty Bay before the work was completed.

Captain Ross and his comrades left their camp at Fury Beach on the 8th of July, 1833. Sad and dreary associations clung to the spot, and they quitted it with the hope of never beholding it again. They reached Batty Bay on the 12th; and here they were encamped for a month, daily scanning the appearance of the sea with the keenest anxiety. On the 14th of August a lane of water showed itself stretching northwards. The utmost anxiety and excitement prevailed in the camp, and little sleep was obtained that night. None could know for certain whether the favourable condition of the ice would continue till next morning.

But it did; and all the next day the men were actively engaged in cutting away the ice that blocked up the shore, beginning their work as early as four o'clock in the morning. With a rising tide and a fine westerly wind the boats were once again launched, and by eight o'clock were well under way.

On the following morning they reached the turning-point of their last year's expedition. Masses of ice barred their way at this stage, and the progress was slow; but when Barrow Strait was reached they beheld a wide expanse of open and navigable water stretching for miles before them. The joy of the navigators was almost equalled by their surprise. So long accustomed as they had been to behold nothing but ice around them, they could hardly realize the sudden change to free and open water, through which the boats glided with an ease and swiftness that was in itself rapture. The spirits of all rose, and the party pushed on with fresh strength and vigour. Now sailing, now rowing, they reached the eastern shore of Navy Board Inlet on the 25th, and there found good anchorage for the boats.

Early next morning the joyful cry that a ship was in sight startled every man from his slumbers, and all was excitement in the camp. With what haste and energy the men sprang to their places in the boats, with what eagerness they bent to their oars! But, alas! wind and sea seemed plotting against them.

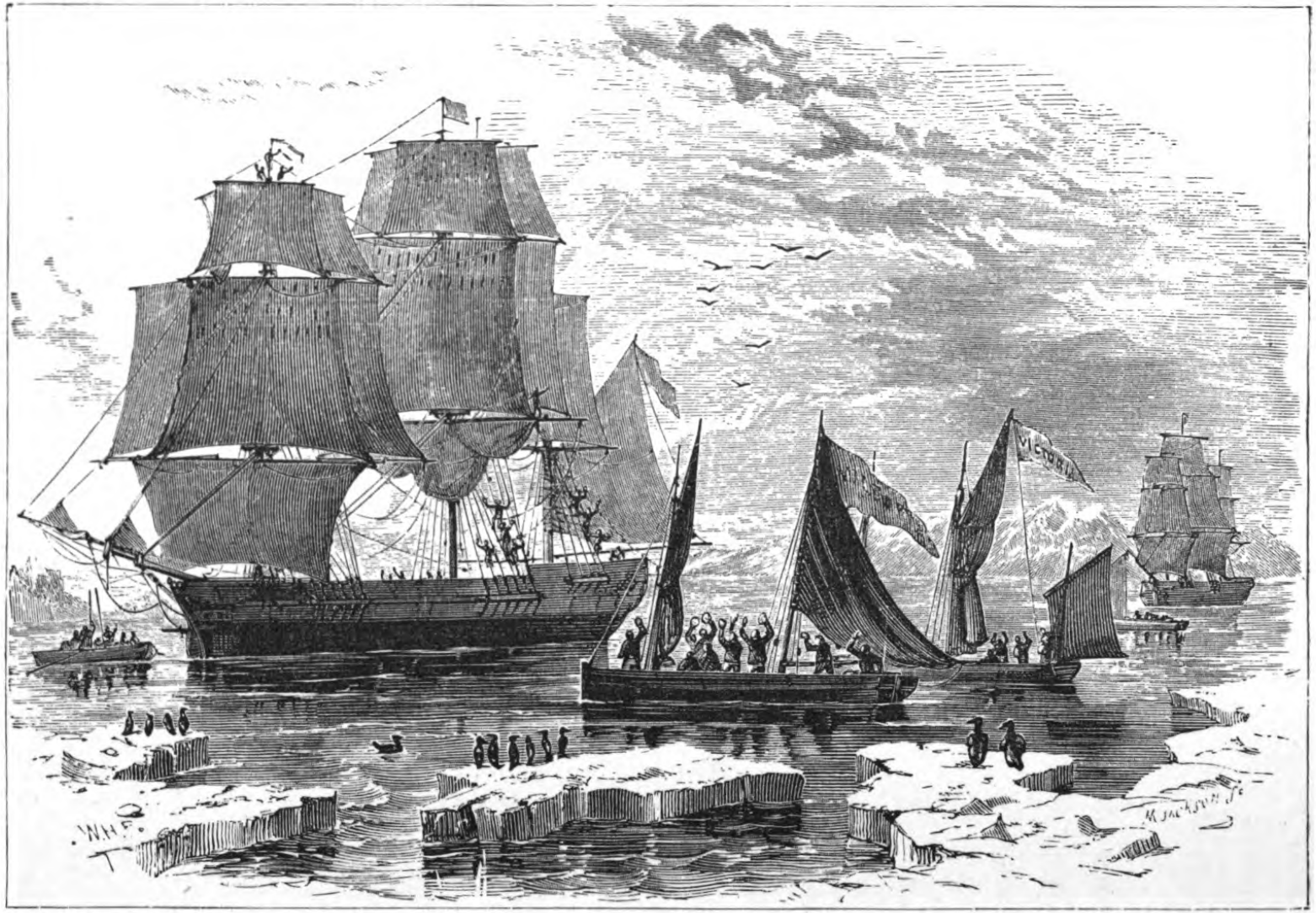
Calms prevented their sailing and adverse currents impeded their rowing; they were unable to overtake the ship or to make those on board see their signal; and at last, to their despair, they beheld the vessel sail out of sight. At about ten o'clock on the same day they saw another ship to the northward. At first the men thought that they were seen by those on board, but it soon became evident that the vessel was leaving them behind. Captain Ross writes that this was the most anxious moment in the whole voyage; it was agony to think that they were so near deliverance from all their hardships and sufferings, and yet that it was to slip from their hands. Most fortunately at this point the wind fell to a calm, and the boats actually gained upon the ship. Presently the men, to their joy, saw a boat lowered from the ship, and soon they themselves were alongside. The vessel proved to be the *Isabella* of Hull, which curiously enough was the ship in which Captain Ross had made his first voyage to the Northern Seas.

The little party of adventurers were received by the officers and crew of the *Isabella* with every demonstration of joy, the yards being manned by the cheering sailors. It was not without difficulty that Captain Ross could make his deliverers actually realize that he and his comrades were the long-lost Arctic adventurers whom everybody had given up for dead. Indeed, when he first went on board, Captain Ross had

to listen to a detailed narrative of his own death, which had happened, he was told, two years before.

It is not easy to do justice in words to the scene on board the *Isabella* when it was fully understood who the strangers were. The crew vied with each other in their friendly offices towards Captain Ross and his companions. The scene partook of the ludicrous, for all were in most buoyant spirits, and gravity of demeanour was for the time disregarded. The hungry —and all were hungry—were to be fed; the ragged —and all were ragged—were to be clad; there was not one of the party who did not stand in sore need of washing, and still more of shaving, for the beards of one and all placed them past recognition by their nearest friends. Then everything—washing, dressing, shaving, eating—had to be done at one and the same time; and innumerable questions had to be asked and answered on both sides—the adventurers had to tell their whole story, their preservers to recount the news of the world for the past four years. At last something like quiet and order again reigned in the ship. The sick were suitably tended, the rest accommodated, and everything done for the adventurers that kindness and thoughtfulness could suggest.

That night, says Captain Ross, there was probably not one among his followers who forgot to render silent expression of his gratitude to the divine Power who had brought all from the very brink of death



RESCUE OF CAPTAIN ROSS.

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back to life and home and loving friends. It is stated that so long accustomed were the men to a bed on the hard ice or snow that they accommodated themselves with difficulty to the luxury of their present surroundings. Captain Ross himself could not sleep in his comfortable bed, but had actually to seek repose in a chair; and it was much the same with the rest. The adventurers had, in a word, to become inured to the luxuries of civilization.

The *Isabella* having remained in Davis Strait until the whale-fishery was over, started on her homeward passage in the end of September, and reached Hull in the middle of October. The good people of Hull gave the explorers a reception that was little short of enthusiastic. Captain Ross was presented with the freedom of the city, and the whole party were entertained at a public dinner. On their arrival in London the reception of the adventurers was not less kindly and sympathetic, being regarded as men brought back from death and the grave. The seamen were paid the double wages usually given to those engaged in Arctic explorations, and the officers were adequately rewarded for their onerous task. Captain Ross himself received a grant of £5,000 from Parliament, and had the honour of being presented to the king at Windsor.

The practical results of Captain Ross's expedition were the survey of the whole of the western shores of Regent Inlet, and the fact of proving that Boothia

was a peninsula. Commander James Ross had been of signal service to the expedition. He had himself discovered and explored seven hundred miles of new territory, and had succeeded in determining the exact position of the north Magnetic Pole, besides resolving several other important scientific problems.

IV.

Dr. Kane in the Arctic Seas.

"To the northward stretched the desert,
How far I fain would know;
So at last I sallied forth,
And three days sailed due north,
As far as the whale ships go."—LONGFELLOW.

IN the year 1852, Dr. Kane received orders from the Secretary of the United States Navy to command an expedition to the Polar Seas in search of Sir John Franklin. The brig *Advance*, in which Dr. Kane had made a previous voyage to the Arctic regions, was again placed at his disposal by its owner, Mr. Grinnell, while Mr. Peabody of London contributed largely to the expenses of the expedition. The *Advance* was a vessel of one hundred and twenty tons burden, and her crew comprised eighteen men in all. The object of the expedition was to penetrate to the highest practicable point in Baffin Bay, and thence to prosecute the search for the lost ships of Sir John Franklin.

Dr. Kane and his companions passed two winters

amid the ice. The deck of the ice-bound vessel was roofed over with boards and calked with oakum. A portion of the space amidship was partitioned off as a sleeping and a living room, a covering of moss being drawn around it like a wall. The party adapted themselves as nearly as possible to the manner of life of the Esquimaux. They burnt lamps for heat, wore clothes of fox-skins, and relied on hunting to a large extent for their daily supply of food. With the Esquimaux themselves, Dr. Kane established very friendly relations, and exchanged numerous neighbourly services.

The hardships endured by the explorers were many and severe. Death by frost-bite carried off the surgeon of the party, and the men were attacked one by one with scurvy, while all suffered more or less from extreme debility. During these two winters, various sledge parties made discovery and exploring expeditions in prosecution of the object for which the expedition had set out. But though the whole enterprise was conducted by Dr. Kane with admirable judgment and energy, the result added little to the previous knowledge regarding the lost explorer, Sir John Franklin.

At last, Dr. Kane found it absolutely necessary to abandon his ship. By this time the greater part of the spars, bulwarks, deck bulkhead, and hatches of the brig had been used for firewood; and in regard

to provisions, only a few weeks' supply remained to the explorers. To spend another winter as the two previous ones had been spent, would have been to endanger the lives of many of the party, while it would have added no further facts in regard to the fate of Franklin and his companions. Dr. Kane accordingly determined to make his escape from his ice prison by means of the sledges and boats.

The sledge journey brought the party to the neighbourhood of Cape Alexander, where open water was first seen. The boats had now to be got ready for a long and perhaps perilous voyage. By this time they were anything but seaworthy—their planks cracked and shrunk, with rents here and there in their sides. They were, moreover, small (the largest being only twenty-four feet in length), and heavily laden, and before they could be trusted to the water, required much calking and mending.

It was on a Sunday evening, June 17th, 1855, that, having bidden a hearty farewell to their Esquimau friends, Dr. Kane and his comrades dragged their boats over the hummocked ice, and at length stood by the open sea. The boat *Red Eric* was launched that night, but the party were not yet to set sail. A gale sprang up and obliged them to fall back with their boats on to the ice. They camped that night under the lee of a large iceberg that had been imbedded fast. While the storm lasted, the ice was torn

up by the angry sea all around them, the berg having the appearance of a large heaving caldron, the masses of ice crashing and grinding together with a roar like thunder.

On the following day the gale had ceased, and the sea had again become calm. Preparations were at once made for starting the loaded boats and the sledges, which were secured to the gunwale. Dr. Kane himself embarked in the boat called *Faith*, followed closely by the *Red Eric*, while the *Hope* brought up the rear. When the three boats had doubled the most westerly point of Cape Alexander, the wind increased; and when the party attempted to make their first landing, they found it impossible to do so by reason of the steep and rugged ice which encircled them like a rampart. The boats accordingly bore for Hakluyt Island. The crossing was a rough one, and proved too much for the *Red Eric*, which was swamped. Her crew were taken on board the *Faith* and the *Hope*, while the boat itself was with difficulty towed astern. At last Hakluyt Island was reached without further disaster.

On the 22nd, the party pushed on through a heavy snow-storm for Northumberland Island, near which the boats entered a small patch of open water, which bore them to the beach, and under a hanging glacier which was over a thousand feet in height.

On the 23rd, Murchison Channel was crossed, and

the camp was pitched. On the following day Clarence Rock was reached, an obelisk peak rising out of a plain of snow. At this point Dr. Kane sent two messengers for the purpose of communicating with the Esquimaux of Netlic, but the men's progress was stopped by the depth of the snow-drifts.

Quick advance was made on the following day, the ice opening in favourable leads before the navigators. For sixteen hours the helmsmen never left their posts, and all were much exhausted by the end of the day. The boats were drawn up under the shelter of a berg, and the tea-kettle set boiling with all possible despatch. Dr. Kane declares that he and his companions found no stimulant and restorative equal to tea, which they drank plentifully, and invariably with benefit.

Each man's daily allowance of food at this time consisted of six ounces of bread-dust and a small piece of tallow, an altogether inadequate diet for men undergoing such daily fatigue, and already much weakened by sickness. A heavy fog now delayed the progress of the little band. It was followed by a gale, which brought up an ice-floe that slowly closed in upon the camping-ground.

A scene of the wildest ruin now arose on all sides, the men rushing instinctively each to his own post in the boats. The whole platform on which the men had been standing was now tossed madly to and fro, being crashed and crumbled together in a wild tumult,

making a roar like that of a cannonade. The men seized their boat-hooks, and the boats were borne away on the eddying waters amid a mad confusion of ice, snow, and sea.

The gale swept the boats helplessly along, but at last the floe drove them up against the rocks. After a little, by help of their oars and of their boat-hooks, the men were able to get their fleet clear of the rocks, and presently, to their joy and surprise, they reached a space of open water wide enough to admit of their rowing.

Land was soon reached; but a landing was in vain sought, by reason of the formidable wall of ice barricading the shore. All the men could do was to make the boats fast to the ice by grapnels, and wait for a rise of the tide. The wind meanwhile increased, until it blew a perfect gale, while the ice again began to drive. It was with the utmost difficulty that the boats were kept above water. Part of the men had to keep constantly baling, as wave after wave broke over the boats; while part were employed in fending off the ice with boat-hooks. As it was, the *Hope* had her bottom driven in. At last the tide was high enough to admit of landing, and the boats were hauled up on a narrow ledge of rock. Here the weary navigators enjoyed three days of rest and refreshment, a welcome addition being made to their provisions by the discovery of a large quantity of eider-duck eggs.

On the 3rd of July the wind had much fallen, though it still snowed heavily. On the next morning a start was again made, and for some days slow progress was made in a southerly direction. Presently, long chains of icebergs began to bar the way, and the sea became extremely rough and broken. Dr. Kane now became more fully alive to the increasing craziness of his boats, the *Hope* being by this time totally unseaworthy. Food again began to fail, and the men were once more put upon short rations of bread-dust. It was fifty-two hours before, with much painful toil, a way was forced through this formidable ice passage; but Dr. Kane and his comrades had long ere this learned to meet every difficulty with the same discipline and painful endurance.

The ice barrier once overcome, the leads began to open out again, and for some time the navigators thought that their hardships were over; but presently a glacier came in view, quite unlooked for, as it was not laid down in the chart. The frail and crazy boat being quite unfit for doubling the glacier, they were forced into a lead of sludge. Captain Kane named the spot Providence Halt; for here a bivouac of a week was made, and fresh food, consisting of birds and eggs, was obtained.

By the 18th of July, the appearance of the ice invited a fresh start. A disaster, however, befell them at the outset. While the *Hope* was being launched,

she was precipitated from the crumbling ice-ledge into the sludge beneath. A rail and a bulwark were smashed, and the best shot-gun and the tea-kettle lost. The boat now followed the edge of the fast ice, and after the Crimson Cliffs of Sir John Ross were passed, the conditions of the navigation greatly improved. "The voyage now wore," writes Dr. Kane, "almost a holiday guise; the course ran almost parallel to the coast." When a bivouac was made, it was in some valley by the margin of a spring of water, in front of a blazing fire made of turf; while food was found in plenty to reward the efforts of the sportsman, the cliffs being thronged with auks. At this stage the remains of Esquimau huts, covered with lichens, and showing every sign of antiquity, were frequently found.

Cape York was reached on the 24th. At this point the land-leads ceased. The season was manifestly a late one, the red snow being a fortnight behind its time. A fast floe stretched wide to south and east. Dr. Kane had now to choose between a halt until the shore ice should open, and an abandonment of the coast in hopes of finding water to the west.

Messengers were despatched to discover if the Esquimaux were passing the summer at Episok, behind the glacier of Cape Imalik. The men returned bringing the intelligence that the Esquimaux had not been there for some years. No food being obtainable in the neighbourhood, Dr. Kane determined to re-embark.

The boats were examined, and made as water-tight and seaworthy as possible. But the *Red Eric* was dismantled and broken up, to be used as firewood when the necessity arose. The course now led south by west into the ice-fields.

Gradually the ice through which the boats were now moving became more and more closed up, so that it was sometimes difficult to tell whether the leads were navigable or not. The surface of the ice was rugged with hummocks and larger masses, so that it was almost impossible to see to any distance ahead, a difficulty still further increased by the fog. At one time the party fairly lost their way. The helmsman of the leading boat lost the main lead, and was steering for the land, far out of the direct course. Dr. Kane did not acquaint the rest of the men with this mishap, but ordered a camp to be made on the ice, with the pretext of drying the clothes and stores.

The daily routine of the navigators at this time was as follows:—It was Dr. Kane's plan never, if possible, to begin the work of one day before his men had fully recovered from the labours of the previous day. A halt was called punctually for meals and at bed-time. The boats were drawn up, the buffalo skins were spread, and each took his place according to his number. Then the cook built his fire, and served out the rations, whatever they might be. Dr. Kane read prayers regularly. This daily plan was seldom altered,

and Dr. Kane states that it was to this strictly observed routine that he and his comrades in a large measure owed their ultimate escape.

Shortly after the camp was pitched, the fog cleared off, and the navigators were able to realize their actual situation, which was a sufficiently threatening one. They were hemmed in on all sides by huge icebergs and a confusion of floe pieces. Only one course was open to the party—namely, to retrace their course westward in the sledges. This was done, but it took three days of fatiguing travel before the spot was reached where the helmsman had first steered out of the proper course. They now again launched the boats upon a free lead, with a favouring breeze. Food was now again becoming scant, few birds or game of any kind being met with. The strength of the men was daily failing—five ounces of bread-dust, three of bird flesh, and four of tallow, comprising the daily allowance of each.

Thus far the navigators had kept close to the fast ice as being the most expedient in the circumstances; but now Dr. Kane steered for the more open sea. At first this change of course was not satisfactory. Thick fogs surrounded the boats; a south wind springing up, drove the ice against them, and carried them some twenty miles out of their due course. Still Dr. Kane continued to steer south-south-west, hoping that the pack-ice would presently open out.

Notwithstanding the insufficient food of the men, their spirits and energy relaxed but little, though they were manifestly becoming weaker.

Misfortunes thickened upon the little party. A difficulty of breathing, which they had more than once suffered from during their long sojourn in the Arctic regions, again returned, while a swelling of the feet manifested itself, obliging the men to slit open their canvas boots. But a more serious symptom than either of these was sleeplessness, from which all began to suffer. They were by this time in the open bay, afloat in boats so leaky as to necessitate continual baling.

At this stage great excitement was one day caused by the appearance of a seal, apparently asleep on a ledge of ice. Eager with anxiety, the boats crept down upon the quarry with stocking-muffled oars. Mr. Petersen stood at the bow grasping his rifle; the rest held their breath in the intensity of their excitement. The seal was not asleep, for ere a shot was fired he raised his head. Dr. Kane gave the signal. Mr. Petersen drew trigger; a sharp report awakened the silent echoes; the seal rose a moment on his flippers, and then stretched himself upon the ice.

A shout of joy arose from the boats as they were rowed rapidly towards the seal. The men seemed half wild with eagerness, and not till then did Dr.

Kane actually realize how all were suffering from absolute starvation. The men crowded round the dead seal, shouting, laughing, and flourishing their knives, and in five minutes every man was sucking morsels of the raw blubber.

No portion of this seal was wasted, and two of the *Red Eric's* planks having been used to build a fine fire, the half-famished party enjoyed a grand though somewhat rude feast. This was the last occasion on which the men suffered the extremity of hunger, for a day or two after another seal was shot, which provided the voyagers with abundance of food to the end of their journey.

On the 1st of August they approached the Devil's Thumb, and were now in the waters frequented by whalers. Open water was all around them, and they were steering an easterly course. Presently Cape Shackleton was passed, and preparations were made for landing. It needs not to tell with what thankful joy and excitement the weary voyagers drew up their battered boats upon the rocks. Two days later, and they were rowing at a leisurely rate among the islands with which they were surrounded, when a well-known sound was borne upon their ears across the waters. "Listen, Petersen! what is it?" exclaimed Dr. Kane. Petersen, bending his ear, replied presently in a whispered and tremulous voice, "Dannemarkers!"

All rose in their places, and stretched their eyes

PETERSEN SHOOTING THE SEAL.

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into the distance, and listened. Then the men bent again to their oars with nervous vigour, making for the point of land whence the sound came. A little while, and the mast of a small vessel was descried. "'Tis the Upernavik oil-boat," cried Petersen, between laughing and crying, "the *Mariane* has come."

So it proved. The *Mariane* was at Proven, and Carlie Mossyn had come up in his little boat for blubber at Kingatok. The voyagers learned from Carlie Mossyn some shadowy idea of what had been happening in the great world during their exile in the far north; for it was not a great deal of authentic information that honest Mossyn, himself a dweller in a mere outpost of civilization, could give them.

After one more camp, Kasarsoak, the summit of Sanderson's Hope rose out of the mist, and the barking of dogs was heard, and then the tinkling of a bell. "It is six o'clock.—We are nearing the end of our trials.—Can it be a dream?"

Surrounded by a crowd of children, the boats' crews drew up their little vessels for the last time. So accustomed had the men become to the keen, free, open air, after eighty-four days spent continually under the bare heavens, that they could not breathe within the walls of a house without a strange, stifling feeling, and had to take their first meal out of doors, listening the while to the song of welcome which the people raised to greet them. The Danes of Upernavik

entertained the party with all possible hospitality and kindness. A vessel to carry them homewards could not be got ready until the beginning of September, but the interval was most grateful to men exhausted by nearly three months of exposure, toil, anxiety, and fatigue.

Captain Kane and all his companions quitted Upernavik on the 6th of September in the little ship *Mariane*, and arrived on the 11th at Godhavn in North Greenland. A little while after, the party were met by the American steamship, under the command of Lieutenant Hartstene, which had been sent out in search of them; and with hearty cheers of greeting, the long exiled explorers were welcomed back to the world of civilization and to home.

V.

Commander Lynch on the Jordan.

"These ages have no memory; but they left
A record on the desert—columns thrown
On the waste sands, and statues fallen and cleft,
Heaped like a host in battle overthrown;
Vast ruins, where the mountain's ribs of stone
Were hewn into a city; streets that spread
In the dark earth, where never breath hath blown
Of heaven's sweet air, nor foot of man dares tread
The long and perilous way—the 'Cities of the Dead.'"

BRYANT.

IT was a beautiful morning when the store-ship *Supply* set sail with a favouring breeze on Friday, November 26th, 1847, leaving behind her the harbour of New York, and directing her course for the East. The vessel had on board, besides her ordinary crew, Commander Lynch of the U.S. Navy, two metallic boats—the *Fanny Mason*, of copper, and the *Fanny Skinner*, of galvanized iron—and ten carefully selected seamen. It had, with the usual generosity of the United States Government, been placed at the service of Commander Lynch in order to convey him and his party to Pales-

tine, where he proposed to make a survey of the Jordan and the Dead Sea.

In a fortnight the ship reached the Azores, in three days more Cape St. Vincent, and on December 19th Cape Trafalgar. At 4 P.M. the anchor was cast abreast of Gibraltar. Unfortunately, it was found that one of the men was suffering from small-pox, which necessarily delayed the expedition somewhat. They had to go to the lazaretto at Port Mahon in Minorca. This they reached after a boisterous passage of eight days. On the man's recovery they left the island, and anchored off Smyrna, February 16th. Captain Lynch then proceeded to Constantinople, in order to procure a firman to enable him to carry on his design. On obtaining this he set sail for Syria, and arrived at Beirût on the 25th of March. Here he secured the services of an intelligent young Syrian, named Amaury, as dragoman, and of an Arab, Mustafa, as cook. They were not yet, however, at their destination. Three days were required before they could land at Akka. This was a task accomplished with some difficulty, as they were in danger of perishing in the surf. The Arab fishermen, however, who are bold and dexterous swimmers, came to their assistance. As the surf prevented any further communication with the ship, they had to find beds at the convent, there being no accommodation in the miserable village. On the road the travellers were struck with

the absence of forest trees, for "except the orchards, the mountains and plains are unrelieved surfaces of dull brown and green, and there was no shelter from the fiery beams of the sun."

On the 31st the two *Fannys* were hoisted out, and landed with all their effects, and tents were pitched for the first time on the beach. These were soon surrounded by a crowd of curious Arabs, of all "ages and conditions, their costumes picturesque and dirty," who soon began to show their thievish propensities by stealing the little copper chains of the thole-pins, thinking them to be gold. The tents were made of American canvas, circular in form, and so constructed that the boats' masts served as tent-poles. There were two tents—one for the officers, and one for the men; and each person had a piece of india-rubber cloth to sleep on, and a blanket to cover him.

Their troubles now commenced; for, owing to the cold, the stones on the ground, and the novelty of their situation, they scarcely slept a wink. The tinkling of bells soon after midnight announced the arrival of their horses, which, when daylight appeared, they found to be "most miserable, galled jades," entirely unused to draught. It was with great difficulty that these animals were compelled to draw the trucks as far as to Akka.

They met the governor just without the gate, and

he received them most graciously. Said Bey was about forty-five years of age, a Syrian by birth, but an Egyptian by education. He expressed his deep regret when Commander Lynch complained of the worthlessness of the horses with which he had been furnished; but the latter soon saw that no better were to be had. Said Bey did all in his power to put an end to the expedition by narrating sad tales of the disturbances among the Arab tribes, and mentioning difficulties which seemed in the telling almost insurmountable. Finding nothing was to be got from the governor, Captain Lynch managed to obtain camels and horses from a resident of the town, and engaged an Arab nobleman, Sherif Hazja of Mecca, and a great border sheik, Akil Agael Hazsee, to accompany him. The latter was to have under his command ten spears. All these Arabs assumed the garb of the desert. Each wore a flowing dark aba (a cloak), with a yellow koofeeyeh on his head, bound with a cord of camel's hair dyed black, and carried a spear eighteen feet long, which was generally tufted with ostrich feathers. This escort, with the servants and followers of the Sherif, amounted to fifteen Bedouins. They were well mounted, and were of great use to the exploring party, as they brought in sheep and lambs, nominally as presents, but for which they nevertheless expected and received a fair equivalent. The exploring party numbered sixteen persons, including the dragoman and

cook. Eleven camels were laden with their baggage, tents, instruments, etc.

After a three days' march they saw before them the Sea of Galilee gleaming in the sunlight, and recalling sacred memories of our Lord's sojourn on earth —a sea celebrated as being the lake of the New Testament whose cliffs re-echoed with the glad tidings of salvation, and from whose villages the first apostles were called. The roadsides and uncultivated slopes of the hills were full of flowers, "and abounded with singing birds. Not a tree, not a shrub; nothing but green grass, grass and flowers, yet acres of bright verdure."

