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CONTENTS.

GENERAL NEWS.

On Nov. 20th Dr. Murray received a communication, through Pretoria, stating: "Capt. Murray wounded, slight, arm, side, near Kasawa, but not admitted to hospital." At the same time came a cable from Jarvis, saying: "Well; will wire from Dar-es-Salaam—probably be one month reaching there. Love."

No account has since come from Jarvis about the fight, but from other sources we hear that his regiment did very well and that Jarvis was the last man wounded in the campaign. This fight took place after the Armistice, on the 14th.

The latest news was a cable saying he had arrived at Nairobi en route (we presume) for his base at Bombo in Uganda, where he is to get his discharge.

We congratulate Jarvis on getting a bar to his M.C. and Lennox on being awarded the O.B.E.

A card from Lennox, dated Jan. 6th, told us that he expected to reach Dar-es-Salaam in four days, and to receive his discharge there.

Bessie and Percy spent part of August and September in Scotland, at Fortingal. As the hotel there was not able to take in all their large party, sleeping accommodation had to be found for some of them at the Post Office and other houses in the village.

The following extract from a letter gives some account of this delightful holiday:—

"Alice Holt,
Sept. 8th, 1918.

"I must tell you how we travelled up to Scotland. We started off on a very hot evening, and had an ordinary first-class compartment to ourselves. Kenah then proceeded to dispose of the family for the night. Stewart went into one luggage rack, and Rhona into the other—Lorna on the floor on rugs—while Kenah took one side and I the other—sounds very brutal of "Pa and M," doesn't it? but the racks were very comfy. Rhona said, if no one would laugh, she would sing "God Save the King"—so, as no one *did* laugh, she pro-

ceeded to sing herself to sleep, and as the train rushed along I could hear a small voice from the rack piping "Send him victorious." She and Kenah were the only two who slept, Lorna and Stewart were much too excited, so "Mummie" didn't sleep much either. However, we were very lucky, as travelling goes these days, to secure the compartment to ourselves. In the corridor three weary Tommies were sleeping on the floor.

"Kenah wrote to tell you how happy we were at Fortingal. First of all, Aunt Bessie had arranged for us to have rooms at a farm house, but then the difficulty of cooking came in, as the people would not undertake anything in that way. So, at the last, she got rooms for us at the Post Office. The children, Annie, their maid, and Victor were all in rooms over the garage at Glen Lyon, and went into the house for baths, and we all had meals at the hotel, where Uncle Percy, Aunt Bessie, Margaret and Helen were staying. Aunt Bessie gave a tea party in the Glen Lyon dining-room, the table just groaning with scones and jam—all home-made and most excellent, and also most un-war-like. I loved Glen Lyon House, and longed to learn all about its romantic past—in fact, all the past of Scotland is full of romance and history, one longed for more opportunity to go into it all, but, of course, all the books about it were packed away. The house, when it is clothed and in daily use, must be charming. We had endless picnics, much to the joy of the children. Rhona just loved Uncle Percy, and wanted to be with him as much as possible.

"Kenah made valiant attempts to get a salmon, but they evaded him. Though we saw them, they would not get enthusiastic about any of the flies. One evening he stayed out late, and I took sandwiches up to him—borrowing a bicycle from one of the Miss Macintyres at the hotel. I bicycled up the glen for about four miles—found Kenah, and we stayed out till dark. The only things that were biting that evening were the midges, and they were simply famished, apparently. There was a Mr. Bonhill staying at the hotel—a very keen fisherman, and he, very kindly, invited Kenah to fish on the upper reaches of the Lyon that he had taken. The salmon are all higher up at this time of the season, so one day we went right up beyond what they call "Still Waters." It was when Ernest and Jervis were there, so they, Kenah and Ford, the keeper, all went off early on motor bicycle and side car—Kenah and Ernest on the former, Kenah riding and Ernest on the mud guard—a most wobbly pair. I followed on a bicycle, and, after lunch, all the others came in a waggonette, and we had the usual glorious "sconnie" tea together. The glen is one of the loveliest spots I have ever seen, and I thoroughly enjoyed bicycling up it, every turn and twist one saw a fresh mountain and a different aspect of the view—*how* I loved it.

"One day Lady Currie invited all the "shooters" to shoot driven grouse—Kenah had never had any before. That day we all went up on to the hills to burn wood, to get ash for the land—Uncle Percy, Mrs. Selous, Miss Cowan, myself and the children. We had a lovely day, and worked hard, making the most glorious bonfires. We had our lunch up there. You may imagine our joy at Kenah's getting an extra week's leave, which gave us two whole weeks at Glen Lyon. We travelled down on the night of the 27th, most comfortably, as, by a lucky chance, we got sleepers, and so slept well. We sent the children on home, and Kenah and I spent the day in London and got Aunt Betty to lunch with us.

"Kenah saw Col. Stock, who told him he wanted him very much to take an appointment at Borden. Of course, Kenah really wanted hospital work, but Borden would mean he could live here at Alice Holt, which would be glorious. It seems they want some one there to decide which men are fit for France and which to go back to South Africa or Woking or wherever the South Africans are. I am afraid it won't be very interesting work, but it is very important. It remains for the War Office to decide, but we long for it to materialize.

"I saw Kenah off at Charing Cross at midday on the 31st., and I have heard once since. He had arrived safely. The hospital was full, and Kenah had a lot of patients—many serious cases, so I knew he would have no time to write. The news from our armies is simply splendid—on we go—at last, but the hospitals will all be full."

After his leave, spent in Scotland, Kenah returned to the S.A. Base Hospital in France, but soon after was transferred to Borden Camp, near Alice Holt. He was delighted to be able to live with his family, cycling over to the Camp every day.

Unfortunately this happy state of things did not last long, for soon the camp was moved to Perham Down, in Wiltshire, which is now the S.A. Discharge Depot.

Extracts from Kenah's letters:—

"Alice Holt,
near Farnham, Surrey,
Oct. 29th, 1918.

"My post at Borden has proved rather a busy one, and absorbed most of my energies for the present. When I came there there were a very large number (nearly 1,000) waiting to be discharged, and I had to get assistance to work through them. Even with help, a great deal of the work had to pass through my hands. However, the bulk has been got through, and there is now no great accumulation, although my hands are still very full. I have to interview each man and go into his case and make recommendations to the Medical Board before which he goes for his pension and final discharge. It means rather concentrated work, as there are no end of papers to look through in each case and many questions to be asked."

"S. African Discharge Depot,
Perham Down, Wiltshire,
Dec. 1st, 1918.

"I had no sooner got to Borden than news came that we were shortly to be moved away, which was rather a blow. I had never expected to go there and be able to live at Alice Holt, and then to have it broken up immediately was a great disappointment. From Borden we were temporarily moved to Chiseldon, near Swindón, and now to this place, which is to be the disposal centre for the S. A. Brigade and all other S. A. units in Europe. At present, and I suppose until the Armistice ends everything is going on as usual, and all training is being carried out as though the fighting was still in progress."

Barkly Molteno has been given an appointment at the Admiralty, in connection with the Reconstruction. This allows him to live in his own home at Alton, which he leaves every morning at 8.30, returning at 7.30 in the evening. He says it is like "Heaven" after seven years in the North Sea.

Extract from a letter of Barkly Molteno:—

"H.M.S. Bellerophon,
"Sept. 15th, 1918.

"It is a bitterly cold, dreary afternoon, with strong N.E. wind and no enticement to enjoy the Sunday (relative) quiet, in the open air on shore, so that, in my cabin, with an electric radiator at my feet, I am thankful I'm not shivering ashore, where fires are no more, on account of lack of coal. . . . . .

"I've just been reading the very beautiful book of extracts about dear George, which has been sent me. Reading Miss Greene's words describing that retreat, and his heroic behaviour, brought tears again to my eyes. I've seen nothing more splendidly expressed than is written in that book. Betty's idea, so well expressed, that George's men would need him to lead them on the other side of death, is a splendid one. . . . . .

"Your description of Millar's Point and the glorious winter weather there does make one long to be there amongst you all; however, I think, just at present, I don't ask for more than to be allowed a week or two at the home Ethel has made so charming at the dear sleepy little country town of Alton. The house is an old one, and, although it is in the High Street, it has a delightful big garden. Paul and Malcolm are both there at present. Paul has had three weeks, and is still on leave, having left

the "Vivacious," and not yet got another ship. Ethel says Malcolm and Viola are tremendously devoted to one another. She is the most compelling little person. I shall never forget, when I was playing tennis, one day, and she saw me, and put up her little arms to be taken up by me, and, when I didn't, her look of utter incomprehension that her Daddy should not at once take her when she wanted to come to him, but she didn't cry, it was just surprise. She's very sociable and has a word for everyone and a smile, too. . . . . I am so very much interested to know that Marjorie and Harry Blackburn have bought Greenfield House. Before I forget, I must tell you how very warmly Mr. Burton spoke of Dr. Murray and Kathleen and also of Kenah (when he spent a few days on my ship). Yesterday his son (such a nice and capable midshipman) showed me a wire from his father that his ship had been torpedoed, but that he, Pilkington (who was at College with Kenah) and Chiappini were safe."

After sixteen years of Parliamentary life, Percy Molteno decided, for various reasons, not to stand for re-election, although several constituencies were offered him.

We are looking forward to a long visit from Percy and Bessie and Margaret, in the next Spring.

The following is an extract from a letter from Miss Greene:—

"Dec. 13th, 1918.

"To think that that last letter of yours was only written a fortnight before "Peace!" Deep indeed is one's thankfulness that the violent killing is over, and yet—and yet. Perhaps things will be better when Peace is actually signed, but assuredly an Armistice seems only one degree removed from War. Personally, to me, it is almost worse. At any rate, then, risks and loss and suffering and horror, were the lot of both sides, pretty evenly. You inflicted no more than you got—but, for the spirit of calm, cool hatred and revenge, to prevail when your enemy is under your feet seems uncanny and un-British to the last degree.

"One trembles to think what will come out of it. I have not the smallest doubt that if rôles had been reversed, the enemy would have displayed an equally bad, even worse, spirit—but that is no comfort. It only makes me feel that human nature, in the mass, is an uglier and crueller thing than I ever dreamt it as being. I am only talking of non-combatants and the upper classes, who seem to have learnt nothing from the war. I still believe in the People and the young soldiers.

"The election comes off to-morrow—the election that is to give us our masters for the next five years. I don't know what aspect of it is reaching you. To anyone with any thinking power at all, it is a horrible moment to have arrived at.

"Dec. 20th.

"What I was going to say about the elections I don't know! It is only a week ago to-morrow, but it seems ages. My sister Helen came down to vote, and I think gave it wisely and well. I had none, though I can have my name put on the register now. There was a very queer spirit abroad in the country—a curious mixture of suspicion, resentment, flatness, and a feeling that all real choice had been juggled away from the electors, and yet what could they do but put in the men who had "won the War"? The country, in the main, was both indifferent to the "Coupon Election" and angry about it. You had to go to Labour circles to find out where aliveness was.

"The Albert Hall meetings and Bernard Shaw's tour in the North represented the England which is brimming with life and hope and stern determination.

"Next week President Wilson arrives. We are indeed living in History! The whole world's future depends on the attitude he is able to maintain, and whether he can put our little Lord Dictator in his place. One holds one's breath!"

Helen Bisset is expected to arrive home about the end of February.

Ronald Beard leaves for England on January 30th.

Major Gerald Sandeman has an appointment at Headquarters as D.A.A.G. on the Demobilization Staff. He expects to be in France another year, and have very hard work. He was invested with his D.S.O. early in December, when he got a fortnight's leave.

Major Donald Sandeman has been through the big advance in Palestine, and wrote last from Tripoli.

The following is an extract from a letter of Ernest's:—

"Nov. 16th, 1918. How pleased you must be over the news. The end came more suddenly than one expected.

"We are now living in one of the villages recently vacated by the Hun. When we got here very few of the inhabitants had returned, but they are coming back now. They have had a terrible time. The Hun acted more as a bully than actually cruel to them, but the feeding was bad. They have lived practically on bread, lard and coffee provided by the Relief Commission. After they were evacuated the Hun made a fine mess of the houses—breaking and looting everything. They speak with great bitterness. They all look, or were, very thin and a nasty yellowish colour.

"We passed through Douai—there all the shops had been looted and the place without inhabitants when we passed through. I visited Lille the day the Armistice was signed. There the place seemed more or less intact, a very fine town also. There was, of course, very great excitement. It was interesting seeing Lens a few days ago—the place is absolutely a place of rubbish, but it does not look as if it had been much of a place.

"To-morrow I am hoping to go up to Ypres and visit the places we held in 1914. It will be interesting, though I am told it has been so knocked about lately that one can recognise very little. You have no idea what a state the country gets in after the tremendous shelling. All the railways, bridges, etc., have been blown up here, so that it is difficult to get things up, and the poor civilians have still to live on what they did before.

"None of the country appears to have been cultivated except a few patches of vegetables here and there. I believe there were some potatoes, but the Bosche dug them up before he went. They appear to have been very much worse off during the last few months than we thought, and the officers even, I hear, lived just on a sort of soup.

"They made the communes issue a lot of paper money and fined them for all sorts of things. For these they would not take the paper money, but made them change it into German money at ridiculous rates. I am enclosing some samples of the paper money. It was sad seeing the people return, bringing back one or two treasures with them, a best hat, dress, etc., and having to tramp all the way.

