CHRONICLE OF THE FAMILY.

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CO-EDITORS .... MAY MURRAY
EFFIE ANDERSON.

CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL.

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

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

The annual subscription is 15/- and should be sent to Effie Anderson, Tressilian, Kenilworth, within the first quarter of the year. Extra copies may be had for 2/6 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 page only, leaving a small space at the top of each page and a margin at the lefthand side. Pages to be numbered in small numbers in the lefthand corner.

It is very disappointing that the Children's Page has not been better supported. We have received no contributions to it this time, and unless more interest is taken in it, it will have to be given up.

Should anyone at any time have a photograph or snapshot of interest, and be willing to pay for having it inserted in the Chronicle, we should be pleased to receive it. At present the subscriptions do not allow of many illustrations. The cost of inserting an illustration is 1/- per square inch.

We are very much pleased to have received a suggestion for the cover of the Chronicle from Gwen Bisset. We believe that most of the family who are in England have seen it and approve. We shall not have time to get the opinion of the family out here, before this number is published, so that the decision must wait for the April number. If there are any other suggestions, they must be sent in before the end of January.

The Financial Statement will show that although the subscription may seem large, it only just covers our expenses at present.

GENERAL NEWS.

Since publishing our last number of the Chronicle, Lucy and Charlie Molteno have returned from their trip to Europe. They arrived on October 6th, looking all the better for the change. Ted returned with them, having had only about six weeks in England.

Nellie Bisset followed about a month later and gives glowing accounts of the delightful holiday in Scotland.

Ted has come back much impressed with the advance in psychic investigation which has been made since his last visit to England. It appears we are now upon the borderland of great discoveries and he is anxious to wrest some of the laurels from Sir Oliver Lodge by starting a research society among ourselves. Will those who wish to join please communicate with him at Elgin?

On Tuesday November 4th, Bazett Bisset was married to Ethel Rowe, daughter of the late Dr. Rowe and Mrs. Rowe of Kenilworth. They were married at Christ Church Kenilworth in the morning, and after the ceremony Aunt Betty and Uncle Bisset had a reception at Beauleigh. It was a beautiful day, everything was looking very bright and pretty. The first person to welcome the bride and bridegroom when they arrived at the house was dear Aunt Annie, looking so happy and interested in everything. They were indeed privileged to have her at their wedding. Although it took place in the morning and the guests were confined to relatives and intimate friends there was a goodly gathering. At first there was no intention of having any speeches, but James Molteno would not hear of a departure from such a time-honoured custom and proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom in his usual happy manner, which was heartily drunk by the guests in champagne, after which three cheers were given. Aunt Betty had everything charmingly arranged, and Bessie Beard's flowers were as usual a delight. Then Bazett and Ethel left by motor car for Mossel River where they spent their honeymoon. They are now settled in their new home "Hill Brow" at Kenilworth, making the fifth Mr. and Mrs. Bisset to puzzle the post office!

On January 9th Caroline and Dr. Murray will be leaving England, and we have just heard the good news that Bessie Molteno is coming at the same time to pay the Cape a visit. We hope that she will enjoy it very much and be all the better for the change.

Vincent Molteno is appointed to H.M.S. Hyacinth at Simon's Bay, and arrives on December 1st and will be here for the rest of the commission. We are all much pleased as he has not been at the Cape since he left thirteen years ago, when he was only eight years old.

Willie Anderson has been with this year's pilgrimage to Lourdes. He remained there some three weeks and has now gone to Palermo where, if the climate agrees with him, he hopes to spend the winter.

Kirstenbosch is to be turned into a botanic garden. A reception was held there at the end of October, at which Prof. Pearson made an interesting speech, and if sufficient funds are forthcoming there is every prospect of the place becoming a great feature of the Peninsula. Work has been begun and a charming old tiled bath with a clear spring in it has been discovered. There are quantities of beautiful native trees growing right up the mountain side.

Margaret Molteno is working at Bedford College, Londen, for her entrance examination to Cambridge.

Jervis has gone to Trinity College this year where he and George Murray are together.

We were very sorry to hear that Ursula Bisset had a nasty fall from her horse a few weeks ago, and had her face very much bruised. We hope she has quite recovered by now.

Several more of the family now have motor cars. Vic is to be seen anxiously steering his two-seater valveless through the main road traffic, his friends the police-

men kindly closing their eyes to any eccentricities, while Ted is to be met to the alarm of all sober minded people dashing over mountain passes; a broken axle comes in the day's work. Our deepest sympathy to the little cycle car.

Wallace is the fortunate possessor of a perfectly good Hupmobile, Lil having providentially gained her experience of driving, with a neighbour's car.

Wallace and Lil and their family arrive the end of November, and will spend three months at their house at Kalk Bay. They expect Colonel and Mrs. Sandeman on the 6th of December.

We are glad to say that Betty and Miss Greene are still out here. The latter is continuing to teach Lucy and Carol Molteno for another quarter.

We have no extracts of recent letters from Jarvis and Lenox Murray for this number.

Lenox has had a great disaster. A Mr. Dunn had been visiting him on his farm. When he left Lenox walked eight miles with him to show him the road. On his return imagine his feelings when he found his house which had just been completed, also his boomas (kraals) a blackened heap! None of his own men were on the place at the time, only the men of the contractor who was building the house, and they admitted they had been smoking cigarettes. Unfortunately there was a high wind blowing at the time. Besides the precuniary loss there is all the time and thought which was spent both on the house and the boomas, the latter having to be specially well constructed on account of the lions and other wild animals. All have felt the greatest sympathy for him

Betty Molteno left for Natal on November 18th.

Jack Murray has come back from Kamfers Kraal looking very well and is now with Mr. and Mrs. Nimmo Brown at "De Oude Mullen", Mowbray, where we hope he will get on well with his work.

REMINISCENCES.

I have often wished that we had some record of our family in the old days when they lived at Somerset Road. I am making an attempt to recall some of my own earliest impressions of that time, hoping that others may follow the same road and fill in the gaps. The earliest link of our family, with the Cape, was through Grandpapa Jarvis. I wish that I knew some connected history of his life but all that I aim to do here, is to try to convey to his descendants some of my impressions of him and recollections of things he told me. I asked him once what gave him the idea of coming out to the Cape at a time when so few people even knew of its existence. He replied that his father and his brother being in the Army, became acquainted with it on their way to and from India, and in that way his interest was aroused so that when a friend of their family, a Col. Brown was ordered out to the Cape, Grandpapa's parents were persuaded to allow him to go out under his care. He was then only 14 years old. At that date 1818 there was no regular steamer service to the Cape and they must have made the voyage of six months on a sailing ship. Apparently Grandpapa remained at the Cape about 2 years. He told me that now and again he would be seized with a fit of home-sickness when he would climb up to the top of the Lion's Rump and, gazing there over the sea, would have a good cry. Col. Brown seems to have been very good to him, and to have taken him with him wherever he went. Once when the Governor Lord Charles Somerset was going round the coast to Algoa Bay, Col. Brown accompanied him and Grandpapa was also invited to be one of the party. They seemed to have had only a small vessel and a rather adventurous voyage, finding themselves when a fog suddenly lifted, in an unexpected place somewhere near Cape Point, but this was on their return journey. At Algoa Bay there were then only 2 houses, one a farm and the

