

of felts the leads of children began to appear. The new-comers also were served with koumiss. The doctor pulled a bottle of whisky from his bag.

Mrozowiecki approached him and looked at the balls. The difference was now one rouble.

"Then this scarecrow is rich," he said, softly.

"Every year I purchase from him 200 oxen. He has horses and sheep in the same proportion."

"How many are you buying now?"

"Sixty, at six roubles each."

"Are they honest?"

"They are thieves, and are cheated a hundred times themselves by others."

So long has been the screed concerning *Anima Vilis*, that it has become necessary to curtail that which I desired to say concerning one or two other books. As to the first of them, Mr. W. G. Collingwood's "*Life of John Ruskin*," in a

cheap form (Methuen) it is fortunately not necessary to say much, for it is well known; but in the volume as it now stands much that was included in the two original volumes have been, very wisely, omitted, and there is a good deal of new matter in the form of hitherto unpublished letters.

An interesting little book to those who have the good taste and sense not to be lured by anything and everything about India, is Major-General Fendall Currie's "*Below the Surface*" (Constable). The major-general, like the lady in the song, always expresses his feelings in a very direct fashion, and he is a somewhat slovenly and slapdash writer; but he is lively and entertaining, and he gives one the impression that he knows what he is talking about, that is to say, the life of the Anglo-Indian official, the complex character of the Indian problem, and the extraordinary and varied qualities and peculiarities of the natives. In fact, he is an Anglo-Indian who is not wearisome, which is more than can be said of all his fellows.

## THE HEART OF AFRICA BY RAIL—I. THE UGANDA RAILWAY.

WHILE South Africa has been under the microscope for the last three years, Central Africa has been almost forgotten. Everything done between the Cape and the Zambesi has been proclaimed with throats of brass. Also, nearly everything there has been done, or has come about, in a striking and dramatic manner, partly because it was necessary for Mr. Rhodes and others to attract public attention to their great enterprises, partly because sensations and South Africa seem inseparable. The laying of the telegraph to Tanganyika, the railway to Bulawayo, and its subsequent extension, were all brought before the public in a way which struck the imagination, and the wonderful speed with which the country was being opened up was realised here almost as soon as at Cape Town.

Meantime the Imperial Government, after passing a rather contentious little Bill, called the Uganda Railway Bill, in the House of Commons a few years ago, quietly made "a long arm" in from the coast and closed its fingers on the shore of Lake Victoria. Then it ran up from the coast, through the heart of Africa, a railway such as the dark continent had never before seen, through a region of wonders the like of which simply does not exist elsewhere or even in Africa the marvellous. This line is now very nearly finished, and as the story of its building is interesting, and the country and the creatures in it even more so, we propose to give a few details about both, which, aided by the excellent photographs, kindly lent for publication by the Uganda Railway



IN THE THORNY BUSH.

Commission at the Foreign Office, will give some idea of this unique country, and of the opportunities now open to travellers, sportsmen, and naturalists who may visit it.

The whole enterprise shows what interesting things often happen when people are trying to do something else. It is safe to say that most members of Parliament who voted the cash for a railway to Uganda had no more notion of what they were doing than if they had voted for a railway on the sea bottom. We had become possessed by agreement of a big block of country running in from the coast to the back of the Victoria Nyanza. This great lake, which is one of the main sources of the Nile, is far the largest piece of water in Africa. At the back of the lake was a country we did know something about—Uganda—which Captain Speke had spent a good deal of time in many years ago, and where in recent days a thick population of clever and rather civilised negroes were developing, among whom several missionaries were busy. It had a kind of importance, because it was at the head waters of the Nile. This was in our protectorate, but the trouble was to get at it. The caravan road from the coast was simply impossible. The first 300 miles ran partly through a waterless desert, partly through the densest thorny scrub jungle, some idea of which is given by the illustrations in this article, and to make the *impasse* as complete as possible, the country for 250 miles was so infested with tsetse fly that no domestic animal could live there. Consequently, whatever was carried up to Lake Victoria had to be transported on men's heads in 60lb. loads. To give an



