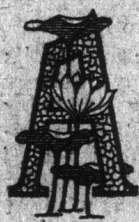


# A Young Englishman Named Tunstall

By D. W. Higgins, Author of "The Mystic Spring," etc.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,  
Thus unlamented let me die;  
Steal from the world, and not a stone  
Tell where I lie.—Pope.



ABOUT thirty-two years ago a young man fresh from London town and college life came to Victoria, to enter the mercantile establishment of Turner, Beeton & Tunstall, then the most prominent dealers in dry goods in the province. Mr. J. H. Turner, the senior member of the firm, is now agent-general of British Columbia at London, where he discharges his duties with signal zeal and ability. The second member of the firm, Mr. H. C. Beeton, died in England a few months ago. Mr. Beeton was the first agent-general, and served for a long time without pay. Mr. Tunstall died many years ago. It was the latter's son, John Tunstall, who accepted employment with the firm and represented his father's interests therein, with whom we have to deal. He was a good looking young fellow of about twenty-two, with a great admiration for horses and dogs, of which he had several. But in spite of his admiration for those animals he was an indifferent horseman and a wretched driver, and had little knowledge of dogs, a number of which he undertook to train for hunting, with poor success. As the sequel will show, he was likewise a poor judge of human nature. He had forgotten, if he ever knew, that kindness is the chief element of success in dealing with dumb animals, and some of his acquaintances were of opinion that he was unduly harsh in his treatment of horses and dogs. He was not what you would call a popular man, but he was respectable and well meaning. His male associates did not take to him, and his lady acquaintances did not like him and said so. He had a habit of trying to make those he conversed with think that he was a little better than they, and the habit, as the reader knows, is unpardonable, especially in a very young person. In an old man, who has gained wisdom if he has not achieved greatness, the habit may be tolerated; but in a young man it is unbearable.

It has been written of the average Englishman that there are two things he fancies he can do—edit a newspaper and drive a pair of horses. I don't know that the subject of this sketch ever essayed to conduct a newspaper, but I am aware that on one occasion he invited three ladies to take a drive in his trap to Colwood Plains. All went well until one of the horses in whipping the air with his tail, threw it over a rein. Now it requires skill and diplomacy to recover control of a rein lost under such circumstances, and Tunstall was not equal to the emergency. Instead of diplomacy he reverted to brute force, and tugged on the line until the maddened horse and his mate ran off and dumped the entire party into the road. After that adventure he took to riding and the preparation of horses for the fall races; but I never heard that he carried off a prize.

From the first it was seen that Tunstall's heart was not in his work. He had read while at school stories of the Western cowboys and their doings, and had imbibed a taste for that sort of life. He grumbled constantly at the employment to which he had been assigned, and took little or no interest in the business. Finally the elder Mr. Tunstall yielded to the persuasion of his son, and sent him a considerable sum of money for investment in New Mexico, which was then the seat of a "war" between rival factions of cattlemen and their following. Murder and robbery were of frequent occurrence, and a traveler's life was hardly safe in Lincoln county, where the hostilities raged hottest, and where a man was not considered anybody unless he had committed at least one murder. One of the heaviest owners of cattle was a Scotchman named Chisholm. His interests were guarded by a gang of unscrupulous, daring men who roamed over the hills and through the valleys armed to the teeth, and prepared to shoot down at sight any member of another gang of cowboys, known as Murphy's, whom they might encounter. The leader of the Murphy men was "Billy the Kid," an effeminate-looking creature of twenty years, who had begun life as a desperado when only twelve years of age, by disemboweling a man who had offended him in a bar-room row.

At the time of which I write the "Kid" was the most feared man in New Mexico. He had a lust for killing. Twenty-one men had fallen at the crack of his rifle or revolver, and at the slightest provocation he would turn his weapons loose and begin a carnival of death. Among these lawless, blood-letting men John Tunstall alighted from the back of a mule one day thirty-two years ago. He was accompanied by a lawyer named McQueen. The two announced that they had come to settle in New Mexico and had brought money to start a general store and by a cattle ranch. They were received with open arms, for cattle were cheap and money was scarce in the territory at the time.