Some days were spent at Tiberias, where visits were received and paid by the governor, the Jewish rabbis, and others, and in adjusting the instruments in final preparation for the voyage on the Jordan. A firman, supplied by the Pacha of Jerusalem, had just reached them. However, on the 8th of April, it being a beautiful calm morning, all hands were called to bring the boats down to the sea. The task was successfully accomplished, and in a short time the two *Fannys*, bearing the "Stars and Stripes," floated on the blue waters of the Sea of Galilee. On the afternoon of the following day they pulled up the lake, and visited Mejdel, the Magdala of Scripture. This is now a poor village, consisting of about forty families, all fellaheen, the houses being of rough stone,

with flat roofs. They did not, however, make observations on the lake, as the season was late, but obtained fresh camels, bought provisions, and made arrangements for further progress.

The party was to be divided into two divisions—one to travel by land, the other by water. That the work might be done well, the labour was divided, and to each officer and volunteer his appropriate duty was assigned. One was to take topographical sketches of the country, one to make geological observations and collect specimens, and another to collect plants and flowers. Commander Lynch assigned to himself, in the *Fanny Mason*, "the course, rapidity, colour, and depth of the river and its tributaries, the nature of its banks and of the country through which it flowed, the vegetable productions, the birds and animals, with a journal of events." To Mr. Aulick, in the *Fanny Skinner*, "the topographical sketch of the river and its shores was assigned."

The land party, consisting of the Arabs, Dr. Anderson, Mr. Kedlow, and Mr. Lynch, under the command of Mr. Dale, was to keep as near to the river as possible, and if they heard two guns fired in quick succession were to hasten with all speed to the assistance of the boats. The *Fanny Mason* led the way, followed closely by the *Fanny Skinner*, and the Arab boatmen of *Uncle Sam*, an old boat purchased to carry heavy luggage, worked joyously at the oars to keep its place

MAGDALA, PLAIN OF CAPERNAUM, AND SEA OF GALILEE.

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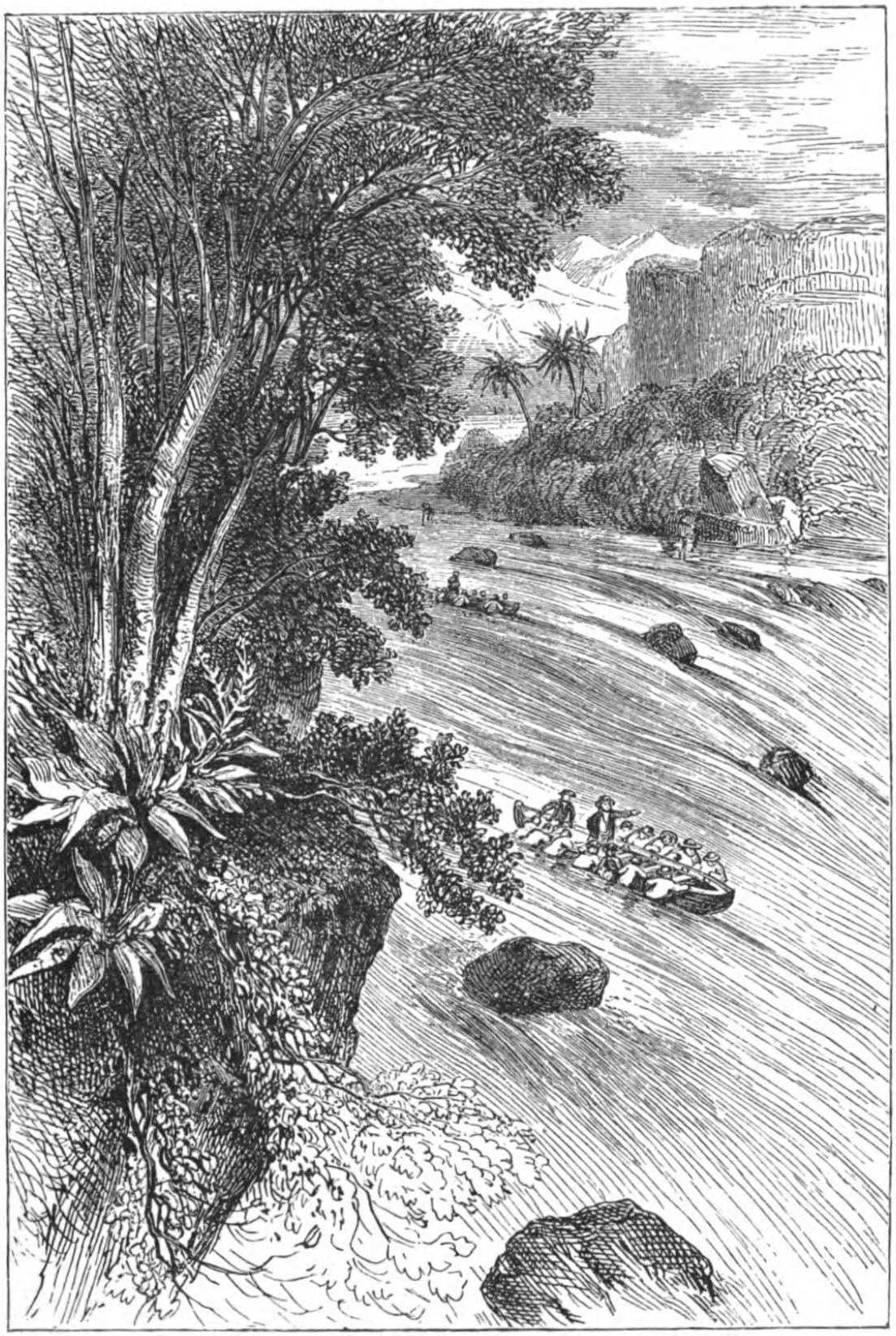
in the line. All passed rapidly onwards, and where the current was strong the oars were only used to keep the boats in the channel, down which they gently floated. At five o'clock they reached the first rapid, which was successfully shot after some difficulty, and soon after the boats were moored for the night. On landing, the tents were found pitched on a small knoll commanding a fine view of the river.

The next morning they started soon after eight o'clock, and in about ten minutes they came to where "the river, for more than three hundred yards, was one foaming rapid." On each side of it were cultivated fields. Everything was taken out of the boats, the men swimming alongside and guiding them. Thus they shot successively down the first rapid. As far as the first waterfall the water was very deep. At this point it precipitated itself over a ledge of rocks. It then became so shallow that it was necessary to remove some large stones in order to open up a channel; and as the stream was very rapid, grapnels were thrown out to ease each boat down in succession, there being five falls with rapids between. Severe labour was required to accomplish this difficult task, the men working up to their waists in water. In half an hour they reached another cascade and rapid.

The river was very circuitous; but on they went, and at five o'clock the eleventh rapid was descended. Soon after this they passed a village, where the men,

women, and children, with discordant cries, hurried down to the river. If the inhabitants intended to molest the party, they were unable to do so, as the boats were swept along with much rapidity. At eight o'clock it became too dark to proceed, so the boats were hauled to the right bank, and the camp was found at some little distance off.

The next day was spent much in the same manner. The *Uncle Sam* was, however, sunk; for being built of wood, it had been unable to stand the thumps on the rocks, which had only indented the metallic boats. One of the rapids was peculiarly dangerous. The boats had to be considerably lightened, while the sailors guided them by ropes from the shore, that they might descend as easily as possible. After shooting other two rapids, at half-past six in the evening Jîsr Mejâmiâ ("Bridge of the Place of Meeting") came in sight, and on the crest of the hill was seen a ruined khan. This must at one time have been a solid structure, destroyed by convulsions of nature, as the thick and ponderous masses of masonry were much scattered. Here the river was spanned by a graceful bridge, consisting of one large and three smaller Saracenic arches below, and of six smaller ones above. On the left bank, which is about sixty feet above the river, were twenty or thirty black Bedouin tents, with a number of camels grazing round. The men were seated in groups on the ground, while



SHOOTING THE RAPIDS OF THE JORDAN.

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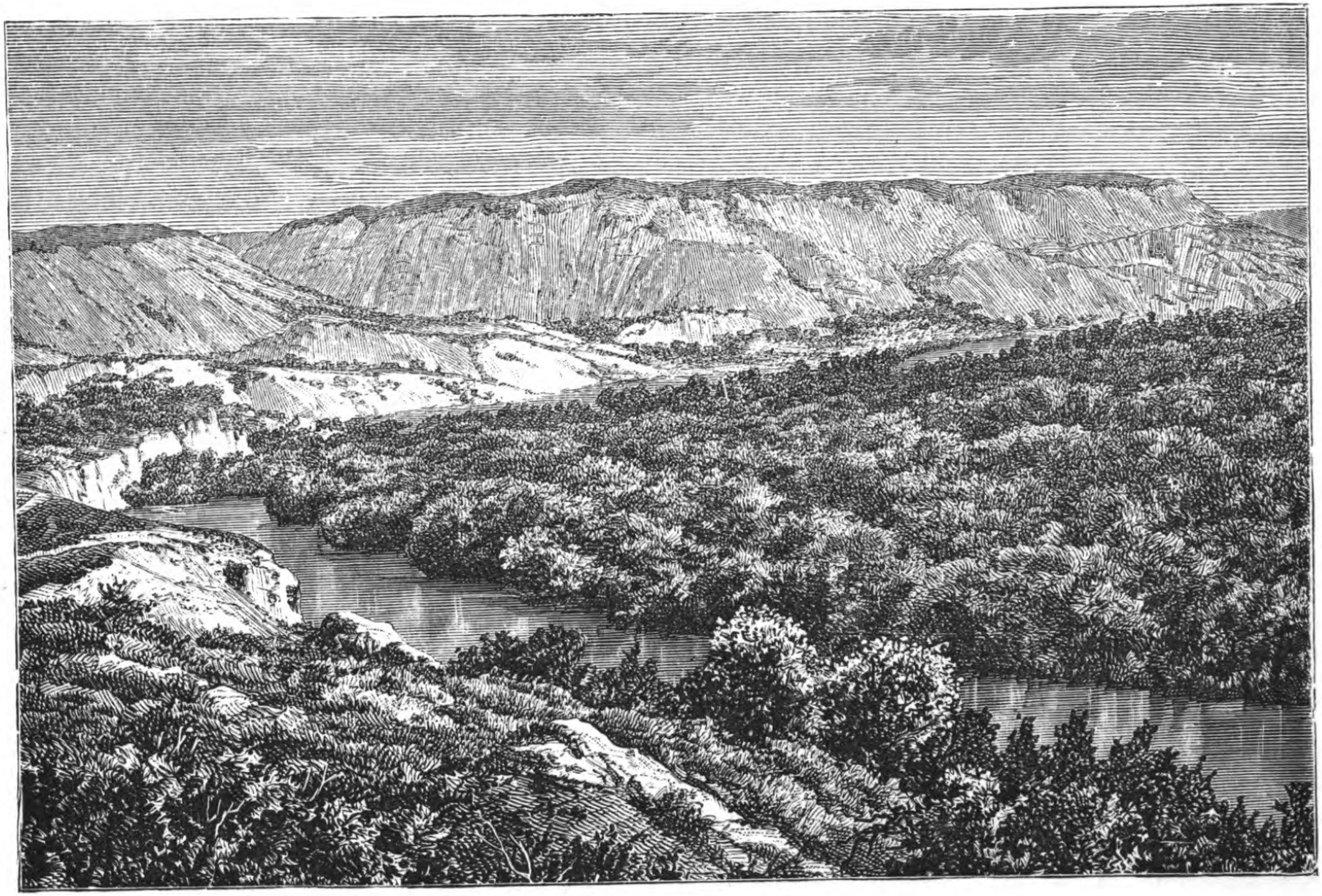
the women were busied in culinary preparations, and the children played near them. On the following day, towards evening, the expedition came upon another encampment of thirty or forty black tents. They were constructed of coarse cloth of goats' hair, "supported by a row of poles in the centre, the sides slightly inclined and hauled out by ropes, which were pinned to the ground." One of them was entered. Mats were spread, coffee served, and pipes placed in readiness. After partaking of these, water was brought and poured on their hands, and then followed the principal repast. It consisted of pilau (boiled rice with rancid butter), eaten with the fingers.

On Friday, April 14th, the boats had little need of oars, as the current carried them along at the rate of from four to six knots an hour. The river now curved and twisted north, south, east, and west, turning within half an hour to every quarter of the compass—now passing through spots of solemn beauty, now washing the bases of sandy hills, and now meandering between low banks fringed with trees and fragrant with blossoms. Again it sped onwards furiously, endangering the safety of the boats, the crews of which had to leap out and guide them. The scenery became wilder as they advanced, and night threw her dark shadows over the mountain gorges. During the day twelve islands and fourteen tributary streams had been passed, and many fish and countless

numbers of hawks, herons, pigeons, ducks, storks, bulbuls, and swallows had been seen.

As the territory reached at nightfall was inhabited by hostile tribes, every precaution against surprise was taken. The camels lay near the tents, and on all sides were lances, smouldering fires, and slumbering Arabs. The next day no incident of importance occurred; but on the following day great care was necessary, as the party were passing through a dangerous territory. They were, however, met by a friendly Arab, who brought them a present of oranges and cake, and accompanied them part of their way.

At half-past nine o'clock they arrived at "El Meshra," the bathing-place of the Christian pilgrims. This ford is supposed to be the place where the Israelites passed over Jordan with the ark, and where our Saviour was baptized. Here the tents had already been pitched by the land party on the bank down which the pilgrims were accustomed to descend to the river. Mr. Dale objected to the situation, but he was assured that the pilgrims would not arrive until late on the following day; and as the men were very weary, it was thought expedient to postpone the task of moving the tents till the following morning. At three o'clock, however, all were roused by the rumour that the pilgrims were coming. Rising in haste, they beheld "a dark mass with thousands of torchlights"



SCENERY OF THE JORDAN.

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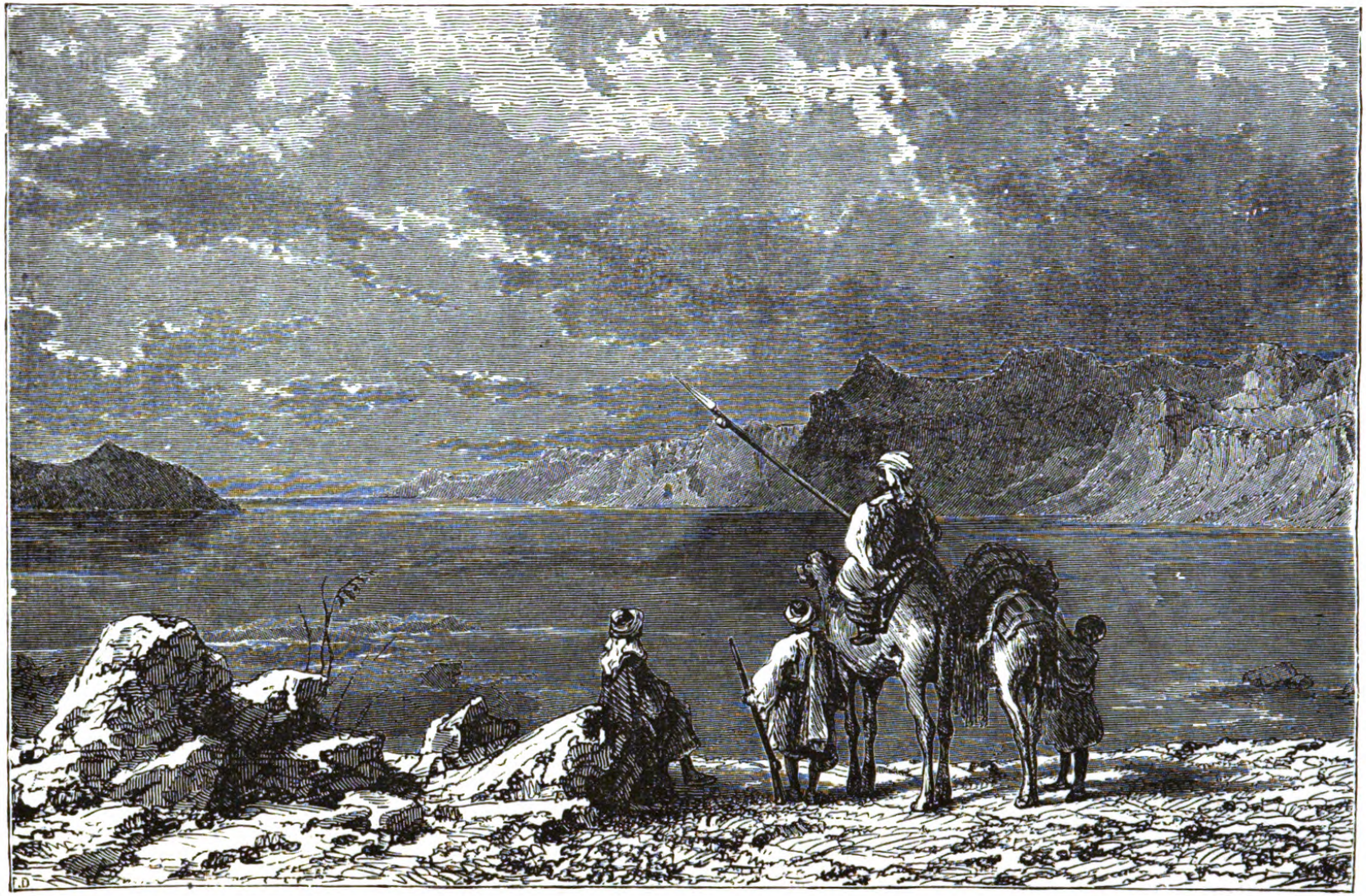
moving rapidly over the hills. The tents were hurriedly struck and removed a little towards the left. This operation was hardly finished when there was an impetuous rush of men, women, and children, mounted on camels, horses, mules, and donkeys, presenting the appearance of a band of fugitives from a routed army. Commander Lynch and his party would have been run down, and their effects trampled, scattered, and lost, had they not been shielded by their Bedouin guards, "who, sticking their tufted spears before the tents, mounted their steeds and formed a military cordon round them." This crowd was only the advanced guard of the great body of pilgrims, who arrived about five o'clock in a tumultuous, eager throng—Copts, Russians, Poles, Armenians, Greeks, and Syrians from all parts of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, of every age and hue, and in every variety of costume, talking, screaming, shouting in almost every known language under the sun. On they rushed, heedless of all obstacles. Hastily undressing, they threw themselves into the stream, each pilgrim plunging himself, or being dipped by another, three times, in honour of the Trinity; and each filled a bottle from the river. The bathing-dress of many was a white gown with a black cross on it. After dressing, they cut down branches of willow, dipped them in the stream, and took them away as memorials. They began then shortly to disperse, and in three hours all had disap-

peared. A band of eight thousand human beings had in a few hours come and gone.

Shortly after this a heavy cloud settled on the hills, and there came a thunderstorm, accompanied by refreshing rain. All were wearied for want of fresh food, as they had lived on salt provisions since they left Tiberias. They had been disappointed in getting any at Jericho, so they determined to push on to the Dead Sea. Accordingly the boats were started about half-past two o'clock, and in two hours their destination was reached. Great difficulty was now experienced, as, owing to the fierce wind, they could make no headway, and Commander Lynch feared that the party would have to "pass a dreary night on the dreariest waste they had ever seen." However, about six o'clock the wind abated, and the sea fell rapidly. Owing to the density of the water it settled as soon as the cause of agitation ceased, and the party were quickly rowing over a placid sheet of water which shortly before had been ready to engulf them. Within two hours the encampment was reached, and the party settled for the night. The scene before them at the "Cape of the Stride," to which an excursion was made next day, is described as one of "unmixed desolation." "The air, tainted with sulphuretted hydrogen of the stream, gave a tawny hue even to the foliage of the cane; except the cane-brakes there was no vegetation whatever—barren mountains, fragments of rocks



THE DEAD SEA, FROM THE NORTH.

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blackened by the sulphureous deposit, and an unnatural sea, with low dead trees upon its margin." Much time was now employed in thoroughly exploring the neighbourhood, and many excursions were made. One was to the river Arnon, which runs through a chasm ninety-seven feet wide, formed by high perpendicular cliffs of red, brown, and yellow sandstone. These were worn by the winter rains into the most fantastic forms not unlike Egyptian architecture. East of Usdum, at the head of a narrow and rugged ravine, rises a lofty round pillar of salt. The upper, rounded part is forty feet in height, and has an oval-shaped base or pedestal. The pillar is one entire piece of crystallization, and its peculiar formation is probably due to atmospheric influences. Another expedition was made to the fortress of Machærus, where John the Baptist was imprisoned and afterwards beheaded.

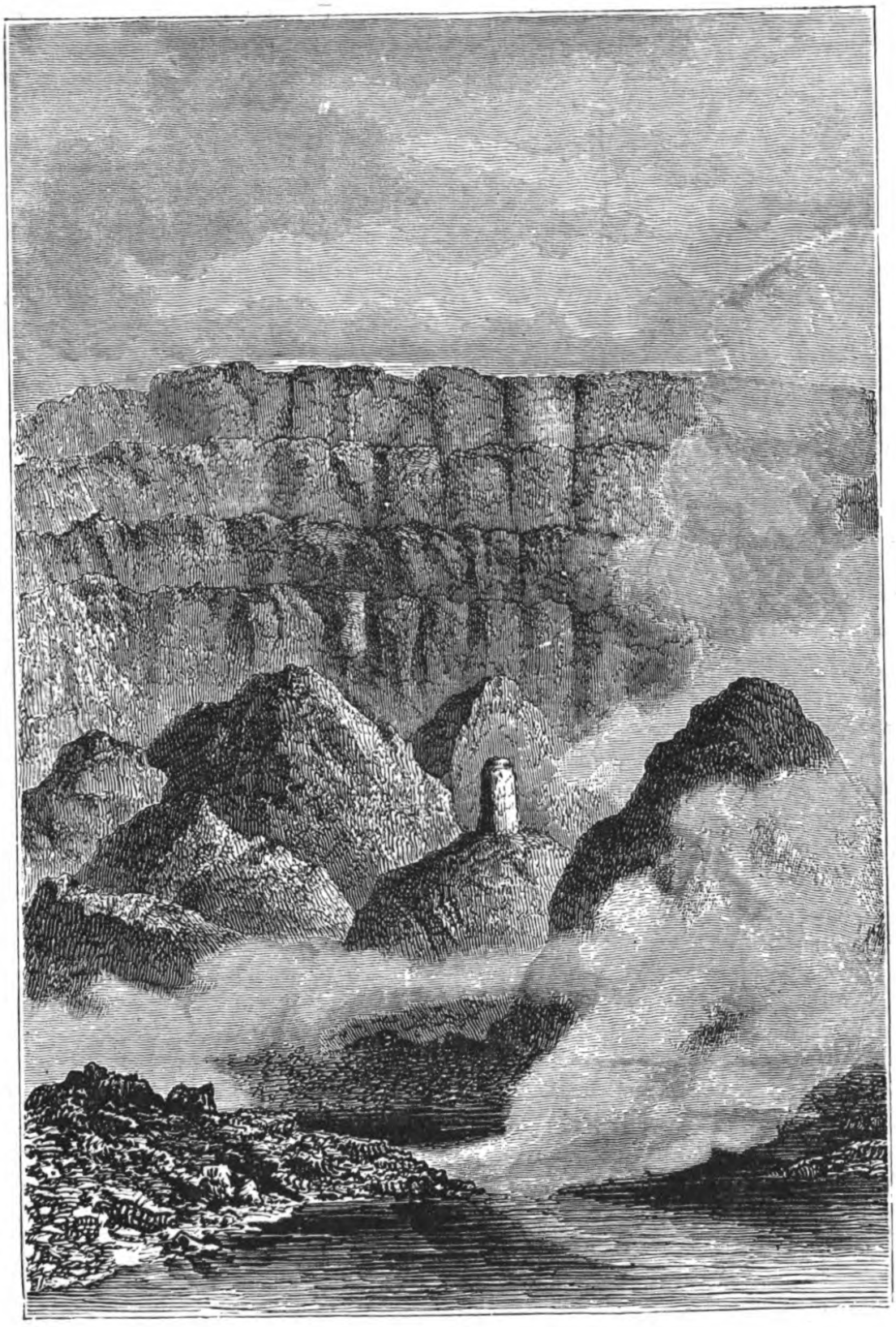
On May 17th Jerusalem was reached, and the boats were sent in sections to Jaffa, while Commander Lynch remained behind for a little time to see over the town and the neighbourhood. He was particularly struck by the sight of eight olive-trees, supposed to be about one thousand years old, growing in the Garden of Gethsemane, under the predecessors of which our Saviour may have rested. Many other hallowed spots recalled to him various events mentioned in Scripture.

From Jerusalem the direct route was to Jaffa,

whence the land party started for St. Jean d'Acre. Commander Lynch and his men embarked in an Arab brig for the same place. After arriving there, they went across country to Damascus and Heliopolis, and then back to the sea. Having reached the town of Beirût, they waited for the *Supply* to carry them home. After waiting a month in vain, and fearing the loss of some of the men who were ill, they chartered a French brig to take them to Malta, which island they reached after a tedious passage of thirty-eight days, during which they suffered much from sickness, debility, and scarcity of food and water. As they came from an unhealthy climate, they were not permitted to enter Valetta, but were confined to a building outside.

On the 12th of September, the *Supply* having arrived, Commander Lynch had the satisfaction of re-embarking the expedition with only three of its members on the sick list. They touched at Naples, Marseilles, and Gibraltar for supplies. The ship then "winged her way for home, and early in December they were greeted with the heart-cheering sight of their native land."

Thus ended an expedition which, according to a French *savant*, M. Boussingault, has thrown more light on the climate and topography of the region of the Dead Sea than any other which the world had previously seen.



PILLAR OF SALT.

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VI.

The Four Voyages of the Rob Roy.

"I've found it better in every clime
To paddle my own canoe."—*Song.*

MR. JOHN MACGREGOR was the first to make a long voyage in a canoe *alone*. The "Log of the *Water Lily*" describes in very enjoyable fashion the voyage of that little craft on the Rhine and the Danube. But its crew consisted of four men; and other similar journeys had been made by various parties of adventurers previous to that of the *Rob Roy*. The distinguishing characteristic of Mr. Macgregor's voyage was that, for upwards of one thousand miles of ocean, lake, and river, he had no other companion than his boat.

The now world-famous little craft the *Rob Roy* was fifteen feet in length, twenty-eight inches in breadth, and nine in depth. She was constructed of oak, decked with cedar; weighed eighty pounds; had a water-draught of three inches, and an inch of keel. The captain of the boat sat, when in position, in a

cavity fifty-four inches long and twenty broad, his baggage in a small black bag between his knees. Mr. Macgregor's everyday dress was of gray flannel; while he took with him also canvas wading-shoes, blue spectacles, and a waterproof overcoat for occasional use and emergencies.

On a hot morning in the end of July of 1865 the *Rob Roy* sped lightly and merrily down the tide of old Thames, through Westminster Bridge, through Blackfriars' Bridge, along the Pool, and so to Greenwich. Here the skipper hoisted the new snowy-white sail with which his little craft was furnished, and the *Rob Roy* bounded with a fresh impetus and a "cheery hissing sound" before the brisk breeze.

When Mr. Macgregor had shipped supplies at Gravesend, and thereafter pushed off into the tide, he felt that his voyage had fairly begun. From that moment he was aware of a strangely keen sense of freedom and novelty which never wholly left him while his canoe and he were companions.

At Southend the *Rob Roy* had her first opportunity of proving her seaworthiness, for here a gale sprang up and the water became very rough. She acquitted herself in a most satisfactory fashion, and her captain felt quite assured both as to her buoyancy and to her stability.

The canoe roused no small excitement and interest even on the Thames, where craft of all varieties of

naval architecture abound. To the question more than once put to him, "Where are you going to?" Mr. Macgregor had but one reply, "I really do not know."

A steamer conveyed the *Rob Roy* and her captain from Dover to Ostend; and though the rollers off the "digue" ran high, the canoe ventured to breast them, and then there was a quiet sail along the broad and straight canal.

