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EFFIE ANDERSON.

CONTENTS.

	Page
Editorial	1
General News	1
Reminiscences (Continued) C. Murray ...	3
Ernest's Diary (Continued)	5
News from East Africa	11
The Wreck of the "Captain"	13
In Memoriam	16

EDITORIAL.

This magazine comes out three times a year, April, August, and December.

Contributions must reach the editors not later than the beginning of the first weeks of March, July and November.

The annual subscription is 15/- and should be sent in to Effie Anderson, Tressilian, Kenilworth, within the first quarter of the year. Extra copies may be had for 1/6 each.

Literary contributions to be sent to May Murray, Kenilworth House Cottage, Kenilworth. Matter to be written in clear handwriting, on one side of the paper only, leaving a small space at the top of each page and a margin at the left hand side. Pages to be numbered in small figures in the left hand corner.

It will be seen that the price of the extra copies has been reduced from 2/6 to 1/6 each.

GENERAL NEWS.

Wallace and Lil Molteno with their family returned to Kamfers Kraal at the end of February. Col. Sandeman accompanied them, but Mrs. Sandeman and her sister Miss Sommerville remained at St. James until his return.

Caroline, Dr. Murray and Bessie Molteno with Fraulein von Meien arrived from England on the 26th Jan. in the Saxon. After spending a fortnight with the Andersons, Bessie and Frl. von Meien joined the Murray's at Millers Point where the latter hope to remain for the next few months. The house has been freshly painted and is looking charming.

Betty Molteno and Miss Greene are staying at Nutfield, Claremont. Miss Greene is still teaching the children at Sandown. Charlie has been away at Nels Poort for some time. Lucy, unfortunately, has not

been well since her return from England, and Kenah has found it necessary to operate for appendicitis. The operation was performed on the 16th and Lucy has stood it very well and is getting on nicely.

Minnie Molteno is spending a few weeks with Mrs. Häm at George.

Marjorie Lindley is to be married to Harry Blackburn some time in July. Mrs. Lindley left on Feb. 28th for some treatment in Europe which will last some months, and on her return the date of the wedding will be fixed.

The M.C.C. played the last game of their tour on the Newlands ground early in March. Arthur Bisset captained the Western Province team and the papers were full of praise for his batting, the style of which, they said, was perfect.

Ernest Anderson was presented to the King at the Levee held in February. He is still in the Life Guards and is at present doing a course at Millbank.

Bessie Molteno and Frl. von Meien return to England on April 25th on the Briton. After leaving Miller's Point they intend visiting Victor and Mildred Molteno, the Andersons, and the last few weeks will be spent at Claremont House. Bessie takes back with her Harold Victor who is going to Bedale's, Nesta and Mary who go to Berkhamsted, and Kathleen who is to remain in England until after May's marriage, which will probably be some time in December.

In the prize list at the Rosebank Show Wallace Molteno and Kathleen Murray represented the family. The former had a fine display of ostrich feathers and Kathleen carried off the first prize for honey. It was her first exhibit and as there was a record number of entries this year she is particularly to be congratulated.

Elsie and Douglas Buchanan have another little son born in February. They now have three sons.

This has been an exceptionally good fruit season, especially as regards grapes, pears and melons. The vintage is the heaviest for years and some of the wine farmers are having difficulty in storing all their wine. The size and flavour of the haanepoot grapes has been wonderful.

Percy Molteno made an excellent speech in the House of commons on Naval Expenditure. It is published in full by the Contemporary Review" of February, 1914.

We have all been lately thinking a great deal of Miss de Jongh who, after a long illness had been rapidly failing for the last few months, and passed away on Thursday the 12 of March. As one of the oldest and most faithful friends of the family and one who has always been closely associated with all their interests her loss will be greatly felt. Her death seems to close a chapter of the history of the family in its early days at the Cape to which her originality of character and powers of appreciation gave a personal living touch. Independent and active as she always was, we have all watched with admiration the wonderful patience and cheerfulness with which she bore the restraints and suffering connected with her last illness. The loving care and companionship of her sister was an immense joy and comfort to her and we all admire the quiet unselfishness and fortitude with which Mrs. Botha has faced this trial, knowing with what dread she was anticipating the separation.

Caroline Murray and May will probably be leaving for England some tine in August.

John Molteno has now left the Diocesan College and is doing an agricultural course at Middleburg.

Kenilworth Cottage was honoured with the presence of a very distinguished visitor from December 15th to the end of January. Miss Emily Hobhouse established herself there, at May Murray's invitation, when she came back ill from the North, whither she had gone to be present at the Unveiling Ceremony of December 19th. The quiet retirement of the sweet little cottage were just what she needed after the strain of the too great effort, and with Strange's invaluable help she regained there the strength she had lost. She and the cottage made a great harmony, and we feel sure it will often visit her waking dreams. She also connects with Claremont House garden whither she used to be wheeled down in Aunt Annie's Bath-chair, to spend the long peaceful hours between ten and four. Here the glorious view of Table Mountain inspired her with the material for her poem of Farewell, which was actually written in Claremont Home Garden.

REMINISCENCES.

The earliest impression that has remained in my memory is of a scene in my Grandmother's bedroom in Somerset Road. I was then about 2½ years old and our baby brother Johnnie, 18 months. He was propped up in pillows on the bed and was playing with the pages of a book or paper. There was a stir of anxiety in the room and I knew that he was very ill. I still remember the face of a lady who was there to help to nurse him. Shortly after he died, and the vague impression of sorrow still remains. The next event I can recall is the birth of our sister Maria, when I was three years old. I recollect being asked what I thought of my baby sister and feeling something was wrong by the look with which my reply was received "She is too black" meaning, of course, red. We were then living in Beaufort West where Papa had farming and business interests with which Uncle Alport was associated. Papa was almost 20 years older than our mother, and I wonder now as I think of what it must have meant to her, with her gay, sunny nature and attractive beauty to be suddenly transported from her happy environment, into the heart of the desolate, almost awesome Karoo, which in those days of long and comfortless ox or mule waggon journeys, seemed like the very end of the world. No wonder that she and Aunt Sophy were almost overwhelmed by the terrific wilderness around them. But she had a wonderful power of sunshine within her, and life with Papa could never be dull. Also she had dear Aunt Sophy who was more like a mother than a sister to her with a quiet strength and ability that made her seem older than her years. Then there was always the yearly visit to Cape Town to which we looked forward when Papa went up for the Session of Parliament. He had been a member since the first Parliament sat in 1852, I think. That journey seemed to form a very important part of my early childhood. Much preparation was necessary for this 12 to 14 days "trek," as on the bare and lonely route there was no way of supplying anything that might be forgotten. The selection of mules or oxen and of drivers was a matter of the greatest consideration. Provisions too had to be thought of and were all packed into a large basket with a cover, called a "cos mantje", for hotels of any kind were then unknown and the few farms we passed were of the most primitive description. Inside the waggon was stretched a sort of cane framework called a "trestel" upon which mattresses were laid, and there my mother and the children slept while the men slept on the ground. When the eagerly looked for day at last arrived the long tent waggon with its team of 12-16 animals would be standing ready in the wide straggling street, in front of our house, the drivers looking proud and smart with wild ostrich feathers stuck in their felt

