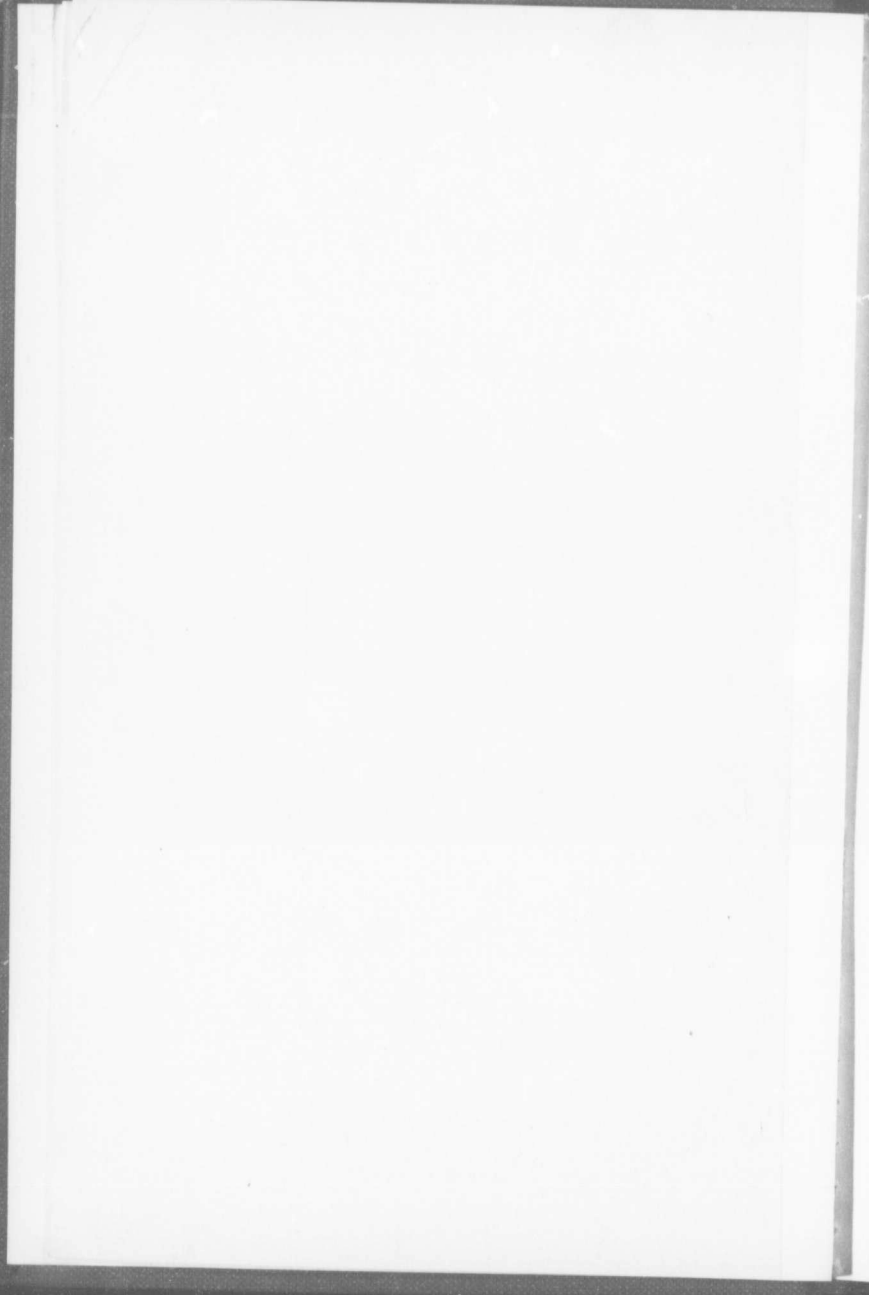


# UNDER FIVE FLAGS

WAR AND OTHER REMINISCENCES-







Miss Dr. Ginn's

Port Arthur, Tex.

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MISS MARION ROLAND,

Who compiled the Story from the Diary of her father, Captain Roland.

# UNDER FIVE FLAGS

War and Other Reminiscences ...

OF

CAPTAIN WALPOLE ROLAND, C.E., M.E.

lost on the "Sleeping Giant"; Thunder Bay,

IN

TURKEY (CRIMEA), PERSIA, INDIA, CHINA, WITH THE BRITISH  
AND IMPERIAL CHINESE (TAKU AND PEKIN), AND  
THE UNION ARMY (1864-5), THENCE TO  
MEXICO WITH MAXIMILIAN

ALSO

SKETCHES OF SOME FAMOUS SOLDIERS

TOGETHER WITH VARIOUS PERSONAL NARRATIVES  
AND EPISODES, INCLUDING

HIS ALMOST TRAGIC FATE IN THE MANITOU GOLD  
FIELDS OF CENTRAL CANADA

Compiled from the Diary of Captain Walpole Roland  
by his Daughter

MARION ROLAND

Of Buffalo, N.Y., U.S.A.

VOLUME I.

TORONTO  
WILLIAM BRIGGS

1912

Lake Superior  
during  
my  
school days  
in  
Port Arthur  
Ont.

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AG

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ROLAND W

Copyright, Canada, 1912, by  
WALPOLE ROLAND





"He made Port Arthur beautiful,  
But declined to 'punch' their clock."

—*Engineering and Mining.*

"Moose Jaw has secured the services of a gentleman who is going to place himself at the head of his profession. Mr. Antonissen during the years he served as city engineer for Port Arthur accomplished a great deal of work and made such progress in bringing the ideals of the citizens to a higher plane that the improvement henceforth to conform to those now executed must be of a permanent and pleasing character. Greatly hampered in his work by men who were without training and deficient in the sense of art in municipal works, what he did accomplish is really remarkable. In only one or two instances did he have the privilege of a free hand in the carrying out of his ideas, but in those instances he showed fully his capacity. A city beautiful cannot be created without the expenditure of money, nor can it be brought about without the aid of persons who are versed in the arts. That he has the ability both to create and execute has been amply demonstrated."—*Evening Chronicle.*

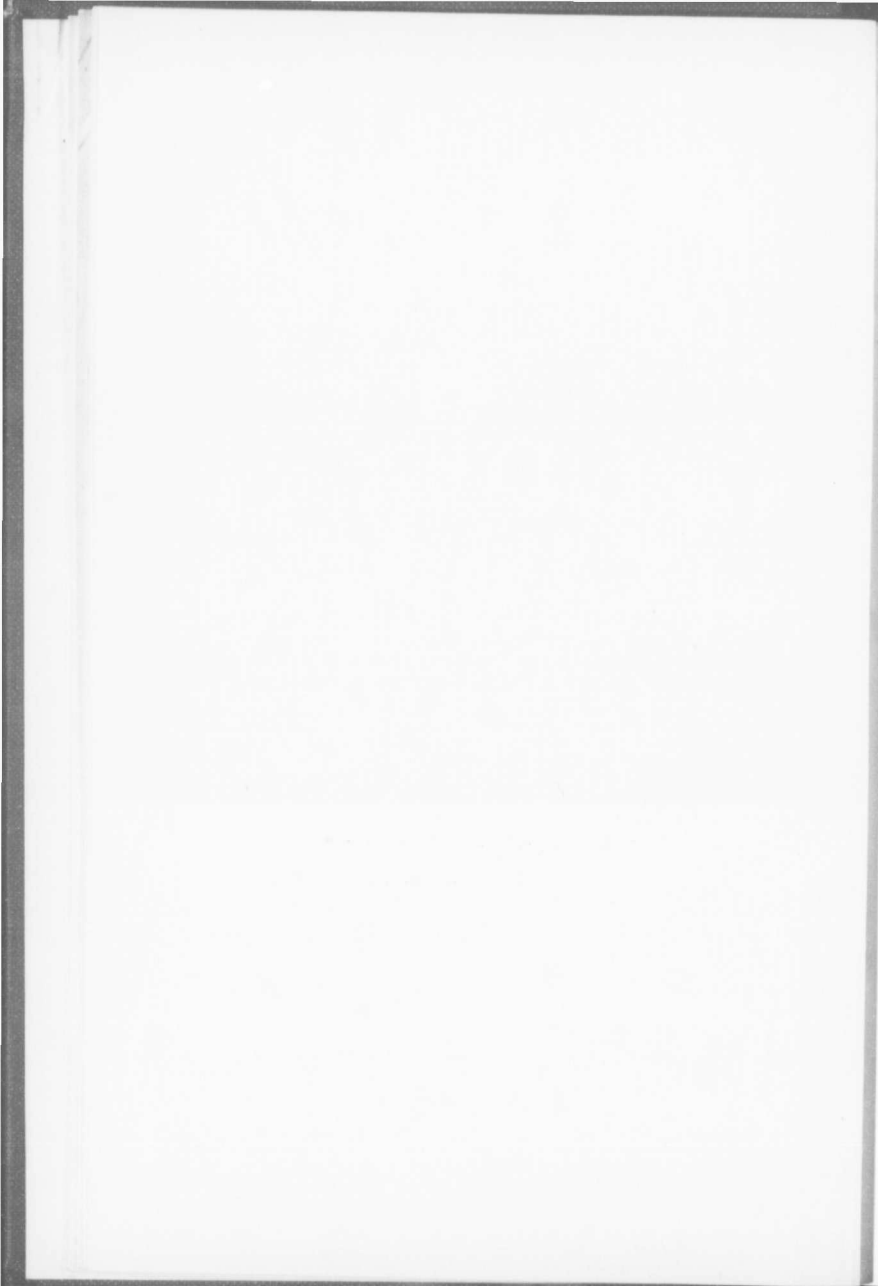
IN APPRECIATION  
OF  
HIS EXCEPTIONAL PROFESSIONAL CAPACITY,  
COMBINED WITH OTHER SPLENDID  
QUALITIES,  
THIS VOLUME  
IS DEDICATED TO

**Joachim Antonisen, C.E.,**

CONSULTING ENGINEER, CITY ENGINEER OF MOOSE JAW,  
SASKATCHEWAN, LATE DIVISION ENGINEER  
CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

*Very truly yours.*  
*Wm. J. Holland*





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# UNDER FIVE FLAGS.

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LOST! AND REPORTED DEAD!

BY MARION ROLAND.

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## INTRODUCTORY.

To begin with, it is not everyone who has the unique experience of reading their own obituary notices.

Such, however, has been the lot of the subject of this brief sketch. I say "brief" advisedly, as even a mere reference, and without details, to the many reminiscences of a long and eventful life of a Military Mining and Civil Engineer, some of which are humorous, some sad, but all more or less interesting to his many friends in various parts of the world, would, to say the least, extend this memoranda to a most inconvenient length for one volume.

"Captain Walpole Roland, C.E., and M.E., reported lost in the Wilds of New Ontario."

At the moment of reading the above startling announcement, I was at special stenographic work in the Grain Exchange, Board of Trade, Duluth, Minnesota, and as it was but a few days since I received

the following epistle from my father, I was in a measure prepared for further news from that very remote quarter, although, of course, its true significance did not then dawn upon me. His letter, referred to, was as follows:

“ Gold Rock, Lake Manitou, Ontario,  
“ May 16th.

“ MY DEAREST MARION:—

“ Only received yours on eve of departure, and consequently have no time to explain; and now that I am here in this primitive place I cannot get currency for a cheque for preliminary expenses. Arranging, however, to send you a money order from this combination “ general store and post office,” and anticipate with much pleasure meeting you on my return to Port Arthur early next week, when, together with your sister Frances, we should have a pleasant time, indeed! But in meantime, my hip causes me much trouble, and as the section into which I am going is considered an unusually broken and rough one, I do not anticipate having a picnic. I enclose Connie’s letter, announcing her wedding for the 20th, proximo, all of which is most interesting. I leave here by gasoline launch early to-morrow morning and shall count the hours until we again meet.

“ Ever your loving father,

“ WALPOLE ROLAND.”

“ Miss Marion Roland,

“ 527 Grain Exchange,

“ Board of Trade,

“ Duluth, Minn, U.S.A.”

HE KEPT A DIARY IN WHICH, AMONG OTHER THINGS, IS EXPLAINED THE CAUSE OF GETTING LOST.

WAS it not Emerson who advised men to keep diaries? The advice is good, and should be regarded as a means of handing down much of interest, if not of wisdom, for posterity. Referring to becoming "separated from remainder of his party," we find the following entry upon evening of May the 18th (the second day's solitude): "Owing to the loss of sleep for the past three nights, the irregularity of meals coming out, and above all, the failure of my boatman and chef (Nymark) to bring with him a quantity of tea and other things ordered and paid for, at Gold Rock, and mistaking a red tin of Mr. White's tobacco for Lipton's tea, I was not nearly so alert as usual; and all this, combined with adverse wind and trouble with the gasoline launch, from lack of experienced men, together with their very apparent recklessness in smoking, while 10 gallons of leaky tins of gasoline kept skidding from port to starboard, contributed much to my annoyance, discomfort and lack of confidence in the entire outfit; so that a seemingly very insignificant inadvertence, a total lack of caution or absent-mindedness, such as I never before experienced, brought about this possibly long train of disasters. The launch evidently

has started on the return and a match lighted in their usual reckless manner may terminate fatally. Thus eternal vigilance should be the motto—afloat or ashore.”

#### BIOGRAPHICAL.

But before making further reference to his Diary and the confirmation of the depressing news from the Lower Manitou, permit me to correct, from reliable data, some erroneous historical and other notes that have inadvertently crept into Press and private reports, touching the early records of this,

#### ONE OF THE MOST FAMILIAR OF THE OLD TIME MINING MEN.

Born in Bengal, India, January 27th, 1827, educated in Edinburgh and schools of Engineering in England and India. Served in the Crimea in the Turkish Army before Sebastopol in 1854-5. Thence to Egypt, Palestine and Persia in 1856. From Persia special service to India during the Mutiny of '57-8. Engaged upon triangulation survey in the “Hill Country” and valley of the Indus, 1859. Volunteered for China in 1860 and accompanied the allied armies throughout that campaign, including the storming and capture of Taku Forts and Peking. The forces engaged were as follows: Bengal troops, 7,000 men, composed of engineers (Bengal

sappers), native cavalry and native infantry; British (Europeans) 10,000, including two companies Royal Engineers, four batteries Horse and Field Artillery, Military Train (acting as cavalry) Royal Marines, Infantry and Naval Brigade.

The French force also numbered 10,000 men, including Sappers of the Line, Riflemen, Light Artillery and Marines, with a brilliant staff of officers, many of whom, like our own, had won distinction before Sebastopol and at the Malakoff, Mamelon and Balaclava. The entire allied army were under the command of General Sir Hope Grant, and Sir R. Napier of Bengal Engineers. At the close of this campaign became engaged in the work of surveying the harbor of Hong Kong (Victoria Harbor) and the delimitation of this British colony of twenty-nine square miles, under Colonel T. B. Collinson, until the outbreak of the Taiping rebellion, when he joined the Imperial Chinese forces. Landed on the "Bermuda Hundreds," opposite General "Ben" Butler's command, on the James River during the closing scenes of the great Civil War, and witnessed as a volunteer General Grant put the finishing touches upon a luridly brilliant series of successes, including the fall of Richmond, after the very obstinate resistance of Petersburg and the former city by their gallant defenders, under General Longstreet and Lee, and last, but not least, Beauregard. Two months later,



at Washington, renewed acquaintance with "Little Mac" (General G. B. McClellan) first met in the trenches before Sebastopol, where as an Engineer officer he represented the United States army. From Washington to Mexico, at a most interesting period in the history of that romantic land, viz., 1867.

After the defeat of the cause of Imperialism under the ill-fated Maximilian, first went in for metalliferous mining, and in the early seventies "hit the trail for 'Frisco'" with a band of ex-military and mining adventurers. Since arrival in Canada in 1870, Captain Roland has been almost continuously engaged in engineering, surveying or mining, between the Intercolonial, Canadian Pacific main and branch lines, from the Waverly Gold Mines of Nova Scotia to British Columbia. Exploratory surveys in Athabaska and topographical survey on the Nelson, Franklin, Hill and Hays Rivers to York Factory and Hudson's Bay. Specially employed on the C.P.R. as Inspector and Examiner under Commissioner J. H. McTavish, making a flying trip to the North Saskatchewan country and proposed branch lines, in advance of surveys, visiting Calgary, Edmonton, Lac la Biche, Fort Pitt, Battleford, Carlton and Prince Albert, Batoche and Regina, when the latter place was only known as "Pile of Bones Creek."

During the third period of silver mining, as also throughout the first successful period of gold mining

on Lake of the Woods, notably on Sultana Island, including the Sultana and Ophir gold mines, when he succeeded in interesting English and Canadian capital, including Messrs. John Taylor and Sons of London, and several Americans. It was also through the efforts of Captain Roland's associates in London and Paris that the late owner of the rich Regina mine, General Sir Henry Wilkinson, became interested in this and in the Rajah. It is also upon record that it was largely due to Mr. Roland's experience, advice and co-operation that the important discoveries of rich gold on the lower La Seine River (Shoal Lake) was made in 1893-4, when the Foley, K198 and other gold claims were located. But although we find him ever active from Sudbury to Kenora, it is, however, with developments in this immediate section that he is more particularly identified. Of this very effective work we find the following references made by the President of the Board of Trade, Port Arthur, in his Annual Report for 1889: "I cannot conclude this subject without mentioning the names of two men to whose indefatigable exertions, more than to any others who have interested themselves in mining in this district, much of the success and energy now displayed are due; while to either one or the other must be given the credit for having been instrumental in attracting to our midst nearly all the outside capital now employed in the mining in-

dustry. It is, of course, needless to say that these gentlemen are Thos. A. Keefer and Captain Walpole Roland, C.E., and M.E."

In the following year in "Port Arthur Illustrated," we also find testimony to the same effect in reference to Capt. Roland, viz.:

"This gentleman gave the new mining district an immense impetus in his exhaustive work "Algoma West" which is now bearing fruit, his long and intimate knowledge of the country and its mineral resources specially fitting him for the task. With his fine education and training as an engineer, great natural abilities and a facile pen, he has been of great service to Ontario, and indeed the Dominion, as a regular contributor to mining and engineering journals."

At the outbreak of the Spanish-American War in February, 1898, Captain Roland volunteered for active service in Cuba, and though strongly recommended by Gen. Alger, then U.S. Secretary of War, and also by Brigadier John M. Wilson, commanding United States Corps of Engineers, and requested to hold himself in readiness was, on account of the service age limit, not permitted to join. But later, instead, received a most courteous and flattering explanatory communication from the Engineers' Headquarters, War Dept., Washington, D.C. as being "one of the very first to volunteer."

## CAPTAIN ROLAND AT BALACLAVA.

INTERESTING ACCOUNT OF THE FAMOUS BATTLE BY  
CAPTAIN WALPOLE ROLAND, C.E., AND M.E.

THE following interesting account of the Battle of Balaclava and the famous Charge of the Light Brigade was given in an interview in the *Duluth News-Tribune*, by Capt. Walpole Roland, C.E., and M.E., of Port Arthur, about a year ago. It will be just fifty-six years on Tuesday next, Oct. 25, since the fight of Balaklava. Capt. Roland was then in the Turkish Army as Engineer, but had a close acquaintance with several officers who fell in the mad charge. He is now eighty-four years of age and is still active, with an admirable interest in the every-day affairs of life, and a keen sense of humor. The reminiscences will be of particular interest to the members of the Veterans' Association, as well as to the old-timers, to whom the author was a familiar figure for many years.

Soldier of fortune, pioneer, battleman of four great wars, Capt. Walpole Roland of Port Arthur, Ont., is as interesting a person as one would meet in years of travel, and he recounts the great adventures which he has witnessed, or in which he took

Balaclava, 25<sup>th</sup> October 1854.  
(After the Charge.)  
of the 95<sup>th</sup> Light Infy.



part, so vividly as to bring the scenes and those who took part in them with almost life-like realism before the mind of the listener.

He is a frequent visitor in Duluth, and was here during the week in connection with a mining business in which he is heavily interested, and visiting his daughter, Miss Marion.

Capt. Roland is now past eighty-four years, but turns to the wild with the same enthusiasm that urged him to fields of glory and strife more than fifty years ago. He has fought in four campaigns on three continents, and is still engaged in the more beneficent battle of taming waste places to the uses of man. His first taste of warfare was in the Crimea during the conflict in which the English, French and Turks broke the power of Russia.

When the war ended Capt. Roland's restless feet were turned toward India and there he arrived in time to take part in the suppression of the Sepoy mutiny in 1857. The rebellion was quenched in blood, and the captain went to China, and took part in the opium war, by which England opened that ancient country to foreign trade.

Again he heard the call of conflict on the other side of the world, and arrived in the United States in time to draw his ready sword in defence of the Union.

In the Crimea Capt. Roland participated in the battle of Balaclava, and witnessed the famous Charge of the Light Brigade. He was attached to the Turkish army in the capacity of Engineer, and the battle opened by the Russians assaulting and giving a fearful beating to the Sultan's cohorts. This brought on a general engagement, of which the charge was a rather inconsequential, amazing, blundering but glorious fraction.

Describing the battle, Capt. Roland said:

"It was the very first fighting with the exception of one or two night attacks or sorties made by the Russians upon our advanced works in which I had personal experience, since my appointment as Field Engineer to the Turkish army, some months previously.

"And this reminds me," observed the captain, "of the fact that the famous 'Charge of the Light Brigade,' now immortal in song and story, was not by any means the only fighting done at Balaclava, on that great day. On the contrary, this mad charge was but an incident but so spectacular that 'all the world wondered.'

"It will be fifty-seven years ago next Sunday since Balaclava was fought. On that eventful day and for over an entire month previous I was engaged with the Turkish forces in constructing a chain of earth-works, called by courtesy redoubts. These little

forts were far in advance and to the left of the allied camps, the French and English left and right attacks respectively. They were defended by a mixed force of all arms of the Turkish army. I was in No. 3 redoubt which commanded the valley, or gorge of the Inkerman, Sebastopol and Wornonzok roads, upon the night of the 24th and the morning of the 25th of October, 1854. At about 7.30 a.m., apparently without the usual preliminaries of skirmishing, scouting or alarms of any description, heavy firing was opened upon our chain of earthworks simultaneously from left to right, while at the same time dark masses of Russian grey-coated infantrymen swept over the ridges, while close columns of heavy cavalry, supported by overwhelming battalions of all arms, were seen to deploy from the deep ravines towards the plateau, opening out or extending as they advanced. Up to this moment, apparently, the guns of the Allies were silent. Our little mud forts were the first to respond.

“The Russians, however, had our range so accurately measured that within thirty minutes all our guns except one in ‘No. 3’ were dismounted and two of the redoubts carried by assault. At 7.30 the 56-pounder (a ship’s gun) had its muzzle knocked off by an enfilading round shot, while at or about the same critical moment our magazine exploded from shell fire. During the first twenty



minutes or so from the first gun fire on our left the Russian artillerymen fairly rained shot and shell at comparatively short range. Almost half our men were killed or put out of action. The Russian infantrymen drove out the few survivors at the bayonet's point, and their wild Cossacks completed the mad rout right up to 'the thin red line' of the advancing 93rd Highlanders.

"This was my first acquaintance with the famous Sir Colin Campbell. Our retreat from the redoubts, doubtless to his critical eye, looked somewhat 'disorderly' (and between ourselves it was) but Sir Colin did not then know how badly we had been mauled, and if he said some hard things about Turks, it was, under the circumstances excusable. But so well was the plan of attack made and executed and their guns planted, that, in my own opinion, no troops, French or English, under the circumstances, could have held out longer than did some of those much-abused Turks. Some, at least, of them know the vital importance of holding the swarming hordes of Russians in check to afford time for the Allies to form up. And rarely, if ever, have I seen individual groups of men of any nation offer a more desperate resistance than did those retreating Turks. Time and again they formed into squads and irregular squares to resist the mad rushes of Cossacks and Lancers, and needless to say, when the High-

land Brigade charged the advancing Russians through our scattered ranks we looked like a disordered mob!

“But in the meantime the entire allied army was on the alert, and trumpet, drum and bugle called to arms everywhere. The French Zouaves were seen climbing the steep slopes on the left while the English Guardsmen—Grenadiers and Coldstreams—advanced to the deadly encounter as steadily and coolly, apparently, as if on parade—while shot, shell, canister and grape, with hissing rockets swept everywhere. Desperate fighting followed at close quarters. The Russian infantry were driven backward and upwards on to higher ground, and the fight became general along the slopes and deep in the ravines, and our guns for once were brought to bear upon dense masses of Russians. But only for a moment—and such a moment of slaughter! This dense, black, relentless mass of Muskovites were the very same who but a moment before gave my brave Turks such a pounding, and who gave no quarter! Well, their time had come. They halted behind dense columns of their heavy cavalry, the flower of the Russian horse, while squadron after squadron of red-coated Dragoon Guards, Scots Greys and the Inniskillings—the *elite* of the English, ‘heavies’—wheeled into the open,—first at a trot, next a gallop, and then the trumpets rang out the charge!

"It was splendid! As lightning flashes through a cloud the Greys and Inniskillings responded with a wild cheer. They not only carried down the first line of quivering Russians, but literally hewed lanes right through their compact masses and, sweeping outwards, returned again and again, and for a moment disappeared in the heart of the black mass.

"It was a terrible moment of suspense. Again they were visible, as with a clash of steel and wild yell they swept a roadway through the Russians who broke and ran before the terrible assault of the Greys and their comrades of the heavies. A wild cheer went up from every lip. My hand was grasped by a nephew of Omar Pasha, who waved his fez, saying in good English, 'Ha! ha! This is a sweet and swift revenge!'

"All would have been well had the day ended at this.

"It was after this great achievement that the dire catastrophe, immortalized by Tennyson as 'The Charge of the Light Brigade,' occurred, when somebody blundered. But just who it was, in consequence of the death in the charge of the one man who knew, will never be known. It is one of the old stories of bravery that will never die, this famous charge of fifty-seven years ago!

"Immediately upon the return of the heavy brigade from their pursuit of the enemy behind their

well-planted and half-concealed batteries, apparently somebody 'got busy' upon a novel idea of continuing the pursuit of the Russians by light cavalry. Anyhow Captain Nolan of the Hussars, who was aide-de-camp to a distinguished general, carried the verbal order to Lord Lucan to take those batteries in front, waving his sword in that direction. This fatal order was reported to Lord Cardigan at about 11 a.m. The light horse had no supports. This blunder was quite too apparent, even to the troopers. A distance of a mile and a half had to be traversed through front and flanking fire. Our heavies were in the rear with no support, and no squadrons in column. The entire Light Brigade did not equal one regiment. It was made up of squadrons from different corps, and included Hussars and Lancers. At 11.15 they charged—a mere handful charged an army commanded by two Russian princes with a 34-gun battery in front!

