

At Orange River Camp

Lord Methuen at Work Before Starting on His March to Kimberley.

Narrow Escape of Goldstreams—Letter From London Leader Correspondent.

Capetown, Nov. 22nd.

I started from Capetown at nine o'clock on the night of Nov. 17th for De Aar and—If Her Majesty's government would allow it—Orange River.

I took my little trip up-country to see how the government worked their transport from the base into the mystic circle of martial law and countersign, and to see Tommy as he is just before the guns begin to shoot. Taking into consideration the drawbacks of a single line, the military and railway officials combined are performing wonders in transport dispatch.

Men, guns, ammunition, horses, mules and stores are rolling up to De Aar and Orange River in a continuous line. At each station they are met and "entered up" by the officer on duty, hot tea (the best preventive in the world for heat apoplexy), lime juice, and good food are served out; the horses and mules are watered; papers and messages are exchanged; the engine whistle shrieks—and they are off again.

De Aar Camp.

When I reached De Aar, the first station under martial law, sentries parading the platform and the bridge, a sentry town stretched out from the back of the refreshment bar into the dusty veldt, and horses were tethered in big squares getting into condition on oat fodder. Officers with faces skinned by the sun were galloping up and down, wagons were being unloaded with the rapidity and precision of clockwork, and from the big, improvised telegraph office—once the ladies' waiting-room—came an incessant whirr. Day and night the wires were carrying important messages to and from Gen. Buller in Capetown, and Lord Methuen at Orange River. All was keen, watchful activity.

De Aar is the Clapham Junction of South Africa. As I saw it, Napoleon would have despaired of possessing it. A towering kopje to the left of the station was turned into a formidable fort, commanding a wide stretch of country, and every point of vantage was occupied by a long range gun. Tommy, stubby-bearded and baked to the color of a healthy scone, trotted here, there and everywhere, happy in the heat, smart at his four a.m. drill, and ready for death or glory—or both—at a moment's notice.

Goldstreams' Narrow Escape.

When I was at De Aar on Nov. 20th a dispatch was brought in by a C. G. R. engine driver to the effect that the Boers were believed to be in pretty strong force in the neighborhood. They hadn't been seen, but they had made their presence felt by blowing up the railway bridge near Nauwpoort. Scarcely ten minutes before a trainload of Goldstreams had passed over the bridge! They congratulated themselves on their narrow escape.

Scouts were sent out, and a party of engineers hurried to Nauwpoort to repair the damage. Two hours later Gen. French passed over, and all was right again. That incident set us wondering how our train would get along to Orange River. I sought out the stationmaster—a canny man of few words, but one of the smartest men in the service.

"We're going to run her—Boers or no Boers," said he; "so keep your eyes skinned and your revolver handy. Take your seats—please!"

That looked pleasant. Half a dozen officers, an Australian colonel and his friend, a sprinkling of officers' servants, a Canadian journalist and myself were the only passengers. We had four revolvers, six swords and a truck load of ammunition between us.

Ready for Emergencies.

The glamor of war got hold upon us. We were prepared to guard that truckload of ammunition with the rapidity of Victoria Crosses and medals for valor dangled before our eyes. We took up strategic positions along the balcony of our corridor carriage; the engine driver got out his binoculars; his mate opened the steam valve—and we were off. It so happened that the Boers didn't come our way on that trip. They were wise. We brought the ammunition into Orange River station intact, and on our way met a special trainload of Tommies who had been bundled off from the camp at the river to De Aar.

One brave train reached Orange River at noon, with the temperature just touching 105 degrees in the shade. One could hardly call the station large. It has one platform, and one tiny, low building knocked into three departments—bookish hall, ladies' waiting-room and telegraph office.

To the left of the station baggage and ammunition wagons were being loaded with hot haste. There was every sign of an important move almost immediately. Seventy miles away lay Kimberley, waiting anxiously for the flying column. And the column was nearly ready.

Lord Methuen at Work.

Behind the station, in a tiny cottage, with one door and two windows, shaded by a couple of trees, sat Lord Methuen, busy in consultation with Major Streetfield. I looked through the little window and saw them poring over a big map. His lordship was dressed in the charming simplicity of a Jaeger undershirt and a pair of khaki riding breeches. Messages came pouring in. They were dealt with rapidly, in a cloud of cigarette smoke.