MAN-EATING LION FROM TSAVO RIVER.

instance of the difficulty of even making a start to go up country, when the railway was begun a contractor of great experience brought a miscellaneous lot of transport animals to work there. Among them were 486 mules, 130 camels, seven donkeys, and 140 bullocks. All the camels died but fifteen, and of the creatures taken up country not one was left fit for use a year after. Of 63 Government camels all died, of 639 bullocks 579 died, of 800 donkeys 774 died. This kind of thing had gone on when we first tried to perambulate our nice new territory, and this it was which led to the making of the railway to the lake, called, on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, the Uganda Railway. The idea was simple enough. You just run your line in from the coast to the lake, only 750 miles, and there you are. That, I mean, was how it struck the public, who were rather keen on the idea. As Uganda itself is a stupid, uninteresting, over-populated place one wonders why. The lake, the big inland sea at the Nile head, was doubtless the attraction. But the public as a body certainly had no idea of what an earthly paradise to the traveller, hunter, and naturalist they were going to open out, or that here, if anywhere, lay the Delectable Mountains, that between them lay the great Rift Valley, like one of Gustave Doré's visions of the Gulf of Hell, and that on either hand were stretched the Athi Plains, rolling out level to the mountain's feet like Martin's pictures of the Plains of Heaven; and if fancy never painted such scenery, or such scenes, the wildest imagination would never have ventured to people them with the innumerable giant beasts which wander over these plains, or wallow in the rivers which drain them. The pioneers of the railway found that they had broken into a natural reserve, in which nearly all the giant beasts which have perished before the skin hunter and the Boer south of the Zambesi, were to be seen in their primitive state, almost unmolested by man, though terribly ravaged by lions, and in numbers, or rather in multitudes such as those before which the early hunters in the south, Harris and Anderson and Gordon Cumming stood lost in amazement fifty years ago. Great though the destruction of life has been since the rinderpest swept over the country, and the railway was opened, these beasts survive yet, and in vast numbers, we must and ought to preserve them, but



THE IRON ROAD.

Mr. J. H. Patterson, who shot the man-eating lions which stopped the railway near the Tsavo River by killing twenty-eight coolies and nearly sixty natives, has seen a herd of these same magnificent beasts a mile wide in front and too deep to count. There are eland and sable antelope, hartebeeste and waterbuck, Pallah antelope, many gazelles, zebras in countless herds, hippopotami in the rivers, giraffe—fancy having giraffes tumbling over your tent-ropes at night, as happened to one gentleman recently out there—elephants in great numbers near the lake, and lions in far too great numbers either for the safety of the traveller, if they do happen to have taken a fancy to human flesh, or for the continuance of the game, if it is at all killed down.

Flowers are not numerous or beautiful along the line of the railway. Nearly every bush, plant, or tree is in some way prickly, and though the thorns in the briar rose are very decorative, as Sir E. Burne-Jones shows in his pictures, the spikes, burs, caltrops, prickles, hooks, and thorns of these Central African plants are only unpleasant and suggestive of pain and discomfort. Yet, though flowers are scarce, beautiful butterflies abound. Perhaps the best headquarters for the butterfly collector is at Kibwezi. There the magnificent cool forest succeeds the sun-scorched plain, and there insect life flourishes in profusion, matching that of the forests of the Amazon. To the man bent on realising the real magic of Nature or on discovering new and striking living creatures, the railway offers a unique chance. Instead of hurrying on from camp to camp, worried by looking after each lazy porter, always anxious, always on the tramp, he can settle down where he likes, and explore this virgin country, with a train ready to bring up any stores or conveniences he fancies, and to take his collections to the coast, and an excellent refreshment room at every hundred miles, if he prefers to get his meals at what is practically an hotel. Nor need he fear that because the railway is there the animals have departed, or that the plains, bush, or forest have lost any, from the greatest to the smallest, of their living host. The lions who ate the coolies at Tsavo River are dead;

but there are plenty left, and these may often be seen, and have been shot, from the railway itself.