The first European river on which the *Rob Roy* was launched was the Sambre; but the Meuse was quickly reached—a river well-suited for the earlier stages of a canoe voyage, because it is a quiet, staid, easy-going stream, and gives the voyager plenty of opportunities to become accustomed to his position and his work.

Mr. Macgregor began to "feel his way" somewhat at first, treating the shallows and river-barriers with much respect, usually getting out of the canoe and wading until the obstruction was passed. In a month he had attained such confidence and boldness that he would dash over a shallow with a rapid stroke or two and a shove, indifferent to the sharp grate of the gravel and sand against the bottom of the boat.

By-and-by the current of the Meuse began to flow at a livelier rate. Trees seemed to spring up with miraculous growth in front of the voyager and grow suddenly tall—the effect of his rapid approach towards them. A soft dreamy condition of mind seemed to fall upon the canoeist as he glided swiftly

and noiselessly along. Life had become a dreamlike, visionary thing of shadowy pictures and far-away sounds, where came no worry, or heat, or noise, nor anything sudden or loud. The pleasant little villages on the banks seemed to be gliding gently towards him rather than he to be approaching them. From this dreamy, sensuous, pleasant state of mind and body—a sort of waking dream—the voyager was at last roused by the hammers and stir of Liège.

While on the Meuse an accident occurred which enabled Mr. Macgregor to understand the truth and force of a well-known passage in the Old Testament that had more than once puzzled him somewhat. As he shot round a bend in the river, a large herd of cattle came swimming across the stream in close column. Mr. Macgregor then remembered that he had seen black oxen crossing the river Nile in just such a way, and thus saw more clearly the meaning of the "kine coming up out of the river," as described in Pharaoh's dream.

Having reached Freyburg, Mr. Macgregor determined to shape his course direct for the headwaters of the Danube. A fair breeze allowed him to hoist sail on the river Main, which proved an easy stream to navigate. A storm drove him and his fellow-voyager, —Mr. Macgregor was at this stage accompanied by Lord Aberdeen, who, however, was able to enjoy but a few days of canoeing,—to take shelter in a rude

arbour adjoining an inn, where they were regaled with sour bread and raw bacon. Discussing such sorry fare in a refuge which exposed them to a chill wind and drizzling rain was, it may be supposed, but indifferent sport; but the episode may be mentioned as the only occasion, Mr. Macgregor declares, on which he regarded himself as having fared badly or in any degree "roughed it" in an otherwise "luxurious" tour. Possibly, however, a less hardy and buoyant spirit than his might have considered many of the incidents and *contretemps* which he bore lightly and unconcernedly as something very like "roughing it."

Where the voyager first launched his canoe on the Danube it was but a few feet broad, but it rapidly increased in width and volume. Soon the banks on each side showed old castles, houses, woods, and cliffs —a picturesque mingling of the wild and the rural, the rugged and the sylvan. Now began a slowly unfolding panorama of varied beauty, which lasted for days together. The forest was thick and leafy, the rocks were quaint and lofty and varied in conformation, the water was bright and clear, the grass so green. Now the canoeist was gliding swiftly down this reach, now creeping slowly along that, each turn and bend in the stream revealing to him some fresh vista, some new combination of the landscape. In his many travels Mr. Macgregor had never seen anything which equalled, he thought, the Upper Danube.

The management of the boat was now a business demanding very much more skill and judgment than had been necessary on the placid Belgian waters. It required no little decision rapidly to choose one out of some half-dozen different channels all suddenly opening out before the voyager. One or more of these are most probably unsafe, and, possibly, the very one you may hit upon. Not a moment is left to hesitate, or your boat is aground on a bank. Experience and one or two sharp lessons caused this necessity for prompt decision to become a habit. The task of guiding a canoe down a swift and unknown river is a far keener excitement and more absorbing, Mr. Macgregor declares, than that of steering a camel through the sandy wilderness when you have lost your fellow-travellers, or a horse through pathless wilds alone.

As the canoe sped along between the river banks it was naturally an object of much curious and excited interest to the dwellers thereon. The hay-makers stared in perplexed wonder as the boat shot by, sometimes greeting it with a shout, sometimes dumb with very marvel. No wonder; for some of these people had never seen a boat or a foreigner in their lives before. When Mr. Macgregor encountered a waterfall too high to "shoot," or some other impracticable barrier, he would land, get out, and drag or push the canoe straight across the hayfields, when the open-mouthed amaze of the simple rustics defied

description. Everybody knows the story of that clever Yankee craft of which its builder averred that it could go "wherever there was a heavy dew." Here was something like a literal verification of the vaunt which might have given the American boat-builder a hint had any sceptical person offered to bet against his boat's boasted prowess.

After quitting the Danube, Mr. Macgregor voyaged along the rivers Iller and Ulm, lakes Constance, Zurich, Zug, and Lucerne, favoured by fine weather almost always; through beautiful and ever-changing scenery; every day bringing some fresh incident, trifling, grave, amusing, or ludicrous, but nearly always fraught with human interest, and discovering some human trait, national or individual, or idiosyncrasy more or less quaint and characteristic. On the river Reuss Mr. Macgregor was placed in an awkward dilemma, resulting, as he himself tells us, from a temporary fit of carelessness, for the river is a favourable enough one for a canoe voyage. While in the act of "shooting" a mill-weir the fore part of the boat went under a rock at the foot of the fall, and the canoe, suspended on the edge of the weir, refused to move forward or backward. The position was a critical one. To jump from the canoe feet first would have been to break it; to plunge into the water head foremost would probably have resulted in a dislocated neck. After renewed and much struggling, however, the boat and

her captain tumbled down the weir sidelong, and reached the lower water in safety, to Mr. Macgregor's considerable astonishment and great relief. Of the whole of this achievement Mr. Macgregor was by no means proud; it seemed to lower him as a canoeist a degree or two in his own estimation, for he believed it might have been avoided with a little more foresight. Moreover, he felt guilty of something like ingratitude at thus exposing his trusty little craft to rough usage and a needless risk.

A pleasant course for the canoeist is the Moselle river. Graceful aquatic plants and flowers star its waters, and the ripples break musically around its mossy stones. The smooth green meads that slope to its marge are thick with drooping fruit-trees; the stream flows clear and cool; and the voyager's labours are lightened by the sight of bird and fish, fair green fields, and shadowy woods. The Moselle was doubly welcome to our canoeist from its succeeding the torpid, unlovely, and wholly unprofitable waters of the Ill and the Basel canal; but the canoe-voyager must not expect always to light on ideal waters and halcyon days. Halcyon days the *Rob Roy* did enjoy on the Moselle, as her skipper moored beneath some low-drooping umbrageous tree, and, stretched at easeful length upon the grassy bank, discussed his frugal but sufficient meal in luxurious *idlesse;* not wholly mind-vacant, however, for he could watch the while the butterflies, bees, and beetles flitting past, see and hear

the quick plunge of the water-rat, and study in a quiet half-hour the varied animal life of air and water. Well for the traveller whose early or later training has taught his eye and mind to feel the marvels and the beauties that lie all around him in a summer day's rambling.

Probably, if canoeing were all pleasure, there would cease to be any pleasure in it—if that be not a paradox. Paradox or not, we think that is what the spirit of all Mr. Macgregor's books teaches. Scenes like that which has just been described were none the less enjoyed, we may be sure, because he had to experience such adventures as the following:—

With the view of escaping a long and tortuous bend of the river Marne, the voyager entered a canal, and found water running clear and deep. So far so good. This state of matters lasted for a mile or two, and the canoeist sped on his way contented, and with an easy mind, all in blissful unconsciousness of what was in store for him. Presently weeds showed on the water; then rushes in thick clumps; then shrubs and trees; until at length the growth in the canal was so dense that all around and ahead looked most like a long hayfield. The weeds and reeds reached a height of about four feet, and through this dense and ugly scrub of marsh-growth the canoeist had to row, if rowing it could be called.

The day was hot, the air windless, and the long flat

vista was destitute of aught that was cheerful or hospitable, not a trace of human habitation or animal life in sight. This was a depressing enough phase of canoe-life, and the chief wonder of the reader is how ever Mr. Macgregor contrived to get his fragile little craft through this horrible morass. But by dint of pushing, and tugging, and "worrying along," to use a graphic Americanism, he did manage it, and the Rob Roy at last again reached the main river, with her beauty and symmetry unimpaired.

Mr. Macgregor's first canoe voyage was now almost over. The last river traversed on the Continent was the Seine; and then the skipper, "the purser, the ship's cook, the cabin boy of the *Rob Roy*," was recalled to England's shores. Two shillings took the little boat from Calais to Dover, and "with a flowing tide on a sunny evening" Mr. Macgregor was once again afloat on the familiar waters of old Thames, and had once more planted on English soil the little flag of his boat that had so gallantly

> "Braved a thousand miles
> The rapid and the snag."

The story of the first cruise of the *Rob Roy* was read with great interest, and the fame of the little craft and its captain rapidly spread abroad throughout the civilized world. Many young and adventurous Britons were stimulated by Mr. Macgregor's exploits to go and

do likewise. Other canoes were built after the model of the *Rob Roy*. A canoe club was established, with Mr. Macgregor as its captain, and various voyages were undertaken by the members.

As for Mr. Macgregor himself, he had found his first cruise so entirely to his mind that he resolved on repeating it the following year. He, however, did not take with him on this occasion his old boat. Taut and trusty craft as the first *Rob Roy* was, its captain deemed that there were points in which it might be improved on. A new canoe was accordingly built, "shorter, narrower, shallower, and stronger" than *Rob Roy* the first; and at the end of his second expedition Mr. Macgregor declared that he had looked in vain for any blemish in his new boat.

The ground chosen by Mr. Macgregor for his second canoe voyage was to be on the lakes and rivers of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, and on the Baltic Sea. At the very outset of this cruise a mishap befell the *Rob Roy* which threatened to bring the expedition to a speedy and ignominious conclusion, and from which the boat escaped by sheer and miraculous good luck.

Mr. Macgregor had paddled in safety and enjoyment to the end of his first lake in Norway, at which point his chart indicated a river; but, behold! no river was to be found. There was nothing for it but to get a cart and a man to transport the *Rob Roy* by land to

the next lake. The man led the horse too fast, and Mr. Macgregor perceiving this cried to him to slacken his pace. In vain. The horse was full of mettle, and started off at a still more rapid rate, dragging the carter after him. The horse's pace increased to a gallop. The more Mr. Macgregor and the man shouted the faster flew the horse. The man was knocked over; the horse, kicking and plunging, rushed into a cornfield and against a gate. The body of the cart was smashed to pieces; but still the horse rushed on, dragging after it the shafts. In a fever of consternation, and anticipating nothing else but that he should find his beautiful boat irretrievably damaged, Mr. Macgregor hurried up to where his canoe had been thrown out on the ground. He turned her over as gently as one might handle a baby, and to his utter astonishment found that she had escaped almost unscathed. There was hardly a mark on her polished sides, and the only injury she had sustained was a broken rib or two, and a shattered flag-staff. The canoe, in falling, had made a somersault over a paling, and thus landed on her strong oaken prow. Nevertheless the escape was as marvellous as it was fortunate.

After three weeks passed in agreeable fashion on the spacious inland "zees," smaller lakes, and broad rivers of Norway and Sweden, Mr. Macgregor was eager for a paddle on salt waters, although he had already encountered some pretty rough surges on Lake

Vennern, the navigation of whose waters had taxed both muscle and courage.

It was on a lovely morning—a light breeze and a quiet sea—that the captain of the *Rob Roy* launched his boat on the waters of the Baltic, and paddled silently beneath lofty cliffs, amid the shrill cries of the sea-gulls. The first bay traversed was six miles in width, one of eight miles succeeding. The wind freshening, the skipper moored to a rock and lunched, and thereafter, setting his little lug-sail and jib, was once more careering over the waters fast and far.

Presently the *Rob Roy* was sailing among islands; fishing boats came in sight, then a few cottages. At this point the wind fell suddenly, and an unfavourable change in the weather occurred. The wind, chopping about, blew straight in the voyager's teeth, and a dense fog-mist crept over the sea, eager to enfold the *Rob Roy* in its cold, clammy embrace. But by this time boat and captain were near the land, and there was nothing to be feared.

On the evening of this day—noteworthy in the log of the *Rob Roy* as being the first spent entirely on the open sea — Mr. Macgregor halted and disembarked at the little hamlet of Oxlö Sund, and waited for a steamer that was to pass at midnight. Rain began to fall, and the night was dark. Mr. Macgregor had to put off in his canoe to reach the steamer. Tumbling in his baggage, and launching

his canoe without assistance, he paddled off in the darkness and drizzling rain.

On approaching the steamer, a dozen hands were stretched down over the side to the canoeist, but none could reach him. At this juncture, before Mr. Macgregor could get his rope made fast to the steamer, and after he had handed his paddle to those on board, a big lumbering boat came alongside. It was a critical moment for the *Rob Roy*. The skipper shouted loud, but those on board the big boat neither heard nor saw. Another instant, and the *Rob Roy's* bow would have been smashed and boat and captain plunged under water. A hasty shove sent the canoe off from the steamer's side; and there was the canoeist standing upright in his boat, thick darkness around him, and his paddle gone. But presently the wind drifted the canoe once more close to the steamer, and at length boat and captain were safely raised on board, and the weary voyager accommodated with a cabin. Thus ended the *Rob Roy's* first cruise on the Baltic. Mr. Macgregor found that there were essential points of difference between the sea as a canoeing ground, and the largest lake or river—the waves of the former being distinctly more buoyant.

Mr. Macgregor visited Stockholm, and cruised about Lakes Mälar and Hjelmar. Then the desire seized him to have one more paddle on the broad bosom of Lake Vennern, which he had already explored. This

great lake lies at a height of one hundred and forty-three feet above the sea-level. Upwards of thirty streams empty their waters into it; but only one flows *from* it to the ocean—namely, the Gota, which hurries from the lake in a noisy and impetuous torrent. The evaporation from this large inland sea must be very great, for the out-flowing river, the Gota, has apparently a less volume than several of the in-flowing streams.

A curious incident befell the voyager on the Gota river. He had drawn up the canoe on a rocky islet a few feet in length, and had got out in order to re-arrange the gear, provisions, and fishing-tackle. The current flowed past the little island in strong eddies, and ever and again a wave washed up to the voyager's feet. Presently he noticed with surprise that the water was rising. Now it had submerged the rock, and the canoe was afloat. Still the water rose, and at last it became manifest that *the island was slowly sinking.* One can readily imagine the mingled astonishment, perplexity, and consternation which this sight caused the voyager. He had never heard of, thought of, or for one moment contemplated that a solid rock would bodily descend and leave him in deep water. The *gradual* sinking of the rock made the matter more mysterious and perplexing, so that sheer surprise and uncertainty prevented Mr. Macgregor from taking that immediate action which

dangers usually call forth in those frequently exposed to them.

Instead of immediately endeavouring to get away, Mr. Macgregor kept leaping and turning about on the rock—by this time well under the water—until at last, urged by a sudden panic, he stepped on to the arched deck of the canoe, and actually succeeded, with a dexterity akin to that of a rope-dancer, in walking along this to the centre of the boat from her bow, an exploit which Mr. Macgregor declares himself to be incapable of performing in cool blood—a statement which we can easily credit when we call to mind the narrow, arching deck with which *Rob Roy* the second was furnished.

Wet through, and flushed with excitement, not unmixed with inward laughter at the singularity of the whole incident, Mr. Macgregor took a little time to cool down and to recover his normal equipoise of pulse and thought. Meantime he had been carried far from the scene of this tragi-comedy, and could not therefore properly investigate the matter; but for the benefit of future canoeists on these waters, who may be curious to thoroughly solve the mystery, Mr. Macgregor leaves it on record that the spot is situated in "the second bay round the east corner, past the fisherman's hut." Speaking seriously, however, the voyager's own explanation of the affair was that a large rock, having been detached from the shore, had

rolled down into deep water, and stood poised on its end. Mr. Macgregor's weight had disturbed the balance, the rock had rolled sideways, and so slowly sunk into deeper depths of the river.

The skipper of the *Rob Roy* launched his boat on Lake Vennern in a gale of wind and rain; but nevertheless he describes the voyage as one of great interest. As he paddled on through the murky gloom, he presently descried a steamer approaching, and steered directly for her, proud to show how well his little craft could acquit herself in rough water. As a cheer arose from those on board the steamer, and shouts of "Bravo, *Rob Roy*," fell upon his ears, the voyager is not ashamed to confess to having felt "a thrill of honest pride," as the boat leapt buoyantly over the waves, throwing the white spray about from her sharp prow.

Mr. Macgregor appears only once to have "lost his head" during both this and the previous voyage. The *Rob Roy* was riding gallantly over the waters of the harbour of Korsör, with the wind in her favour and the tide against her. At such times the motion of a canoe is quicker when just on the crest of a wave, when the wind is strongest. The canoeist can then see but one wave at a time, particularly if he is paddling backwards. While being borne along on the top of a billow, Mr. Macgregor noted that the oncoming wave was quite thin, so that "the light shone

through it," and that it was curled over at the crest.

The orthodox method of "taking" a wave of this description is to rush straight at it, in order that you may have as much "way" on as possible, and that the lower end of your canoe may not be forced under the water. But on this occasion Mr. Macgregor forgot for the moment that he was paddling stern foremost, and that therefore the operation just indicated should be reversed. The strong stroke of the paddle which he gave was just in the wrong direction to what it should have been—that is, it was in a *forward* direction, and both the canoeist's own stroke and the lofty crest of the wave forced the canoe deep into the billow.

In a moment the voyager saw his mistake, and at the same moment recognized its possible consequences. The top of the wave descended with a thud upon his back, drenching him, and rushing in round his waist under the apron of the boat. Mr. Macgregor suffered a "good ducking," and learned this lesson—namely, never to go "stern foremost against short seas." That he escaped as easily as he did from what was a veritable danger, he sets down to the buoyancy of his boat, due to her high-arched deck.

Ere concluding this northern voyage, Mr. Macgregor touched and landed at Heligoland, which he thus quaintly and graphically describes:—"The little, ruddy

island of Heligoland, with just enough soil to plant the brave old English flag upon, is a miniature colony of the all-wide British Empire, and a very curious, interesting place. Take one of those flat, richly red tiles, which has moss brightly green on its smooth surface, and chop off an old three-cornered piece, an inch broad, and two inches long, and put it on a blue slate, which will be the sea, while there is a grassy level top, and sharp, vertical sides of red rock, and along the shorter side and at its foot you have a cluster of houses, white, blue, gray, of every colour and shape, huddled picturesquely close together."

The traveller was carried ashore on men's shoulders, through the rolling breakers. Though the visitor is on English soil in Heligoland, the sights and sounds around him are wholly un-English. These swarthy sailors about the shore are pattering a strange language—grammarless, unwritten, but their own; the same which their forefathers used when, in old Van Tromp's days, they plundered luckless ships belated on these northern seas. Except the governor, there is hardly an Englishman in Heligoland. His excellency received the voyager very kindly; and having himself formerly been a "canoe man," there was at once a strong bond of union and sympathy between host and guest.

The Geeste and the Weser were the two last waters traversed by the *Rob Roy* on this cruise. The *Falke*

steamer carried Mr. Macgregor to England; and so ended a voyage which the voyager pronounces to have been even more enjoyable than his former one, having been carried through with "more confidence and comfort," in a better boat, on freer and ampler waters, and through scenes of greater novelty and variety.

In regard to the dangers of canoeing, Mr. Macgregor puts the matter in a nutshell. He claims as a signal advantage of his favourite pastime that, if it involves any danger at all, it is only to one man—yourself: no boatmen, sailor-boys, guides, companions, or slaves; no living dumb creatures, horse, camel, or mule, not even an ass, except yourself. There the solitary canoeist, while his capacity of enjoyment is at a maximum, has a minimum of responsibility. "To have another life in charge," Mr. Macgregor regards as "a serious drawback on adventure;" and he seriously wonders how the captain of an ocean-going steamer can ever sleep at night with so many lives dependent on his skill, nerve, and courage. Luckily, all men are not constituted alike, and it is possible that even the fine and enviable qualities which served Mr. Macgregor so well in his several remarkable boat voyages, would not have fitted him for being the captain of an Orient liner or a Cunarder, while the reverse proposition might be equally true.

Satisfied as Mr. Macgregor was with the results of his two canoe voyages, his satisfaction yet wanted

something of being complete. Canoeing had one or two slight drawbacks—progress was effected only by sustained muscular effort; food had always to be procured by landing, and it was not possible to sleep on board the boat. Mr. Macgregor accordingly cogitated through a winter how these defects might be best remedied, and the outcome of his planning was a tight little sailing boat or yawl—*Rob Roy* the third.

Both externally and internally the *Rob Roy* yawl possessed characteristics peculiar to herself, and all tending to secure the maximum of speed, comfort, and safety possible to a craft of her size. She was twenty-one feet in length, yawl-rigged, double-skinned, and full-decked. She had an iron keel, four watertight compartments, and a comfortable cabin in which her skipper could sleep, cook, read, write, and in which also provisions, stores, and cargo were stowed.

The *Rob Roy* yawl fully answered the high expectations which her captain had formed of her, and he sailed merrily along the English and French coasts. The only adventure which happened to him during the earlier stages of his cruise was once while the boat was anchored in a certain French harbour. A long rope reached from the yawl to the quay, by which it could be drawn to the bottom of a ladder fastened to the stone wall of the quay. The pierman had entered into a compact with Mr. Macgregor to

keep an eye on the *Rob Roy* as the tide fell, and to see that she did not ground while he was absent on shore. When Mr. Macgregor sought his boat again at night, he found her so fast in the mud that no amount of hauling at the rope could move her.

Mr. Macgregor determined to go on board somehow or other, and letting himself down by the ladder till he had reached the last rung, caught hold of the swinging rope, which the pierman above was to haul taut at the right moment. Instead of doing this, the man by some means clumsily slackened the rope, and Mr. Macgregor was in the coolest and most undignified manner dropped plump into the water, at an hour approaching midnight. He clambered out half laughing, half provoked, and did what was unquestionably the wisest thing under the circumstances—went to bed.

The *Rob Roy* left England on the 7th of June, and reached Havre on the 21st of July; and here her captain took rest and refreshment, while the yawl, good ship, was overhauled, and the store-room replenished. Mr. Macgregor now purposing to set his face homewards again, the question arose as to how he was to get across the broad Channel to the Isle of Wight. He did not wish to return to England by the route by which he had come; he could not be towed across in the wake of any steamer; and, in short, he was shut out to the course of sailing across alone. Questioned

as to whether they thought the *Rob Roy* "game for it," two experienced seamen replied in the affirmative as regarded the boat; but was her captain? Could he stand the fatigue of the three or four days' crossing? In any case, he was warned not to set out in a south-west wind.

Mr. Macgregor resolved upon attempting the crossing in his tiny boat. He had hardly started when the wind veered round to the very quarter which was most unfavourable; but it was now too late to return. Two men had towed the *Rob Roy* to the pier-head in a small boat, and these now shouted to the voyager to "get ready the mizzen." The sail was spread; and then the shout came to get ready the jib. Now it had happened to the *Rob Roy* to damage her jib a short while previously, and it was as weak and inefficient as a reed. Unluckily Mr. Macgregor had entirely forgotten to get the disabled bowsprit repaired at Havre. Immediately he hoisted his jib, snap went the bowsprit, and the sail itself was streaming out into the air, attached only to the mast.

This, of course, was a most untoward mishap, for it was out of the question to begin a voyage of a hundred miles with a shattered bowsprit. Mr. Macgregor at first thought of putting back; but the two men in the boat who had towed him out, beholding his strait, came alongside again, and with their assistance he succeeded in recapturing the jib, lowered, and secured

it at the bows. A little while later, and the *Rob Roy* was holding straight for England before a brisk breeze, the voyager congratulating himself that he had not put back.

About midway across, an unfavourable change took place in the weather. It grew so thick that Mr. Macgregor judged it expedient to lie-to and pass the night at sea. He lowered his mainsail and jib and set the storm-mizzen, and then dropped the anchor to a distance of twenty fathoms, with the object of steadying the boat's head.

The voyager then began to think of bed. He could not pass the night in the cabin, for the dingey was there, and, moreover, in the event of any mishap —a run-down, for instance—the cabin might easily prove his coffin. He tried the well of the boat; but while he dozed as to his head, his lower limbs were achingly alive and awake from the constraint of the position. Mr. Macgregor is a tall man, for whom to sleep in a bed three feet long was a sufficiently trying business. He began to suffer extreme exhaustion, one result of which was that he became indifferent to all thought of danger—as men in times of shipwreck sometimes become callous and reckless of risk from very weariness and deprivation of sleep. Sleep seemed an instant need with Mr. Macgregor, and danger *was* but a contingency. So he shook out the mainsail, fastened his life-belt about him, and made

the ship's light fast and secure. Then he wrapped himself round amid the folds of the dry, thick sail, stretched himself out at length with a sense almost of luxury after his previous cramped position, and lashed himself to the boom in case he might roll overboard as the boat rocked on the waves.

The voyager's sleep was now sound and deep. When he awoke a bright sun was high in the heavens, and a glance over the boat's side revealed the shores of England about twelve miles away. The yawl had drifted twenty miles to eastward while her captain slept. A sleep of ten hours on end found the voyager refreshed and "keen set" for his breakfast, which was presently in preparation.

The culinary facilities on board the yawl *Rob Roy* were ingenious and original enough to merit a brief description. In order that a man may carry through a solitary voyage such as this we are describing, with comfort and pleasure, and without prejudice to health, it is imperative that he be sufficiently fed.

Mr. Macgregor used a Russian lamp for cooking purposes, the peculiarity of which is that it has no wick, but acts in the fashion of a blow-pipe, creating a heat sufficient to boil two breakfast cups of liquid in five minutes, or to warm a tin of meat in six.

Before proceeding to the preparation and discussion of breakfast on board the *Rob Roy* yawl, "all hands" were piped to the morning ablutions. This meant

either a dip under the waves or a more detailed toilet in the following way:—The hatch is pushed forward, admitting to the interior of the boat. If the water there is clean, the tin basin is dipped into it forthwith; but if not, recourse must be had to the zinc water-tank, which holds enough water to last for a week. On the top of the little tank are a piece of soap and a clean towel. A tube is connected with the water-tank in such a manner that Mr. Macgregor, whenever he felt thirsty at night, could enjoy a cool draught of water by simply applying his mouth to the tube, and almost without shifting his position.

The kitchen range of the *Rob Roy* consisted of a zinc box containing a flat metal kettle, a pan for warming preserved meat in, and a frying-pan capable of cooking three eggs at a time.

On one of the shelves in the cabin stands a japanned tinned box labelled "Eating," while the pantry beside them contains the rest of the table utensils—a teapot, cup (no saucer), tumbler, knife and fork, spoons, a snuff-box for a salt-cellar (much the best sort, Mr. Macgregor affirms), corkscrew, and lever knife.

While the kettle is being boiled by the Russian lamp, the captain of the *Rob Roy* produces the box marked "Eating," takes forth the loaf from its waterproof covering, breaks two eggs in his frying-pan, mixes sugar and preserved milk into the tea-cup, and

finally sets out the butter-tin and pot of marmalade or anchovies.

Behold, then, the solitary but by no means *lonely* voyager seated or reclined at his morning meal, the clean deck his table, the fresh breezes blowing all about him, the warm sun slanting its beams athwart the crisping waves over which the yawl careers as lightly as a sea-bird, her sails gleaming snow-white as an albatross's wings, the spray being scattered before her swift prow. While the *Rob Roy* thus holds swiftly on her course, behold her captain calmly steering with one hand, slicing and buttering his bread with another, and balancing an egg and a teacup with a third—well, at any rate, doing the whole at one and the same time somehow, and heartily enjoying his breakfast to boot. A man on a solitary yachting cruise has quickly to learn how to make two hands do the work of three.

In running up the south coast of England on his way homewards, Mr. Macgregor had a straight-on-end sail of fifty-three hours, during which time he never lay down to sleep. Arrived at Dover, he landed and sought a hotel. While waiting in his bed-room for the servant to bring him hot water, he lay down on the bed in his wet clothes. It was then three o'clock in the afternoon. He fell asleep, and awoke again in what he thought was a few minutes. To his surprise he found his watch run down, and the water in the

jug, which the maid-servant had brought, cold. He was puzzled, too, at finding himself so restored and fresh. It was *next day*, and he had slept for seventeen hours. Fortunately, no untoward consequences resulted from this long sleep in soaking wet clothes.