“Onward swept the brigade through volleys of musketry and a perfect hail of heavy and light guns posted on the flanking ridges, while in front, thirty-four heavy guns played upon them from the start! But still they swept onward with a cheer on their lips, and a brilliant halo of flashing steel above their heads. It was grand—it was dazzling! At 1,000 yards the Russian batteries from all sides were opened upon them, but never a falter, as with

rapidly thinning ranks they dashed onwards, cutting down the gunners and sweeping through the serried rank of Russians in the rear. Then they wheeled about *en echelon*, and literally cutting their way through infantry and cavalry, were back (what remained of them) in their old place and formation in just forty minutes, amid the wild cheers of the allied armies. It was—to use the expressive and significant words of a distinguished spectator, the Commander-in-Chief of the French army—‘Magnificent—but it is not war—it is murder!’

“And just here occurred one of the most dastardly acts of barbarity ever witnessed in so-called civilized war. It was while the British and Russians were entangled in one seething, struggling mass of wounded and dying horses and men, that the cowardly gunners who escaped the swords of the Light Brigade returned to their guns and poured a murderous fire of canister and grape into friend and foe alike.

“But again came our revenge—in the avenging heavy brigade, who, supported by the Highlanders, charged furiously upon Russian guns, infantry and cavalry, and in briefer time than it takes me to relate it, the entire Russian army was in disorderly retreat. This, at least, was war.”

## THE SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL.

## REMINISCENCES OF THE CRIMEA.

DURING the Crimean War, the most tremendous struggle of the entire campaign was the storming of the sanguinary Redans (the advanced works of Sebastopol), which assaults tested to the fullest extent the fighting quality of every man engaged in the operations. The "Redan," comprised a series of field fortifications, which the Russians considered impregnable. While these forts remained intact, the Allies were kept at bay, so that their demolition, or capture, became imperatively necessary. Preparations for the assault were carefully made, and it was arranged that the French storm the Malakoff, while the English should direct their attention to the Great Redan. When all was ready a deafening roar of artillery broke upon the ear. Between the trenches and the Fort was a clear space of two hundred yards, and across this the storming party, with ladders, etc., had to make their way. Shot and shell, canister and grape shot, were poured upon this open ground in a murderous storm, so that men were literally mowed down like corn before the sickle. It

was known in advance by our Engineers to be a veritable "forlorn hope," owing to the storming party being too few in numbers, but not a man flinched, and not one shirked his duty, so that it is small wonder that the list of officers and men upon that never-to-be-forgotten day, who were reported for conspicuous bravery, but who nevertheless, like young Garnet Wolseley (now General Lord Wolseley), did not obtain the fullest recognition, was a long one! In addition to other leaders of this storming party, as Lieut. Gerald Grahame, V.C., Lennox, V.C., and Elphinstone, V.C., of the Royal Engineers, several of their non-commissioned officers and Sappers were awarded the new and much coveted Victoria Cross. But perhaps the most spectacular case, was that of Color-Sergeant Peter Leitch, of the Royal Engineers, who particularly distinguished himself. He was amongst the leading escalading party who suffered terribly. With dauntless bravery Leitch formed a *caponniere* across the ditch, as well as a rampart, by fearlessly tearing down gabions from the Russian embrasures and parapet, and placing and filling them while under close range fire, so as to afford shelter to his comrades. He continued his work until disabled by wounds, his services being recognized by the bestowal of the V.C. Although Captain Howard Crawford Elphinstone, Royal

Engineers, participated in the terrible assault throughout this day (June 18th, 1855), it was not, however, until after darkness set in that night, that the opportunity presented itself for his special distinction, when he went silently out with a party of volunteers, to search for wounded and incidentally to bring back from the Russian trenches our scaling ladders, which had been left with our piles of dead after the repulse. Captain Elphinstone's services were of a very daring character, and under a heavy cross-fire of snipers and sharpshooters, returned, not only with all our ladders, but also carried to safety some twenty odd of our wounded, who should otherwise have perished during the night. From this date until the fall of Sebastopol, on the 8th day of September, there was no let up in our attention to the advanced works, and the Engineers, for this period, may be said to have had no rest until the Redan was avenged.

During this momentous interval of eighty-two days, many thrilling events occurred, including repeated desperate sorties by the Russians on our Engineers and working parties both by day and by night. . . . It was during one of those fierce hand-to-hand encounters that all the Engineer officers had been disabled and the command, in consequence, developed upon a brave non-commissioned



officer, Color-Sergeant Harry McDonald, of the Royal Engineers, who was then engaged with his working party on the left advance, of the Right Attack, before Sebastopol, where the Russian sharpshooters from near by rifle-pits, kept up a murderous fire on the Sappers. Maedonald, however, was determined not only to hold his own, but to drive them out. Heedless of death, he persisted in carrying on the "sap," and by the most daring and gallant conduct he retained his position, and gave an example to friend and foe of splendid bravery, and obtained the Cross.

## FALL OF SEBASTOPOL.

The Assault and Capture of the Malakoff and Redan after repeated Attacks and Fearful Slaughter—Fierce Struggle inside the Redan between the British and Russians—Demolition of the Forts on Sunday Morning.

SATURDAY, the 8th day of September, 1855, may well be said to be the most eventful day of the long siege.

Late on the evening of Friday, orders were issued that the Second, Third and Fourth Brigades, with the Engineers and Artillery, were to parade on Cathcart's Hill at nine o'clock next morning. After a brief inspection the troops marched down to the trenches, while the Third Division remained in reserve, under arms. The first halt was made in the ravine near the entrance to the first parallel, where the men rested for a time, waiting orders to advance, protected by the rising ground from a hail of shot and shell from the Russian works. As our advance sounded, cheering in the distance could be distinctly heard, and was soon taken up by our men, while an aide-de-camp dashed past announcing that the Malakoff was captured, and the tricolor now waved on the Korniloff flag-staff; and as this was our signal to advance,

our opportunity had arrived. At twelve o'clock sharp, the attacking party of the French, consisting of four thousand of their own, and five thousand Sardinians, had swarmed out of the trenches and advanced works, taking the defenders of that formidable stronghold, the Malakoff, by complete surprise, and to their credit be it remembered they stubbornly held their ground against all the reinforcements the Russian General hurled against them; never wavering, even when their opponents were again and again reinforced by battalions of fresh troops. The slaughter there was terrible upon both sides, and the fighting continued all the afternoon until sundown.

As already observed the signal for our assault was the appearance of the tricolor over the Malakoff. At this time the fire from the front was growing heavier, and as a result the wounded men of all ranks and arms became too numerous to receive attention; while the incessant roar of artillery was deafening. At the Naval Brigade (Peel's) Battery, the gallant Blue-jackets, kept their noisy mortars almost red-hot, throwing an endless stream of 13-inch shell into the Redan. Meantime the Light and Heavy Divisions, led the attack, which became simultaneous by the discharge of our rockets from Chapman's Battery. The escalading party, commanded and led by officers and men of the Royal Engineers, were composed

with their supports, of the following (portions) regiments: the 3rd Buffs, Rifle Brigade, the 41st Regiment, the 77th, the 90th, 88th, the 23rd and the 19th Regiments with the 30th Regiment and the 55th with some companies of the Connaught Rangers (the 88th), in reserve. As stated on another page, when the storming party rushed out from cover of the trenches, they had about two hundred yards to run across the open space before reaching the Redan. This devoted band was preceded by a company of sappers and miners in charge of a number of Royal Engineer officers, including Gordon, Lennox, Browne, and Gerald Grahame, with Captain Garnet Wolseley (now Lord Wolseley), who acted as Assistant Engineer officer throughout the entire siege operations. Next in order of the desperate rush came the 3rd Buffs, the 41st, and the 62nd Regiments, and four companies of the Rifles, but, sad to relate, short as the distance appeared, so deadly was the fire across this space, and so concentrated and steadily sustained was the rain of shot and shell, with small arms combined, that less than two-thirds of a combined force of over two thousand, survived the first few minutes dash, or succeeded in reaching the embrasures or ditch. As they charged for the earthworks, under a heavy rain of bullets, canister, round and grape shot, they were literally decimated from the steady short range fire

from both flanks of the salient angles of the Redan; and those who succeeded in reaching the main ditch realized that so battered were their escalading ladders from the effects of shot and shell, that most of them were unserviceable. But, undismayed, the survivors jumped into the ditch, and, with and without ladders, scrambled into the fortress through the embrasures in gallant style. At first the resistance met with was not of a desperate kind, which tended to put our men off their guard, and instead of charging the Russians with the bayonet, as, apparently, they were repeatedly urged to do, our men persisted in remaining stationary and merely file firing. But in the meantime the enemy's force was being largely increased by the reserves and bodies of veterans from below the Redan who had been driven out of the Malakoff, so that soon there were thousands charging our scattered men with the bayonet or shooting down from the breastworks. True, supports were sent out from the trenches, but from the same fatal causes were in anything but good formation when reaching the Redan. In a word, so cut up were they by a withering fire, and arriving as they did in small parties, they but intensified the confusion.

At this stage repeated despatches were sent to General Sir Edward Codrington for reinforcements, and while some of the A.D.C.'s. were killed in the

attempt at least one officer succeeded. It was, however, then too late, for at that moment our men were becoming overwhelmed inside the works, and were seen leaping into the trenches, or running down the parapet of the salient and through the embrasures out of the works into the ditch, while the Russians pursued them with the bayonet and heavy musketry fire.

#### REDAN ABANDONED.

Saturday night was a busy one for the Engineers, and extra working and covering parties were detailed for the trenches, while the artillery remounted many heavy guns, the carriages of which had suffered during the past days' heavy practice. Another important branch of the service, the Army Hospital Corps and Medical Staff, together with the Army Service Corps (Military Train)—these latter, assisted by details of regimental fatigue parties—were engaged all night in collecting and removing those of the wounded lying outside of the Russian lines. Meantime, the Engineers succeeded in placing heavy powder charges in driving galleries near the enemy's works, while a volunteer party under one of their officers not only recovered the remains of the escalading tools, but many of the wounded from the scene of the severe action of the Redan. It was about daylight when the fireworks, and by far the

most spectacular of the siege, commenced inside and outside of Sebastopol, from a point about 100 yards from the badly battered Redan. As the first crimson rays of the sun peeped over the bay, a series of the most terrific explosions of shell, shot and magazines burst out in the most unexpected places and in the most bewildering manner. Our batteries got swiftly on the alert, and the old 21-Gun Battery commenced to shell the bridge of boats, over which grey coated battalions of Russians could be observed in dense masses in full retreat. Among the very last of their demolition work were the Garden Batteries, opposite the French attack; while the picturesque Forts Quarantine and Alexander went up within three minutes of each other; and followed as they were by several minor explosions, and by dense clouds of smoke, gave great promise of leaving nothing but the ruins of this once obstinate fortification. In four hours after daylight, the entire Turkish, French and British entrenchments were practically abandoned. The traces of yesterday's carnage could not, however, be so quickly removed, and the long line of litter bearers, and mule ambulances formed an endless procession between the Russian works and the field-hospitals all day. The burial parties were also busily engaged. The bodies of the officers who had fallen yesterday were brought up for interment in the cemetery on Cathcart's Hill,

while our Allies were similarly engaged at the Malakoff, the Mamelon and Flagstaff batteries, and other places, where they lost heavily.

Later in the day, towards evening, memorial services were held in the open air by the chaplains of the Allied Armies.

#### WHERE THE BRAVE ARE BURIED.

At first our dead were disposed of near divisional points, the largest and most picturesque of which cemeteries being that on Cathcart's Hill, where the gallant Sir George himself is buried. A substantial wall of masonry surrounds the numerous graves. The wall is about five feet high, with a pretty gateway in the centre of the south wall.

In addition to the Cathcart Hill Cemetery, there are numerous smaller graveyards belonging to various regiments and corps scattered promiscuously over and near to the scenes of late sieges and night attacks, some of which, like that erected by the officers and men of the corps of Royal Engineers, are well deserving of mention. Most of these detached cemeteries are situated within a short radius of the Little and Great Redans; while of course many others are quite distant, as on the Alma, where may be seen many tablets, crosses and other memorials. Again at Inkerman may be seen some very touching tributes to the memory of various regiments, officers



and men, including the 41st Regiment and the 30th Regiment, who suffered terribly in the fierce fighting and repeated bayonet charges on that memorable foggy morning of November the 5th, 1854.

Another noted graveyard can be seen directly in front of the sanguinary Redan, near the salient angle of the bastion, where stands a beautiful obelisk of stone, bearing upon its sides and base the names of those who fell during its terrible assaults.

#### MONUMENTS TO THE FRENCH.

Notwithstanding the fact that everywhere, from Algiers to Central Africa and China, the French soldier displays great loyalty and respect to the memory of his dead comrade, yet in this far-off Crimea, with a lack of material, it is right there before Sebastopol that he shows his skill, poetry and resourcefulness. It is within easy range of the formidable Malakoff, the Windmill and Mamelon Batteries—on their hardest-contested ground—where they made the best fight, and lost most, during the entire campaign; where among lesser, and some very artistic crosses, stones, tablets and other memorials in bronze, they have succeeded in throwing up an immense mound, that commands a view, not only of Sebastopol, but the entire country for many miles in all directions. Upon the summit of this elevated

mound a huge black cross was erected bearing the following inscription:—

“ Unis pour la victoire  
Reunis par la mort,  
Du soldat c'est la gloire  
Du brave c'est le sort.”

This was the scene of the brilliant assaults of the French and Sardinians on the 8th day of September, 1855.

Nor are our brave Guards, Fusiliers, Coldstreams, Grenadiers and Highlanders, and the immortal “Peel's Naval Brigade” forgotten, and it is pleasant to reflect that their cemetery, near Kadakoi, as also those to their men who were left “on the field of honor” at the Alma and at Inkerman, are fenced in.

Not far from the village of Kadakoi, which for a considerable time was the Turkish Headquarters, may be seen Cathcart's Hill, which position also commands a grand panoramic view, not alone of the near-by Divisional Headquarters, but the advanced trenches, the Redans, the Malakoff, and Sebastopol itself to the north and east, while looking backwards on a clear day may be seen the entire length of the new military road, the Woronzoff, extending from the fifth parallel before Sebastopol to the harbor of Balaclava, some nine miles. It was in the

little stone house near Kadakoi that Lord Raglan died in 1854. The house is now (September 1855) occupied by Lord Codrington.

Between this point and the Turkish camp is buried a good friend of the writer—Colonel Balfour Ogilby—who was killed in a night attack of the Russians.

Colonel Ogilby had seen much service with the Turkish Army, and participated with many other English and Anglo-Indian Volunteers in numerous brilliant exploits.

CAPTAIN ROLAND IN PERSIA, INDIA  
AND CHINA.

His Estimation of two Famous Anglo-Indian Generals, viz.:  
Outram and Havelock—Veteran of many Wars tells some  
of the Interesting Experiences of Early Days.

UPON the termination of hostilities in the Crimea and the complete demolition by our Engineers of the fortifications and granite docks of Sebastopol, I received a commission for special service in Persia. This was early in 1856. About the same time a war having broken out between the Persian and the Anglo-Indian governments, it became my pleasant duty to suspend my surveying operations and report for active service to the nearest brigade headquarters. The Anglo-Indian forces were then advancing on Bushire under General Outram—the Bayard of the Indian army, so called because he resembled the famous Chevalier Bayard—the French soldier of the olden time—the knight *sans peur et sans reproche*. This campaign proved all too short. Bushire, Reshire and many other places were carried by storm and the Persians reduced to something like order. In this brief work General Outram was supreme, with Havelock second in command, the son

of the latter distinguished general, afterwards known as Sir Henry Havelock-Allan, acting as Quarter-master-General to the Forces. Upon the termination of this war the Indian Mutiny of 1857 broke out, when I became attached to Havelock's division—a soldier of equal gallantry and a kindred spirit of Outram.

At the Sepoy outbreak a division under Havelock had to oppose overwhelming numbers of the rebel armies, and although we gained several victories—giving the first real check to the triumphant mutineers—the losses in his (Havelock's) little army and the outbreak of cholera in his camp compelled him to retreat without reaching Lucknow, and he had to await reinforcements before resuming his advance. The reinforcements came at last under General Outram, and being senior officer he was entitled to take the command. This Havelock and his staff expected, though he could not but feel hurt by the reflection that he would appear to be superseded on account of the failure of his first advance on Lucknow. The noble-minded Outram saw this, and, with a generosity ever to be remembered, and to the astonishment of the new school of officers, he waived his right of seniority, and placed his sword and services at Havelock's disposal as a volunteer.

The Divisional Order by which he declared his purpose is such I am confident as was never before

issued to any army in the field by its commander. That the regimental and brigade commanders were caused to "sit up!" but faintly expresses it, but "consternation!" is a better word; while those who knew both these famous soldiers and served under them could not but exclaim in unison, "Truly the age of chivalry is not yet past!" Needless to say that under two such inspired leaders no time was lost in the advance and relief of Lucknow. And here permit me to refer to young Henry Havelock (afterwards Sir Henry Havelock-Allan) who was at this date a captain commanding the first regiment of Hodson's Horse, and who, while serving under his father, was twice wounded and had his horse shot under him at the final relief of Lucknow. This young officer by his conspicuous bravery and coolness during the fierce attack of the 64th Regiment at Cawnpore won the Victoria Cross. At the Alum-Bagh, young Havelock twice saved General Outram's life. On the death of his father at the relief of Lucknow, two days before the issue of the patent conferring a baronetcy upon him (the general), the patent was extended to Captain Havelock, as he was then, and he thus became the first baronet. After the suppression of the Mutiny I volunteered for China where I served nearly four years. Sir Henry remained in India until the outbreak of the Maori War (1863), when he volunteered for New Zealand. In 1880 he assumed

the additional surname of Allan in compliance with the will of a dear cousin who left him an estate near Darlington. He served in the Russo-Turkish war as a volunteer, also in the Egyptian campaign, and as a matter of fact wherever there was hard fighting. He was like Gerald Grahame and Charles George Gordon (both Royal Engineer officers), absolutely fearless, and to that fact his death was due. While riding up the Khyber Pass he left his escort and was picked off by the enemy, his body not being recovered until a day or two later. In the early days we were great friends, and as we were both born in Bengal we had much in common.

## THE INDIAN MUTINY, 1857-8.

Storming and Capture of Delhi—Final Relief of Lucknow (by Sir Colin Campbell) and the Story of Jessie's Dream, with Reminiscences of Captain "Tom" Bland (later General) Strange, of the Royal Artillery—From Lucknow to Frenchman's Butte, and the Capture of "Big Bear" in the North-West Rebellion.

FROM the never-to-be-forgotten Sunday, 10th of May, 1857, until the 14th of September, or a period of 128 days, the fighting in and around our principal garrisons at Lucknow, Cawnpore and Delhi was simply desperate; and as Lucknow and Delhi became the rallying points for the mutineers from the various outlying disaffected stations, and moving swiftly, and in very light marching order, as they invariably did, most of those strongholds were soon in full possession of the victorious rebels, most of whom were well-mounted cavalry and infantry. It was then the loyal natives showed us what splendid courage they possessed, and under such disciplined and fearless leaders and hard riders as Captains Hodson, Probyn and Fane, of "Light Horse" fame, they became the terror of their old comrades, to whom they showed no consideration or quarter.



## THE ASSAULT.

It was during the sharp operations before Delhi that the brave Nicholson, of undying Mutiny fame, decided on entering that city by assaulting, simultaneously, three of its great gates, at all of which some gallant deeds were done. Lieutenants Home and Salkeld of the Bengal Engineers, with Sergeant Smith, and a small party of Bengali Sappers, and a firing party of the 52nd Regiment, were ordered to the front to effect an entrance by blowing down the massive Cashmere gate. The first section of Bengali Sappers carried each a bag of gunpowder weighing 25 lbs., which was deposited at the foot of the gate, while behind the Sappers came the firing party, charging straight for the gate. From the flanking walls and from loop-holes in the gate itself broke an angry blaze of musketry. The bridge in front of the gate had been almost completely destroyed, so that it meant that each man had to cross in single file; and as each one who lived to cross placed his powder bag in position, he jumped into the ditch for cover, leaving a Sapper with the storming party to make the explosion. At this juncture Lieutenant Philip Salkeld came up at a run for the gate, carrying the port-fire in his hand, and while in the act of igniting the bags of powder, fell, shot through the legs and arm, and when handing the port-fire to Corporal

Burgess he, too, was shot down. Details of "doings" at this juncture are rather difficult to remember and narrate; and whether, in falling dead, Burgess ignited the powder, or whether another brave Sapper, Sergt. Carmichael (also killed), did so, after taking the port-fire from the brave Burgess, is not clear. Certain it is, that Sergt. Smith rushed forward for that purpose, but noticing in good time that the fuze had caught, jumped into the ditch just in time to escape the explosion. Unfortunately the small wicket gate only was blown in, but Bugler Hawthorne sounded the "Advance!" when the storming party, native and European Sappers and supports intermixed, ran forward and crossed, man after man, on the single remaining beam, crept through the small opening, until the main gate was thrown wide open for the mad rush of grim and determined warriors, whose sanguinary work of street fighting continued for many days, at intervals, ere the various temples, palaces and other sacred places were cleared of their bloodthirsty and obstinate occupants by the combined English and native forces, who entered the great city from three points, as planned by the immortal Nicholson. Lieutenants Home and Salkeld, as also Sergt. Smith of the Engineers, and Bugler Hawthorne, were awarded the Victoria Cross, but, unfortunately, Salkeld did not

live to receive his, having died from effects of wounds soon after; while Hawthorne lived until some three years ago, when, in March, 1909, his poor old mother sold, or had it sold for her, this coveted prize "For Valour," the Victoria Cross, for "filthy lucre" to the amount of £108 sterling. "*Sic transit gloria mundi!*"

## INDIAN MUTINY REMINISCENCES.

## CAWNPORE TO LUCKNOW.

EARLY in October, 1857, reinforcements from England, composed of the 93rd and 78th Highlanders (the Ross-shire Buffs), and the 23rd Company of Engineers arrived in India, via Calcutta, and after travelling 100 miles up country by rail detrained at Ranigunj, this being the only line of railway then constructed in the country. During the march from this point the holy city of Benares was passed and the River Jumna crossed by a bridge of boats. They then entered the city of Allahabad, where they were joined by a force made up of the Naval Brigade, a few Companies of the 53rd and 23rd Regiments, some of the Highlanders; Field and Royal Horse Artillery; Native Sappers (Bengal), and Royal Engineers. The whole, under command of Colonel Powell, now made rapid marches towards Cawnpore, halting only for meals and brief rests. On arriving in the vicinity of Futtelpore, it was found that the enemy were entrenched about two miles ahead. He then ordered the Royal Engineer Companies to "advance in skirmishing order," one company on the right, and

another on the left of the road, supported by infantry and the Naval Brigade. Entering a plantation of Indian corn, higher than their heads, the enemy opened fire with shrapnel from two of their guns at the other end of the cornfield. The rushing of the shot through the tall corn created an unusual noise, and one could not observe those of our men who were struck down. On reaching the clearance we saw that Colonel Powell, who had ridden up the road, had been shot dead. Seeing the two guns about 200 yards ahead, Lieutenant Lennox, R.E., V.C., ordered his Company, the 23rd, to charge! This was done in gallant style, the gunners being transfixed on the sword-bayonets of the Engineers and the guns and ammunition captured and turned upon the mutineers. The entrenched position was soon turned and captured. After the death of Colonel Powell, Captain William Peel, V.C., R.N., of H.M.S. Shannon, assumed command. The force resumed its march on Cawnpore, but alas! arrived too late to relieve the ill-fated garrison, only four of whom, viz., two officers, Captain Delafosse, of the Bengal Artillery and Captain Mowbray Thompson, who, with two privates of infantry (one named Murphy), escaped the treacherous and bloody massacre of the entire garrison, including 230 women and children and the aged commandant, General Wheeler, who had surrendered supposedly with the honors of war. The

new Commander-in-Chief, Sir Colin Campbell, arrived at Cawnpore a few days later.