But we were talking of butterflies, not lions. If anything, the Uganda Railway butterflies beat the lions for surprises. One of Dr. Gregory's butterfly hunts is, perhaps, the classic of modern stories in that line. He saw what was apparently a beautiful spike of flowers. He gives a coloured plate of it in his work on the Great Rift Valley, and it looks like a very bright



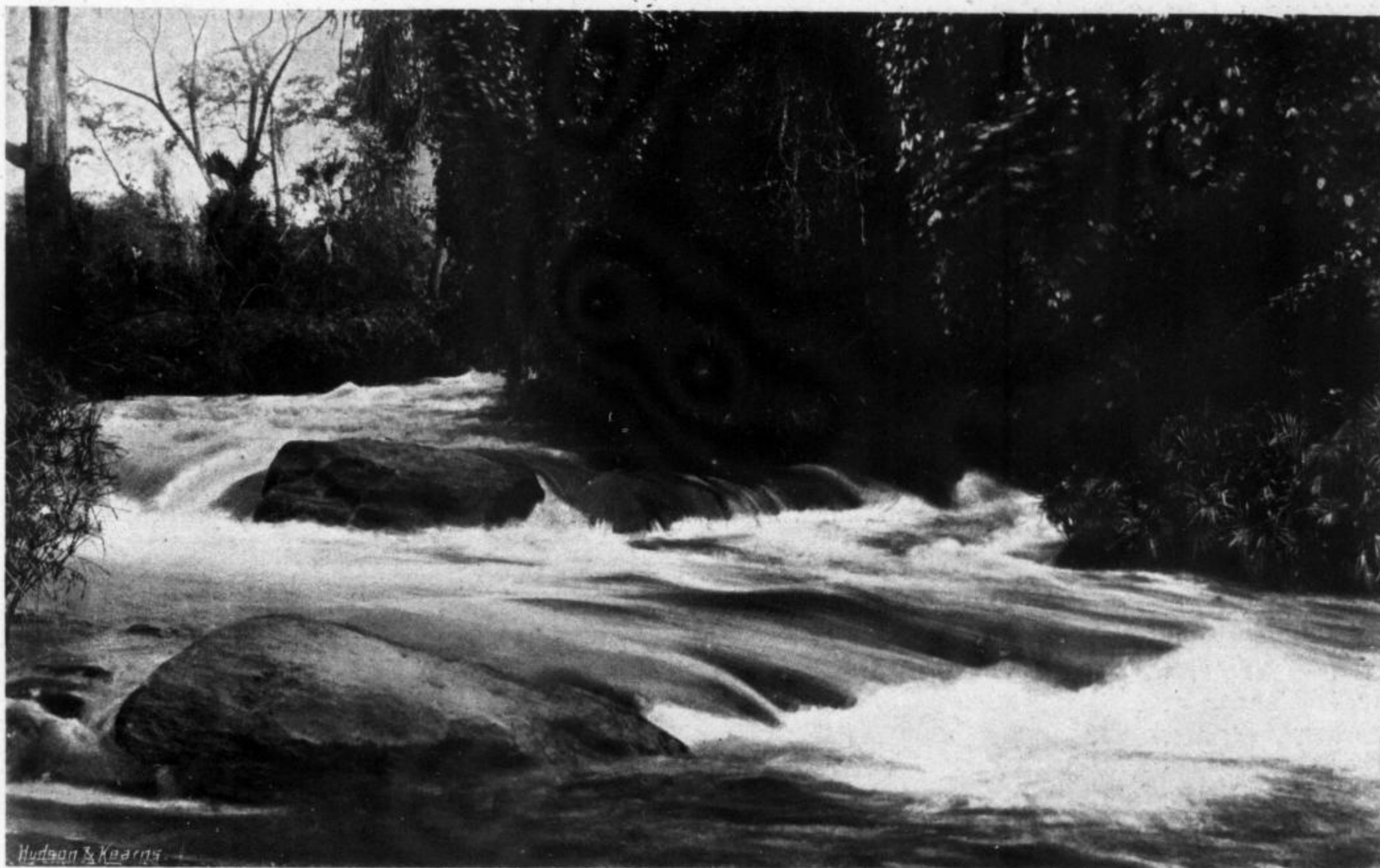
CURIOUS NATURAL RESERVOIR.