other a military station. On their arrival Col. Brown lent him a gun and in an hour he came back with a buck. When embarking for their return voyage they had some experience of the dangerous seas there. He told me that, as they stood on the shore, he was keen to go off in the first boat but Col. Brown made him wait to go with him and the Governor in the life-boat. That first boat was swamped and everyone in it drowned. He seems to have made a favourable impression upon the Governor for, at the end of the return voyage, he offered him a commission in the Army. This was the second time he had had that opportunity, for before he left England, his relative, Lord St. Vincent had made him the same offer but he seems to have had no desire for a soldier's life. On his return to his people at the end of 2 years, he greatly appreciated the life in his home in Wales and especially he enjoyed the hunting, but when he was about 17, the spell of Africa seized him again, and this time held him fast and claimed him as one of those men with high ideals of public duty whose love for their adopted country was expressed in services, the fruits of which we now enjoy, though often all unconsciously. At that time the leading merchants were mostly Dutch and resided in Cape Town, which was then a very different place from the present bustling modern looking town. Its streets seemed wide and silent with no high buildings, few shops, but many fine old dignified houses with large cool halls and rooms and high stoeps where, in the evenings with the doors and windows thrown open, the family received guests and drank coffee. This Grandpapa has described to me. I have been told that he was a slender, delicate looking youth, very fond of dancing. One day, when watching him at a dance some one remarked that he was going to be married. "What" was the reply, "he looks more like going to be buried." All through his life he was a most abstemious man and a very small eater. Whenever he had any kind of illness his one remedy was to go to bed and starve. I remember how this used to exasperate his anxious family. He never argued about it but quietly took his course and certainly he wonderfully retained both his physical and mental powers and keenness of interest, to the very end of his long life. Amongst the life-long friendships he early made, was that with Mr. and Mrs. de Jongh, the parents of Miss Christina and Mrs. Botha. Their mother was a Miss Vos and her parents' home was in one of those beautiful Dutch houses in the upper part of Strand St. It occupied, with its large courtyard and slave quarters, a block reaching through to the next street behind, and Miss Christina has described to me its beautiful old Dutch and French furniture and precious Eastern carpets all now scattered and lost in a time when their value was quite unappreciated. The splendid old house, like many others, has now been been turned into ugly warehouses and shops with scarcely a trace left of its former glory. At 19 Grandpapa married a Miss Vos. She was only 16 and was a relative of Mrs. de Jongh whose name was also Vos. The business in which Grandpapa was embarked was that of a wine merchant, at that time a very profitable one as there was a flourishing export trade. He made his home in Somerset Road at Green Point where, from his stoep, he could gaze over the sea that he loved and watch the shipping that so keenly interested him. There I picture him still with the familiar "spy-glass" in his hand. There was very little building then in the neighbourhood and their house and the de Smidt's adjoining seemed quite isolated. It was the spot on earth that, to my child-mind, seemed most like Paradise. As I think of it now, in the light of my older experience I know that there was ground for that feeling. The memory of that home deserves to be valued and loved by all its descendants, for when I think of the great divergencies of character, age, relationship and nationality combined in it and reflect that I have not one memory

connected with it of anything but kindness, sympathy, and the most generous hospitality, then I realize that it was something quite unique. It is only with the memory of a child that I can recall my Grandmother who presided over this home with a quiet dignity and authority that never seemed to press or jar yet was the source of its harmonious working. We loved to follow her about as she busied herself with her household duties. There was never bustle or disorder but there were always faithful old servants and always a bountiful table where an unexpected guest was sure of welcome. I never remember Grandmama speaking anything but Dutch to us although in her children's education and environment the English language and ideas had the preponderating influence. Grandpapa joined her Church, the Dutch Reformed, and became one of its elders. It was in the Groote Kerk in Adderley St. that all their children were baptised and married. When I go now into that vast solemn building I can still feel myself a frightened little child buried in one of the high pews and gazing across with awe, at the mass of elders in black with great bibles in front of them, amongst whom sat our kind Grandpapa. But it was the huge pulpit supported by carved lions and with its overpowering canopy that struck real terror when the thunders of the preacher echoed from beneath it and seemed to call for some crisis. When I can first remember the home at Somerset Road Aunt Sophy had already left it for she was married at barely 17 to Uncle Alport, and lived for some years in a cottage in the neighbourhood. Aunt Annie too, had been married at 17, to Major Blenkins, a widower whose eldest daughter was just about her own age. Soon after their marriage they left for India where they spent the short, but very happy 2 years of their married life. Then after a short illnes Major Blenkins died and Aunt Annie had a hard struggle to survive him when her second boy was prematurely born. She has often told me of the tenderness with which their friends in India cared for her in this dark time. In her home at the Cape no news came of this tragedy until a ship sailed one day into Table Bay, and a letter from the Captain informed Grandpapa that his widowed daughter was on board with two children and their Ayah. The little family became part of the home in Somerset Road and were also joined by Major Blenkins' younger daughters, Margaret and Minnie who were about the ages of Aunt Betty and Aunt Emmie and who were welcomed,and claimed as Aunt Annie's own children. It was just before this sad homecoming that my mother had been married. This is the household with which my earliest recollections are associated but I must not forget some of the servants. There was old Meme Hannah and her husband Tat Simon who had been slaves in the family but who, after the liberation had returned as servants and remained till their death with Grandpapa and Grandmama. I don't remember what their duties were but they regarded themselves as privileged members of the household. They had a daughter named Meitje who afterwards became our nurse and she had a little girl, of about our own age, called Honey. The staid capable housemaid's name was Louisa, and there were some fine native "boys" of whose dignity and faithfulness I have often heard Uncle Alport speak with great admiration and affection.

(To be continued

C. MURRAY.

Effie Anderson has been laid up with a troublesome attack of bronchitis which she not yet quite recovered from.

Many of the readers of this Chronicle know Mrs. Wiltis (Mabel Elliott that was) and will be much interested to hear that she has a little son, born on December 6th.

We have just heard from Lenox Murray that the contractors for his house will have to make good the damage, as he had not yet taken it over.

A DAY ON SCHIE-HALLION.

One of the most delightful of our many expeditions at Glenlyon was the climb up Schie-hallion, a peak about the same height as Table Mountain. It was rather disappointing on looking out of the windows that morning to see that the surrounding mountains were covered with thick banks of mist. The ignorant groaned with dismay but were cheerfully reassured by those who knew; and as the latter had prophesied the sun soon drove the mist away.