On the conclusion of this his third boat voyage alone, Mr. Macgregor was able to form an impartial estimate of the respective advantages of the canoe and the yawl for a boating excursion.

A canoe cruise gives opportunity for several voyagers joining in a party, each occupying a separate boat, of course, but with a unity of purpose and companionship. Both the pleasures and the labours involved in a yawl voyage can be enjoyed and endured by one alone. The enjoyment, therefore, of the latter method of travel is perhaps of a more selfish kind; though Mr. Macgregor holds the opinion, which many will probably share with him, that the manifestation of selfishness during a pleasure tour does not depend in any degree on the number of persons composing the travelling party.

A canoe trip involves a degree of anxiety more varied but less heavy than a sailing voyage. During his yawl cruise Mr. Macgregor could always depend on getting food and lodging, but had more to fear from the elements—from wind and wave, calm and fog—than when in his canoe. The tax made upon the voyager's muscular powers and physical endurance

generally is greater in a yawl than in a canoe trip. In the former it may frequently occur that the voyager must go without a couple of nights' sleep, which will rarely happen in a canoe. The strain upon the endurance in a yawl cruise, moreover, is often severest when the body is most wearied and least capable of sustaining any additional effort.

The scenery through which one passes in a canoe trip is, of course, of a more varied character than while sailing on the open sea; but there are times when the aspect of the ocean creates grander and loftier impressions, stirs deeper emotions in the soul, and lifts the mind to a higher level of thought and feeling, than lake or river scenery can ever do. Finally, a canoe voyage has a certain element of strangeness and incongruity in it which may expose the voyager to the thinly-disguised smiles of the onlookers, who regard him with a mingled sentiment of curiosity, pity, and perhaps contempt. This he will probably get accustomed to, and may even overcome the prejudice of the foreigner, to whom the whole affair reveals but another phase of the "mad Englishman;" but at first he has to cultivate indifference to incredulous smiles and suggestive shrugs. A sailing voyage is an entirely different matter in this respect. The voyager is then performing nothing that is novel in itself, but something which the sailors and fishing-folk at the ports he visits know all about, the only

peculiar feature in his cruise being that it *is* performed—a fact which only adds *éclat* to the deed. On the whole, Mr. Macgregor was of opinion, at the conclusion of his yawl trip, that it would not be imitated and repeated by others so often as his canoe trips—an opinion which has been since verified.

Mr. Macgregor made one more canoe voyage, his fourth cruise being in no degree inferior in interest to those that had preceded it. Indeed, the scene of the concluding voyage—the Nile, Red Sea, Lake of Gennesareth, the Jordan, etc.—would have possessed for many persons an intrinsic attraction greater than that belonging to any European waters.

Mr. Macgregor judged that his voyage on Eastern waters would require a boat differing in several respects from his two former canoes. A new *Rob Roy* was accordingly built, smaller than either of her predecessors, being only fourteen feet long, twenty-six inches wide, and one foot deep. The new *Rob Roy* was probably the smallest craft ever floated in which one could "travel long and far, and sleep at the end in comfort."

Having cruised about for some weeks on the Red Sea and river Nile, Mr. Macgregor launched the *Rob Roy* on the waters of the Abana, which takes its rise in the Anti-Lebanon mountains. The Abana, which, with its sister stream, the Pharpar, Naaman declared to be better than all the rivers of Israel, resembles in

character a Scotch salmon stream. Snow-capped mountains rise on one bank, bold steep rocks on the other, while ever and anon between the hills and craggy cliffs appear green level meadows and belts of woodland.

Mr. Macgregor was now voyaging in waters never probably traversed by boat before—certainly by no European boat. The river sped on with a strong, swift current—an enjoyable change for the canoeist after the placid waters of the Nile and Red Sea. Sometimes he was whirled along through a steep and rugged gorge with lofty overhanging rocks and trees; sometimes the trees were so thickly interlaced overhead that it was impossible for the canoe to make its way through them, and it had to be hauled on shore until the obstruction was passed. The fatigue involved in a boat voyage on the Abana was great, as may be gathered from the fact that it took Mr. Macgregor five hours in getting over a distance which might have been walked in one.

But the difficulties of the journey only seem to have stimulated enjoyment in Mr. Macgregor's case; and when at last they were overcome, and the canoe was again afloat in quiet waters, and the canoeist caught sight of Damascus—Damascus, the most ancient of inhabited cities in the world—the level rays of the westering sun glancing on its walls and roofs, gleaming minarets, and groves of green, he felt that he was amply rewarded for his day's toil.

The Abana had now become a placid, peaceful stream, and on its quiet bosom the *Rob Roy* was floated past green meadows, under bridges, past the palace of the pasha, into the ancient city.

One of the most exciting incidents in all of Mr. Macgregor's canoe voyages befell him on the Jordan. He was paddling quietly along between high banks topped with grass, all unsuspicious of danger, when two buffaloes looked down at him from above. This was a simple matter in itself; but presently the masters of the buffaloes showed themselves, stared a moment at the stranger—who returned their gaze by a polite salute—and ran hallooing away.

Mr. Macgregor plied his paddle somewhat faster. Presently he heard footsteps following him on the bank. By cutting across the bends and twistings of the river the men quickly overtook the canoe. More and more natives gathered on the banks, until there were not less than fifty men, women, and children.

There was nothing to be gained now by paddling on further. Mr. Macgregor stopped, and as calmly as possible awaited events. The shouts of the Arabs were soon rending the air. "Al burra! al burra!" (To land! to land!) they yelled. A shower of missiles followed, whizzing about the traveller's head.

Presently some half-dozen of the Arabs sprang into the water, but the canoeist eluded these by paddling out of their way. Turning a bend of the river, Mr.

Macgregor found a string of his pursuers awaiting him stretched across the stream. He paddled up close to one man, dashed the water up into his face with a stroke of his paddle, and through the gap in the line caused by the man's momentary confusion escaped. But soon another fellow had thrown his arm over the deck of the canoe; but Mr. Macgregor managed to push him off with his paddle.

By this time the crowd of Arabs on the banks had increased to a hundred. Another shower of stones rattled around the voyager, but oddly enough none hit him. A cry of "Baroda! baroda!" (The gun! the gun!) arose from the crowd, and immediately several guns were pointed at Mr. Macgregor. One man appeared to be aiming with special deliberation and *dangerous* intent. The muzzle of his gun was less than twenty yards from Mr. Macgregor's face. Three thoughts flashed through his mind in this moment of peril: "Will hit me in the mouth; bad to lie wounded here." "No use 'bobbing' here—first time under fire—Arabs respect courage." "Aimed from the left shoulder; how convenient to shoot from both sides." The last thought is another instance of how in moments of extreme danger a man will have the oddest reflections quite apart from his own personal peril. As Mr. Macgregor stared straight into the man's face the latter fired, the shot whizzing past the voyager's head.

The next moment a number of the Arabs were swim-

ming about the canoe. One tall fellow caught hold of the stem, another of the prow, while the rest rent the air with their shouts. Presently the canoe was lifted by a number of the men bodily out of the water and borne up the steep bank, her owner still seated in it. Canoe and canoeist were carried towards the tent of the sheik of the tribe in a sufficiently rough and boisterous fashion, but good-humouredly enough, the people laughing and shouting as they ran.

The sheik came forward to meet the rabble rout of his people, accompanied by several of his chief counsellors. Mr. Macgregor steadily insisted that his canoe should be placed in the sheik's tent, which after a little delay the Arab chief allowed. Mr. Macgregor's cue was to act with a stage-like dignity and ceremonious gravity which should impress the sheik, who, in truth, seemed not a little puzzled by the whole business.

The crowd about had now wholly altered their demeanour, having become quiet and composed. The sheik and his cabinet held a council, at the conclusion of which the former announced to his captive that he could not proceed on his journey. Whereupon Mr. Macgregor replied that he must. Then the Englishman observed on the face of the wary Arab "the very smallest wink that could be given by a man's eye," and from that moment he knew that his friend was open to conviction,—that is, to bribery.

A little later, while Mr. Macgregor was preparing

THE CANOE "ROB ROY" ON THE HÛLEH.

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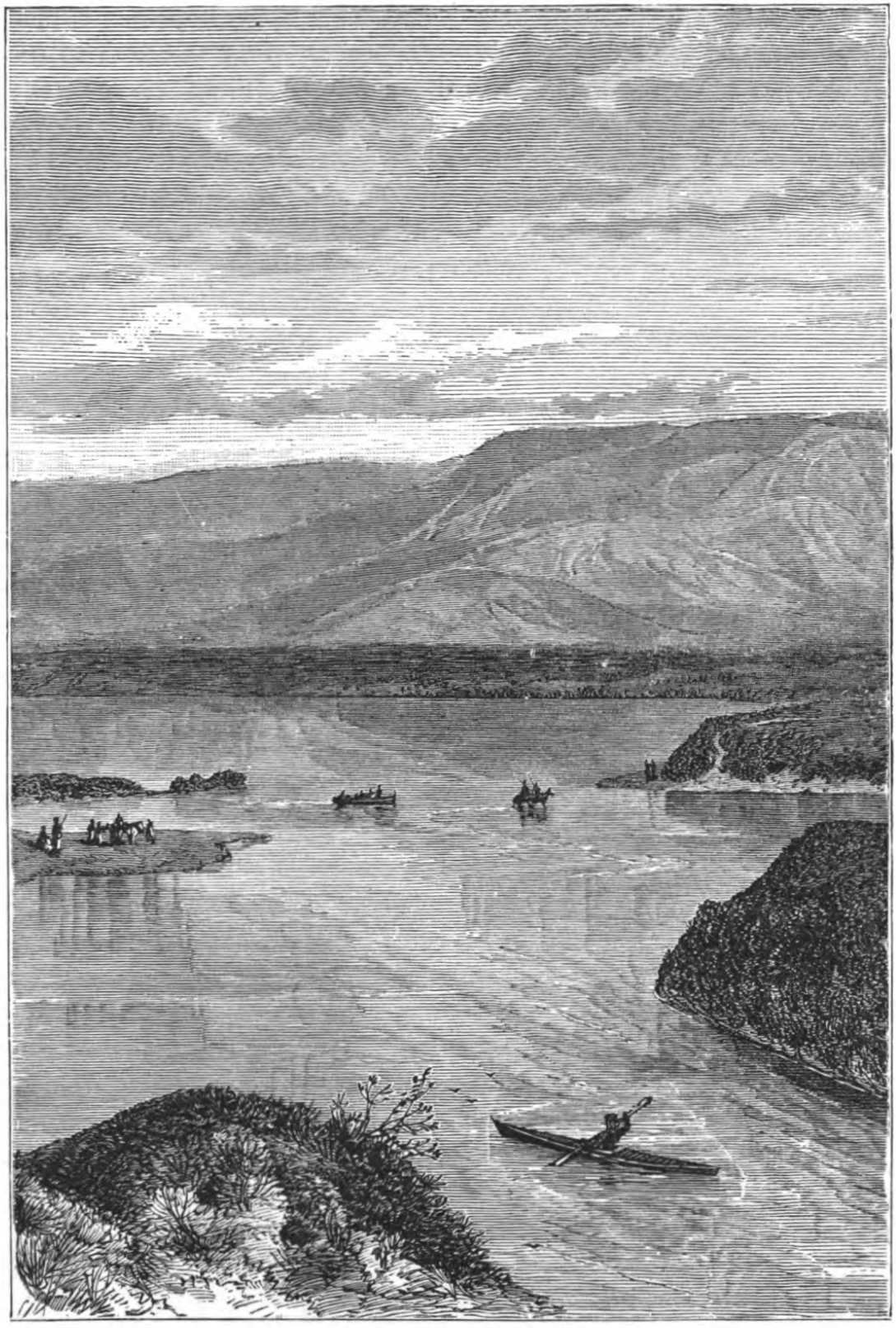
himself some food by the aid of his little lamp, he produced the snuff-box which served as his salt-cellar, and held it out to the sheik that he might take a pinch. Deceived by its pure white colour, the Arab mistook it for sugar, and at once took a little. In a moment Mr. Macgregor had eaten some of the rest, and clapping the beguiled and astonished chief on the back, cried out, "It's salt." The counsellors laughed aloud at their outwitted chief, who had now eaten salt with his captive, and was bound by all the laws of Arab hospitality to befriend him. Shortly thereafter Mr. Macgregor secretly slipped a napoleon into the sheik's hand, who was now both "*bought* and paid for." Before long, by order of the sheik, the *Rob Roy* was carried back to the river, and her captain paddled off rejoicing. The voyager was not to escape immediately, however. A crowd followed him along the banks shouting "Bakshish! bakshish!" He chose four of the Arabs as a bodyguard, and these accompanied him for some little way on his journey, until finally he got rid of these also, and was once more a free man.

In the course of this most interesting voyage, Mr. Macgregor sailed on the Waters of Merom and the Sea of Galilee, and visited almost every spot rendered sacred and familiar by Holy Writ. Owing to the method of travel adopted by Mr. Macgregor, many of these sacred scenes revealed themselves to him in a wholly fresh aspect, and as it were from fresh stand-

points. He also sailed several miles up the Jordan at its outgo from the Sea of Galilee. The exit of the Jordan from the Sea of Galilee differs materially from its entrance into the same. A promontory, thickly wooded with trees down to the water's edge, projects below the east point of Kerak. Here the current is very rapid, the river being about a hundred feet wide and four feet deep.

Behind Kerak the stream makes a sweep first to the westward and then to the east, and the cliffs are lofty on either side. The east bank rises to a height of twenty feet, for the most part sheer and steep, except where some ruins, resembling the piers of a bridge, break the ground. Canes and reeds grow thickly in the stream at this point in its course; but through the breaks in these the *Rob Roy* was able to make her way merrily enough. When at last Mr. Macgregor had to bid farewell to the Jordan, it was with the earnest hope that he might one day retrace his course along its waters.

The Jordan has known no ports for commerce, has seen no cities built upon its banks, no traffic on its waters, and yet it has a history and associations different from and more universally interesting than any other river in the world. The prophets and patriarchs strayed by its waters and rested on its banks; mighty kings and proud princes of the early world have dwelt by it; the clang of battle has sounded



OUTGO OF THE JORDAN FROM THE LAKE OF TIBERIAS.

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loud across its waves, and conquering and conquered armies have crossed its fords. Finally, it was the baptismal font of the Saviour of men and the divine Son of God—a glory which alone would have sufficed to crown it among the streams of earth.

VII.

The Austrians in the North Sea.

"Pushing through perilous ways and dim,
Their little sledge to the world's white rim."

IT is not too much to say that England with justice considers herself in the van of Arctic enterprise. But the expedition of the *Tegetthoff* is worthy to rank side by side with the most memorable of our voyages of discovery. The *Tegetthoff* was a screw-steamer of two hundred and twenty tons burden, built expressly for this expedition, with engines of one hundred horse-power, and fitted out for a voyage of two and a half years' duration. Her commander was Lieutenant Weyprecht, with whom was associated as colleague Lieutenant Payer, who wrote an account of the voyage.

The vessel left Bremerhaven on the 13th of June 1872, and arrived on the 13th of August at Cape Nassau, where it was overtaken by the *Isbjörn*, the small sailing-ship in which the preliminary pioneering

voyage had been made. Count Wilczek, to whose generosity the expedition was greatly due, was in command, and his intention was to place a depot for the *Tegetthoff* on the north coast of Nova Zembla. Soon after the two vessels separated, and the steamer was almost immediately hemmed in by the ice, from which it was never destined to free itself.

For some time the ice by which it was encircled remained motionless, but on the 13th of October the floe burst beneath the ship. For one hundred and thirty days, a period of almost constant darkness, officers and men were in a state of apprehension from the tossing and trembling of the ice, which caused the air to reverberate with awful sounds as of shrieks and howls.

During the first winter the *Tegetthoff* drifted through the wandering ice for the most part in a north-easterly direction. In February 1873 she took a turn to the west, and her course was then generally a westward one. Every effort was made during the spring and summer to set her free, but in vain.

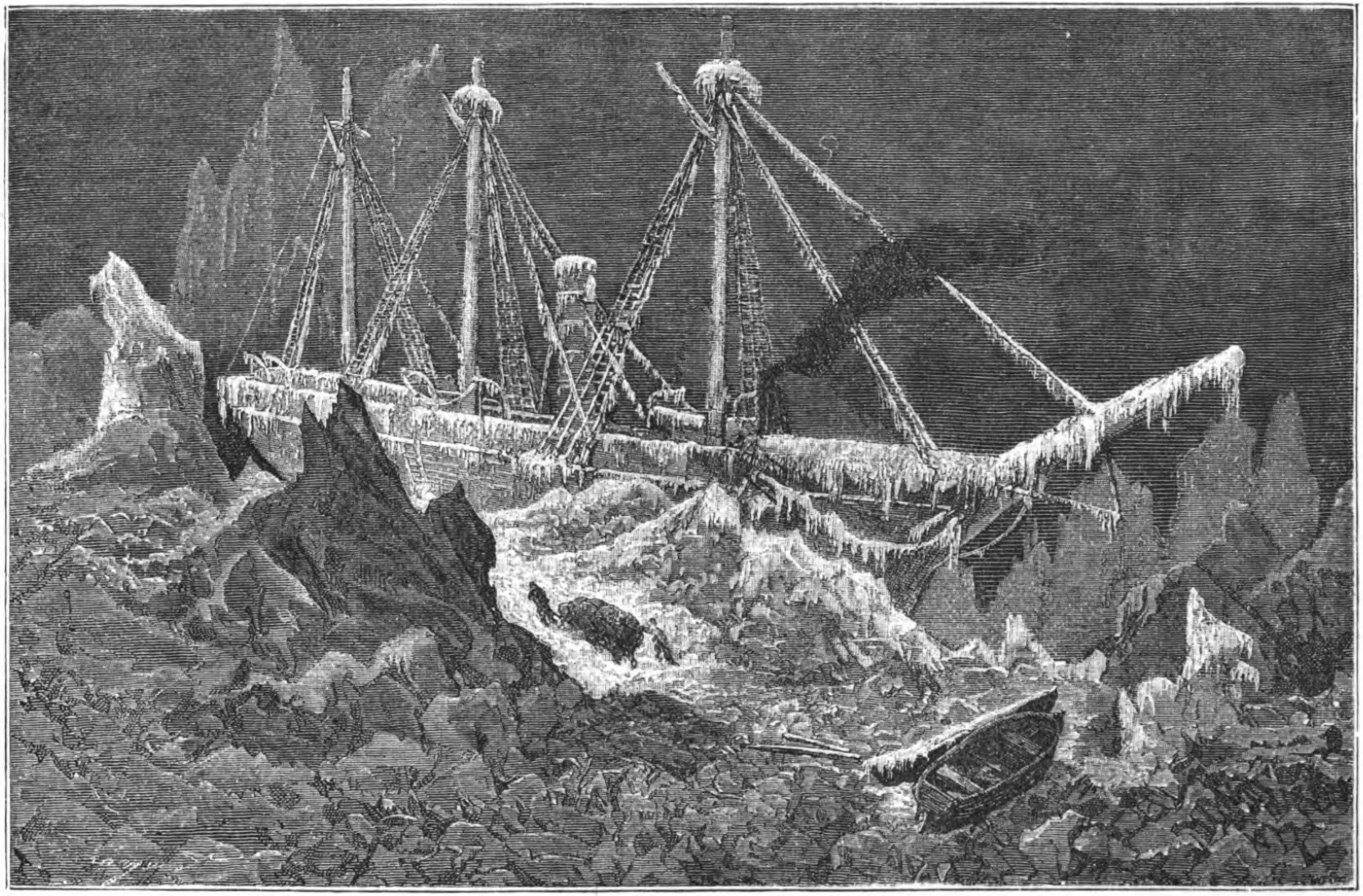
In August a turn northward was taken, when, "as if by magic," the mists lifted, and a new land was revealed to the explorers. This land, which they named "Kaiser Franz Joseph Land," after their emperor, is an archipelago; and three sledge-journeys were made to explore it. The first journey was made in March 1874, and the last was completed on the 3rd of May,

during which period a distance of four hundred and fifty miles was traversed.

During all this time the *Tegetthoff* was still fast in the ice, and there seemed no prospect of her getting free. It was therefore resolved to abandon her; for, on account of the weak state of the men, resulting from the trials of the two preceding winters, and of the scarcity of provisions, it would have been dangerous to spend another winter there. Accordingly, the return journey to Europe was begun on the 20th of May, 1874—the anniversary of the day in 1855 on which Kane abandoned his ship.

It was with much emotion that the flags were nailed to the masts. The zoological, botanical, and geological collections, the instruments and books, as well as the carefully-prepared bear-skins, were left behind, and "at nine o'clock P.M. all assembled round the boats ready for the start."

The first day's work consisted of an advance of one mile, and even this rate of progress was not constant. For many days they did less than half a mile, the difficulties of the route being so great. The party had to pass over ice-hummocks covered with snow, into which the sledges sank deep, and in which the explorers at every step went up to their knees. The perspiration often streamed down their faces, and after the exertion of some days raw wounds appeared on the shoulders of many of the men; and to add to their trials they



THE "TEGETTHOFF" IN THE ICE.

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suffered intensely from thirst. After their track had been levelled by the passing of the heavy sledges with the baggage, the dogs were found very useful in carrying provisions from the ship; and the distance which had taken a week previously, was by the help of the dogs done in an hour or two. By their means, Lieutenant Payer brought from the vessel all the bread and spirits, besides a small cask containing a concentrated decoction of tea that had been left, and some condensed milk. Three bears which were shot made a welcome addition to their provisions.

On the 28th the party reached Lamont Island, from which they obtained a view of a large "ice-hole," in which floated an iceberg. Their expectations of launching the boats were, however, disappointed, as the barrier of ice to be crossed was so great, part of it reaching to the height of fifty feet. Finding the space in the boats too small to hold all the baggage, ten men were sent back to the ship to fetch the jolly-boat; and Payer went with them in the dog-sledge in order to get more stores.

On the 7th of June the jolly-boat was equipped, and they brought to their companions three hundredweight of boiled beef, shot, and other necessaries. On the 18th the walls of ice were thrown down, a track was levelled for the sledges, a rise in the temperature having rendered this possible, and they succeeded in launching their boats and in putting all their baggage

on board. The sledges were fastened to the boats and towed after them. The progress was hardly more than one mile an hour, owing to their deep lading. After sailing about three miles in a southerly direction, a heavy floe stopped them, so that the boats had again to be drawn up on the ice. The next day the party had to lie still in the boats; but on the following day they pushed them to the edge of a fissure, into which they let them down, thus changing from one floe to another. For the next two days their position remained unaltered, though Weyprecht shot a seal, which served for soup and supper. On the 23rd they passed over two water-holes and two floes. On the 24th a seal was shot, and a field of ice was traversed for half a mile. The boats were placed on the sledges on the 25th and dragged along, and so on for weeks the same kind of work had to be done, passing over fissures, sailing through ice-holes, and dragging the boats over fields of ice. The life during many summer weeks is described by Payer in his journal as follows:—

"Four boats are lying on the ice, crammed with sleeping men. And so great is the heat in them that no one needs his fur coat, and snow placed in any vessel becomes water in a few hours. If Torony (the dog) has not ushered in the day by barking, the cooks do it when they bring the bowls of soup to the boats with the cry of 'Quanta!' Then ensues a short scene of confusion; spoons and tin pots have to be searched

for and found, till at length quiet is again restored after a little ransacking, and each man has his pot full of hot soup in his hand, consisting of meal, pemmican, pease-sausage, bread-dust, boiled beef, seal and bear's flesh. The soup is consumed in perfect silence.....

"Again all have taken their places in the boats to bale out the water.....

"Noon comes, a cup of tea to each and a handful of hard bread-crumbs."

The rest of the day was passed in reading old scraps of newspapers, smoking, and talking.

Many days were spent in enforced idleness, as the ice was closed all round them, and gloom set in as they considered the little progress made, for "after the lapse of two months of indescribable efforts the distance between them and the ship was not more than two German miles." But, as frequently happens, "the darkest hour was that before the dawn," and on the evening of the 15th of July, after supper was finished, a line of small "leads"* opened to the south-west, and the explorers were able to push on about a mile. The next day they ran into a larger "lead," and the difficulties in their progress were now much fewer. While formerly every fissure had to be crossed, which was a work of laborious effort, now any floe could be pushed aside by fifteen or twenty men with long poles,

* Leads are water-ways between fields of ice.

or any other barrier removed. Still four miles a day were deemed sufficient. They soon came into a region full of icebergs, many of which were covered with earth, making them look like rocky cliffs. On they pushed, and in a few days rain fell in torrents, which was warmly welcomed, as it rapidly dissolved the ice. The bread, which had been reduced to powder by the constant lading and relading, was now soaked by the rain. Half a day was spent in drying it and their clothes when the sun appeared. Their progress now increased daily, so that on the 7th of August they were able to accomplish twelve miles, and for the first time there was no necessity for crossing floes or for dragging sledges. At noon their eyes were gladdened by the sight of the ice rising and falling. "The swell of the ocean," exclaimed all with joy; "we are close to the open sea!"

Their hopes were, however, again disappointed, as the north wind gathered so much ice round them that they were fairly shut in, and many days had to be passed in idleness. On the 14th the ice opened, and they could proceed. With much labour a passage was forced through a long succession of "leads;" and as they moved on under sail the ice-holes became larger, the ice smaller, and the swell of the ocean perceptibly greater. At six o'clock the next evening they had reached the extreme edge of the ice-barrier. After shoving with poles, lading, and unlading, they again

got beyond the line of ice, and made preparations for the voyage on the open sea.

The dogs had been taken on board, but unfortunately there was no room for them, and they had to be killed. Weyprecht and his party now shaped their course towards the Barentz Islands, where a depot had been formed. They rowed on steadily for some days, the crew in each boat being divided into two watches, who were relieved every four hours. On the 24th they drew to shore in a dark rocky cove, and finding the provisions running short, they made an equal division of them among the crews. Then they took to their oars, and pulled again into the boundless waste of waters. But the hour of deliverance was at hand; for as they glided past the rocks of Cape Britwin at seven o'clock in the evening a fifth small boat lay before them, and as they turned the corner of the rock they saw two ships. On one of them, the *Nikolai*, a Russian schooner, they were received with heartiness and honour.

Since abandoning the *Tegetthoff* the explorers had passed ninety-six days in the open air; and it must have been with feelings of intense relief that they could now go to sleep undisturbed by the fear of being starved to death. On opening his journal, Payer found these words, "Shall we be saved this day? Shall we be alive? Fifteenth of May, on board the *Tegetthoff*." This had been written by chance on the blank leaf for

the 24th of August, and singularly it was the very day on which they were rescued. On the 26th the vessel left the quiet bay for the coast of Norway, which was reached on the 3rd of September. From Vardœ the mail-steamer conveyed the party to Hamburg, from which port they hastened home. There they were received by their sovereign and fellow-countrymen with every mark of the honour and respect due to men who had achieved much and suffered much.

VIII.

The Cruise of the Lady Alice.

"O my brother, I am weary of this wildering waste of sand;
In the noontide we can never travel to the promised land!
Lo, the desert broadens round us, glaring wildly in my face,
With long leagues of sunflame on it—oh, the barren, barren place!
See! behind us gleams a green plot; shall we thither turn and rest
Till a cool wind flutters over, till the day is down the west?
I would follow, but I cannot! Brother, let me here remain,
For the heart is dead within me, and I cannot rise again.

"Struggling on with faltering feet,
For a glorious work was finished, and a noble task complete."

HENRY KENDALL.

IN 1874 the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph* and of the *New York Herald* organized an expedition of African discovery, to be commanded by Mr. H. M. Stanley, who had already made a world-wide name by his famous journey in search of Dr. Livingstone. The main object of this enterprise was twofold — to finish, if possible, the work left uncompleted by Dr. Livingstone's death, and thus solve the final problems of Central African exploration; and to make investiga-

tion into the state of the slave-trade, and to discover its perpetrators.