of this we shall say something later. Meantime a few facts set down by explorers like Captain Lugard and Dr. Gregory, whose visits were only of yesterday to this paradise of game, deserve a word of mention if only as an indication of the kind of natural preserve of which this country has become the owner. I think the most astonishing indication of the abundance of the big game there is the number of the animals which live entirely by killing this big game. Now it is on record that a few years ago, after

foxtail with greenish undeveloped flowers above and bright rose-pink ones on the lower half of the spike, rather like sweet pea blossoms, these representing those fully out. There were several of these flowers growing near. On the lower part of the stalk of one he noticed something which caused him to give the flower stem a tap with his stick. All the flowers instantly took wing and flew away! They were butterflies, of a kind which produces both green and white and pink and white specimens. But how was it that the green ones were where they would have been had they been undeveloped flowers, viz., at the top?

One more story of the entomological wonders of the region will, or ought to, bring the enthusiasts in that line in haste to the happy hunting grounds of the Uganda Railway.

Dr. Gregory was walking near some long, dead grass when he noticed a small cobra rear its head and begin to spread its hood. He could not see the snake's body, but only its head. He took up a handful of sand and threw at it, when the snake did not move, but spread its hood wider and hissed. He threw some more sand, and, as it did not move, struck at it with a stick. Then he saw that it was not a snake, but a big grass-



TSAVO, THE LIONS' RIVER.

hopper, which, by spreading out its wings, counterfeited an angry cobra's hood, and by scraping its legs together produced an imitation of the deadly serpent's hiss. This is almost the most striking instance of protective mimicry in action ever yet recorded.

C. J. CORNISH.

(To be continued.)



## AT THE THEATRE

ONE despairs to convey adequately an idea of Mr. Bernard Shaw's "pleasant" play, "You Never Can Tell." It is so brilliant, so irritating, so clever, so perverse, so full of matter, yet so empty of reality, that properly to judge it is a most difficult task.

To treat it as a farcical comedy, to praise its wit, its humour, its amusing qualities, is to recommend it to a certain large class of playgoers, and, no doubt, to assist in the filling of the treasury of the playhouse; but it would be doing the author an injustice, highly as he deserves to be treated with scant ceremony for making fun of his own work, such fine work as is much of "You Never Can Tell." To praise it on such a plane is to ignore the keenness of intellect which shows through the elfin tricks of the playwright, the probing of character and motive which furtively forces its way above the caricatures and absurdities of the people of his drama and the emotions which actuate them; to ignore the gleams of subtle sentiment which peep out, seemingly in spite of Mr. Shaw, and make one angry that an author capable of so much should be content to gambol, sprite-like, through the passions.

We could forgive Mr. Shaw a very great deal; we could forgive him telling a human story through a medium, quaint, bizarre, eccentric; we would not wish that the searching satire should be absent; we would even pardon the quips and cranks which place such unconventional people in a theme which, at heart, is very real and very true—we would pass all this, and be content to see through Mr. Shaw's treatment, and discover the genuine meaning of his story for ourselves. All this we would do, but Mr. Shaw goes too far, laughs at himself too heartily,

allows his humour too free a rein, does not merely poke fun at those conventions which are tricky and untrue to nature, but merely because they are conventions. It is a convention that a horse should have a tail, but there is nothing hackneyed in that, although horses always have tails. But Mr. Shaw would, no doubt, make us laugh heartily at a horse that was tailless. In a farce that would be a very good thing to do, but in a play with such infinite possibilities as "You Never Can Tell," it is merely frittering away a great opportunity.