Just before 9.30 there was a rumble and a row and into the courtyard came the Humber, now transformed into a splendid shooting brake. On a former occasion some of the party including Cousin Barkley, Margaret, Ursula, and George, had an exciting adventure. The lowest gear broke and everyone had to get out and push the car up the hill, which was both long and steep. In spite of this they reached home safely but it was with some excitement that eleven of us, among whom were Margaret, Ursula, Gwen, Ernest and Cousin Ted packed into the brake and started off.

However we reached the foot of Schie-hallion safely and were soon joined by the rest of the party in the Talbot. Three of us, including Dr. Murray, and Cousin Caroline, camped out a short way up the mountain, and the rest, encouraged by Cousin Percy, toiled on. Up and up we crawled, getting hotter and hotter each moment, and when, during a short rest the thermos flask was found to be broken, the groans from 14 thirsty people were loud and long. About half way up we found a spring of ice cold water, and there we rested and quenched our thirst.

The last part of the climb was over stones and thick black moss which was less tiring to walk on than the slippery grass and heather; but still it was a somewhat exhausted party which collapsed on to the rocks on the summit.

The view was perfectly glorious! The distant mountains were a delicate blue and the nearer hills and moors were purple with heather. Below on one side lay Loch Rannoch, surrounded by pine-clad hills and gleaming like a sapphire in the sun, and on the other lay Loch Tummel, truly a lake of shining waters.

We sat and gazed at the beauty surrounding us, the blue sky, the great banks of snow white clouds and this dear

"Land of brown health and shaggy wood
Land of the mountain and the flood"

until it was time for lunch. We all thoroughly enjoyed it and afterwards stretched ourselves out on the rocks for a well earned rest. At about half past three we started off on our downward journey which we accomplished in an hour. We found the others where we had left them and they too had tales to tell of the delightful day they had spent reading, writing and —sleeping.

So home we went after having spent a thoroughly happy and enjoyable day, which some of us at least will remember for always.

ISLAY BISSET.

A VISIT TO HAROLD ANDERSON.

If you are wise and want to reach Norvals Pont at a civilized hour you take the weekly express and step out of the train into the freshness and glory of a Karroo morning at the respectable hour of 9 a.m. We did wish to get there at a civilized hour but alas, we were not wise and so set off by the slow daily train. This secures one 30 hours of uninterrupted travelling and for the first night and next day all goes well, but then your trials begin. You are due to arrive at 3 o'clock a.m. and no one will hold himself responsible if you are carried beyond the Pont. Sound slumber then is out of the question for though the conductor has tried to reassure you and says he will wake you, can you confide in one to whom your fate is a matter of no importance? The hours then from 12 onwards drag interminably, was ever such a weary wait! It is July and the

air nips keenly and you huddle deeper into rugs and kaross. At last it is close on 3 and the conductor opens the door with a cheery "here we are;" he then vanishes as suddenly as he came. Why did we doubt his word—all those hours wasted. A weary waste of platform greets the eye—our carrige is carried beyond it however and Father rushes to the door in frantic haste and lowers himself to the ground. I drag the bundles to the window and heave them out. No one to give a hand—an unsympathetic sleeping train, a ghostly silent station and a wind—a bitter icy wind. There seems no reason why the train should not move out at once, we appear to be no one's care and I push the bundles out hurriedly—gently now, here goes the box of penguin eggs, now for the snoek and zoete koeks. Then we hear a friendly voice and here is kind old Meyer who has come in to fetch us and has been dozing in the ticket office. The last thing is out and down I climb. Our teeth chatter with the cold, even St. Andrews cannot boast a more cutting air. Meyer suggests starting at once or waiting at the hotel till sunrise. We gladly adopt the alternative and he leads the way. The hotel! Three rooms standing behind a tin shanty. The first door yields, Father strikes a match and we peer in. No one feels prepared to stay here and we vote for a further search: the next door shows us two rooms communicating with each other and here we deposit our rugs. Meyer promising to call us returns to the ticket office fire and we gaze despairingly about us. The rooms communicated, the beds look as though they too might and we spread our rugs elsewhere and lie down. Soon after dawn mine host appears—these rooms are left at night, the doors ajar, in the same way one sets a mouse trap and next morning the proprietor peeps in to see what he has caught. On realizing his bag, coffee is ordered and we are soon ready to start on our way. Last time we left the Pont we drove on a mule wagon, but that was two years ago and this district marches with the times. A neat black hupmobile waits at the door and wrapped in every coat we possess we set off. We drive towards the sunrise and a keen wind comes to meet us. To start with the road is familiar, but soon instead of branching away to the right we find ourselves in new country and on the main road to Venterstad. For a main road it is startlingly amateurish but we weather the "bults" and sluits in a surprising way. What would have been a long distance in the old days is soon covered and on a rise to the right I see a man on a bicycle. Meyer fails to observe him and we now triumphantly dash off into the veldt along a road made yesterday by a passing wagon. The man on the bicycle follows madly in pursuit and we find it is Harold who has been proudly waiting on his boundary. Now for the new farm. Harold had been surrounding himself with new possessions since last we saw him. First and foremost is Thomas, he came about a year ago so his first newness is wearing off, he is a great success. Then there is Rietfontein the new farm and the famous Tangye engine is the third. Dot, Peggy and Thomas were waiting to welcome us at the little white walled, white roofed house. They all looked so well and cheerful and Peggy simply grown out of all recognition. After an enormous breakfast there were the other new things to be seen and we set off for the river and the wonderful pump. Across the ploughed lands we tramped. It has been a great work clearing, levelling and ploughing old Van der Walt's best grazing land and Harold loves to tramp across this close rich soil and think of the barren and thirsty acres which from now onwards will form a green oasis supplying man and beast. How the land has thirsted for centuries for the life giving water which has flowed unheeding between its steep banks to the sea. The Dutchman gave no helping hand, he rather held it impious to turn the water from its accustomed bed and even now he doubts the wisdom of the "Englishman's" action. Van der Walt bears Harold no ill will but as he gazed at those upturned acres he ominously shook his head and answered "I don't know what will come

next but you have ruined all the best grazing veldt." Since we left they write that the lucerne is coming up thick as hairs on a dog's back but I shall not soon forget those lands even when they are a safe and solid bed of green—our morning and evening walks over a heaving red brown sea, the banks between each bed too wide to be stepped over and too soft to be trodden upon. The course of the main furrow was marked out by large sticks. These according to Harold were willow trees. I did not believe him at the time but before we left they were sprouting and I believed in them as well as other things I had begun by doubting. We followed the furrow dry-shod to the engine. The engine house was not yet finished and we had to wait for a still day before it was safe to work the pump. I had almost begun to doubt the engine too, when one morning we came down to find a glorious stream worthy a name of its own pouring from the pipe and filling the furrow. When the willows are something more than promising young sticks it will be a spot where Harold can rest and think of the Cambridge backs. The pump throws 138,000 gallons an hour and scarcely a day passed without visitors appearing who on arrival at once stated that they had come to see the pump. It was humiliating for us but then we scarcely expected anything else—the pump takes everything. Dot sacrificed the visitors-some willingly—but she almost turned rebellious when she saw the lovely casement windows for the engine house and heard of the red tiled floor which was then to be made. However the pump gives in return and the ostriches were eagerly awaiting the time when they would enter their Land of Promise. Harold has kept more birds this year than ever before and as the veldt when we were there was getting dry they were having a somewhat thin time. As soon however as the lucerne lands are established he will be able to run 2000 birds with ease. Truly the engine is a great friend and I verily believe that even casement windows and red tiled floor are not too good for it. E. ANDERSON.