Mr. Stanley had but two weeks in which to prepare for his expedition. He took with him three boats—a barge, a gig, and a yawl. Of these the barge—which received the name of the *Lady Alice*—was the most important. It was built by an English boat-builder after designs by Mr. Stanley himself. It was constructed of Spanish cedar, was forty feet in length, six feet in beam, and thirty inches in depth. It could be disjointed, being composed of five sections, each eight feet long, while these sections could again be divided into halves, if necessary, for greater ease of carriage. As our narrative has largely to do with this gallant little vessel, it is well that the reader should have some idea of what manner of craft she was.

Mr. Stanley took with him three comrades only of his own race—Frank and Edward Pocock, the stalwart sons of a country Kentish fisherman, and Frederick Barker, a young clerk in the Langham Hotel, who had become seized with the ambition of an explorer, and whom no accounts of the hardships and perils of African travel given him by Mr. Stanley could for a moment daunt. Mr. Stanley and his companions departed from England for the east coast of Africa in the middle of August 1874.

Some little time was spent at Zanzibar in organizing

and equipping the expedition—a task demanding much labour, mental as well as bodily, caution, tact, shrewdness, and forethought. It was of paramount importance that the natives chosen to compose the expedition should bear as good a character as possible; that they should be honest, faithful, dependable, trustworthy men, as well as physically sound and vigorous.

A compact was drawn up between Mr. Stanley and his native followers and duly signed by the contracting parties. The natives promised implicit obedience to their leaders in all things; that they would aid, to the best of their powers, in carrying out the objects of the expedition; and that they would never forsake their chiefs in the hour of peril and difficulty. "May the blessing of God be upon us!" said they in concluding the compact.

Mr. Stanley, on his part, gave his word always to treat his people kindly and patiently; to tend and nurse them in times of sickness; to give just judgment between them in cases of quarrel and disagreement; to protect the weak against the strong, and all against evilly-disposed strangers; and, in brief, to act the part of "father and mother" to them.

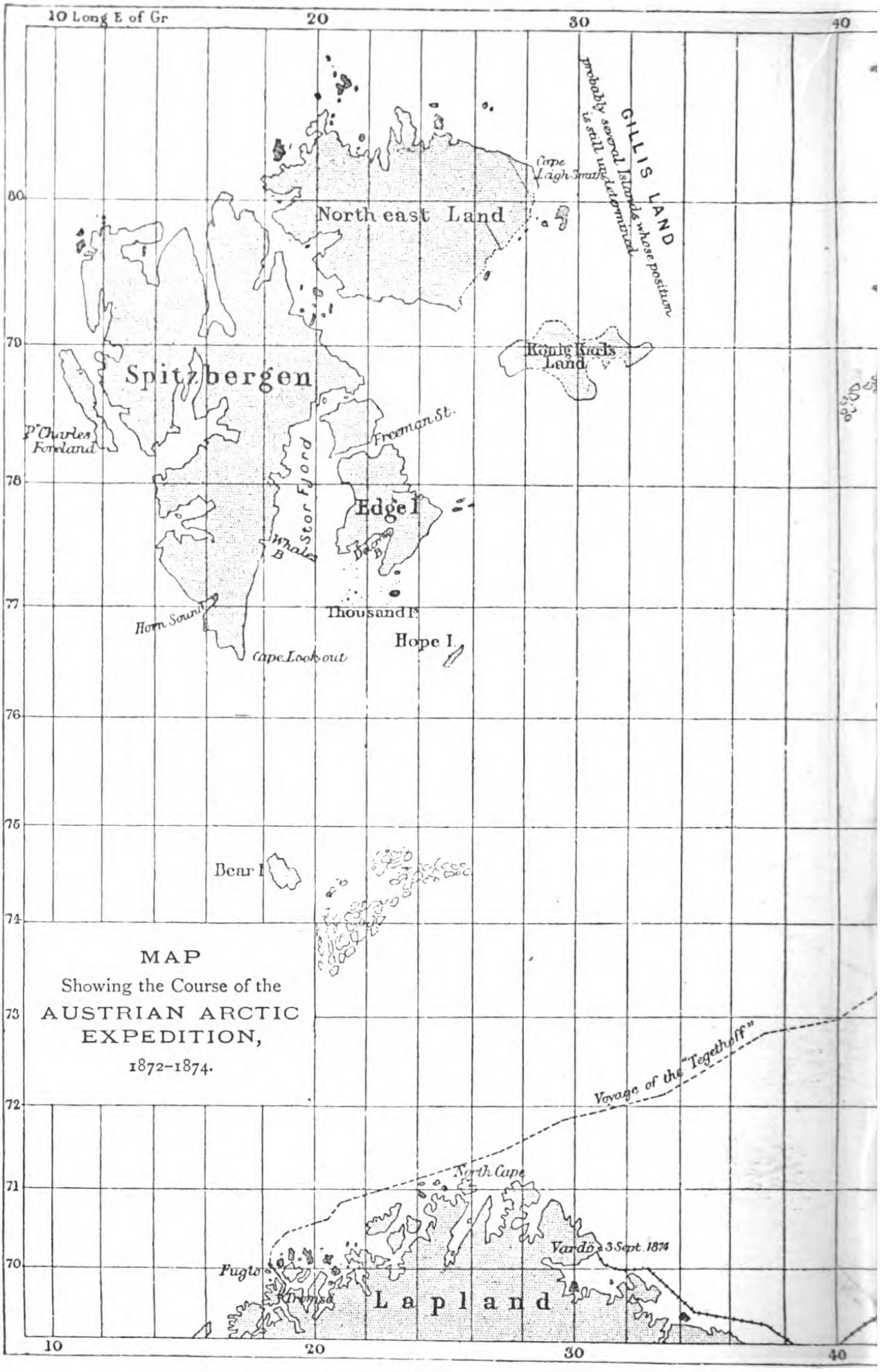
The 12th of November saw the expedition ready to set out—upwards of two hundred and twenty men, exclusive of the Englishmen. Five Arab dhows bore them from Zanzibar. Mr. Stanley and his comrades bade a long farewell to their friends, and in the fast

fading sunset light the boats shot away over the darkening waters towards the "Dark Continent."

Mr. Stanley kept as direct a course as possible for the great Victoria Nyanza lake. The journey thither was sufficiently trying, accompanied as it was by hardship, sickness, and vicissitudes of various kinds. Not long after the march began, a disturbance arose in the camp which taxed all the leaders' patience and tact to quell. Anon a conspiracy all but deprived the expedition of fifty of its followers, and again the English leaders had difficulty in restoring order and goodwill among the disaffected.

The difficulties and hardships of the march, to tell the truth, tried the courage and the faith of the natives greatly. A large tract of the country which they had traversed was extremely barren and desolate, yielding little food of any description. There the expedition suffered grievously from insufficiency of food, until at one time starvation seemed staring them in the face. Then for a short space the path was lost, and the men became panic-stricken and wavering in their faith. Sickness was rife in the camp, and the list of fever-stricken and ailing became a serious thought to Mr. Stanley.

But the heaviest trial to the leader was yet to come. Shortly after reaching Chiwyu—a worn and enfeebled band—Edward Pocock, who had been sickening for some days, died. The kindly, frank dis-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North east Land
Spitzbergen
GILLIS LAND
probably several Islands whose position is still undetermined
Cape Hagh Smith
Konig Karls Land
P. Charles Foreland
Freeman St.
Edge I
Stor Fjord
Whale B
Deer B
Thousand I.
Horn Sound
Cape Look-out
Hope I.
Bear I
MAP
Showing the Course of the
AUSTRIAN ARCTIC
EXPEDITION,
1872-1874.
Voyage of the "Tegetthoff"
North Cape
Vardö 3 Sept. 1874
Fugle
Tromsö
Lapland
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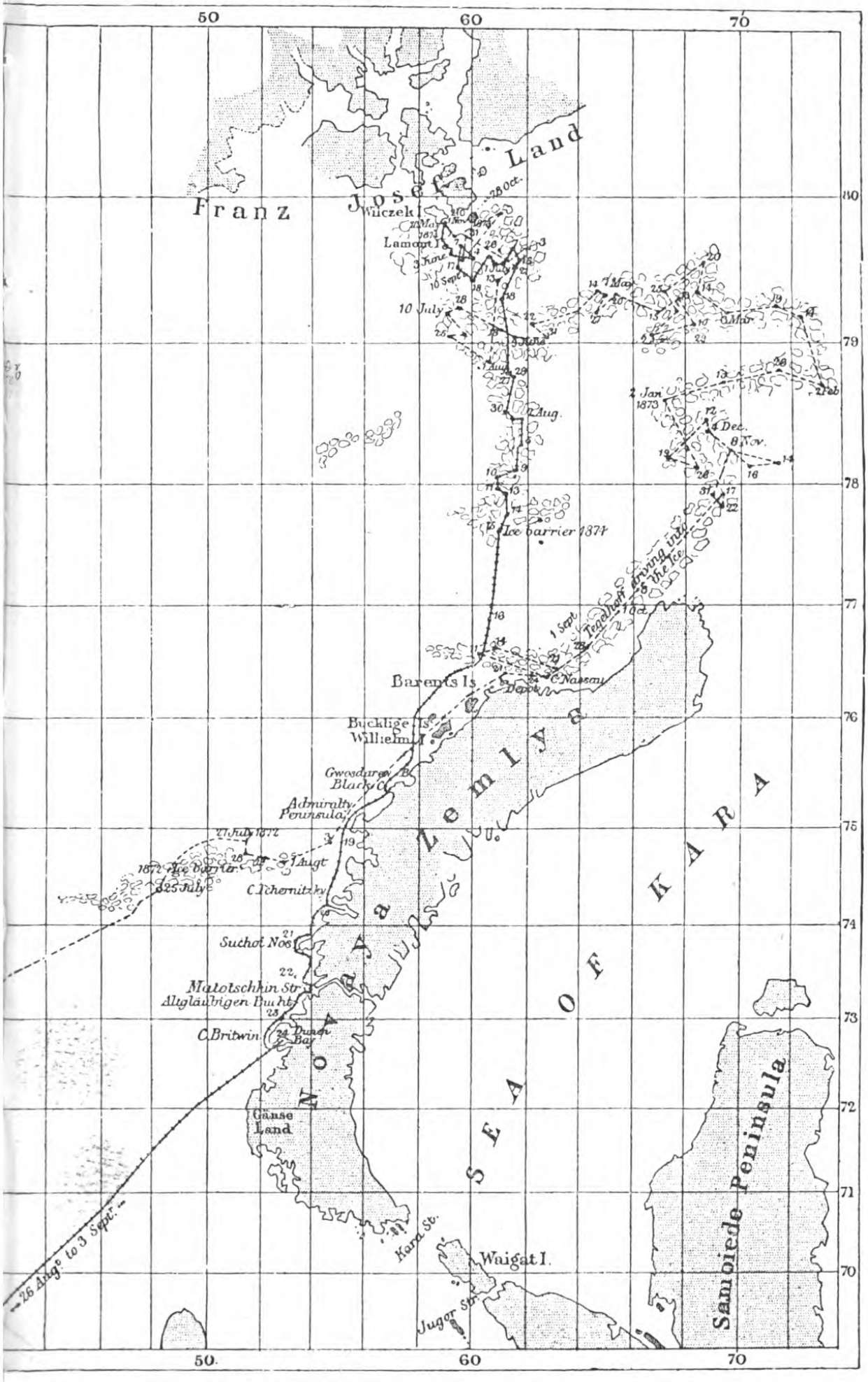
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Franz Josef Land
Wilczek I.
Lamont I.
10 July
28 Oct.
3 June
10 Sept.
14 May
6 Mar.
2 Jan 1873
4 Dec.
8 Nov.
Ice barrier 1874
Tegethoff driving into the ice
1 Sept.
C. Nassau
Barents Is.
Buchlige Is.
Wilhelm I.
Gwosdarew B.
Black C.
Admiralty Peninsula
17 July 1872
1872 Ice barrier
25 July
Lagt
C. Chernitzky
Suchot Nos
Matotschkin Str.
Altgläubigen Bucht
C. Britwin
Dunch Bay
Gänse Land
Kara Str.
Waigat I.
Jugor Str.
26 Augt to 3 Sept.
NOVAYA ZEMLYA
SEA OF KARA
Samoiede Peninsula

position of the young man had won the affection and esteem not only of Mr. Stanley himself but of the whole expedition, and a deep feeling of gloom pervaded the camp at his loss. He was buried at the foot of a wide-spreading acacia tree, the church service for the dead being read over his grave, and a cross deep cut in the bark of the tree marks his last resting-place.

In the march from Chiwyu, which is four hundred miles distant from the coast, the expedition was attacked by a large band of armed natives, who were only repulsed after some sharp fighting, and a loss on the part of the expedition of twenty-two men. This was about the last disaster suffered between the coast and the great lake. The country was greatly improved, barren wilderness giving place to rich uplands fruitful in all the products of the earth most grateful to man and beast.

Provisions could now be procured in plenty—corn, potatoes, fruit, vegetables, goats, and chickens were all forthcoming for the purchasing. The half-starved expedition indulged in days of feasting, and marched on with recovered strength and confidence. Murmuring and doubt died away; while many of his native followers who had shown unmistakable proofs of their faithfulness during this long and trying march were suitably rewarded by Mr. Stanley.

On the 27th of February the village of Kagehyi

was reached. As the expedition wound its way up a long sloping ridge, a loud cheer arose from the van, and all knew that those in front had sighted the goal —the great lake Victoria Nyanza. Frank Pocock advanced rapidly to the summit of the hill, and returned presently, with face flushed with enthusiasm and delight, tossing up his hat, and shouting, "I have seen the lake, sir; and it is grand!" Then, as the vast sheet of water unfolded itself before their eyes, stretching far away eastward, girdled by dark-blue hills, and dotted with rocky islets, the whole expedition raised a loud pean of triumph and joy.

Seven days were spent at Kagehyi in getting the *Lady Alice* ready for her voyage on the great lake. Mr. Stanley's plan was to leave Frank Pocock and Frederick Barker at Kagehyi in command of the bulk of the expedition, while he himself with a selected crew of his natives made an exploration of the lake. On the 8th of March, 1875, the *Lady Alice* was launched on the waters of the Victoria Nyanza, and her prow turned eastward.

During each day's progress Mr. Stanley made careful observations of the shores of the lake; but nothing of an adventurous kind happened until the northern coasts were reached. Hitherto the *Lady Alice* had held on her course unmolested and unthreatened by any foe; but while at anchor off Ngevi island, Mr. Stanley and his companions observed a small canoe

containing two men approaching, followed presently by a much larger one propelled by forty rowers. When within about fifty yards of the *Lady Alice,* the strangers, rising up in their canoes, began to brandish their spears and shields with defiant and threatening gestures.

Mr. Stanley made no sign in reply, and the canoes advanced nearer and nearer, until at last they lay alongside the *Lady Alice.* Many of the men were evidently under the influence of drink. With swaggering and insolent gestures they began to handle everything in the boat. For some time the English leader bore with this with smiling patience; but at last the natives became so bold and threatening—one man whirling a stone from his sling over Mr. Stanley's head—that it became necessary to check and intimidate them in some way. Mr. Stanley suddenly discharged his revolver into the water.

The effect was instantaneous and almost ludicrous. At the first discharge the natives leapt pell-mell from their canoes and made for the shore, without a thought for their boats. Mr. Stanley presently persuaded them to return. And now their whole bearing was changed; they became respectful admirers of the expedition, and finally presented Mr. Stanley with a bunch of bananas. In a little, two more large canoes came up, then three others; and now all joined, with a fearful din of voices, in inviting Mr. Stanley to visit their

king. By this time Mr. Stanley had had about enough of his visitors, and, while affecting to comply with their wishes, contrived presently to give them the slip. The boat's sail was set, and the *Lady Alice* swept swiftly past the canoes and soon left them far in her wake.

By the beginning of April Mr. Stanley was approaching the territory of Uganda, ruled by King Mtesa, a prince with whom he was destined to have much intercourse. As the *Lady Alice* approached the dominions of this powerful monarch, Mr. Stanley and his companions beheld thousands of people drawn up in array upon the shore, headed by their chiefs handsomely dressed in crimson and black and white. Mr. Stanley was received on landing with volleys of musketry, beating of drums, and waving of flags and banners, the demonstration being altogether on a scale of ceremony and grandeur which not a little surprised him.

A number of well-dressed men, receiving the English leader with every sign of friendliness and hospitality, led him to a spacious grass-thatched hut which had been set apart for his accommodation. He then received for the refreshment of himself and his companions a most abundant and varied supply of provisions—flesh, fruit, and vegetables, jars of milk, baskets of sweet potatoes and rice, Indian corn, eggs, bananas, and Maramba wine.

When Mr. Stanley had given considerable extra care to his toilet, he prepared to meet the "foremost man of Equatorial Africa." King Mtesa received his visitor surrounded by a large company of his court—"generals, colonels, chiefs, cooks, butlers, pages, executioners, etc., etc." The two men took a long look at each other, Mr. Stanley seated on an iron stool close to his royal entertainer. Mtesa was a tall man, slender in figure, with a bare face, and large lustrous eyes. His face was characterized by intelligence, the expression being decidedly agreeable. Amiability combined with dignity marked his look and whole bearing.

Mr. Stanley's first interview with the Emperor of Uganda impressed him with the idea that Mtesa was the most favourable example of an African prince that he had ever met, and this impression future events only served to strengthen.

Mtesa was in many respects a remarkable man. Possessed of much natural ability, he administered the affairs of his kingdom with judgment and skill. His subjects respected and admired him, regarding him as a model to be imitated in all things. He practised a most royal hospitality towards strangers, especially Europeans. Of a grave and dignified manner when serious subjects were under consideration, he could at other times unbend and become a frank and genial companion, full of good humour and

mirthfulness. The intelligence of his questions, remarks, and general conversation exceeded anything which Mr. Stanley had ever met with in Africa. His people were well-dressed, well-housed, and well-mannered, and immodesty was a crime unknown among them.

Mtesa showed a strong desire to imitate the ways of white men, and Mr. Stanley, taking advantage of this, and impressed with the generally superior quality of his mind and propriety of his life, was at much pains to teach the king the leading and simple doctrines of Christianity. Mtesa received the new religion thus unfolded to him with great interest, and so strong an effect had the Englishman's earnest words upon him, that in the course of a few days he finally resolved to observe the Christian Sabbath as well as the Moslem one. Furthermore, he had the Ten Commandments and the Lord's Prayer inscribed on a board, that he might study them daily.

During Mr. Stanley's stay in Uganda another European traveller, M. Levant de Bellefonds, arrived in the country, and was received by the king with the same profuse hospitality as the English explorer. M. Bellefonds was a member of the Gordon Pasha Expedition, and between the two white men the intercourse was of the most friendly and pleasant character.

The time which Mr. Stanley could spend in Uganda

at length drew to a close. On the 17th of April he bade farewell to Mtesa and M. Bellefonds; and the *Lady Alice* was once again launched on the waters of the great lake.

Skirting along the shores of the lake the party reached the island of Bumbireh, about eleven miles in length and two in breadth. As the boat sailed close to the island, Mr. Stanley and his companions observed a few figures moving about on the grassy slopes, and presently heard the war-cry, "Hehu-a hehu-u-u-u," melodious, clear-ringing, and protracted.

More figures gathered on the island, and the war-cry increased in volume. At this time Mr. Stanley and his comrades were worn out with fatigue, hunger, and exposure to inclement weather, and were determined to land on the island at all risks. Food and rest were imperative, and the ominous war-cry was not sufficient to daunt them.

The boat approached within ten yards of the land; a parley was held on the beach with the natives, of whom there was now a large crowd, and for a little they appeared disposed to be friendly. But presently they rushed in a body through the water, seized the boat, and dragged her high and dry up on the beach.

Then began a scene defying words—a Babel of savage cries, a wild confusion of brandished spears and threatening clubs. A score of arrows from bended bows were pointed at the strangers, lances

waved about their heads; two hundred savage forms, their eyes gleaming with fury, their bodies jostling each other in their eager rage, leaped about the boat and thrust themselves forward.

Mr. Stanley sprang to his feet, alert and prepared for the worst. But he preserved a quiet and self-controlled demeanour, as did his companions. For a moment the uproar around them seemed to lull, but presently it burst out again with renewed fury, while stones now fell on more than one of Mr. Stanley's companions.

The English leader addressed the savages, and displayed beads, cloth, and wire, the sight of which seemed to awaken other desires in the breasts of the raging crowd than that of massacre. The leader of the band—who was afterwards discovered to be the king—drove back the rest. Then he retired and held a council with a number of his chiefs, while the remainder of the natives continued still to insult and threaten the expedition with hideous grinning and significant gestures.

At first there was a hope that Shekka the king would come to terms of some sort, and refrain from further hostile demonstration. But this hope was quickly dispelled when six of the savage horde rushed up to the boat and seized the oars, amid the applauding cheers of the rest.

Mr. Stanley made one other effort to propitiate

Shekka the king. He despatched one of his men, Safeni, up the hill to where Shekka stood surrounded by his chiefs, bidding him offer three "fundo" of beads, and asking the king to exchange blood with him—the African pledge of peace. Shekka refused all peaceful overtures, and immediately after fifty yelling savages rushed down the hill and up to the boat, and seized a small drum—a trifling matter, but done in such a way as to convince Mr. Stanley that all hope of making peace with the enemy was over.

But the English leader's presence of mind had never for a moment deserted him, and his resources were not yet exhausted. He told Safeni again to ascend the hill, holding in his hands two pieces of fine red cloth, and—"the minute you hear my voice run back."

Then he ordered his companions to place themselves on each side of the boat, to lay their hands as though carelessly on the bulwarks, and at the word of command to force it with all their power down the beach into the water. When Safeni had advanced about fifty yards up the hill, Mr. Stanley gave the word,—

"Push, my boys, push for your lives!"

With a grinding noise on the shingle the *Lady Alice* began to move. Mr. Stanley shouted, "Safeni! Safeni!" The natives swiftly perceived the ruse, and were presently at the boat's side again. The *Lady*

Alice was now touching the water. Safeni rushed back and stood at the water's edge. A native was balancing his spear to strike him, when a bullet from Mr. Stanley's rifle struck him dead. The next moment Safeni had leapt into the water and gained the boat, and now all the rest were in their places too.

The oars were in the hands of the natives, as has been described, but Mr. Stanley ordered his men to tear the bottom boards out of the boat and use them as paddles. Meantime the baffled and enraged natives were manning two canoes for the pursuit. The rude paddles by which the *Lady Alice* was now propelled were of little avail in comparison with the swift canoes of the foe, which would soon have overtaken them. There was but one resource left if the expedition was not to be massacred to a man. Mr. Stanley opened a sharp fusilade from his elephant rifle, and five of the natives fell. The enemy were at last daunted, cowed, and no further attempt at pursuit was made. Mr. Stanley's men again plied their extemporized paddles, and amid the shouts of impotent rage from the natives the *Lady Alice* shot away.

They were saved; but now hunger again stared them in the face. All the food that was in the boat were four bananas and a little coffee. Inclement weather came on, and the party, already worn out with long fasting, excitement, and fatigue, were little able to sustain the additional strain upon their physical powers.

It taxed the leader to the utmost to cheer and encourage his fainting comrades, who strove their best to respond to his appeals. At length, on the 30th of April, an island was reached where food in plenty was easily procured. A band of "storm-tossed, bruised, and hungry creatures," Mr. Stanley and his men gathered round the camp-fire that night over a plentiful supper of ducks, bananas, cherries, and coffee. "The pipe and tobacco gourd," says Mr. Stanley, "finished one of the most delicious evenings I ever remembered to have passed." Nor did the leader omit that night to offer for himself and his men heartfelt thanks to the Supreme Power who had rescued them from such peril and hardships. In memory of their timely preservation from starvation they called the little island of their bivouac "Refuge Island."

By the 5th of May Mr. Stanley and his comrades were back again at Kagehyi, and had rejoined the rest of the expedition. The *Lady Alice* had been fifty-seven days absent during this voyage of exploration on Lake Victoria. Mr. Stanley was welcomed with lively demonstrations of pleasure by his men at Kagehyi, led by Frank Pocock. But where was Frederick Barker? Gone to join Edward Pocock,—lying at rest beneath a little mound by the margin of the lake! He had died twelve days previously of an attack of ague. "I wish the master would come back; I should then feel as if there were some chance of life

for me," were among his last words. Young Barker was a heavy loss to Mr. Stanley, for he had been a comrade as loyal, brave, and faithful as he was gentle and amiable.

After some little time spent at Kagehyi, in order that his companions and himself might rest and recover themselves, Mr. Stanley embarked one half of the expedition in canoes for Refuge Island. An exciting incident occurred on the way thither, from some of the canoes foundering. The terror among the men and women in the sinking boats was extreme, and it was with great difficulty that a complete panic was averted. Fortunately those in the foundering canoes were all got on board the other boats, and the whole party finally landed in safety on Refuge Island. Here Mr. Stanley established a strong camp, building huts for the people, and stores for the provisions and chattels of the expedition.

Mr. Stanley then returned for the remaining half of his people, and on the 6th July bade a last farewell to Kagehyi. The whole expedition was presently safely established on Refuge Island, and in a little while a friendly alliance was entered into with Kijaju, King of Komeh, on the mainland.

About the middle of July Mr. Stanley set out once more to visit Mtesa, King of Uganda, leaving the bulk of his people behind him on Refuge Island. Various incidents of a more or less exciting character occurred

on the way to Uganda, which was reached about the middle of August.

Mtesa, the emperor, was discovered to be actively preparing for war with the Wavuma; and when the English leader landed in his realms he found himself in the midst of a vast armed host, gathered from every quarter of the kingdom. Mtesa received Mr. Stanley with the same cordiality as previously, but when the latter requested that he might be supplied with an escort to conduct him to Muta Nzigé, the king replied that it was not usual for strangers to pursue their journey while the sovereign of the country was at war. If Mr. Stanley waited till the war was ended, he should have an efficient convoy to the Nyanza (Muta Nzigé).

Mr. Stanley determined to wait at Uganda until the war was over, and to employ his time meanwhile in studying the land and its people. He was witness of several desperate battles between the people of Uganda and the Wavuma, which could not fail to interest him. Mtesa's army amounted to the large total of one hundred and fifty thousand fighting-men. The king himself led the expedition against the Wavuma, marching at the head of the army on foot, with his head bare, dressed in blue cloth, wearing a black English belt, and having his face dyed a bright red.

The Wavuma had equipped one hundred and fifty large canoes for the war, and had made an island in the lake, called Ingira, their gathering-place and strong-

hold. The fleet of the Waganda numbered two hundred and thirty fighting-ships. Mtesa's object was to effect a footing on Ingira Island, and cross thence to the country of the Wavuma.

The first conflict between the fleets of the rival nations was a spirited scene. Though numerically inferior to their adversaries, the Wavuma fought with intrepid courage and spirit. Attacking fearlessly the Waganda canoes, they quickly spread panic and confusion along the whole line. With difficulty Mtesa rallied his people, shouting his war-cry, "Kavya! kavya!" and they again faced the foe. The Wavuma, however, having captured fourteen canoes at the first onset, and too wary to risk a pitched battle with an enemy so much stronger in numbers, withdrew into deeper waters, while the Waganda, on their part, did not venture to pursue them.

Battle after battle followed with varying success on both sides, the balance of victory, however, inclining decidedly with the Wavuma, who continued to fight with great skill and valour, and who were not to be daunted by the superior numbers of the enemy.

Engrossed as King Mtesa was at this time in the operations of war, he again, as formerly, showed himself eager to take advantage of Mr. Stanley's presence to increase his knowledge and information. Mr. Stanley instructed him, to the best of his ability, in the simple facts of science, the wonders of the natural

world, and the works of Providence. Once more the Englishman sought to bring home to Mtesa the truths of the Christian religion, and again the king listened with wondering attention. Assisted by a native lad, who had been educated by the Universities Mission at Zanzibar, Mr. Stanley made an abridged translation of the Bible in the Kiswahili language for the use of the king, who henceforth became a diligent student of the Scriptures. Then he called his chiefs and officers together, and publicly proclaimed his purpose to renounce the religion of his fathers and embrace Christianity. He declared further his intention of building a church, of using his utmost influence to spread the principles of the Christian religion among his people, and of himself guiding his life, to the best of his power, according to its teaching. Thus did the Emperor of Uganda abandon Islamism in favour of Christianity. The episode is from first to last one of the most remarkable and interesting in Mr. Stanley's African experiences. Notwithstanding Mtesa's many admirable qualities, there was a barbarous and savage side to his character: it would have been marvellous had there not been. He sometimes yielded to paroxysms of passionate fury, before which his people quailed in abject terror. It was a promising sign of the genuineness of his professions that after his conversion he manifestly strove to put a check upon these outbursts of tumultuous wrath.