"I believe we are not going into Germany, in which case we may be demobilized fairly soon I should think. However, nobody appears to know much at present."

The Karoo is keeping up its reputation for drought. The rainfall for 1918 was 5.20—and up to the end of January no rain has fallen, and south winds, and droughty conditions generally, prevail. It has been a good year financially for wool farmers owing to the unprecedented price of wool—the Nelspoort and Kamfers Kraal clips sold at 1s. 9d. a lb. for "firsts." The farms are fully stocked, and great anxiety prevails as to the approaching lambing. There are 4,000 merino ewes at Nelpoort alone, and the veld is terribly dry. Unless good rains fall in February the situation will be very critical.

Dr. Murray has just been unanimously re-elected President of the Medical Council, for the seventh time. This makes a period of twenty years that he has held that office.

The Wedding of Eileen Crowe and Captain Cecil Southy, C.G.A.

The marriage took place on November 28th of Eileen Crowe to Cecil Southy. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Hext at Claremont Church, which had been beautifully decorated by the friends of the bride. Men of the C.G.A. lined the aisle until the bridal party had passed up the church. Eileen, who was given away by her brother, made a graceful and strikingly beautiful bride in a lovely dress of white georgette with an exquisite embroidered train, lined with blush-pink ninon and which, falling from the shoulders, was carried by a little flower girl and page. The three bridesmaids wore charming and most effective frocks of pale blue georgette and black hats trimmed with sprays of tiny pink roses. They carried bouquets of blue hydrangeas.

On leaving the church, the bridal party passed under the crossed swords of Cecil's fellow officers, and when they had stepped into their carriage, the bride and bride groom were drawn to the house by the men of the C.G.A.

"Silverhill" is particularly suited for an outdoor function, and the reception was certainly most delightful. The garden, Eileen's special care, was looking beautiful, all the arrangements were perfect, and an orchestra added to the general gaiety. The guests were received by Mrs. Crowe in the hall, and then passed on to congratulate the bride and bridegroom, who stood beneath a wedding bell of white flowers in the drawing-room, which was beautifully decorated with pink and mauve sweet peas.

Refreshments were served in a large marquee at the side of the house, where in due course the bride cut the cake with her husband's sword, and the health of the bride and bridegroom was drunk in champagne.

The afternoon seemed to have gone all too quickly when the bride appeared in her travelling dress, and the happy pair drove off in a car amid a shower of rose and violet petals and a chorus of good wishes and congratulations.

ESSEX HALL MEETING.

Extracts from Betty Molteno's letter's:—

"London,
Aug. 2nd, 1918.

"Olive and I went to the meeting at Essex Street last Wednesday, and as I wanted to make sure of seeing Margaret, who was arriving that evening, I went first to Palace Court on the top of a bus. On reaching there I found that Percy was in, and just starting to walk through Kensington Gardens and Hyde Park to Hyde Park Corner, and he suggested my accompanying him. The walk proved dream beautiful, for there was magic everywhere, that strangely beautiful light which seems to me peculiar to London and every now and again makes it a world of enchantment.

"At 1.30 we started for Essex Street, and were fortunate in getting seats on the top of a bus; and so by the route you know so well—Oxford Street, Regent Street, and Piccadilly, the Haymarket and Charing Cross and the Strand—a drive that never loses its fascination for Olive, though she sorely misses the colour and bustle and stir and movement of pre-war days, for London is becoming ever more quiet and sad and drab, until, in many parts, it has the effect of a deserted city.

We took our seats in very good time, while it was pretty empty, and sat, where you always like to be, right at the front. And also right at the front of the opposite side of the room, Olive quickly picked out Emily Hobhouse, who was looking well and animated. We were in the second seat, and Ramsay Macdonald soon entered and took his seat right in front of us. I see a good deal of change in him, and feel as though the loss of his wife has made a very great difference to him. As you know, he always was a picturesque man, and is so still, but older, thinner and grayer, and with a curious air of detachment, as though a part of him were roaming elsewhere. He fascinates and attracts me more than he used to do, and he seems to me more real and more selfless, as if he had

lost many illusions, but gained considerably in singleness of soul and depth of purpose.

I found afterwards that a clergyman sitting in front of us was Dean Inge, of St. Paul's. Unfortuntely I did not know it was he until the meeting was over-and didn't observe him carefully. Lady Barlowe sat beside Olive on my right. She is a person of great energy and courage and determination, and yet remains fresh and delightful and young in soul, something very refreshing in contacting with her. I saw Mr. and Mrs. Ponsonby enter the Hall, but they sat at such a distance that we didn't get a word with them. He is always grave and earnest and all on the spot, and giving his mind to what he has on hand. He is older and sadder than when I heard him speak eighteen months ago, still it was good to see him once again and to see once again what a fire of truth and justice burns in him. He, too, is selfless in a very fine sense.

The room had filled very well by the time the meeting opened, a very ernest, intense, thoughtful set of people were assembled, and now the platform began to fill. Lord Beauchamp was the chairman, and Mrs. Ethel Snowdon entered at the same time as he did, and took a seat near him. I find her a strikingly handsome woman and a very interesting personality, and she carries a great deal of atmosphere with her. She gives an impression of great daring and courage and of an indomitable spirit that would not be found wanting in the greatest emergencies. She, like her husband, is an undoubted and very great force. She has the advantage of splendid health, which is not the case with him, but I will not dwell upon him, as he did not appear at this meeting.

On the right of the Chairman sat Lord Buckmaster, and on his left Lord Parmoor, and behind him our old friend of the Races Congress, Lord Weardale. Lord Beauchamp is a rather square and powerfully built man, not an old man, gives one the feeling that a good deal of work lies before him, that he has staying power, tact, earnestness—and general impression of weight, resolution and purpose, but that he can sink himself and his personality in a cause. But I cannot give you his opening speech. Having opened the meeting, he soon called upon Lord Parmoor to speak. A very different personality this, not exactly like Mr. Cook at the Cape, but very tall and handsome in somewhat the same way; very much older. Just a reminder of Merriman, too, in colouring and height. I understand he is a very able lawyer, but gives the impression of having kept his own soul and followed his own light. Again,I can't tell you anything of what he actually said. When he sat down, Lord Buckmaster was called upon to address the meeting. I heard him speak before, so knew what a fiery, eloquent determined person he is. As on former occasions, he is overwhelmed by the issues that are immediately facing us. Physical life does not count, all we have and all we are must be laid upon the altar of our country's service. No individual and no nation is truly alive unless it is prepared to lay down its physical life and sacrifice all ungrudgingly when the call comes.

And now I am sorry for you, because you will be sorry that you did not see and hear the next speaker, that wonderfully witty and charming and exquisite writer and speaker, Jerome K. Jerome. Lord Buckmaster had left us with "thoughts that lie too deep for tears" and an intensity of emotion that was almost too overwhelming: but in Jerome K. Jerome, the everlasting child in humanity, that suddenly breaks into a radiant smile in the very presence of death, succeeded at times in almost convulsing the audience with laughter; and I was relieved to see that Lord Buckmaster could laugh, and he did laugh heartily. And yet you will understand how intense, how inimitable—and how poignant was the emotion that was veiled under these witty sallies. Laughter and tears are indeed interchangeable. All these splendid men are on the rack as they gaze upon the battlefields of Europe.

A Conservative Viscount, whose name I cannot remember, spoke very charmingly. He was a personal friend of Lord Beaconsfield, and still is an ardent and devoted admirer of that

great Conservative leader, and he somehow brought back that period vividly upon one. Then came a speaker who struck quite a fresh note. He was a working man, and spoke for the working men. Young and rather delicate looking, with a far-away-look in his eyes, and giving one the feeling that he belonged to quite another world from that of the powerful men and women gathered on the platform. He brought back to my mind the great Trade Union meetings, and the great meeting of Trade Union delegates at a meeting called for the protection of civil liberties. These men are in such deadly earnest—for them the questions under debate are a matter of life or death. He spoke very simply, very earnestly, very directly. He said he was of the workmen, and he knew what they were thinking, what they were feeling, and what they were saying. He and his fellow workmen had no illusions as to the fine promises made to them by the Government. He did not absolve the workmen from their share of blame. They had consented to war, they had supported war, and logically they must take their share in carrying the burdens created by the war. But the Government had made promises which neither they nor any Government which succeeded them would attempt to really fulfil, and it was this that created such a very serious position in the minds of the men, for they now began to realise that the Government never meant to fulfil the promises they had made. And he did his best to impress upon the audience that the men would not take this treatment quietly. Some attempt to fulfil these promises must be made, otherwise very grave results must follow. The workmen were in agreement with Lord Lansdowne on the point that peace must be ultimately made by negotiations, but that perhaps was the only point on which they saw eye to eye with Lord Lansdowne. This speaker, who had previously been on the Gallery, remained on the platform till the end of the meeting.

Mrs. Snowdon moved the vote of thanks to Lord Beauchamp, and she did this very finely. The audience gave her a very great welcome when she rose to speak, and what she said met with great applause and full approval. I thought she rose far above ordinary oratory. There was good reasoning, but there was also *hot* heart eloquence in what she said, and it was to me a great moment to find a woman rising to such heights. You know how tiresome I find the merely political woman who makes her points well, but never loses herself in the larger issues of the questions she is dealing with, and Mrs. Snowdon—like the late speaker—is of the people, and they can be as it were summed up, and speak through her. One knows well how dangerous popular applause is, and I do hope she will never be really carried away by it, and that she will always remain a glorious exponent and interpreter of the people's point of view. I know you will realise what an important and representative meeting this was. So many sides, so many points of view were represented and expressed. People who under ordinary circumstances could never meet on the same platform were at last merged in a common denominator that was large enough to contain them all. Physical force alone could never bring about a peace. Heart and head must work together, and the reasoning faculties must be employed. I have omitted to mention that Lord Lansdowne himself did not appear, but you have probably read in print the letter which he sent to be read at the meeting as that is the only notice of the meeting that has appeared in most of the papers..

August 9th, 1918.

"Olive and I went to the meeting in Essex Street yesterday. It was not so well attended as the meeting of last week, but still the audience was fair, and very enthusiastic, and I am very glad indeed I was there. Sir Hugh Bell was in the chair, and proved just the right kind of chairman for this particular meeting. He is a gray haired gentleman, very urbane in manner, and it seemed impossible to ruffle him, and sweetness, and gentleness, and inexhaustible patience were his marked characteristics.

Not very many people were on the platform, but at his left sat Mr. Philip Snowdon. A very arresting figure was he, rivalling Sir Hugh Bell's sweetness and imperturbality by such an inflexible determination and such an air of unbreakable resolve that he was more like a statue than a living, breathing human being. No woman was on the platform. Percy and Mr. Hirst sat to the right of the chairman. A city magnate and Mr. Fred Bramley, a very influential Trade Unionist, sat to his left.

Sir H. Bell began in his pleasant and urbane manner to lay before the meeting a tremendous subject—the financial position created in this country by the huge and overwhelming war debt, which it already is burdened with, and to point out very clearly what three years more of war would mean. Staggering as the present position is—it is almost impossible to make clear in words what it then would be. Not all his urbanty could hide the appalling prospect that would then have to be faced. His remedies were hard work, every improved method put into practice and turned to account, rigid economy, all superfluities given up, and this on the part of the whole population of the British Isles. Only by these means could we succeed in facing, and in the course of years re-establishing, our financial position in the world.

He then called upon Mr. Snowden to speak, and this gentleman then rose to his feet, and made an exceedingly able, clear, well-reasoned logical speech. But the speech was much more than all this. He is a complete master of oratory—but his oratical weapons were only used as a means to an end. They never carried him away—he used them to drive home the great message with which his soul is filled. He admitted and fully recognised the gravity of the financial position, he did not wish to save the working classes from bearing their fair share in the burdens caused by the war. They had shouted for war, and they would have to learn by experience the ultimate cost of war—but, at the same time—the whole cost of war could not be laid on their shoulders. Bad housing was one of their pressing grievances. Education had need of vast improvement. They had not by any means had their share of the wealth of the country. Nor had the doors of learning been thrown open to them. Their condition after the war must not be worsened, in all vital matters it must be bettered. He would now leave it to his friend, Mr. Fred Bramley, to further amplify and explain the views of the working class, and some might conclude that his friend's views had something in common with those attributed to the Bolsheviks.

Mr. F. Bramley was the next speaker, and a very great contrast he was—both in appearance and manner to the previous speaker. Much younger, full in body, while Mr. Snowden is emaciated and gives the impression of being never quite free from physical suffering, which is yet never allowed for a moment to damp the fire and energy of his burning soul. Mr. Bramly gives the impression of splendid health and of a fearless, buoyant, happy nature. He spoke earnestly and with great conviction, and said he knew what the working people were thinking and what they were saying. He could assure the audience that the working people were entirely of Mr. Snowden's opinion, viz., that the conditions of the working men must be bettered, not worsened, as a result of the war. He would put forward some concrete facts for consideration. The first would be the new condition of women as a result of the war. Very large numbers of women were now obtaining wages that were three times as high as those they could obtain before the war. This for the first time in their lives enabled them to live with some degree of comfort. And when it came to the working men, who were now fighting at the front, they too had learnt lessons that they would not forget. In spite of all the horrors of the fighting one great essential need of human beings was assured to them—they got their food regularly, and it was sufficient in quantity. This was very often not the case in pre-war days. They, like the women, were determined that, as regards food, this state of things should continue after the war was over.