The "Pacific Monthly" for June (which, by the way, is the best publication of its kind in the West, and is engaged in a great work of building up the Pacific Northwest), printed an interesting paper on the New Mexico troubles, but the writer, unconsciously, no doubt, does Mr. Tunstall an injustice when he says that he and his partner formed a third party of desperadoes, at the head of whom was Billy the Kid, to fight the other two conflicting factions. The writer refers to Tunstall as "a young Eng-

lishman named Tunstall," and if he had added that he was the greenest specimen of a tenderfoot who ever set foot in New Mexico and that, so far from being a shedder of blood, he would have fainted at the sight of a cut finger, he would have but done his memory scant justice.

Tunstall had been scarcely a month in New Mexico, during which time he bought an interest in a store and a bunch of cattle, before he discovered that he had made a grievous error in exchanging his situation at Victoria for a residence among the scoundrels who were engaged in the cheerful occupation of enriching the soil with human blood and stealing or maiming each other's cattle. All the romance was knocked out of him after he had witnessed two unprovoked killings, and he pined for the peaceful surroundings of Victoria. But his money was locked up. He tried to sell at half cost, but none would buy. His partner, who was a deputy sheriff, and had represented the half interest to be worth much more than Tunstall paid for it, offered to dispose of his share for a mere song. Tunstall, who had but little money left, could not take advantage of this offer, and the cowboys began a systematic effort to make him leave the camp. In this effort his deputy sheriff partner joined. When too late Tunstall saw through the plot and knew that if he stayed he would be killed, and if he ran off his property would be confiscated.

To make matters worse, Billy the Kid announced that he had "adopted" the young Englishman, and made his headquarters at Tunstall's store, drinking his whiskey and eating his grub, to share in the feast he invited a number of his lawless associates, and the gang held high revel at Tunstall's expense. At times the fellows would sally forth to steal or rob and return with their booty to the Tunstall premises. At night they would hold high revel and invite the whole camp to eat, drink, and be merry. Tunstall sometimes remonstrated mildly, but he dared not show resentment, and as the adopted relative of the Kid he decided to allow matters to drift until he could find an opportunity to sell out and retire from the lawless region.

One day the Kid came to his "relative" and remarked that the stock of liquor had run out.

"We've drunk everything—from whiskey to Jamaica ginger and pain-killer. There ain't a single drop left in the house of no sort, and the boys is in a bad humor."

"Well," said Tunstall, "those who drank the stock should replenish it. I don't intend

to buy any more liquor until I'm paid for what's gone."

"So," replied Billy the Kid, as he drew his revolver from its sheath and regarded Tunstall with a meaning look, "ain't we paid for the liquor by perfectin' you? Ain't we fellers yer bodyguard, and don't we keep the Chisholm boys from robbin' and murderin' yer, by stayin' with ye? This is base ingratitude. If we was to go away today, tomorrow you'd be dead. Your store'd be in ashes and yer cattle would sport the Chisholm brand. Yer a gettin' off mighty cheap, I thinks," concluded the Kid.

"Yes, but Billy, my money's about all gone. I can't buy liquor without money," pleaded Tunstall.

"Money's all gone, is it?" returned the interesting cherub, "then take to the road and steal some more. We wants more lickin', and by G—, we'll have it. See?" and he tapped the barrel of his pistol with his forefinger.

After this interview Tunstall began to realize more than ever the mistake he had made in going to that lawless community. He obtained some whiskey from an adjacent camp, and the boys resumed their revel at his expense.

One morning a member of the gang found Tunstall alone in his store. Leaning on the counter, the rough, who was a little better educated than the rest, and seemed to be a man of good inclination, asked:

"I guess you're pretty sick of this place, ain't you?"

Tunstall replied that he would like to sell out if he could.

"Well," said the other, "you can't sell out—you won't be allowed to. The boys is going to take your goods and your stock and perhaps your life."

"Good God!" exclaimed Tunstall, "what have I done? I've treated them all well and fed and clothed some of them out of my stock. The suit of clothes the Kid wears I brought from Victoria. I've treated them like gentlemen—"

"That's the trouble," returned the other. "You've treated them too well. You're a gentleman and they know it and feel it. Every time they see you they recognize their own inferiority. If you were a rough or acted and spoke like one you'd be safe. I know that you try to be like us, but any one can see you're only acting. The boys are all on to you; besides, they know that you're trying to sell out. Your partner told them you're going away and they have sworn you shan't get away to tell the government all about them!"

"Another thing they've against you is that you're English. They hate an Englishman and think it no crime to kill one. But the worst of all they have against you is that you bathe. The Kid came across you while you were taking a bath in the creek, and he says no man who bathes can stay in this camp. So look out, Tunstall, or they'll get you, sure."