It was now the 5th of October, and two months had passed since Mr. Stanley left the camp at Refuge Island. Time was passing, and it was imperative for the well-being of the expedition that his interrupted journey should be resumed, which could not happen until the war between the Waganda and the Wavuma was at an end. It was evident that the latter could stand out a long while yet and fight probably to the last. Mr. Stanley therefore began to deliberate how he might bring the war to a conclusion by personal intervention, and at length hit upon a scheme which seemed to him to promise well.

He imparted his plan to Mtesa, who at once agreed to adopt it. Three of the largest and best canoes were chosen, and secured together, separated from each other by a space of four feet. On these canoes a superstructure of upright poles with walls of twisted and interlaced wicker-work was raised, forming when completed a sort of stockade, oblong in shape, about seventy feet in length by twenty-seven in width, and proof against the spears of the Wavuma.

Having chosen a crew of sixty paddlers and one hundred and fifty musketeers, Mr. Stanley embarked in his floating fort, which was found to swim easily and lightly on the water. Steered straight for Ingira Island, the novel ship-of-war slowly approached the enemy. When within hail, a loud voice from within the floating fort bade the Wavuma at once surrender or pre-

pare to suffer the consequences—the annihilation of the island by gunpowder.

The Wavuma were manifestly stricken with superstitious awe by the strange and mysterious vessel. A voice was heard, yet no man was visible. It must be some terrible devilish engine sent by the guardian spirit of the Waganda for the destruction of their enemies. They were panic-stricken, appalled. Their former bold and dauntless spirit yielded to their superstitious and terrified imaginations. They resolved forthwith to abandon further hostilities and to yield allegiance to King Mtesa. The mysterious ship rowed slowly back, bringing to the Waganda the welcome news that the enemy had capitulated. Thus peacefully did the adroit device of the English leader terminate a desperate and bloody struggle, which, in all probability, with whatever side the victory might finally have lain, would have entailed unspeakable suffering to the vanquished.

Mr. Stanley now recalled to Mtesa his promise that he would furnish him with an escort through the country situated between Muta Nzigé and Lake Victoria. The king bade his guest choose any chief he pleased as leader of the expedition, and Mr. Stanley selected Sambuzi. Once more the *Lady Alice* was got ready for transport by land, together with a large canoe christened by Mr. Stanley the *Livingstone*, and Mr. Stanley began the march for the Muta Nzigé,

accompanied by Sambuzi and a strong following of the Waganda.

Difficulties soon beset the expedition, the chief being the hostile attitude of the native tribes through whose territories the march led. Sambuzi and his men proved far less faithful than Mr. Stanley had hoped. A panic at last arose in the camp, the Waganda became terror-stricken, and Sambuzi announced to Mr. Stanley his intention of abandoning him and returning to Uganda.

No entreaties or exhortations on the part of the English leader had any effect on the faint-hearted Waganda, and at last he was compelled to abandon his purpose, and to return with Sambuzi. The expedition therefore retraced its journey; and having reached Kisossi in Uganda, Mr. Stanley and the faithless Sambuzi parted company—the latter to return to his own land hard by, the former to continue his explorations with his own men alone. The traitor Sambuzi, who had broken every promise made both to Mr. Stanley and his own liege sovereign, was probably unaware of the sort of welcome awaiting him at home. King Mtesa had been fully informed by Mr. Stanley of Sambuzi's faithless conduct, and the chief suffered at the hands of his sovereign the disgrace and punishment which he richly deserved.

Mtesa sent a message to Mr. Stanley, begging him to return to Uganda, where he should receive a fresh escort; but the latter had not sufficient confidence in

the character of the Waganda to again trust himself to their guidance. He despatched a letter of thanks and farewell to King Mtesa, and thus terminated the intercourse between the Englishman and the Emperor of Uganda. Thenceforth, Mr. Stanley determined that none should guide and govern his own men save himself alone.

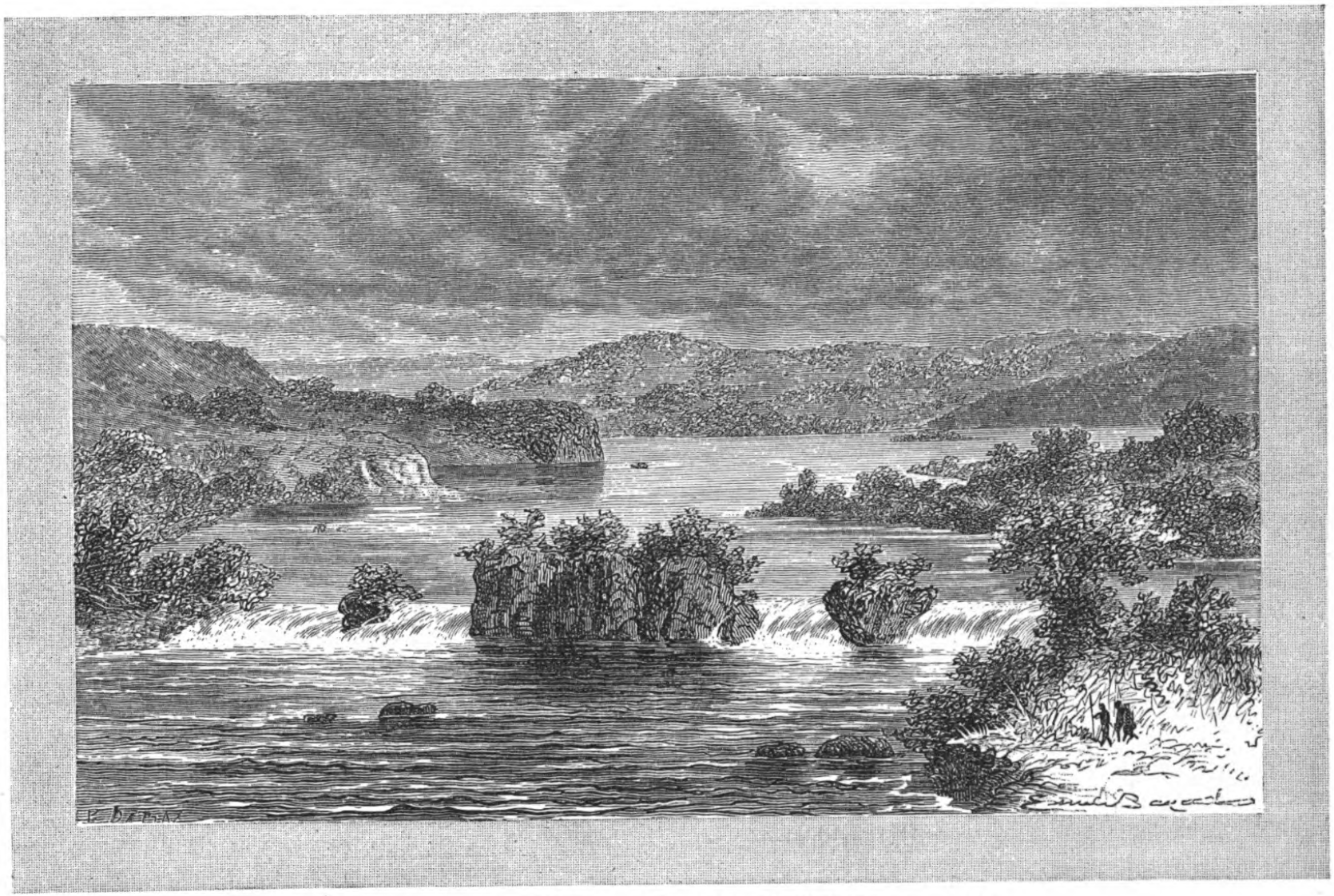
Having camped a few days at Kisossi to rest the faithful little band of his own followers, Mr. Stanley resumed his journey, and on the 24th of February reached Kafurro, an Arab depot in the Karagwe territory. Rumanika, the King of Karagwe, received the expedition with great kindness and hospitality. Rumanika was an old man of most venerable appearance, and of great kindliness and gentleness of disposition. From him and other natives of Karagwe Mr. Stanley received a considerable amount of information regarding Muta Nzigé of a more or less trustworthy character.

After resting a month in Rumanika's dominions, Mr. Stanley parted from the kind old king with many expressions of goodwill on both sides, and resumed his journey. It will be as well here briefly to recapitulate the extent and character of Mr. Stanley's explorations up to this point, at this stage of his progress.

From the 17th January, 1875, until April, 1876, Mr. Stanley had been patiently exploring the southernmost sources of the Nile—the vast morasses and fer-

tile uplands in which the mighty river has its birth, and the great reservoir, the Victoria Nyanza. The exploration of the great lake itself had been of the most thorough description. Its entire coast had been navigated, and every bay, creek, and inlet had been penetrated. Almost all the tribes bordering on the lake had been visited, and their character, customs, and manner of life in peace and in war witnessed and studied. The countries previously little known that intervene between Lake Victoria and Lake Muta Nzigé had been traversed, and an arm of the lake "Beatrice Gulf" sighted and named. Further explorations in this direction had been abandoned, as the expedition was unable to propitiate the native tribes dwelling on the lake shores. The march had then led from the Katunga lagoon south to the Alexandra Nile, one half of whose course had been carefully surveyed. The hostility of the neighbouring peoples had compelled Mr. Stanley, unwilling to make good his way by force of arms, to turn aside from the country of the Nile sources and to make for Tanganyika.

The direct object of Mr. Stanley's expedition was the *exploration of the southern sources of the Nile,* and to this he confined himself. The question left unsolved by Speke and Grant was whether the Victoria Nyanza was one lake, or whether it comprised five lakes. The latter theory was held by Livingstone, Burton, and other African travellers; but the explora-



THE NILE FLOWING FROM LAKE VICTORIA NYANZA.

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tions of Mr. Stanley have placed it beyond all doubt that Speke was correct when he declared the Victoria Nyanza to be *one* lake. To him, therefore, the praise is due of having discovered the largest lake in Africa; while to Mr. Stanley must be given the honour of having once and for all lifted this important geographical problem out of the region of hypothesis and doubt.

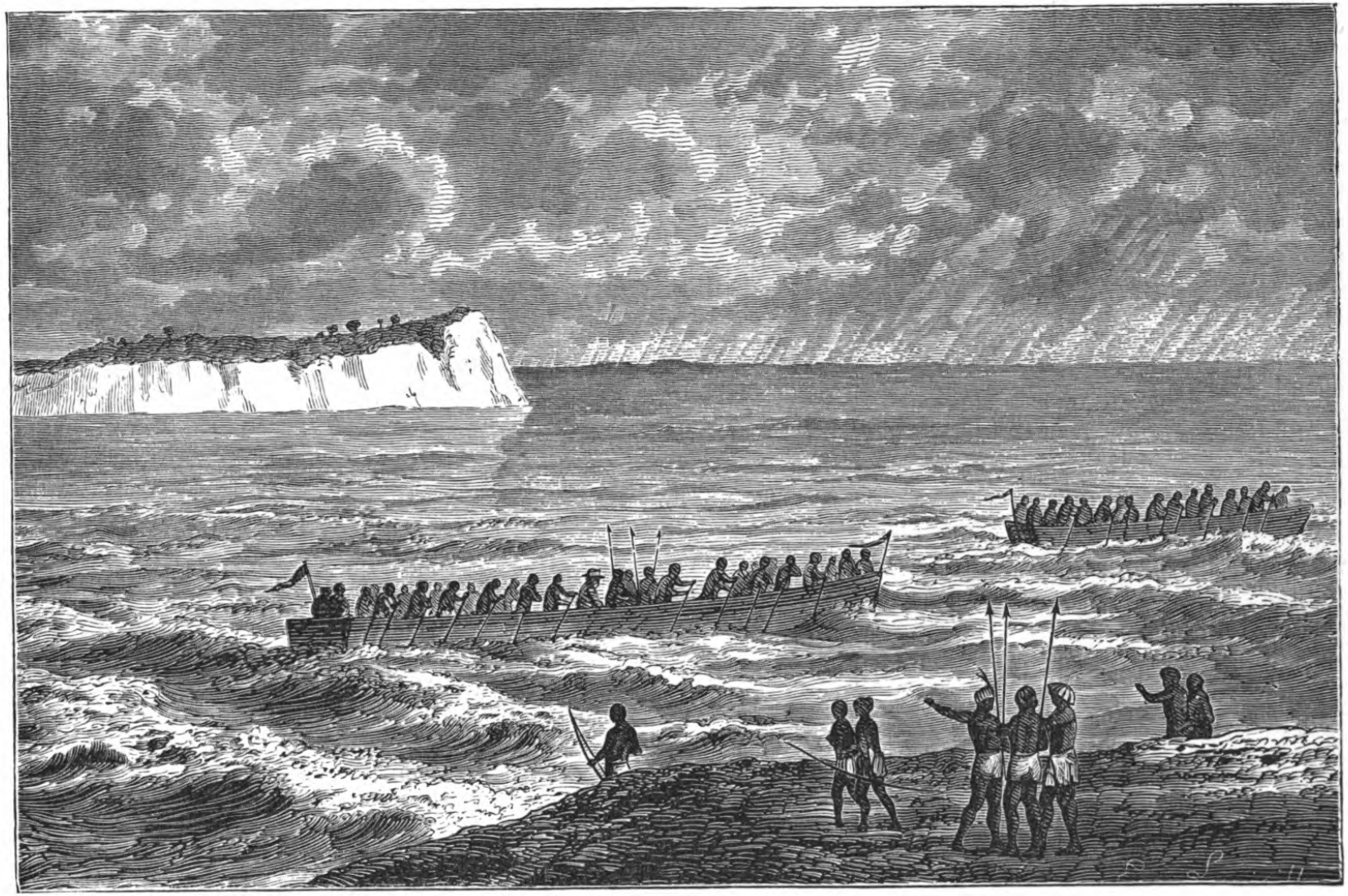
On his way to Tanganyika, Mr. Stanley fell in with the redoubtable chief and warrior Mirambo, whom he found to be, contrary to all his expectations, a mild-mannered, quiet-looking man, of placid and inoffensive aspect. The intercourse between Mirambo and the English leader was entirely of a friendly and agreeable character. The chief showed himself to be of a liberal and open-handed disposition; presents were exchanged between Mr. Stanley and him, and finally the friendship was ratified by the ceremony of "blood-brotherhood." This characteristic African ceremony was thus performed:—The Englishman and African sat opposite each other on a straw matting. A native chief then made an incision in the right leg of Mirambo and in that of Mr. Stanley, extracted a little blood from each, and exchanged it, at the same time uttering aloud the following: "If either of you break this brotherhood now established between you, may the lion devour him, the serpent poison him, bitterness be in his food, his friends desert him, his gun burst in his hands, and

everything that is bad do wrong to him until his death." As may be inferred from the above words, the ceremony of blood-brotherhood is regarded as of a very sacred and binding nature.

On the 27th of May, 1876, the expedition reached Ujiji, which must remain for ever memorable in the annals of African exploration as the spot where Mr. Stanley met Dr. Livingstone in November 1871. We may well suppose that strange and sad emotions filled Mr. Stanley's heart as he revisited the scene of his intercourse with the veteran explorer. Nothing was changed in the outward aspect of the place—the beautiful lake with its white surf breaking on the sandy shores, the dark-blue mountains fringing the sky-line, the radiant sunshine, and the waving palms; but the "grand old hero" who had once been the absorbing centre of interest in that fair scene was gone for ever.

Mr. Stanley's purpose now was to navigate the Tanganyika Lake, a work which he calculated would occupy two or three months. The welfare of such of his people as were to be left behind at Ujiji was attended to, provision made for the voyage, and guides engaged. These were two in number—Para, who had been Cameron's companion in 1874; and Ruango, who had served as guide to Dr. Livingstone and Mr. Stanley in 1871.

Once again the good ship *Lady Alice* was afloat—



LAKE TANGANYIKA.

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now on the dark-blue waters of the Tanganyika. His present voyage was with the object of exploring the barrier of mountains which girdles the lake, in order to ascertain if there were any outlet for the surplus water of the many rivers which empty into it. The cruise lasted fifty-one days, and was concluded without mishap or sickness befalling any of the crew. During this period a distance of eight hundred and ten miles was traversed, the whole coast-line of Tanganyika being nine hundred and thirty miles in extent.

The result of Mr. Stanley's careful survey of this great lake was this. He believed the Tanganyika to be steadily rising—an idea which seems to be held by the natives dwelling on its borders, and of which there are many and striking proofs. Mr. Stanley was of opinion then that one manifest destiny awaits the Tanganyika. When it has risen three feet higher, there will be "no surf at the mouth of the Lukuga," as at present, "no silt of sand, no oozing mud-banks, no rush-covered old river-course, but the accumulated waters of a hundred rivers will sweep through the ancient gap with the force of a cataclysm, bearing away on its flood all the deposits of organic *débris* at present in the Lukuga Creek, down the steep incline, to swell the tribute due to the mighty Livingstone."

On the 25th of August Mr. Stanley resumed his travels. Thirty-eight of his men deserted the expedi-

tion at this stage—a serious reduction from the total number of a hundred and seventy. Passing through the territories of various native tribes without any signal adventures, the expedition traversed the Luama valley, until the wanderers came suddenly upon the confluence of the Luama with the Lualaba. The first-mentioned river appeared to be about four hundred yards broad at its meeting with the Lualaba; the latter majestic river had a breadth of about fourteen hundred yards—a stately placid stream flowing from south by east. The Lualaba struck Mr. Stanley as resembling the Mississippi before it is joined by the mighty Missouri.

Joy and elation filled the English leader's breast as he scanned the great river. Up to this point he had been following one of the sources of the Livingstone for a distance of two hundred and twenty miles, and now he was gazing on the grand main river itself. He had now to follow it to the ocean.

The expedition continued the journey in the best of spirits, and made good progress, crossing the small river Lulundi and halting at Lubanda. Here Mr. Stanley received intelligence of Cameron, the gallant explorer, and made the acquaintance of Hamed bin Mohammed, more commonly known as Tippu Tib, an Arab of high repute among his people with whom the English leader was to have intimate dealings. Questioned by Mr. Stanley as to the river Lualaba, Tippu

Tib gave it as his opinion that it "flowed north for ever" until it reached the salt sea.

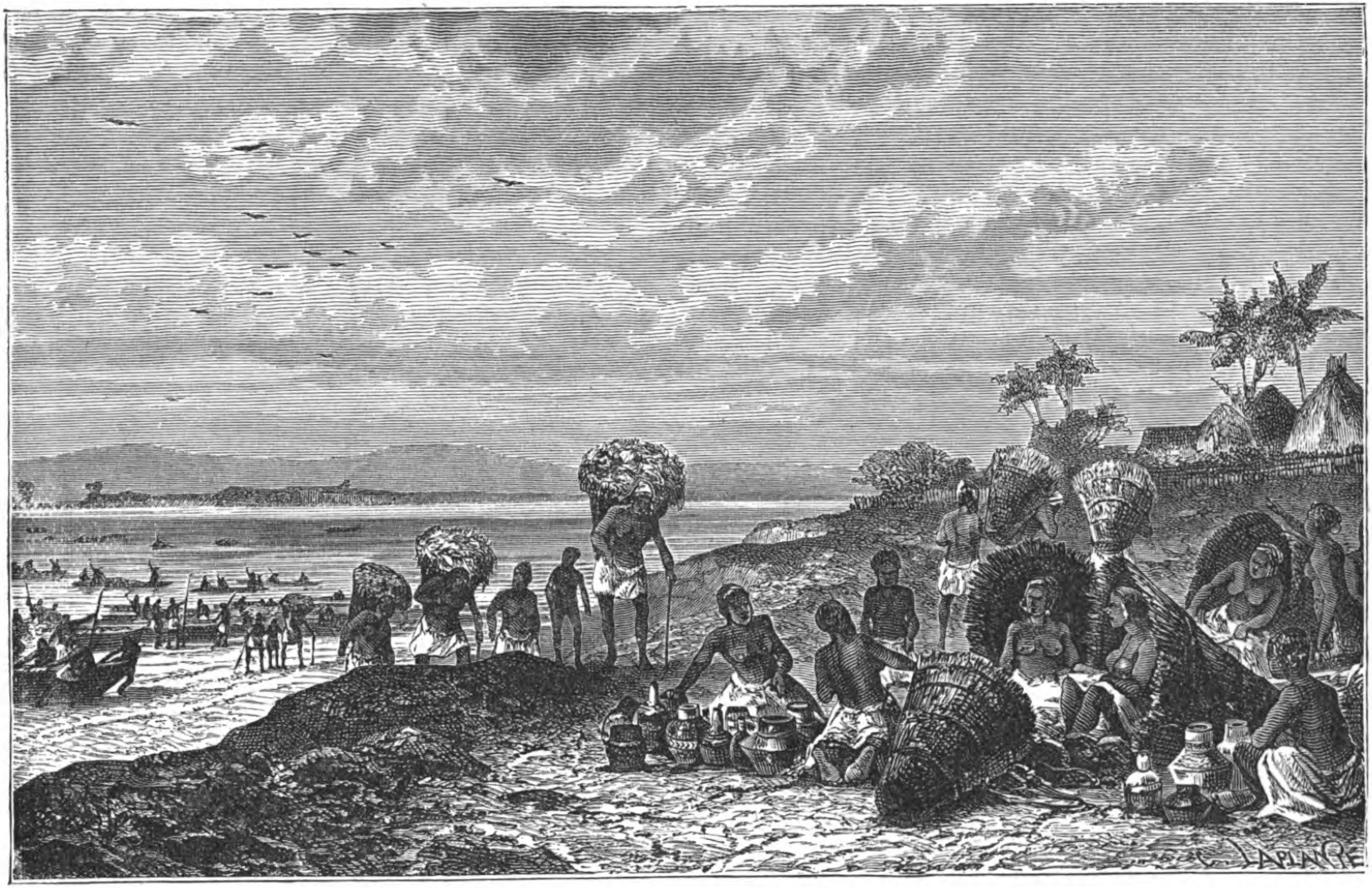
An agreement was entered into by Mr. Stanley and Tippu Tib, by which the latter was to accompany the expedition a distance of sixty camps, which would mean a journey of three months. Mr. Stanley was to pay Tippu Tib five thousand dollars for his services, and provide provisions for one hundred and forty of his followers during the journey.

Mr. Stanley now held a long and earnest consultation with the ever-faithful companion of his journey, Frank Pocock, as to the route which should be pursued. The choice lay between the north and the Lualaba and the south and Katanga. The former undoubtedly offered greater difficulties and dangers, but it presented by far the more extensive field of discovery, and its successful exploration would redound to the glory of the expedition. After much serious consideration of the matter, Mr. Stanley and Frank Pocock determined to face the worst and follow the great river. They well knew that the journey before them was one beset with difficulties of the most desperate character. The path lay through nine hundred miles of absolutely unknown territory —all that was known about it being that its inhabitants were of an unusually savage character. The route stretched northward along the east bank of the Lualaba. The expedition at this stage of its

progress consisted of no less than seven hundred individuals.

The difficulties of the march soon began. The road lay through a dense forest. Above, the interlacing boughs shut out almost every ray of light, so that the men marched at midday in a kind of dim twilight. Under foot a clayey mould, into which the feet sank deep at every step, rendered walking a severe fatigue. A heavy dew dripped constantly from the trees above, until the clothes of the travellers were soaked through and through. The boat-bearers, who were carrying the *Lady Alice* as usual in sections, made distressingly slow progress, and began to complain sorely of weariness. In the course of ten days the mud and slush and reeking mire, of which the path consisted, had worn out Mr. Stanley's shoes, and for a time he had to travel with bare feet.

On the morning of November 16th a crisis came. Tippu Tib sought Mr. Stanley, to state his desire that his contract should be dissolved. He had never contemplated such difficulties as the journey had presented, and his people could stand out against them no longer. Mr. Stanley argued, remonstrated, entreated, and at last Tippu Tib agreed to accompany the expedition twenty marches further for the consideration of twenty-six thousand dollars. Had the Arab chief deserted at this critical stage, the whole expedition would have probably been abandoned in



SCENE ON THE LUALABA.

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despair, and Mr. Stanley's hopes of exploring the Lualaba for ever perished.

On the 19th of November, after a march of five miles through the forest, the expedition reached the Lualaba, in south latitude 3° 35′. From this point Mr. Stanley calls the river the *Livingstone.* Many and various were the thoughts and emotions which filled Mr. Stanley's mind as, seated on the banks of the great river, he watched the brown waters flowing broad and deep away into the unknown, whither no white man had as yet followed them. Thus had they flowed on in silence and darkness from the dawn of time.

The *Lady Alice* was soon afloat on the river. After advancing up-stream for half an hour an island was reached. About thirty canoes were observed fastened to the banks, which were thronged with people. Mr. Stanley's interpreter addressed them, offering friendship and alliance on liberal terms. The people proved well-disposed, and by nightfall the whole of Mr. Stanley's people were fraternizing with Wenya natives round the camp-fires.

On the 23rd of November the expedition halted on the banks of the Ruiki river, a branch of the Livingstone, and built a strong camp. Here about thirty canoes filled with savages made a determined attack on the camp, and were only repulsed by firing. On December the 8th, while the camp was pitched at

Unya N'singé, it was again attacked. Fourteen large canoes advanced up the river, formed in line opposite the camp, and challenged the strangers to battle. The interpreters replied that the expedition had not come to fight, and would not—an announcement that was received by the savages with scoffing jeers, amid which the canoes advanced with threatening motions. A volley, however, drove them back, and the contest was over in a few minutes. Several of Mr. Stanley's people sustained arrow wounds, but no deaths resulted therefrom. But this brief skirmish was only the beginning of many troubles of a like kind through which the expedition was destined to pass.

Mr. Stanley had now to exercise the utmost watchfulness against the surprises of the savage tribes through whose territories the journey lay. At any moment the camp was liable to be attacked; and when it is considered that the sick among his people were so numerous that it had become necessary to set aside one entire canoe as a sort of floating hospital, it will be imagined that Mr. Stanley's cares and responsibilities were not slight.

At midday towards the end of December, while the expedition halted at Vinya-Njara, a large fleet of canoes advanced up the river, containing upwards of six hundred men. They bore down upon the camp amid a fearful din of war-horns and drums, and the

wild battle-cry, "Bo-bo, bo-bo, bo-bo-o-o-oh!" Simultaneously with the onset of the canoes a terrible uproar broke from the forest behind the camp, and a shower of arrows fell upon Mr. Stanley and his followers.

This was a crisis in which Mr. Stanley had the choice of but two courses,—either to fight the best he knew in defence of his people, or to abandon them to the mercies of a ruthless enemy, himself perishing with them. The struggle lasted about half an hour, Mr. Stanley's followers fighting with the desperate courage which the knowledge of their critical situation had by this time engendered. At last the foe was beaten back, and the canoes, one and all, disappeared. Subsequently, by an adroit ruse on the part of Mr. Stanley and his followers, thirty-six of the Vinya-Njara canoes were got possession of while their crews were absent on shore. Having now the enemy at a disadvantage, Mr. Stanley endeavoured, in accordance with his usual plan, to make terms of peace with them, and at last succeeded. The ceremony of blood-brotherhood was gone through between the Vinya-Njara and some of the expedition; a number of the captured canoes were returned, and thus this serious struggle ended. Four of Mr. Stanley's men were killed and thirteen wounded in the encounter.

The courage of Tippu Tib and his followers was

now fairly exhausted. Death, sickness, and constant fighting with savage foes had completely disorganized them, and it was with no feeling of surprise that Mr. Stanley learned that Tippu Tib was resolved to proceed no further, although eight marches were still wanting to complete the contract between the Arab chief and the English leader.