THE HISTORY OF CLAREMONT HOUSE.

A short account of the estate "Claremont House" may not be out of place in the "Family Chronicle." The property was originally granted in the year 1778, by Governor Joachim van Plettenberg, to Lieutenant Jan Carl Winterbach, the actual date of grant being 28th August 1778. At that time the property received the name of "Weltevreden", which means "Well-satisfied", and no doubt the lucky Lieutenant felt "well-satisfied" with his new estate. It is rather difficult to find any reliable information of the happenings of these far-back times, other than the bare facts recorded in the land registers of the country. The estate "Weltevreden" was originally 60 morgen (rather more than 120 English acres) in extent. At that date the main road is shewn as running between the estate "Weltevreden" and the estate "Stellenberg." Mr. Arderne's property appears to have been named "Palmieten Valley".

Lieutenant Jan Carl Winterbach sold the property to Charles van Cahman for the sum of 18350 guldens (Indische Valuatie) and a gulden being a florin, would mean a value of £1835. The deed of transfer to him is dated 28th May 1783. Charles van Cahman is described as the "Brandmeester" (Chief fireman or superintendent of the Fire Brigade.)

On 1st May 1793 one named Willem Fredrik Ernst Wilmans received transfer of the estate and he again transferred it to George Fredrik Langejaan on 1st December 1795.

On 25th March 1808 Francis Dashwood received transfer of the property having purchased it for the sum of 30,000 guldens (£3000). He again transferred the property to Charles Blair on 10th January 1823. It is not quite clear as to when the name of "Claremont" was given, but when Charles Blair transferred it to Robert Waters on 21st April 1836, it is described by the name "Claremont", so that it would appear as if

Charles Blair had given it the name of "Claremont."

On 31st August 1841 the property was transferred to Robert Clunie Logie, who sold off "Claremont House" to John Charles Molteno (afterwards Sir John C. Molteno) and retained "Greenfield House", where he lived for some time. To one of his daughters, now Mrs. Stegmann, some of the family, viz Betty, Caroline, Maria, Charlie, Percy, and Frank, owe their first schooling.

The property after having had various portions cut off, was transferred to Frank Molteno and the house with a certain amount of the land is still his property, though a portion of the land belongs to Percy Molteno.

Claremont House, as I first remember it, appears much the same in front, except that the dam in front, was not cemented, but where the present kitchen and adjoining room now are, there used to be a yard with a very fine oak in it—this was removed to make way for these two rooms, which were used as bedrooms by some of us boys at that time. Then again, where the three rooms off the passage beyond the bathroom now stand, there used to be three very fine fig trees, which yielded most excellent fruit. At that time there was a long covered passage called "the long passage," which led up to two detached rooms, one of which used to be our school-room. These two rooms have since been demolished, and the three present rooms off the passage, were built, and first used, two as bedrooms for some of us boys and one as a study. The outbuildings are much the same as at present except that a cow stable existed fronting towards Pine Road. The ground at that time extended to the Main Road from Beaufort Villa to the Harfield Estate and included the houses on Molteno Road and Barkly House, all of which were built by Sir John Molteno. Then in 1876 the land from Pine Road to Station Road Kenilworth was acquired by Sir John Molteno and later was sold off in building sites. At that time Harfield Road only extended from the Main Road to the Railway, but Sir John laid out the extension of it right up to Kenilworth Station. I can well remember how the water from the Spring at Kenilworth, which is now part of Dr. Murray's property, used to be brought down to Claremont House in earthenware pipes for irrigation purposes. There was a storage dam at the back under those grand old firs and from there it was led in an open furrow into the fountain in front of the house and into the garden. At that time what is now the paddock for the cows, used to be a splendid orchard containing a large variety of most excellent pears. The swimming bath in the garden used to be filled from the excellent well at hand. In that bath most of us learned to swim, and many an enjoyable day was spent by us and our friends in that old garden, with all its beautiful fruit. Where the lucerne field now is, there used to be a vineyard of about 4000 vines of most excellent Muscatel and Haneport grapes. The two rooms facing this vineyard were fitted up as schoolrooms for Charlie, Percy and myself and there we were taught by Mr. David Smith, for about three years (1870 to 1873), until we all three went to the Diocesan College in July 1873.

FRANK MOLTENO.

Extracts of a Letter from Ireland.

The following is taken from a letter from Dr. Murray written to Caroline from Ireland.

9th October 1913.

. . . . . I had a very pleasant time in county Wicklow, but on the 7th, the rain in the mountains was so heavy I had to stay indoors. This gave me an opportunity of seeing the family life of the people. The Mulligans are small farmers and are tenants of Lord Powerscourt, it was one of them, who became a foster mother to my father, that would now be about 100 years ago. Since that time, the old Mulligan who died 2 years ago, said