These men had also made up their minds that England must become more the real home of the working men. Better houses, freer access to the land, they must have.

A very nice earnest city man spoke next, and gave his point of view. He made it clear that our position in the world was now reversed. We were, before the war, a creditor nation, now we have become a debtor nation. London could not hope to regain its position in the money market for a very long while to come.

Percy also spoke, and he certainly did his best to bring home to us what the war debt the country is already burdened with, really means. The figures are so staggering that I can scarcely realize them. For instance, I understood him to say that it would take the work of six million men for a whole year nearly, to pay the interest on the huge war debt—and, large as the army is, it only numbers five million men. He also pointed out how serious was the loss of our shipping. Here again he said it would take five million men, working a whole year, to rebuild the ships we have lost. And where are these men to be found. Already we have to pay very heavy freights to foreign countries to bring us the necessaries we want, and it is therefore very easy to understand how prices are rising in every direction. From this point of view alone it is absolutely necessary to consider the ending of the war.

Sir H. Bell again spoke in his charming gentlemanly way, and made another appeal for the finding of our points of unity, for mutual consideration and understanding of each other. The tall gentleman who moved a vote of thanks to the Chairman made a short speech, and then our friend, Lady Byles, seconded him in an admirable little speech, in which she urged, as Mr. Bramley had already done, that a series of meetings, similar to this one, should be arranged to take place in various parts of the country. She did not speak from the platform, but from the floor of the hall, just beneath the platform. It is impossible to exaggerate the gravity and importance of this meeting, and the value of the information given in the speeches."

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

Sir Edward Grey's Meeting.

"London.
October 10th, 1918.

"Now prepare for an account of yesterday's great meeting at the Central Hall, Westminster. The speaker was Edward Grey, and the subject "The League of Nations." It is a most important pronouncement, and it seems that at last we are really on the road to peace, though some difficult steps may yet have to be taken before a Peace' Conference actually meets.

It was announced by the papers that the meeting would be very full—that it would open at 5 o'clock. Percy kindly gave me a ticket the night before when I dined at Palace Court with him and Bessie and Victor, but it was not a reserved seat. Olive had a ticket for a reserved seat sent her by her friend. We went separately, and did not meet till we returned to Porchester Place. Indeed when I found how fearful was the crush I kept hoping she had not come. I will not attempt to describe all we went through before the doors into the great Hall were finally opened, and great was the relief to get inside it and to be able to breathe and move freely again. Olive arrived before 4, and did not fare quite as badly as I, but left long before the meeting was over. Fortunately I dropped into a very good seat below the platform, and listened to the whole speech comfortably, but the ticket-holders of reserved seats received an apology from the Chairman, but no seats, for the crush was so great it was impossible to reserve any. What an immense and packed and attentive audience it was! Not only was there no vacant seat, but many people were standing. In the streets we were told there were

thousands who could not get in, and an overflow meeting took place at Caxton Hall, where Sir Edward Grey again spoke.

Mr. Barnes was in the chair, and made a short introductory speech, and then rose Sir Edward Grey. I had seen him years ago, as a much younger man, in the House of Commons. He is less picturesque looking than in those days, but more powerful and more determined. I had heard of him as broken down and worn out by the anxiety of the war—that was not the impression he gave me yesterday. Though I was fairly close to him, I could not look into his eyes, nor see the play of the features. What struck me in his delivery was its simplicity and directness. He did not seem to employ the arts of an orator, but made an effort to reach his audience directly and to try to put them into possession of what was in his mind. He seemed to be addressing each person individually, trying to convince people's souls and spirits. It was not exactly what he said but how he said it that affected me. He seemed struggling to put an idea that was fermenting in his own mind into other people's minds. "If we cannot find a way to end war it looks as if war will end us, or at all events our civilization." This is the idea he was trying to elaborate. He seemed to me the apothesis of the ordinary comfortable well-to-do man of the world faced with the apparition of a yawning gulf that had opened out before him, and that threatened to swallow up everything that to him seemed to represent desirable human life. And yet throughout his attempt was to appeal—to reason—not to emotion. Only as he neared the close of this long address did he say a few wonderful words paying a tribute to the Glorious Dead who had risen to heights as yet unattained by Humanity. They had gone out in their thousands in the early days of war, hating and loathing bloodshed. They were not soldiers, but their deeds of heroism, of valour, the way in which they met and faced death, have opened out a fresh road to Humanity. We owe it to them to find a way to put an end to war.

A very much younger speaker, whose tall figure, vibrating with controlled emotion, spoke in the same strain of the Mighty Dead, who laid down their lives that the soul and spirit of their country may live on nobly and gloriously. We cannot afford to let their memory die. We must build on the foundation they have laid. A fresh era must open for Humanity. These are not the exact words that were spoken, but they are the ideas they conveyed to me. A true League of Nations must be based on the hearts and souls, the hopes and aspirations of the great masses of the people of the countries forming this League. And the League must be world-wide, must include all Nations. Every man, woman and child must enter into and work for this League. It must be universal; it must include *all*."

Lansdowne Meeting at Essex Hall, Strand.

"Oct. 16th, 1918.

"I am sure you will be glad to get an account of this important meeting, and will like to put it into the *Family Chronicle*. You will understand the tense feeling here while this interchange of Notes is going on between Germany and the United States. This meeting was arranged at an earlier stage, and consequently several important personages were not able to be present. Lord Beauchamp, who was to have taken the chair, was attending the funeral of a friend, and his place was taken by Sir Hugh Bell, who announced that he hoped the meeting would be over by a quarter to 4 as he must be in the House of Commons as soon as possible. Mr. Hirst (of Common Sense) read a list of important people who were not able to come, and among them was Percy's name, as he like many others could not leave the House of Commons. The Hall was well filled, and I recognised many well-known faces, among others Lady Byles, Miss Hobhouse, and Lady Courtenay, who was on the platform. Death has been busy elsewhere than on the Battlefield, and Lord Courtenay has gone to

his well earned rest, and so has that gallant friend of freedom and of lost causes, Sir William Byles, but their wives we are thankful are still with us to carry on the work. Both are noble and dignified figures, and have stood splendidly side by side with their husbands in the great work those two men have done. It was good to see Jerome K. Jerome on the platform. The eternal Boy was written on his face and figure, but a wistful pathetic look in the eyes, and about the mouth reveal how near tears are to laughter. Yesterday he did not speak in words, but there was a pathos about him that was more eloquent than words. A great contrast was this audience to the vast multitude who listened to Sir Edward Grey. Here was a bit of the high Soul of England from its highest to its lowest range as regards material wealth and position, for the great Labour element was here also powerfully represented. The underlying tension was very great, nevertheless the high courage of the assembled audience gave one strength. As at Sir Eward Grey's meeting, one realized the immense effort of all self-restraint, which is a necessity to English people, not because they do not feel, but because they wish to transmute feeling into action. I trust you will get a fairly good report of the meeting and the speeches in "Common Sense." Two of the speeches stand out in a very high light. These speakers were almost out of their bodies, and spoke as though inspired. They voiced the intensity of emotion that is surging through the souls of the labouring classes for whom a League of Nations must mean the real Brotherhood of men and a real disarmament of the nations.

"Afternoon.

"I have lunched at the Guest House, and sat over my fire, and had some tea, for this is a downright cold day, and now I hope I shall be able to continue this letter, though I cannot hope to do full justice to the two splendid speakers I have already mentioned. Sir Hugh Bell is a capital chairman, but evidently felt the gravity of the moment we are in, and contented himself with opening the meeting by a few grave words. Mr. Hirst next read letters and apologies from absentees. Then Mr. Johns, M.P., moved the important resolution of support to President Wilson, and this was later on carried unanimously. Then came a wonderful speech by George Lansbury, of "The Herald." He voiced the ideas, the hopes, the feeling, of a splendid section of the Labour Party. He rejoiced that Peace at last seemed in sight, that the hideous slaughter and destruction might be brought to an end soon. The overthrow of the military element in Germany seemed now accomplished, but what of that same element in the Allied countries? Although the action of President Wilson had not always been quite easy to follow and understand, he personally had faith in the President, and was sure that at this juncture we must give him our fullest support. He was with the President in all his 14 points. He was with him as to the Freedom of The Seas and universal Free Trade. Only on these conditions could we hope for a real and lasting Peace. But what about our Government? Did they accept the President's 14 points, and the Freedom of The Seas and Free Trade? We, their own people, did not know; we are in the dark as to the intention of our Government. Germany has now accepted them. What do the Allies mean to do? We are not told, we do not know. This we do know, that unless President's Wilson's policy is honestly carried out no real peace will come into our distracted world. Human Brotherhood must be realized. The terrible pre-war distinctions between rich and poor must alter, or fresh and yet more terrible wars are inevitable. We must support President Wilson in his efforts to inaugurate a new and better era for Humanity. How hopeless it is to place before you this splendid speaker. He is by no means a young man, and is only very recently recovered from a very serious illness brought on no doubt by the terrible strain of the war, and the ceaseless effort to keep his paper going. Olive said to me after the meeting, "What a splendid speech George Lansbury made, and what a beautiful old angel he looked!" And so he did, as did

also Jerome K. Jerome. And he was followed by a glorious woman speaker, Mrs. Ethel Snowden; her husband was not able to be present, but she too spoke as though inspired. She reiterated what Lansbury had said as to our giving President Wilson our full support. Whatever his future action might be, to-day we must let him know that a very large section of the British public were behind him, no matter what a brutal and a bought press was saying. We must stop this awful and useless slaughter that is going on. Broken-hearted as we are to-day, none the less a great faith buoyed her up. She had faith in a supreme power and that light would yet break upon this distracted world of ours. Olive and I alike rejoiced over her speech, and sorry I am to be able to give it only so slightly.

The next speaker was Charles Roden Buxton, his style and manner a great contrast to the two other speakers, who were electric and magnetic, while he was logical, and critical, but in the intensity of controlled emotion I think he equalled them—for his soul and spirit seemed aflame as he denounced the outbursts of the press of the German Peace Notes to President Wilson. In a few words he compressed an intensity of feeling that I am incapable of fully reproducing. He was tortured beyond endurance by the spirit displayed by the press, and repudiated these utterances on behalf of a very large section of the people of England, who had not lost all sense of public decency, and humanity, nor of gererosity towards a defeated foe. I hope you will get a report of his actual words. I write from memory as I made no notes. Then another burning soul mounted the platform whose name I do not know, and who said that he had just come from a very large open air meeting which was enthusiastic in its support of President Wilson. He said that he was sure that large open-air public meetings must now take place to enable those who sympathised with President Wilson to make their voices heard: those who were in favour of a just and honourable and lasting Peace. The clock showed we were nearing 4 o'clock and Sir Hugh Bell now rose to put to the vote the resolution to support President Wilson. The resolution was carried unanimously, and Sir Hugh Bell proposed to close the meeting, which he considered had been a very satisfactory and successful one. A vote of thanks was moved to the chairman, and also to Mr. Hirst and "Common Sense"—a paper that had done such admirable service to the cause, and to whose efforts it was due that these meetings had been carried out. Before the meeting could disperse, a thin eager faced young man rose from the back of the audience and asked to be allowed to say a few words. He suggested that a series of meetings throughout the country should at once be arranged. There was not a moment to lose—President Wilson should know at once what a big support he had in this country. Could not a meeting at the Albert Hall take place as soon as possible? Sir Hugh Bell replied sympathetically, and it was also arranged that a cable of support should at once be sent from this meeting to President Wilson. And thus ended this splendid and enthusiastic meeting.

THE EAST AFRICAN CAMPAIGN

Lennox's letters:..

"Tschobe,
October 16th, 1918.

"I am still in Ruanda, and, as far as I can see, we are closing down all purchasing here. We still have about 1,000 cattle on hand, and now that it has rained we have started moving these forward to the railhead at Tanganyka. Its a long way—about 350 miles, and, as the cattle have to travel very slowly, it takes a long time. I hope, anyhow, to have cleared out these areas and wound up everything by December. There is always the chance of our having to start buying again, as cattle are scarce in other areas, and the war goes on.

"I am now camped by a lake which is about 30 miles long. The natives here are very bad cattle thieves, and the most daring I have

ever seen. I went up the Kagera River the other day watching hippo. I saw quite a number, and was trying to take photos, but the light did not suit. I saw one tiny little hippo with its mother, no larger than a medium-sized pig, and he came right out of the water. It was an interesting sight watching them.

"The war news has been good lately, which is more cheerful. Sometime ago I was given the Order of the British Empire. I had a very nice letter from Major Milligan the other day. I did so hope that there might be a chance of spending part of the summer with you this year, but I've little chance now.

Received Oct. 19th, 1918.

"I have been travelling a great deal since I last wrote. I came across country from Ruanda to the Tanganika Railway—about 350 miles—and then down the railway to Dar-es-Salaam. From there I returned to Kigoma—the Belgian H.Q. on Tanganika—then on by boat to Ussumbura on N. Tanganika. I left there seven days ago and am now at Tchangu-gu on Lake Kivu.