Mr. Stanley and Tippu Tib parted quite amicably, the former distributing presents among the Arab's followers; while Tippu Tib, on his side, gave a grand banquet of roasted mutton, rice, and palm wine to the whole expedition.

On the following morning Mr. Stanley embarked his whole party on the river, men, women, and children, to the number of one hundred and forty-nine. This year (1877) closed for the expedition amid disaster and loss. On the 30th of December a violent storm arose on the river, causing the foundering of two canoes and the drowning of two of the crew, together with the loss of four muskets and a sack of beads.

But the new year seemed to dawn with prosperous omens. The morning was deliciously calm and bright; a still restfulness dwelt on forest and river; and Mr. Stanley, wearied though he was with long solicitude, could not but feel the soothing influence of the time and scene. He was fain to let the dreamy peacefulness of the morning steal into his heart and banish for a while at least all dark forebodings.

On the 4th the expedition reached the first of the series of falls now known as the Stanley Falls. The roar of the cataract reached the canoes long before the falls themselves were sighted; but high above the noise of the tumbling waters rose another and more terrible din — the shrill war-shouts of the Mwana Ntaba savages from both sides of the river. There was but one thing for it—either to fight a passage through these cannibal foes, or to "risk the cataract with its terrors."

To attempt the cataract seemed certain destruction. The canoes dropped anchor, and a struggle with the savage foe began forthwith. After a quarter of an hour's sharp fighting, Mr. Stanley saw that there was no likelihood of driving back the host of the enemy, and so the expedition retraced its course for a little way, landed, and encamped.

The journey from the first to the last of the Stanley Falls—which consist in all of seven cataracts—was a period of incessant warfare with the cannibal natives inhabiting the numerous islands situated between the cataracts. These wild hordes proved deaf to all overtures of peace. Every gentle and propitiatory means attempted to win and conciliate them proved fruitless. Nothing moved their stubborn and bloodthirsty hearts but force of arms. It was, needless to say, a time of extreme anxiety and solicitude to Mr. Stanley, and in only a less degree to Frank Pocock, his lieutenant.

At times the leader felt that the responsibilities devolving upon him were almost more than he could bear; but never did he for a moment lose his self-possession, never for a moment lose his faith that the Supreme Power which had preserved him in safety thus far would bring him and his people safely through all difficulties to the end.

During the passage of the Stanley Falls occurred one of the most thrilling scenes in all this long journey through the Dark Continent. The canoes were being floated down a long rapid. Six had passed in safety. The seventh, manned by Muscati, Uledi Muscati, and Zaidi, a chief, was overturned in a difficult piece of the water. Muscati and Uledi were rescued by the eighth canoe; but Zaidi, clinging to the upturned canoe, was swept past, and seemed on the point of being hurried over the brink of the fall. But the canoe was driven upon a small rock which jutted up midway on the edge of the fall. The canoe was instantly split in two, one part being caught fast below the water, while the other protruded above the surface. To the upper part Zaidi clung, seated on the rock, his feet in the water. Below him leapt and roared the fall, about fifty yards in depth; above him stretched fifty feet of gradually sloping water.

Mr. Stanley and a part of the expedition were at this time on the banks. No more strange and peril-

ous position than that of Zaidi's can well be imagined. A small canoe was lowered by means of a cable of ratans; but the rope snapped in an instant, and the boat was swept over the fall. Poles tied to creepers were then thrown towards the unfortunate man perched on the rock, but failed to reach him across the heaving waters. The rock was distant from the shore about fifty yards.

Mr. Stanley now got another canoe, fastened a cable to the bows, another to the side, and a third to the stern. After a little hesitation two men agreed to man the canoe—Uledi, the brave coxswain of the *Lady Alice*, and Marzouk, a boat-boy. "Mamba kwa Mungu" (My fate is in the hands of God), said Uledi.

The two men took their places in the canoe and paddled across the stream. The cables fastened to the prow and side of the canoe were slackened until the boat approached to about twenty yards from the fall. Uledi then tried to get the third cable to Zaidi, but in vain, the canoe being swept round by the force of the current every time the attempt was made. Once more, for the sixth time, Uledi endeavoured to reach Zaidi with the rope, and this time the latter succeeded in grasping it. Just as he did so he himself was swept over the fall and was lost to sight by those on shore. All thought the man was lost, but presently his head appeared.

At a word from Mr. Stanley those on shore began to pull the cables attached to the canoe; but at the first haul they broke, and the canoe began to glide towards the edge of the fall. Destruction seemed certain for Uledi and Marzouk. But the boat was driven against the rocky islet; Uledi and Marzouk sprang out, and seizing Zaidi lifted him out of the water.

The position of matters was now much the same as before, but there were three men on the rock to be reached instead of one. A stone was fastened to a cable and flung over to the three men. At the twentieth cast they succeeded in catching it. The trio on the islet having drawn the cable taut and made it fast to a rock, a frail bridge was thus formed between them and the shore. Night now fell, and nothing further could be done in the darkness.

Early next morning Mr. Stanley's first thoughts turned to his three comrades on the rock. He made signs to Uledi to begin, and the latter, leaping into the tumbling waters, seized hold of the cable. Working along the rope hand over hand, his head every few moments submerged in the foaming stream, Uledi at length reached the shore in safety. Zaidi followed, and gained the land in like manner. Marzouk was the last to cross. Midway he lost his grasp of the cable for an instant, but recovered it again just in time, and landed, amid the embraces and

shouts of his friends. And so terminated this anxious and exciting scene.

At last, on the 28th of January, the last cataract of the Stanley Falls was passed. Twenty-two days and nights had the expedition taken in making this stage of the journey—a time of unceasing peril and hardship to all.

Rubunga, a village in Nganza, was reached on February the 8th, and here, to his joy, Mr. Stanley succeeded in propitiating the natives. It was long since he had been able to make any impression on the savage natives of the Livingstone by peaceful stratagems, and the change from warlike measures was a thrice welcome one. His people were fainting from want of food, and the supplies with which the natives of Rubunga provided them did not come a moment too soon.

Mr. Stanley questioned the chief of Rubunga as to what they called the great river at this point. The chief first answered "Ibari," but presently understanding the question, exclaimed, "*Ikutu ya Kongo.*" The impression which had long been present in Mr. Stanley's mind, that the great and terrible river whose course he had been for months following would prove eventually to be no other than the mighty Congo, was thus confirmed.

The expedition enjoyed a period of much-needed rest and refreshment at this stage, being hospitably

treated by the king and people of Rubunga. On the 10th February the journey was resumed; and on the 14th the boats were attacked by the natives of Bangala with unparalleled fury. This was the thirty-first struggle through which Mr. Stanley and his people passed, and by far the most desperate. The savages attacked them with an extraordinary determination and ferocity, yelling their wild war-cry, "Yaha-ha-ha, Ya Bangala!" Mr. Stanley styles the Bangala the Ashantees of the Livingstone river, and describes them as a superior tribe in intelligence and skill, notwithstanding their extreme aversion towards strangers.

Hunger once more began to threaten the travellers. Mr. Stanley's faithful followers by this time seldom complained of any of the hardships of the journey. They had learned to trust the English leader with implicit confidence, and they had learned also to bear the manifold multiform trials of the way with a patient endurance that rarely gave way. Now and then a passing doubt crossed their minds when faint for lack of food. "What will be the end of all this? Whither, oh whither are we going?" they would say at such times; and their words would fill the leader's heart with compassion and fresh anxiety.

From the 10th to the 19th of February no fresh supplies of food were able to be purchased, and the sufferings of the travellers were becoming extreme. On the 20th, however, they succeeded in propitiating

the natives of Bwema, Inguba, and Ikengo, who sold them food in plenty, and treated them with civility and kindness.

On February the 23rd an affecting death occurred in the camp — that of Amina, the wife of the ever-loyal Kachéché. The last words of this poor African girl breathe a simple but true pathos beyond all art. "Ah, master, I shall never see the sea again. Your child Amina is dying. I have wished to see the cocoa-nuts and the mangoes; but no, Amina is dying, dying in a pagan land. She will never see Zanzibar. The master has been very good to his children, and Amina remembers it. It is a bad world, master, and you have lost your way in it. Good-bye, master; do not forget poor little Amina."

By February the 28th the territory of the King of Chumbiri was reached—a mild-mannered monarch of pleasant and formal demeanour, but who subsequently proved to be, in Mr. Stanley's emphatic phrase, "the most politic rogue of all Africa." However, the intercourse between this subtle sovereign and the Englishman was of a wholly friendly character, and his subtlety showed itself mainly in his adroitness for getting as much out of his guest as possible in the shape of presents agreeable to his unsophisticated soul.

On the 9th of March the camp was unexpectedly attacked, and fourteen men wounded. This was the

thirty-second and last battle. Thenceforth the foes with which the explorers had to contend ceased to be of a human kind. The natives encountered on the journey were becoming daily more benignant of aspect, milder in bearing. Intercourse with white men had softened somewhat their naturally wild natures, and they received the advances of the strangers in an amicable spirit.

Hitherto, as we have clearly seen, the great obstacle to the advance of the expedition had been the extraordinary hostility displayed by the savage tribes dwelling along the banks of the river. Now it was the river itself whence the chief dangers arose; and it is doubtful which of the two perils was the more formidable.

Hitherto the Livingstone had rolled on in a calm and stately stream, excepting only at that point where its placid course was interrupted by the cataracts of the Stanley Falls. Hitherto it had been a stream of mystic, dreamlike loveliness, and calm grandeur. The canoes had drifted along quiet creeks, by innumerable islands, shadowy with palm groves, and fragrant with myrrh and wild cassia. All this was changed now. The mighty river, six miles broad at parts of its course, had become a furious torrent, torn and broken by jutting reefs, huge boulders of rock, and innumerable falls, rapids, and cataracts. In the earlier part of the river-journey it was the terrible war-cry of the

savage foes that rang daily in the ears of the travellers and disturbed their dreams by night; now it was the appalling roar of wild raging waterfalls that struck awe and terror into the hearts of the travellers ere the furious cataracts themselves were sighted.

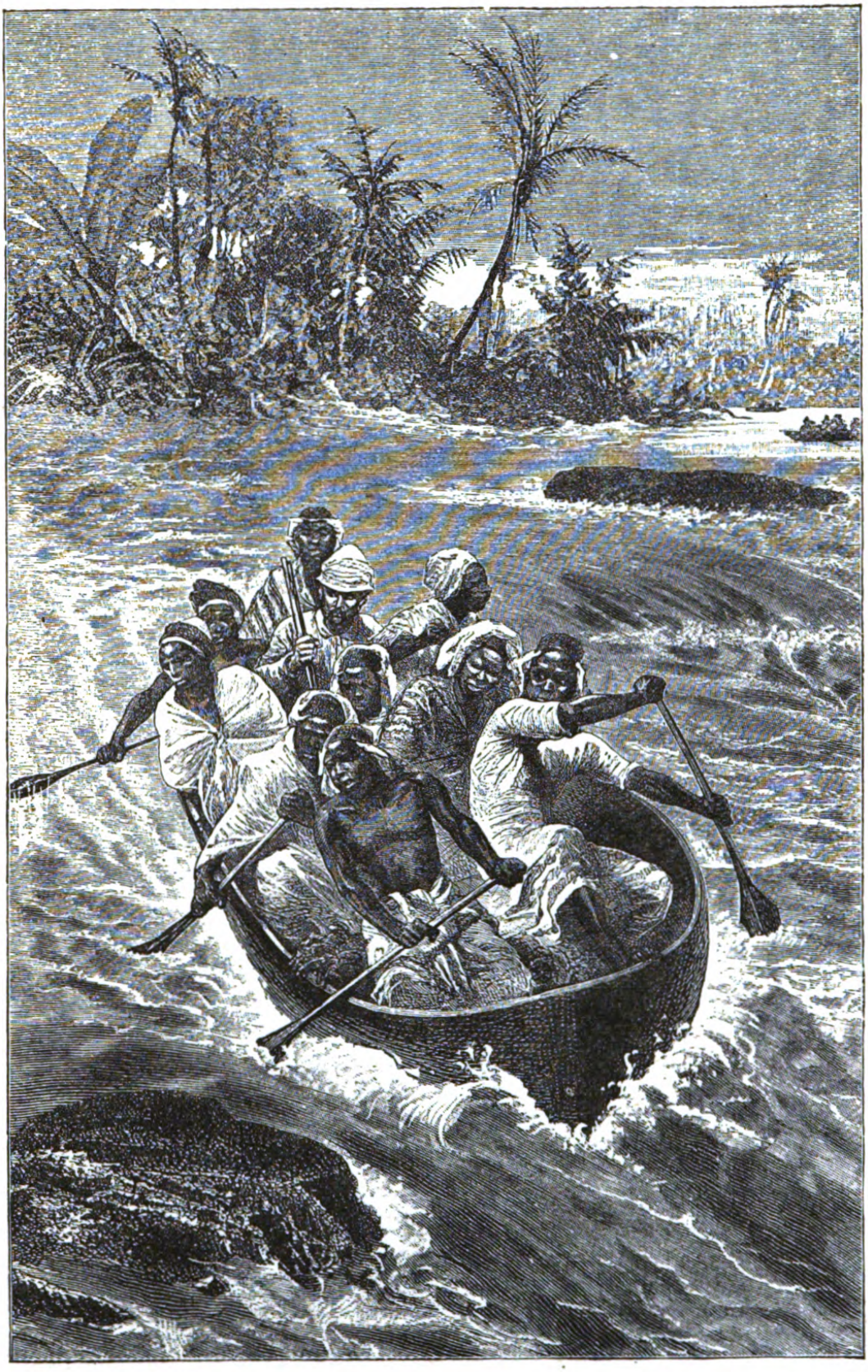
On March 28th the expedition lost nine men, who were swept over a fall in their canoe. Three of these were favourites of Mr. Stanley's, Kalulu, Mauredi, and Feragi. On the same day two other smaller canoes were driven over the same cataracts, but their crews fortunately succeeded in saving themselves.

The plan of progress at this stage of the river-journey was this: Frank Pocock conducted a part of the expedition overland until a suitable spot for camping was reached. Mr. Stanley led the rest down the river, and when a rapid was encountered, it was carefully surveyed, and if deemed impassable, he landed with his men, and forced a passage, or rather hauled the canoes, through the forest, until the cataract was passed. Then the canoes were again launched, and held on their way until the camping-ground was reached, where Frank Pocock was awaiting the voyagers with such a supper prepared as his resources afforded.

On the 12th April the *Lady Alice* with her crew came within an ace of destruction. The boat was approaching a bay in which the camp was to be made for the night, when a strange rumbling sound, like the

noise of distant thunder, fell upon the ears of the crew. Then Mr. Stanley and his companions beheld the river rise, as it were, in a hill of water. The men bent to their oars and reached the side of the watery mound before it had begun to fall. Then the boat was borne over a small fall, and spun round in the eddies. But the crew again resuming their oars, succeeded in getting the boat into smooth water again, and finally reached the camping-ground. A number of those on the banks had witnessed the narrow escape of the *Lady Alice* from the whirlpool, and the joy of the whole expedition was great at the rescue of the leader and his men from a watery grave.

The expedition was received in a very friendly manner by the Babwendi natives above the Inkisi Falls. The Babwendi are a superior type of natives. They possess crockery-ware of British manufacture, such as plates, mugs, and washing-basins, together with galvanized iron spoons, English cutlery, glass-ware, and guns. European goods are transferred from tribe to tribe along the river at this point in its course. The people of Ntamo and adjoining districts convey them to Ilaka, Misongo, and the tribes contiguous; these to Irebu, Mempurengi, and Ularni; and so on until Upoto is finally reached—the farthest point at which goods from the coast arrive. Mr. Stanley makes the curious calculation that, at this rate of progress, a barrel of gunpowder landed at Fanta, Ambriz,



THE 'LADY ALICE" IN RAPIDS OF THE CONGO.

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or Kinsumbo, does not reach Bangala within five years. The first fire-arm was landed in Angola towards the close of the fifteenth century, the year at which Diego Cão discovered the entrance of the Congo being 1485. He raised his memorial column by which he signalized the discovery of the great river at Point de Padrão, and it has taken nearly four hundred years for four muskets to reach Rubunga in Nganza, which is distant nine hundred and sixty-five miles from Point de Padrão.

On May 1st Mr. Stanley began the making of a new and large canoe, to replace one that had been lost a month previously. The canoe, which received the same name as its predecessor, the *Stanley*, was thirty-seven feet long, two feet eight inches broad, and two feet deep. The men worked with a will, led by the redoubtable Uledi, and had the canoe finished in eight days. Shortly after this a second and still larger canoe was carved out of a gigantic teak tree, fifty-five feet in length, and launched on the river amid a crowd of admiring and applauding natives.

On the 3rd June Mr. Stanley underwent a trial greater than any which he had to bear during the whole of this long and perilous journey—the death, namely, of the brave and faithful Frank Pocock, who was at once his servant, comrade, and friend. Frank was in the canoe *Jason*, together with Uledi and eleven others. For some weeks back he had been suffering from ulcers in the feet, which had obliged

him to surrender the captaincy of his canoe to Uledi, who had up to this time usually acted as coxswain of the *Lady Alice.*

The canoe was approaching the Massassa Falls, which Uledi, upon examination, judged to be impassable for the canoe. But Frank Pocock thought otherwise. A spirit of recklessness seemed to have come over him: he deemed Uledi and the rest of the crew faint-hearted, and chided them with their timidity. Uledi's blood rose. Again and again during the journey had the intrepid coxswain placed his courage beyond all doubt, and it cut him to the quick that the "little master," as Frank Pocock was called in contradistinction to Mr. Stanley the leader, should thus taunt him.

"Boys," said he, addressing the crew, "our little master is saying that we are afraid of death. I know there is death in the cataract; but come, let us show him that black men fear death as little as white men."

"A man can die but once," "Who can contend with his fate?" "Our fate is in the hands of God," were the various replies of the men.

"You are men," exclaimed Frank.

The boat was headed for the falls. They were reached, and in another moment the canoe had plunged into the foaming rapid. Spun round like a top in the merciless embrace of the furious waters, the boat was whirled down to the foaming pit below. Then she was sucked below the surface and anon hurled up

again with several men clinging to her, among them Uledi. Presently the form of the little master was seen floating on the surface. Uledi struck out bravely towards him, seized him, and both sank together. When the coxswain again rose to the surface he was alone.

"My brave, honest, kindly-hearted Frank, have you left me so?" cried Mr. Stanley, in bitterness of sorrow, when he received the pitiful story of Pocock's death. "Ah, Uledi, had you but saved him, I should have made you a rich man."

"Our fate is in the hands of God, master," answered Uledi, with a sad weariness in his voice; for all the expedition had learned to love the "little master."

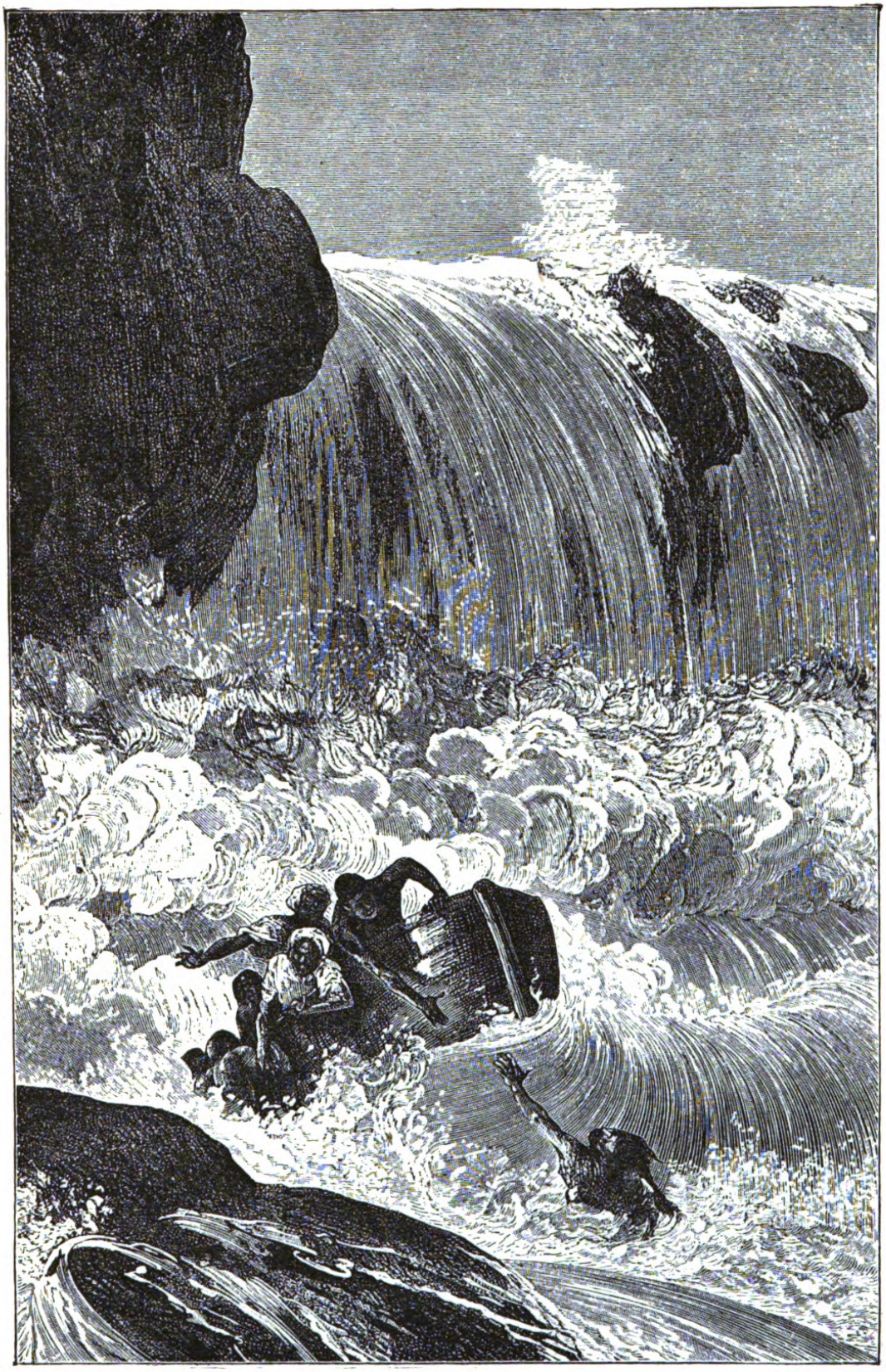
Frank Pocock's death was indeed a blow to the expedition. The effect upon the Wangana people was remarkable. After the sad event they appear to have lost almost all heart, and to have gone about their duties with a hopeless apathy, out of which Mr. Stanley in vain strove to rouse them.

To Mr. Stanley himself the loss of his comrade was, it needs not to be said, simply irreparable. Pocock had started on the journey in the capacity of a servant, but the term "friend" describes the relationship which ultimately existed between him and Mr. Stanley with far greater truth. Hardship, danger, trial of every description, only served to bring out the many admirable qualities of Frank the Thames

waterman. He was as gentle, patient, and cheerful as he was brave; as industrious and ingenious as he was faithful and intrepid. In times of dejection, when the heart of the leader as well as those of all his followers were oppressed with doubt and anxiety, his cheery songs exorcised the general spirit of gloom, and inspired fresh hope and courage. He possessed, moreover, a simple and hearty piety which seldom or never forsook him, and when he was not trolling a ballad, his fine voice was raised in some familiar and sweet-tuned hymn. It was pitiable to think that this brave and good man, coming through so much that deserved recognition and reward, should have thus perished in a moment of thoughtless rashness.

Mr. Stanley's troubles increased after Frank Pocock's death. The people gave way to a superstitious dread of the river, and at length mutinied and refused to work. They did not say much—only that they were tired and sick and could work no more. Death, said they, was in the river; why should they tempt it each day?

Mr. Stanley answered that he too was hungry and sick and tired,—so sorry and tired that he could smilingly lie down and die. Let them leave him, and he would cut the rope that secured his boat to the shore and drift over the cataract and die on the river. But he was determined either to follow the river to the ocean or perish on it. Thirty of the men now



DEATH OF FRANK POCOCK.

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deserted; but after they had gone a little way, they were persuaded to return and resume their work.

On June the 23rd, the carpenter of the expedition was drowned, being swept over the Zinga Fall in the *Livingstone* canoe. The poor people regarded this catastrophe as but another forewarning of the general fate that awaited all, and the gloom overshadowing the camp deepened. As an indication of the painfully slow progress made at this stage of the journey, it is sufficient to mention that the wanderers travelled only *three miles in thirty days.*

In a brief survey of Mr. Stanley's journey such as we are now presenting to the reader, there is not space to indicate fully the extraordinary difficulties with which the expedition had to contend, and which increased in tragic force as the goal was neared. Towards the close of the journey the people suffered severely from insufficient food. The neighbouring tribes, for the most part, proved greedy and avaricious to the last degree, and would sell no food to the strangers except at extortionate prices such as Mr. Stanley, in the now impoverished state of his stores, was quite unable to pay. One noteworthy exception to this rule were the Ntombo Mataka people, who treated the expedition kindly; and whom Mr. Stanley characterizes as, without question, the "politest people I had encountered in Africa."

The appearance of his people cut Mr. Stanley to the

heart anew every day—so emaciated, gaunt, and sunken-eyed were they; bent and crippled with weakness who had once been erect and full of manly vigour. And the leader's condition was no better. Gone now was all the keen ardour for discovery, the burning desire to penetrate where no white man had yet penetrated, which animated his heart at the outset of his journey. Sickness that had drained his strength, anxiety that had strained to its utmost pitch the mind, sorrow for loss and bereavement that had wearied the spirit—these had left Mr. Stanley a very different man from that which he was when he set out full of hope and ardour from Zanzibar. All his endeavour now was to push on as fast as possible, to reach the ocean with as little more of pain and death to his followers as possible.

At last Mr. Stanley was able to announce with truth to his followers—who, despite the threatened desertion of a few, to which we have alluded, showed their affection and devotion to the last—that they would ere long reach the sea. The effect of this announcement on the Wangana was remarkable; for, weakened by sickness and semi-starvation, their nervous system proved ill able to bear the glad news. So much indeed was Safeni—who in the early days of the journey had acted for a time as coxswain of the *Lady Alice*—affected by the news that he actually went mad! The unfortunate man fled into the forest,

where he was vainly sought for for three days, when Mr. Stanley was unwillingly compelled to resume the journey in consideration for the rest of the people, and poor Safeni was never seen more.

On June 30, Mr. Stanley reached the Cataract of Isangila, or Tuckey's "Second Sangalla," which he proceeded carefully to examine. Here the expedition was visited by the people of Mwato Zinge, Mwato Wanda, and Mbinda, who supplied them with a little food. From these tribes Mr. Stanley learned the welcome news that Embomma was within a few days' march, and also that there were three great falls below the Isangila cataract, together with numerous intervening rapids.

Mr. Stanley had now not the least doubt that he had attained the object of his journey,—namely, that he had proved the great river of Livingstone and the Congo of Tuckey to be one and the same. There was now, therefore, no necessity for following the river further, while there were weighty reasons for avoiding the four remaining cataracts in the enfeebled condition of Mr. Stanley and his followers.

The expedition therefore now abandoned the river, and the remainder of the journey lay across the country. The gallant little boat which had seen so much of travel and danger had to be left on the rocks above the Isangila cataract. Three years only had the *Lady Alice* seen of active life, but in that space what

notable work had she not accomplished? She had circumnavigated the Victoria, and explored the Tanganyika, had followed the great river up to this point, and had travelled seven thousand miles through the African wilderness; and her fate was—to be left to wither in the sun and storm. We may well imagine that it was with a pang of keen regret—a regret that is shared by the reader of his journal—that Mr. Stanley was forced to leave behind him the graceful and gallant little craft that had been his tried and trusty companion through three long years.

When within three days' march of Embomma or Boma, Mr. Stanley despatched a letter by three of his men, addressed thus: "To any Gentleman who speaks English at Embomma."

The letter stated the extreme condition of weakness and hunger to which the expedition was reduced; how it would be impossible for the people to accomplish even the short distance remaining of the journey unless succour should quickly arrive; and begged the receiver of the letter to send such relief as was needed —clothes and food and wine.