An "advanced woman," a very charming example of her kind, before the action of the story, has separated from her husband and taken their children. They have not met for eighteen years. The eldest of them has grown up a disciple of her mother, intellect with her is all, the emotions are nothing. So directly a man makes fierce love to her, she, half-hypnotised, falls into his arms with his kisses on her cheek. Quite unnecessarily, most inartistically, at the end of the play, Mr. Shaw springs one of his surprises on us; the character he has drawn so cleverly is "given away" for a jest. She has gone through it all before. The man, on the other hand, is very consistently drawn, though his character is not the character most suited to a play of this texture. He is a "butterfly"; at the end of the play, when they are engaged to be married, he half regrets his lost freedom. He is a duellist in the "duel of the sexes," and his explanation of his methods, with the apt comparison of the fight between the maker of big guns and the maker of armour-plates, is exquisitely clever.

In one instance, Mr. Shaw has given us a character study, complete, convincing, and most appealing—that of the irascible,



and swept the Eden in the broad daylight with great success. "While the cat's away the mouse may play."

The Eden is a good trout river, and while most of the fish are caught by wading, there is one exceptional fisher of local

fame who is said to catch more than any other two put together, and does a deal of his angling from the bank. The good angler on the bank will do better than the bad bungler in the river. That is, perhaps, the moral of that story.

## THE HEART OF AFRICA BY RAIL.—II. THE UGANDA RAILWAY.

THE point from which the 583 miles of line starts is Mombasa, an island commanding a fine harbour some way north of Zanzibar. The terminus where the line strikes the great lake is Port Florence, on the north-east of Ugone Bay. Five years ago Mombasa was a savage island, almost waterless, cultivated in places by a few natives, and cut off from the interior by impenetrable belts of thorny jungle and a waterless desert. Now a new and commodious port has been made at Kilindini, on the other side of the island from the old Arab town. This is the base of supply for all the civilised wants of our new protectorate, and the feeder of the line, with wharves, jetties, offices, stores, repairing shops, and all the equipment of a big railway depôt. The difficulties at the start were immense. On the mainland the line rose 560ft. in the first fifteen miles, and the jungle was so thick that the navvies could not cut through it at a quicker rate than a quarter of a mile per day. The natives could not learn even how to hold an axe. They were given sword-like knives, and used them to better purpose. All the effective labourers were brought from India, for even when the natives learnt to work they would only do so on the bit of line near their own village. Food, huts, and all supplies had to be imported. Connection had to be made between the island and the mainland, then, after crossing the coast hills and the Taru Desert, which extends almost to the Tsavo River, the line was so steep that the gradient was sometimes 1 in 50. But all these things were nothing to the jump of more than 1,000ft. into the great Rift Valley, and the climb of 2,000ft. up the escarpment on the other side. Yet the management maintained an army of Indians sometimes amounting to 15,000 men, transported their rations, built mills, dug wells, organised police, and a port, and have now completed 362 miles of this difficult mountain railway, on which a regular service of trains is running, and trade and passenger traffic are daily increasing.



THE OPEN FOREST.

Trade has followed the railway, and not only trade but a new population of Aryan blood, who have gone there to stay. Hindus and Punjabees find that they can make a good living where the aboriginal African often starved. They are most useful pioneers, and naturally most friendly to their English protectors. India and Indian ways are suggested everywhere. The Hindu traders have built shops at all the principal stations, such as Voi, Dragami, Kibwezi, and Makindu. Besides provisions, soap, iron, cloth, and tobacco go up the line, and ivory, and, I regret to say, the skins of big game, come down it. We also sent up troops to suppress the Soudanese Mutiny by the rail. In three years one-third of the line was finished, but this included the making of the port, the assemblage of the Indian navvies, the collection of the material, and, generally speaking, the taking of that *premier pas* which is always the most costly. The most useful "transport animals" in the coast belt were the steam traction engines. The tsetse fly might bite them, but they were none the worse, and hauled loads of thirty tons of