"The journey to this was rather trying, as the road ran through a deep volcanic valley, with mountains towering up on either side to a height of 11,000 ft. It was frightfully hot, as all air seemed to be shut off. Through this portion of country I saw Buffalo and Elephants. I met the Elephant in some rather thick bush, where there was a nice river, and it was quite an interesting sight to watch them. I got as close as 15 yds., but the grass was very high. Some I could see quite plainly, but while I was endeavouring to take a photo of them they either saw or winded me, and came tearing down towards me, but on the other side of the stream. I put two bullets into a bull, but after following him for some time I failed to pick him up again.

"Since starting this letter I have arrived at Kigale. AtTchangugu I got a long native dug-out canoe, and spent three days and nights on it. I had a very jolly time, for Kivu Lake is most beautiful. It lies at an altitude of about 5,000 ft., which makes the climate delightful. The lake itself has none of that nasty swamp along the shores, as is so common with African lakes. In this respect it is similar to Tanganika. Both have nice clear blue water with clean sandy, rocky shores. Kivu has no hippo or crocks, and one can bathe with safety. The mountains are very high on either side, and there are numerous islands and some most beautiful bays, running for miles into the mountains. It is a most beautiful spot, one of the most charming in Africa.

"At night we camped either on the mainland or on an island, and generally did some bird shooting or fishing. The largest island is called Kidgwee, it has a large native population and about 10,000 head of cattle. There are many smaller islands, several of which were occupied by Germans, as pleasure resorts. All the islands and coast are of volcanic origin. Above Kisignies, on N. Kivu, there are still several active volcanoes. Stanley in his book speaks of how Kivu "boiled" during one of his trips there!

"All the time I was on the lake I never saw a mosquito. The Belgians call Kivu "Europe." In years to come, when this part of Africa is opened up, I envy those who will be able to live here.

"I disembarked at a place called Lubengera, where there is a German mission. It stands about 1,000 ft. above the lake. Here I saw wheat, peaches, strawberries, and several other fruits growing well. The peaches were certainly not like ours at the Cape, but still not bad at all.

"After leaving Lubengera I got a very bad attack of malaria. It was pretty bad for five days, and then one of the chiefs had me carried on a stretcher to the King of Ruanda's Kraal, where there is a Belgian post. I know the king quite well, I have told you about him before. I have now quite recovered, but it was most annoying after I had been so long free. I must have caught it when I shot the Elephant, as there were many mosquitoes, and I should think an unhealthy part. Anyhow, I am quite fit again.

"Nov. 1st. There is just nothing to write about. Its deadly monotonous. Von Lettow

has made his appearance again in what was G. E. A. There is a great rush of troops going down the lake, and as soon as we are nicely concentrated I expect he will make a bolt for the other end of the country, and so it will go on. The war does look like nearing the end in Europe. It seems as if the Allies intend to make it a very definite victory.

Jarvis, I think, must be somewhere on the south of this lake (Tanganyka). I may see him, as I am shipping cattle down here. I am just getting over another go of malaria. Out of the eight of us here, I am the only one out of bed. Two are in hospital with Spanish flu, and the others—malaria. Its becoming a most inconvenient state of affairs.

"Kogwarist,
October 23rd.

"I am on my way to the north end of Tanganyka, where I hope to get a boat to Kigoma —the terminus of the Central Railway. I then go to Tabora, to give evidence in a murder trial. One of my men is being tried by the Belgians for the murder of a native, whom he shot when he was stealing.

"At present I am passing over a high mountain range—the scenery is grand and the air delightful. Yesterday I got news from a Belgian that Bulgaria, Turkey and Austria have all made peace. Its wonderful news—almost too wonderful to be true. If true, then peace can't be far distant. Then we'll all come home and be happy together, for a time. . . . . I had applied for a transfer to overseas' artillery, but it seems as if it will not be granted, if this is true. I should like to go to Europe, it would be a wonderful experience. I think my work here is just about finished, and I don't think it likely I shall return to Belgian Congo. There may still be work elsewhere of the same kind, otherwise I will be sent to Portuguese East. I don't want to go there on some monotonous job. I had made quite a good collection of native curios, and, as they got too bulky, I had to leave them at a depot. Of course, they were all stolen, which is rather disgusting. I still have with me about ten ripping native baskets, and, if I can manage it, I want to take them back for you all.

"Won't Von Lellow be a hero if he keeps going to the end, and it certainly looks like it. I reckon he is a sport, and that we ought to give him Portuguese East as a token of our admiration!

"25th. We have travelled for 9 hours today over very mountainous country, and it was hard climbing. The scenery was magnificent, and from my camp now I can see Tanganyka away in the distance.

"Kigoma, Nov. 10th, 1918.

To Gordon.

"I am waiting here on a Court-martial trial on one of my men. I think when that is over I may be going down, with these troops, after Von Lettow, who is back this way again. Jarvis's regiment was in an action the other day, and did very well, capturing too machine-guns. Spanish flu is very bad, and most of my men are down with it and malaria. I am just getting over another go of malaria. The heat is perfectly awful at present, and I feel like a washed out rag."

Jarvis's letters:—

"Fort Johnson, Nyassaland,
October 10th, 1918.

To Kathleen.

"Our troops have all had very strenuous marching during the last five months, and twice very nearly finished off the enemy. I was very lucky in joining up with the Batt. so easily, from Quilemene, but was left behind at a place called Alto Ligmka to get rid of a headache, and had a very difficult job to catch up again. The distances covered in this campaign are tremendous, which you will realize when I tell you that our Batt. did 1,320 miles in 131 days, consecutively, and 560 miles in 40 days, also consecutive, in this unbroken forest country. I have taken some photos—one shows the officers of my company—very sound fellows, all of them, with N.C.O.'s behind; the other is the double storied building on the shore of Lake Nyasa, at the Bar, Fort Johnson. The enemy seem to be working back to G. E. A., and I hope before Christmas to get back to Nairobi.

"To Dr. Murray.

"I have been rather out of the last fighting owing to being sent to hospital for four days, and then spent a month, following behind, to catch up. For about 38 days, before I caught up, our Batt., with the Rhodesian Native Regt., were on the heels of the enemy, fighting small rearguard actions almost daily. The supply of the following columns, with food, is very difficult, and finally we had to halt, for food. Our Askaris have fought very well during this scrapping. I refer to our Batt. On the last serious day's fighting they cleared the enemy off ridge after ridge, at the point of the bayonet, without waiting for the usual flanking movement, and fought from 5.40 a.m. till 5 p.m.—advancing 8 miles on the day.

"Some Batts. have had bad luck, and not done so well, but it is usually due to bad leading. Now that the enemy are moving into G. E. A., we expect them to be finished off in a couple of months. On arriving at this camp I received a batch of letters—one from you, a year old! This is an unsatisfactory campaign, and mostly so for those fighting, as it is looked upon as a simple proposition. It is foolish to compare it with G.W., as it is an infinitely tougher job. Some most interesting correspondence was captured some time back—between Muller and Kohe, the two men who have been doing the most of the fighting. Muller has always taken the advanceguards and Kohl the rearguards of the enemy force. They apparently hate Von Lettow, and have had several rows with him. They give rather a different idea of him from what I expected. It is said that he always sees that his own table is fully supplied before anyone else gets a look in—has his favourites, who get the soft jobs, and has no consideration for his men. I saw George Parson a few days ago. He came down to meet us, on arrival here, with Gen. Hawthorne.

October 29th.

"I am now about half way between Lake Nyassa and Tanganyka, still chasing the enemy. On leaving Fort Johnson our Batt. again travelled up the whole length of the lake to Old Langenberg, and have had very strenuous marching in the mountain ranges, along the Lake, and up here. We have had a few small skirmishes, but no heavy fighting, and we are constantly picking up enemy sick and deserters.

"When we got to the north end of the lake I was sent out, with 50 men, to locate the enemy and keep in touch, till the Batt. was able to get up. I was out for 11 days, and had several interesting days. After leaving the Batt. I had to march for two days through high mountains to reach the enemy, who were on the plains beyond. The third day I got in touch—the enemy track keeping parallel and about five miles away from the hills I had come from.

"I crossed the enemy track about three hours ahead of main forces, and intended keeping on their east flank, but ran into one or two companies who must have cut across country ahead of the main body, and were waiting for the latter to come up. They were strongly posted on a hill from which they must have watched me for at least an hour, as the country was very open, and the path I was following led over this hill. However, they apparently took me for a friendly body as I got within 130 yds. before they showed themselves, and then they blew several calls on the bugle, to which, I presume, I was supposed to reply—but did not.

"I extended my men at once and kept quiet. A white man then called out several things in English, but I gave no reply. He then started talking in Swahili, telling me to come over, and I waved him over, but neither of us trusted the other.

"I knew we had a Batt. following the enemy, and thought it might, possibly, have been one of our companies, so retired slowly to the west, without a shot being fired.

"In the meantime, the main forces were coming up, so I recrossed the road, and slept the night in the hills, from which I saw the whole of the enemy main forces passing below me, the next morning. I continued to keep

on their flank till the Batt. caught me up, and I am now with them again.

"The country here is high and healthy, with quite a lot of forest, mostly mahogany."

"Dar-es-Salaam,
Dec. 23rd, 1918.

"I have been ten days here, and cannot get away till the Battalion has concentrated, which is a slow process, owing to there being only one available boat on Lake Taganyka. We have been acting as escort to the German prisoners since the surrender took place at Abercorn. As they are about 5,000 strong, including porters, and we are 800, it is a great tax upon the one Belgian boat, which takes 1,200. I came with the first batch of 1,200, which included Von Lettow and ninety of his whites.

"Just before the signing of the armistice, we were worrying the enemy, and another encounter, like our last three, would have used up his ammunition. After Von Lettow had decided to surrender, his force marched through our camp, which was very interesting to us, as there had always been so many conjectures as to his total strength. He had 12 companies of Askaries, totalling 1,165, and 155 whites. Also 1 gun (12 lb.), 24 machine-guns and 14 Lewis guns. His people all looked fit, and amongst his sefari were 850 women. His total force numbered about 5,000 people.

"It was rather strange walking back with them from Kasama to Abercorn—a distance of 100 miles—after having been fighting against them for so long. We had many talks with them, as we were escort—to the whites, as far as this—and the Askaris, to Tabora. Throughout the whole journey we had no difficulty, either with whites or natives. Von Lettow is a tall big man, quite pleasant to talk to. Our Colonel asked him what he would do now the war was over, and his reply was, "Prepare for the next war." All the whites, including Von Lettow, said they were very glad this campaign was over. Their idea was to cross over into Angola (Portuguese West Africa).

"At Kigoma, which is a pretty little harbour at the terminus of the Central Railway an Tanganyka, I met Lenox, but was so busy with the entraining of the prisoners that I hardly saw anything of him. He expected to have all his cattle in by the 15th of this month, but did not know when he would be released. He was looking very well.

"The Spanish influenza seems to be very universal. I have had a bad time with my company. They must have contracted it on the boat at Tanganyka. Out of 125 men, who left Bismarchburg, I have only 22 left (after three days here) out of hospital; also, out of my four officers, three are in hospital.

We are having very few deaths amongst our Askaris—only two so far, and the company is now recovering. I have kept quite fit, and my wounds are healed up very well.

"I am wondering very much how you are all getting on. I wired to you about the 15th of last month and again from here. Our Battalion goes straight from here to Uganda, where it will be reorganised, and I expect the Company Commanders will have to remain on—probably for a month or so—after reaching there. I will be getting five months' leave on full pay as soon as I can be released, and will then go to Kenia to see how things are getting on. It is quite likely that we don't get to Uganda till the middle of January, so that I am not likely to get back to B. E. A. till about the end of February.

"Dar-es-Salaam is full of troops, who are gradually being despatched to their several destinations. Our camp is rather well situated under a grove of cocoanut trees on the edge of the lagoon which runs out of the harbour. The latter is quite small, and rather disappointed me, as I had always heard so much about it. It is very nice for about five fair-sized ships. The town is well built, and has many fine buildings, and the railway is well laid and all the stations substantially built.

"I have got a bar to my M.C. for the last lot of fighting."

WITH THE FLYING CORPS IN EGYPT.

Extracts from John Molteno's Letters:—

Egypt.
September 7th, 1918.

"When I last wrote home I was at the School of Armament. I am still there but am leaving on Monday for a Flying Squadron. I am very pleased to be going there at last.

"This is a very healthy climate. The other day I got into conversation with an Egyptian and it was very astonishing what he said. He spoke English quite fluently and told me he was a bey. He asked me if I did not think Egypt a very dirty place and he could not have said anything more true. He said it was due to there being so many foreigners and if the climate were not so dry the people would all die of disease in a month. Some of the streets and bazaars are horrible places and the population is pretty thick.

"Last Sunday I went with some others to the pyramids. It is quite a nice drive from here by tram and you go right through the Nile delta, which is all very nice and green. The pyramids are on a sandy hill and the contrast is very striking, where the river delta ends and the sandy desert starts. We went inside one of the pyramids and climbed up a narrow dark stairs about 250 ft.: you take off your boots as it is quite slippery and you walk on a sort of granite rock. It is wonderful inside and that strikes you more than looking at them from outside. The highest pyramid is about 450 ft. and they say took 30 years to build.

12/9/18.

"I arrived at the squadron yesterday and there are a number of our fellows here. I was lucky and had a flight this morning. I went up as a passenger. It is quite a novel sensation, especially when climbing or gliding, but there is hardly any sensation when you are flying level and although you are travelling 60 miles an hour or more you might only be moving at 6 except for the wind rushing past you.