Outside, in the broiling sun, heliograph messages were flashed out to a fortified station on a kopje a mile away. The messages were being answered from the hills by means of flag signals. Every few minutes aides-de-camp were riding up on smoking horses with orders and notices. On the outskirts of the A.S.C.

camp sentries were marching up and down among the scrub. Five hundred yards northward lay the officers' camp—a geometrical square of white tents, with saddles turned bottom upwards in the sun, bridles, belts, swords and valises piled outside, and the men off duty lying in the shade reading English papers and magazines sent up by the morning mail, smoking cigarettes and sleeping. All ready—all waiting—all eager.

In the Main Camp.

I crossed the river and looked down into the main camp—as pretty a military picture as one could desire to see. Fully 10,000 men lay there—the 1st and 2nd Lancers, the Grenadiers, the Scots Guards, the Yorkshire Light Infantry, the Northumberland Fusiliers and the gallant Northampton. Galloping about here, there and everywhere were Major Rimington's Light Horse. Though they are to a certain extent a scratch lot, they are a fine body of men, fearless almost to recklessness. They know every inch of the country, and each man is a crack shot with the carbine, the only weapon he carries. The Boers have openly avowed their fear of Rimington's men.

I spent one night at Orange River. The day had been infernally hot. The early part of the night was thunderous. Every inch of sleeping accommodation having been taken, I had the pleasure of sleeping on the open veldt, and in the middle of the night a storm as fierce as the last big deluge in London broke over the camp. Fortunately I had a thick rug and a mackintosh for bed clothes, and a waterproof valise for a pillow; whilst by good luck I had made my bed on a tiny hillock from which the water ran down to the thirsty veldt. But even with those advantages sleeping in the open in a howling thunderstorm is not altogether a happy sensation.

PITCAIRN ISLAND AND ITS INHABITANTS.

II.

(Written for the Times by J. H. Durand.)

Having given our readers some idea of the early experience of the first settlers of this island, it may be interesting at this time to have a description of the island before we follow its people any further.

It is insignificantly small, being only five and one-half miles in circumference and about two and one-half miles

long. Bananas can be had all the year round, but are at their best from January to June. The guava grows wild, and from March to July the trees are laden with fruit. Grapes can be cultivated with success on the island. Yams and arrowroot do well when cultivated. The sugar cane is one of the principal productions of the island, and the people have been supplied with apparatus for converting juice into syrup and sugar. Such are some of the productions of the little island that became the hiding place of the mutineers. They doubtless introduced the breadfruit, coconut, taro, yam and sweet potato. The places they once owned and cultivated are still called by their names, as John Adams's Breadfruit Patch, Ned Young's Ground, McCoy's Valley, and so on through the whole list. While their names remain, every trace of their burial places is lost, the grave of John Adams alone excepted.

Marriages and Births.

We will now turn our attention to the history of the islanders from the time we left them in the care of the only survivor of the mutineers, John Adams. As the changes that take place for the next few years are of deep interest we prefer that they be told to our readers by a native of the island. Therefore we will introduce Miss Rosa Young to the readers by extracting from her history of the island, which she has recently sent out to the public.