hats and in their hands the long bamboo-stick whips which they could crack with a sound like the report of a pistol. Papa himself would have seen to the important matter of packing which had to be done with scrupulous care and economy of space. This was seldom completed without some nervous strain, so that when at last the critical moment arrived and we were all ready to climb in and take our places, it would be an awful moment for everyone when Papa's eagle eye would fall upon some unfortunate individual trying to smuggle in surreptitiously some forgotten but necessary belonging. It was a relief, like after a storm, when we heard the crack of the whip and the shout to the oxen as we slowly creaked and rumbled through the little village out into the lonely veldt. I used to long for some relief in the monotony of the limitless Karoo. Always the same bare level plains covered only with sparse low brush and plentiful stones stretching away to mountains on the horizon which seemed to promise some new thing, but which, when reached, brought only a higher plateau of the same featureless expanse. It was not scenery that would appeal to a child who longed for trees and flowers but it created a memory that now no other scenery can stir with quite the same emotion. The stages of our journey, or "outspans", were determined by the important consideration of "water". We had to take the rare chance of pools in a river-bed for a wash, and often had to depend for drinking-water upon the "vaatje", a sort of little flat cask which would be filled and have to last till the next water was reached. In the thirsty heat, when the stage between was long, this was often a severe trial. As to food, there was room for only the barest necessaries. Butter and milk were unknown luxuries then in the Karoo, and the smell of black coffee still brings before me the flowered "commetjes" handed round before the first inspan at the earliest gleam of daylight. Yet, despite the hardships, these journeys were always a new delight and adventure. I can remember, sometimes lying awake at night in the waggon, listening with a creepy feeling, through the immense stillness, to the weird cry of the jackals, while close to us, the friendly munching of our animals feeding at the "dissel boom" to which they were tied, gave a welcome sense of some familiar companionship. Sometimes we took the route through Bains' Kloof and Wellington, sometimes through Ceres and Mitchell's Pass and through Montague Pass and George, and thence from Mossel Bay by sea to Cape Town. In the latter route I remember we passed the little Inn of Messrs. Furney and Swain, which after the bareness of the Karoo, seemed a little oasis of comfort, and the meal of bacon and eggs for which they were famous an unbelievable luxury. It was at Mossel Bay that I remember first meeting Mrs. Merriman when we could not have been more than five years old. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Vintcent, were old and valued friends of my father and mother. When we were being kindly entertained at their house, I remember being shown a cupboard filled with what seemed to us, little wanderers, an astonishing collection of beautiful toys at which we gazed with admiration curiously mingled with a vague sense of superior experience of the real things of life. The greatest treasure was a large doll which she held rather anxiously in her arms, and when her mother asked her to let us hold it for a moment I remember in indignant surprise when she replied in Dutch "No, they will break it." It was at that time I think, that we had a wretched little voyage from Mossel Bay to Table Bay in a tiny boat with a couple of cabins opening from the little cuddy. We were miserably sea-sick and must have lamented rather noisily, for some one suddenly put a head into the door of our cabin and said in a stern voice, "The captain says that if you don't stop that noise he will throw you overboard." Not for a moment doubting, we were effectually silenced. I have never forgotten the delight that the beauty of the mountain

passes gave me, nor, on the other hand, the anxiety with which we watched some other waggon coming to meet us on the narrow road overhanging deep precipices. When we had to take the outer side with our long unwieldy team of animals, it was a moment of real terror, having vividly on our minds the stories of disaster with their well-remembered landmarks. At Wellington Grandpapa had a house with vineyards or a farm, and there we would have the great joy of looking out for him, with our cousin Bazett, coming to meet us. Then their cart would join us and we would all travel on together to Cape Town, our caravan exciting, in those days, no unusual interest as we drove, with as much dash as possible through the streets, up through the welcome gate in Somerset Road. Looking back to the conditions of those days, I wonder that our parents with so little fuss could have accomplished this journey from Beaufort West to Cape Town and back, with their small children, every year until I was seven years old, but I think that difficulties had quite an exhilarating effect upon Papa and certainly they never, for a moment, deterred him from any end he wished to attain. Before I was old enough to remember he once brought back Grandmama and all her family for a visit to our home in Beaufort. When the party returned to Cape Town Aunt Annie with Bazett and Willie were left to stay with us until we went up the following year. This was immense happiness to Betty and myself who looked up to our cousins with the reverent devotion of little girls for their boy playfellows of a year or two older. I must then have been about four years old, but one of the impressions I can recall is of our all four children going to a school where, on arrival, we were placed in rows and made to hold out our hands for our nails to be examined. If the result was not satisfactory a rap of the cane on the knuckles was the punishment. But I have not unhappy memories of the school and the kind teacher, Miss Fraser, whose father was the minister of the Dutch Church which my mother attended. Besides the pride of going to school would have compensated for much. I can just remember standing in a long row of children gazing up at a blackboard hanging on the wall and making out the letters N. A. M. E.

ERNEST'S DIARY IN THE BALKANS.

The next day Major Doughty Wylie told me to do my best to get units and stores up to San Stephano. Of course, the sea was rough, so that the occasional passenger steamers could not go, the officer did not know when they would be able to run, as that particular wind often lasted three days. Luck seemed against us, as transport from the Musée was a great difficulty. They proposed giving us a room on the Bridge in which to collect our store and then, as soon as the wind dropped, a steamer would go round. I felt that the only thing to do, under the circumstances, was to go to the Ministry of War and see if they would help me. I accordingly drove up there and was shown into a room where I found the acting Minister of War—Nazim Pacha being at Hademkei in command of the troops.

I told him I had orders to take my men and equipment up to San Stephano, and that the boats were not running. Could he help me? He was exceedingly kind, immediately rang up the station, told them that a British Red Cross Party must be taken to San Stephano that afternoon—if necessary by a special train. A letter was given me to the station-master, which I immediately took down.

A train would leave at 3.45 that afternoon. An officer then went into the streets with me and commandeered two bullock waggons with which to bring down our store. These were sent up to the Musée; it seemed that at last we must get away, and

everybody was in good spirits—the luggage and men were safely entrained, and it only wanted five minutes before we should be off, when Captain Deeds rushed on to the platform in great excitement. "Get the men out, it's all off," was all he said. It came like a thunderbolt, and the men took it at first as jest, everyone was struck dumb with disgust. Shall we ever get away from here, I thought. San Stephano had just been turned into a cholera camp and a Cordon was to be placed round it.

We crawled back to the Musée amid the gibes of all the others.