that always "a Murray came to see them now and again", and they are always glad when that happens. At present the family in the house consists of four boys and three girls, amongst them they do the whole work of the farm. It is 30 acres of arable land, a free run of a great mountain side, and a commonage and the inevitable bog, they have the right of cutting turf (peat) for fuel, and of bringing fallen wood out of the Deer Park. The boys divide the work, one is the agriculturist and ploughman, one is the shepherd, one the pig and cattle man, they are aged 30, 25 and 20. Two girls, 19 and 22, do the household work, cook, bake bread, milk, make butter, and boil the pigs food. One girl of 9 years goes to school, but when at home helps in the house. I saw her knitting. The good mother apparently looks after everything, and knits a lot. She has had ten children and the two elder daughters are Sisters of Mercy and are at present in their respective convents. One boy is away learning a grocer's business. I stayed two nights, and the mother and two sons had meals with me, and in the evening we all sat together at tea. Then we all sat round a blazing turf fire while the girls washed up, pausing now and again with open mouths listening to my stories about South Africa. I told them all about lions and Jarvis and Lenox and the elephants. Then I told them a gruesome crocodile story and then they did not want to go to bed, and the eldest son said "Bedad that was a moighty queer kind of farming, anyhow he would'nt like the lions to be looking at him while he was working." After the washing up was done, then two of the boys played the fiddle, and one played the Irish Bagpipes, an instrument resembling the Highland, and then a girl and a young man took the floor and danced hornpipes and Irish jigs quite gracefully, then two of the girls danced them doing most intricate steps in quite good time. After that the men were too shy to dance alone but they played all kinds of solos on their instruments. They only learn to play by ear and each neighbour shows the other how to do it. It was a pretty scene, the warm turf fire at one end over which there was a huge iron pot filled with potato scraps from the table and mealie meal boiling away. During all the singing and dancing the careful mother stirred the huge pot of vegetables and mealie meal, watching it all the time, this was the pigs pot, and very good it seemed to me. I asked her what it was for and she said for the pigs, "and they would show me the pigs to-morrow." And so the evening passed happily along. The mother said she liked them to play and dance and make a noise, saying, "sure it kept the boys at home instead of going about at night." Two neighbouring farmers came in and discussed the Home Rule questions. The next evening was much the same only they said now would I sing them a song? Sure they had heard me singing when I was getting up and knew I could do it. So then by the fire light they all sat round and I sang them two songs, I explained them first. I sang "Absent" and "The Green Isle of Erin". The girls soft eyes looked tender over "Absent" and they all gave tremendous applause over "The Green Isle". Then I had to tell them more stories and I told them about our little farm, about Kathleen and the Bees, but I said you were the real farmer and head of it all. Then looks of astonishment appeared and I could hear them say "Well now look at that". Then I told them about the geese and how they sold for £1 each, at that they looked politely incredulous. Then they would like to know what part I took in it? So I said well I did not do anything but I had said to you that I would take a hand and you had said I might look after the geese! I had no sooner said that than they all roared shaking with laughter for some time, then the eldest son first recovered and said "Sure it was thrue enough such fine geese as those must want a lot of looking after",

and then they all looked very politely at me and the younger ones tried to stop giggling.

On the following day they showed me the pigs, some very fine middle yorks, one sow had thirteen little ones, and another eleven. They fed them carefully with boiled food, they do not keep many, but they feed them well, and sell them when they weigh over 200lbs. They sell by the Pig apparently, not by accurate weighing.

This family present a real picture of the simple and happy life, they go to mass on Sundays and confession, are on good terms with their Protestant neighbours. They disapprove of strikes and do not like Larkin, and do not like loafers who will not work. I have read books about "Simple Life" but have never seen it in actual practice till I saw it in this family. They are very open minded about Home Rule and say they don't know where the money is to come from for carrying it on, already there is much done for them by the Agricultural Department. The labourers are being well housed. I gave them a short discription of Percy's " Small Land holders Scottish act" They say if they had that "sure no man could want anything. " They speak very highly of this present Lord Powerscourt, he has 3 children, 2 sons, one Pat and one John. He lives with his wife altogether amongst his tenantry the whole year through, helps them in agriculture and has a good and " reasonable farm agent."

Your character as a farmer will soon be well know through the district, as well as Miss Kathleen, sure she brushes the Bees whiskers " whilst the poor faither looks after the geese" ! !

FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

Receipts		Expenditure.	
Per subscriptions to magazine	£28 10 0	Printing	
Extra copies	1 2 6	April 2nd 1913	£9 17 0
		July 30th 1913	8 18 0
		Postage	
		April 2nd 1913	3 3
		July 30th 1913	3 0
		Balance in hand	10 11 3
	£29 12 6		£29 12 6

Letters from British East Africa.

Naivasha, March 19th, 1912.

Dear Lenox,

I got back here to camp at 1.30 p.m. this afternoon after a fairly adventurous trip. I lost a big elephant by a little. I was lucky in a way but also unfortunate. After leaving you on Wednesday, the stupid Wandorobo made me walk for 5½ solid hours from Shaner's place to their encampment which is only about 2 miles from Kijibe Station being in the forest directly on top of the hill above the station. I don't know what on earth possessed him to take me all that way round. I spent the greater part of Thursday trying to engage 5 Kikuyu porters to carry pocho. I found them very unwilling to go but, at last, I got 5 excellent fellows who carried splendidly, the whole time, without complaining. I left the Wandorobo encampment about 4 p.m. on Thursday and camped in a cave, after 2 hours' march. The next day we walked from 6.30 till about 12 o'clock along a Kikuyu track going, apparently, more or less, towards Fort Hall. The whole way was through mixed bamboo and tree forest. About 12 o'clock we left this track and in about half an hour got on to the elephant spoor which these fellows were making. for I must say they know these tracks well. We followed the spoor till half past one and then camped at a stream where we left the Kikuyu. In the afternoon I went out with the Wandorobo and got into beastly bamboo forests with dense undergrowth about 12 feet high. We were following, the whole time, on elephants tracks. Apparently there were 2 big bulls, one of which has been named Zeemango by the Wandorobo. We found where they had been down into a big mud hole and after coming out had rammed their tusks into the bank and dug off big pieces of earth. In several places they had rubbed the mud off against trees and I measured one mark, made by Zeemango, to be 8 feet from the ground, another mark I could just reach the top of, by holding

your Manlicher by the back sight and just touched the top with the end of the band. That afternoon we saw nothing of them and the boys thought they had gone towards Kinanhop. Apparently they had been at this place about a week. Next morning we took up the spoor again, the Kikuyus following behind. About 7.30 a.m. we were still in bamboo forest, with dense undergrowth, when we suddenly heard them in front of us. We stood still and listened. From where I was I could see about ten yards ahead. Suddenly one of them came straight for us. I could see the bamboo going down and the Wandorobo at once wanted to bolt but luckily the one with the gun stood. The elephant came within about 20 yards of me and then turned and made off. I could, of course see nothing of him and could not get in a shot. The Wandorobo, who had been leading on the spoor, got such a shock that he could lead no more and afterwards kept well in the background. After waiting a little, for everyone's nerves to recover, we took up the spoor again and followed it till 2 p.m. when we camped as the boys said there was no more water for a long distance which was "rot". The next morning at 6.30 a.m. we again took up the spoor and about 9.30, reached a Kikuyu track on the edge of Kinanhop beyond which the Wandorobo could not go as they said they did not know the forest and it was Kikuyu country. We had not been in the elephants track for about 16 miles and I told the Wandorobo there would be no money if we did not get an elephant, so we pushed on again. We descended from this Kikuyu track into a very deep valley, crossed the Chanier River and then kept all along the Kenia side of the Aberdare (or rather Kinanhop) very high up. Again my boys wanted to turn back but I struck two awfully good Wandorobos, about 12 o'clock, who had seen our two elephants pass and took up the lead. About 1 p.m. when in dense bamboo forest, and absolutely dense undergrowth, we heard the two elephants just in front of us. One came towards us and stood within about 8 yards of me but I could not see him. We waited till he moved forward again and then followed on the track he had made. He kept zigzaging, with very short turns, so that we could only see from 2 to 10 yards ahead. After going a little way, I saw him standing, enveloped in the leafy undergrowth so that I could see only a dark mass and before I could get a shot he had moved on. It was wonderful how quietly he moved in this scrub. He was evidently getting nasty and not inclined to run any more but my one Wandorobo was awfully good, not a bit afraid. We kept along after him between an impenetrable wall of scrub when suddenly quite unexpectedly, he blew with his trunk, almost in our faces. I doubt whether he was 5 yards from us—he had made a very sharp turn in his track and was waiting for us. If the scrub had not been so high (it was almost 12 feet) he could have easily reached us with his trunk. We all stood as still as mice. The one boy wanted me to fire off my gun to frighten him. He told me these had been his tactics before when he caught the two Wandorobos. After waiting about five minutes, we crept forward again and found he had moved on. We then followed for about an hour without seeing or hearing anything of him and I began to think we would have another long chase when suddenly, as we got to a sharp turn, he again blew in our faces. This time I determined to get a smack at him. This turn not being quite so sharp, I could see his hind quarters as he slowly moved forward. I told the boys to wait and crept after him. Suddenly, I came upon him standing right in his track with his head towards me, like a statue. Unfortunately he was entirely enveloped in leafy foliage so that I could see only his two tusks protruding. I did not like to delay and fired with my ·303 at a point above what I could see of his tusks. He stood stock still for a moment and I thought he would fall