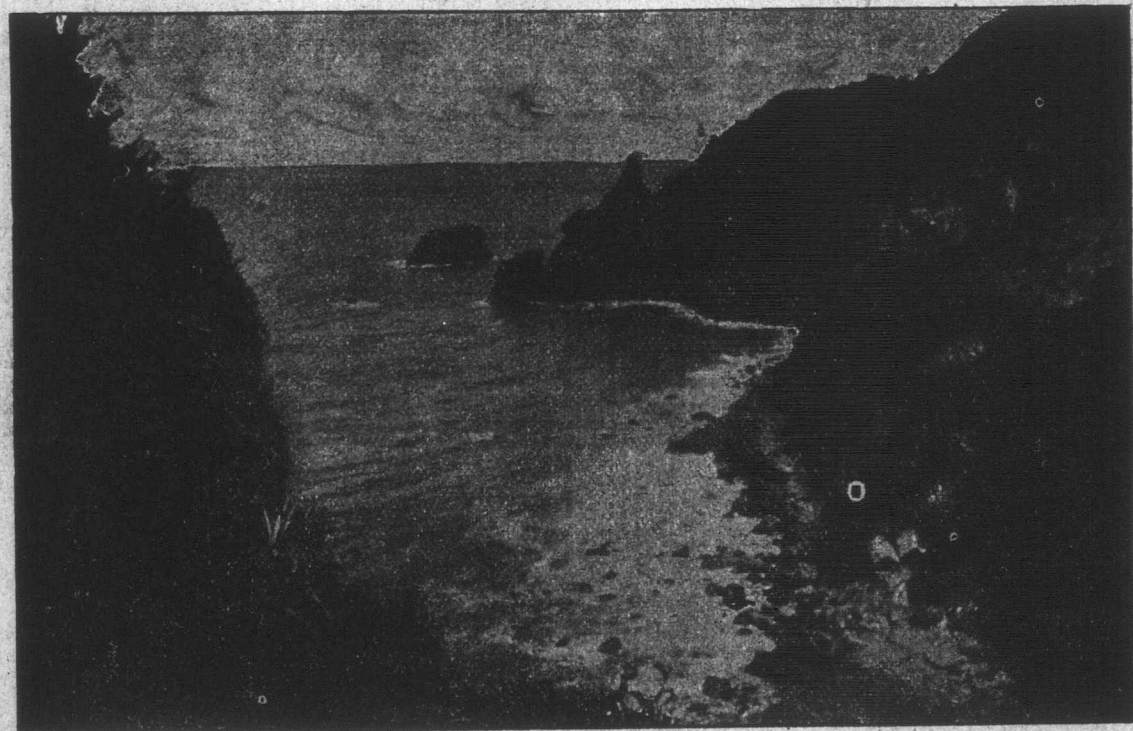
"In the month of October, 1823, an English whaler, the *Cyrus*, Captain Hall, visited Pitcairn Island. John Adams, being now somewhat advanced in years and beginning already to feel the infirmities of age, expressed to Captain Hall the wish that he could find among the ship's crew some one to assist him in the arduous task of trying to impart instruction to his young people. The captain listened kindly, and promised to do what he could. Calling his men around him, he made known to them the wishes of the old man, and asked if any of them would be willing to accede to his request. After a few minutes' hesitation John Buffett, a young man twenty-six years of age, stepped forward and volunteered his services. Being bound by no home ties, he counted it no great sacrifice to remain.

"Buffett had in early youth been apprenticed to a cabinet maker in Bristol, his native place. Of a roving disposition, a sea life especially possessing a peculiar fascination for him, he left his early trade to serve on board His Majesty's

ship *Quintall*. These two last mentioned young men one day swam off to a rock at considerable distance from the shore, and there agreed to seek each one of the other's sister for a wife. The rock received, from that incident, its name, Tane Ma, i.e., 'The Place of the men's agreement.' Thursday October Christian, son of Fletcher Christian, and the first born on the island, married Susan, the girl of fifteen, who came in the Bounty. The others were: Charles Christian, married to Sarah McCoy; Edward Quintall, to Dina Adams; George Young, to Anna Adams; William Young, to Elizabeth Mills, a widow of Matthew Quintall, who met his death in some unwonted manner. Most of the young men went out on the bay in their canoes to fish. They were mostly in speaking distance of each other, but as Matthew, or Matt, as he was called, was not seen tending his canoe, the others supposed that he was lying down in it. It was afterwards discovered that the canoe was, and had been no one knew how long, floating about without an occupant. The body had sunk, and was never seen again. "Only four of the children of the mutineers died unmarried. One of them, Johnny, the only son of John Mills, the mutineer, came to his death by an awful fall from a high, rocky cliff, where he had gone in search of birds' eggs. His injuries were such that he died before he could be conveyed to his home. The poor lad was only fourteen years old when the sad accident occurred. Two sons of Edward Young, Robert and Edward, both died shortly after the return of the community from Tahiti in 1831, while Fletcher Christian's only daughter, Mary, died of dropsy, on Norfolk Island. Quintall, having strayed from the path of virtue was so harshly treated by her brother that when she had opportunity she left the island. The captain of a passing vessel being informed of the matter and learning the wish of the unfortunate young woman, kindly allowed her a passage on his ship. She was taken to the island of Barro, where she was most kindly received. One of the chiefs of the island made her his wife and she eventually became the mother of a numerous family."