Two days later, however, luck really changed. Major Doughty Wylie had found a farm house in Lake Kutchuk Tchekmedje, six miles behind the Turkish front Lines, and had obtained permission to turn it into a Field Hospital. A small motor launch, lent to us by the Customs, had that day been towed across a narrow bar that separates the Lake from the sea.

Two sea launches had been promised us to run alternately each day from Constantinople to Kutchuk Tchekmedje. In this way we should daily be able to communicate with Constantinople.

The following morning Major Doughty Wylie told the Serjeant Major that transport for the stores for the Kutchuk Tchekmedje party would arrive at 4 p.m—that they were to be taken down to the water's edge at Seraglio Point in preparation for the following day when the party would leave at 8 a.m. A motor lorrie arrived and the man told us he had orders where to take the stores.

Towards evening Major Doughty Wylie returned saying he was sorry he could not arrange about transport. His surprise may be imagined when we told him that they were already safely deposited at Seraglio Point and a guard mounted over them. He was most upset at hearing this. "Seraglio Point," he told us, "has this afternoon been proclaimed a Landing place for Cholera; the guard must be instantly recalled, I would rather run the risk of losing all the stores than that the men should remain there all night." The guard was recalled and stores left to their fate.

That evening Page and I thought we ought to go down and see what had happened to the stores. It was only a short distance from the Musée, in fact only about 10 minutes' walk. I shall never forget that evening. As we approached the water we noticed black masses which, on drawing nearer, proved to be men lying about in all directions on the ground. Some of them were groaning, others quiet, very cold and apparently dying, and others as soon as they saw us, tried to catch hold of us, begging for water.

The nearer we drew to the water's edge, the thicker this mass became. There was only a very faint moon and the light was bad. We noticed a few stretcher parties wandering slowly and quietly about, but it would evidently take three days at that rate to get the men under cover. There was nobody in charge, and of Officers there were none.

In disgust we dragged ourselves away. How could these people be left like this without any attention, and why bring Cholera, if this was Cholera, right into Constantinople? We went back to the Musée and asked for Volunteers for stretcher parties for Cholera. It does the men credit to say that every one turned up that could be spared, and worked until they were quite exhausted, carrying the men down to the Receiving Sheds for Wounded at the Railway Station. Descriptions however of these places are hardly necessary—I think we all wish to forget what we saw there. It is enough to say they were packed with dead and dying, the corpses and living lying literally on top of each other. It appeared that a ship laden with thousands of sick had arrived during the evening from St. Stephano, the men had been landed, those that could had shuffled their way to St. Sophia, and those that could not had remained on the way.

Next morning No.2 Unit, consisting of 18 men, made its way, accompanied by two bullock waggons carrying the rest of the kit, to the Customs house quay.

It took a long time getting through the stream of refugee peasants' carts, but eventually we all got safely stowed on board a launch, and deposited the kit in a large barge that was to be towed after us. It was a light sunny morning, and we were all in good spirits, as we hooted our way through the streams of small boats plying across the Golden Horn. We were to make for Seraglio Point, and pick up our baggage left there. On arriving, we found the whole of the open space one mass of soldiers lying about in all directions; another ship had deposited its cargo of cholera: there were thousands of them. Our baggage, at first, could not be seen, as they were lying all over it. Before we could get off the launch, the soldiers began to scramble into the barge, which was soon filled with them carrying all the filth attendant on to our bedding, etc. In vain we told them to get out: at last they thought they found something that would take them away from their terrible surroundings. Captain Deedes eventually, in desperation, drew his sword, and with some very emphatic Turkish, managed to make them turn out again. We felt exceedingly sorry for them, but were powerless to help. This was the second batch, and had been landed that morning. The stores had then to be dragged out from the crowd and put into the barge. I was afraid that, at the last moment, we should be stopped, as being infected with Cholera, and not allowed to proceed. However, there seemed to be no one in authority, and, to our infinite relief, the stores were eventually all got on to the barge, and we drew away.

Everybody was now in turn soaked by an antiseptic spray. Fortunately the day was fine, and we basked in the sun for three hours, until the boat rounded the point at San Stephano and drew into the Bay, into which the small stream from Lake Kutchuk Tchekmedje empties. There is a nice beach here with a small wooden pier, and, if the weather is fine, landing is not a matter of any difficulty. The barge was soon up to the pier, and the stores comfortably landed. We gave the things a good spraying and baking in the sun, and then began the difficulty of getting them to the other side of the Lake, where our Hospital was to be formed. Eventually, with the help of two bullock waggons, three boats, and the launch, we got under way. It was a beautiful evening, peaceful and still, and one could hardly imagine that only a few miles away, on the rolling downs to our left, there was war, and—what was almost worse than war—Cholera. Already we were seeing signs of its approach—several corpses were lying about on the hill-side near the beach, and, as our small flotilla made its way along the narrow channel leading into the lake, a goods' train hurried along just above us. It carried a curious freight,—all the trucks were crowded with sick soldiers, they filled every space, and there was not a foot of spare room even on the roof. Some were even tied on to the foot boards, but I presume these were those that had perished on the way. This was another consignment of Cholera on its way to Constantinople. After many difficulties, our launch with its train of boats behind, made its way under an archway, over which the road passed, into the lake of Kutchuk Tchekmedje, a fine sheet of water some six miles in length, and about three wide at its broadest part. Our farmhouse could just be seen on the hill-side on the West, and about a mile from the North end of the lake; we soon lost sight of it as the evening closed in, and, with a little difficulty, eventually found our way to a small stone pier just below the farm, where we all landed. A path led up to the house about 200 yards away. Several farm hands came down and helped us with the baggage, which was all carried up and put into a yard next to the homestead. There was an outhouse of five rooms that formed the West side of this yard; this building was used by ourselves and the men. We awoke next morning to the rumble of guns which grew louder and louder. If the Bulgarians were going to break their way through, we should have plenty of work, and things would have to be got into order without

delay. Major Doughty Wylie and Captain Deeds at once rode off to headquarters at Hademkeui some eight miles away. I should perhaps mention that the Chatalja lines stretched over rolling down-like country from Lake Bujuk Tchekmedje on the south to Derkos on the Black Sea on the North. Bujuk Tchekmedje is a lake somewhat similar in position to ours and separated from the sea of Marmora by a very narrow piece of land. (Hademkeui was situated in the centre of these lines). Our Hospital was placed behind the left flank but some 5-6 miles away. The railway to Constantinople ran to St. Stephano, then up to the East side of our lake and round its North end to a station called Spartakoule, about two miles north of us. Spartakoule was the supply station for the left flank. The railway then went on to Hademkeui, the centre of the Line, and Nazim Pacha's Headquarters. Trains (of course) ran at this time no further than Hademkeui, as the railway here breaks through the Line, and runs across a valley to the village of Chatalja, lying under the hills facing the Lines, and then occupied by the Bulgarians. (I should also mention that round the North end of Lake Buyuk Tchekmedje the ground is rather swampy).