but, before I could get another cartridge in he turned and cleared. In the meanwhile the second elephant, at my shot, went off like a steam engine. When I fired my elephant was not more than 15 yards from me and on going up to the spot we found plenty of drops of blood. We followed him for about 2 hours with blood marks all the way and twice he had come to his knees, but as it got dark, we had to camp. Next morning we again took up his spoor and followed it till 11 o'clock, when I had to give it up as I had no more food for the boys. I can't tell you how disgusted I was. I could not see the tusks where they entered the head and probably fired too low. It is absolutely essential to have a double barrel ·450 in that country. I would have certainly got him as I could have got in a second shot. My good Wandorobo says that there are plenty of big tuskers and also plenty of Bongo this side of Kinanhop and that it is not so risky as you get into the forest proper. In crossing the Chanier River I picked up quite a good pair of Bongo horns and near the Wandorobos encampment, while waiting for the porters, I shot two colobus monkeys. I did not find it at all cold sleeping in the Kinanhop and did not have much rain.

Naivasha, April 4th, 1912.

Since Lenox returned we have been thrashing out the question of land here and have come to the conclusion that it is essential to purchase. There are only 2 areas still to come into the market and hundreds of applicants every time a batch of land comes up. Land is changing hands along the railway at 25/- an acre for stock, and £5 an acre for coffee and wattle land. We have been watching Kenia closely and found a block of 12,000 acres, open for sale, just exactly where we have been wanting to get it. It adjoins some tip-top veldt for which we made application last October and it lies between two fine rivers which come out of the snows of Kenia. There is not much land of the same quality to be had in the whole of B.E.A. You have no idea how attractive this country is, particularly Kenia—there are no ticks and it seems quite a healthy part for stock, it is beautifully watered and, as for scenery, it would be difficult to beat it anywhere. There are plenty of elephants and buffalo in the forests which come down to within half a mile from the top farm, in fact we have a patch of cedars on the place. There are 4 houses and about £600 will have been spent on improvements, if we occupy next July. Lenox did very well with his stock coming up, he lost only 3 Merino ewes. He brought up 100 merino ewes, 13 rams and 2 mares—one with a foal. The mare with the foal, unfortunately, reacted twice to the Mallein test for glanders but did not the third time so that she is not on the farm with Lenox but will have to be tested again in 4 months' time. I like the country better the longer I am here. Lenox & I came upon 5 lions again a few days ago but could not get in a shot. The nearest railway station to the Kenia farms is Naivasha, 72 miles but from there, there is only a bridle path over the mountains; however from the next station, Gilgil, there is a waggon road and the distance is 84 miles. There is a good road to Nairobi, 130 miles distant, fit for a motor car. A branch line is nearly completed to the Thika, 30 miles along the Kenia road and there is motor transport as far as Fort Hall, 66 miles on the Kenia road. The nearest village is Nyeri where the Provincial and District Commissioners are both stationed. This village is 22 miles from the farms. The road to Abyssinia passes over one of the farms and the country in that direction is very good for trading stock. The timber concessions, held by the Earl of Warwick on Mount Kenia, will soon have to be devoloped, and as soon as they start cutting, one of the stipulations is a railway to Nyeri so there is every prospect of a railway reaching Nyeri within the next 2 or 3 years.

ERNEST'S DIARY IN THE BALKANS.

It was on February 20th that on going into the Club at my hospital, I was told by a medical student that he and his brother were thinking of offering their services to the British Red Cross Society for the Balkan War; he asked me if I would join them and try and arrange to go in the same party. It is true the thought had crossed my mind before. Turkey was not absolutely a strange country to me, I had visited it three times previously and had quite a number of friends amongst the Turks.

We all agreed to go down to Victoria Street and make enquiries, but on arriving at the British Red Cross Society's Offices there, we found the place beseiged with people. It was only after a very long time that we eventually found ourselves ushered into the Committee Room. This however, was as far as we went together—the units being sent out were very nearly all completed and if we wished to go at once, we would have to separate—they had their names put down for Greece, and myself fitted the last vacancy in No. 2 unit going to Turkey over which I was given command.

The next three days were spent in collecting uniform and equipment, and attending to the many little details necessary before leaving. A Turkish friend of mine was in London at the time. Turkey had started badly but he was not upset by these first reverses; in fact, at the declaration of war, he told me they were surs to suffer at the commencement, as things in the frontier were not in order. However he had no doubt as to the eventual result. The news however got worse and worse with dramatic suddenness, and he was forced to the conclusion that things were looking very black. A great stand however, was anticipated in the neighbourhood of Chorlu. Being a personal friend of Nazim Pasha he gave me a letter of introduction to him, and also to Mahmoud Muktar Pasha. I introduced him to Major Doughty Wylie, who was in command of the three units going out to Turkey and he offered his house in the Bosphorus, if we should require it, for convalescent patients. He also wired to Turkey to try and obtain for us a private Hospital for 100 beds in which he was interested. Major Doughty Wylie was anxious that we should get up to Adrianople, form an advance Hospital there, in anticipation of which he had already acquired three houses, organise a base Hospital in Constantinople with another of the units, and at the same time fix up an ambulance train running between Constantinople and Adrianople. In this way the three units would work conjointly.