(To be Continued.)

There are seven young lady conductors on the electric cars of Chilkeoth, O., and five at Vincennes, Ind. They work nine hours a day and receive \$4 a week.



BOUNTY BAY.

THE SCOUT

It was a single Prussian scout, who, before Sadova, discovered the whole of the Austrian army drawn up in a new, and unlooked-for position in time for the Prussians to alter their plans. It was another German scout who brought news of the unsupported French army at Vionville, and enabled the Germans to destroy it. But the services of scouts like Major Colquhoun Grant in the Peninsula war sometimes determine the strategy of a whole campaign. Napier's description of the methods of this officer, in whom "the utmost daring was so mixed with subtlety of genius and to say which quality predominated," tempered by discretion, that it agrees closely with Col. Baden-Powell's ideal of the scout's qualities. Grant and others like him carried out their work in the face of a regular army, amply equipped with cavalry, which they observed dressed in full uniform, and relying mainly on their own readiness and the speed of their horses. Grant's best piece of scouting was his discovery that Marmont did not really intend to attack Almeida or Ciudad Rodrigo during the siege of Badajoz by the British. He spent three days inside Marmont's lines, in uniform, and discovered that the marshal had prepared provisions and scaling ladders for a siege. He then galloped through the French cavalry scouts, after receiving their fire and preceded Marmont's army. This he watched through a pass, noting every line, in uniform, and their direction, which was toward Ciudad Rodrigo. Still unsatisfied, he doubled back and entered the town of Tamames after the French had passed. There he discovered that he had left their scaling ladders behind, which showed, and despite the great intention to storm Ciudad Rodrigo. This news, taken to Wellington, left him free to bring the siege of Badajoz to a successful end without apprehension for the other fortress, which he had just captured.—The Spectator.

It is stated that the Pope has designated Cardinal Girolamo Maria Gotti, president of the congregation of indulgences and sacred relics, as his successor. Cardinal Gotti, the famous Genoese monk, is a man of great piety and modesty. He was about 64 years old; he has lived the life of an ascetic, and despite the dignity of a prince of the church, he always sleeps in a cell and on a hard mattress.

It may prove interesting to some readers to know the names of those others whom John Adams united in the bond of matrimony. The service was performed according to the rites of the Church of England. The parties were, of course, the sons and daughters of all mutineers who left children, and their names are as follows: Matthew Quintall to Elizabeth Mills; Arthur Quintall to Katherine McCoy; Daniel McCoy to

The Siege of Ladysmith

Position of the Boer Guns—The Persistence of "Long Tom."

London Leader Correspondent Tells of Events During the First Week.

Ladysmith, Nov. 7, 1899.—We have stood our first week of siege and bombardment admirably, for there has now been a week of it, although the official date of the investment may be put on a few days to make it coincide with the day when rail and telegraphic communication was interrupted.

When our troops retired upon the town after that unsuccessful engagement of October 30th I felt that nothing short of an absolutely impossible withdrawal could spare us the humiliation of a siege. The enemy held a commanding position, from which we had failed to oust him, on a hill to the eastward, known as Reservoir or Popworth's hill, where he fixed up his "Long Tom" of imperishable memory—for those of us who listened to its screaming shells and have been witnesses of the futile efforts made by our naval guns to silence its demoralizing fire.

I believe a £10 note is still awaiting the gunner who aims the shot which puts the thing definitely out of action. The powerful crew have more than once quieted it temporarily; but just when we are in our quarters ready to sit down to a comfortable meal the big Boer gun playfully sends another shell shrieking over the town to show that he intends to come up smiling next round.

Uses of the White Flag.