#### SIR COLIN CAMPBELL'S ADVANCE ON LUCKNOW.

On the 30th October, 1857, a force, numbering about 4,000 officers, non-commissioned officers, and men, crossed by bridge of boats and entered Oudh, then alive with rebels. The line of march was due north towards Lucknow, where Generals Outram and Havelock were besieged. After several smart skirmishes and the taking of some villages, the force at the Alum-Bagh, immediately outside and to the south of Lucknow, was taken on the 13th of November, 1857. The first relief of Lucknow had already been carried out by Sir Henry Havelock, who was now himself besieged in a portion of the city (i.e., the native portion), which I may here explain never was entirely retaken, and hence the conflicting accounts of "first" and other "reliefs, etc." For example, at the time of the first relief a small force had been left by Havelock at the Residency, a building just north of the city. Sir Colin Campbell, our present Commander-in-Chief, now decided to avoid the native city and march around its eastern side, resting his right on the River Goomtee and capturing the large buildings on his route. Soon after the capture of the Dilkoosha, an Italian building of beauti-

ful architecture, a half-caste named Kavanaugh arrived from the Residency, dressed as a native, with a new code of signals arranged by General Outram. The Engineers (23rd Company) then erected a semaphore on the Dilkoosha, and Sir Colin was now able to communicate with the besieged in the Residency, telling them of his line of attack and giving orders as to how they could assist him. On the 15th November we seized the Martiniere College, and crossed the Canal on the 16th. After capturing several other fortified posts a battery of Artillery was advanced through the village on to the open ground, between the Secundra-Bagh and the European Barracks, from both of which places a heavy fire from the enemy resulted. Captain Hardy of the Royal Artillery and numerous non-commissioned officers and men of the Engineers and Artillery were killed and many wounded. A breach in the wall was effected by our guns to the right of the gateway of the Secundra-Bagh, at which the Highlanders entered, followed by the 53rd Regiment, the Sikhs, and Royal and Bengal Engineers, who rushed and opened the gateway from the inside. Meantime, heavy firing occurred between the rebels, who had run into the centre of the compound, and our men. The building in the centre of the garden, which was filled with mutineers, was now attacked. The Engineers set fire to the thatched roofs, and the rebels rushed

out and fought like demons, until all were bayoneted by our men in a hand-to-hand and close order encounter. Two thousand five hundred of the enemy, all who were in this part of the Secundra-Bagh, were killed, our own loss being about 400. Fighting was continued on the 17th. Whilst the large Tomb and Observatory fell to the relieving force of Sir Colin Campbell, the troops of Generals Outram and Havelock captured the Dildram and Furrugh Buksh Palaces. Both forces now assaulted from opposite sides the palace of Moti-Mahal, on the roof of which the 23rd Company of Engineers planted the British flag. Having captured the palace, the forces met, and the besieged garrison was this time effectually relieved. On the 18th, the sick and wounded, with the women and children, left the Residency for the Dilkoosha. The Commanding Engineer was Colonel Sir Robert Napier, R.E. At this juncture the startling news reached Headquarters that General Wyndham had been defeated and Cawnpore captured by the Gwalior contingent coming from the south. This contingent consisted of the troops of the Rajah of Gwalior, against whom they had mutined, the Rajah himself being loyal to the British. Leaving a force under Sir James Outram at the Alum-Bagh to watch the native quarter of Lucknow, a rapid march was made for Cawnpore, distant forty-two miles. Cawnpore was found to be in



possession of the enemy. Fortunately, however, General Wyndham held the *tete de pont*, or bridge-head, and the bridge of boats, which the enemy were trying to destroy by floating down stream ignited tarred rafts and barrels, all of which the Engineers either safely passed through the bridge or otherwise destroyed. Sir Colin, after crossing this bridge, threw forward his left and attacked the enemy's right, while a general and vigorous advance was made from the centre. After some skirmishing and bayonet charging the enemy bolted down the Calpee road towards Bithoor, the residence of the fiend, Nana Sahib, who massacred the women and children but a short time previously. On the 1st of January, 1858, a pursuing force, consisting of the 9th Lancers (Bengal); a troop of Horse Artillery; the 53rd, 93rd and Engineers, after a few days' rest, crossed the Kala Nudce, the enemy firing point blank at the bridge the whole time. The 53rd advanced in skirmishing order, supported by the Highlanders, and captured the village. On the next day the force reached Farrackabad, the Rajah of which place was hanged from a tree, as he, like the Nana Sahib, had been found guilty of some brutal murders of British residents. His forts were afterwards destroyed by mines laid by the Royal Engineers. In the beginning of February, 1858, Sir Colin Campbell, having sufficient troops to capture

Lucknow, again crossed the River Ganges by the old bridge of boats at Cawnpore, fought an action at Meangunj, and reached Sir James Outram's entrenched camp near the Alum-Bagh, on the 2nd of March, 1858. The Dilkoosha was again captured, and a battery erected by the 23rd Company of Royal Engineers in front of it, to breach the Martiniere. Major, afterwards Sir Lothian Nicholson, V.C., R.E., took charge of engineering operations here, and constructed a bridge of casks across the Goomtee, close to the Dilkoosha, when Outram and his forces crossed to the north side of the river. Captain Peel's naval guns, in the battery before mentioned, shelled the Martiniere. General Outram, after one or two sharp engagements, reached a position on the north side of the Goomtee. The Engineers advanced by means of sapping by parallels to the Chota Truum Bara and the Begum Kothia. All this time the Ghurkhas, who had remained loyal throughout the Mutiny, were steadily advancing through the native city. The Kaisha-Bagh, of quadrangular form, was seized by Sir Colin's troops, while the Royal Engineers, with a party of infantry, cleared the palace, room by room, bayoneting the rebels therein. On the 17th of March the Shrugood-Dowlah compound was captured, and the Shrugood-Dowlah killed. This compound was filled with powder carts, containing boxes of powder, and large quantities were

lying about loose. Captain Clerk and Captain Brownlow, of the Bengal Engineers, with some Highlanders and Sikhs, were ordered to destroy the powder by throwing it down a deep well. The well suddenly blew up and all the powder (tons of it!) in the vicinity became ignited and caused a terrific explosion. The two Engineer officers were mortally wounded and about 100 of the Highlanders and the Sikhs and Sappers were killed. The Engineer officers and 15 of their own corps were buried in one grave, their bodies (what could be found) were sewn up in their overcoats. The last fight of the long series of sieges of Lucknow took place on the 19th of March, 1858, when the Moosa-Bagh was captured.

After a short rest, General Walpole (a near relative of the writer) was sent with a well-organized force to Rohileund district, situated in the west of the Province of Oudh, to capture the Fort of Rooyah, held by Nurput Singh. Owing to the oppressive heat, this march was most trying, and the troops could only move by night. The fort was taken with considerable loss, including Brigadier-General Sir Adrian Hope, who was shot through the neck. In like manner several other forts were taken and destroyed, including those near Bareilly. On approaching this city, numbers of native fanatics, intoxicated with "bhang," rushed out and attacked the 42nd

Highlanders, pulling their Colonel (Cameron) off his horse, and would have speedily killed him had they not been bayoneted by the men of the Grenadier Company of that distinguished regiment. On the 8th of November, 1858, for the fourth time the British troops crossed the river Ganges at Allahabad, captured the fort at Aimithee, then marched to the plain of Dundeheria, where they fought a battle with the rebels under Beni-Mudhu, driving him into the river. Forts Oamreah and Musjeedia were assaulted and captured also.

On the last day of the year 1858, while at lunch of cold cooked rations, about 6 p.m. orders were issued by General Walpole, that we start at once (8 p.m.), officers, on their mounts, and non-commissioned officers and men on elephants, in the direction of Nepaul. The troops marched all night. At daybreak, on reaching the River Raptee, which separates the British possessions from those of Nepaul, the Ghurkha country, we sighted the camp of the arch-rebel Nana Sahib, which was situated on our side of the river. We at once attacked. All his followers fled, crossing by a ford, Nana Sahib leading them. The 7th Hussars gallantly charged into the river sabering them in hundreds, in mid-stream. This brilliant action may be considered as the last fight in the suppression of the Indian Mutiny; only

a few small skirmishes taking place afterwards. It may be noted that, so far, I have not gone into any details of the siege and capture of Delhi, where if possible the fighting was more desperate and more concentrated. Delhi, however, unlike Lucknow, after its siege and desperate assault and capture (chiefly by the same field forces), remained in our hands, while, owing to insufficient troops, only a portion of the great city of Lucknow could be garrisoned for any length of time, and, as a matter of fact, the native quarter of the city remained, until the final relief, in possession of the mutineers and their sympathizers.

#### A GOOD WORD FOR THE LOYAL NATIVE TROOPS.

And here permit me to say a good word for our loyal Indian soldiers, and place it on record, that it is due to their loyalty and devotion—much more than any historian, so far, has admitted—that we were enabled to hold that grand Empire for Britain! I make this statement as one who knows the native, both in military and civil life, having been born and trained with them, and have too often felt both pained and surprised by “lecturers,” preachers and writers on “The Indian Mutiny” (from hearsay!) giving all the credit to Europeans (the English) and not one word for the bravery and loyalty of the thousands of half-clad and half-starved natives, who

dared to do anything that the most reckless Englishman did, for as a matter of historic fact, as light cavalry, engineers (i.e., sappers), and infantry, there are no more serviceable or dashing soldiers anywhere than in the ranks of our loyal native army. . . . In closing this chapter on Mutiny reminiscences, it will be in order to refer to the thrilling story or legend of "Jessie's Dream," many versions of which have appeared in picture, song and descriptive musical fantasia, including transcriptions by M. Jules Favre. Donizetti, *et al.*

THE FINAL RELIEF OF LUCKNOW BY  
SIR COLIN CAMPBELL.

Jessie's Dream, as told by a Lady of the Party Rescued by  
the Highlanders after Eighty-seven Days of Terrible  
Suspense, Suffering and Wonderful Endurance.

ON every side death stared us in the face; no human skill could avert it any longer. We saw the moment approach when we must say farewell to earth and friends; yet without feeling that unutterable horror which must have been experienced by the unhappy victims of the bloody tragedy of Cawnpore. We were resolved rather to die than to surrender, and were fully convinced that within the next twenty-four hours all would be over! Had not our indefatigable Engineers almost said so? We women strove hard to encourage each other, and to perform the light duties which had been assigned to us, as conveying orders to the distant batteries, assisting the regular orderlies with the sick and wounded, making and distributing hot coffee, both by day and by night, to the various branches of our brave defenders. I had gone forward to make myself useful, in company with Jessie Brown, the wife of a corporal in my husband's regiment. . . . Poor Jessie had been

in a state of feverish excitement all through the long siege, and had fallen away visibly within the past few days. A constant fever consumed her, her mind, enfeebled, appeared to wander occasionally, and more especially on that day when the recollections of her home and kindred in "Bonnie Scotland" seemed powerfully present to her. At last, overcome by exhaustion, she lay down in the shade of the main magazine, wrapped in her plaid. I sat beside her, promising to awaken her when, as she said, "her father should return from the ploughing."

She fell at length into a profound slumber, motionless, and, apparently, breathless, her head resting in my lap. I myself could no longer resist the inclination to sleep, despite the continuous rattle of musketry and the booming of cannon. Suddenly I was aroused by a wild and unearthly scream close to my ear. My companion stood upright before me, her arms outstretched, and her head bent forward in the attitude of listening. A look of intense delight broke over her countenance as she grasped my hand and drew me towards her, exclaiming: "*Dinna ye hear it? Dinna ye hear it? Ay, I'm no dreamin', 'tis the slogan of the Highlanders! We're saved! We're saved!*" Then falling on her knees she thanked God with passionate fervor. I felt utterly bewildered; my English ears only heard the monotonous discharge of big guns, and I thought poor Jessie



was wildly delirious, as she darted off to the nearest gun positions and cried out incessantly to the men: "*Courage! courage! Hark to the slogan! To the MacGregor! To the grandest o' them a'. . . . Rescue at last! We're saved!*"

To describe the effect of these wild words and the weird look of poor Jessie upon those bronzed and powder-stained soldiers is impossible! For a brief moment they ceased firing, while they listened in intense anxiety. Gradually, however, there arose a murmur of bitter disappointment, and the wailing of women who had flocked to the spot broke out anew, as our old brave commandant shook his head, for our dull, matter of fact, Lowland ears heard nothing but the rattle of musketry far and near. . . . But a few more moments of this death-like suspense, of this agonizing hope, and Jessie, who had again sunk on the ground, sprang to her feet in a bound, crying out in a voice so clear and piercing, that it was heard at last by half our defending force: "*Will you no believe it noo? The slogan has ceased, indeed, but listen and look!* (mounting the ramparts). "*D', you no hear The Campbell's are Comin'! D'ye hear, d'ye hear?*" . . . It was a fact, but hard to realize! It was indeed the welcome notes of the Scottish bagpipes, now shrill and harsh, as if threatening vengeance on the mutineers, while next, in softer, and oh! the sweetest tones, seeming

to promise succour to their besieged friends in such sore straits. The gallant Highlanders advanced to the gates—now thrown open—and in response to our wild cheer, and “God save the Queen,” replied with the well known strain that moves every Scot to tears, “Should Auld Acquaintance be Forgot,” and as the 93rd Highlanders dashed through the gates the garrison’s long pent up feelings of anxiety and suspense burst forth in a succession of deafening cheers. . . . For eighty-seven sweltering days and nights they had lived and fought off hordes of victorious Sepoys in utter ignorance of all that had taken place outside!

\* \* \* \* \*

It was towards evening of the 16th of November, as the sun went down in a gorgeous glow of fiery red, that a considerable body of mutineers could be seen from the high roof of the Residency, marching as if in retreat from the banks of the Goomtee, towards the Cawnpore road, pursued by light cavalry (Hodson’s and Probyn’s), (both native and European) with field guns of the Royal Artillery, under one of the most dashing officers in that famous corps, viz.: Captain Thomas Bland Strange, now so familiarly known to Canadians as “Colonel Tom” (and later General) Strange, whose last march and fight (28th May, 1885), was in the pursuit and

capture of that wily Indian warrior, "Big Bear," in the then "jungles" of the Saskatchewan, where, at Frenchman's Butte (North of Fort Pitt), his field force, composed of the 65th Battalion of Montreal, in command of Colonel E. St. George Hughes and the 90th Battalion of Winnipeg, with two squadrons of that ubiquitous cavalry corps, the Royal North-West Mounted Police, the latter in command of their veteran leader, Colonel Sam Steel, after rescuing the prisoners, including a Hudson's Bay Company factor and his entire family, with Episcopal Missionary Quinney and others, put the finishing touches upon Louis Riel's second and last rebellion, just twenty-seven years after the close of his brilliant record in India, where the writer had ample opportunity of observing the unbounded enthusiasm and capacity of "*Fighting Tom Strange!*"

AT THE VETERANS' ANNUAL DINNER  
IN PORT ARTHUR.

THE Mayor, Colonel Ray, as Toast Master, etc., when proposing the "Absent Ones," called upon Captain Roland, who, though unavoidably absent, submitted the following paper through Captain Binyay, of the 96th Battalion, which was read by Colonel Ray:—

CAPTAIN ROLAND'S RESPONSE.

Although serving with the Turks during the Crimean campaign, my opportunities for observing our allied forces, both French, English and Sardinian, were many, of which, needless to say, I availed myself. Among the very first of the many distinguished soldiers—of a long list—to attract my attention and admiration was no less a personage than that famous old Sapper, General Sir John Fox Burgoyne, Commanding, or rather "Consulting" Royal Engineer to Lord Raglan, for as a matter of fact, in those dark days, officers of the scientific corps—Engineers and Artillery—were not trusted with great commands. Sir John, who had seen

active service everywhere, including the Peninsula, and lived up to his corps motto, "*Ubique*," although having turned 70 years, before landing at Balaclava, did not look it, and was, to all appearance, the nearest approach to perpetual motion of any thing or anyone in the allied army, not excepting the mad Marquis of Gallifet (only lately deceased). Unfortunately for the earlier success of the allies, the advice of this grand old Engineer, the father of the Engineer Corps, was not always followed, as, for example, at the Alma, where, after defeating and putting the entire Russian Army into a demoralized retreat, he, Sir John, earnestly, but vainly, urged the advance and pursuit by "flank march" and entry into Sebastopol simultaneously with the badly beaten and thoroughly discouraged Russians, and when, too, as was later frankly admitted by the distinguished Russian, General Todleben, who planned and defended the fortifications—"Sebastopol must have fallen." What this great Engineer did say was briefly as follows: "There was but one man in the Allied Armies who understood the situation and advised the advance after our defeat at the Alma. This was General Burgoyne, and we have to thank God that his advice was not taken." Foremost among the Engineers or Sappers, whom I most admired (all "absent!") were Lieutenants Gerald Grahame, V.C., and Charles G. Gordon (afterwards

“Chinese” Gordon). The first was conspicuous for his height (over 6 feet 3½ inches) and the latter was about 5 feet 7 inches. But such charming personalities and so modest and daring! Yes, there was another Field Acting Engineer, who, although an infantry man, did splendid service, and it was said by men like Lennox, V.C., Stokes, Grahame and others, that there was no more efficient or zealous Engineer in the trenches before Sebastopol than this wiry looking officer of 5 feet 7 inches, whose “wide angle” blue eyes appeared to take in everything at one sweeping glance. This young officer was Garnet Wolseley, who later, on the 18th day of June, while in charge of a ladder or escalading party, at the storming of the sanguinary Redan, not only had the misfortune to have one eye injured, but was otherwise so punctured all over face, neck and body, by shot and gravel from exploding shell, and hand grenades on the gun platforms and *terre plein* of the batteries, as to be reported among the terrible list of slain of that sad day. It was during this assault, too, that Lieutenant Gerald Grahame, of the Royal Engineers, won his V.C. True, he was always doing something conspicuously brave, as rushing out of the trenches, and carrying in, upon his broad shoulders, or in his brawny arms, some wounded soldier, sometimes a Russian—and invariably under fire! Lennox, R.E., also gained his V.C. on this day, and like

his friend Grahame (who died a Brigadier-General, in 1905, and Sir John Stokes, R.E.), lived to gain many other distinctions at home and abroad. But the "three friends," Gordon, Wolseley, and Grahame, surely had charmed lives, and to men who have seen them in various hot places, from the Crimea to India, and at the Taku Forts, on August the 20th, 1860, where Sir Redvers Buller, received his baptism of fire, it was universally conceded that this trio—Wolseley, Grahame and Gordon—were among the bravest of the brave!

Later, our other "absentee," Sir R. Buller, gained his V.C. by rescuing dismounted and wounded troopers, while surrounded by fierce Zulu warriors.

Next comes Sir John Carstairs MacNeill, V.C., so well and favorably known to Canadians, and who accompanied Sir Garnet Wolseley (now Lord Wolseley) on the Red River Expedition; and H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught to India, revisiting our embryo city, once "Prince Arthur's Landing," on the return of Prince Arthur (Duke of Connaught) in the early 90's. Sir John MacNeill's V.C., like that of General Buller, was gained by conspicuous bravery and coolheadedness, when he rescued with sword and revolver, single handed, a dismounted man of his own corps from the midst of the fiercest and most bloodthirsty warriors in the world, the cannibal aborigines of New Zealand.



FIELD MARSHAL SIR JOHN FOX BURGOYNE,  
Royal Engineers.



In conclusion, permit me to briefly refer to another brave Sapper, who previous to winning his spurs, and much glory in command of his brigade of Guards in Egypt, had studied hard as a cadet at Woolwich, and, by harder work at the School of Military Engineering, gained his commission in the Engineers. This most distinguished Sapper is H.R.H. The Duke of Connaught, who will, we trust, be very much "present" as our next Governor-General! His Royal Highness was created a Field-Marshal on the same day as was Sir John Fox Burgoyne; so that the oldest and the youngest officers in the corps of Engineers—Sir John with over seventy years of active service (in 1868), twenty-two of which he passed as Inspector-General of Fortifications—took rank together.

And last, but by no means least, of our Sapper Field-Marshals, Lord Kitchener, or "K. of K.," who makes the fourth Marshal created in this ubiquitous corps, in appreciation of which the following eulogy is dedicated to

#### THE SAPPER.

IN the wars of ancient hist'ry,  
When the axes clashed and clave  
Through many a cumbrous headgear,  
Through the skulls of many a brave;  
When the fierce and bloody onslaught  
Hurled full many to their grave,  
Then was born that useful soldier called a  
Sapper.

Though his works in ancient battles,  
Were not blazoned far abroad,  
He contributed his quota—  
More with shovel than with sword;  
But his sinews played their part in  
Keeping back the Berserk horde,  
For an army's not equipped without its Sappers.

His utility's a byword,  
None can doubt his sterling worth,  
With his pick and shovel delving,  
"Making light" of Mother Earth,  
Now, his presence scattered broadcast  
Round the globe's encircling girth,  
Can be traced that handy man we call a Sapper.

Countless trades are his and many,  
A profession he'll embrace;  
The foundation of an army  
May be said to be his place.  
Nought's too hard for him to grapple,  
Obstacles he's had to face,  
And surmounts them—That's the business of a  
Sapper.

Watch him training at his fieldworks;  
See him dig and build and sap!  
Do you think that toil's for nothing?  
Can you ask "Cares he a rap?"  
Stored away for future action  
(Dormant knowledge) till, mayhap  
Circumstances bring out all that's in a Sapper.

In one war of modern hist'ry,  
Midst the hell of shot and shell,  
In a country vast and arid  
(One that most of you know well),  
He performed a Trojan service;  
In South Africa there dwell—  
Lasting tributes to the mem'ry of the Sapper.

In the march of modern hist'ry,  
Through the ages past and gone,  
There are records of his craftship,  
Records true and nobly won.  
Can you doubt for one small moment  
Why ne'er sets our Empire's sun,  
When the men who helped to build it are our  
Sappers?

## AN EPISODE OF A V.C.

## HOW AN ENTIRE REGIMENT WON THIS HONOUR.

THIS decoration was instituted by Queen Victoria towards the close of the Crimean War of 1854-5, for the purpose of appreciating conspicuous acts of individual bravery. It takes the form of a Maltese cross, with crown and lion in centre, surmounting a scroll bearing the appropriate legend, "For Valour," suspended from a laurel wreath (bar and ribbon) by three short links, and although of artistic design, yet composed as it is of mere gun metal, has practically no commercial or intrinsic value beyond the alluring legend on its scroll of honor. Needless, however, to say, it is not awarded lavishly or indiscriminately, nor does it always go to the most deserving, or to the man who is recommended for it. The testimony of eye witnesses and comrades—be they officers high in command, or others—in, or after an engagement, is sometimes so conflicting, to use no stronger expression, that many keen disappointments result. And in this connection the following record of the wholesale bestowal of this much coveted reward for daring deeds upon a whole regiment, or what "was left of it" after the fight, is perhaps unique in our military records.

This remarkable incident occurred on the 16th day of June, 1857, when the belated relieving column, under that veteran soldier, General Havelock, with a mixed force composed of nearly all arms, including a battalion of Highlanders, after a forced march from Lucknow, met and defeated with great slaughter, near Cawnpore, a numerically superior force, led by the sanguinary and treacherous Nana Sahib. It was this short, sharp and memorable fight—their repeated bayonet charges against overwhelming numbers of the Nana's own troops combined with mutineer Sepoys, that so won the admiration of General Havelock that he was heard to exclaim again and again: "Well done, 78th Highlanders, you are all deserving of the Victoria Cross!" And later (after the relief of Lucknow, and death of the immortal Havelock)—when the 78th led the advance on the Residency, the V.C. was awarded in General Orders to the gallant 78th, and since every man could not have "a cross o' his ain, ye ken," it was resolved by those picturesque and eminently practical warriors, that their Assistant Surgeon, Dr. McMaster (who had already distinguished himself), should wear their Victoria Cross. Dr. McMasters, V.C., served with his regiment in Canada, and was well known in Montreal, Quebec, and Halifax.

WAR NOTES FROM CAPTAIN ROLAND'S  
DIARY, 1859 AND 1860.

From India to China—Storming of the Taku Forts and Capture of Pekin—Joins the Imperial Chinese Service against the Taipings—Gordon's "Ever Victorious Army."

SEVERAL companies of Bengal Sappers, together with the 23rd Company of Royal Engineers, under orders. This Company, under command of Major Gerald Grahame, V.C., with Lieutenants Malcolm, Pritchard and Harrison, leave by train from Cawnpore for Calcutta, embarking on the Jardine opium steamer, the "Lightning," proceeding to Hong Kong via Singapore. During this winter was engaged on special surveys. Later the Engineers embarked for Tailenwan Bay (now Port Arthur), where we joined the 2nd Division under that splendid Indian "Sapper," Sir Robert Napier, later Lord Napier of Magdala.

Across the bay were the encampments of our brave allies, the French, numbering 10,000. Taku and Peiho Forts stormed. On the evening of the 19th of August, Sir Robert appointed the leaders of the ladder or escalading parties for the next morning's assault. Batteries were completed and guns

mounted in position. Shelled the North Fort all night. Early next morning the Bengal and Madras Sappers, with a company of the Royal Engineers (the 23rd), paraded in front of the supports, ready to move forward. We had formed ladder-brigades with which to cross the deep, wet ditches in front of the fort. Our escalading ladders were "telescoped" or jointed together and mounted on wheels. We also carried bamboo ladders for the walls. The attack commenced sharp at 6 a.m. The French with their Chinese coolies were the first to cross the ditch. One of our pontoon bridges, carried and launched by the Red Marines (Royals), met such a heavy fire that in five minutes half the carriers were put out of business and the pontoon perforated.

Major Gerald Grahame was among the seriously wounded, but, with characteristic bravery, he went on with his duties with his accustomed zeal. Seeing the temporary dilemma of the Marines, some one—Grahame or Pritchard—gave the orders to the Sappers: "Lower the ladders into the ditch," where, finding the water almost shoulder high, the Engineers, extending at intervals, formed human piers or supports for the ladders with their arms and shoulders; while over 1,000 men ran swiftly, and nimbly, dry shod into the first fort. Was among the first to reach the Chinese sallyport, and assisted Colonel Mann, R.E., to cut the ropes and lower the

draw-bridge, when we were completely carried off our feet by the mad rush of English, French and Indian troops, eager to participate in the assault. Three young standard-bearers fell wounded in their efforts to be the first to hoist the flag on the Citadel. This was finally accomplished by young Chaplin, who, grasping the Union Jack from the hands of the mortally wounded Lieutenant Frazer, fairly cut his way through friends and enemies alike, and succeeded, though badly wounded, in being first to plant the Union Jack on the batteries. There was much hand-to-hand fighting here, with both sword and bayonet. At 9 a.m. this the first fort and the key of the position was in the hands of the Allies. During the night the batteries were completed by the Engineers, and the remaining canals or ditches were bridged to give access to better cover. At 4 a.m. a column of Engineers and infantry—the former with demolition and construction materials in front of the supports. After the final capture of the other forts the 1st Division took the lead, the 2nd Division being in reserve. We marched in this order on to Tientsin. The 2nd Division now advanced to the front, under the command of General Sir Robert Napier, Bengal Engineers, who had instructions to capture Peking, where were some distinguished and other of our people as prisoners. . . . Arrived in front of the walled capital after forced marching and



some little skirmishes; a palace garden was seized but a few hundred yards from the walls, and to the westward of the south gate, and that night a party of Sappers of the 23rd Company crossed a small stream of sluggish water and painted a white spot resembling a target upon the wall, where it was to be breached by artillery fire in the morning. But just before noon the gates were thrown open and the great city of Peking was in the hands of the British. Meantime our allies—the French—had not been idle, and had captured the Summer Palace, situated on the north side. The Emperor of China had fled to the mountains. At this juncture Lord Elgin ordered the Summer Palace to be burned to the ground and the news to be conveyed to the Emperor of China in order to bring him to terms. Soon afterwards Prince Kunj—the Emperor's brother—came down to Peking and signed the treaty in the Palace inside the Capital. This was a gorgeous ceremony. The British troops in full uniform (almost new), marched through the city to the Palace to be present at the ratification of the Treaty. Soon afterwards the troops returned home, while several officers and non-commissioned officers, including Captain Chas. Gordon, remained on special duty at Hong Kong. Later I entered the Imperial Chinese service, while Gordon began the organization of a purely Chinese army, with which somewhat refractory elements

he gained many brilliant victories over the rebel Taipings. Gordon fought at least thirty-three general engagements, sometimes in conjunction with the Imperial Chinese Army, but for the most part quite independently! His forces numbered about 4,000 and became at once the terror of the rebel Taipings and the admiration of the Imperial Chinese.