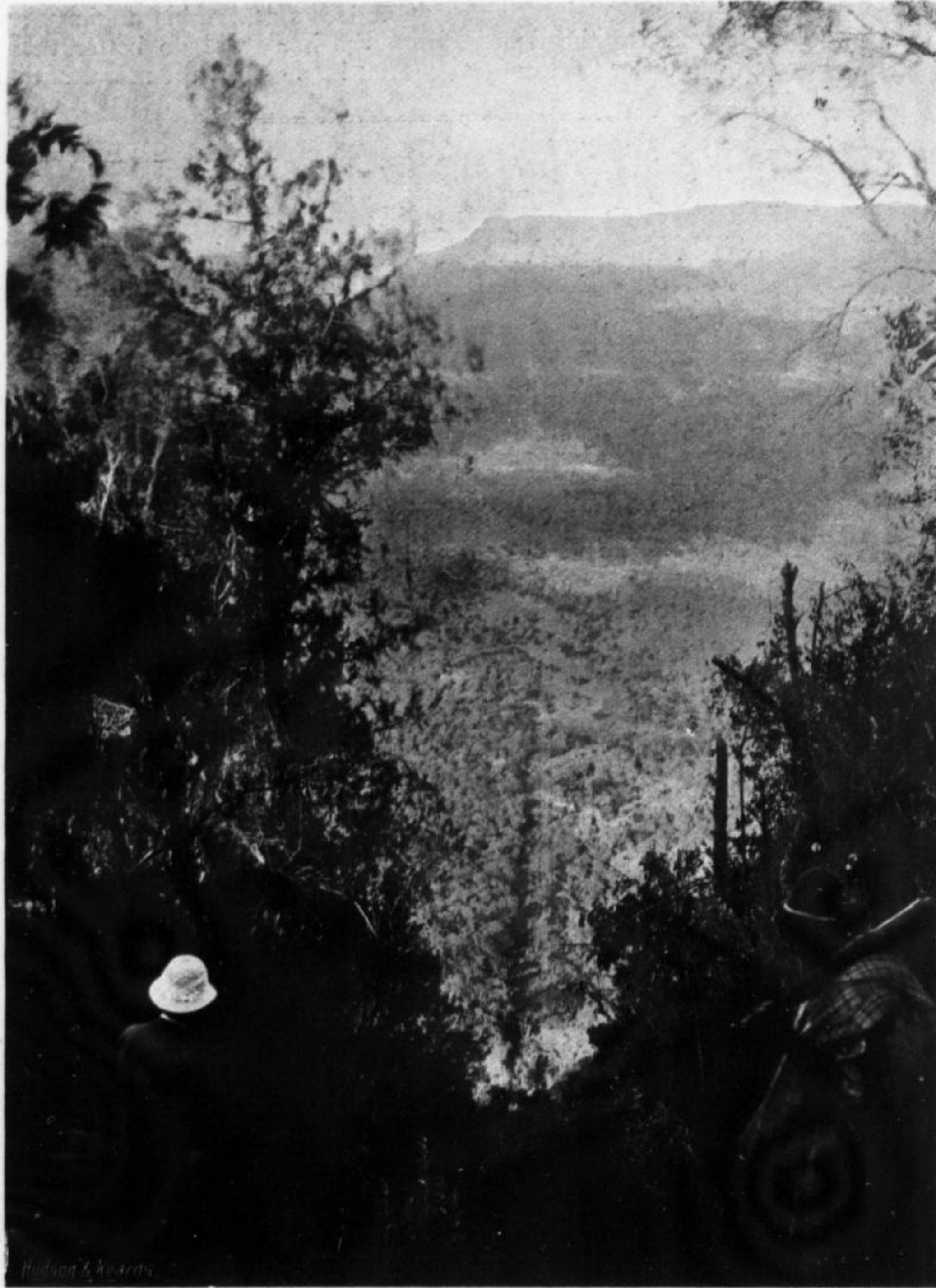
cement or iron girders through the jungle, and up steep rocky hills. When the engine stuck an anchor and cable was carried out ahead, and it just wound itself up to the anchor, like a ship warping out of harbour. Or the cables might be let out behind, and waggons "wound up hill" one after another. They were a great success and an indispensable aid. After the dense bush came waterless desert—the Taru Desert—and then a steady rise to 7,000ft., which brings the rail to the edge of the Great Rift Valley (the station is Kikuyu). Considerable rivers had to be crossed, among them the Tsavo, where the man-eating lions lived on coolies for six months. The deep shady valley of the Tsavo, its palms and ferns, its banks dripping with moisture and covered with exquisite feathery growths of tropical plants, and the rushing river, with its waterfalls and