"This is quite a nice place: we are about 2 miles from the town, which is alongside one of the big lakes and is quite pretty, having a lot of trees and is a much more aristocratic place than any of the towns I have seen so far. The scenery is very pretty and there is plenty of water about; you get very good bathing in the lake.

"It is a nice life here; you get up early if you are flying and start at 3.30 if you are the first on the list; then you have to clean the machines and wheel them back to the hangars, after that you do some gunnery and morse and do one hour's work in the afternoon and then are free for the rest of the day.

"The only horse-flesh you get to ride here is a donkey. It is wonderful how strong these donkeys are, you often see two men riding one or else one man sitting on top of a load which alone looks enough for the poor thing. The last thing to take is a camel; they churn you up properly. Some of them are quite vicious and you have to be very careful in handling them as they are very inclined to kick or bite you.

"I have been here five days and it is quite a nice journey by train. You pass through that part of the country which has been irrigated by the Nile and it is all a mass of green, really a wonderful sight, there are all kinds of crops, mealies, sugar canes, and cotton, which were just getting ripe.

"We get very heavy mists some mornings. Here all the flying is done before eight a.m. as there are no air pockets then and after the sun has been up long they say it is quite bumpy. I have got in a couple of hours flying and now it depends a lot on my first solo flight, which I hope to do in a day or two.

"I had an hours dual this morning and when we landed my instructor asked me if I thought I could fly alone, so I said yes, and went up. I did a circuit and got up to 100 ft. and then came down and managed to land alright. I overshot the mark a bit, but could not help that as I was coming down too fast. It is a glorious feeling when you finish your first solo without breaking the machine. I

have got to do eight landings to-morrow. There is a great deal of uncertainty in flying at this stage as so many things can happen and you never know whether you are going to land well or crash. You may bounce 20 ft. into the air after touching the ground and then come down nose first as you have not got flying speed. If I am a bomber I may finish up on a Hanley Page; they are wonderful machines, the other machines look like toys next to them.

25/10/18.

"We returned back from kit leave yesterday and started flying the following morning and have quite settled down to work again after three days leave into which we crammed more than one would do as a rule in a month. We really had a good time and were all sorry to leave Alexandria. They are hurrying us on now and I expect to start flying two new machines in a day or so; they will be better machines as they both have 140 h.p. engines. I have done about 20 hours in the air and ought to have done more but have been unlucky with engine trouble. This afternoon I was up at 2,500 when a bit of the cowling flew off the engine and she started spluttering and mis-firing a bit, I was over the lake at the time but got down alright.

"This morning we had a formation flight and went to a place about four miles from here, I was leading, we were up for an hour and three-quarters and must have covered close on a hundred miles. One morning I got caught in the clouds; it was very rough flying so I dived down as I was afraid of colliding with someone as there were a lot of machines about. You can't see in which direction you are flying in the clouds except from your compass and you might be upside down for all you know.

4/11/18.

"I have done thirty hours in the air now and I am starting on a new machine to-morrow and will have to do aerial photography and bomb-dropping, besides passing out in various tests. To-day I am orderly officer or Officer of the Watch, as it is called in the R.A.F. I am writing in the orderly room where I have to sleep and had to take several parades to-day and inspect the men's quarters and rations and dinner and censor the letters and also when I was not doing anything else sit in the crous used and watch for any strange machines arriving. There are about a dozen of our fellows here and we have all received our commissions and have quite settled down to the life and status of being officers. It really makes a big difference now having a commission."

American Canteen Work in France.

Extracts from letters of Miss Nan Mitchell:—

June 2nd.

"I have just come out of an inferno, of misery and suffering, of blood and dust, and dirt and crowds, into the exquisite green and peace of our garden, with a Sunday afternoon feeling in the air and the sunlight shining on a perfect mass of roses, peonies and iris. And —even greater contrast than all else—time to sit and write you about the last few days.

"As you know, we had, in this part of the world, for weeks now, been drawing long breaths of comparative peace and quiet, always, of course, with the shuddering thought of when and where the next offensive would start, and depressed by the thought of its inevitableness. Still, as time went on, some people were even foolish enough to talk as though this fact did not even hold. Well, they have had a violent awakening."

"Monday Mr. Theriat came down from Paris specially to see R—, and lunched with us. When I got over to the canteen in the afternoon I heard the news that the offensive had begun, and not this time in the extreme north, but farther down in our direction. I took supper at the canteen, and as trains continued to come, I kept on running to them back and forth until it was dark. I went to bed pretty tired, and all night long I had in my mind, as I waked or slept, the thought that

those charming soldiers, gay, hopeful and happy, had by this time run straight into those 140 German divisions, and been murdered. 140 was an estimate I saw once in the paper as the number the Germans had massed on the front for their next effort, and it had evidently made an impression on me. The next day we began to hear the bad news, of advancing Germans, taken towns, and evacuated towns. . . . When back at the canteen we had a train of wounded to feed, almost the first that have ever come through here. Oh, how different they were from the men going gaily in the other direction. I could scarcely believe they were the same people. Then told myself that, of course, they were, but that that was what war did to one. A little later three of our old workers turned up. They had left us to go and open a new Red Cross canteen at Fimes, had just gotten their papers, and come down here to pick up some of their possessions, when they heard the Germans had taken Fimes. Does it not make one sick, a nice American canteen, fully equipped and ready to start to serve the French, falling into their possession. We all went out to the country that night feeling more and more depressed about the news.

"Wednesday.—There are still lots of trains coming through. It is hard to greet them as cheerfully as one has to and one can imagine it does not seem quite the same. Mme. —— came to see Mme. de L—. She told of crowds of wounded pouring into the evacuation hospital there, more than one person could take care of, some of them from the canteen helping, and everyone working as hard as ever they could. R— came back from taking them food, and told the same tale of a dreadful shortage of people to do things. Thursday morning Cpt. ——, a Red Cross man, who has lately arrived to be in charge of any emergency work in this zone, came into the canteen, and told me that the situation where Mme. —— came from was really very serious, that the men got to the hospital who had been without food for three and four days, and simply had to be fed, that he wished some of us could go over and organise a little canteen in it, that Mme. —— there was doing as much as she could, but they were all frightfully overworked between the hospital and the canteen. I promised we would try to gete over that afternoon, at least to look around and see what we had best do.

"Mme. de L— was anxious to go anyway to nurse, as she has had so much experience. And I knew M— would be crazy to go, so those two and M— and I went over in the motor, we having no idea of staying, excepting that I did have some idea, as I packed a bag with all I thought I would want in case I did, and yet it seemed most unlikely that we would find any way of walking into a strange situation, in a strange place, and be allowed to help. We could not get much information at the canteen, where we stopped first, so simply went on to the hospital, and found ourselves in the midst of a scene such as I have never seen before, though I have read about it ever since the war began. We knew we had arrived when we got to a spot in the dusty road, jammed with the big French and English ambulances. They were turning into the gate of the hospital, or trying to get out. Mixed up with them were groups of wounded men, who had walked in, bandaged, torn, covered in dust and blood—the slightly wounded. In the gate was a long congested line between two of the barracks, and which which was marked Triage, which means for the army a kind of sorting place. Here the ground was covered with stretchers, each one with its load of suffering. They were continually being taken up and carried into a room to the right, or new ones would be placed by their side. Mme. de L— went in to offer her services to the doctor, the others of us looked about to see if there was anything we could do. There was no one particularly to ask, but some wounded English at the gate had asked me if there was any Y.M.C.A. or place where they could get food, and I had promised to try and bring them out some, so I inquired my way to what was described as the canteen. Here in the midst of great confusion was a religious sister and an English ambulance girl cutting up bread and

ham and things that R— had brought over from here in the morning; I secured a basket and went to the gate, distributed it, and came back for another. The English girl seemed more than ready to have me help her, and though Mme. de L—— had not made much headway with the doctor, no one seemed to object to one being there, so we decided to stay for the night, except M—, who said she would come home and return in the morning with other people to supplement or take our places, as everyone had been anxious to come. She went, and there we were, committed one might say, to this scene, which as I write seems indescribable. Like so much of war that one sees, it falls into a picture that one knows by heart, because so many other people have seen it and told one how it is, but it came over me once or twice that it could not possibly be *me* whose limbs were apt to shake in a hospital ward, standing looking at these ghastly sights, without a qualm, but it is true never once in the two days did I have a faintness or revulsion. I have put my arm under poor heads caked with dirt lying on stretchers which literally dripped blood, and given a man drink whose mouth was simply the hole the bullet had made as it entered in, and only felt love and pity and admiration for their patient heroism.

"The thing that gave one so much to do was that all these wounded were starving for food and drink. The less severely wounded had walked in straight from the battle, and had been two, three or four days without food, for the retreat had not been one where the commissariat came along comfortably with them. There was a continual stream of them coming to the door of the little kitchen, and we gave them bread and jam — with chocolate or cheese, and tea or coffee, and they would ask so gently for it, and seem so thankful, as though after not eating for four days they had given up expecting ever to eat again. Then there were the hundreds on stretchers all over the place, rows of barracks full of them, and rows of stretchers on the ground outside, and everyone wanted something, a drink, or food, or a blanket under their head, which might be almost hanging off the stretcher, or a word of encouragement, as to when they might be taken off by the train. One terribly battered Frenchman dictated three telegrams in which he described himself as slightly wounded, and sent loving messages to his family. The greater number of the men were English, and it has quite changed my feeling about the Tommie. Wounded, he is very appealing, gentle, and appreciative, and patient, though he does not seem to have the marvellous stoicism of the French. He likes to talk and tell you his troubles, and craves sympathy, and is so particularly glad to have someone talk to him in his own tongue. The numbers of men were despairing, one would just think you had attended to all one set of barracks, or those in one part of the grounds, when one would discover an entirely new spot, crowded with more pathetic cases than the last, and always new streams pouring in. One never exhausted field was the long shed alongside the railway track, where among the dust of passing feet were the stretchers of men who had the merest hope of getting on a train, but even for them this hope was hours off. Some had been there all day. I had been twenty-four hours in the place before I discovered all that was to be done down there. Someone asked me to go and translate for French doctors who were loading an English train. They first asked me to clear a way at the door, and against it I found masses of terribly wounded men that had been sent from one of the salles, they had dragged themselves from stretchers or beds, limped, hobbled, carried one another, and made their agonising way to this point of hope. It reminded me of pictures of the Pool of Saloam, and one knew so many would be left while others stepped down. I got three men in who were at first reduced to utter despair by being told they would have to go back, because in the salle they had neglected to give them a ticket describing their condition. Finally, the doctor, throwing all his rules and regulations to the wind, told me there were twenty places left on the train, to fill them up as I liked.

"We kept on working as I have described from the moment we arrived till about midnight, when M. and Mme. de L— went down to the hotel to get some sleep. I thought I might have to return here the next day, so stayed on for the night, and was glad I did, for though the wards got quieter, more of the men asleep, the various hetrogenious workers drifted away, and there was always something to do. By daylight I seemed quite alone, for the little canteen and the salles.

M— and Mme. de L—— came back very early, and as M— had not yet appeared, I stayed on working till twelve, when we all went down to the hotel for lunch. Capt. B— had made of it a kind of Red Cross headquarters, and everyone was there; in fact, he had made a special request that we should all turn up there once a day, so that he should know where people were when the need came for getting them out, for everyone knew that any moment we might have to all evacuate, indeed it seemed so imminent that when M— came over in the afternoon instead of bringing others, it was only to ask if we thought we ought to stay, for the risk of possibly being separated from here. We agreed we would take it. I had slept an hour and a half after lunch, so felt equal to going on, and there was so particularly much to do.

"At ten o'clock Mme. de L—— came in to the canteen where I was, and asked me what I was going to do. I said, "Eat a piece of bread," and sat down with a piece in my hand. I was engaged in swallowing the last mouthful when, Boom! a bomb went off, the guns started up, and we knew what we were in for. The kitchen man grasped Mme. de L—— and me firmly by the hand, and rushed us out of the building, saying he would take us to the abri, the direction of which we had not the slightest idea. We dashed along, and for a moment I caught through the darkness a glimmer of struggling wounded men. I wonder, and am ashamed of myself now, that I did not stop to try and help them, but the instinct for cover is strong. It was so dark I actually saw no one, and should have had to stop groping around to find someone to help, and then would not have known in which direction to take them. A little later the kitchen man had lost his hold of me, and Mme. de L—— I saw running off in another direction, then a voice shouted in French, "I know where the abri is, and no one will follow me." And I turned in that direction, shouting unsuccessfully to Mme. de L—— to come too, and found myself in a little trench abri tucked in between two of the barracks. It was lit and nearly full of wounded, sitting patiently and wearily on the little benches, and the bombs seemed to be falling very near it. I stayed there till the first spell of bombing was over, then bethought me of all those men in the salles, who would be alone and frightened. A hospital, I said I said to myself was not like a canteen, where one's men being in safety, one's only duty was to put one's self there. I stepped out rather uncertainly trying to find out where I was, and found myself looking down on a ghastly half-naked figure on a stretcher, and a face of great nobleness and beauty. A bomb fell, and I dodged into the abri, and asked a sous officer there if there was not a man outside. "He is dead," he said.