## WILL CHINA BE A REPUBLIC NOW?

Captain Walpole Roland, C.E., expresses Views of Chinese Affairs—Fought in Taiping Rebellion and with the Allies in 1860.

(From the Port Arthur *Chronicle*.)

CAPTAIN WALPOLE ROLAND, C.E., was with the "Ever Victorious Army" under General Gordon in the Taiping rebellion in China and also served with the Allies in their conquest. Capt. Roland during this period surveyed Hong Kong under the command of Col. T. B. Collinson, R.E. Thus it will be seen that Captain Roland is something of an authority on matters Chinese.

Chatting over the recent revolution with a Port Arthur *Evening Chronicle* representative, in the month of October, 1911, Capt. Roland gave a very interesting interview which follows: "The Chinaman is a peculiar fellow," said Capt. Roland. "In Northern China they have a type of fighting men that cannot be excelled by any European army with the exception of a few crack regiments.

"The Chinaman is stoical, can endure great hardships and privation with cheerfulness; he also has the same indifference to death that the Japanese displayed during the Russo-Japanese war.

"The Chinaman is notable and worthy of emulation in his respect for his parents and his superiors, but he has a lack of patriotism as it is understood in other countries. In early days at Taku we had 3,000 Chinamen volunteer for a beggarly pittance to carry the supplies of the Allies who were at war with their own countrymen.

"During the Taiping affair executions were numerous, the captured rebels getting short shrift from the Imperial officers. I personally witnessed some two thousand executions of Taipings. It was not a pleasant sight either," said the old veteran. "The victims were generally bound with their hands behind their backs. Their queues would be lifted to allow the deadly axe free play, the victim would sink to his knees and bow his head to the stroke and a second later head and body would be separated with one blow of the great axe." "A cheap and chippy chopper and a big black block," interpolated the reporter. "Exactly," said Captain Roland.

"This present revolution," continued Captain Roland, "is the outcome of a feeling that has been rankling for hundreds of years, the Chinese ever seeking to expel the Manchus, the ruling class. I do not blame them much either, for the Manchu governors squeeze and extort toll from the poorer classes much as the Turkish governors do. It is just a big system

of graft. The movement of the people there is akin to Socialism, though, of course, more revolutionary.

"What China appears to lack in the present revolution is a leader, organization and money. I have been talking over the situation with a local Chinaman," said the Captain, "and he tells me that the Chinese of Canada and United States are raising a fund to assist the revolutionaries at home. They will be able to send over several million dollars." "Will any of the local Chinamen go home to fight?" asked the reporter. "No," answered the Captain, "I asked my Chinese friend that. The Chinese laundryman is not the type of Chinaman that is doing the fighting. We in this country never see the real typical Chinamen, the big fellows from the North. They are born fighters and average well over five feet ten inches, in fact I have seen men in their army over seven feet in height. They are resourceful men in the field and for overcoming difficulties on the line of march, bridging ravines, etc., they can beat the best Engineer corps in Europe. I saw some of their marvellous ingenuity in these things with my own eyes during my two campaigns in their country. The Chinamen of this continent, however, are not the true type, and they know it, but their money will help the cause more than their hands could.

"Discussing the situation with a local Chinaman who was home two years ago," said Captain Roland,

"he told me that careful preparations and plans have been maturing for some years for this uprising. The rebels are much afraid of foreign intervention and are rigorously protecting foreigners' lives and property to avoid foreign complications. For this reason Peking, the seat of government, which is full of Europeans and their embassies, will be left until the last. When Peking falls, ravaged by flames and sword, the Manchu dynasty will be at an end and China will enter upon a new era."

"Will a republic be established then, do you think?" asked the reporter. "Probably, but there is no well-defined plan, I understand," answered the Captain. "The Manchus have to be overthrown first and they are leaving the technicalities of future government to the future. Probably the next ruler will be a president, or military rule may prevail for some years. What they need most is another Gordon."

"Since my days China has gone back in some respects and forward in others. They lack the organization they had in the 'Taiping' days. On the other hand, in those days there were no public high-ways across the country.

"Now they have some excellent roads, as well as steam railways, which are playing an important part in the present campaign.

"The Chinese army is honeycombed with revolutionary doctrine, I am told by Lee," said the Captain. "He told me that well-defined plans are on foot in the army to seize arsenals and forts for the revolutionary army. If this is true, and I believe it is, the crisis in the campaign will come when the Imperial army begins to revolt, and trained men flock to the revolutionary army.

"Hankow appears to be the storm centre just now," said Captain Roland, "but I am told that uprisings will occur all over the country, so as to create diversions and distract the Imperial troops. The rebels will raise a large army with ease. It was so in the Taiping affair, but their organization was imperfect and their commissariat arrangements practically nil. Their army then was big enough to eat us, but we drew them off into the hills away from the towns, where their bases of supply lay, and in this way with Gordon's highly-trained army we had them at our mercy. The beggars fought well though," said the old veteran, "but it was another proof that great numbers are useless against a small but well-disciplined army.

#### WHO ARE THE MANCHUS? IS PEKIN FORTIFIED?

"Pekin or 'Peking' is at least 2,000 years old. Several hundreds of years B.C. it became the capital of China. The history of Peking may be said to

begin when Mongol-Tartars, who have always been freebooters and robbers, forced their way in, and imposed militarism on a nation of shopkeepers and collectors of taxes. It was about the 10th century that the Tartars broke through and established themselves firmly in China. The Khitans, a Manchu Tartar people coming from Central Manchuria, then captured Peking and made it their capital. This was (and is yet) called the 'Iron Dynasty,' whose position was maintained by the use or abuse of the sword. Later Gengis Khan, the great Mongol, gathered together all the roving bands of Mongolia, and, sweeping down on Peking, drove out the Kins and established a pure Mongol Dynasty of the Yuan. The Mongols were succeeded by the Mings—a purely Chinese house—the terror of the rough North, since for over four centuries Tartars and Mongols, who had been the overlords of China, discreetly built their capital on the Yangste or southern capital. It was only the third Emperor of the Mings who dared to move his court to Peking. Thus the capital comprises two cities. The Chinese city is oblong; the Tartar city is square, and dominates the northern wall of the older city, as the northern country dominates the southern. For centuries the Manchus and Mongols have waged fierce warfare. The history of their revolutions is eloquently written on the buildings, fortifications (brick walls) and monuments and



the palaces and temples of Peking. This is the Delhi of China and the grave of warlike barbarians. Four separate times have the Tartars broken in and founded dynasties, and four separate times have Chinese culture and civilization sapped strength and made rulers *de facto* servants of the ceremonious inhabitants. Were it not for the huge towers over the gates, Peking resembles an encampment enclosed with massive walls more than a large metropolis. No spires or churches, no pillars, domes or minarets; only the different colored green and yellow tiles of the official buildings, mixed with the brown roofs of the common houses, impart variety to the scene.

“The palaces of the Forbidden City tower above everything, a fitting abode for the monarchs of this vast kingdom. The city walls are many feet thick and fifty feet high. The circumference of the outer ring is over twenty miles, with sixteen gates. Each gate is surmounted by a rectangular three-storied tower or pagoda, vast and imposing. When our expedition of 1860 halted in front of the south gate, General Sir Robert Napier ordered a detail of sappers to advance and paint with lime on the walls a white square spot like a huge target so that failing to surrender and open the gates by ‘To-morrow Noon!’ our artillery would open fire and effect a breach in the brick wall made so conspicuous by the Engineers. Fortifications everywhere in China are

constructed of brick or earthwork, and of course, soon reduced by modern guns."



BRIG.-GEN. SIR GERALD GRAHAME, R.E., V.C.,

As a Lieutenant of the Royal Engineers in 1855.

(From a very old tintype presented to me by Sir Gerald Grahame  
in 1860, at Taku Forts.—W. R.)

Lieutenant Grahame, R.E., was awarded the  
Victoria Cross "for determined gallantry at the head

of a ladder party at the assault of the Redan, on the 18th of June, 1855, and for devoted heroism in sallying out of the trenches (during the siege of Sebastopol), on numerous occasions, and bringing in wounded men and officers."

The following characteristic anecdote of Gerald Grahame is related by his old comrade in three campaigns, General Lord Wolseley—as it appeared in an article entitled "Courage," in the *Fortnightly Review* of August, 1888:—

"I have heard it said that small men are generally braver than tall men, but one of the most stolidly and immovably brave men I have ever known is several inches over six feet in height. I have often seen him, from pure laziness, when relieved from duty in the advanced trenches before Sebastopol, step out calmly in rear of the parallel where he happened at the moment to be, and take a beeline for camp, exposed for many hundred yards to a heavy rifle fire from the advanced works of the Russians. He might have walked home through the trenches in safety, but he was too lazy or too careless of his life to go so far round. I remember a curious instance of his imperturbability some years afterwards, when I met him in China. In the assault of the Taku Forts we had to cross two ditches filled with water. One of these was sufficiently wide and deep to require a bridge to be thrown over it. In carrying up a light-

infantry pontoon bridge to launch into this ditch, a round shot went through one of the pontoons. To launch it in that condition would have caused it to sink, and we had great difficulty in getting the injured pontoon out of the bridge under the close, severe fire to which we were exposed from the works behind the ditch. In common with all the other mounted officers, I had left my horse at a safe distance behind under some cover. I was, therefore, astonished, upon standing up after working at this little bridge on the ground, to see beside me a very tall man on a very tall horse. The position was actually comical, and as well as I remember, I laughed as I saw my cool friend there at the edge of the ditch, a regular cockshot for every Chinaman near him. He said something to me, which, owing to the great din and noise at the moment, I could not hear, so moving nearer to him I carelessly put my hand on his leg. He winced a little as I touched him, and calmly saying 'Don't put your hand on my leg, for I have just had a bullet in there,' went on with his conversation as if only a mosquito had bitten him. That man is now known to all as Lieutenant-General Sir Gerald Grahame, V.C., who commanded a brigade at Tel-el-Kebir, and who was afterwards in chief command at El-Teb and the many other bloody engagements which took place near Suakim."

## NOTES ON GENERAL GORDON.

Born at Woolwich in 1832; commissioned in the Royal Engineers, 1852; soon after his course at Chatham (School of Military Engineering) went to the Crimea (1854) on field service, where he was wounded.

"His daring was conspicuous." Received the British and Turkish medals, and was made a member of the Order of the French Legion of Honor.

1856 to 1858—Employed upon Russian-Turko Boundary Commission under Sir Lintorn Simmons, Royal Engineers.

1859—Passed one year at School of Military Engineering, Chatham, as adjutant and field-work instructor.

1860-1864—On field service in China with the French against the Imperial Chinese; received brevet majority; then took command of the "Ever Victorious Army," consisting of from 3,000 to 4,000 Chinese, and was employed in suppressing the Taip-ing rebellion; he fought thirty-two general engagements; the officers mutinied; also the non-commissioned officers and men (Chinese) on various occasions. Gordon was always at the front leading at

every battle, carrying nothing but a little cane, which the enemy called his "magic wand;" wounded in 1864; he commanded the "Ever Victorious Army" for sixteen months; it captured four cities, twelve fortified towns and killed and wounded fifteen times its own number, and fought many battles unrecorded. He seemed to be able to instil confidence and courage into everyone thrown into contact with him. He twice declined the offer of large sums of money and rewards from the Emperor of China, although he spent his own pay in promoting the efficiency of his force. He left China as poor as when he entered it; was made by the Emperor a Mandarin of the First Class, was promoted to the highest military rank in China, and received a gold medal.

1865—Received a C.B., and promoted to Lieut.-Colonel (from Captain of Engineers), with thirteen years' service.

1865-1871—Was commanding Royal Engineers at Gravesend, in charge of the new fortification works on the Thames. While there, he devoted his spare time and all his money to the poor and sick of the neighborhood, stinting himself that he might have larger means wherewith to relieve others. He established evening classes for poor boys, whom he called his "kings," clothed them, educated them and secured them work. The fences used to be covered with the

words, "God bless the kernell!" scrawled in chalk, and his name is a household word in Gravesend



CHINESE GORDON AS MANDARIN.

to-day. It was in his memory the Gordon Boys' Homes were erected.

1873—Appointed Governor of the Equatorial Province (Scudan); Khedive of Egypt offers him £10,000 sterling a year; he declines to take more than £2,000; is known in Cairo as the "Little Khedive."

1876—Resigns the appointment for want of support.

1877—By special request of the Khedive, appointed Governor-General of the Soudan and Provinces, with a view to suppressing the slave trade; goes on a mission to Abyssinia in 1879; same year resigns this appointment through bad health, caused by constant fighting and travelling in the desert; is offered by the Cape Government command of the Cape forces and £1,500 a year, which he refuses.

1880—Goes to India as private secretary to the Viceroy, but shortly resigns; goes to Peking to advise the Chinese Government, then in difficulties with Russia.

1881—Commanding Engineer at the Mauritius.

1882—Again offered by Cape Government the command of their forces to terminate the Basuto war and administer Basutoland; resigns it soon after because of want of support.

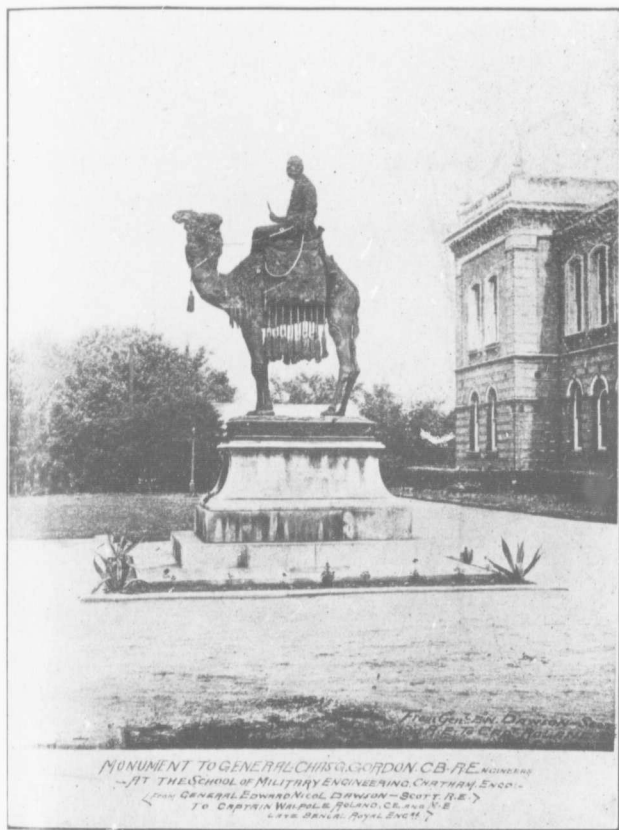
1883—Spends one year in exploratory work in Palestine, mostly around Jerusalem, at end of which time leaves for Soudan, being given the dangerous and difficult task by the British Government of with-



drawing the garrisons of the Egyptian army owing to the rebellion and rise of the Mahdi. He left London on a few hours' notice.

1884—Arrives at Khartoum as Governor-General and is besieged there. He defended, practically alone, this garrison for ten and a half months against the fanatical hordes of the Mahdi; could have got away himself at any time; after great delay, and not until the Government (Gladstone's) was compelled by public opinion to do so, a relief expedition was organized under Gen. Lord Wolseley. The delay proved fatal. Gordon's diary ends:—"I have done my best for the honor of my country. Good-bye." And in a letter written shortly before the end, he says: "I am quite happy; thank God, I have tried to do my duty."

January, 1885—Khartoum fell, and with it Gordon, after a siege of ten and a half months. Gordon was the only Englishman at the end, as he induced the other two to escape. The outburst of popular grief throughout the Empire, as also in foreign countries, has hardly been paralleled. It was universally acknowledged that the world had lost a hero. A national monument was erected to him by Parliament in Trafalgar Square, where he is in company with Nelson, Charles Napier and Havelock. There is a recumbent statue of him in St. Paul's Cathedral, and another statue of him near the Memorial Arch



THE GORDON MEMORIAL.

Erected by the Royal Engineers' School of Military Engineering, Chatham, England.

at the Royal School of Military Engineering, Chatham. His figure is here depicted riding a camel. A replica of this fine work is also erected in Khartoum. The statue in Trafalgar Square, which is by Thorneycroft, has on the sides of the pedestal figures of Charity, Justice, Fortitude and Faith; and the inscription: "Crimea 1855, China 1864, Gravesend, Equator, Quinsan, Foo-chow, Soudan, Khartoum." Gordon, doubtless, is the only British officer who has ever had the name of a home station placed amongst his war services. The British Army has produced many officers who were perhaps as brave and capable soldiers, or as efficient administrators and diplomats, as Gordon, but the social and private work of the latter, done in his spare time at Gravesend, showed him at his noblest, and placed him in a class by himself. The monument in St. Paul's Cathedral bears the following inscription:—"He at all times and everywhere gave his strength to the weak, his substance to the poor, his sympathy to the suffering, his heart to God. He saved our Empire by his warlike genius, he ruled vast provinces with justice, wisdom and power; and lastly, obedient to his Sovereign's command, he died in the heroic attempt to save men, women and children from imminent peril. 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.'"

Gordon's character was unique—simple-minded, modest and retiring, yet he was fearless and outspoken when the occasion demanded. His disposition was singularly sympathetic and attractive, winning all hearts. Caring nothing of what was said of him, he was indifferent to praise or reward, and had a supreme contempt for money. The Dean of Rochester said of him: "His name will glorify the annals of our land as long as England has a history. Gordon the Soldier, Gordon the Martyr, Gordon the Saint."

Lord Wolseley (who, like the writer, served with him in two wars) said: "He had positively no fear; danger presented nothing terrible to him; whether he met death in action, or whether he met it in other circumstances, it was nothing to him. Death was to liberate him from the paltriness of human life. When, O when, shall we see the like again?"

The Taiping Rebellion (similar to the "Boxers") established Gordon's genius as a military commander. The Equatorial Provinces, when he left them, testified no less to his genius as a philanthropic and practical administrator. In 1879, when he was on a diplomatic mission to Abyssinia, the King said to him: "Do you know that I could kill you on the spot if I wished?" Gordon's answer was, "Do so at once, your Majesty, if it is your royal pleasure. I am always ready to die, and far from fearing your putting me to death, you would confer a favor

on me by so doing, for you would be doing for me that which I am precluded by my religious scruples from doing for myself."

Kitchener said of him:—"The memorable siege of Khartoum lasted 317 days, and it is not too much to say that such a noble resistance was due to the indomitable resolution and resource of one Englishman. His was one of the noblest spirits the century has produced. Few, if any, lives have reached the high standard attained by Gordon."

When his effects were being gone through, after his death, the gold medal which the Emperor of China gave him, and which Gordon valued on account of its inscription, could not be found anywhere. It was, however, later ascertained that he had sent it by post anonymously to the Dean of Manchester with a request that it might be sold to relieve the sufferings of the poor caused by the Manchester cotton famine. This was the one decoration which Gordon prized above all others, probably the only worldly possession that he valued at all.

Compare the decorations and rewards this wonderful man received, a solitary C.B., and to die a poor man after denying himself all his life to give to others, with the rewards of great (and near great) soldiers and administrators!

## AN EPISODE OF THE MUTINY

## THE STORY OF ANOTHER "LOST CAPTAIN."

AN accusing conscience reminds me among other things of the old saying that "he laughs best who laughs last." Although half a century has passed away since I joined in the laugh at the mishap of Captain M——n, I now tender his memory a tardy apology. Briefly the affair happened as follows: After the final Relief of Lucknow in 1858, several columns were dispatched from there to clear the Province of Oudh of the numerous bands of rebels, consisting of what was known as "Matchlock-men," retainers of the revolted Thackoors and Zemindars (landholders, etc.), strongly reinforced by rebel Sepoys and cavalry, numbers of whom effected their escape from Delhi and Lucknow during and after the siege and capture. The column to which our Captain belonged consisted of a brigade of infantry, composed of the 34th and 84th (Europeans), a battery of Royal Horse Artillery; two batteries of Field Artillery; some Bengal Engineers; a complete regiment of dashing Sikh Cavalry; two squadrons of the famous Light Horse (Hodson's) and a squadron of the

Military Train, the latter serviceable corps acting as light cavalry. It was on a bright morning in March month when this field force, numbering 3,000 veteran soldiers, marched to the relief of the brave little garrison of Azingurh, then invested by a force of about 13,000 mutineers, under Kunwar-Singh, one of the ablest of the insurgent leaders.

On April the 11th, they halted after a hot march of twenty-five or thirty miles, and camped near the village of Tigra, where it was learned that a rebel force of some 3,000 men, including about 1,000 Sepoys, with two guns, had just looted, with great brutality, the neighboring village. After a short rest all the cavalry, Sikhs, Military Train and Hodson's Horse, left camp to punish the enemy, who were reported by Scouts to be in position in and around the looted village. Among the officers who obtained leave from the General (Sir Edward Lugard, K.C.B.), to accompany this punitive force was the gallant Major Sir Henry Havelock-Allan, V.C., Assistant Adjutant-General to the column, with the hero of "the Episode," Captain M——n, whose fiery steed, a hard-mouthed stallion, was responsible for a rather spectacular scene, and one that would have made the fortune of the "moving picture" man of our time. After carrying the Captain through the fighting ranks of the enemy at whirlwind speed, and much

to their consternation, he kept dashing madly onwards, until lost to sight, and reported "missing" (supposed to be slain) until the following morning, when the Captain reappeared with "a prisoner of war!"

Here, substantially, is the gallant "rough-rider's" official statement of his desperate charge: "In the excitement of the charge and pursuit of the enemy my horse, a great rawboned 'country-bred,' 'bolted,' carrying me into the midst of the flying enemy, who, happily, were as much astounded as I was myself. I rushed through the fleeing natives like a cyclone, and quite unable to use the boar spear which I carried (as a lance), but my powerful horse played skittles with the unfortunates who happened to be in his way. Except for a few hard bumps I was unhurt, but by a just retribution my unruly beast received a slight cut on his hind quarters."

This wild ride carried the Captain (our acting A.D.C.) apparently "far from the madding crowd," friend or foe, and when last seen, a mounted mutineer appeared to separate himself from his squadron, making as if to cut or "head off" the flying "farrengee sour" from his friends, and finally becoming exhausted, he (the Captain) camped for the night near a shallow lake, upon the margin of which, in the morning he found, crouching in the underbrush, a native boy of some five years,



whose only garment was a rusty key suspended from his neck by a string. Notwithstanding the awkwardness of the dilemma and difficulties of finding camp, and explaining his extraordinary disappearance to the General, with many other unpleasant possibilities, Captain M——n resolved to capture and rescue the little castaway, and take him to camp, which he succeeded in doing, after much manœuvring with his charger and prisoner. After some skirmishing around, the Headquarter Camp was sighted, and a ride of twelve miles brought our Captain and his prize in front of the tents of the Acting Quartermaster-General, guards, pickets, military police—European and natives of all arms—having had a very liberal grin at his expense, Sir John C. McNeill, V.C., of his own Regiment (the 84th), being apparently, the most amused of his friends. At mess that evening (guest night), an old native bearer announced as follows, viz.: That Ap Ka Kala batch Ka bap aya, or “that the father of the lost child had arrived!”

The “lost” staff officer and A.D.C., was none other than the late General Sir Frederick Middleton, who, with another very distinguished officer, Sir John Carstairs MacNeill, V.C., had previously seen some hard fighting. Both these officers served in Canada, and were great admirers of Canadian troops, and voyageurs, as on the Wolseley-Nile expedition, while

the 90th—a Winnipeg rifle battalion—known as “the Little Black Devils!” were prime favourites of General Middleton, who commanded the Canadian field force during the North-West Rebellion in 1885.

The late Sir Frederick Middleton, K.C.M.G., C.B., saw active service in New Zealand, in 1846-7; in the Sonthal Rebellion of 1855, and thereafter in the Indian Mutiny, 1857-8. He was also commandant of the Royal Military College, and commanded the Canadian Militia from 1884 to 1890, when he was made Constable of the Tower and Keeper of the Regalia—an appointment, by the way, usually reserved for Field-Marsals and soldiers of the greatest distinction.

## LOST IN THE LONELY MANITOU.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE WANDERINGS AND SUFFERINGS  
OF CAPTAIN WALPOLE ROLAND IN THE WOODS.

Edited and Compiled from Newspaper Reports and from the  
Diary of Captain Roland by MISS MARION ROLAND.

NOTE:—"Duluth, Minn., June 10th.—No word direct from home, but American papers have frequent extracts from the *Chronicle* and *Daily News*. They report my sister gone west to continue what they regard as a hopeless search, and while I cannot realize it and will not despair, yet it is not pleasant to read or reflect on. I am giving up my office here, and take the U. S. Steamer 'America' on Sunday for Port Arthur.—MARION."

ALL HOPE OF CAPTAIN ROLAND BEING FOUND ALIVE  
HAS BEEN ABANDONED.

(From the *Winnipeg Free Press*.)

The disappearance of Captain Roland is rapidly deepening into a mystery. The theory of a wild man is discredited by our special correspondent at Wabigoon, and while numerous other theories are advanced, the truth will probably never be known

until Captain Roland's body is found, for all hope of his being found alive has been abandoned.

NOTE:—But the next report, also from our home paper, the Port Arthur *Chronicle* of May 30th, as it appeared in the *News-Tribune*, was more encouraging:

#### WILL SEARCH FOR CAPTAIN ROLAND.

(From the Port Arthur *Chronicle*, May 30th.)

A search party composed of Fred White, William Murray and other men left yesterday morning for Wabigoon to proceed to Gold Rock, by gasoline launch, in search of Captain Roland.

The party intends to search until the body is found and *neither time nor money will be spared*. The city will bear the expense of the search. No news in regard to the search has as yet reached the city.

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#### PUBLIC MEETING IN PORT ARTHUR.

(From the Port Arthur *Chronicle*, June 4th.)

This morning a meeting was called in the city hall for the purpose of a further search. It had been stated that the city was not interesting itself enough in the search for the missing townsman.

Although the meeting was a small one, those present left the gathering thoroughly convinced that the

council was doing all that was possible in the endeavor to locate Captain Roland.

Rev. Mr. Hedley was in the chair. He pointed out that it was now some two weeks since the people commenced to feel concern for Mr. Roland, but it was never dreamed that all this time would pass by without the aged engineer being brought back.