This letter was despatched on August 4th, and the messengers returned on the 6th. The intervening days were passed by Mr. Stanley and his people in a state of the most painful anxiety. Life and death hung on the success of the messengers. It is impossible to describe the universal joy in the camp when

they returned accompanied by a band of carriers bringing ample store of provisions—rice, fish, tobacco, and a demijohn of rum for the starving people, and luxuries of various kinds for Mr. Stanley. The messengers brought with them also a letter from Messrs. A. da Motta Veiga and J. W. Harrison, managers of Messrs. Hatton and Cookson's factory at Boma, as the Europeans called Embomma.

Refreshed and strengthened by this timely and ample supply of food, the expedition accomplished the rest of the march to Boma with little difficulty. By the European residents at this port Mr. Stanley and his worn and weary people were received and entertained with the greatest kindness and attention. At Boma Mr. Stanley beheld that mighty river which he had seen in all its grand and terrible fury—a raging torrent torn with foaming cataracts—flowing on to join the ocean a broad, calm, and peaceful river. As Mr. Stanley gazed on it for the last time, a deep feeling of gratitude arose in his heart for the divine aid that had enabled him to traverse the Dark Continent from east to west, and to "trace its mightiest river to its ocean bourne."

From Boma the expedition travelled by steamer to Kabinda, from thence to Paulo de Loanda, and from thence to the Cape of Good Hope in H.M.S. *Industry*. At the Cape Mr. Stanley and his people were entertained with a kindness that nothing could exceed, the

sick among the Wangana receiving the most sympathetic care and nursing. On November 6th, 1877, H.M.S. *Industry* was again placed at Mr. Stanley's disposal for conveying the expedition to Zanzibar, where the vessel arrived on the 26th.

It needs not to tell the joy with which the people again beheld their home; how they leaped ashore from the boat; how their friends rushed down to the beach to welcome back the wanderers; how wives and husbands, children and parents "literally leaped into each other's arms," while "with weeping and with laughter" the wonderful story of the long and terrible journey is told to the wondering listeners.

Mr. Stanley, having paid his followers in full, according to the terms of his contract, and rewarded some over and above their lawful claims, so that not a few of the men were able to purchase neat little houses and gardens with their savings, prepared to quit Zanzibar for ever.

The scene on the beach on the day of Mr. Stanley's departure was a strange and an affecting one. The people of the expedition pressed eagerly around him, wrung his hand again and again, and finally, lifting him upon their shoulders, carried him through the surf to his boat. Then the men, headed by Uledi the coxswain, manned a lighter and followed Mr. Stanley's boat to the steamer, and there bade their leader a last farewell.

Mr. Stanley's own feelings at this moment were no less keen. As the steamer which bore him home left the shore of Zanzibar behind, his thoughts were busy with the past; he was living once again in retrospect the three strange, eventful years, during which these simple black people had followed him with a fidelity at once simple and noble, childlike and heroic. For him, his comrades in travel through the Dark Continent must ever remain heroes; for it was their obedient and loyal aid that had enabled him to bring his expedition to a successful and noble issue, to accomplish each of the three tasks he had set himself to do, —the exploration of the great Victoria Nyanza lake, the circumnavigation of Tanganyika, and the identification of the Livingstone river with the Congo.

IX.

Boating across the Atlantic.

"A thousand miles from land are we,
Tossing about on the roaring sea;
From billow to bounding billow cast,
Like fleecy snow on the stormy blast."

BARRY CORNWALL.

THE voyage of the *Nautilus* across the Atlantic is one of the most wonderful in the annals of boat voyages, and the log written by the captain of the tiny craft contains a graphic account of the hazardous undertaking. It is a plain, unvarnished tale, written by the elder Andrews; and is an illustration of the pluck and endurance of the two men who performed the marvellous feat of crossing from Boston to England in a small open boat. The *Nautilus* remains as one of the curiosities of the Brighton Aquarium, and in all probability it will not again cross the ocean. On looking at the little boat, in length fifteen feet, in breadth six feet seven inches, and in depth two feet three inches, its dimensions, in fact, being not larger

than those of an ordinary dining-room table, and with planking only half an inch thick, one marvels how it ever survived the dangers of the ocean. It looks like a toy which the waves might have engulfed, or the mighty monsters of the deep upset in their playful, unwieldy gambols.

The endurance of the men was quite as noteworthy as the fragility of their little bark. Their cabin was too small to admit of either sufficient shelter or restful sleep, there being too little space for a man to turn over. At times they were without rest for a whole week, and at best their sleep was short and unrefreshing. Day and night they wore the same wet clothes. Hot coffee was a luxury which they enjoyed only a few times during the whole of their voyage, and they had to chew tobacco to satisfy their hunger and lessen the nervous tension which they endured. It required all the courage and perseverance which the American brothers summoned up to accomplish their design, and William and Asa Andrews do credit to the physical strength and indomitable daring of New England.

The men could hardly be called practical sailors. They were artisans with a small degree of nautical knowledge and experience. William Andrews was thirty-five years of age. He was a native of a small town on the Bay of Massachusetts, and he had had little familiarity with seafaring matters, as his acquaintance with the sea was limited to a trip made

to the Grand Banks on account of his health. He was a skilful mechanic, and had worked in the piano-forte manufactory of Messrs. Chickering and Sons, Boston, for eight years. He had also served for four years as a soldier during the civil war, when he had had ample opportunities of exercising those qualities which afterwards stood him in such good stead.

The younger brother, Asa Andrews, aged twenty-three, had made several trips to the fishing-ground, and had made a number of hairbreadth escapes while there. He could turn his hand to most kinds of handicraft, but neither of the men had ever taken an observation of the sun for finding positions at sea, and their attainments in boat-sailing were in no respects above those of an ordinary amateur. The danger of their voyage may be likened to that of the inexperienced mountaineer who attempts Mont Blanc without a guide.

Their quadrant was old and out of repair. Their sole chronometer was a watch, which stopped shortly after they left Boston, leaving them entirely without time. Their longitude could only be taken by keeping dead reckoning or speaking passing vessels. The direction in which they were steering led them into the "Rolling Forties," near the Grand Banks, where for weeks they were in constant danger of being swallowed by the angry billows. Andrews in his log says:—

"I was then reminded of my half-inch cedar boat. There were then about one hundred fathoms of

water between me and the most magnificent garden in the world. What a contrast there was between a garden like paradise,

> 'With coral bowers,
> And grots of madrepores,
> And banks of sponge as fair to the eye
> As e'er was mossy bed
> Whereon the wood-nymphs lie,
> With languid limbs, in summer's sultry hours.
> Here too were living flowers,
> Which like a bud compacted,
> Their purple cups contracted,
> And now in open blossom spread.'

Some fibres were as fine as a silkworm's thread, and as beautiful as the golden hair of a mermaid spread out on the waves. Others were like the broad foliage of a banana, with leaves of purple hue moving backwards and forwards on the waves like long streamers. All these in this submarine garden, while on the top rain, fog, mountainous waves, the Mother Carey's chicken, the stormy petrel,—all birds of evil omen." Shoals of whales threatened constantly, either in play or attack, to wreck the adventurous little craft.

Andrews, though not a regular sailor, seems to have picked up some of their superstitions. He says: —"I never took much stock of sea-serpents, but I have good reason to believe, after what I saw last evening before dark, that there are denizens of the deep that have never been thoroughly explained or illustrated by our zoological societies." He goes on to state that while watching some whales disporting

themselves, he happened to turn round, and perceived a huge monster in the opposite direction in the shape of a snake. It was distant about two hundred feet. He saw twelve or fifteen feet of what appeared to be its tail, from five to fifteen feet in diameter, the end of it being stubby and white. In the air it was in a corrugated shape, and was in the act of descending. He also believes that he saw the tail in the water, heard the noise of its descent into the sea, saw the splash that it made, and remarked the wake of the waves as if more had just gone down, "the whole being in motion after the manner of a snake." Asa also heard the splash, and saw the form in the water. The latter had been accustomed to swim an hour near the boat, "but the thought of sea-serpents being around kind of took away his relish for that kind of sport."

At another place he says:—"We have not done much fishing this trip, the extent of our catch being two nautili; one rudder-fish; two barnacles off our ship's bottom; one bottle of wine, with two clubs tied to it, from a good captain; one Mother-Carey's chicken, which fell into my lap; and last night a ship-jack jumped into Asa's lap while steering. Total, eight; so far a curious fare for two fishermen."

For eighteen days the *Nautilus* had shocking weather, without the light of either sun, moon, or stars. Their course led them across the line of meet-

ing between the Gulf Stream and the Arctic Current, where the least degree of wind lashed the waves into a fury. They had only an old second-hand chart, containing no recent information respecting the course, but full of obsolete warnings against sunken rocks and other bugbears. Their compass, however, one of Baker's, Boston, was excellent. It is said to be unequalled in power and steadiness for small vessels.

Notwithstanding all these drawbacks they made a straighter course than three out of every four ships that cross the Atlantic, and they made a quicker passage than any small sailing-boat. They performed the first third of the voyage in twenty-six days, and the other two-thirds in nineteen days. It is said that the voyage might have been made, with a favourable wind and fine weather, in twenty-five days. They sailed from Cape Race to Queenstown in twenty-one days. They had fourteen separate storms, the first lasting four and the second five days. During the second storm they found it impossible to make any progress, on account of the huge combing waves, and they even drifted backward on their course two hundred miles.

Many old captains doubted if the slightly-built *Nautilus* ever came over alone, but the testimony of the thirty-seven vessels which they hailed during the voyage is sufficient proof of the truth of the story. William Andrews predicted that they would cross the

ocean in forty-five days, and by an extraordinary coincidence that was the exact length of the passage. On the 7th June 1878 the brave "Beverley boys" sailed from Boston, and on the 31st July they sailed up the English Channel and coasted along the rock-bound shores of Land's End,—the scene of a hundred wrecks, where in bygone ages false beacons lured vessels to certain destruction, the home of smugglers and pirates, the nursery of Arthurian legend, the cradle of Jack the Giant-killer. It was truly a wild and desolate coast, but welcome as a land flowing with milk and honey to the weary, tempest-tossed mariners.

The rig of the *Nautilus* is of the most primitive description. She weighs less than any boat that ever crossed the Atlantic before her, and her crew were fewer in number and her provisioning scantier than those of any other similar boat.

French papers spoke of the voyage as more like one of Jules Verne's romances than the actual experiences of a *bona fide* boat, without either air or water tight compartments, cork linings, or calking, self-righting, or saving apparatus, and manned by two American fishermen. An American flag was presented to them on their arrival in Paris.

At the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race in April 1878 the Andrews brothers had the honour of flying the only American flag on the river.

The *Nautilus* was exhibited at the last Paris

Exhibition, where it was an object of great interest. It was then taken to the Royal Aquarium, Westminster, London. Here it also attracted much notice. In 1879 it was transferred to the Brighton Aquarium.

The smallest vessel ever in Havre from America before the *Nautilus* was a schooner of two hundred and thirteen tons; the weight of the *Nautilus* is six hundred pounds.

X.

Ocean Waifs.

"O life is hard for every sailor,
With all to venture and little to win;
Oft at his lot he may turn railer,
For slow and scanty his gear comes in.
But when winds roar and tempests lower,
And death stares at him close and grim,
'Tis good to know in the darkest hour
That some one's praying at home for him."

THE steamship *Hibernia* left New York on the 14th of November, 1869, with a crew of fifty-nine hands, seventy-four passengers, and a cargo of general merchandise. She was bound for Glasgow. For ten days she encountered rough weather; and on the 24th, whilst a strong gale was blowing, an accident happened in the machinery department. Notwithstanding the most strenuous efforts of the captain and seamen to repair it, the water rushed into the hold more rapidly than it could be pumped out, and on the morning of the 25th Captain Munro gave orders to lower the lifeboats. These

were five in number. That in charge of the second officer, containing twenty-eight persons, encountered vicissitudes and perils of no ordinary character; and the narrative related by one of the survivors is of thrilling interest.

The boat was twenty-two feet long, and was well provisioned; but it leaked badly, and made little progress at first, as it was so full of people that they could only pull two oars. Two persons had to bale out the water constantly to keep the boat afloat. When they had been a short time on the water they saw the mate's boat, and were attracted by cries for help. The mate was standing up in the boat with raised hands imploring assistance. This they attempted to render, but in vain. They found it was all they could do to keep their own boat afloat. They saw the boat capsize, and were utterly unable to render any assistance to the unfortunate crew.

They then put out an improvised floating anchor, consisting of two oars and a tarpaulin lashed together, and lay-to all that night. Next morning they made sail, steering east-south-east—that being the direction of the Irish coast. They nailed canvas round the bulwark of the boat to keep out the sea, and laid a tarpaulin over the bow to protect the women and children. During the whole of that day their anxiety was so great that they required no food; but one passenger became mad, and jumped overboard. He had one boot off and the

other on. He said he was going down to his bed to look for the missing boot.

That night there was a strong breeze, and they went at the rate of nine knots an hour in the direction of land. This inspired hope, and every one became more buoyant.

Next morning there was a calm, and all that day they had to work their two oars, and only made two knots an hour. All became again depressed; and Francis Rodgers, a schoolmaster, who had already exhibited signs of madness, leaped out of the boat, and was drowned. Previously he had shown symptoms of extreme irritability, demanding to have the holes in his trousers mended, "as he could not go home in such a ragged condition."

No tongue could have described the hopeless state they were in as day succeeded day. One of the sailors was occasionally called on to spin a good yarn to the party. One old Irishwoman was indefatigable in her efforts to keep up the spirits of all on board. She managed to engage the women in conversation, and by her drolleries often caused them to laugh heartily. The seamen told her she ought to wear "breeks," if ever she got ashore, and she replied she was determined to do so.

They had on board two bottles of gin, and one of wine: the gin was given to the women and children, and the wine was stolen by some one after they left

the *Hibernia.* Water having become very scarce, some of the men took to drinking sea-water—a practice which they persisted in, notwithstanding the efforts of those in command of the boat to prevent them. This soon told on them, and they became raving mad. On Wednesday a passenger named Samuel Brewster died of exhaustion. By this time delirium became apparent in many of the passengers and crew, and it was with difficulty that they were kept under control, and in some cases force had to be resorted to. Walter M'Farlane, a fireman, and one of those who had been continually drinking salt water, became so obstreperous that he had to be secured to a portion of the boat, and in that position he died.

On Friday morning they calculated that they had sailed upwards of four hundred and fifty miles; but on that day it began to blow again, and at noon the one little infant on board succumbed to the hardships it had suffered. As night came on a woman died, though her fellow-sufferers did not become cognizant of the fact till some time afterwards. A little before eleven o'clock that night a high wind rose while the ship-wrecked mariners had their sail up. All were now completely exhausted; several had laid themselves down to sleep a little, and the rowers dozed at their oars. A large wave struck them at that fatal moment, which caused a number of persons to roll to the lee side of the boat, and suddenly it capsized, pitching all

into the sea. Having struggled in the water for some time, a seaman named Reilly got on to the keel of the boat as it lay bottom up, and endeavoured to assist Blair, the quartermaster, to do the same. One of the stewards, having clutched hold of the leg of Blair's trousers, almost succeeded in drowning them both. Blair, in self-preservation, was forced to kick off the poor wretch, and then with great difficulty secured a place on the keel beside Reilly. A few moments later Davies, the second mate, rose to the surface. Some one was also clinging to him, and it was with difficulty that he was able to float. The two sailors pulled him on to the keel of the boat. These three were the only persons who managed to cling to the slender chance of escape, the upset boat, which remained to them. Some of the ill-fated crew kept long above water; but the three sailors, from their place of comparative safety, could render them no assistance. Twenty minutes after the accident they heard a voice from below calling "Hallo!" but the waves were breaking angrily over them, and it was all they could do to hold on for dear life. When they had been on the keel for about an hour they were again washed off the boat; but they were not carried to any distance, and Blair managed to scramble back to his place, and helped Reilly and Davies to regain theirs. Their position was most agonizing; still they did not give up hope, as they knew that any wave might right the lifeboat. Each

time they saw a large wave coming they let themselves down to the side of the boat to help it to right. This it refused to do for four hours. At length it righted, and their hopes of ultimate escape became more buoyant. Their boat, being filled with water, was in a much worse state than before the accident, though luckily the mast and sail had remained intact. Having managed to pick up two bits of floating wood, they baled a quantity of the water out with them; but still they were taking in water, and their progress was very slow. Although they had had no food since the time the boat upset, their hunger was not so very great, but their thirst was dreadful. Their sufferings seemed to have reached a climax, when it began to rain, and the welcome drops fell during the whole night. Blair tied his handkerchief to the mast, and when it became soaked with rain he sucked it, thus relieving his throat somewhat. Reilly and Davies spread out their oilskin coats to catch the water, and in this manner obtained a sufficient quantity to quench their thirst. The mate also wiped the sides of the boat and the seats with his handkerchief, which he afterwards licked. After the rain, hope again grew strong within them, and they felt confident that they would reach the shore in the morning.

Early in the morning they again set sail, steering by turns. They rapidly approached the land, resolving to beach their boat at the first suitable spot. Having

discovered a nice sandy cove, they lost no time in making for it. By this time they were observed by a number of persons on the shore, who hailed them to make for another point; notwithstanding which they kept on their way to the sandy spot, determined to run up the boat as high and dry as possible. In this they succeeded, as a huge wave landed them well up on the beach. Blair and Davies jumped out of the boat first, and it was not till then that they discovered their weak state and their inability to walk. The people helped them into the nearest house, and so anxious were they to supply their every want that they placed them before a huge peat fire. This had the effect of causing their legs, arms, and hands to swell immensely, and gave rise to sufferings more intense perhaps than anything they had experienced during the twelve days they had spent in the boat.

As soon as they were able, the three survivors from the shipwreck of the *Hibernia* were sent on to Glasgow. They walked lame, leaning on sticks, with their hands and feet much swollen, but with good appetites, and in a fair way of attaining complete recovery.

The *Amazon*, the largest timber ship that up to that time had been built in an English yard, sailed for the West Indies on the 2nd of January, 1852. While they were tossing on the Bay of Biscay, the passengers were roused by the cry of "Fire! fire!" Every effort

was made to save the doomed vessel, but in vain. There were boats enough to have contained all the ill-fated people, but owing to some misconception on the part of the captain, the boats were not lowered till the panic became so great that a scramble for life took place. In the confusion that ensued most of the boats were swamped. The first lifeboat, however, was successfully launched, and managed to get clear of the blazing *Amazon*. Having fallen in with the dingey, which contained a few persons who had escaped from the flames, they stowed its occupants into their own already crowded boat, and took the dingey in tow. Thus reinforced, the lifeboat determined to follow the burning ship. The dingey was soon separated from her by the violence of the sea, and her rudder was also carried away. She was without either provisions, water, or sail, and the men were far from sufficiently clothed. In her rudderless state, they had great difficulty in keeping the boat from being swamped. At last, to their great joy, they discovered a sail not four hundred yards distant. They hailed her with the energy of despair; but the barque, after having answered their signals, sailed away, leaving them to their fate. The little craft followed the *Amazon* till her magazines exploded and she sank beneath the hungry billows. Pieces of the wreck, masts, boxes, and beams floated about where the *Amazon* had gone down, but not a trace of human beings, dead or alive,

could be discovered by the boat. A blue silk scarf fluttering on a piece of the wreck was the nearest approach to life that they could find. A large space of the sea was covered with oil, which had the effect of forming a calm spot in the midst of raging waters.

Vincent, a midshipman, and Mr. Neilson, a passenger, proposed to make for the French coast, and the others agreed to attempt it. Such an attempt, without any compass, and with only a vague idea of the direction, was sufficiently difficult and hazardous. On the following Sunday they sighted a sail, and were taken on board the brig *Marsden*, and safely landed at Plymouth.

These eighteen or twenty men were not, however, the sole survivors from the unfortunate wreck. The pinnace, which had been lowered full of people, had become entangled in the tackling, and been left suspended by the stern in the air. Every one had been precipitated into the seething waters except one lady, Mrs. M'Lennan, and her child. She had clung on to the thwarts, and along with her child had been hauled back into the burning vessel. The pinnace was afterwards righted: among others, Mrs. M'Lennan and her child obtained seats in her.

Having got clear of the burning ship, the pinnace drifted astern, and was with much difficulty saved from being swamped. They towed a floating beam astern, which had the effect of preserving the balance

of the boat. They were able through a hole in the hull of the *Amazon* to see the red-hot machinery, and they could also faintly perceive the captain on her deck. Mrs. M'Lennan's shawl, hoisted on two boat-hooks, was used as a sail.

The unfortunate occupants of the pinnace suffered unspeakably from cold and hunger, and at dawn a new danger threatened them, which reduced them to a condition bordering on desperation. They discovered that they had sprung a leak, and that their boat was filling with water much more rapidly than they could bale it out. One of the engineers, however, stopped it with part of his clothing, and the rowers bent to their task with redoubled energy. Mrs. M'Lennan exerted herself to the utmost to keep up the spirits of the men. On Sunday morning they imagined that they could make out a sail in the distance, and for an hour they rowed hard in that direction; but the supposed sail proved a myth, and they became doubly depressed for that ray of hope that had cheered them on for a little.

Again the cry of "A sail!" electrified the despairing little band; again the men rowed with renewed hope, and Mrs. M'Lennan spared no word of encouragement that might urge them to renewed effort. This time the sail proved no empty mirage, for they perceived the distance lessening between it and them. The question was, Could they reach it before dark? The sun was already high in the heavens, and hunger and

misery had well-nigh exhausted the strength of the rowers. It was a fight for life, and they felt that if they failed their last effort would have been made and their last hope blighted. It may be imagined how they strained every nerve to reach the goal of safety. Their efforts were at last rewarded: they neared a ship of Dutch build; and choosing a moment when the pinnace was atop of a huge wave, they shouted in concert. They were soon aboard the galliot *Gertruida*, and the kind Dutch captain and his men spared no effort to nurse back to health and strength the shipwrecked crew.

The galliot hovered about for some time in hope of picking up some other boat belonging to the ill-starred *Amazon*, and at seven o'clock next morning it rescued the cutter with five persons on board. The sufferings of these castaways had equalled those of the men on board the pinnace. Like the latter, they had a lady with them—Miss Smith, a young governess, on her way to Demerara to take a situation. She cheered the men with hopeful words; and when a sail was wanted, without hesitation she gave up her blanket, almost her sole covering, for that purpose. A sail passed without perceiving them, and they bent their energies to the task of reaching the French coast. Towards midnight they paused quite exhausted, and their total inability to reach a revolving light which they saw in the distance added the finishing stroke to their despair.

Fortunately a light from another direction became visible, and the young girl besought the men to make yet one attempt more to reach it. Nor did the effort prove fruitless; and they were soon all received on board the *Gertruida,* and were landed at Brest along with the other sixteen persons previously picked up.

A fortnight later, when all hope that any other of the *Amazon's* unhappy crew might still survive had died out, all England was excited by the news that another boat containing thirteen persons, and bringing up the number of the saved to fifty-nine, had been picked up. This proved to be the second lifeboat. She had sustained serious damage in lowering, and no sooner had her little crew got clear of the *Amazon* than they discovered a large hole in her bow. A stoker named Fox filled up the aperture by stuffing his trousers into it, and keeping them in position by the weight of his body till incapacitated by cramp, when he was relieved by two other men. They sighted the barque which had so cruelly abandoned the first lifeboat. They hoisted a handkerchief as a signal, but she, as on the previous occasion, took no notice of them. They picked up a chest, which they hoped might contain provisions, but found only shoes. They were often in great danger from floating pieces of the wreck. Having no oars, they were entirely at the mercy of currents; and on Sunday, having dis-

covered a sail, they broke up the bottom of their boat to make paddles, hoping to reach her; but she tacked, and was soon out of sight. At length they did reach a ship, which proved to be the *Heleechina* galliot on her way to Leghorn. Her captain took the ship-wrecked unfortunates on board, treated them with great kindness and humanity; and having encountered an English cruiser, the *Royal Charlotte,* he transferred his friends to the care of their compatriots, and continued his voyage, followed by the gratitude and thanks of the rescued mariners.

The steam-ship *La Plata* left Gravesend on the 26th of November, 1874, with three hundred miles of telegraph cable on board, for the renewal of the submarine cable between Lisbon and Brazil. She encountered a gale in the Bay of Biscay, and the waves swamping the vessel, she went down with her captain and most of the crew and passengers. One boat got clear of the ship, and fifteen persons were thus rescued; but the most thrilling and remarkable narrative in connection with the wreck is that of the escape of Henry Lamont, the boatswain, and John Hooper, a quartermaster of the *La Plata.*

Just before the ship sank, Hooper and Lamont placed themselves in a lifeboat, in the hope that when the ship went down the boat would float. A wave, however, broke over it, and the men were precipitated

into the sea. The escape of Hooper at this crisis was sufficiently wonderful. First, he was carried down by the suction of the sinking vessel. On rising he got entangled in the rigging, and sank for the second time. Having again risen to the surface, he received a knock on the head from a beam which nearly stunned him. At last he managed to clutch hold of a damaged air-raft, on which he and Lamont, who had also been sinking and rising again for some minutes, contrived to place themselves. The compartments were filled with air, and joined together by a canvas band. They seated themselves on this band, with the water reaching to their waists. Being entirely without food, and their legs benumbed with cold, it is marvellous how they survived the three days which elapsed before they were rescued.

Their sole chance of escape lay in their being able to sight a passing ship. They descried several vessels in the distance during the first day that they were on the raft, but all were too far off for them to be able to attract their attention. The next day was delightfully calm, and their hearts beat high with hope when they discovered a schooner within half a mile of them. Their shouts, however, seem to have been unheard, for the schooner passed on, leaving the two sailors in the deepest despair. During the night the breeze freshened and became a gale, which tossed the tiny raft like a ball on the waves. A portion of the third day

was spent in a miserable state of prostration between sleeping and waking, all hope of rescue having departed.

All at once they perceived a vessel bearing down on them; and gathering together their remaining strength, they shouted in concert for help. To their unspeakable joy the ship showed an answering light, making it plain that they had been heard. For two hours they never removed their wearied eyes from this star of hope on which all their chance of life depended. At daybreak the light disappeared, leaving the two castaways a prey to disappointment almost more bitter than death, because but a moment before their hopes had been so high.

After two hours of indescribable misery the ship reappeared, and rapidly approached them. It was a Dutch schooner named the *Wilhelm Benklezoon.* It turned out that it was not the ship that had changed her position. She had only waited for the dawn, to assist the unhappy men; but the raft had drifted far to leeward, and at daybreak it was out of sight of the schooner. Judging by the direction of the wind, the captain tacked and made for the point to which he imagined they must have drifted. His conjecture proved correct, for he soon perceived the raft.

Now, when help seemed at hand, dangers multiplied for the poor men. The sea ran so high, and it blew so strong a gale, that it was impossible to lower a

small boat, nor could the raft be brought near the schooner. The captain made signs that the men must swim from the raft. The sufferings they had sustained had so weakened their strength that such a course seemed next to impossible. In it, however, lay their sole chance of salvation. Lamont tried it first, and gained the schooner; but he was too weak and his hands were too benumbed for him to be able to hold on by the rope which was thrown to him. Having taken a turn of it round his wrist, he was hauled on board.

Hooper next made the attempt, and being more exhausted than the other, though he reached alongside the ship, he could not even grasp the rope of safety, but seized it with his teeth. The schooner lay low in the water, and some of the crew, watching a lucky moment when she rolled to that side, stretched over, and catching his frozen hands, dragged him on board. It was little short of a miracle that they were alive at all. For three days they had not tasted food, and had drifted hither and thither under a dreary winter sky, up to their waists in water, a plaything for the winds and billows.

They received every attention on board the *Wilhelm Benklezoon*, and when they were fairly convalescent, they were landed at Gibraltar, and proceeded to Southampton by a Peninsular and Oriental steamer.

For a more detailed account of this perilous adven-

ture we would refer our readers to the leading journals of the time, especially to the columns of the *Daily News.* In the annals of British heroism we have few examples of patience, perseverance, and steady hope in Him who holds the winds in the hollow of his hand, surpassing that of the two poor ocean waifs whose narrative we have briefly related.

THE END.