The wretched young man pondered over the information so kindly given, and tried to devise means for making his escape, but the more he thought over the situation the more involved it seemed. It was evident that his partner was in the conspiracy and that unless he got away soon he was doomed to suffer death at the hands of the Kid and his companions. From the day of the warning conversation he imagined that he was watched. Every cowboy who entered the premises seemed to cast an inquiring eye upon him, as if to ask, "What is he still alive?" If he turned his back for a moment he felt that he was the focus on which ruffianly eyes whose owners lusted for his blood, were bent. The fellows gathered in whispering knots on the road and at the bar, and Tunstall knew that he was the subject of their observation and conversation.

Billy the Kid was more than fulsome in his attentions, and two other desperadoes—by name Jesse Evans and Jake Radebough—tried to make things as comfortable as possible for the young landlord and ease his anxiety. One evening Evans, who was in a merry mood, asked Tunstall where he was last from?

"From Victoria, B. C.," replied Tunstall.

"From Victoria," mused the desperado, "I seen a man from that place killed down in Colorado about four year ago."

"What was his name?" asked Tunstall.

"His name? Well, I dis-remember it just now. Lemme see—oh, yes. It was McCrea—Jem McCrea. They said he'd been a big man and awful rich back in your country; but the time he war killed he war so poor he used to pilot drunken cowboys to their beds in a hotel. On this night in particular a Irish cowboy was threatening to shoot up the house, and McCrea lighted a candle and got him to the top of the stairs when the Irishman drew his revolver and lifted the top of his pilot's head off. The dead man tumbled down the stairs. He was a big man, and he made a awful racket in coming down, besides busting part of the stairs. We buried him next day, after the coroner's jury had brought in a verdict of justifiable homicide."

"Why," remarked Tunstall, aghast at the story of the murder, "how did they make that out?"

## The Design of Modern Battleships



THE London Times, in its issue of August 4th, had the following letter:

Sir: I should have been content to leave the letter of Professor Biles, published in The Times of July 23, without any other reply than is to be found in my Nineteenth Century article which it criticizes but for the possibility that silence might be construed as an acceptance of the statement made by Professor Biles that the article in question is an "attack upon the design of (my) successor, Sir Philip Watts." Not a word written by me in that article or elsewhere makes the slightest reflection on the professional skill or capability of Sir Philip Watts. No one more highly appreciates his powers as a naval architect than myself. We were fellow-students in the Royal School of Naval Architecture more than 50 years ago, and I have enjoyed his personal friendship ever since. One of many proofs of my belief in his professional capacity is to be found in the fact that I nominated him as my successor at Elswick when I returned to the Admiralty in 1885, and his distinguished career at that establishment justified the selection. It was a great satisfaction to me also that Sir Philip Watts was appointed Director of Naval Construction when ill-health compelled me to leave the Admiralty early in 1902, and I have watched his fulfillment of the responsible duties of that office with friendly sympathy.

In these circumstances I have to enter a protest against the language used by Professor Biles in regard to the criticisms. I have made of certain features in recent warship designs. The introduction of personal considerations into a discussion of the principles which should dominate armaments, distribution of armour, speed, draught of water, and other features of new warships, is greatly to be deplored. It tends—if it was not intended—to confuse important issues raised in my article, and to embitter unnecessarily a controversy, which should be free from any such feeling. The Director of Naval Construction is undoubtedly the responsible designer of His Majesty's ships. On the other hand, the final decision as to the qualities to be embodied in each design—armament, armour, speed, coal endurance, draught of water, etc.—is and must be made by the Board of Admiralty. The responsibility of the naval architect is centred in the design and construction of strong, stable, and seaworthy ships which shall fulfil the stipulated conditions. Throughout my long official career I was careful to make clear these separate responsibilities of the Admiralty and its chief naval architect. The case was restated in the Nineteenth Century article in the following words:

"From 1885 to 1902 the writer served as the responsible designer of ships for the Royal Navy. . . . He was the technical adviser to the Board of Admiralty, with whom rested the decision as to the qualities to be embodied in each new ship; his duty was fulfilled when alternative designs had been prepared and submitted to the Board, with an expression of his opinion as to relative merits and demerits. That is always the position of the Director of Naval Construction; and the writer desires to add that nothing which has been said above is meant or should be taken as a reflection on or a criticism of the professional work of his successor in that office. On many occasions it has been his official duty to become the public exponent and defender of designs which did not represent his personal opinion or preference. It is quite possible that his successor now has to fulfill a similar duty."