Alderman Oliver then related just what had been done in the matter. A search had been made for a few days, when Mr. White came back to the city. Last Saturday the Mayor and Alderman Oliver decided to take the matter in their own hands, and they sent Mr. Murray and a number of men out to the place where the captain was lost with instructions to search the place thoroughly. Mr. White had gone with them to show just where the captain is thought to have been lost.

Alderman Oliver stated that it would be impossible to hear from these men before to-night. He thought that, under the direction of Mr. Murray, the party would do all that was required.

There has been a talk of deep shafts, but Mr. Oliver says that he has been informed that there were only a few pits in the neighborhood, and these were not very deep and could be easily searched, and doubtless had been. There was a possibility that the Captain might have gone to the lake and fallen in, as the water is very deep there.

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## MYSTERY OF CAPTAIN ROLAND'S DISAPPEARANCE DEEP AS EVER.

Daughter Returns from Futile Attempt to Find Some Trace of Him—Various Theories have Little to Support Them.

(From the Port Arthur *Daily News*, June 8th.)

MISS FRANCES FLORIAN ROLAND, daughter of Captain Walpole Roland, returned to Port Arthur last night from the Manitou, where she had been for the past week endeavoring to obtain some trace of her father, who has been missing for the past three weeks in the neighborhood of Gold Rock, on Lower Manitou. Miss Roland stated to *The Daily News* last night that no trace whatever had been found of her father, and the whole affair was wrapped in as much mystery as ever.

Various theories have been adduced as to the cause of the veteran soldier's disappearance. One such theory is that he was murdered by someone for having stumbled across his secret or for being in possession of certain mining facts which some unknown party did not deem it safe for anyone to be cognizant of. This theory, though from every other point of view unfeasible, would account, if true, for the body not being found, as it might have been weighted and dropped into Nelson Lake and be now lying at the bottom.

## ANOTHER THEORY.

Another theory is that Captain Roland was spirited away in some mysterious fashion by a wild man of the woods, who is said to be roaming in the neighborhood and who is now holding Captain Roland a prisoner. It is interesting to note that this is the only theory to which a shred of hope hangs that the Captain may be still alive.

Still a third theory is that the mining engineer may have deviated from the camp trail to go to the lake for a drink of water and in stooping down to quench his thirst have missed his balance and fallen in. But this hardly holds good, because in the event of his being thus drowned his hat and stick, which he always carried, would have floated, and neither of these articles has been found.

There is a fourth supposition that a fainting fit overtook Captain Roland on the trail and he fell in his tracks, losing consciousness, and going into a sleep from which there was no awakening for him, his heart's action suddenly failing, owing to the exposure to the frosty air which prevailed late last month of nights in that neighborhood, his advanced years and his enfeebled state of health.

## NONE LOOKS REASONABLE.

And in spite of all these suppositions, none of them will stand the light of reason, the first one being dis-

missed on the ground of almost impossibility, the second one as being beyond human credibility, and the third theory as being proved incorrect, practically by the absence of hat or cane, while the fourth falls to the ground on the face of the careful and systematic search that has been made by experienced bushmen for more than a week.

Captain Roland has as completely disappeared as if the earth had opened her mouth and swallowed him up, and the explanation of his mysterious disappearance is as far off as ever.

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### CAPTAIN ROLAND MAY BE FOUND ALIVE.

Thought that He may have been Taken by a Wild Man  
seen in the Manitou Woods—Miss Roland  
Assisting in the Search.

(From the *Kenora News*, June 14th, 1910.)

WABIGOON, Ont., June 2.—The mystery that surrounds the disappearance of Walpole Roland, of Port Arthur, deepens as reports trickle through from the remote corners of the Manitou Lakes, where the tragedy, for such it must be, occurred. It is only right to mention here that the unfortunate veteran did not get lost in the "Wilds of Wabigoon," as some far away reporters have it, but on the lonely, uninhabited shores of the Lower Manitou Lake an



eerie solitude, over which the shadow of long past Indian warfare and its attendant horrors seems to brood and where ill luck and disaster dog those who attempt to exploit its undoubted richness in gold.

This locality is about seventy-five miles south of Wabigoon station, reached by a rather devious route of two days' travel.

That he could have gone very far in the short time that elapsed between his leaving the camp and being missed seems incredible and that a man of his experience in this country should lose himself is almost more so.

Some of the best men in that district have searched for him, and although the conditions were ideal owing to the absence of dense undergrowth, they admit themselves to be entirely baffled.

The deepest shaft in the country is securely covered, and every means have been taken to find the body, if drowned, or discover anything that would point to such a death.

The latest tragedy has revealed another which may have some bearing on this one. One Miller, a trapper, made his home at the Gold Standard Camp during last winter. He was known to have gone in by Gold Rock, but no notice was taken of his lengthy silence, trappers and prospectors being liable to turn up anywhere at any time.

When the Roland party first arrived at the house they found things just as if the occupier had only recently left on his daily round. On looking closer it was apparent that the place had really been empty some weeks, and it was surmised that the occupant had probably perished by falling through the ice in the spring, or by the fangs of the wolves which infest the place.

His rifle and snow shoes were the only things missing and several of his traps have since been found, just as set along the trails.

The most uncanny part of the whole affair is reported by one of the searchers, a prospector, Watson, who went by canoe towards "Sarah Gamp" Lake. At the falls near the lake he was startled to see an almost nude man catching fish in the shallows at the foot of the rapids with his hands. Apparently demented, the poor creature began to devour one in its raw state, but fled to the woods as the other stepped ashore.

After a while he returned, but in spite of the searchers' endeavors to capture or conciliate him, was unapproachable, flying as advances were made. Finding it useless attempting to secure the wild man, the news was taken to Gold Rock, where the description given by the prospector was found to tally with that of the forgotten trapper.

This later development gives ground for considerable surmise as to the probable fate of Captain Roland; the maniac, haunting the vicinity of his previous abode, may have dogged the unfortunate engineer, and bodily abducted him.

The police authorities have rightly taken a hand in the search. Provincial Constable Emmons went down on Monday evening, the steamboat returning with him to the Gold Rock Landing, after its arrival from its regular trip. Detective Emmons is determined to get to the bottom of the affair, and it is to be sincerely hoped that he will succeed in clearing up the mystery.

The fact that Miss Frances Roland, daughter of the missing man, is at Gold Rock and Manitou giving what aid she can to the searchers, lends the assurance that all hope has not yet been given up for the finding of Captain Roland, either dead or alive.

The pluck of the young lady in going to the wilds is to be admired and her efforts to locate or get traces of her father, will, no doubt be watched with keen interest by all who have been aroused over the mysterious disappearance.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—Truth stranger than fiction! with apologies to Mr. Watson, "The Weird Story Teller" of the Lonely Manitou and Eagle Lakes.—  
MARION.

## PROMINENT MINING ENGINEER IS LOST IN WOODS NEAR WABIGOON.

Search Party Find no Trace of Walpole Roland, and it is  
Feared He has Perished.

(From the Fort William *Times-Journal*, June 21st, 1916.)

WALPOLE ROLAND, one of the pioneer mining engineers of New Ontario, is lost in the bush, south of Manitou Lake, and owing to his advanced age it is feared that he will perish, if he has not already done so. He is about 84 years old and has been in the district since about 1875.

Mr. Roland left here last Saturday for Wabigoon, and on Monday he left that place for Harris Lake, south of Manitou Lake, to prepare a report on the value of several mining locations. He did not return when expected, and later a search party was organized and spent two days on the route he should have taken, without any trace of the missing man being found, and a fresh party of experienced bush men left Gold Rock yesterday to continue the search.

Captain Roland was one of the recognized authorities on the mineral wealth and prospects of the country. He came here with the pioneers to investigate mining claims and he has been investigating mines ever since. He took a prominent part in the opening of the Silver Mountain and Beaver silver mines, and there is not a good prospect in the district on which

he has not made a report. It is said that he knew the district like a book, and is the author of a book on the natural wealth of the district.

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### WILD MAN FROM VERMILION CAUGHT AFTER HARD FIGHT.

For Four Years He has Ranged the Woods with Reputation  
of a Ghost—Said to have Lived on Raw Flesh  
of Wild Animals.

(From *The Toronto Daily Star*, February 14th, 1911.)

Word has just been received at the headquarters of the Provincial Police of the capture of a wild man near Vermilion Bay, which reads like a page from fiction. The man has lived alone in the bush for four years, subsisting on roots, berries, and raw meat and fish. He imagined that he was the owner of about thirty-six square miles of timber lands and strove to keep everybody out of that area. Lumbermen in the district for a long time thought that he was a ghost and would refuse to go out in the district at night. It was only about a year ago that people in the district realized that what was thought to be a ghost was really a demented man. When, on the complaint of the lumbermen, Police Constable Grassick went to capture him, he put up a tremendous fight, and it was only after assistance had been secured that the constable was able to secure him.

The man gave his name as John Beck. Four years ago his left hand was blown off while he was fishing with dynamite. After the wound had healed, he took to the woods. For three years his identity was unknown, and the general notion that he was a ghost was borne out by the great speed with which he could move through the bush. Seldom more than a glimpse could be caught of him. He is said to have been able to overtake any wild animal in the bush and kill it without a weapon of any kind, eating its flesh raw.

When he became seized with the idea that he owned the land, he began to warn the lumbermen away, threatening to burn their camps. On several occasions he did attempt to set fire to them during the night. He was found by the constable living in a little shack, built in a small crevice in the hill. He fought desperately for his freedom, and after he had been bound with ropes only gave up when absolutely exhausted and unable to move a muscle. When taken to the jail at Kenora his hair was about fifteen inches long and his face was covered with an inch of matted hair and grime. He was clothed in sheep skins, fastened together with wire.

NOTE:—Captain Roland did not even in his dreams, see this man, and he confesses this without regret.—EDITOR.

## NO NEWS OF MISSING MAN.

(From the Port Arthur *Chronicle*.)

LOCAL feeling is running high over the disappearance of Captain Roland in the woods near Gold Rock. While a search is undoubtedly being made it is also a fact that practically nothing has been done by the citizens of this city to aid in the search.

The age of the lost man makes it seem that he has met with some difficulty that younger eyes and younger limbs might have escaped, but that the old surveyor got lost seems incredible, considering his wonderful local knowledge of country he was operating in coupled with his scientific knowledge which would enable him to use the sun, stars and moon as guides. The conviction of the searchers that he has fallen into a pit seems a probable theory, but until something definite is known there is no excuse for relaxing the efforts to locate the missing man.

A *Chronicle* representative interviewed Miss Roland this afternoon to ascertain if there were any more details in regard to the search for her father. Miss Roland informed the *Chronicle* that she had heard nothing more nor had she been notified of the proceedings of the searchers.

## NINE MEN IN SEARCH PARTY.

Alderman Oliver tells the *Chronicle* what has been done to find Captain Roland.

June 3rd.—“You may say in your next issue,” said Crown Timber Agent Oliver, “that there have been nine men out looking for Captain Roland ever since his loss was reported, and they have found absolutely no trace of him.” Mr. Oliver expressed the opinion that Captain Roland had fallen in some lake, and his final belief was that Captain Roland had fallen into Lake Nelson. The lake started from the shore with a depth of ten feet and slopes down to a depth of from twenty-five to thirty feet. Mr. Oliver is inclined to dismiss the non-finding of hat or stick as bearing very slightly upon the case.

## USE DYNAMITE IN LAKE AND IN DEEP MINE SHAFTS.

Inspector Maurice Emmons of the Provincial police force, who was indefatigable in his efforts to rescue the Captain, reports having exploded many dynamite cartridges in likely places, on margin of inland lakes, and in deep shafts of old mines. Mr. Emmons regretted the absence of Indians or trained dogs. This section has long been deserted by the Indians and is a veritable wilderness in every essential point.



Another theory by a "Professor" (with an accent made in Germany) was as follows:—

"It would be easy for Capt. Roland to get lost in the woods as he was a very poor bush man, and would lose his way quite easily. There were numerous trails in that section, and it is possible that he took the wrong one. My opinion is that he is somewhere in the bush, or the water. Yes, I think a reward would help."

Mr. Murray, Timber Inspector, advances the theory of suicide:

Mr. William Murray, in conversation with the *Chronicle* this afternoon, stated that he believes Capt. Roland committed suicide, as he can arrive at no other theory. He states that Captain Roland's trail could be seen the night he went out. Mr. Murray thinks the Captain committed suicide by jumping into a shaft, but the shaft contains 130 feet of water, and this theory could not be proved; nevertheless, they tried their best. There was a heavy cover on the shaft so that he could not have fallen into it, but he may have removed the cover and thrown himself into the water. He could not have been lost in the woods as they are clean, except for a few swamps, and the hills surrounding the camp would make it impossible for the Captain to climb them. The opinion is that the Captain was in much pain, and not being

able to stand it any longer he committed the rash act of taking his life. Nine men searched all the week, and up to last night, without finding any trace of the missing man.

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### SHARING OTHER PERSONS' SECRETS MAY HAVE RESULTED IN DEATH.

Friend of Captain Roland, the missing Port Arthur Mining Man,  
advances Murder Theory, and gives his Reasons—  
Daughter of Lost Prospector and Party return  
to Wabigoon after Fruitless Search—  
Notes from his Diary.

(From the Fort William *Times-Journal*, June 7th, 1910.)

THAT Captain Roland, the Port Arthur mining engineer, who has been missing for the past three weeks in the Gold Rock district, near Wabigoon, Ont., was murdered because of knowledge possessed by him of certain mining property or properties, is the opinion advanced by a man familiar with the conditions obtaining, and who will talk for publication only under the condition that his name will be withheld.

That he fell into one of the two lakes situated at either end of the trail seems incredible to the searchers, as it is more than probable, they assert, his hat would be found on the surface. Had the Captain come in contact with a bear, which is considered unlikely, freshly broken earth and twigs

would give evidence of the attack and dragging away of the body.

The Captain has visited the Gold Rock district periodically for years. It is known that he was in possession of vast information regarding mining properties.

The question is asked by his friends whether his absence is not the direct result of stumbling upon somebody's secret. It would have been comparatively easy for an enemy or enemies to tie a stone to the body and drop it in the lake or to spirit it away and bury it.

The men easily identified the Captain's boot marks going toward camp, but there were none to show that he had gotten that far on the return journey. Further along there is a big hill, with an abrupt incline. In climbing this hill before, the Captain had had to be assisted, and it was here that the servant expected that the aged engineer would be waiting for him. That a man with the Captain's knowledge of woodcraft would lose his way in travelling a few miles along is not given credence by his friends.

Even had the Captain wandered from the trail and starved to death or died from exposure, it is pointed out, the whereabouts of the now decomposed remains would be indicated by wild fowl. In his enfeebled condition it would have been impossible for him to travel far.

WABIGOON, ONT., June 7.—Miss Roland and Constable Emmons came in to-day on the Galatea, from Beaudros Landing and report that absolutely no traces of Captain Roland have been found up to the present. Miss Roland spent all the time she has been out near the scene of the disappearance, staying with Mr. and Mrs. Watson at nights in their little camp near the "Glass Reefs" on the lonely shores of the Lower Manitou. Mr. Watson is apparently the author of many weird stories, most of which Miss Roland regards as being of the "Diamond Dick" class, and in consequence much more sanguinary than pleasant. Nothing, however, appears to discourage her, and the belief in the capacity of her father for withstanding hunger and climatic effects is very strong indeed.

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### REMARKABLE CAREER OF THE MAN LOST IN THE BUSH.

WALPOLE ROLAND IS A PIONEER OF THE DISTRICT  
AND A VETERAN OF TWO WELL-REMEMBERED  
WARS.

(From the Fort William *Times-Journal*, June.)

CAPTAIN WALPOLE ROLAND, the Port Arthur mining man who has been missing in the woods near Wabigoon for several days, has been given up for lost

by all but his daughter, Miss Frances Roland, who is employed as a stenographer for A. C. Waltz & Co., electricians, Court Street, Port Arthur.

"I have hopes that my father has reached some one of the settlements in the south in safety, and I will not believe otherwise until I see his dead body," were the words yesterday of Miss Roland to a *Times-Journal* representative. "Everybody interested in mining and lumbering in this district knows that my father is familiar with the woods in these parts. He has made hundreds of trips in that district alone, and this is the first time that reports have been circulated that he was lost."

Miss Roland, when speaking with her father on May 14th, the day before his departure, was told by him that he felt better than for several months past, and that he expected to return home in a few days after examining properties near Gold Rock, in which American capitalists were interested.

Miss Roland says, that her father has had little to say regarding his mining properties, and she is in hopes that he has gone to investigate other claims.

"My father may possibly have eluded his seekers for the purpose of examining his private locations, and, crippled by rheumatism, which he has been suffering from for several years, and handicapped by his advanced age, he may have been unable to join

the other mining men who were with him in the woods."

The other members of the Roland family have not been informed of the Captain's disappearance. Marion Roland is residing in Duluth, Minn.; Constance Roland is living in Buffalo, N.Y.

Captain Walpole Roland has had a remarkable career, not only in his native land, but also in Canada. He was born in India over 84 years ago, and first set foot on Canadian soil in 1870. He has been classed as the most capable mining engineer in the district. He is also a civil engineer and was one of the consulting engineers on the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

He was a long familiar figure in the twin cities in his Glengarry cap and his Norfolk riding suit. He served considerable time in the army during his early days and saw considerable active service in various parts of the world.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### LOST HIS WAY.

Captain Roland, two Canadians and a foreigner left Wabigoon to examine mining properties in the Gold Rock country, May 16th last. They made their camp the first night near a small lake, from the shores of which the Captain wandered at a time when the Canadians were examining a mine some miles distant and while the foreigner was breaking camp.

Even when it was found that he had lost the trail there were, because of the Captain's wonderful knowledge of woodcraft, few misgivings. After a few days' unsuccessful search, theories that he had died of exposure or that he had been murdered by unknown enemies or a "wild" man, reported to have been seen, were given more or less credence. Only Miss Frances Roland, his daughter, who staunchly maintained that her father would some time return, discredited the stories.

Arriving at the conclusion that the old man was still alive, the Port Arthur city council, about a week after his disappearance, detailed men to assist the Captain's friends in the search. The bush was beaten for miles on either side of the trail, but not so much as a footprint was found, and his disappearance was relegated to the long list of unfathomable mysteries of the Canadian west.

#### DYING, HE KEPT HIS DIARY.

Captain Roland stated that his mind was, with the exception of the first day, *perfectly clear*. That he is not mistaken in this, and that he is possessed of mental faculties that are little short of phenomenal is indicated by the fact that he not only left birch bark notes along his trail, but in order to occupy his time, not only made his last will in good legal form, but filled many pages of his diary with abstruse cal-

culations as to determining the azimuth of a star, which he describes in notes (May 25th): "Azimuth is an arc of the horizon between the meridian of a place and a vertical circle passing through the sun, stars, or moon. It is an indispensable survey observation, of which 'Doctor' Cook, apparently knew nothing!"

\* \* \* \* \*

May 26th, we find the following: "Lest I forget the value of .7854, in finding diameter of circle and the area of a section of a circle is half the radius, multiplied by the arc, etc."

Suggests new names for our Twin Cities, May 27th, as follows: "Union City," "Fort," or "Port Union," with appropriate Latin motto, viz.: "*Ex Unitate vires*" ("From Union Strength"), with the arms of both cities.

"May 28th." "A ton of gold (2,000 lbs.), in a cube of  $14\frac{1}{2}$  inches along its edges is worth \$602,861.22; A ton of silver,  $17\frac{1}{4}$  inches (cube) along its edges, with silver at 55 cents, is worth \$16,041.30.  
. . . Pulse, strong. Temperature, high."



LETTER FROM MISS F. F. ROLAND TO  
HER SISTER.

“ Camp at Gold Rock, Manitou Lake,  
“ Ont., June 5th.

“ Miss Constance Roland,  
“ Eagle Street, Buffalo, N.Y.

“ MY DEAR CONNIE:—

“ Could stand the suspense no longer, and so took train yesterday from Port Arthur to Wabigoon, a station on the C.P.R., 200 miles west, and after a short rest at the hotel there, took passage on Captain L. Johnston's steamer, to the head of Wabigoon Lake, at 'Beaudros Landing'; thence over an exceedingly rough trail, of nearly 7 miles, to 'Gold Rock,' at the head waters of the Upper Manitou. It was here, at Martin's Store, that father outfitted, and engaged his men and gasoline launch. Everyone appears to have known him intimately, and needless to say his being 'lost' is the only topic. Since yesterday I travelled probably over 265 miles, but my eagerness to get nearer the scene, and some definite information of what has, and is being done towards a 'rescue,' has, so far sustained me, that I don't feel either tired or hungry. Most people, however, are so brutally frank in their expressions of opinion as to the tragic termination of what they say happened 'days ago!' that I assure you, one requires a splendid brand of philosophy, some nerve, and a fine contempt for their 'discretion!' Captain or Major Johnston (a Scotsman, who knows father) was, with the exception of Inspector Maurice Emmons, of the Provincial Police, about the only person from whom I got an encouraging word, and coming as it did, from



MISS FRANCES F. ROLAND.

In the Lower Manitou, in search of her Father.

(From photograph taken at Gold Rock Camp, Manitou Country.)

sources of practical experience, was doubly appreciated. Am now arranging to go down the Manitou Lake, with a hunter (trapper) and his wife; Mr. and Mrs. Watson, whose camp is about 20 miles from the supposed scene of father's disappearance.

"We are off!

"This trapper ('Bill' Watson), has his own launch. He tells me that he has been hunting for father 'for several days,' in his launch, or 'his mind'—presumably—(?)—as I notice that he is quite crippled from rheumatism. He has evidently (I fear much!), an endless stock of weird stories of 'a wild man abducting people,' but what surprises me most is, that, apparently, his wife believes it all, although in other respects she seems quite sane! .

. . . Can it be possible that he is himself 'the wild man,' and Mrs. Watson the victim? Most of these stories are too ridiculous and horrid for anything, nevertheless such absurd things have already got into the Winnipeg and local (Kenora) papers! After lunch at their really picturesque bungalow, this afternoon, we proceeded down the bay or archipelago, a perfect labyrinth of islands, points and peninsulas. Later we fell in with a returning search party, which had, under instructions from the Provincial Police, exploded charges of dynamite in several deep mining shafts in the expectation of finding a grim solution to this mystery! I am, however, morally certain that under no circumstances, other than that of accident, could such a thing occur; nor can they ever begin to estimate the will power of our dear father.

"Mr. Watson says there are no Indian or other settlement, hunter, trapper or survey party anywhere within 70 miles south, south-east, or south-west of

us; that none of the various search parties were equipped with canoes, dogs or Indian guides, and that should any of them venture into the 'tall timber,' 'they too, would be hopelessly lost!' He then indicated a chain of lakes and portages, which he called 'the old canoe route' to Fort Frances, where a canoe search should have been made. But as this was in the territory of 'the wild man' (whom he claims to have seen), he, Watson, would not go any farther in that direction. It is all terribly sad, and I feel quite helpless under the circumstances, although not by any means hopeless. Will join the Emmons party and mail this and later news from the Gold Rock office.

"Your loving Sister,

"FRANCES FLORIAN."

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### MINING ENGINEER FOUND.

(From the Fort William *Times-Journal*.)

CAPTAIN WALPOLE ROLAND, aged 84 years, has been found, after a month spent without provisions, matches or shelter, in the wilderness of the Manitowish Lake country.

Perhaps never before in Canada has a man of Captain Roland's years survived an equally racking mental and physical strain. From May 16th, the day on which he became separated from a party which had accompanied him into the wilds of the Gold Rock country, until he was picked up last Saturday by a

geological survey party, the aged mining engineer was cut off as completely from civilization as if he had been marooned on a South Sea Island.

#### FOLLOWED LIFE OF ANIMALS.

Not once during the seemingly never-ending burning days and almost freezing nights did the Captain taste cooked food, but followed in every respect the life of wild animals, signs of which were ever present. Occasionally walking, sometimes stumbling blindly along, the engineer-pro prospector stopped only long enough to post a birch bark notice that might lead to the finding of his remains, or to fight off hordes of mosquitoes and sand flies, which seemed to be devouring him. Rarely he scooped up a handful of water or collected a handful of green birch leaves, his sole means of sustenance.

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#### CAPTAIN ROLAND ALIVE.

##### LOST ENGINEER RETURNS TO CIVILIZATION.

(From the *Wabigoon Star*, June 21st.)

THE Government Geological party, consisting of Messrs. Parsons, Thompson and Margach, arrived in Gold Rock on Sunday afternoon, having come from Lake of the Woods by canoe, and much to the

surprise of everybody they had Captain Roland with them, alive and well and apparently not much the worse for his thirty-two days' sojourn in the bush without fire or food, all he had to support him up to that time being buds and leaves. He had gone miles in the opposite direction to which the search party were looking, and was on a portage, which had not been used for ten years, and possibly would not have been used for that same time again, if this party had not happened along. How a man of his age could exist all that time is a wonder to everybody.

Captain Roland arrived in Wabigoon, on Monday afternoon, leaving on Tuesday for Port Arthur, accompanied by Provincial Inspector of Police Emmons.

Before leaving, the Captain was seen by a representative of this paper. He appeared to be a little fatigued after his lonely vigil in the bush, and was unable to enter into details of his disappearance, which were, however, practically as published. The day previous to his discovery he had taken off his vest with the medals attached and hung it on a tree. On another tree he had written a notice to the effect that he was in the vicinity. This was provisionally seen by the survey party, and the Captain hearing them discussing the matter from where he lay, called to them. It is doubtful whether the Captain could have held out much longer on his

limited diet, as he was pretty much all in when discovered.

How the search parties missed him in the limited area of wandering is as mysterious as his disappearance, and the Captain remarked that, apparently, the most notorious criminal would have been safe from pursuit in his retreat, without canoes and dogs.

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### RESCUED AT LAST.

Captain Roland Found on Saturday by Geological Survey Party—Aged Veteran braved Hunger, Fatigue and Exposure Thirty-one and a Half Days.

(From the *Port Arthur Chronicle*.)

YESTERDAY afternoon, as the last hundred of the *Evening Chronicle* was roaring through the press, the news came that Mayor Matthews had received a wire from Wabigoon stating that Captain Roland had been found alive and was at Wabigoon.

Showing how fast news travels sometimes, it is noteworthy that the *Chronicle* had this news before Mayor Matthews had opened his telegram.

A special edition was at once put in hand, publishing the details as contained in a special wire to the *Chronicle* so that by seven o'clock the whole city knew that Captain Walpole Roland had performed the almost incredible feat of living thirty-one days in the forest wilds without food, living on water

almost entirely. The *Chronicle* telephoned Miss Roland at once to ascertain whether she had heard the news, but the young lady had received a telegram from her father a few minutes before, announcing his rescue.