"At the next lull I came out again, somewhat shaken by that figure still there, and others I saw around me. Just past them I came upon an ambulance unloading English wounded. The driver seemed overwhelmed with his task. "My God," he said, "if you could see the wounded where we have come from." In the salle they were lying thick, not even on stretchers, but the bare boards, and I started off in earnest to find the canteen and get them food and drink. When I got there I found it brilliantly lighted and occupied by a Y.W.C.A. man, one of the many people who had been around there, having drifted in like ourselves from other oeuvres. I must say it had a warning, cheering effect to find him there. He said he was something of a fatalist, and thought one as safe in one place as another, which, of course, I knew as not true, any more than it was wise to keep your lights on, but they were both conducive to comfort. He at once busied himself,

helping me get tea, but before it was ready the bombardment began again. By that time we had been joined by an English officer slightly wounded and almost dead from lack of sleep. We gave him something to eat, then all three sat together and listened to the bombs. I found I knew more about aerial bombardments than either of them did. When in a dead silence we heard the whirr of nearby avions they thought it was the French, but I knew it for the Boche preparing to do his worst, which he did a minute after. I was sure, however, that they were dropping nothing in the way of big torpedoes such as they did here. It was a nice young Englishman, and in his exhausted state rather appealing, but all of them, men and officers, make the impression on me of not being big enough for the situation. Those who have met the Boche and retreated look as though they had knuckled under without having any adequate soul impression of what it means, and staff officers in their immaculate uniforms seem to suggest all over they have never met him. When I meet them in the street their expression makes me feel like going up and saying you like that, but do you know, do you *know* what is happening because you cannot stop the Germans?

"I became quite friends, without knowing his name, of a very nice seeming one, whose post was at the station, but last time I gave him the latest news of a most distressing nature, he said, "Oh, I fancy things are going all right." He has left now, and most of his compatriots.

"To return to that night, I finally, between bombs, got to my salle with tea, bread and chocolate, and it was fed by the time daylight came, that blessed daylight which I have never in my life appreciated so much as after nights like that. I looked up M. and Mme. de L——, whom it had been impossible to find in the dark. The former had had a worse time than any of us, for the bombardment had found her in one of the salles, where they were very badly wounded, and they had been terribly frightened. Then, worst of all, she found, just outside, men in a pitiable state of terror, and for these she had to get hold of stretcher-bearers to bring in, and so she had passed the night trying to care for and sustain those wounded men whose nerves cannot stand the thought of anything else dropping on them. She was all through those days so splendid and adequate, with a mingling of self-confidence and gentleness, that made her step right in and lay her finger on the most necessary thing that she could do, and do it as though she had had long experience at her back, but that night used her up, poor child. It was an emotional strain, and something she will never forget, but which will, I think, mean for her good, not harm.

"It seemed clear that they would try to evacuate the whole hospital that night. We sent M— and Mme de L— right back in the motor, and they and I stayed till that evening, by which time the place was cleared out, doctors, nurses, wounded, someway or other, hustled into trains and gotten away, to just where one did not know, but only hoped, to other hospitals less full, and able to give them the care they so much needed. We got home, ate some supper, and tumbled into bed. This was Saturday night. Wednesday night I had slept in my clothes in the country, and between these dates I had lain down exactly an hour and a half, otherwise I had been working steadily day and night.

"Since we got back we have been trying to find if there is any other centre for evacuating the wounded, where the same conditions may be repeating themselves, and we could be of help in giving food or drink, but so far we have not found the place. We went some distance in the camion the other day, to a place which had been suggested to us, but found that though they had at one time had an enormous influx, everything was very well organised there now. When once the wounded have been tucked into hospital wards, with the average number of men and women nurses to attend to them, there is no need for the emergency kind of work that we can give. We have also been to see an enormous hospital near here, but there also we were not needed. So for the moment there seems nothing to be done except the visiting in the hospitals here. Meanwhile

everyone waits as you can imagine breathless for the news each day. It is sad and terrible to know what is going on so near one, that any single solitary inch more of France should be injured, seems more than justice can bear, and that the people bear it as they do is wonderful. At the moment we are quiet here, but a half dead town. Most people get their furniture away after the bombardment. Now they are conveying themselves or packing up the last of their belongings. The shops still here open for a few hours a few days a week. The most annoying to have leave is the Credit Lyonnaise, the only bank here on which my letter of credit is good. We have not enough to do at the canteen, as permissions are naturally in force, so we are obliged to rest in the garden and grow fat."

THE NAVAL SURRENDER.

Extracts from Gordon Thomas' letter:—

H.M.S. "Cardiff."

"Such heavenly news; but we've been so busy this last fortnight I haven't had very much time to tell you about it.

"On Armistice night we had our revue again, and all the ships made a huge noise with fireworks, syrens, etc., and switched on searchlights, and were altogether very rowdy.

"On Friday, 15th, at 2 a.m., the 6th L.C.S. and destroyers went out to meet and bring in the "Koenigsberg" with Admiral Meurer, staff and delegates on board. We met her at 3.20½ p.m. (my sweepstake time was 3.21 p.m., so I missed £9 by half a minute!), took station ½ of a mile ahead of her, and requested her to follow us at 21 kts., which she did, keeping splendid station. The remainder of the squadron and destroyers formed up all round her. We anchored at the outer end of the Forth, entirely encircling her. The weather was very foggy, but in any case she wouldn't have been able to see anything of our Fleet.

"Admiral Meurer and his staff were received by the C. in C. that evening, but the C. in C. would not receive the delegates or speak to them. They wore civilian clothes, with white bands round their arms. It was awfully funny to see the bridge of a man-of-war full of bowler-hat people!

"The "Koenigsberg" flew the German Ensign at main and the Admiral's Flag at the fore. She was a larger ship than we were, and made us look rather small, but we looked much more solid and business-like. She had very tall masts and funnels, and burnt coal, whereas we burn oil.

"Admiral Meurer was very nervous and shaky, pale, clean-shaven, not tall, and about middle aged. On his staff are a Flag-Lieut., a Zepp-Lieut., and a Submarine Lieut. They all spoke fairly good English. The Zepp. man had been over London six times, and had three iron crosses, one a very large one. The others also had them; one had two and the other one.

"The Flag-Lieut. knew London very well indeed, and asked if it was just the same, and whether one could still get a good dinner at the Ritz or Troc.! They were inclined to be talkative, but didn't get much encouragement.

"The German Admiral told the Commander that they encountered fog in the Kattegat. So the Commander said, "Yes, we generally found it rather foggy over there." The Admiral was most surprised and could hardly believe that we had been over there! We told him that once we had the wind-up on learning that four of his battleships were there at the same time as we were! He laughed, and said they never were, because their battleships had only been to sea *three* times during the War, and had not been out at all this year.

"He asked why we didn't cut them off at Jutland, as they all quite suspected, and had made up their minds they would be sunk. They said it was jolly lucky for them that night came on so quickly.

"We told them that we avoided a night action because we didn't want to meet their

destroyers just then. He was much amused, and said that all their destroyers had fired all their torpedoes! They got a very bad hammering at Jutland, and their casualty list was something enormous.

"They lived in terror of our Battle-cruiser Force, consisting of battle-cruisers "Lion," etc., and three Light-cruiser Squadrons, and said that all our ships were faster than theirs, and that our organisation was perfect, whereas theirs wasn't.

"This squadron took their fancy, and they were very keen to know how many of these ships we had and what their speed was. Of course, we didn't tell them.

"Their last effort was to have been a raid on the English Channel just to buck up their people, but the men refused to sail or else go to certain death. They intended to sink anything they came in contact with in the Channel until either by luck they got back or else were sunk. Apparently all the rumours we've been getting about rebellion in various ships were quite true. Nobody had been down in the engine-rooms of their ships for two months, and they hadn't any coal on board. That was the reason why they asked to come over at 10 knots when they came to be interned, as they couldn't guarantee a faster speed, and also they had to "request," not order, the men to work.

"The German naval officer has been re-instated, but there is a delegate in each ship, and when the Commander makes out his order book it has to be shown to the delegate, and he decides whether the orders are sensible or not! So if the Commander says, "Hands, turn to at 7. a.m.," and the delegate doesn't approve, they have an argument, and eventually split the difference, and the hands turn to at 7.15!!

"Their information as regards naval intelligence was very poor. They were not sure that the "Queen Elizabeth" was our Fleet Flagship, and they didn't know or dream that we ever used the Forth as a base for the Grand Fleet. They thought the "Q. E." must have just arrived down from Scapa for the occasion.

"They were much astonished at the youth of Beatty, and they were also surprised at the amount of living space inside the "Q. E."

"Our charts of the German mine-fields were perfect, absolutely correct, whereas their charts of our mines were dud. They've just scribbled blue pencil patches pretty well all over the North Sea!!

"The C. in C. made a signal that we were not to mix with them, but if we came in contact with them on service we were to be civil, but to bear in mind the way they have behaved in the past. I *quite* agree. They were very keen on shaking hands, but we only saluted.

"I think that's about all there is to tell you of the "Koenigsberg" stunt, except that we escorted her out again on the 17th November, and it was strange that exactly a year ago to the day we were in action with her at Heligoland. She got hit twice, but one shell which went into her engine-room never burst. They admitted that if they hadn't run away they would all have been sunk.

"Now I must tell you about bringing in the High Sea Fleet.

"We went out last Thursday, 21st, just the "Cardiff" and ten destroyers. We met their fleet at 7.30 a.m., about 70 miles east of the entrance to the Firth of Forth. We turned right round and took station $\frac{1}{3}$ of a mile ahead of the "Seydlitz," who was leading the German Fleet, which was steaming in one long line at 10 knots. We signalled them to "Follow us" at 12 knots, but they replied the most they could do was 11. It seemed so funny leading a huge line of big ships and we being so small.

"If you see a picture of us leading, please note the perfectly straight wake between us and the "Seydlitz," because I was on watch and had to get into station ahead from a position on her port bow, and by good luck I turned absolutely correct, and came into station exact for position and distance! I'm very proud of that manoeuvre!!

"The order was as follows:—The "Cardiff" leading, then the "Seydlitz" and four more battle-cruisers—then a space of three miles

and another British vessel, the "Kingbury," then three miles and a British light-cruiser, the "Phaeton," leading the Hun light-cruisers and destroyers.

"Only 49 destroyers arrived, owing to one, the V.30, hitting a mine and sinking, but we're getting another in its place.

"All the Hun ships anchored just inside the entrance to the Forth, were they have been examined and disarmed, and have now left for Scapa, having on board a German care and maintenance party to took after them. It only consists of about 20 men per ship, and a British navigating party in charge of each ship.

"They flew the German Ensign, but at sunset a signal was made saying it was to be hauled down and NOT hoisted again. The Germans were very sad, and there were some tears shed. Of course, it is a most humiliating position to be in, but *we* would have fought, no matter how strong our opponents were.

"I didn't tell you rather an amusing thing that happened when we were meeting the "Koenigsberg." We should have met her at 2 p.m., but they got scared of their own mines which they had laid off the Scotch coast, steamed to the Northumberland coast and then north, making frantic wireless signals, telling us about their movements. Needless to say, those same mines had been swept up by us *long* ago!

"Our next stunt is going to be rather interesting, but very cold! It's still a bit vague. We're waiting for charts to arrive from Germany, and then we are probably going to Cophenhagen, Wilhelmshaven, Cuxhaven, perhaps Kiel Canal, the River Ems and Elbe and the Baltic.

"Anyhow its something like that, and its just our squadron and eight destroyers.

"Copenhagen is going to be our base, and from there we shall visit all the Russian ports to examine and inspect forts, etc., and to see that the naval terms of the Armistice have been carried out. We may have to land a party, in which case the Commander takes command of the marching party, and I have the excitement of going in charge of all the guns, field, machine, Maxim and Lewis. I'm rather pleased, except that we haven't been dished out with suitable footwear for the Russian climate! but until I shoot a Bolshevist and pinch his gear I shall wear sea-boots, etc.!

"Of the two evils, I think I would rather fire on the Hun than on the Bolshevist, but I shall just let go at anyone who looks dangerous!

"We are all prepared for landing, but I don't think it will be necessary. We are stored for three months, but we hope to be away only three weeks.

"I shall still keep watch, and be Assist. N. and Assist. G., but we shall be steaming under Peace routine, not War, and at a speed of 12-15 knots instead of 25 knots without lights, etc.—and that makes quite a lot of difference.

"I've borrowed a camera from Shelia and Doris, and I'm going to search Edinburgh for films, so I hope I'll be able to get some interesting photos for you."

THE BALTIC EXPEDITION.

"Dec. 8th.

"We left the Forth at 9 p.m. last Tuesday week, and had quite a pleasant voyage over to Copenhagen. We came via the Skagger Rack, round the Shaw into the Kattegat, through the Sound, and stopped off Helsingfors, Denmark, where a Danish N.O. boarded to give us our anchor billets at Copenhagen.

"He came alongside in a Danish destroyer, and tried to keep up with us, but, although he steamed at full speed, with fire and smoke coming out of his funnels, and we were only going at half speed, we just walked away from him; their destroyers are very poor efforts.

"We arrived at Copenhagen at 6 p.m. on November 28th, it was quite dark, but the place was lit up by numerous lights, flashing and otherwise, green, red and white. It was a great contrast to being used to finding our

way ashore in the dark. There were really far too many lights, and it was rather difficult finding our billet and keeping out of the way of fishing boats and other vessels too, but we managed alright, and the Squadron made quite a smart evolution anchoring.