SIR G. MOLESWORTH AND FOREST DWARF.

boulders, are well shown in the illustrations taken for the Uganda Railway Committee. The strange transition from the typical African plains and jungles to scenery which at a certain vertical height is Alpine is one of the most striking features of the land. Below are rivers full of crocodiles and hippopotami, and on either side the mighty mountains Kilimanjaro and Kenia, with valleys filled by glaciers and caps of everlasting snow. The traveller, who is also a sportsman, will want a more detailed itinerary to enable him to judge of the kind of game country he will find on the line, and the covert and water in it. The route is roughly as follows: A narrow cultivated strip extends fifteen miles from the coast. After this is a belt of poor thin scrub thirty miles wide, holding big game, especially rhinoceroses and lions in plenty; but it is feverish, and soon merges into the impenetrable waterless thorny jungle of the Taru Desert. Here, again, game abounds, especially rhinoceroses, but it is unapproachable. Zebras seem to be indigenous from this desert for the whole of the next 500 miles to the lake. In the next 150 miles the jungle is not so dense,

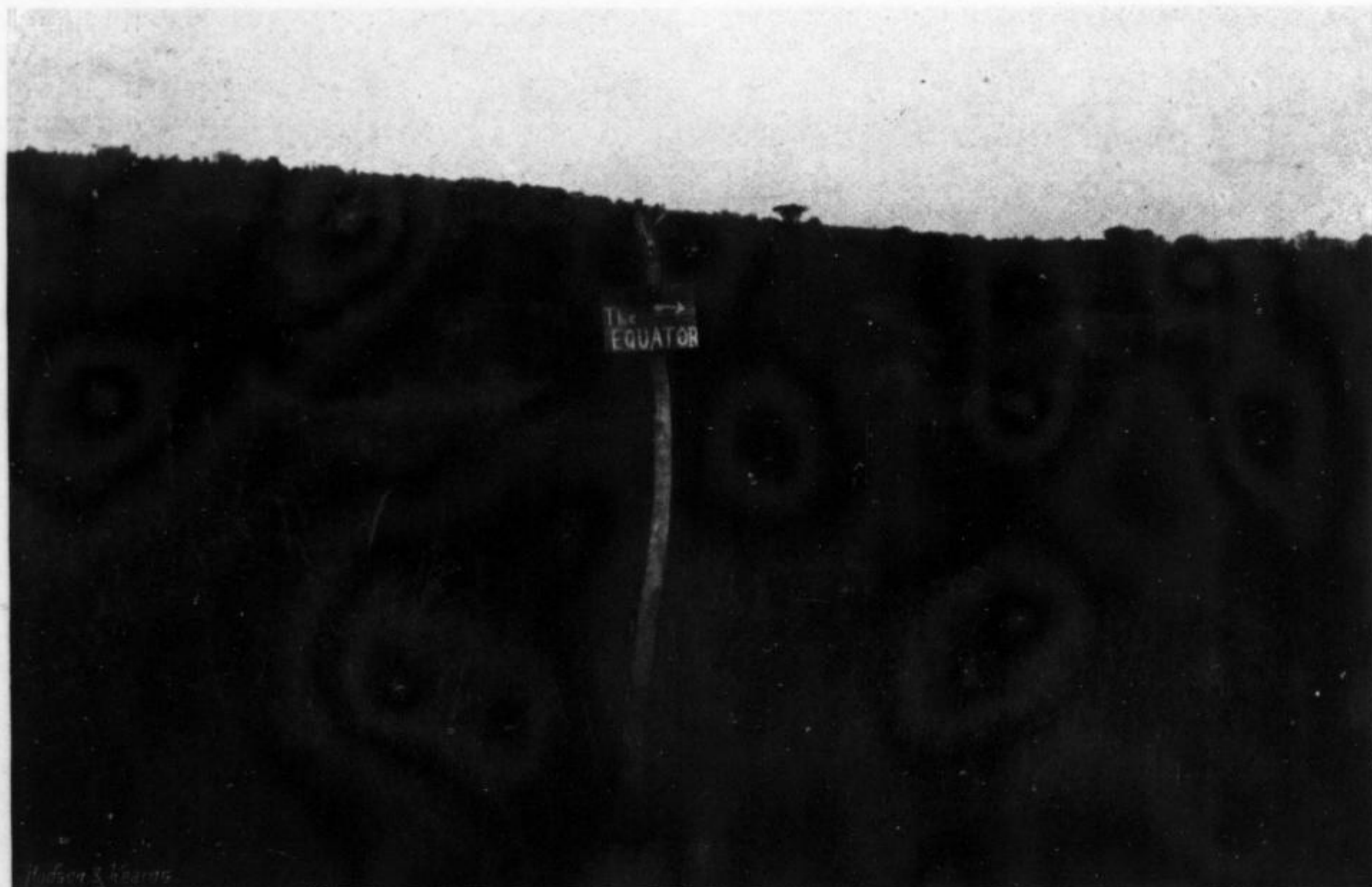
but water is scarce, except by the Tsavo River. Thence onward to the 280th mile there is a gradual transition from the thick bush to the great treeless rolling desert, called the Athi Plains, the "happy hunting grounds." These extend from the 280th to the 327th mile, and on them are giraffe, lions, rhinoceroses, zebra, eland, pallah, hartebeeste, wildebeeste, gazelle, and a few, very few, buffalo, for the rinderpest killed them off as it did the tame cattle. The African buffalo of the thick bush has a bad name. But these "veldt" buffalo, for the plains of Nyassaland and of Central Africa are much like the South African veldt, were more like the American bison in their habits, and in places almost as numerous. Six herds of from 100 to 600 were seen in one day by a party of travellers in 1890. Now the few that are left have taken to the forests. But ten rhinoceroses were seen in one day quite lately near one of the two volcanoes in the Great Rift Valley. If the prospect pleases, it is neither expensive nor difficult to enjoy it. The line is now actually open up to the 362nd mile, that is to the near side of the Great Rift Valley, at the top of the cliff called the Kikuyu Escarpment which bounds it. This opens all the regions of the Tsavo River, the