Captain Roland has had a career that would furnish a novelist a hero without "padding," but it remained for the adventurous Captain of Engineers to accomplish his most dangerous feat of all in his 83rd year. Captain Roland will be welcomed back as from the dead. It is safe to say that no one expected to ever see "Cap" Roland alive again.

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#### CAPT. WALPOLE ROLAND FOUND.

The Veteran Mining Engineer Alive and in Fair Health—Said to have been Thirty-one and a Half Days without Food—Subsisted on Leaves and Water.

WABIGOON, ONT., June 20.—After thirty-one days in the woods of the Lake Manitou section, subsisting on birch leaves and water, without protection from the many cold nights or the rains, and with no means of defence against the ever present danger of wolves, Captain Walpole Roland, the 83-year-old mining engineer of Port Arthur, has been found, alive and well.

Although long ago given up for dead, belief being firm that he must surely have been drowned or per-



ished after a few nights in the woods, the veteran Captain is to-night resting quietly here and will leave to-morrow afternoon for his home in Port Arthur, apparently none the worse after his prolonged outing, than being somewhat weaker than when he strayed away from a party of prospectors of which he was a member, on a trip of inspection to south-east of Gold Rock.

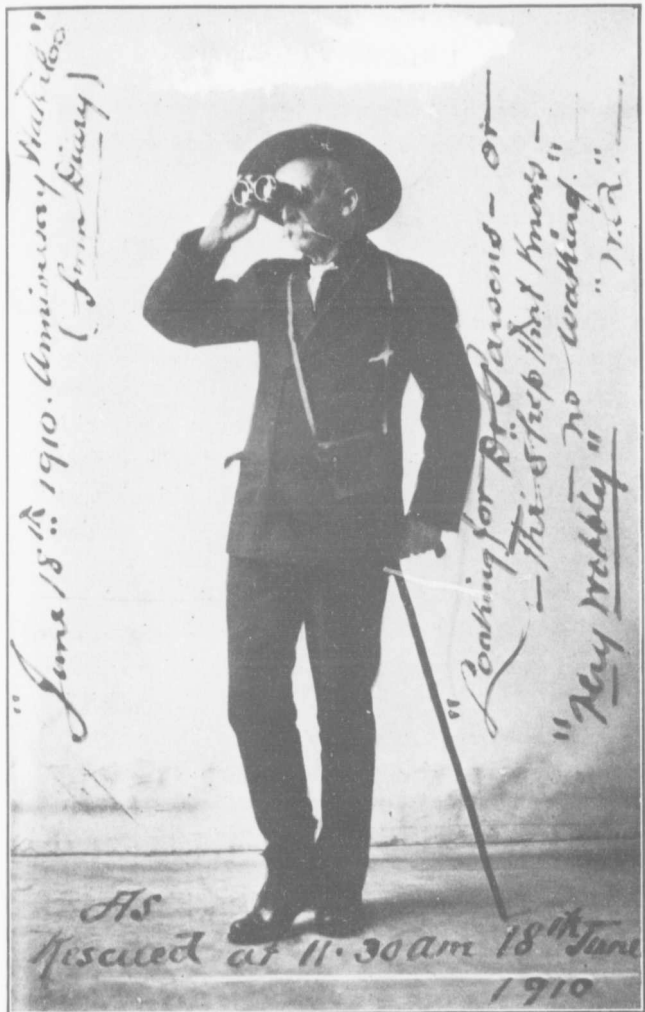
Captain Roland was found on Saturday last. It was a Dominion Government geological survey party that ran across him on the old canoe portage, and, after giving him more substantial nourishment than he had had for more than a month, brought him here, and wired the news of his finding to Port Arthur.

The survey party was composed of Dr. G. L. Parsons, of Toronto, and Messrs. Thompson and Margach. They found the missing man as a result of his having in his wanderings thrown out birch bark notices in such a way as to attract the attention of any who might happen to be prospecting or surveying in the neighborhood.

It would be almost impossible to recount the hardships the captain endured during his thirty-one days alone in the woods. To the pangs of hunger, relieved only by birch leaves, were added the discomforts of cold at night and heat by day. Not even were there any berries available, as there might have been later

with some Dominion survey party.

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CAPTAIN ROLAND FOUND.

(Taken soon after being rescued by Dr. Parsons, of the Department of Mines, Toronto, who "chanced that way" when affairs with me looked none too bright.—W. R.)

in the season, for they have hardly formed as yet on the bushes, let alone commenced to ripen. In addition to these discomforts was the even more tantalizing presence of mosquitoes in such swarms as at times almost threatening to eat the very flesh from his body or drive him insane.

Even more than this, on a couple of occasions the Captain sighted wolves. Luckily they were not savage, and did not offer to attack, else the Captain would surely have been killed, for crippled as he was with rheumatism in his advanced age, and exhausted by continued efforts to find his way to civilization, he had little or no strength with which to protect himself from physical injury.

That a man of such years as Captain Roland survived such hardships is almost beyond belief. No one would believe even after he had been missing a week, that by any chance whatever was he alive, and it is a fact that many men in the prime of life, and many years his junior, would have succumbed long before the expiration of the thirty-one days of Captain Roland's outing.

The only thing that can be given to account for his emerging alive and in sound body and mind, is the unparalleled strong will and remarkable constitution which have carried him through emergencies on many similar occasions.

Ever since the Captain strayed away from his companions over a month ago, search parties employed by the government, by the city of Port Arthur, and privately, had been out in an endeavour to find him, but all returned reporting that they had been unable to find even as much as a trace of him.

Your correspondent had an interview with the Captain after his arrival here to-day in company with Dr. Parsons' survey party and was very favorably impressed with the keen and unimpaired mind which one would hardly expect to find possessed by a man who had just come through the experiences that fell to the lot of Captain Roland.

The Captain will leave for his home in Port Arthur on C.P.R. train No. 96 Tuesday afternoon.

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#### THE CAPTAIN'S TELEGRAMS.

CAPTAIN ROLAND sent the following message to the Port Arthur *Daily News*:

WABIGOON, ONT., June 20.—On May 16th, I deliberately left the trail to take observations, but evidently went too far. I was always aware of my approximate location, but decided to play a waiting game. I kept making observations daily, and also entries in my diary. On June 18, I noted that it was the ninety-fifth anniversary of the battle of Waterloo,

and my one particular wish was that my exceptional sustaining powers might keep up till I could get the details of that other battle on July 4th, viz.: Jeffries vs. Johnson, in which I hoped to read of a victory for the former. I might also add that I can take Tex Rickard to a spot in the Manitou region where he can pull off the fight without fear of interference. Water was my principal nourishment. I injured my knee a couple of days before I was found, which caused my inability to walk. I could see Dr. Parsons and party through the branches reading the notices I had put up. The flies were unusually active June 18th, and there was a thunderstorm that day. I thank all for the interest displayed during my isolation and I expect my being lost is known on two hemispheres. I will answer all personal enquiries.

WALPOLE ROLAND.

THE CAPTAIN'S TELEGRAM TO HIS DAUGHTER.

Wabigoon, 20th June.

DEAR FRANCES:—

Cheer up! Will have afternoon tea with you to-morrow as usual. Accounts of my fate not quite correct in essential points. Advise Constance and Marion and meet express on receipt of next wire. Am going direct to R. M. & G. Hospital; my troubles being mere fly bites!

Au revoir.

CAPT. ROLAND FOUND ALIVE IN THE  
WOODS.

Had Lived for over a Month on Birch Leaves and Water—  
Weak, but Mentally Bright as Ever.

(From *The Globe*, Toronto.)

WABIGOON, June 24.—Captain Walpole Roland, the 84-year-old mining engineer who strayed from a prospecting party one month ago in the Lake Manitou gold district, has been found. Several experienced private and Government search parties had given up hope of finding the aged captain alive, but after subsisting on birch leaves, etc., and water for 31½ days, the marvelously strong will and constitution of the captain conquered, and he is to-day alive, and, except being physically weak, is apparently none the worse. Attracted by birch bark parchments scattered promiscuously by the captain, a Dominion Government geological survey party, including Dr. A. L. Parsons of Toronto, and Messrs. Thompson and Marguerah of Kenora found him, and directly on the canoe route. Your correspondent had a short interview with Captain Roland on private business matters, and was favorably impressed with the keen, unimpaired mind, which one might not have been surprised to see affected. Captain Roland leaves for his home in Port Arthur on Tuesday afternoon.

## LIVED ON MOOSE DIET FOR A MONTH.

Captain Roland says Birch Leaves and Water his only Nourishment—A Narrow Chance saved his Life.

(From the Port Arthur *Chronicle*, June 24th.)

CAPTAIN WALPOLE ROLAND is to-day lying comfortably in bed at the R. M. and G. hospital. Interviewed by a *Chronicle* representative the captain was affable and talkative, describing his adventure in all its details.

Missing the launch he thought it must have been wrecked and if that was the case he thought he would be included among the drowned in the public mind, which would prevent a search for him so he started to intercept the survey party which eventually found him.

"How on earth did you keep alive, captain?" asked the Pressman. "Well," answered the captain, "I have been used to short rations and fatigue at many times in my life and that doubtless helped me. There was plenty of water so that I had no fear of thirst at any time. I experimented with various leaves for food. Some were useless as food while others were quite nutritious. I found the leaves of the birch most useful and kept my stomach distended with them and water."

The Captain produced his diary kept during his sojourn which was most interesting. On June 10th

he had written "Weak, but intellect perfectly clear." On the 14th he wrote "Slightly feverish, pulse strong." On May 30, he wrote "I marvel at the tenacity of life."

"I had a meal ticket book in my pocket with one meal left in it good at the Bon Ton Cafe," said the Captain, "but that wasn't much use."

The Captain stated that he was about exhausted when the survey party found him. He made for where he supposed they would strike. Had this party not been blocked at a portage, Captain Roland would never have been found alive.

"I had no means of catching fish or shooting game," said the captain, "nor did I see any Indians. I simply kept alive with leaves and water until I was found. The flies were terrible part of the time. I had only three matches in my pocket when I parted from my party. I would not try the same feat again for millions of dollars," concluded the captain.

#### A DOCTOR'S OPINION.

Can a man 84 years old live on water for thirty-one days?" asked the *Chronicle* of a well-known doctor to-day.

"Well, that is a pretty hard question to answer off-hand," replied the physician, "but I understand that Captain Roland did not live in water only, but



he had roots and herbs which are not hard to digest, It may be possible but it is mighty improbable," concluded the doctor. The same opinion was expressed by other doctors to-day when they were interviewed.

#### FURTHER COMMENT.

The Hamilton *Spectator* says:—Capt. Roland, mining inspector and over eighty-three years old, was lost in the woods west of Port Arthur thirty-one days ago. Search parties failed to locate him, and after a couple of weeks of fruitless effort, he was given up as dead. To-day he is back again in the flesh, a little thinner for his long fast, but as hale and hearty as ever. During his month of wandering he subsisted for the most part upon water and birch leaves. What doubtless saved him from a horrible death was not what he ate, but what he knew. A lifetime in the woods and an intimate acquaintance with woodcraft kept his mind at ease where the mind of a man less experienced would have broken down under the strain. It's a difficult thing to beat a bushranger on his own stamping ground.

## CAPT. ROLAND ARRIVES HOME.

Veteran Soldier and Mining Engineer came from Wabigoon  
Last Night—Gives Interesting Details of His  
Unique Outing to the *Daily News*.

(From the Port Arthur *Daily News*.)

WITH a month's growth of snow-white beard upon his chin, emaciated and worn almost to a shadow, Captain Walpole Roland arrived in Port Arthur last night on C.P.R. express, number 96, being warmly welcomed by his two daughters, Miss Frances F. and Miss Marion (the latter just arrived from Duluth, Minn.), and heartily greeted by a great crowd of several hundred people, who had gathered at the station to meet the train.

Captain Roland, accompanied by his daughters, was driven rapidly to the R. M. and G. Hospital, where he will recuperate for a few days. The result of his long exposure has been, strange to say, to benefit him greatly in health, his rheumatism being much better, according to his own statements.

The aged mining engineer and veteran of many wars had to be lifted from the observation car by Provincial Police Inspector Maurice Emmons, who gathered him in his arms as if he had been a child. Mr. Emmons accompanied Captain Roland from Wabigoon here.

## THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.

The captain told an interesting story to a *Daily News* reporter who met the train at Fort William and accompanied the Captain to Port Arthur. Captain Roland was found sitting at the rear of the observation car, enjoying the balmy evening air, and was quite willing to tell all he could of his unique experience.

"To begin with," remarked the Captain, "I was most fortunate in meeting Inspector Emmons at Wabigoon Station, where he carried me into the observation car, and later had dinner served in the vestibule (a perfect banquet after my long fast) while the express sped through the burning woods at a rate exceeding, at times, 55 miles an hour. The country on both sides of the line was burning fiercely, and glancing from our nicely-laid table to the car windows, things outside looked lurid and exhilarating! But I digress. It never occurred to me," continued the Captain when told of the sensation his disappearance had caused, "that I was missed. We had much loose gasoline on the launch coming down, and realizing that it had returned without me, I thought that it might have exploded, or become wrecked, that some of the party's remains would be found, and there the search would end, so far as I was concerned, as of course, I would be supposed

to be with the launch. I then struck out for other points and later bethought me of, and seemed to realise by intuition that, Dr. Parsons, then on Lake of the Woods most likely, would, on completion of his limited engagement there, return to the railway via the old and long disused Lower Manitou canoe route, working up a geological section as he travelled. Acting on this almost forlorn hope, I proceeded slowly over the rocky ridges, and in two weeks' time had placed as clear and distinct notifications of my position on the main portages as was possible under the circumstances. But, after all, and notwithstanding my efforts, had Dr. Parsons found one other particular portage open for travel, he would have taken that one, and in spite of fate, in which I am a great believer, I should have doubtless perished in the wilderness. About this time I was engaged in drafting my will, as follows, (see Diary): 'This is the last will and testament of me . . . in blank day of June, 1910. I revoke all former wills or other testamentary dispositions by me made at any time, etc., etc.' . . . in all of which clauses I considered myself as being of perfectly sound mind. Immediately upon my being found by Dr. Parsons (June 18th) I had him sign my Diary which he kindly did, as follows: 'Found by A. L. Parsons, Ellis Thompson and James Margach,

Provincial Government Geological Survey Party, on Saturday, June 18th, 1910, at 11 o'clock a.m.

“While Dr. Parsons expressed much surprise at my so strangely anticipating his movements and telling me how near he had been to taking another route the evening before, he (Dr. Parsons) had Mr. Margach make me a cup of tea, but was much averse to my eating anything; the only food they had, apparently, being some bannocks. . . . From that moment until we arrived at Watson's camp, about noon next day, Sunday, the paddles of their Peterboro' canoe were kept in steady motion. At Watson's the full enormity of 'getting lost' or left sank deep into my very soul, when I heard of my daughter's visit and other things. Mr. Margach lifted me out of the canoe and carried me over the portages, and upon Mrs. Watson seeing my badly chewed up face and neck (by the ubiquitous mosquitoes), she completely collapsed and folded herself up as gracefully as one might a two-foot rule. They had, as they already frankly assured my daughter, 'quite left me out of all returns.' . . . Here I stole a march on the usually alert Dr. Parsons, when poor Mrs. Watson later helped me to a huge dish of boiled rice, milk and bread. . . . Yes, aided by the irrepressible man of weird tales, who spirited the Doctor away for a brief spell to inspect some imaginary prehistoric Stone Age marvel, found

near to his picturesque camp. At 2 p.m. we left for Gold Rock where upon our arrival another 'scene' happened, when my old landlady, Mrs. Nymark, who was far from being as strong as she looked, no sooner caught sight of what she regarded as a resurrection, than she had to be carried to a couch on the verandah. But, like Mrs. Watson, later on she revived, and after Dr. Parsons had retired from his long vigil, she, Mrs. Nymark, cooked me a chicken, telling me that in case Mr. Parsons came back, I was not to tell as her orders to give me only the broth were very strongly impressed upon her. Then her husband returned from a near-by mine and said in all probability too much chicken would kill me, and kindly offered me a bottle of castor oil. Next morning took leave of Dr. Parsons and party, and my kind Norwegian friends, and by wagon stage, reached the steamboat and Wabigoon, when I wired my daughter, Mayor Matthews and the Press, as already related."

"Eagle Street, Buffalo, N.Y.,

"June 21st.

"MY DEAR FATHER:—

"Appreciating the long silence of my sister, Frances, in re your mishap, I have not written her until to-day, when, apparently, the entire Press of New York State are publishing simultaneously, details of what so nearly proved a tragic ending. The Duluth, Saint Paul and Minnesota papers are now arriving

with confirmatory despatches of your having survived the great strain, and no doubt, Marion ere this date is in Port Arthur. I received yours from Gold Rock, dated the 16th ult., but nothing since, except from newspapers. My hope in your holding the Fort, almost indefinitely, was very strong. "Mac" sends congratulations. We have decided to defer the event, for one month, by which time, July 20th, you should be quite convalescent—and here.

"Your loving daughter,

"CONSTANCE."

NOTE.—Regret much my inability to publish some, at least, of the numerous congratulatory epistles received from almost all quarters of the globe (over four hundred). Space and publishers' estimates, however, preclude the possibility of even a brief enumeration of the names of writers through this medium. However, when Vol. I. of "Reminiscences," is issued those distant friends shall be remembered.—MARION.

"Office of Dr. G. C. Tremaine Ward,

"Napanee, Ontario, June 22nd.

"DEAR CAPTAIN ROLAND:—

"Perhaps when quite convalescent you would be kind enough to tell me what sustained you during your Nebuchadnezzar-like experience in the wilderness? One account had it you lived on poplar bark, but this must have been a mistake; but basswood inner bark and young twig, might go pretty good, and the young birch and berry briar might have some value; while there are a few roots also, could



MISS CONSTANCE ROLAND.  
AT SKATING CARNIVAL.



they be found, that I have thought of which are edible. Unfortunately for you, the blueberry was then but in the embryo stage. Have often thought of these things in connection with missing or lost men, and find but few people acquainted with the possibilities under such adverse conditions. I presume panic leads in such cases to much of the trouble. Evidently you were rather cool, as becomes a soldier.

“With admiration,

“I am sincerely yours,

“G. T. C. WARD.”

“Railway, Marine, and General Hospital,

“Port Arthur, Ont., June 24th.

“MY DEAR DR. WARD:—

“Am in our newest and cosiest of hospitals, and never since my first campaign and the days of Miss Nightingale in 1854 have I so fully appreciated the advantages of such institutions. Your kind epistle interests me and in a word, taking my reception upon arrival in town last midnight, combined with the many flattering ‘Obituaries,’ which I have read of myself in the Press (most of which are, of course, greatly exaggerated) has given me the greatest surprise—for, as a matter of fact, I had no conception of the many friends I had remaining, or the great interest which my late mishap had aroused. It was an ovation from which I fled, with the assistance of my daughters, who had a cab in waiting, to this quiet place. Not that I am quite prostrated, although between ourselves, beyond a very hard and remarkably clear head, I am very, very tired! My sole and only food during thirty-one and a half days was water, combined at long intervals, with the leaves

of the young birch tree. Yes, I tried other leaves, but found them unpalatable, as the willow, hazel, and poplar. Got no kind of roots; while the other varieties of wood, etc., to which you refer, do not appear to flourish in that district. Nor did I see, or hear of a living thing, with the exception of a pack of wolves, quite too close, in pursuit of a red deer,—and a loon (North American diver) whose crazy and mocking laughter was very 'jarring' to my sensitive nerves. Yes, 'panic' is doubtless the chief cause of trouble, suicide and derangement of the 'lost'—and small wonder that one is thrilled by a terror of prolonged loneliness and the many doubts and fears, that if encouraged, become nameless horrors. However, I did not permit myself to indulge in melancholy moods; but on the contrary, saw (or thought I did) many humorous possibilities in the situation, even when things looked very dark, indeed.

“ Very truly yours,

“ WALPOLE ROLAND.”

N.B.—If there was a really “thrilling time” in my late experience it was when the timber wolves referred to were in danger of losing the deer immediately opposite to where I camped. At this point the deer, a young red one, took to the water, and while the wolves, for the moment were foiled, they cast fiery-eyed glances in my direction, and as my hip trouble prevented my climbing the tree by which I stood for the moment it appeared to me as if my time had really arrived for some sanguinary doings. So that when they started in pursuit around the Bay, I again became a fatalist. R.

" St. James Hotel, Montreal, P.Q.,

" June 23rd.

" Captain Roland, M.E.,

" Port Arthur, Ontario.—

" MY DEAR SIR:—

" Am intensely interested in your late painful experience and beg as a favor that you do me the great honor of writing of the time, that is, the date, month, year, and place of your nativity, as I feel confident that you were born under a lucky constellation.

" Faithfully yours,

" LOUIS RAYMOND."

" Port Arthur Railway,

" Marine and General Hospital,

" June 27th.

" MY DEAR SIR:—

" Under the circumstances and considering how nice it is to be here, I cannot help thinking that my 'star' must have been one of the luckiest ones; but don't bet too much on it, as it was not always thus! At present the only things I really seem to miss most are the flies and mosquitoes. As to my birthday, many more or less lucky and eminent (and otherwise) men—including Emperor William of Germany, have the distinction of being launched into creation upon the same date, viz.: 27th of January. The place was Bengal, India, and the year, 1827.

" Yours very truly,

" WALPOLE ROLAND."

“ 123 Pall Mall, London, S.W.,  
(Opposite The Carlton Club.)  
“ 30th June, 1910.

“MY DEAR CAPTAIN ROLAND:—

“Have just read in *Standard* and *Times*, with both surprise and admiration of your extraordinary trials in the wilds of the hinterland of Canada. Can hardly realise your wonderful powers of endurance, and taking your age and adventurous life into consideration, in the far East, and in almost all quarters of the globe, your last escape is simply miraculous! Accept congratulations.

“ JOSEPH DAVIS.

“ P.S.—When quite convalescent, and convenient, kindly give me some particulars. Yours,

“ DAVIS.”

“Saskatoon, Sask., June 30th, 1910.

“Miss Frances F. Roland, Port Arthur, Ont.

“MY DEAR MISS ROLAND:

“As an old acquaintance of Capt. Roland's, may I just send you a few lines of the very heartiest congratulations upon his wonderful restoration to you after being lost for so many days in the wilds. He may remember meeting, and living with me and my brother, Rt. Fowler, C.E., on Sec. 42, at First Lake, during the time of the C.P.R. construction on 'Sec. B.' while I was keeping house for my brother? I have followed all the newspaper accounts of his disappearance; of your plucky attempt to find him, and lastly of his wonderful coming back to you, and rejoice with all your friends over his recovery. I

trust he may soon be restored to health, and you.  
With kind regards, I am

“Yours sincerely,

“(Mrs.) JENNIE E. ACHESON.”

“P.S.—Capt. Roland may remember me as Miss Jennie Fowler, to whom he gave a pair of Hudson Bay snow shoes.”

Miss Roland replied as briefly as follows:—

“On showing your kind letter of 30th inst. to my father,—who is now quite convalescent,—he expressed great pleasure, adding: ‘Of course I remember Mrs. Acheson as Miss Jennie Fowler, the bright sister of an exceptionally clever and resourceful Engineer, whom I named “Practical Bob,” and who was then Division Engineer under my other good friend, the late W. T. Jennings, our able Chief.

. . . I brought those snow shoes from York Factory; they turned up at the toes, and were, I fear, much more ornamental than useful.’ ”

“Kenora, Ont., June 24th, 1910.

“MY DEAR CAPT. ROLAND:—

“It is with the greatest of pleasure that I write you to offer my hearty congratulations on your safe deliverance out of the wilds of the Manitou. The report of your being lost in that wilderness of rock and muskeg produced consternation and gloom among all classes of the communities of your acquaintance, but especially among your friends. An old-timer such as you are, and so well and favourably known, you hold a strong place in the affections of

your friends, and I can assure you that as far as Rat Portage was concerned, there was genuine sorrow. Having been away in the West for three years, I have not seen you or had the pleasure of intercourse with you. Whenever you find an opportunity of coming to Rat Portage, or whether you have business or not, come and pay us a visit. It is high time that you should cease work. You have led an active life long enough, and it is time that you ceased from the activities of life.

"In the 'daily grind' we lose sight of the social amenities of life, the better side of our nature, and permit carping cares to eat into the social fabric of our natures. I did not learn of the bad accident that you met with about a year ago. I was sorry to hear of it. Please accept the heartiest wishes of Mrs. Robinson, my two daughters and myself, for your continued life and happiness. I am at present in Dryden. I came down here in January last, and have been in practice here. But business is dull, and I shall likely go back to Rat Portage.

"Your sincere friend,

"JAMES ROBINSON."

STORY OF CAPTAIN ROLAND'S  
EXPERIENCES.

## LOST OR LEFT?

IN an interview at Port Arthur upon his return to civilization, Capt. Walpole Roland gave the following account of his experiences:

"It never occurred to me that people would think I was lost," said Captain Roland, when told of the sensation his disappearance had caused.

"I left camp on the morning of May 17th, to verify the work that was supposed to have been done. I know of no reason yet why the others should have left our camp before me, unless it was that one of the guides, Nymark, was anxious about his wife, who was known to be in poor health.

"I agreed to meet the rest of the party later at a given spot on the shores of Lake Manitou and at the time appointed I was there. But no one else was there, and no gasoline launch was there, as had been arranged.

## WHAT HE THOUGHT.

"I thought the launch party had got wrecked or the boiler had blown up or something, and that the remains of some of them would be eventually found, and that would terminate any further search.

"When I did not meet any of the party I struck out for myself, looking over other properties in which I was interested and about which the rest of the party knew nothing. In a way that professional men alone have of knowing these things (by intuition), I knew that Dr. Parsons and his survey party might be out from the Lake of the Woods survey about June 1st, and I figured on meeting them somewhere.

"No search party that ever went out either from Port Arthur, Kenora or Wabigoon was within miles of me at any time, as I was away off locating the old canoe route and trail.

"All the time I was out in the bush I never put a hole in any of my clothes nor lost a button off any of my apparel.