The rumbling of guns heard in the early morning, had by nine o'clock turned into a regular thunder of artillery, and by the way that the glass in our windows was rattling, we imagined they must be getting closer. The Overseer of the farm came to me in great distress, the roar of the guns was getting too close for him, and he was constantly scanning the neighbouring ridge of hills for the first sign of Bulgaria's approach. He asked me if I would be able to protect his eighteen cows. I told him in return for the use of their milk, we would do our best, saying they were temporarily the property of the Red Cross. He was a shrewd old Mohammedan Bosnian, as we had cause to find afterwards, and said "If I agree to this, will you in case they are taken by Bulgarians, pay for them?" I told him I could not do so, so he went away to think the matter over, but unfortunately with nightfall the firing ceased, and also my chance of getting the milk.

We got our flags flying immediately, one flagpost was planted on the top of the hill behind, and a large cypress tree next to the house served the purpose of another. The house, evidently untenanted for many years, except by pigeons and rats, had to be scrubbed out from top to bottom. It consisted of three stories, the ground floor being a granary. The two lower floors were solidly built of brick. The top one entirely of wood with numbers of windows. It had the appearance of a somewhat stunted lighthouse, and the only entrance was by a heavy iron door that opened from the yard, which was heavily walled.

Quite an efficient operating theatre was got ready on the top floor, the table and shelves being exceedingly well and quickly put together by a carpenter we had amongst the orderlies. Fortunately a block was discovered outside, and a most useful pulley rigged up from one of the windows on the top floor. This saved a great deal of trouble and delay, as the stairs were steep and the building high. Receiving and Isolation tents for patients were pitched; Latrines, and various other sanitary arrangements were quickly dug, and a very good stone incurator made. I think the thunder of the guns put life into everyone, and towards evening the place had quite a changed appearance.

The farm was supplied with water from a spring some three miles away, the water being brought down in a closed furrow. However, as this was broken in several places, and cholera rife, all drinking water was boiled, and stored in paraffin tins with lids made to them, and a tap fixed in at the bottom. A large iron cauldron, found on the farm, was put in the middle of the yard, and kept filled with water. This was replenished nightly and Potassium Permanganate put into it. All water used for washing kitchen and mess things had to be drawn from here.

In the afternoon the first patient arrived, a Commandant of Circassian Cavalry with a sabre wound in his foot—he had received this in a successful attempt to blow up a railway bridge. His plans, however, nearly failed through some Greek treachery. He told me that three or four instances of this had come to his notice, and others had told him of similar experiences. Of course before the Constitution only Mussulmen were recruited for the Turkish Army, since then, however, all citizens of the Ottoman Empire have been liable to military service, with some very disastrous results during the war.

Towards evening two more wounded Officers arrived, both with bullet injuries received during the fighting that day. Major Doughty Wylie had evidently been making the Hospital known.

Later on he and Captain Deeds returned—there had been three different Bulgarian attacks on our lines, all of which had been driven back with pretty heavy slaughter, as as we afterwards heard. This was the day on which the triumphant Bulgarian progress to Constantinople was stopped. They lost very heavily, and realised what a successful attempt to force the lines would mean.

Hademkeui however presented a terrible appearance, due to cholera—hundreds and hundreds of dead were lying by the roadside between the station and the top of the downs. They were dying so fast it was impossible to find time to bury them. From every direction carts filled with dead and dying were making their way to Hademkeui.

Nazim Pacha was much worried. Unless this terrible scourge which was infecting the whole army could be stopped immediately, it was all over with Turkey.

I was personally informed, by one who was in charge of the Sanitary Department, that the losses from Cholera in ten days amounted to 15,000 men.

Cholera must at all costs be kept out of our hospital. We had organised it in preparation for the great assault that was daily expected in the Lines, and, if we infected it with Cholera, our usefulness would be gone. All patients were first attended to in special Receiving Tents, placed at some distance from the Hospital. All clothes were removed here, and, if the cases suffered from no form of diarrhoea, they were drafted on to the Hospital. Anyone suffering from diarrhoea was first put into an isolation tent. It is true that we had to send four cases on to the Cholera Camps from our Isolation tents, but there was no infection amongst any of the Hospital patients and no sickness amongst our men.

I should like to mention again that this so called Cholera was certainly a very fatal form of diarrhoea, but, that it was all due to Cholera germs, I should not like to say. The soldiers, had since the retreat from the neighbourhood of Kirk Kilisse, been starved, they were in a very low state of resistance, and had eaten all sorts of queer things to stave off the pangs of hunger. Some sort of infection had followed. It is curious how suddenly the Cholera stopped as soon as the troops were properly provisioned. Major Doughty Wylie, Captain Deedes, Ward and myself rode up to Hademkeui about a week later and found things very different. We saw no corpses lying about, true—although we passed a certain number of carts filled with sick there were nothing like the week before; in fact the figures had dropped from over a thousand deaths a day, to only a hundred or two. Nevertheless for months after, men were still dying from a very fatal form of diarrhoea. Bacteriologists had by this time arrived, and although some of the cases proved to be dysentery, some (a very few) Cholera, the majority presented much the same appearance as those seen in the terrible days at Hademkeui which were not diagnosed. However a persistent form of germ was found, but not one usually recognised as causing a definite form of disease.

The ride to Hademkeui was made with the object of obtaining permission, and afterwards finding a suitable spot to open an

advance Dressing Station. The cases we had received had almost all been brought down by the train from Hademkeui. What we wished to do was to provide for the left flank of the army, distant from us about six miles.

It was an interesting ride. We first of all followed up the Spartakoule valley, and then made our way up the left slopes of this valley on to the hills above. Here we found a nice hard track running along the crest of the hills from Kara Ajatch, the extreme left flank of the lines, to Hademkeui. It commanded a magnificent view of the country round, and across the valley to the village of Chakatja and the hills above it where the Bulgarians had entrenched themselves. The Turkish soldiers were busy everywhere digging trenches.

The hills seemed to undulate down into the plain, thus offering several lines of defence one behind the other; the slopes of the hills were absolutely bare, being covered only by short grass and scrub, and the distance between the hills was not too close. There were of course a certain number of permanent works for guns, but a certain number were newly made ones.

After being at the Front two months I received permission from the Commandant at Hademkeui to visit the lines and see things in detail, but unfortunately we were recalled the day following, and I was thus prevented.

We rode along the crest of the hills to Head Quarters. The General in command of the troops, Nazim Pacha, was here living with his staff in saloon carriages on the railway line which at this spot crosses the hills and runs down into the valley that separates Chalatja from the Turkish position. Traced in the other direction the railway runs down (1½ miles) into a valley lying parallel to the Chalatja lines—here lies the village of Hademkeui. The railway then follows the valley down to Sparakoule where it widens out into some marshy ground to the Lake of Kutchuk Tchekmedje. The lines are not quite parallel with this valley at Hademkeui; they lie just above it, while at Sparakoule a rolling, down-like country separates it from Kara Ajatch, the extreme left flank of the linas.