"This is the first British Squadron to anchor off Copenhagen and use it as a base. There have been one or two stray ships who have visited, but the last was nine years ago.

"The Danish people seemed very pleased to see us, and crowds of them were on the sea-wall trying to get a glimpse of us. We lay about a mile off.

"On the following day I had to go ashore to the Embassy to get charts of the Baltic and learn about the various trade routes being used. I landed at 2 p.m., had tea, with delicious creamy cakes, rather the same as Fullear's, jolly good. I had a few! The shops are awfully nice, mostly jewellers, tobacconists and confectioners, and shops that would interest you. I saw some jolly fine fur coats, but everything is frightfully expensive, though there seems to be plenty of everything, which is rather a change after rationing.

"The people are quite nice looking and dress awfully well, and seem very interested in the English.

"Directly I stepped ashore several cameras were pointed at me, so I got into the car which was waiting, very quickly. I felt rather embarrassed, but got used to being pointed at after a bit.

"There are quite a number of Germans. They're not so affable towards us, and invariably greet us with a gloomy look, much to our joy.

"The buildings are rather nice, very continental, of course. There are plenty of picture-houses, two or three theatres, and three rather nice hotels.

"Well, I got my charts and information, had tea, went to a picture-house for half an hour, and then went off to the ship.

"On Saturday, Nov. 30th, at 6 p.m., we sailed for Libau, which is halfway between Danzig and Riga, in the province of Courland. We arrived there at 4 p.m. on Sunday, just as it was getting dark. We left one light cruiser at Copenhagen for transmitting ship for wireless to the Admiralty. Our force consisted of the 6th L.C.S. 5 light cruisers, 9 destroyers of the 13th Flotilla, 7 mine sweepers and 2 oil carriers.

"We have on board the British Consul of Revel (Esthonia Province, Russia), which is the next port north of Riga of any importance. The Consul's name is Bosanquet. He's here as political adviser. This stunt is really a political operation to do with the Baltic States and to show the British Flag, and if it appears worth while we are going to help these provinces against the Bolshevists by giving them guns and ammunition and backing them up generally. They look to us to help them, because their trade is practically all with England.

"On entering Libau one of our ships, the "Calypso," hit a submerged object, damaging one of her propellers, so she has gone back to Copenhagen to change places with the ship we left as linking ship.

"Libau is in the hands of the Germans, and has been since 1916. On anchoring, the Captain of the Port, who is a German Naval Captain, came off to the ship, and, though told not to come on board, persisted, and climbed up, with the result that he was told to get out of it. He was inclined to be rather indignant, because, as Captain of the Port, he thought we ought to have asked his permission before entering. We soon disillusioned him on that point. He requested to make an official call on the Admiral, but the Admiral wouldn't receive him.

"The next day, Monday, Dec. 2nd, at 10 a.m., the people of Libau sent off representatives to the Admiral. These consisted of the Mayor, the newly-elected Captain of the Port, and the members of the Chamber of Commerce. They were all dressed up in their Sunday best, with beautiful fur coats and fur hats. Some of them spoke English very well. They were received, and we gave them lunch,

They seemed very pleased to see us, and poured out all their woes.

"It appears the Hun took over entire control of everything, and made the people work for them—some were sent to a prisoner's camp, but on the whole they treated the people well.

"The Bolshevik army is rumoured to be 10,000 trained men, and probably one or two war-ships, but the latter are not expected to be in very good fighting condition, and anyway we could see them off. The army is supposed to be in the vicinity of Petrograd, where they have commenced by killing 600 officers and men and some civilians, and are reported to be advancing on Revel, which, I believe, is about 40 miles off. We keep getting wireless messages for help from the various consuls in that vicinity.

"At 2 p.m. I went ashore with the Flag-Lieut. to call and deliver a letter from the Admiral to the German Captain, forbidding him to allow any movements of shipping, because quite a number of German ships had arrived and left. Some brought Russian prisoners of war from Germany, who were landed at Libau, and then proceeded to Petrograd by train—others were taking German soldiers back to Germany, because the Hun has got to evacuate Libau and be clear by Dec. 15th. Apparently he is taking everything he can lay his hands on.

"Well, we landed at the Naval Dockyard, armed with revolvers, and met a German Lieut., who was very polite and quite nice (of course, it paid him to be!). He had a row of ribbons and two iron-crosses. He was quite young, spoke English very well, and would have been quite affable had we encouraged him at all, but, of course, we're not having any. We told him what we wanted, and he took us to the Captain's office, but the latter wasn't there, so we proceeded to his house.

"The buildings were very nice, large and of Gothic architecture: it was quite dark and drizzling rain, not very pleasant in a strange place, especially as it was full of Hun sailors. They, by the way, were burning all their stores so that they shouldn't be of any use to other people. They made heaps, and then poured benzine by the barrel over the heaps, and then set fire to them. I was rather annoyed at this, but, of course, I had to keep quiet.

"We found the Captain of the Port at home, so we gave him the letter, and left the house with the same Lieut. We hadn't got very far before the Captain came running along after us. He seemed in an awful state, and I thought, "Hun! Glad I've got a revolver!!" but instead of being angry, he was just the opposite, and besought us to go into his office so that he could explain things to us and show us a signal which he had received from Admiral Beatty. This was most awkward, as we'd been told to be civil, but *not* to converse or argue with him. However, we decided that it was best to go in, and he was ever so relieved and awfully polite. We all went back into his office, a large, beautiful building, more like a town hall than an office. He read us the Admiral's letter forbidding all movement of shipping, and then produced a signal from the C. in C. saying that certain ports were allowed to be used for the evacuation of troops, but *we* had to be informed which these ports were. Well, we hadn't been informed,. Anyhow we explained the situation about that to him, and said we'd explain his difficulty to the Admiral.

"He was very much relieved, and, wanted to be very friendly. Apparently he had spent a long time in England,. and was a well known man, quite nice looking, and I should think very capable. He ordered tea and a car to take us back. We refused tea and bid adieu. He offered his hand, but, of course, we had to say—no—and just saluted and bowed. He was very upset and taken aback about it, and looked very depressed. It was a most uncomfortable moment. He felt it very keenly. He then cancelled the order for the car, and stood strictly to attention, with his head bowed, rather pathetic in a way—but still—they're Huns and always will be Huns as far as the British Navy is concerned;

"That ordeal over, we returned to the ship. I was going with the British Consul up to Revel via Riga by train from Libau, a 48 hour journey, but owing to the railways being under German control, it was decided not to go. The idea was, that we should see what the state of affairs was like up there and whether it was worth while our giving guns and arms to the Esthonians.

"At 4 p.m. we arrived back on board. That's the only time anyone went ashore at Libau, and so I can't tell you what the place is like —not very exciting at the Naval end, the commercial end may be better, but that at present is occupied by German soldiers.

"On Tuesday, at 3 p.m., we sailed for Revel. One other light cruiser joined us, so we were 4 L.C.'s and 9 destroyers.

"While we were at Libau we kept double watches, two officers on watch together, and two guns manned. No boats other than our own were allowed to come alongside without permission. It was rather a strenous time.

"On Thursday, Nov. 5th, at 12.53 a.m., I was in my bunk, sleeping, when I was awakened by an explosion, but I didn't worry much. At first I thought perhaps I'd been dreaming, and then I thought, no, we must have hit a mine, so I waited to hear the alarm go, or people rushing about, but nothing happened, so then I thought we'd probably fired a blank shot across the bow of a steamer because she hadn't stopped when told to, so I expected to be called and told to board her, which I wasn't looking forward to at that hour! However, nothing happened, so I went to sleep again as my next watch was at 4 a.m.

"However, when I was called at 2 a.m. it was to be told that the "Cassandra," which was next astern to us, and very close indeed, had struck a mine and had sunk. I was surprised in a way, and yet not altogether surprised. Anyhow I didn't see what good I could do by going on deck then, as I had to get up at 4. I decided to go and sleep again.

"At 4 a.m. I went up on watch and heard all about the "Cassandra." All hands were taken off by a destroyer except eleven, who were killed. She hit a mine right underneath, between her two boiler-rooms, and sank in an hour. Its rather sad losing one of our own ships.

"We turned round then, and instead of going on to Revel proceeded back to Copenhagen.

"On approaching the Copenhagen Mine Channel at midnight on Friday, Dec. 6th, thick fog set in, and so we anchored. However, at 1 a.m. the fog lifted, and we proceeded to Copenhagen anchorage, arriving there at 3 a.m.

"The "Calypso," who damaged her propeller previously, was sent to England with the crew of the "Cassandra." She will be repaired, and then come out again.

"At Copenhagen we received more charts, and discovered that we had got into the middle of a large German mine-field. We had the remains of a mine which we had cut with our apparatus, quite a lot of mooring wire and some fittings. How we missed a mine, or how any of the others did, defeats me completely, because it was a very thick mine-field. However, there you are.

"We had, as we thought, all the mine-fields marked on our chart, but that particular one wasn't there. There are quite a lot of them scattered about the Baltic.

"At 2.30 p.m., Sunday, 8th, we left Copenhagen for Libau, after receiving a mail and a cable from you. This time we are going all round the coast. On arrival at Libau we shall send two destroyers to Revel to report on the situation there.

"This brings me up to date, Dec. 9th, on our way to Libau. We expect to arrive to-night—my watch is from 4—6, so I'm just going off for some tea. I had middle watch last night, the weather was fine and the sea calm, but its getting awfully cold, and I'm going to take to your waistcoat and muffler again.

"Tuesday, Dec. 10th.

"We arrived at Libau 11 p.m. last night. I had the morning watch, and have got the last dog this morning, and I can tell you its jolly cold.

"The Mayor of Libau and a Russian Flying Corps man are at present on board. They came to lunch.

"Apparently the Bolshevists are now 30 miles from Revel.

"The general opinion is that we shall soon be going back to England, which I sincerely hope is true, because I'm just about fed up with this show now as it doesn't promise to be very exciting, but rather slow, no adventures at present, nor does there seem likely to be any, so the sooner I can get clear and be on my way out the better I shall like it. They haven't commenced demobilising yet, but I've got my papers to fill up, only I'm not allowed to do so until the Admiralty gives permission.

"Wednesday, Dec. 11th.

"I have just had the forenoon watch, and Bren, it *is* cold, everything ice, temp. 21 deg. cool! All our boats were frozen. We've got sheepskin coats and gloves to-day, which is a blessing.

"This morning a tug from Revel arrived with five Revel pilots and a Russian Colonel. We shall probably leave for there to-night.

"Thursday, Dec. 12th.

"We left Libau for Revel at 10 p.m. last night. It was bitterly cold, with a temp. of 15 deg. Fahr., ice all round the bridge, and the ships' rails were all ice. It was rather pretty. Most extraordinary atmospheric conditions. There seemed to be a thick mist all round, formed by the vapour rising from the sea, which was 10 deg. warmer than the air. It was my first watch, so I was awfully glad when midnight came. We passed several open fishing boats, cold job! During the middle watch the temp. went down to 13 deg. Your big muffler is absolutely a God-send.

"Friday, Dec. 13th.

"Arrived at Revel at 3.30 p.m. to-day, no adventures en route.

"An Esthonian General and a Russian General, with the Sec. and the Gov., arrived on board. The latter spoke excellent English. The town is very desolate looking, all under snow, and it is snowing all the time. Some people went ashore, but I had a watch.

"The people of Revel seem very pleased to see us. They gave an enormous luncheon to all officers (I didn't go), and played National Anthems two or three times over. Afterwards they had hired the theatre for us, and were going to produce all the national dances and songs, etc., but the Admiral wouldnn't allow us to be on shore after dark, which is 3 p.m. now.

"It has been arranged that we are to bombard the Bolshevik stronghold, which is about 70 miles from here. We do that to-morrow, so I'm going to bed now.

"Saturday, Dec. 14th.

"We left Revel at 6 a.m. to carry out our bombardment as arranged. We arrived at a position 40 miles west of Narva (Gulf of Findland), which was the Esthonian front line until it was bombarded last week by the Bolshevists, who forced the Esthonians to retreat.

"We decided to bombard a battery which was *somewhere* on top of a ridge of hills, the exact position not being known, also to blow up a bridge which crossed a river 10 miles behind the Bolshevik front, and which was the main communication to the Bolshevik headquarters.

"We arranged to co-operate with the Esthonians, who were to proceed by armoured train and *make* the battery open fire by 10.15 a.m. in order that we might locate it from seaward.

"We arrived at 10 a.m. in foggy weather, that vapour stuff again, and so couldn't see much, especially anything on snow-clad hills. However, it cleared very quickly, but no sign of any living thing and not a sound of a gun. The weather being very cold, we decided to begin, and not to wait, so we opened fire on to the railway and a road and on anything likely to be a barracks (not actually on a building), in the hope that we might stir them up a bit. Nothing happened until about a quarter of an hour, when a wretched youth was observed driving away for

all he was worth, in a horse-driven sleigh! We made quite a noise, and the only thing that suffered in the way of a building was a windmill, which was knocked down. We must have made quite a mess of the railway and main road. Our range was between 4 and 7 miles. After that we concentrated on the river with the object of blowing up the bridge. We couldn't see the bridge owing to trees, there were many clumps of trees and wooden sheds about, also a church and a large brick distillery, neither of which we touched.

"By the bridge there was quite a large village, but I don't think there can be much left of it. I expect we got the bridge alright.