Once "Long Tom" hoisted the white flag and we all thought we had him at last. Capt. Lambton immediately claimed the gun, but the reply came that it was only momentarily disabled and that time merely was required for repairs! Our fellows complain bitterly at their having hoisted it several times when in difficulties, and reopened fire as soon as they got themselves straight again. Ladysmith is awkwardly situated to withstand a siege. It is built in the hollow of a rugged hill which runs in a series of ridges parallel with the principal street at a distance of about 200 yards on its northern side. A stony hill branches out at a right angle and encloses the town to the eastward.

A wide plain, four miles at least in extent, stretches away to the south in front of the town, and from it on the further side rises the gigantic Bulwana Hill—a wooded table mountain, which, after we had taken the trouble of fortifying it, was allowed to pass into Boer hands without a fight. Surely our military chiefs could not have believed it was another German scout who brought news of the unsupported French army at Vionville, and enabled the Germans to destroy it. But the services of scouts like Major Colquhoun Grant in the Peninsula war sometimes determine the strategy of a whole campaign.

Another range of hills lies to the westward, and runs directly parallel with those on the east. Both these lines are in our possession; but the enemy's guns on the Bulwana sweep the slopes of both.

Position of the Naval Guns.

Our naval guns are mounted on the ridges to the north of Ladysmith. Unfortunately the position of our battery of 12-pounders, in relation to "Long Tom" dominating the great hill away to the northeast, is such that a shell missing the guns very frequently strikes the ridge, and throws splinters into the town—if, indeed, it doesn't miss the ridge altogether and fall close to the main street. When I visited the Boer lines on Tuesday last our foes expressed their annoyance that the Naval Battery should have been placed at a spot which virtually drew "Long Tom's" fire upon the town. There was a tinge of bad faith about this, as, during the six hours' fighting on October 30th, which preceded the arrival of the bluejackets, the enemy's big gun dropped shots deliberately into the streets and gardens with clockwork regularity.

Our 4.7-in. gun dominates a kopje also to the north of the town, and we have also batteries at points which it would be unwise to mention here for fear this letter should fall into Boer hands—a fate that has overtaken a good many of the telegraphic and mail communications. We have endeavored to smuggle out of this besieged place.

Good Practice, Bad Shells.

The enemy has eight or nine heavy siege and garrison guns trained upon our batteries, and of these six at least command the town. They have made grand practice, but, happily for us, their shells play them shabby tricks. It must be awfully mortifying to the Boer gunners to find a splendidly-directed shot stultified because the shell refuses to explode. Our bluejackets opened one of the projectiles which landed near them without bursting, and found the explosive chamber half filled with common soot. Somebody has taken advantage of the Transvaal government's feverish desire to increase its pile of ammunition.

On Tuesday a train was arranged for the collection of the wounded and the burial of the killed in the disastrous battle of Lombard's Kop. By the way, that engagement was ennobled by some glorious acts of individual gallantry. Lieut. Norwood, of the 5th Dragoon Guards, will, I hear, be recommended for particular distinction, he having dismounted and walked straight out into the zone of fire to carry a wounded man over 70 yards into safety.

Unrecorded Bravery.

What I believe to be an unreported incident of Elandsbaag deserves even tardy mention. Capt. Mickeljohn, of the Gordons, led his men to the attack on the main position with four bullets in his arm.

Early in the morning disconcerting rumors circulated in camp concerning the fate of the Gloucesters and Irish Fusiliers.

We already knew the Mountain Battery had come to grief. Stragglers had wandered in under cover of darkness with tales of disaster. One man struggled in mudstained and drenched, having crawled nearly five miles in ditches and river beds to elude the Boer fire. Another, a private of the Gloucesters, came in barefooted. He had been captured by two Irishmen who were fighting with the enemy, stripped of his boots and socks, kicked in a fleshy part of the body and told to get back to the British lines and be thankful his life was spared.

Effect of Nicholson's Nek.

The suspense as to what had become of the missing regiments was more terrible than the truth; and so prepared were we for the worst that the news of the surrender of Col. Carleton's column caused more pain than panic. It deprived us of the aid of 1,200 men, whose services might have been very helpful.

VESSELS WITH RECORDS.