It was really most disconcerting the nasty wet evening previous to our departure, to read the large headlines and hear the paper boys yelling out "Adrianople in flames" &c. The eventful day, however, broke dull but fine. We all had to be down at the Offices in Victoria Street at 6.30 a.m. It was rather a scramble getting the finishing touches to our uniforms, in the way of water bottles, mess tins, shoulder straps etc. However, by 7 a.m. all of us mustering 56 formed up outside the building, a photograph was taken, and then, to the cheerful strain of the bagpipes, we tramped off down Whitehall to Charing Cross. Here we were given a good breakfast, the last we expected for many a long day, and soon after were waving farewells as the train drew out of the station with a good deal of shouting and waving of handkerchiefs. I found myself, with the other eleven doctors, in a Saloon carriage with Major Doughty Wylie and Mrs. Wylie, who was very pluckily coming out with us—it was the first time really for days that we could settle down for a quiet two hours and we gradually became acquainted with each other.

At Dover we seemed to attract a good deal of attention, though I fancy most people thought we were leaving to return immediately. "What is the good of your going" one American said to me, "the war will

be over before you arrive." How many times have people been wrong over this war; from beginning to end it has been one series of surprises—and to people who ought to know better—I have not known a single opinion offered during the whole six months I was out as being justified by the results.

The French railway authorities provided for us most comfortably the whole way to Marseilles where we arrived the following morning, and marched down to the Docks. Accommodation had been arranged for us on the S.S. Ionic, one of the Paquet Boats. Here we seemed to reach the first atmosphere of war—usual passengers there were none—French nuns and reservists returning were practically all except ourselves.

We were going direct to Constantinople, and were due to arrive there in five days. The voyage was made use of in getting all the men and ourselves vaccinated against smallpox and enteric, and although a few had somewhat sad expressions for a few days, the general air was that of cheerfulness and excitement. The nuns expressed a desire for the same treatment, which was accordingly given them.

Apart from sighting a few Greek warships, cruising about outside the Dardanelles, the voyage passed quite uneventfully and the sea was calm.

We anchored off the Dardanelles, and collected quite a fleet of boats around us, which gradually pushed off in single line, hugging the West side of the Straits, and, passing just under the forts, managed to avoid the mines.

We were most anxious to get news, and were disappointed to hear nothing but foolish reports of extraordinary Turkish successes. However, the Captain was asked to go to Rodosto and pick up wounded—this was ominous, what did it mean? I knew Rodosto was not far from Chorlu. He refused to go, and the following morning we were drawing into the Golden Horn with all its attendant bustle of boats, shouting and hooting.

It was a nasty drizzling morning. From the boat, moored alongside the quay, Constantinople looked to me just as it had done before. There was no sign of war; it is true a few troops would every now and then emerge from side streets and make their way along to the bridge, but they seemed to creat no excitement; everybody was moving about in their quiet unconcerned way, and seemed to be more interested in us than anything else. We were evidently not expected; no Turkish officials came on board to meet us.

A few hours later an English doctor, who had preceded us by several weeks, came on board with most alarming reports. The Bulgarians had carried everything before them, were then at the gates, so to speak, of Constantinople, and were expected in hourly. A general massacre was certain. All our fine plans about Adrianople were nothing but dreams. A place had to be found in Constantinople, and a base Hospital organised there as soon as possible. The Hospital we had wired about from England had been already staffed and was, unfortunately, already full of wounded. We were told the trains were bringing in masses of wounded, most of them in a terrible condition, that the hospitals were full, and that private houses were being got ready to receive these wounded.

The day was spent in looking about for a suitable building for a base hospital, all the men being told to remain on board. A place was eventually found, occupying certainly a most beautiful position in Seraglio Point overlooking Stambul and the Golden Horn. It was an Art School in connection with the Museum.

We made our final entry into the town the following morning. Some mistook us for Bulgarians as to the accompaniment of bagpipes we wound our way through the narrow streets, deeply lined by people, and made our way to Seraglio Piont.

Our stores soon began to arrive, ox waggon after ox waggon, groaning up the hill adding to the confusion at the steps of the Musee, as it was finally called.

It took us two days to get the place ready to receive the wounded. Mattresses on the floor were used as beds; these were really preferred by the patients, as it was more what they were accustomed to, but it made the nursing and cleanliness of the wards a matter of great difficulty.

I don't think anyone will forget the evening our first batch of wounded arrived. It was about 12 o'clock and we were most of us in bed. Suddenly the tramp of feet, the flickering from lanterns, and shouting outside, announced the arrival of stretcher parties. The sights that followed in the receiving room, brought vividly to all of us the horrors of war, especially of a war in which the medical department had failed. All the patients had come from the neighbourhood of Kirk Kilisse, and all wounded at least 13 days previously. In many cases no dressing of any kind had been applied, and no splinting had been used for the fractured limbs. Apparently no attention had been given them of any kind, apart from a cursory glance. They had travelled down most of the way in bullock waggons and carts picking up the railway only after Chorlu.

The wounds were without exception all septic, of enormous size and mostly due to shrapnel. The pain of being jolted along over country tracks with unset broken legs for thirteen days with no medical attention must have been beyond description, and the general stench and filth of the patients and the wounds had better be left to the imagination. Numbers must have died by the roadside, and numbers never moved from the battlefield. What was true of the medical department seemed to apply to all the other departments —organization of all kinds had absolutely and hopelessly failed—and we fully realize now that organisation means everything in modern warfare.

The spirit of the Turkish soldier is probably the same as it ever was, but how the gaunt, tottering, sad looking, starving spectres one got accustomed to see wandering about the country near Chatalja could ever be expected to offer resistance of any kind, I don't know.

Of course a few weeks of good feeding made all the difference and the Chatalja lines a month after we arrived were a different thing altogether from what we first saw.

To return to the Musee, it was extraordinary how pluckily most of the men behaved after their wounds were attended to. A cigarette seemed all they needed, to be quite content, and, going round the wards afterwards when they had been changed into decent nightshirts and put to bed with their wounds fixed up, one could not believe that these were the patients carrying the enormous septic holes we had just seen. Most of them fell asleep immediately, being absolutely exhausted. It was in the early hours of the morning that we turned in. Similar experiences occurred two nights later and in a few days we had about 100 patients in the hospital.

The mortality was high, and, to make things worse, the word Cholera was beginning to be breathed about the town, and a most fatal form of diarrhoea was begining to carry our people in the hospital away. An isolation ward was quickly arranged, and people suffering from this complaint, were removed from the general wards. Was this Cholera or was it not?—it certainly was not typical, and in the absence of bacteriological examination, the question will never be settled.

Constantinople was at last reflecting the effects of war. Miles and miles of waggons were slowly making their way into the town, bringing with them the peasants of Thrace, who were flying before the advancing armies; old men and young boys, women with tiny babies, some I saw apparently only a few days old. Household goods and chattels had evidently hastily been put on the waggons.

Some brought a few sheep with them, but these were quickly being sold for a trifling sum to help to buy some of the

necessities of life. The youngsters seemed to think it a grand joke and no end of a picnic, but the women's faces told a different tale. The streets leading down to the Golden Horn were absolutely blocked with this procession; the poor refugees gradually being ferried over the Bosphorus never again to return to their homes—the Crescent was certainly waning in Europe.