At Head Quarters we found a wireless station and wires connecting with different parts of the line. Several motor cars were also in evidence. While waiting we also saw an aeroplane that soon passed out of sight in the direction of Constantinople—it was probably Turkish and I noticed it, on several occasions afterwards, passing over our Hospital at Ali Bey Chiftlik.

Major Doughty Wylie interviewed the Chief of the Medical Dept. and permission was given to open our station in the most convenient place we could find in the rear of their left flank. A wire was send to Kara Ajatch to the Chief Medical Officer of that division warning him of our arrival, and we immediately rode off along the lines to Kara Ajatch. The sun shone brightly. There was no firing, but great energy was being displayed in trench digging. Several camps that had been heavily infected with Cholera we noticed had been entirely shifted. As we had much to do our lunch had to be eaten as we rode along—not an easy matter when you have tins of bully beef to open. We passed several cart loads of sick, evidently Cholera, and, after about a couple of hours, arrived at Kara Ajatch. This is a small collection of houses with camps of soldiers around and behind. At the top of the hill behind the village we found a staff of Officers, but not the man we were looking for, who was away at the time. From here we got a magnificent view across to the Bulgarian position, and noticed that a good deal of the barbed wire, so effectively used at Scutari, was also made use of here. Papas Burgas could be seen opposite where a recent attack had been made.

Lake Bujuk Tchkmedje lay below us and, to our left and beyond that, the Sea of Marmora with several Turkish warships. All however was still. We had no time to waste here so we hurried on. Our path now lay off across the rolling hills in the direction of home. We passed several camps of soldiers on the way and I noticed the men

were looking fitter. Fortunately we came across the very man we were looking for, and together we prospected the country for our Dressing Station.

A farm house was eventually found about three miles from Kara Ajatch and this we thought to be the most suitable spot. There was water to be found here and also a little wood, and, in case of emergency, one of the Stables could be cleared out and used for housing patients temporarily—the house itself was useless. The farm was also on the main road to Spartakoule and Ali Bey Chiftlik. We eventually parted and agreed to send up our men the following day. It was dark when we reached home.

Stores, equipment and tents had to be got ready for Tashagil as this advance station was called, and the next day, by the help of ox waggons we found on our farm, we managed to get the party away. One doctor, one dresser, three orderlies, and an interpreter formed the staff. They took up four tents, which were eventually raised to seven.

We had to keep them supplied with stores by means of ox waggons from our farm. This matter of provisioning was a big question—at the Chiftlik, apart from patients, we had 18 men, very nearly the same number of Gendarmes, two sailors and five launch men. Everything had to be brought up from Constantinople, except meat, which we could, with a good deal of difficulty, usually buy on the place. I must say, however, that the people at the Musée were very longsuffering and did their best to supply our numerous wants. The launches were invaluable, as the trains, apart from being most irregular, were crowded with Cholera patients and quite impossible. During the first three weeks a daily service was arranged for us, provisions and stores brought up and patients taken down to our Base Hospital at Musée.

NEWS FROM EAST AFRICA.

Naivasha, May 20th, 1912.

Since writing last we have been very unlucky with the merinos Lenox brought up. They have developed pneumonia, and we have lost about 15 ewes and 15 rams. I feel sure that we brought them up at the worst time of the year. I have made enquiries everywhere and can find only one other case where the imported sheep have contracted pneumonia, and in that case, the man also brought his sheep up about the end of February, and also had experienced intense heat on the voyage just as Lenox did. We have had incessant rain since the beginning of Feb. which seems unusual; but the rains are very mild and I do not think they are responsible for the pneumonia, as the merinos were shedded at night. This rain has made horse sickness very prevalent everywhere and Lenox has lost the mare and foal he brought up, but the black mare is alright. Apparently Kenia is the only district where there has, as yet, been no case of horse-sickness. It is high, free from swamp and fairly cold. Lenox will probably wait to go to Kenia till Siga Bastard comes up. I think I told you that Mr. Bastard has bought land in Kenia. Mr. Forbes, whom I mentioned as coming up with Lenox from Swaziland, has also bought land there. I had another little adventure with lions a few days ago. I was riding over to see Lenox and had left my rifle behind so as to go fast. About half an hour from camp, I saw two lions cross the road in front of me. The grass is now very long everywhere, about 3 feet high. I was not sure if they were lions, so galloped up to get a nearer view. As soon as they saw me coming, they lay down in the grass. I rode up to the spot, about 120 yards off the road, and after watching for a minute or two, first one and then the other raised his head. They sat up on their haunches, and calmly looked at me. I watched them for a few minutes, expecting they would run off, but they showed not the least

intention of moving. There happened to be a great many zebras about and I expect they wanted to try for one. As they did not look like going I turned and rode slowly back toward camp. When about 300 yards away they lay down again. A man named Sutherland lives quite near my camp, so I got him to come with me and we galloped back as fast as possible. At first we did not see them on reaching the spot, but about 200 yards into the scrub they suddenly jumped up next to Sutherland who was too slow with his gun to get a shot in; I had a snap shot as they disappeared behind a bush but missed, and although we followed them for some distance and caught glimpses of them two or three times, we did not get another shot. These rains have brought the big game out of the upper forests. Coming home, the day before yesterday, I came across a quite fresh elephant spoor. On following it a little way, I came upon them in a very thick piece of scrub in the cedar forest. The first sign I had of them was a peculiar rumbling noise they make in the throat. There were five, and two appeared to be very large. I could just see them about 40 yards away, but could not get a view of the tusks, and before I could get nearer they smelt me and rushed off. They did not go far though, and I soon got up to them again. This time they had separated, and while I was trying to get near the main lot on my left, one rushed out from the right to join the others and passed a little patch of open at full tilt, with her tail in the air and trunk up, about 40 yards away. However, the tusks were too small for me to shoot and the whole lot crushed off through the forest. They soon left the cedars and made straight towards my camp. I followed for about an hour and a half before getting up to them again in very thick scrub but they were off before I could see them. They then got into cedars again, just above my camp, and on getting to the edge of the bush, turned to come back. I saw them coming and ran on to a little rise; they were just going over the skyline about 120 yards off. I could not, unfortunately, see their tusks owing to the scrub, but knew it was my last chance as the sun was setting, so I fired at the last one which appeared to be the biggest. On the first shot he went lame and very slow, the second felled him on the spot. I was awfully disgusted to find it a cow as I had to hand the ivory to the Government. They must all have been cows. I have bought a new rifle and was very much pleased at the way it brought down the elephant. It is a larger bore and carries a much heavier charge than my 303 which is too light for big game. I will send you one of the feet when it is prepared.

Naivasha, May 25th, 1912.