To the barkentine *Jane A. Falkenberg* and the three-masted schooner *Hera*, recently wrecked near Vancouver Island, and sold by auction at this port, somewhat romantic histories attach. The barkentine was built on the Atlantic coast for the San Francisco-Honolulu trade about 45 years ago—long before steamers had made their appearance in that service. She was a very fast craft, and being named after the wife of its owner and captain (a lovely and accomplished woman who accompanied her husband on his voyages), was an object of especial interest to the people of both ports. The passenger travel between the two ports was of considerable importance and the *Falkenberg* being handsomely fitted up with staterooms and saloon, and providing excellent meals, was long a favorite ocean carrier. Her only competitor in point of elegance and speed was the big schooner *Live Yankee*. In 1857 the barkentine was disposed of to a company for a very large sum in gold, and the captain and his wife started for home over the isthmus of Panama with the money, in leather satchels. On their way up from the isthmus the steamer on which they were sailing foundered. The gold, which represented the savings of a lifetime was lost, and the captain and his wife barely escaped with their lives. The barkentine, after many years' service in the Honolulu trade, was driven off by steamer competition and has at last, after many vicissitudes, come to grief near this rock-bound coast. The *Hera*, now lying sunk on off the mouth of Olneyou, is the vessel in which the Earl of Aberdeen, travelled incognito, having shipped as a common sailor at a Virginia port for Australia, under the name of George Osborne. The first night out he was sent to furl the jib and was never seen again. His identity was established by the discovery in a Richmond pawnbroker's of a rifle, bearing the Aberdeen arms and some hairlocks that were known to be in his possession when he came to America. These articles he had pawned as a sailor. After the missing earl had been declared legally dead the present earl succeeded to the estates and title. The *Hera* was dragged into the Tichborne matter, which is being revived in Australia, according to news by the *Austral*, in a somewhat remarkable manner. The claimant swore that the crew of the bark in which he left Valparaiso were taken from their sinking vessel by a three-masted schooner and conveyed to Australia. It was shown that the *Hera*, continuing the voyage on which the Earl of Aberdeen was lost, arrived at an Australian port about the date the claimant swore that he and his comrades reached that colony. Then ensued a long search for the *Hera*, and at last she was found floating at a Puget Sound port. She had changed officers and crews many times since her visit to Australia, and for a long time the log of her eventful voyage could not be found, and when it finally turned up there was no reference therein of the rescue of a shipwrecked crew and another fragment of the claimant's brain was disproved.

HIGHEST TOWER IN THE WORLD

The highest tower in the world is presently to be built as one of the great attractions of Buffalo during the Pan-American exhibition, which is to be held in the city in 1901. It is to be 1,132 feet high and 400 feet square at the base, and will be a much more ornamental building than the Eiffel Tower itself. It will be served by no fewer than thirty-three electrical elevators, sixteen of which will run only to the first landing, 225 feet above the level of the ground. The whole journey from the bottom to the top will necessitate four changes of elevators, and will take about six minutes, while the elevators will have a carrying capacity of 10,000 an hour. The four corner supports of the tower are each 50 feet square, and from them rise arches 200 feet across and 200 feet high, supporting a landing containing 87,000 feet of floor space, capable of accommodating 20,000 people. At the second landing, 450 feet above the ground, is another great floor area of 25,000 feet, and on the third landing, which is 675 feet above the ground, a floor space of 12,100 feet, and on the fourth landing, at an elevation of 1,000 feet, the area will be 20x25 feet. The estimated cost of this tower, which will be built of steel, is £100,000, or about twice as much as that which was involved by the erection of the Eiffel Tower.

Lord Roberts, says the London Outlook, learned of his son's death at the Travelers' Club. He was talking to a distinguished general at a little distance from the tape round which was formed a circle of the members. Some one who did not know Lord Roberts was present exclaimed: "Good heavens! Bob's son is killed." "What's that?" cried Roberts, elbowing his way to the tape. He read the fatal news, then walked out of the club without a word, the members gazing after him with silent, affectionate sympathy.

Thos. Kite, the old parish clerk of the Shakespeare church, is dead. He was 93 years of age. Among those whom he conducted to Shakespeare's tomb were Sir Walter Scott, Washington Irving, Dickens, Emerson, Keane and Nathaniel Hawthorne.