#### REALIZES HE IS LOST.

"It was not until near June that I realized I was lost, and from that date I blocked the trails. I started to make special notes in my diary, which I had kept every day since I started out alone, filling in details of the results of my investigations from mining and survey standpoints, and after I knew I was lost my notes took on the form more of private and family instructions for my daughters and intimate friends. Each day the notes grew less and less as I was getting weak from loss of food and sleep, the tension being at times towards the end almost



unendurable. I succeeded in blocking all the trails and portages but one, and therefore I knew that if I should fall in with anybody it would be on this trail.

#### MET DR. PARSONS.

“The way I met Dr. Parsons was peculiar. Some weeks ago the Honorable Major Veriker, of Kenora, met Dr. Parsons at Regina Mine, and told him I was supposed to be missing in the bush on the Manitou. So when he went out with his geological staff he was on the look out for me.

“Last Saturday morning at 11 a.m., I was in the bush near the trail and I could see Dr. Parsons and party through the leaves and hear them talking. I had placed notes written on paper and birch bark on several trees saying I was near the trail, and heard Dr. Parsons say: ‘I have found a note here, which says, “I am hereabout somewheres.”’ Turning to one of his staff, Dr. Parsons said, ‘Do you hear any noise?’ Then I shouted and met with them.”

The captain found an old tin can on a rock and used this for obtaining the supply of water that undoubtedly kept him alive.

There were no Indians in the neighborhood nor any human being of any description. This statement was corroborated last night by Provincial Constable Emmons, who said it was undoubtedly true

that Capt. Roland, from May 17th till June 18th, had not seen a living soul.

Captain Roland stated that he wished to thank through the press the Honorable Major Veriker for having notified Dr. Parsons to look out for him; Constable Emmons of Kenora for having made his journey down home a pleasant one, and for having looked after him; Captain H. A. C. Machin, M.P.P., of Kenora, who had put forth a great deal of effort to further the search, and all Port Arthur friends who had been most kind in endeavoring to find him.

Before leaving Port Arthur over a month ago, Captain Roland told his daughter not to be in a hurry to wear mourning for him, or to jump to any conclusions that he was dead if he did not turn up when she expected him home.

Captain Roland said he did not feel any ill effects now from his long fast and exposure, other than that his toes were cramped through the shrivelling of his boots, and he felt generally sore all over.

BEING FOUND IS WORSE THAN BEING  
LOST.

(From *Miner and News*.)

THE many friends of Capt. Walpole Roland will be pleased to learn that he has recovered from the effects of his thirty-one and a half days' sojourn in the wilds of the Manitou district and "is himself again." All our readers are familiar with detail of the experiences the veteran mining engineer underwent in the bush, and the strenuous efforts to locate. The Captain, however, has had another trying experience, the afterpart of being found. In order to ease the consciences of many Kenora people who intended to write congratulatory letters or perhaps a letter-gram to the Captain—but didn't—we are taking the liberty of publishing a portion of a letter received from the Captain by Inspector Emmons. It will be noted that he takes the same old broadcast view of things in general and has as keen an appreciation of our society column as the younger element: Following is the letter:—

"Better late than never! This is what I thought with mingled feelings of a serio-comic and serio-tragic kind when the geological party "struck" the original "trap" formation on June 18. The remark, although very appropriate and true is, you will

admit, lacking in originality. Well, since you so very kindly brought me home to this embryo city over a week ago, I have been kept too blank busy with interviewers, press agents, curio and autograph hunters combined with friendly, and more or less foolish questions to even afford me time to think of anything serious for ten consecutive minutes, ere some one would call me up to know the difference between poplar and birch leaves, and if I experimented any with the cranberry—the ruby-colored ones—and the exhilarating juniper-berry—the berry, presumably which made the Low Countries (Holland) so justly famous, when done up in the old familiar square-faced Schnapps bottles?

“Well, I just pined for a rest. The telephone account being in arrears, and the agent calling at office, I declared my complete insolvency, and also volunteered to furnish the necessary tools to dismantle the phone. So seeing, or fearing I might use violence with an axe, the agent removed the instrument of torture. Well, at last I can breathe freely, the telephone is gone! Really, it was a perfect terror, and the nearest thing to perpetual motion I ever heard of.

“Talk of ‘great strains,’ etc., upon the grey matter of the lost souls in the bush! Now, as far as my experience goes, ‘being lost’ compared with ‘being found,’ and having and living under a rapid-

fire telephone entanglement, is the worst ever—so that I almost collapsed when the second relief came yesterday.

“I am now sitting up reading the *Kenora Miner*, and the interesting items therein, including the wedding of ‘Wil’ Johnston, druggist. I have also to thank you for a very-much-to-the-point item in another issue of the same bright paper,—the *Miner*. You are right, I have yet possession of ‘my nerve,’ and as for being ‘pale or wan’—why there never was anything wrong with my complexion?

“In conclusion, Mr. Emmons, and while again thanking you in the name of the government, and the force, which you so ably represent, I wish you to see friend Earngey and assure him how much I appreciate the efforts of my many Kenora friends during my sojourn in the wilderness, and to thank you all for kind expressions of sympathy. Trusting to be up your way soon.

“Very truly yours,

“WALPOLE ROLAND.”

## THE STORY OF THE LOST ENGINEER.

(From the Fort William *Times-Journal*, May 23rd, 1910.)

No Word yet of Captain Roland, but Port Arthur Friends are not anxious about Mining Engineer—He knows the District well and could not easily have been Lost,

CAPTAIN WALPOLE ROLAND is reported lost in the woods near Gold Rock, but among his friends in Port Arthur there is not much anxiety being felt. Captain Roland knows this district as probably no other living man knows it, and is familiar with practically every stick and stone between here and Kenora.

The nature of the work upon which Captain Roland has been engaged for the past thirty years and more is such that it often or almost always takes him away for weeks at a time, and his being away from home for a long period of time never occasions any anxiety.

The rumor is believed to have emanated from the fact that Captain Roland has lately been a severe sufferer from hip trouble, and has not been able to get about as nimbly as he could up to a short time ago. He was wonderfully agile for his years and was too experienced a man to be easily lost. Although over 83 years of age, Captain Roland had the appearance of being thirty years younger.

The Captain served in the Turkish, British, Chinese and American Armies and saw the fall of Petersburg and Richmond as a volunteer under General Grant.

(Extracts from His Diary.)

May 22nd.—Suffered from cold feet and cramps last night; anticipate reaching the old-canoe route by to-morrow night, there to await possible survey parties, as that of geological party under Parsons, now on Lac of the Woods . . . and who may come out by this route instead of returning by Kenora. Pitch is the angle made by an ore shoot in the plane of a vein. It is measured from the horizontal. This term should be held distinct from "dip"—which is the angle of the axis of inclination of a vein, or stratum measured from the horizontal. Thus a vein may have a "dip" only. An ore "shoot" in a vein will participate in the dip, and possess its own angle of "pitch." Secondary impoverishment is the humorous antithesis to secondary enrichment; as for instance when a gossan is followed by a barite zone, succeeded by an auriferous pyrite zone—which in turn is underlaid by a cuperiferous pyrite zone.

Fear much that "zones of secondary impoverishment" are too conspicuous in this immediate vicinity. Am now near the old canoe route, but without a

canoe the chance of escape is, apparently, very slight. And the flies and monotony, to say nothing of hunger, must be endured. My Diary, too, is so small that were I to write half the thoughts that occur to me, during even one brief night, it would ere now be used up! Yes, a vision of all my past life is a serious thing to face, as I sit alone with my conscience in this terribly silent place. Wonder if Plato's lost Atlantis of eleven thousand years ago! was a myth, or the "Wondrous Land of the Dead" a tradition found in the primitive belief of all western races, and which science rudely shatters? It is now almost dark, and were it not for mosquitoes, sleep would be possible.

May 23rd.—I wonder what Robinson Crusoe would have done under similar climatic conditions? I had my toes frozen last night. Well, apparently, this is an occasion for practical philosophy, harmonizing oneself with nature, and getting into touch with the infinite. Yes, let me think of something great and worthy of the peaceful surroundings, as The Days of the Mammoth!

Exactly how long ago it is since these beasts ranged over this country it is impossible to say, but it is generally conceded that many thousands of years have elapsed since. During part at least of the time when the mammoth lived here the climate was so



severe that the conditions are expressed by the use of the term Ice Age or Glacial Period. There is much uncertainty as to the causes which brought about the Ice Age and the length of time during which it lasted, but it is known that this part of the country was less affected by the Arctic conditions than were the northern parts of Europe. It is possible that a large part of the river-gravels were deposited when the climate was becoming warmer, and when the melting of the glaciers and ice-sheets could supply the great volumes of water by means of which the river-valleys were deepened, and large quantities of sand and gravel carried from the hills to the lowlands. Under such conditions lived the mammoth and rhinoceros.

The mammoth, whilst resembling the modern elephant in all essential respects, differed from it in the possession of a coat of long, thick hair, and the woolley rhinoceros had a similar protection against the rigours of the climate. Both animals survived till a later time in Siberia than in Europe, and in the frozen soil of the north practically entire bodies of the mammoth have been found. The presence of the hairy covering in both forms has been proved by the actual remains, but in the case of the mammoth, we have also the evidence of prehistoric man himself, who has left behind in the caves of France engravings on bone and ivory, and paintings

on the walls of the caves, in which the mammoth and his hairy coat are clearly represented.

More important, from our own standpoint, than these animals, was man himself, whose rude flint implements have been found in great numbers in the gravel from which the fossil bones have been taken. He was no doubt a hunter, though it does not seem probable that his weapons were efficient enough to enable him to overcome such huge animals as the mammoths, with their thick hair and tough hides. He may have had long wooden spears, however, and it is possible that he attached some of his flint implements to sticks or poles for use as axes or tomahawks, javelins or spears. Most of the implements do not appear to be well adapted for hafting, and any shafts or wooden weapons the men of the Old Stone Age may have used, have long since decayed. He had no domesticated animals, and the vegetable food, with which he no doubt eked out the products of the chase, was such as nature provided.

Evening, 23rd.—Am of the opinion that keeping a Diary while helping to pass the time also sharpens the appetite. This may be caused by certain subjects, and doubtless the transition from geology and the earth's crust to pastry is not only easy, but natural, under the circumstances. Must vary my subjects and change my brand of leaves.

May 24th, Victoria or Empire Day.—Referring to the Walpoles, it may truly be said that in addition to tenacity of purpose (and office) their chief characteristics were unflinching cheerfulness and good humor, business capacity and self-confidence. Sir Robert was successively M.P., paymaster of the entire British Army, Chancellor of the Exchequer, First Lord of the Treasury, and Prime Minister. His aims were to secure Hanoverian succession; to prevent religious and military strife, and to keep peace, at home and abroad; to develop England's greatness, prosperity and wealth, by exercising economy in government, encouraging free trade, and relieving taxation and finally to remain Prime Minister as long as possible. He was Premier from 1721 to 1742, or twenty-one years! Unlike some of his successors, Sir Robert proved a most skilful financier. He eventually retired to the House of Lords, as the Earl of Orford. . . . At another time may think over romance of the Hon. Edward and the three famous beauties—his daughters—of whom the observant Horace (their uncle) had much to write and say. Visited the old Castle in 1837, about the first thing after arrival from India, then in my tenth year. King William the IVth died in that year, having as he so much wished "lived to see the girl Victoria (our beloved Queen) come of age." Believe I was born in the reign of George the IV., but is of com-

paratively little consequence under the present circumstances. . . . Foremost among the gold claims to be examined in this vicinity and on this trip, are two in which Mr. Albert Seligmann and his friend, Mr. Hess of Wall and Duaine streets, New York, are interested. Wonder if they, now and then, send a wish or a thought after me? or if a friend I am ever to see? Am now over a week without food, and although having "dined" (in my dreams) last night at the Cafe *Martan*, am compelled to tighten up my belt by several inches!

June 5th.—Morning clear and cold with high wind, causing tall trees to bend and occasionally fall. Thought I heard dynamite explosions in the North-west, at regular intervals, as in mining, or saluting with heavy guns. The echo is, however, very confusing. Could I but see "the flash." . . . And this reminds me of another Professor's "story." The joke this time is on an Englishman—one of "the lost tribes," presumably. "It is an invariable fact," said the professor at the club, "that the *sense of sight* travels more rapidly than the *sense of sound*. You will observe, sir, that when a piece of ordnance is fired from a fortress or a man-of-war, you see the puff of smoke that comes *coincidentally* with the explosion several

moments before you hear the report thereof. Thus it is always—”

“Not always,” said a little Irish student from the corner. “I know of a case where hearing antedates seeing by really considerable lapses of time.”

“I know of no such thing in the whole broad range of science,” retorted the professor, pompously. “Perhaps you can enlighten us, sir.”

“Well,” said little O’Leary, “it’s the case of an Englishman and a joke. In almost every case the Englishman hears a joke about a week before he sees it, and—”

But the professor had gone!

June 7th.—While engaged as Engineer on “Section B,” C.P.R., during construction we had a man named Wilkinson killed by a premature explosion; had a rough coffin made for him, which proved a misfit. A few nights after, I had this coffin brought to my office, and not having a bed I arranged the misfit coffin on trestles, after decorating it with the skull of an aborigine and the forelegs of a mule for cross bones. I slept in the coffin for three months; when our chief engineer (the late W. T. Jennings), was unpleasantly reminded of his promise to send me a bed from Rat Portage. Mr. Jennings having occasion to stop with me over night, was quite shocked when shown into “our best” and only bedroom. Poor

Jennings fled, pronouncing the word "ghastly!" and a sled laden with the most modern household and office effects was the result of his visit.

But this "silent system," both by day and by night, is worse than being alone in my coffin. "It is a living death!"

June 15th—Had feverish night and slightly delirious; saw relief coming, but could not banish such suggestive words as follows:—

"The cruse of your life is dry; the silver cord loosened; the pitcher broken at the fountain; the wheel broken at the cistern. . . . And then something terribly realistic appears in a tree, unpleasantly close—a large lynx. It is daylight, as catlike he steals away."

### LOST!

(Extract from the Diary of the Lost Engineer.)

" . . . For no man may dare to say what terrors this world holds, until he becomes lost to his brother men among the unspeakable desolation of this vast, sombre and silent land, called the Manitou."

## EDITORIAL NOTE.

As amply shown in the foregoing story of being "lost for 31½ days," engineering life is not without its humorous side, and, despite the fact that the situation was throughout very serious, and the events strenuous, I cannot but regard my father's sense of humor, nay, his keen sense of the ridiculous, as being one of the chief assets in sustaining him during his long fast and lonely vigil in the wilderness, between May 16th and his chance rescue on June the 18th, long after almost everyone of his friends had regarded him as dead. And even now, while reading his "Will," made out, presumably, when things looked hopeless and darkest, we find interspersed upon the pages following pencil sketches of fantastic figures, and wishes expressed for his "box of colors (and ability) to depict the beauty of a sunset, that mayhap be my last." But search this Diary as you may, not one entry of despair or regret occurs; nor does he, apparently, as shown in the following lines—almost the last entry—blame anyone:—

"From the little that's shown, to complete the unknown,

It's a folly we hourly repeat,

And for once, I should say, that men lead us astray,

Ourselves we a thousand times cheat."

MARION ROLAND.

## LETTER OF MAURICE EMMONS, INSPECTOR ONTARIO PROVINCIAL POLICE.

“Ontario Provincial Police, Western Division,  
Kenora, 3rd July, 1911.

“To the Publishers of ‘Under Five Flags,’ ‘Story  
of the Manitou,’ etc.:

“DEAR SIRS:—

“Having conducted a long search for the missing octogenarian Mining Engineer, Captain Walpole Roland, whom I have known for years, I am in a position to state positively that there were no Indians or other sources of obtaining food of any kind in that inhospitable section of the Lower Manitou, in which Captain Roland accomplished his long vigil and fast of over 31 days; nor did he, apparently, as reported, do much wandering around, but on the contrary as proven by his Diary, after striking the old canoe route, long disused, the Captain, through or by professional intuition, arrived at the conclusion that his only one chance in this world of being rescued was in the possibility of the Parsons’ survey party returning by that route. The Captain was very weak, physically, when I met and accompanied him to the R. M. & G. Hospital at Port Arthur, and while unable to climb into and out of the railway cars, or the carriage, which his daughters, Frances and Marion, had in waiting, his intellect and keen sense of the ridiculous was in no way impaired. Upon our arrival at the Hospital, the Captain’s first observation, in answer to a query as to how he felt,



was his remark, made quite seriously:—"I miss the black flies and mosquitoes very much."

Although it was midnight when we arrived, there was a large gathering of citizens at the station to welcome the Captain, whose obituary had already appeared in the papers; and as a matter of fact, arrangements were in progress by the regimental and veteran soldiers for a military funeral. Upon asking Miss Marion Roland, who had come across from Duluth, Minn., "if she had given up all hopes of her father's return," her reply was quite characteristic of the family: "Why, Mr. Emmons, immediately I learned for sure that he was lost in the bush, and not in Fort William—I became *comparatively cheerful*."

"Yours truly,

"MAURICE EMMONS,

"Inspector."

CAPTAIN ROLAND RELATES HOW FATE  
SPARED HIM.

Had Booked Passage on the ill-fated "City of Boston," which met, some Forty Years ago, the same Fate as the "Titanic"—Luckily Missed his Boat.

(From the Port Arthur *Evening Chronicle*, April 22nd, 1912.)

THE terrible fate of the Titanic, of which the entire civilized world has hardly yet ceased talking, recalls to my memory another tragedy of the sea of over forty years ago, when, through hitting an iceberg, it is supposed, the Inman Liner "City of Boston" went down with all hands.

I was on my return from Mexico via the Barbadoes and Bermudas, and arrived in Halifax, N.S., just in time to book my passage in the "City of Boston." It was on the 27th of January, 1870. After seeing my stateroom and learning that there was ample time to "take in the sights," together with a group of officers whose acquaintance I made on the Royal Mail steamer "Alpha," proceeded up to the club, thence to the citadel where were quartered the 78th (Ross-shire Buffs) Regiment under Colonel Mackenzie. Later we visited the headquarters of the Artillery and Engineers in the South Barracks.

The next call was at the Government House, the residence of General Sir Charles Hastings Doyle. After leaving the general's quarters, all but one of

my military friends separated upon the plea of "urgent private affairs."

My next call was upon an old army friend, Capt. Nagle, the "Town Major," with whom I dined, and for the moment, forgot all about my steamer, only remembering that it was one of the jolliest birth-days ever. Later, however, very much later, that night, I drove from my hotel to the dock, where I was informed that the "City of Boston" left "several hours ago."

While awaiting another steamer, I learned that at least three of my good friends of the birthday party, viz., Captains Archibald Kildahl, William Alex. Wildman Orange of the Engineers and Baker of the Artillery with their wives, had embarked on the "City of Boston" and were never again heard of.

Some few days previous to the sailing of the "City of Boston," an old troopship, the "Meagara," left Halifax for England with Her Majesty's 16th Regiment on board. This very old trooper when three days out experienced a rough time in the ice and lay on her beam-end for twenty-four hours. It was assumed that the "City of Boston" met her fate in that vicinity.

The "City of Boston" had a long list of more or less distinguished Canadians and other passengers, many of them Nova Scotians.

Although the cable service was in its infancy the heartless joker was apparently old at the game. As a result of the first message of the safe arrival of the "City of Boston" every bell in Halifax rang out a glad peal. Unfortunately, however, this was soon followed by a flat official contradiction, with the sad result of more than one anxious one with friends on board the missing boat becoming hopelessly insane.

THE FIRST ENGINEERING EXPEDITION  
TO HUDSON BAY, 1880-1.

Graphic Description of Scenery—Relics of Sir John Franklin,  
with Characteristic Sketches of Hudson's Bay Company's  
Posts—Factors and Voyageurs—The Nelson River—  
The Franklin River—"Hell's Gates"—York  
Factory—Long Neglected Graves.

(From the *Kenora Miner and News*.)

IN view of the great interest now centered in this section of the then unbroken wilderness, together with the keen observations of the writer, and his vivid descriptions of incidents, scenery and resources, etc., we avail ourselves of the privilege of making extracts from his interesting Diary and Field Book with much pleasure, commencing with Lac-du-Bois:—

A SUCCESSION OF CHUTES AND FALLS.

The Winnipeg River, one of the great tributaries of our objective point—the Nelson—is singular on account of its ever-varying and seemingly endless succession of chutes and falls, from its departure from the Lake of the Woods, opposite the picturesque gold-mining town of Rat Portage, at the crossing of the Canadian Pacific Railway, until the Alexander Rapids are reached, a distance of about 139 miles, where it empties into Lake Winnipeg. During this course, the river opens into a series of



CAPTAIN WALPOLE ROLAND, C.E., M.E.,

Engaged on the first Railway Survey of Nelson River, 1880.

lake-like expansions, most of which are studded with well-wooded islands, forming a charming panorama. Its principal charm, however, to the tourist and engineer, must ever remain in its magnificent falls and the weird grandeur of its surroundings. It was over this route, from Thunder Bay, in 1870, that Lord Wolseley (then Col. Sir Garnet Wolseley), made his memorable and bloodless flank march with his Canadian and Imperial veterans upon Louis Riel and his rebel army in their stronghold of Fort Garry, now swallowed up in the modern city of Winnipeg, with a population of nearly 180,000, but then numbering not over 500 whites. This truly is a river of rapids, the number of chutes, falls and rapids in its comparatively short route to the great lake of the same name being forty-nine, and the difference of level in the last fifty-five miles of its mad course is three hundred and twenty feet.

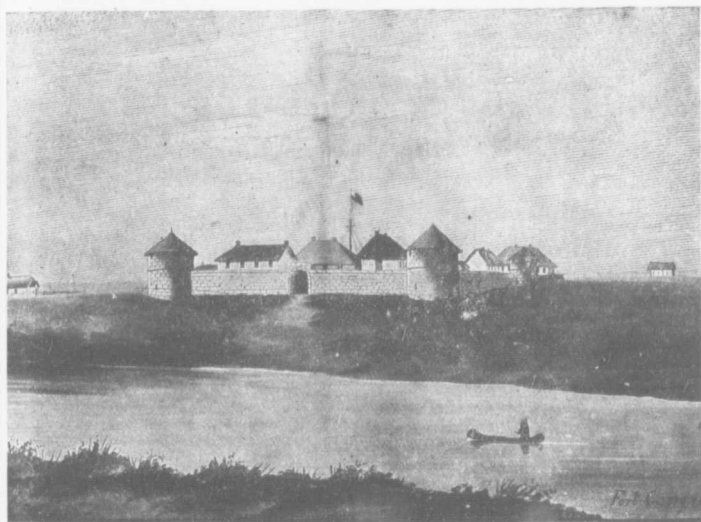
#### THE ULTIMA THULE FOR CANOEISTS.

Even the Winnipeg, while affording the most exciting canoe route, could also for long stretches be navigated by vessels of the greatest draught, so deep and wide are its numerous expansions.

#### LAKE WINNIPEG.

During winter months, and upon the occasion of my return trip from Hudson Bay, the entire surface

of this great water stretch, with an area of eight thousand five hundred miles, a coast line of nine hundred and thirty miles, an average width of fifty-seven miles, and a length of two hundred and eighty-



FORT GARRY IN 1870.

nine miles, was apparently solidly frozen over. Its elevation above sea level is seven hundred and ten feet. At the date of my return trip, '81, I only encountered one man in a traverse of three hundred miles, a fact which brought out the true force and significance of the expression, "A Lake of Mag-



nificent Distances," to my mind, as nothing else could.

Narcisse Chatalan, a noted voyageur of the Hudson's Bay Company, was the lonely individual, who proved to be a genial Frenchman, a trusted servant of the H. B. Co., and a man with "a past." Among other important appointments from his old company, M. Chatalan, just ten years previous to our meeting, had been special guide and voyageur to the Red River Expedition, under Sir Garnet Wolseley, from Fort William to Fort Garry. Needless to say that when he learned that I knew this very distinguished soldier in the Crimea in '54-5, and again in China, in 1860, we found much congenial conversation.

#### RELICS OF FRANKLIN.

The mouth of Berens River is about half-way up the lake (going north-east). This, compared with the Winnipeg, (the "River of Rapids," truly) is but a mere brawling mountain stream, and but for the following discoveries, should be omitted: First, discovery was unmistakable colors of placer gold, and the second, and by far most interesting to me, was a living relic of the great Arctic Expedition, in the person of an aged aborigine named Thomas, who, together with a yet more ancient-looking mariner, named Hector Morrison, of Norway House, not only assisted as guides in various searches, and

other expeditions under Sir John Richardson, Dr. Rae and others, but also, as their testimonials and certificates prove, played a very conspicuous part in the life and scientific explorations of the distinguished Franklin himself, within the Arctic and sub-Arctic regions. Both men received medals and gratuities in gold. The Indian Thomas' reward amounted to £450 sterling. The native, it appears, was credited with saving the life of Sir John from drowning in the rapids of the Franklin River, although, as he (Thomas) modestly assured me, or explained it, affairs were nearly the reverse: "Our canoe upset in the first big rapids, and diving after Sir John, who disappeared, I became disabled from hitting my knee on a sharp rock, and was going down for a long time, when Sir John grabbed me by the scalp and saved my life! Yes, I mind about it as if it were but yesterday. Sir John had always a cool head, and a warm heart," adding, with a chuckle, "Yes, I got all the credit, and, what was better, all the money, too!"

#### ANCIENT TRADING POST AND HISTORICAL RECORDS AND RELICS OF FRANKLIN.

Norway House occupies a strong position on a rocky peninsula or granite ridge—almost an island—that, with its steep glacial escarpment, surmounted by a high stockade, massive gates and flanking bas-

tions, presents a most formidable appearance from the water. Nor is this impression removed upon a closer inspection. Immediately inside its ponderous gates is a strong guard-room, and just behind this a stronger dungeon. This latter place is said to have rendered good service in bye-gone days, when regular (?) "District Courts" were held there by itinerant judges of "The Co.," who then exercised complete sway over this vast territory and administered the law in their own peculiar way.

#### ANOTHER RELIC OF FRANKLIN.

Having already noted the fact of this being a rocky peninsula, I was much surprised, upon entering the garden, to observe that inside this gloomy redoubt both fruit and flowers were flourishing luxuriantly, while everywhere on the outside, the rocks were bare and polished from glacial denudation, so that the garden soil was imported from across the Nelson River. Here, in the middle of the garden, is a sun dial, engraved and erected by the hand of the brave and scientific Franklin. The dial is made from a zinc plate, and the indicator of what was once, apparently, part of a copper powder-flask. The following astronomical observations are engraved on the dial, with the initials, "J.F.," viz.:

"Lat. 53 deg. 9 min. N.; Long. 97 deg. 56 min. W. from Greenwich."