I will send you a plan of our block farms. You will see that they run between two rivers which are both very strong and absolutely perennial, being fed by the snows of Kenia. These rivers are about 3 miles apart and the length of the block of farms is 7 miles. This means a difference of altitude of about a 1,000 feet which gives quite a good change of veld between the top and bottom farms. On the top farm is a nice patch of cedar forest which we do not intend to cut, as we have the right to cut for five years in the big forest as much timber as we wish for use on the farm, free of any charge. Both rivers are easily got at by stock, so that one's water is distributed the whole length of the farm and we can therefore make use of every inch of it. The soil is well supplied with lime, the one thing most lacking in the soils of British East Africa. I am told, by a man who has known that part for seven years, that the finest cattle and sheep he has seen in this country came off those particular farms when they were occupied by the Massai. When we were there we also saw some magnificent native stock. All that part of the country is covered with "rooigras" which, when fed down turns to a very nice soft grass called "couch" and clover. Another advantage that the block has, is that the ground rises from each river to a rounded hill running down the middle of the farms, so that there is no chance of the ground

getting waterlogged. I had a conversation with the head of one of the meat companies here. He says, that at present we cannot even supply Mombassa alone with meat, and that he thinks that for several years there will be a good local demand. His company are closing their Mombassa branch as they can't get the meat to keep it supplied. The Union Castle Co. told these people that they would take 100 tons of meat a month, if it could be supplied regularly. He also told me that meat can be exported from here to England more cheaply than from any of the Colonies. I believe it can be exported from here to London at 1½d. per lb. Our dogs are doing famously and Lenox has a really excellent pack which, I am sure, would face any animal. I think I told you of Rainey, the American millionaire whom we met on the Athi plains, and whose hobby is hunting lions with a large pack of dogs. It was his pack that killed the man-eater lion a few weeks ago who had polished off ten natives, the last of whom was taken off the railway platform. Ernest Anderson was there at the time with the Egyptian Prince. The dog that does the best, is an Airdale crossed with a rather larger dog to give more weight and strength. I have a very funny little Airdale which I bought for 2/8. He is awfully plucky and very fierce. I shot a hartebeest one day and only wounded it; he immediately sprang at its throat, fastened on to its neck and hung on like a bull dog. I have practically finished this survey which will work out at eleven farms and two outspans. The Massai are beginning to move from the Laikipia Plateau; when the movement is complete, it will throw open a lot of fine country. I see it is expected that England will acquire a big slice of the Congo, probably including the Kilo gold fields which are reported to be very rich. The way it happened is, that during the episode, some years back, between England and France, the latter country handed over to England all her rights acquired in those parts. England understood that those rights extended only as far as the Iado Inclave, whereas they included quite a nice slice of the Congo, which fact was kept quiet. On England assisting her over the Morocco question, she has now let her know that her rights are considerably more extended.

Wreck of H.M.S. "CAPTAIN."

H.M.S. "Captain" in the year 1869 was the very latest design in Naval Architecture and was looked upon as the greatest triumph in the shape of a sea-going battleship. Be that as it may, I have reason to remember her well, inasmuch as I was surgeon to her sister ship, H.M.S. "Monarch." Doubtless my reader may smile at such a reason, apparently about as good as that given by the Irish recruit who applied to join the 99th Regiment, and who, on being told that was impossible, said: "Well, put me in the 100th." When asked "Why?" he replied, "Sure my brother's in the 99th, and, bedad, I'll be near him, anyhow."

Well, the "Monarch" was frequently near the "Captain." The "Monarchs" and "Captains" often contended in friendly rivalry. Of their officers, one at least, Mr. Leonard Childers, son of the First Lord of the Admiralty, had changed ships. Both were turret ships, and were in those days the last word in Naval Construction, just as the super-Dreadnought is now. Both ships were under trial in the gale of wind off Finisterre, in which the "Captain" was lost. I remember, as we steamed out of Gibralter, on the eve of the fateful day, how the "Captain" trained her guns on us as we steamed past to take up our position straight ahead. It was a weird sight to see her guns following us so as to demonstrate clearly her power of fore and aft fire. The "Monarch" replied in the same fashion, and it was fascinating to see the gaping mouths of the 25-ton guns of each ship apparantly following automatically every movement of her rival. Never before had two ships provided amongst sailormen such

topics of heated discussion as to their respective merits. In those days some of England's "Wooden Walls" were still afloat,—the fine frigates "Immortalité" and "Narcissus" and the grand old two-decker the "Donegal." It can be easily imagined how the old salt-water school looked askance at the new-fangled monstrosity called a Battleship, with whose advent the poetry of the Sea well nigh disappeared.

Ships of this kind were present at the time I write of, and battled through the gale. Indeed, to them, handled as they were by officers and men who were past-masters in the art of sailing, a gale of wind mattered not; but to the new-fangled monster it was quite another thing. New things are not always popular. At the time of the Crimean War, the story is told of Admiral Dundas who was much embarrassed by the presence, in his Fleet, of H.M.S. "Argus," a steam paddleship. She was always getting out of her station. On the Fleet going into action off Sevastopol, it was reported to him that the "Argus" did not keep station. He replied: "Oh, take the dammed wriggling thing out of the way." Well, to some extent, that expresses the feeling held by some of the old sea-dogs concerning the "Captain." Many an argument have I heard as to whether she was safe in bad weather or whether Davy Jones' locker awaited her. No doubt it was only the talk of plain sailor men, but events proved that sometimes wisdom is found where least looked for. The idea of constructing sea-going turret ships was due to Captain Cowper Coles, who, from the date of the Russian War, had advocated the mounting of guns in turrets. Finally, when the idea was adopted, it took two years to build the 'Captain," and she was launched on the 27th of March, 1869. For some months she served in the Channel Squadron, and was mainly occupied in undergoing a series of trials to test her sea-going qualities. In the month of May, 1869, when with the Channel Fleet off Finisterre she experienced bad weather, her behaviour was reported as "entirely satisfactory and worthy of all confidence, whilst her fighting capabilities were remarkably good." Evidently the Admiralty thought that now the time had come when more extended work might be allotted to her, for she was ordered to join the Channel Fleet at Gibralter, and it was while serving with it that disaster overtook her. In August, 1869, the Channel and Mediterranean Fleets had orders to rendezvous at Gibralter. On the 2nd of September they sailed thence for their respective destinations, but, before separating, certain joint manoeuvres by the combined Fleets took place off Finisterre on the 6th of September. About 32 sail of the Line, of different classes, took part. Various sailing and steam tactics were tried, with screws connected and disconnected. What a glorious sight it was to see go by, under sail only, the old-fashioned but magnificent frigates like the "Immortalité" and the bluff old two-decker, the "Donegal," followed by their modern sisters, the "Inconstant" and the "Volage", the grim Ironclads doing their best, under sail, but, in that test, hopelessly out of it. Amongst the latter were the latest inventions in the shape of the "Monarch" and "Captain," matched against each other, and what joy reigned in the hearts of the "Monarchs" when they outdid their rival on some point or other, and how contemptuously they looked upon some of the other Ironclads lumbering along behind, but doing their best to "save their face."