Professor Biles takes no heed to this disclaimer, and charges me with attacking my "successor in office upon the subject of the efficiency of the design of the ships which he has produced." Any reader of the article can see that my criticisms are directed solely to matters lying within the province of the Board of Admiralty. Reasons, which in my judgment are weighty, are given in support of the opinion that the combination of qualities represented in the vessels of the Dreadnought type should be recognized when new designs are prepared. Further, I have been careful to point out that in the Dreadnought "the intentions of the designer have been realized"—in other words, that the Director of Naval Construction has fulfilled the conditions laid down for his guidance. Where then is the attack on my successor?

Professor Biles indicates that an imputation of "professional jealousy" may be made against me. Such a suggestion may be left without comment. In his opinion "the whole of (my) article resolves itself into a statement of (my) opinion upon the relative merits of the designs of the Dreadnought and the King Edward," and it is urged that the value of my opinion "in this case must be doubtful on account of (my) personal responsibility for the King Edward design." Here again Professor Biles confuses the distinct responsibility of the Board of Admiralty and the Director of Naval Construction. The Board of Admiralty decided on the qualities to be embodied in the King Edward class; and I prepared the design in accordance with that decision. As a matter of fact, some features of offence and defence existing in this class would not have been present had the decision rested with me. My judgment, therefore, is not so biased as is supposed by Professor Biles; and readers may be left to form

their own opinions as to the relative importance which attaches to those parts of my article in which allusion is made to the King Edward class. The main comparison instituted is between the single-calibre heavy gun type represented by the Dreadnought and the "mixer-armament" type (with secondary armament in a battery) represented by the King Edward class of the British Navy, the Connecticut class of the United States Navy, the Hannover class of the German Navy, and the Kashima class of the Japanese Navy. There are great differences in the two types in respect of armored areas on the broadsides, and the number of hits which can be made by projectiles in a given time. These are the main points to which attention is drawn in the article. In making this comparison it was better, in my opinion, to take a British ship rather than to select a foreign ship as a contrast to the Dreadnought; and for this reason alone the King Edward was compared with the latter ship. The merits of the case are not affected by the fact that the King Edward class were designed by me seven years ago; nor am I so foolish to think that finality in battleship design was reached in 1901. I am familiar with the advances made since that date in materials, armaments, and propelling machinery. I claim to possess exceptional knowledge of what is being done in warship design both at home and abroad.

Importance attaches also to the fact mentioned in my article—viz., that mixed armaments such as I advocate—including 5-inch and 6-inch guns which were described as useless by supporters of the heavy gun armament four years ago—are now again finding favor in foreign battleship designs; while 4-inch guns have been adopted instead of 3-inch in the Temeraire and St. Vincent.

Writing as a member of the Committee on Warship Designs in 1904-5, Professor Biles takes exception to my opinion "that the inquiry then made was not exhaustive, nor marked by that deliberate investigation essential to the solution of a problem of great difficulty and supreme importance." He says "this is only opinion," may I add that it is based on facts disclosed in Parliamentary papers. Lord Selborne announced the appointment of this committee in December, 1904; the number and dates of its meetings are not known; its report has not been published—a strange contrast with the procedure previously followed for similar committees, and especially by the Committee on Designs in 1871 over which Lord Dufferin presided.

H. WHITE.

8, Victoria street, Westminster, S.W., July 30.

"McCrea flashed the candle so's the light got into the cowboy's eyes and he thought it war the flash of a pistol. So he fired in self-defence, don't you see?"

Tunstall did not see, and in narrating the incident in a letter to a friend at Victoria he expressed the fear that he never would be able to see the flash of the candle in the same light that the cowboy saw it.

One morning, about a week after his conversation, Tunstall's partner came to him and said he thought he had found a purchaser for the property. He proposed that they should ride out on the range and inspect the stock. The two left the store together. At a sharp turn on the road they came across about a dozen cowboys, among whom were Billy the Kid and Evans. They appeared to be disputing over some matter of interest, and as Tunstall and his partner came in sight several of the cowboys drew pistols as if to shoot. Tunstall hurried forward with the object of preventing a fight. He was soon in the thick of a surging mass of sanguinary, swearing, struggling men with drawn pistols. They opened out and closed in upon him. Too late he saw the trap into which he had blundered. He tried to force his way out of the press, but the men closed tighter and tighter upon him. He tried to draw a weapon, but he could not move a hand, so tightly was he enclosed.