A couple of us wandered towards evening up to St. Sophia. It was Friday and the Mosque presented an animated appearance; outside the large entrance doors, were standing animals laden with ammunition and numbers of soldiers. After watching them for a few minutes we turned to go away, when several soldiers came up and insisted that we should go inside. We took off our boots and entered. I shall never forget the impression—that huge domed building looking weird in the fading light, the monotonous drooning of various people praying that seemed to echo round the place, the pile of ammunition boxes under the dome, the masses of soldiers to the left of us amongst the pillars, smoking, talking and eating, some of them sleeping. The place seemed a combination of barrack room, arsenal and Church. We sat down on the mats under the dome with our friends; they offered us cigarettes saying that, being soldiers, we could all smoke there. These were soldiers from Asia Minor recently arrived in Constantinople, and off to the front the next morning—absolutely ignorant of all that was happening there, and fully expecting to drive the Bulgarians back to Sophia. "Why does not England join with Turkey" one of them said to me—"then, who can touch us in the whole world." We walked back to the Musee, meeting a regiment already on the move. Without a word, muffled up in their great grey hooded cloaks, silently, and in the darkness they made their way to swell the numbers that were quickly being sent up to stem the tide of triumphant Bulgaria.

The Musee was now beginning to work smoothly, and Major Doughty Wylie was anxious to send some of us nearer the front to form a Field Hospital, to feed (so as speak) the Base Hospital, and in this way, try to prevent the continuous stream of septic cases. Difficulties presented themselves at every turn. The Government would take no initiative; transport was found to be an absolute impossibility, in fact, things looked as if we should never move from Constantinople. If anything was to be done, Major Doughty Wylie realised that it had to be done quickly, and that the first steps were to be taken by ourselves; and with this object, a few days later, he, Mr. Page and myself, went round in a steam tug, kindly lent to us for the occasion, to San Stephano. There is no harbour here, and the pier can only be approached in calm weather. As we were not favoured, we had to land in a boat. Most of the inhabitants had gone, the place was full of soldiers and transport. Several ships were lying off with flour and stores for the army then some 15 miles away on the rolling downs overlooking Chatalja. The object of our journey was to find a Turk, who had offered us his house for a hospital. He was soo found, and together, we made our way to the last house but one, in the village. It was surrounded by a wall, had a decent sized garden, and overlooked the sea. All arrangements were made to bring up our equipment on the following day and to turn the place into a Hospital—he agreed to this on only one condition, that we would not accept Cholera. Major Doughty Wylie and a Captain Deedes, the Captain of the Turkish Gendarmerie at Smyrna, who had accompanied us, who spoke Turkish fluently, and was of very great help to us, then went on to Lake Kutchuk Tchekmedje, to prospect for a field Dressing Station. We were all most anxious to get our Stations opened as soon as possible. The Bulgarians were expected daily to force the Lines, and the distant rumbling of cannons could even then, now and again, be heard from the West. Page and I immediately returned in the tug to Constantinople.

Lists of equipment were made out, and on arriving at the Musee these and the stores were collected together in the Hall in readiness for the next day. Major Doughty Wylie had arranged that No. 2 unit should go, and we were accordingly much envied by all the others.

(To be continued.)

A CHRISTMAS CRADLE SONG.

In the linen soft and white.
Mary laid her Heart's Delight;
Rocked the cradle to and fro,
—Mothers still such watch do keep—
Sang a song both sweet and low,
—Jesus would not go to sleep.

Wide awake and wild with joy,
He too sings, her little boy;
On the cradle, as he lies,
Time with tiny fist doth keep;
Mary Mother sadly sighs,
—Baby Jesus would not sleep!

"Sweetling, sleep!" she trembling said,
"Sleep, my lamb, 'tis time for bed!
Door is shut and lamp is out,
Now's no time to laugh and leap,
Sleep without a fear or doubt!"
—Baby Jesus would not sleep.

"Sleep my Lamb, my Heart's Delight,
Sleep, it is God's holy night,
He will look in sad surprise,
See! the stars amazed do peep,
Quick, Love, cover up those eyes!"
—Baby Jesus would not sleep.

"Only shut that laughing eye!
Lovely dreams are wandering by,
Soon like flocks of doves they'll pass,
'Neath those eyelids gently creep;
Here they come!"—Alas! Alas!
—Jesus would not go to sleep.

Mary now can bear no more,
Kneels beside him on the floor.
"Ah! he will not heed my prayers;
Sweetheart, see, thy mother weeps;
Sweetheart, dost thou feel her tears?"
—Instantly Babe Jesus sleeps.

(Adapted from the French of Alphonse Daudet)

LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS.

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James Molteno, Ballochmyle, Kenilworth.
Victor Molteno, Wynberg.
Wallace Molteno, Kamfers Kraal, Nels Poort.
Mrs. Wallace Molteno, Kamfers Kraal, Nels Poort.
Barkly Molteno, United Service Club, Pall Mall.
E. B. F. Molteno, Elgin, C. P.
Lady Molteno, Elgin, C.P.
Miss Jarvis, Beaufort Villa, Kenilworth.
Mrs. Bisset, Beauleigh, Kenilworth.
Willie Bisset, Aboyne, Kenilworth.
Murray Bisset, Plumstead.
Bessie Beard, Belford, Kenilworth.
Jim Bisset, Larne, Kenilworth.
Effie Anderson, Tressilian, Kenilworth.
Ernest Anderson, Hyde Park Barracks, London.
Harold Anderson, Rietfontein, Norvals Pont.
Jarvis Murray, P. O. Nairobi.
Gordon Murray, Reedfontein, Cedarville, Griqualand East.
Kenah Murray, Dilton, Kenilworth.
May Murray, Kenilworth.
Willie Anderson, C/o Lloyds Bank, Lombard St., London.
Willie Blenkins, Beaufort Villa, Kenilworth.
Miss de Jongh, Hunsdon, Kenilworth.
Miss Bingle, 76 Tierney Road, Streatham, London, S.W.
Kathleen Murray, Kenilworth.
Miss Alice Greene, Harston House, Harston, Cambridge.
Brenda Molteno, Claremont House, Claremont.
Lenox Murray, P.O. Nyeri, British East Africa.
Helena Southey, P.O. Cedarville, Griqualand East.
George Murray, 10 Palace Court, Bayswater, London, W.
Ursula Bisset, 10 Palace Court, Bayswater, London, W.
Islay Bisset, 10 Palace Court, Bayswater, London, W.

We are sorry to hear from Harold Anderson that his ostrich feathers which had just been sent to Port Elizabeth for sale were all burnt in a fire at Gingell Ayliff's and the nice new portmanteau in which they had been sent. As the feathers were insured we hope he will not bear the loss.