But what of the weather all this time?

The morning was dull and threatening. At 10 a.m. a heavy sea was getting up, and the wind had settled into a stiff breeze. The 32 ships were all on the alert, obeying signals from the Flag Ship, and so the merry contest went on between the wind and sea, Britannia endeavouring to "rule the waves" according to the orders of the Commander-in-Chief of the combined Squadrons.

During the forenoon the Admiral went on board the 'Captain' and it was rumoured that he remarked, on leaving, that he was "jolly glad" to be on board his own ship once more.

In the meantime the wind and sea increased, the weather became more threatening, but still the Fleets continued manoeuvring. Towards four o'clock in the afternoon the Flag Ship signalled "Shorten sail," "get up steam." In other words, "prepare for bad weather." Well, bad weather we did get with a vengeance. About 9 p.m. it was blowing a stiff gale, with a heavy sea running; the combined Fleet was scattered, and only here and there a distant light could be seen. Our ship, the "Monarch," had made ready for the storm—all sails taken in—the topsail yards lowered—the top gallant and royal yards down—steam up—all her boilers ready—her moveable sides lowered so as to allow the seas to wash freely inboard and outboard—her turrets closed up and the guns tarpaulined.

In fact, she was then much in the condition in which she would have been if going into action—prepared for action, and into action she did go that night.

About midnight the gale raged fiercely, the good old "Monarch" groaned and kicked about and quivered as the heavy seas struck her, each blow being followed by a venomous hissing sound as the water surged past her turrents, along her decks, and swirled overboard.

At 12 o'clock I awoke and curious to see what was going on, went up the hatch and peered out, holding on tight. What a sight it was! The good ship kept her head to the sea; I could see her hugh black hull rising as she climbed the on-coming wave, sometimes gaining the crest, then sliding down again into the black yawning gulf. Now and again the sea struck her, ere she reached the summit, drenching her with spray. Then she shook herself, and quivered and vibrated under the shock like a living thing, as the water hissed along her decks. The wind roared through the rigging, the sky was black as ink, and seemed to press the ship downwards into the abyss she tried to avoid. It must then have been about 10 minutes past twelve, when, as I stood in the hatchway, I heard the Engine-room bell ring, and, from the bridge, out of pitch darkness, came the voice of Captain Commerell (afterwards Sir Edward Commerell, V.C.) in sharp and decisive tone, giving the order to go "full steam ahead." Gallantly the brave ship answered the call, and, through all the uproar of "Hell let loose," held on her way. For some time I stood there, listening, wondering how it all would end, and then, as it was not my job, I went below and fell asleep. At six bells I turned out, visited the sick and then went on deck. The gale was over, the sun shone out, there was little wind. The Fleet was scattered, not a ship in sight, but, strange to say, not far from us there lay, hove-to, a little bark-rigged Trader. There she lay, bobbing and ducking to the sea. She had weathered the gale, and seemed to be taking matters quite easily. Presently she braced her yards, shook out the sails and resumed her course. What a contrast to the weary giant battleship!

I went down to the Wardroom just before breakfast, and there I found the Paymaster and the Staff Surgeon, in close confab. They looked troubled, and the old Paymaster positively ill. I said: "What's the matter?" He replied: "Well, I have had a bad night, and a horrible dream. I dreamt we had a terrific storm and, in the blackness and turmoil of it all, I saw the "Captain" turn right over. I saw her lying bottom upwards, and heard the most awful roar, mingled with shouts of her men as she disappeared. Then I awoke, and after that I spent the night tossing about." He looked shaken and ill. "Oh," I said, "we did have a gale and, in your sleep, you heard it." At that moment the Lieutenant of the Morning Watch, who had just been relieved, came in and said: "Hullo, you land-lubbers, how goes it? Have you left anything to eat? The 'Captain's' missing"!!!

We finished our breakfast in silence: it was easy to see that gloomy foreboding occupied our thoughts. After 8 bells the look-out man reported: "Sail in sight"; later on reported "Flag Ship." Now the

signal to the Fleet was made "Resume Stations," and gradually, as the day wore on, all the ships reported save one. Then came the Signal "'Captain' missing," followed by the order: "Fleet to scatter and search." However no trace of her could be found. During the day the "Helicon," a despatch boat from Gibralter to England, passed us. She signalled that she had passed a boat, bottom up, and, further on, two dead bodies. Anxiety was now written on every face, and on all sides was heard anxious questioning. Had the "Captain" come to grief? Or had she sheltered in some Bay? Some said: "She is just as good a seaboat as any of us." Others shook their heads and feared the worst. As the day wore on some wreckage, a part of the "Captain's" bowsprit, was found and, tied on to it, a sailor's long silk scarf. Even then some of us still argued, "What of that, very likely it snapped off, thus carrying off the man who had evidently tried to lash himself to it." Towards evening was found a piece of pannelling, painted in ebony and gold. It was recognised as a piece of the lining of Captain Burgoyne's cabin, and, as this cabin was below the water line, it indicated only too surely the doom of the ill-fated vessel. The next morning, the Admiral signalled to the Fleet to return to headquarters. Accordingly the Mediterranean and Channel Fleets returned to their respective stations, leaving H.M.S. "Monarch" under Captain Commerell, V.C. to remain off the Spanish coast, to search for any further trace of the "Captain."

Next day we drew closer to the shore, a steam pinnace was lowered, and we proceeded to reconnoitre. When off Corcubion Bay, we met a Spanish fishing boat, which told us that some shipwrecked sailors had come ashore in a boat, and were at present in the town of Corcubion. This was good news. Captain Commerell sent immediately a ship's cutter, of which I was one of the crew, to give help to the men. I remember how excited we were to be the first to find the survivors, and I blessed my "Lucky Star" that I was the surgeon, as it gave me the chance of being amongst those chosen. Well, the Cutter made sail and stood right in to Corcubion Bay. It was the first time I had ever been in a small boat in the open sea. How different it was to harbour, or even roadstead work, to which I was accustomed. There was a heavy swell on, and as the little boat held her way under sail, we soon lost sight of the ship and at times saw nothing but the sky above and the sea below. As we were about to enter Corcubion Bay we passed through an immense shoal of porpoise. Only once before had I seen such a shoal, or been in their midst, and that was off Prince Edward Island; but never before had I seen them hang so persistently round a boat; there was something almost uncanny about it, even our Cutter's crew sat thoughtfully gazing at the extraordinary sight. Towards evening we reached the little town of Corcubion and there, at the landing place, came to meet us the 18 sole survivors of the "Captain."

At last the moment had arrived when we should hear, from their own lips, their story, and that night, seated round a fire in the house allotted to us by the Alcalde of the town, we listened to our shipwrecked comrades' thrilling tale.