NORWAY HOUSE.  
HUDSONS BAY Co Post.  
ON NELSON RIVER.  
1880



## JUST TO SHOW THAT HE WAS MASTER!

Like most of the old trading posts of the H. B. Co., Norway House has its legends of more or less interest, and before taking a final leave of its once dreaded legislative halls, the following extract from the "post diary" of that period appears worthy of repeating here, as in all my varied travels in Oriental and other lands, nothing I have yet read is so characteristic of the comic assumption of dignity peculiar to the Hudson's Bay Co.'s official of ye olden time (and some later). It reads about as follows:—

"Ordered this objectionable man, C——, into the bush to cut me a birch stick; not that I really wanted a birch stick, but to let him know that I was master here!"

## SEA RIVER FALLS.

The scenery everywhere in this vicinity is simply charming. The Nelson is here between two and three miles broad, but broken by small islands, and clothed with a foliage of every imaginable hue peculiar to the warm tints of an Indian summer, so that the scene, as we approached the Grand Falls, was simply gorgeous and long to be remembered.

## FRANKLIN RIVER.

From this point to next rapid on the York route the great explorer's name is given to the river. Here,

too, in one of its treacherous whirlpools, as related by the Indian, is where Sir John had an escape from drowning.

#### APPROACHING "HELL'S GATES."

About twelve miles from the long portage (Robinson's) the Franklin enters a narrow and almost straight ravine or gorge, with walls of sparkling granite, and ranging from eighty-five to over one hundred feet of nearly perpendicular height, through which it madly plunges onwards to Pine Lake, two dangerous whirlpools occurring in the interval. These are named "Hell's Gate" and "Little Hell's Gate." The high granite walls of this gloomy gorge were surmounted by a heavy growth of dry timber, and the only bend in the long and narrow "Jaws of Windigo" (the devil), as the Indians call it, occurs immediately you are shot through the first falls with all the turbulent impetuosity acquired by its long and sheer descent. And here, too, occurred the most exciting and chaotic scene of weird grandeur experienced in a long life of travel. Already we had been severely warned against making the "run" of "Hell's Gates," but upon calling for volunteers, our plucky crew grimly responded. It happened at this time that the country upon both sides of this sombre gorge was being overrun by fierce forest fires, which at about the memor-

able day of our passage had reached the thickly wooded banks, where it raged furiously, and with furnace heat, fanned, as it was, by the continuous air currents which rushed through the deep and narrow channel; so that above, nothing could be seen but dense clouds of smoke, penetrated occasionally by vivid flashes and tongues of flame, while showers of exceedingly hot charcoal made it intensely interesting for our almost nude boatmen. Little time and but few glances were, however, bestowed upon what was happening upwards. But lower down, where the continued action of the water had hollowed out the walls into deep depressions, in places gave a globular appearance to the tumbling, seething, boiling foam, that had quite a fascination of its own, as it dashed, with maddening rush, over hidden, and at least one visible projecting boulder, in its treacherous course. During the descent of this gorge, so terribly suggestive of its name, our hardy crew (consisting of nine picked Indians) were unusually alert and active. Their long silence, while approaching the lurid scene, was suddenly broken as they "shot" into the very "Jaws of Windigo" by loud and rapid exclamations and words of encouragement and command from their steersman and bowman, while the skilled handling of their lance-like poles, both port and starboard sides, reminded me forcibly, during the exciting, but brief passage

of a bayonet charge at unpleasantly close quarters, their long poles being directed with lightning-like rapidity at every conceivable angle, so that it not only looked like, but in reality, was war, and against a deadly and relentless enemy, from which, had we struck a rock in that channel, we should surely perish.

The "Dram Stone," so familiar to our thirsty crew, was soon reached, and through the medium of "Charley," my interpreter and canoe-man, its uses and "abuses," in the old days of the long inland "tripping," was fully explained. Briefly, the voyageur was accustomed to camp here, have his glass of grog, and sometimes make a "Lobstick" in honor of his chief, etc. Well elated with the success of the run through the fiery furnace, we decided to camp for the night, and great was the surprise of the tired crew when a keg of whisky and some lime-juice were produced from the locker of the York Boat, a practice, or usage, which had been long discontinued by the Old Company. While the tents were being pitched, we viewed from the high banks of the river the novel sight of an unusually gorgeous sunset, while at the same time, a bright full moon came slowly peeping over the blue waters of the Hays River.

But by far the grandest and most difficult to describe of the atmospheric phenomena observed in



this latitude is that of the aurora borealis. Here, in its Arctic home, it holds nightly revels, and although brilliant at all hours, it is only about midnight that its luminous rays may be said to have attained the zenith of their glory, as it shoots forth volume upon volume of its dazzling light, accompanied with rumbling and crackling sounds as if from the bowels of a terrestrial volcano.

#### YORK FACTORY.

The appearance of this fort is not unlike that of Fort Churchill, or Moose Factory, in many respects. Outside the stockade, and commanding the "Landing," is a small battery of muzzle-loading nine-pounder field guns, while a pile of solid shot, and other warlike stores were conspicuously, and conveniently piled, apparently ready for action, upon the arrival of the company's annual ship from England or the birthdays of royalty. Mr. Fortescue is chief factor at this post, and appears to be a scholarly gentleman.

It was the writer's good fortune to witness the arrival of the H. B. Co's ship, "Ocean Nymph," from England this year (1881) commanded by Captain MacPherson, with forty years' experience of this perilous route to his credit. The departure of this ship, and another, for Moose Factory, on James' Bay, is early in June, and after rounding the Orkneys, the

Straits of Hudson are usually entered in August, and as a general thing September has set in before the Nelson or Churchill is reached. Within the palisades of Fort York is an iron building, built in sections, and imported from England. This structure is used as a church and school. There is also a fairly good meteorological station here. The climate is not so favorable to vegetation as that of Norway and Oxford Houses, or even Fort Churchill (old Prince of Wales Fort), 165 miles to the north and west. In the garden at York Factory stands another relic of the great Arctic explorer—a sun dial—bearing the following astronomical observations (“checked” by the writer with modern instruments), viz.:

“Lat. 57 deg. 02 mins. N ; Long. 93 deg. 15 mins. N.—J. F.”

#### CLIMATIC CONDITIONS.

Although the site of “York” is quite exposed, yet the lowest recorded temperature for a few years, was but 53 degrees below zero, with an average snowfall of four feet.

#### LONG NEGLECTED GRAVES.

Immediately outside the walls of this otherwise orderly establishment is situated a very old cemetery the appearance of which is in strong contrast with its surroundings. The banks of the Hays, although

quite high at this point, are, owing to the continued action of the immense ice gorges and high tides in the spring, rapidly disappearing, carrying with them many long-neglected graves of departed chief factors, traders, warriors, voyageurs and missionaries, while others, I regret to observe, are like Mahomet's coffin—in suspense.

Many artistically finished monuments may yet be seen in this lonely churchyard, from all of which records and inscriptions it might well be assumed that the good people of York Factory, with very few exceptions, die young.

## A FAMOUS SOLDIER AND THE REGINA MINE.

Distinguished Career of the late Lieutenant-General Sir Henry Clement Wilkinson, once a Well-known Local Mining Man.

THE following article was written for the *Miner and News*, Kenora, by Captain Walpole Roland, Civil and Mining Engineer, who first met Sir Henry in India fifty-three years ago, and later induced him to come to Canada.

Sir,—Your reference in a late issue of the *Miner and News* to the probable reopening of the old and reliable Regina Mine, under another name, viz., the "Black Eagle," which name it assumed during the darkest period of its mismanagement, recalls pleasant memories of mining men of the early nineties, when the Lake of the Woods began to attract men of all kinds and conditions, and when, too, our late friend, General Sir Henry Wilkinson, was one of the most distinguished and picturesque figures among a numerous group from all quarters of the earth. To the writer, however, whose acquaintance with Sir Henry extended away back to the closing days of the Sepoy or Indian Mutiny, and later, at long intervals down to his retirement and final embarkation into mining ventures, including the Rajah and later yet, his last, and best venture—the Regina

—which I had the distinction of selecting for him, in advance of his arrival—your most welcome item of news referring to the visit of Major the Hon. J. E. P. Vereker to England and the anticipated early reopening of the Regina Mine serves to recall many stirring events in a long and glorious career in the early military life of Sir Henry, both as a zealous and intrepid Captain of Infantry and later as a dashing Captain of Lancers and Dragoons during the mutiny of 1857-8-9, when he served with distinction throughout Central India. And in this connection, and in view of the fact of so very little being known outside of army circles relative to Sir Henry's distinguished war service, owing to his great modesty and simplicity of life, generally, I will, with your kind permission, in the following brief items, give your readers and the many friends of the late lamented general, a synopsis of his eventful military life:

Lieut. Gen. Sir Henry Clement Wilkinson, K.C.B., was born on the 17th of April, 1837; commissioned ensign in the 95th Foot, February, 1856; Lieutenant 16th Light Dragoons 30th March, 1860; Captain 16th Lancers, 22nd September, 1863; Major 16th Lancers, 13th July, 1870; Lieutenant-Colonel 16th Lancers, 3rd July, 1872; Brevet Colonel, 3rd July, 1877; Lieutenant-Colonel, half pay, 21st of July, 1877; Major General, 9th of March, 1887; Lieuten-

ant General, 26th May, 1894; Colonel 4th Dragoon Guards, 4th October, 1896; retired on retired pay, 1st October, 1899.

#### STAFF SERVICE.

Inspecting Officer of Auxiliary Cavalry, Great Britain, 13th October, 1877, to 19th March, 1880; Military Secretary to Commander-in-Chief, E. Indies, 27th March, 1880, to 6th of August, 1880; Brigadier General, Afghan Campaign, 7th August, 1880, to 22nd May, 1881; Brigadier General, Cavalry Brigade, Quetta District, 23rd May, 1881; Brigadier-General, Bengal, 30th January, 1882, to 3rd August, 1882; Commanding Cavalry Brigade, Indian Contingent Expeditionary Force to Egypt, 4th August, 1882, to 12th of October, 1882; Major-General, North Eastern District, 1st April, 1891, to 30th September, 1894; granted reward for distinguished and meritorious service, 1st of April, 1892; nominated C.B., 18th of November, 1882; K.C.B., 22nd of June, 1897.

#### WAR SERVICE.

Indian Mutiny, '57 to '59, inclusive—Assault and capture Rooyah, sieges of Awah and Kotah, Battle of Kotakeserai, assault of Gwalior, siege of Powrie, battle of Beejapore, and action of Koondrye, medal with clasp—(Central India).

Afghan War, 1879 to 1889—March to Kandahar from Quetta (mentioned in dispatches, *London Gazette*, 25th of January, 1881).

Operations Bozdar Field Force, October to December, 1881. In command of the Force. Thanked by Commander-in-Chief in India, and by the Governor-General in Council.

Egyptian Expedition, 1882—Commanded 2nd Cavalry Brigade, operations at Kassassin, reconnoissances before Tel-el-Kebir, battle of Tel-el-Kebir and subsequent pursuit and occupation of Cairo, Dispatches, *London Gazette*, 2nd November and 17th of November, 1882. Medal with clasp, bronze star, a C.B. and the second class order of the Medjidie.

Died at Kenora, Canada, 23rd of November, 1908.

\* \* \* \* \*

A brave soldier, a courteous gentleman, above reproach in all his dealings. As in military, so in civil life, he fought steadfastly, fearlessly and cleanly. What higher praise can any man merit?

## THE LEGEND OF THUNDER.

HOW THUNDER BAY AND CAPE OBTAINED  
THEIR NAMES.

(Written by Captain Roland for his book, "Algoma West.")

NOTE.—Among the most popular traditions touching the origin of this suggestive title is the following, as related in the Otchipway by "Weisaw," and very freely translated by the writer:—"Long years ago, while my great-great-grandfather, then a young brave, was returning with a war party from a bloody encounter with our foes (the Sioux), near Dog Mountain, a place twenty-five miles north-west of the Kaministiquia River, their attention was suddenly arrested by loud and prolonged reverberations, accompanied by vivid flashes of lightning. Ascending the heights overlooking the Kitchie Gamee, (Lake Superior), an appalling sight met their gaze. Far out in the bay towards the east, where the "Sleeping Giant," Nanibijou, usually reclined on his fleecy couch, all appeared in flames, while at intervals great pinnacles or shafts of flame and black clouds were driven upwards with terrible fury . . .

"Arriving at the mouth of the Kaministiquia River they were told of the fate of two hunters from a distant tribe, who, regardless of repeated warnings,



provoked the fiery spirit of the great "Thunder Eagle" by assailing its home in the cloud-capped cliff, and perished in the vain attempt to bring down a great medicine. Previous to the advent of the white man our storms were grander and more frequent, and only upon rare occasions indeed, could a view from a distance be obtained of the Cape or Nanibijou."



THUNDER CAPE, OR THE SLEEPING GIANT

Who hath seen the gentle water, breathe round the  
slumbering form,  
And soft caressing kiss the robes of yon dread God  
of Storm?  
In this dark land of the Otchipways, he guards the  
Western Gate  
Towards the far, lone golden plains, where parted  
spirits wait;

To that far land of spirits where the glorious sun  
burns low,  
And rose and gold and amethyst about the Sun  
God glow!

We fathers, and our fathers saw, before the white  
man came,  
Yon mighty giant heave in sleep and breathe the  
sulphurous flame;  
Have seen him, roused in anger, lash these seas in  
furious wrath,  
And all the torrents of his ire in lightning pouring  
forth;  
Have seen him ever robed in clouds, and his extended  
form,  
Forever clouded in his robes, his right robes of the  
storm;  
But never saw through lifted clouds his rugged sides  
before  
The white man came to drive away those lurid  
clouds of yore.

E'en now sometimes the clouds sweep down to pay  
their ancient court,  
And from the distant spirit plains their pageantries  
are brought  
To robe the giant as of old, and rouse him from  
his sleep  
Where he lies dreaming of the past and slumbering  
on the deep;  
But his mighty Thunder Eagle has fled beyond the  
plains,  
And little of his ancient state in these last days  
remains.

\* \* \* \* \*

Once from the nations of the east, two wandering  
hunters strayed,  
Their birch canoe, all patched and old, their dress  
of deerskin made;  
I saw them in our chieftain's lodge, beside the  
stormy bay,  
Ere they towards the setting sun should still pursue  
their way.

They came towards the setting sun to seek his  
resting place,  
Where all the spirits of our dead, and all the human  
race  
Dwell, where the sky is ever bathed in floods of  
sunset light,  
The everlasting even-tide that knows not death or  
night,  
Or fire, or flood, or drought, or war,—where winter  
never reigns,  
To the far happy-hunting-grounds upon the golden  
plains,  
And when we told them of the God, and his dread  
shroud of gloom.  
And when they saw across the bay the clouded  
mountain loom,  
And heard of the dread Thunder Bird whose nest  
was in the height,  
To guard the unassailed cliffs all hid in endless  
night;  
And heard their fate who dared to seek the nest  
and bring us down  
The wondrous medicine secrets hid there on the  
mountain crown;

They laughed our fears to scorn and said: "Should  
brave men danger fear?  
And what is danger if it bring the life hereafter  
near?  
Now will we learn the secrets hid in Thunder's  
eyrie nest,  
To bless the race we leave before we pass into the  
west.  
We pass through sleep to life, where, throned among  
the hills, this sun  
Sinks wearily into his rest—his great day journey  
done."

Nor warning nor entreaty stayed their swift, im-  
petuous feet,  
And soon they rode upon the bay with all our dainty  
fleet,  
And journeyed on the darkened sea with measured  
movement slow  
A solemn cortege, as the sun's last lurid glare burned  
low.

We journeyed on the glassy bay, the shadowed,  
slumbering deep,  
We journeyed with them towards the brink of their  
last earthly sleep.  
So when the east was cold with dawn, and the lower-  
ing clouds were grey,  
The shadow of the mountain loomed against the  
wakening day.

In earnest conclave then we prayed that Manitou  
would save  
The chiefs who sought among the clouds for wisdom  
or a grave.

The agates rattled as their boat touched light the  
sombre main,  
The solemn thunders echoing warned, but warned  
the braves in vain.

With red plumes waving as they strode, they passed  
along the shore  
To where a clouded canyon loomed through broken  
rocks and hoar,  
And vertical the cliffs soared up on every side around,  
And at the base their fragments lay, and brushwood  
strewed the ground ;  
They, clambering o'er the boulders, leapt from rock  
to rock and climbed  
Right up amid the canyon's gloom, till troubled  
sight and mind  
Had lost the tiny spots that moved along the shadows  
vast,  
And every vestige of their forms passed into gloom  
at last.

Then morning instant sank to gloom, and gloom was  
steeped in night,  
The waters all so late at rest had crests of foaming  
white.  
While mountain waves assailed the heaven and  
cyclones round us blew,  
Great Manitou! stoop down to guide and save each  
frail canoe.  
The hurricanes swept by—a lull, a blast, a loud  
wild cry  
From the rent altitudes, the towers and battlements  
on high,

With ancient crags crashed down the heights, and  
lo, each breaking, wave  
Screamed in his triumph round a crag and bounded  
o'er its grave.  
The giant shook with wrath—the trees uprooted  
hurled in space,  
Like hail of monster spears were shot adown the  
mountain's face—  
Against the precipice on high the wildest breakers  
hurl'd,  
And round the whirlpool's circling deeps the broken  
waters swirl'd;  
And who can tell the lightning's glare, recount the  
thunder's roar,  
Or the wild shrieks that through the gloom the veng-  
ful cyclones bore?

\* \* \* \* \*

How long the tempests swept the bay, how long we  
fought for life,  
How long among the lodges mourn'd the aged, child,  
and wife,  
How long before we saw the smoke of camp fires far  
away,  
Just where the Kaministiquia is emptied in the bay,  
How long we slept and wearied lay, restored to home  
at last,  
We could not tell; but heard the squaws relate four  
days were past  
Since they had seen the tempests rage about the  
giant's bed,  
And seen the seas contend with heaven and mourned  
their braves for dead.

Full many suns were set between the darksome western height,  
And still the thunder roared by day and lightning glared by night,  
And still the dark cliffs towering round re-echoed loud the roar  
That shook the region of the cloud, and weighed our hearts with awe,  
We prayed that Manitou should aid the venturous braves' escape:  
'Twas then we named this "Thunder Bay," the mountain "Thunder Cape."

At last when evening shadows came across the mighty lake  
Fast spreading up the channel with the night time in their wake,  
The night wind swept across the bay a shadowy lone canoe  
That drifted slowly into sight; the wind was all her crew,  
And his chill breaths dying shook the tents, and all the clust'ring reeds—  
And left the little skiff to rest among the drifted weeds,  
The chieftain sent two braves to take the stranger in their care,  
And when they reached the frail canoe they found a warrior there,  
A warrior resting from the storms and wounded, sore and cold,  
With whitened hair all scathed with fire, and naked, starved and old;

They laid him down beside the tents, and death  
shades like the night  
Upon his face were chased away by the red sunset  
light.

His dim eyes opened as he spoke, but in the voice  
was told,

The fever spirit dwelt within; in each proud fea-  
ture's mould

We saw that youth had changed to age since on the  
mountain side,

He dared the thunder with his friend and every  
death defied.

"I see the clouds are low'ring down—I see the  
gathering gloom,

These are the agonies of death—this mountain is our  
tomb—

The rocks are shaken—and the walls of this impend-  
ing chasm

Are closing on us.—Haste!—Advance!—Fly from  
this mountain's spasm!

This is the plateau—see, the trees as hail are hurled  
in space—

Behold the huge rocks glow with fire along the moun-  
tain's face!

The mountain is in flames! The smoke in densest  
volume pours!

Lo, in this storm unaided man a thousand deaths has  
died—

*Break, Giant, all the world in ruin! Avenge! Thou  
art defied!*

He comes! Dark Thunder, though thy nest were  
thrice inviolate,

Thou and all thine shall perish! Haste, dread vul-  
ture, to thy fate!



He strikes!—and Death is near—is come. Erect  
thy pride, my friend,  
Lay down the life but not the man, for death is not  
the end!  
He dies!—and I die not—I go—to tell to all  
mankind  
That man may live a thousand deaths—and deathless  
reigns the Mind!"  
By fire, by fever, or in fight, by lightning, ice, or  
wave,  
There never sank a braver man than to this hero's  
grave!

A mightier hero still than he who on the mountain  
died  
Lay by the Kaministiquia!  
Now broadly flushed and wide  
The mighty gates of evening, as the golden sun was,  
gone,  
And gorgeous across the heavens the arch of glory  
shone,  
So all the air was filled with light, and all the earth  
with rest,  
As the brave spirit took the trail that leads toward  
the west.

## WITH THE NORTHERN ARMY.

THE thanks of Congress were tendered to General McClellan, July 16th, 1861, for the "series of brilliant and decisive victories" achieved by his Army over the Rebels "on the battlefields of Western Virginia."

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE B. McCLELLAN was born December 3rd, 1826, in Philadelphia, Pa. He received a good elementary education at the University of Pennsylvania, where he acquired a knowledge of the ancient classics and of modern literature. Before he was sixteen years of age he entered the Military Academy, from which he was graduated second in his class, July 1st, 1846, and thence promoted to the Corps of Engineers. He was immediately ordered to Mexico, being attached to a company of Sappers and Miners. In the campaign of General Scott, McClellan served with a distinction not surpassed by anyone of his grade, and won two brevets by his gallant and meritorious conduct. After the Mexican War and a short tour of duty at West Point, McClellan, in 1852, accompanied Captain Marey on an exploration of the Upper Red River. Then, as Chief Engineer of the Department of

Texas, he was in charge of various surveys of rivers and harbors on its coast. In 1853-4, he was the engineer for the exploration and survey of the Western Division of the projected Northern Pacific Railroad, through the Cascade Mountains. On March 3rd, 1855, he was appointed Captain of the First Cavalry, and employed in collecting railroad statistics for the War Department. While on this duty, he was detailed as a member, with Colonel Delafield and Major Mordecai, of the Military Commission to the "Theatre of War in Europe," his official report entitled, "The Armies of Europe," being published by order of Congress in 1857, embracing his remarks upon the operations in the Crimea, and the organization, institution, equipment, etc., of European armies. This report "was a model of concise and accurate information."

It was in the Crimea—in the trenches before Sebastopol—where I first met Captain McClellan, an acquaintance, by the way, that was destined to be renewed in the Far Western hemisphere in a manner never anticipated. This was at a critical period or the turning point in the great struggle between the North and South, at a time, too, when, as Major-General Geo. B. McClellan, he had won distinction in many hard fights. Eight years appeared to have effected but slight change in his appearance, and although a very busy man, he was ever the same—

courteous and friendly. In a word General McClellan had a charming personality, and to those who knew him it is small wonder that "Little Mac" was the idol of his officers and men!

---

### VOLUMES II. AND III.

Volume II. will contain, in addition to a complete biography of General McClellan, his organization and command of the Army of the North, also the doings of his successors in command—as General Burnside and General Grant—with sketches of Generals Sherman and Sheridan, as also General Ben. Butler, with whom I served some months at Petersburg and Richmond.

And last, but not least, in this Volume will be found some interesting chapters on Confederate Officers, who, like Generals Lee, Longstreet, Beauregard and "Tom" Rosser, were distinguished as much for their skill in attack as resourcefulness in defence.

The scene of Volume III. is laid in Mexico, with the ill-fated Emperor Maximilian—a short but thrilling campaign.

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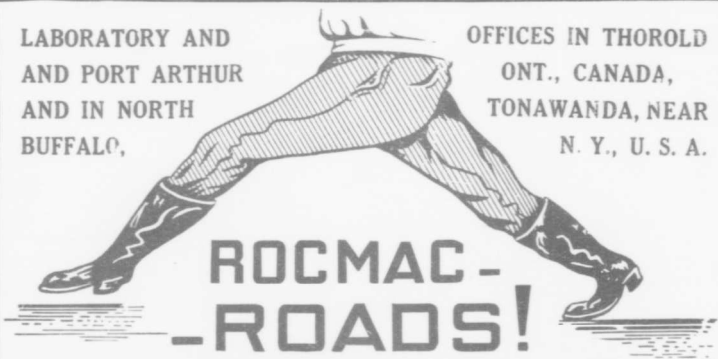
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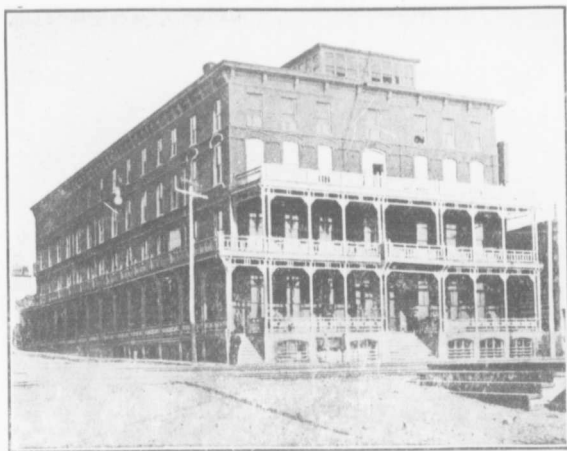
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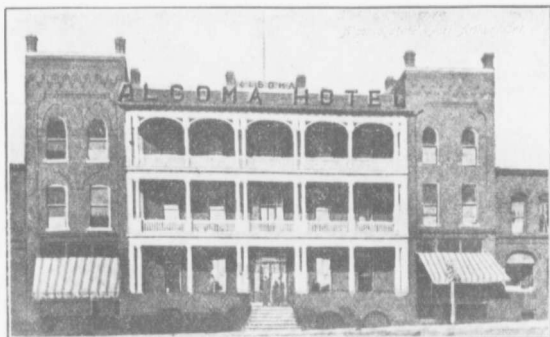
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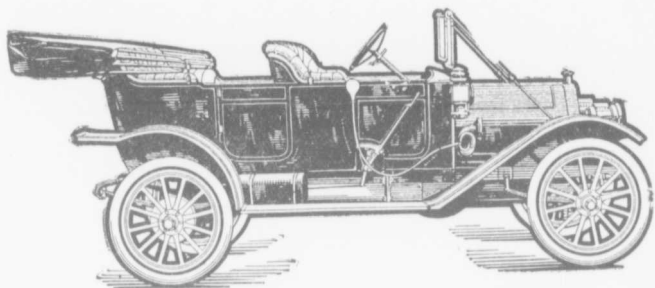
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