"The place, of course, was all under snow, and it was rather nice to see the dense black smoke as the shells burst.

"We ceased firing at 2 p.m., and returned to Revel at 5.30 p.m. The Esthonian General was with us, and seemed very pleased with the operation. It was bitterly cold on the bridge during the forenoon—temp. 15 deg.

"Sunday, Dec. 15th.

"Have just had a busy forenoon watch. We gave them one of our small guns and a lot of ammunition, and have now left for Libau. Thick snow, and can't see very far. The people at Revel hope to see us back again soon to spend Xmas!—but, oh—I do hope *not*. Xmas in Edinburgh with the MacLeans would be quite alright—but out here in this cold and desolate place—ooh!"

The Prah Expedition in the Ashante War.

I have been asked to write some reminescences of my service in the Royal Navy during the time that I served on the Gold Coast, in 1871-1874, in H.M.S. "Rattlesnake," then Flag ship at the Cape of Good Gope.

The "Rattlesnake" was commanded by Commodore (afterwards Sir E.) Commerill, V.C., and her station extended from Natal, on the eastern coast, to Sierra Leone, on the west—or as the latter was generally called—the Gold Coast. The term station, in those days, conveyed to the mind of a sailor man, something of the idea of a policeman's beat ashore, with the difference, that the sailor had some thousands of miles of, oft-times, storm-tossed sea to traverse, and at the ports of call, sometimes storm-tossed natives to guide into more peaceful paths, piracy to check, and, in a word, to keep the freedom of the seas for all. "Freedom of the seas" is a phrase now much in the air and, methinks I hear some critical reader say, "what has that got to do with his reminescences?" "Has it not more to do with John Bull's appetite?"

Now the usual course pursued by Commodore Commerell was to remain at anchor, at headquarters Simon's Bay, for some months and then start on his tour of inspection. This tour embraced besides the coast line from Cape Town to Sierre Leone, the islands of St. Helena and Ascension and entailed the inspection of various ships attached to the station, e.g., gunboats and supply ships. He also had to endeavour to adjust the disputes of the various native rulers along the Gold Coast, to avert war and keep the "Pax Brittanica."

His job, therefore, was as wide as his beat. I very well remember these tours and, with what joy, after months of cruizing we saw the good ship "Rattlesnake" turn her head back to Simon's Bay; it felt like going home and I know that my brother officers shared that feeling for the kindness and hospitality of Sir Edward and Lady Commerell had made Admiralty House a real "Home" to us all.

Towards the end of 1872 disquieting rumours reached us, at Simon's Bay, concerning the action of the Ashantees towards other native tribes under our rule. As the gravity of these reports increased Commodore Commerell determined to set out immediately for Cape Coast Castle, Elmina and a fort adjacent to it, called Secondee, which was bordered by Ashantiland towards the interior.

To understand how we came into touch with the Ashantees and how the Ashante war came

about, it is necessary to go back a little into their local affairs. The Ashantes were an inland and warlike tribe and had never come under British rule. Their nearest coastal European neighbours were the Dutch, who owned the strip of coast, named Elmina, whose port, Secondee, was dominated by a Fort or Castle. This strip of coast had recently changed hands and become British territory—an exchange having been effected with Holland. Apparently the Dutch, during their occupancy, had never been able to control the Ashantees and it was said that they virtually lived within their fort at Secondee. From time to time, the Ashantees raided the district of Elmina, carrying on a brisk trade with the interior. Only once had the Ashantees come in contact with the British, about 60 years previously, when the Governor of the Gold Coast, Sir Charles MacCarthy, arranged a meeting with their king. It is said he came, with his retinue unarmed, when the natives suddenly attacked him. He had no means of defence but he ordered his band to play "God save the Queen." The Ashantees surrounded them, killing them all; they cut off the Governor's head and carried it back to Coomassie, where it was hoisted upon the walls, as a trophy of victory. These were the slave-raiding people whom Britain had now to deal with and whose complications came to us, as part of our bargain with Holland.

When the "Rattlesnake" reached the Coast, we immediately had a busy time. The Commodore had repeated conferences with the Governor, Sir Camuel Rowe, with the military (the 2nd West India Regiment having first arrived) and with various native chiefs, especially those known to favour the Ashantees. This state of affairs continued for some time, but at last the crisis came. There was a certain chief whose, somewhat large, town, was called "Chamah," and who was known to be friendly to the Ashantees. Chamah was not far from the River Prah. Our Commodore had interviewed this chief personally and had asked for two of his canoemen to act for us as pilots across the bar of the river which he wished to inspect. The chief had consented to this and apparently, they parted food friends.

The following day was fixed to meet the pilots off the mouth of the river. I may here mention that the Prah was termed a "sacred river" and it was said that only once, about sixty years previously, had any white man been allowed to enter it. It seems that Sir. E. Commerell had information that an Ashante force was operating some distance up the river and he wished to reconnoitre the position, with a view to further action.

The morning having arrived, our expedition formed up. It consisted of 1st: a steam furnace with her crew, the gunnery Lieut., Ed. wardes, a rocket apparatus with a few men to work it and, perhaps the most important man of the party, our navigator, sub Lieut. Peregrine Hutton. 2nd: the Commodore's galley, carrying Sir E. Commerell, a naval Captain, etc. 3rd: the gig, in which I was the only officer, with a modest supply of medical stores. The Pennice took us in tow, the galley following her and the gig coming last. At the same time a large ship's cutter was manned and sent, with a present to the King of Chamah. The "Rattlesnake" remained lying at anchor off the town.

I well remember our start, the day was bright and sunny, intensely hot. I put on the thinnest suit I had, and instead of my uniform cap, wore a pith helmet with a cabbage leaf inside, which soon becoming "red-hot," I threw away. On reaching the mouth of the Prah, we found the two native pilots awaiting us, in a small canoe. They at once started ahead and we followed. I recollect noticing our navigator, Hutton, taking careful bearings of every turn in the tortuous channel. In and out we twisted, with great breakers on either side. The native pilots paddled hard, never looking back, till, at last we got inside, into a little lagoon, then they paddled quickly across, ran their canoe into the reeds, seized their paddles and, in a moment, vanished into the forest. I thought, at the time, that this looked suspicious, for how were we to re-cross the bar without their guidance? We ran our

boats to one side of the lagoon and everyoyne got out. The men played leap-frog while the officers consulted for a short time, and then we made a start up the river, which was fairly broad; in most places we could see the opposite bank along which grew very tall trees festooned with creepers (lianas) which fell in loose streamers from the top of the tree to the bottom, in many places, quite shutting out further view. A profound silence reigned, broken only by the occasional splash of some denizen of the river, hippopotamus, alligator, or otter. In a dreamy way I was looking about, when suddenly, from the nearest left bank, there burst upon us, a heavy rifle fire. We were close to the bank and I think that, to some extent, saved us. We replied vigorously, with rifle and rocket. I don't know whether we hit anybody, but the rockets, I imagine, did most good, anyhow they made much noise and, on striking the ground, continued to buzz about in an alarming style.

After a time the Ashantees ceased fire. We proceeded up the river a little way then turned round and began our journey back. Now I had time to see what damage we had sustained. In my own boat, out of 9 men, three were wounded, including myself, in my case, fortunately only a slight wound in the arm, which did not interfere with my work. As we turned, I looked into the Commodore's galley; the captain, who was with him and whose face was covered with blood, signalled me. When I came alongside, I found Sir E. Commerell lying in the bottom of the boat, looking as if he were near death; on examination I found he had been shot through the right pleura at the level of the 6th rib, the bullet had entered but there was no mark of exit and there was not much external haemorrage. After I had bandaged him and made him as comfortable as was possible I attended to the other officer and the two men in my own boat and got things ship-shape.

Now I began to wonder how we should cross the bar, without our faithless pilots, but sub-Lieut. Hutton, nothing daunted, undertook the task. Again we wriggled and twisted through the breakers and at last found ourselves in the open sea steaming full speed for the good old "Rattlesnake," where, it is easy to imagine, the consternation created by the deplorable circumstances of our return. However, my hands were soon fully occupied with the care of our beloved Commodore, whose condition for long, gave us grave anxiety. Together with our senior surgeon, Staff-Surgeon Colan, we did all we could for him and then turned to attend to the other wounded which numbered in all twenty-four. We had had two men killed.

I must now relate what befell the cutter which was sent with the present to the King of Chamah, and which started at the same time as our expedition. Well, they landed the present and were returning to the bank, when suddenly, they were attacked. Sub-Lieut. Draffin, who was in command, ordered his men to get into the boat, with all speed and pull through the surf, whilst he kept the enemy at bay with his revolver. This they did and he then started to swim after them; as he struggled along though the surf, the enemy fired at him but hit a man swimming near him. The rollers hurled this poor fellow back to the shore and the men, in the cutter, saw the natives drag his body from the surf, cut off his head and run off with it to the Town.

And now, our men thoroughly roused, demanded to be landed instantly, to pursue the treacherous Asfiantees, but this was not done. The order was given to bombard the town. Accordingly the bugle sounded to quarters and the "Rattlesnake" opened fire with her twenty-one guns. Meantime Dr. Colan and I had our attention fully occupied with the care of the wounded men, some of whom were very severely injured but when, at last, all had been made as comfortable as was possible, I hurried up on deck to see what a bombardment was like. Just then we had full steam on and were moving steadily up and down the coast, opposite the doomed town, which appeared to be a large one. Our ship fired deliberately and separately each of her ten port guns, then, in turning, fired her stern gun, and

having turned, steamed back firing each of her starboard guns. I saw shells strike huge mud and straw houses, setting them ablaze as they toppled over, while natives and cattle fled over the hills to the interior. Eventually "cease firing" sounded and so a long and eventful day come to an end and the good old "Rattlesnake" stood out to sea to cool herself.

Practically this terminated our share in the Ashantee war for, pending the recovery of Sir E. Commerell, he was ordered to return with his ship to the headquarters at Simon's Bay. These were not the days of cables or wireless telegraphy, so it can easily be imagined that the unexpected return of the Flag-hip, in such melancholy circumstances, created no small stir amongst the large circle of friends at Cape Town. Happily the Commodore eventually made a complete recovery, though onoly after a long and anxious illness.

BRYANT L. LINDLEY, M.C., Lieut., Royal Air Force.

When 50 miles over the lines, from an altitude of 20,000 feet, he wrote to his mother, "One can almost hear the harps up here."

O child of fondest hopes! our love took wings
And followed thee, day after day,
Above the clouds and far into the blue,
We watched, in faith, thy fearless way.

"One's ears can almost hear the harps up here."
Perchance the Angels lured thee with their song
Away from Earth, its sorrow and its sin,
To join the heavenly white-robed throng.

Our prayers, like incense from the altar's fire,
Rose far above thy highest flight,
Unceasingly, until they touched the Throne,
The Mercy-Seat—Shekinah light.

God heard, and answered, yet not as we had asked,
But in His own far better way—
From evil He foresaw, from pitfalls deep,
He took thee Home to realms of day.

"Jesus!" they whispered—the messengers He sent
To bear thee hence in thy last sleep—
Jesus! the name thy baby-lips had lisped—
With bowed heads we worship whilst we weep.

M. S. OSBURN HOWE.

September 13th, 1918.

LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS.

Anderson, T. J., Quarterdeck, Kalk Bay.
Anderson, W., Quarterdeck, Kalk Bay.
Anderson, Capt. E. D., 1st Life Guards, B.E.F., c/o G.P.O., London.
Anderson, Harold, Rietfontein, P.O. Venterstadt, C.P.
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Molteno, D. J., "Woodlands," West Byfleet, Surrey.
Murray, Lieut. Col. C. F. K., Kenilworth House Cottage, Kenilworth.
Murray, Major C. M., D.S.O., S.A.M.C., 1st S.A. Field Ambulance, France.
Murray, Capt. T. J., M.C., 1/4th K.A.R., c/o Standard Bank of South Africa, Nairobi, B.E.A.
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Murray, Capt. Lenox, O.B.E., E.A.S.C., c/o A.D.R.S. Headquarters, Dar-es-salaam.
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Murray, Mrs. George, 10 Palace Court, Bayswater, London, W.
Meien, Miss von, Onslow Lodge, Staines, Middlesex, England.
Parker, Mrs. F., Trevaldwyn, Llandrindod Wells, Wales.
Parker, Lieut. Chas., R.N., c/o Mrs. Parker, Trevaldwyn, Llandrindod Wells, Wales.
Pigot-Moodie, Miss, Ladies Empire Club, 65 Grosvenor Street, London W.
Sandeman, Col., Sheen Lodge, Upper Bognor Road, Bognor, England.
Stanford, Mrs. Eliot, Inungi, P.O. Kokstad, East Griqualand.
Southey, Miss, Indian House, Kenilworth.
Southey, Wilfred, Golden Fleece, Cedarville, East Griqualand.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

Expenditure.

	£	s.	d.
Wrappers, stamps, etc.	1	2	7½
Printing (April)	12	0	0
Printing (August)	11	15	0
Printing (December)	13	3	0
Balance	19	3	9½
	£57	4	5

Receipts.

	£	s.	d.
Balance in hand	17	2	5
Subscriptions for 1918	30	1	0
Subscriptions in advance	1	5	0
Arrear Subscriptions	7	10	0
Extra Copies	1	6	0
	£57	4	5