Mr. James May, her Gunner, told us how he awoke at midnight and had felt the ship labouring heavily. Knowing that she was a new-fangled craft, with her heavy guns in turrets and that her 600 lb. shot and shell were in the racks, he felt anxious as to their security. Accordingly he got up and took up his lantern to have a look round. Just then a heavy sea struck the ship and she reeled over tremendously. At that moment, he put his lantern down and ran up into the turret. There, as he squeezed his body through the manhole, he was immediately washed overboard by a heavy sea. When he came to the surface, he espied the pinnace floating bottom upwards towards him with a few men clinging to her, amongst whom was Captain Burgoyne, and he succeeded in reaching them. Soon they saw a large black object coming along on the crest of a wave. This proved to be the launch with some men

in her. As she passed by, he called to Captain Burgoyne to jump. They all jumped. Some managed to reach her and were dragged in, but some failed, and amongst them was Captain Burgoyne. Now began a fierce struggle to keep the boat afloat, during which time they picked up some more men, 18 in all. The history of how the launch got afloat we heard from another of the survivors. It was a very large launch and was stowed on the "Captain's" spar-deck, resting in great clutches to which it was firmly lashed, fitted with mast, oars, etc., and covered with stout tarpaulin, it looked one firm solid mass. The narrator told us how, on his being relieved from the first watch, he had been so much alarmed at the condition of the ship that he hesitated to go below, and it occurred to him to cut the lashings of the boat and get into her; he said that he realised that in doing this he was liable to be tried by Court Martial, but the circumstances seemed to him to justify the risk. No sooner had he accomplished this, and got into the boat, than a heavy sea struck the unfortunate ship. She turned right over and the launch was flung into the sea. He struggled to his feet and eventually succeeded in picking up one by one the eighteen men that were saved. For a few moments the ship could be seen bottom upwards, then, evidently, her turrets and boilers fell out. There was a terrific roar of steam, accompanied by the cries of the men; then a final plunge and she disappeared under the waves. So perished the "Captain" with her gallant crew of 490 officers and men, amongst whom, strange to say, was Captain Cowper Coles himself. From the time she turned bottom up to the time she disappeared, was thought to be about five minutes.

And now the Launch began its fierce struggle for life. It was crowded with rough odds and ends, as well as a gig. Mr. May, who was the only Officer left alive, took command. First, with great difficulty, they cast the gig overboard; then an attempt was made to bring her head to wind, but the force of the wind and sea was so great that the man in the bow was washed away, and the oars were blown out of the men's hands and sent flying through the air like chaff. Seeing it was a hopeless task to attempt to keep her head to the wind, Mr May determined to let her run before it, and so she drifted along for hours, rolling and pitching, now tossed on the crest of a wave, now lying still in the trough, at times partly swamped; the roaring of the waves and wind shutting out all other sounds. During this time a large frigate passed without seeing them, thus adding a further note of despair to the horrors they were undergoing. Three of their number lay, apparently dying, in the bottom of the boat. However, the remainder stuck to their work of baling, trimming and steering her, and so the ghostly hours of darkness and storm wore on. Towards daybreak, the wind abated, the sun rose, and they found themselves off Cape Finisterre with a fair wind behind them. Then Mr. May decided to run for Corcubion Bay, so by the help of their oars and by rigging up clothes and sail covers (sails there were none) they managed to reach the land about midday.

Such were the tales told us. Verily these men had passed through the "Valley of the shadow of death," yet, as I scanned their weather-beaten faces, and saw them cheerful and undaunted, it was difficult to realise that they had just undergone so terrible an ordeal.

Meantime Captain Commerell had ordered the "Monarch" to anchor close off the town. There she lay, undergoing already the usual "polish up" after her rough experience.

As yet, beyond these eighteen survivors, no trace of the wreck had been found, but we had heard from the townspeople that there were one or two places along the coast where wreckage was sometimes cast up. Captain Commerell determined to visit these and formed a little expedition, consisting of himself, a Lieutenant and myself, the surgeon. We were to ride mules and the Alcalde furnished us with two guides. Altogether we formed a party

of five. Towards evening we reached a small town, here we spent the night. Next day we went along the coast searching and making enquiry but no further trace of the wreck did we find, nor had any dead bodies been washed up. That part of the coast, near Cape Finisterre is, in places, rugged and wild beyond description, precipices drop sheer down, and against them the sea fairly boils; enormous waves roll on crashing themselves against the cliffs, and the whole scene is one of awesome grandeur. The next day, as there seemed to be no prospect of getting further information, Captain Commerell determined to return to Corcubion. A pleasant sight it was to see the "Monarch" lying there at anchor, already the painting process had obliterated most of the traces of hard wear. Her snowy decks, her shining brass work, and, above all, the jolly sunburnt faces of our men, gave a welcome feeling of comfort and security after the storm and tragedy of the past few days.

Captain Commerell remained here a few more days, no doubt still hoping that some news from the distant coast villagers might reach us.

On leaving Corcubion we transferred the survivors of the Captain to H.M.S. "Volage" who took them back to England, the "Monarch" following at a more leisurely pace.

The following was contributed to the "Cape Times" shortly after Aunt Annie's death.

IN MEMORIAM.

"Pure religion and undefiled is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." These words of St. James will spring to the minds of many who only now begin to fully realise that the Peninsula has lost one of the sweetest and purest souls that ever sojourned there. It is difficult to write any public notice at all of one so "unspotted by the world" as the late Mrs Blenkins, and yet she was so widely known and so universally beloved that it is equally difficult to keep silent. High and low, rich and poor, old and young—all who came within the range of her influence felt its magical quality. Like the hidden sprig of lavender she sweetened everything with her fragrance; and she represented true religion to many and many a soul that would otherwise have been destitute of its very idea. And yet she was so wondrously human, so endlessly kind that she never acted as a check upon the innocent enjoyment or happiness of a single soul. The youngest and merriest child felt gladness in going to see "Annt Annie," and she herself found fullest happiness in seeing as many as possible of those she loved gathered round her in some happy gathering. Hospitality was more than a virtue with her—it was a passion, and not one of those who ever shared in it will forget its warmth and ardour. Of her many deeds of kindness and charity to her poorer and less fortunate neighbours it is not for me to speak. She was one of those whose left hand did not know what her right hand did. Of all her long life perhaps, the two last years were the most wonderful and were, the most fruitful. Struck by illness in such a way as to be fettered hand and foot, and rendered utterly dependent the care and affection of those around her, unable even to converse with, those she loved, she yet rose superior to the strokes of misfortuue in its most terrifying form, and almost to the very end remained the centre and light and strength of her household. Such of us as were privileged during those sacred last years of her life, to see the brilliant greeting of her eye, to feel the pressure of her welcoming hand, to enjoy the old eager hospitality with which she followed and satisfied the wants of everyone in the room—to mark how as the lamp of life was burning low the lamp of the spirit shone with ever a brighter, and brighter flame,—surely we were one and all compelled in our hearts to say "This indeed is one of the Saints of God!"