"Boys," he gasped, "let me out! Don't push so hard. Billy," he continued, addressing the Kid, "you always said you were my friend—make the others stand back and give me air."

"You'll have lots of air in a minnit," cried the Kid, in a taunting voice.

"Oh! I say, boys, let up, can't you," again cried the victim.

At that instant a pistol shot rang out on the morning air. The crowd drew back and separated, and Tunstall stood alone. His face was ashy pale and his form quivered as if in mortal agony. He gazed reproachfully on the Kid for a moment, then by a mighty effort, he raised his arms above his head and fell forward on his face.

No one went to him. No one examined him, or ventured to raise him. None seemed to care whether he was alive or dead. They left him for the wolves to devour and, mounting their horses, rode furiously to the store, where they helped themselves to its liquid contents and divided the spoils with the dead man's partner. Some traders later in the day found the victim of that foul shot lying where he fell, and brought his body to the store for interment.

The writer in the Pacific Monthly tells how Billy the Kid was at last arrested for murder and convicted; how he was sentenced by the judge to be hanged by the neck until he was "dead, dead, dead"—how he replied with, "And you may go to hell, hell, hell." The Kid escaped from prison while awaiting execution. He had killed several sheriffs during his career, but he met his match at last in a sheriff named Pat Garrett, who sent him to the other world with a bullet in his heart.

In 1882, some four or five years after Tunstall had been murdered in New Mexico and his name had become an indistinct memory, there came to Victoria a young gentleman named Arthur Beeton. He was a son of the second member of the firm of Turner, Beeton & Tunstall, and first cousin of the young man who perished so miserably in New Mexico. Of medium height, handsome, intellectual and athletic, of winsome manners and good address, Beeton became a general favorite. He was assiduous in the discharge of his duties at the store and was rapidly gaining an insight into the conduct of the business when a terrible thing happened.

He occupied rooms in a residence near Rock Bay, the owner of which was absent in England. The late Mr. Joseph Wilson, of W. & J. Wilson, occupied a room in the same residence. On a certain Saturday evening the two parted and went to their respective apartments. Beeton was in excellent health and spirits. In the morning, about 9.30 o'clock, Mr. Wilson entered the dining room and saw on the mantelpiece a slip of paper on which was written these words:

"You will find my body in the stable loft."

"ARTHUR."

For a few moments Mr. Wilson was unable to grasp the meaning of the words, for he could not realize that the cheerful youth, from whom he had parted a few hours before full of life and anticipated happiness, contemplated suicide. Yet what other construction could be placed on the message? He questioned the Chinese cook, who said that Mr. Beeton had passed through the kitchen and into the yard about seven o'clock that morning.

Proceeding to the stable and ascending the stairs leading to the loft, Mr. Wilson was horrified to see lying on the floor the dead body of the young man. He had shot himself twice—once through the left breast and once through the head. Either wound would have proved mortal. The causes that led to the suicide were never clearly established, but it was said that while at school in England he had suffered from brain fever, and had never fully recovered from the attack.

Arthur Beeton's death under these painful circumstances was a terrible shock to his family and friends, for he was universally liked, and everyone turned out to bury him. His remains lie at Fowl Bay cemetery, near the centre drive, beneath a handsome monument.



has been granted Great Britain a considerable number of

There have been controversy with generation. The a railway to Hudson the possibility of Bay to Liverpool opening up of the that wheat could miles farther no combined with knowledge that contained considerable convinced people railway is possibility of navigation. It is quite true freezes and it Strait is seldom. Nevertheless, the for the simple waters are made large fields of present themselves from west to east bergs coming down through Hudson.

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The committee table of distances Liverpool to Fort Churchill to Calgary to Vancouver.



on them, especially omic exploitation despotism.

In 1519, when the Aztecs, the assembled on the the decline of a been brilliant. 60,000 houses, a topped with towers ways connected. But monarchical energy of this sheep, they could invaders. Such priestly caste with sacrifices in honor tem of the Inquisition humanity.

The Aztecs were converted to Christianity more or less with ligious those of Priests and mon merely in a spirit the beginning of was the priests extremely mixed of the capital.

The domination separation from the struggle against dent Juarez, who vaders and acclaim Maximilian, only lukewarmness. Therefore, with the influence of the Un vigorous measure Church and State enormous property