A GLIMPSE OF THE GREAT RIFT VALLEY.

Every second German steamer from Naples stops at Mombasa, but the French steamers go on to Zanzibar, whence passage has to be taken back. Thus the German boats, if not quite so comfortable, are much more convenient. When once Mombasa is reached you are practically on an English railway, only it is better managed from the individual passenger's point of view, and more comfortable in every way. The public can at least get value for their money, and will realise that on a State Railway the public are considered first, and are not merely raw material for dividends. All kinds of goods or animals can be taken up too, and if a horse could be got through the fly belt by train, covered up in some fly-proof garment, there is no doubt it would be enormously useful to a

hunter or naturalist on the plains. But a bicycle is not to be despised there. All the first and second-class carriages are constructed to allow passengers to sleep, but, as on the Russian railways, they must take their own bedding. This is a necessary precaution in tropical countries with their unpleasant insect life, and is the usual practice in the East. Lastly, there are refreshment rooms at every 100 miles, and all kinds of stores



THE EQUATOR.

and drinks can be had up from Mombasa. The fares on the line are modest enough. The following are the passenger and animal rates, issued by the railway, a document so interesting that it deserves printing *in extenso*, but the alternative to pounds in "pice" and rupees given for the benefit of our Indian fellow-subjects are here omitted:

COACHING RATES.—UGANDA RAILWAY.

Length of Railway, 583 miles.

Passenger Fares.

Rate.	1st Class.	2nd Class.	3rd Class.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Per mile ...	0 0 3	0 0 1½	0 0 0½
Per 100 miles...	1 5 0	0 12 6	0 4 2
To Lake Victoria	7 6 0	3 13 0	1 4 4

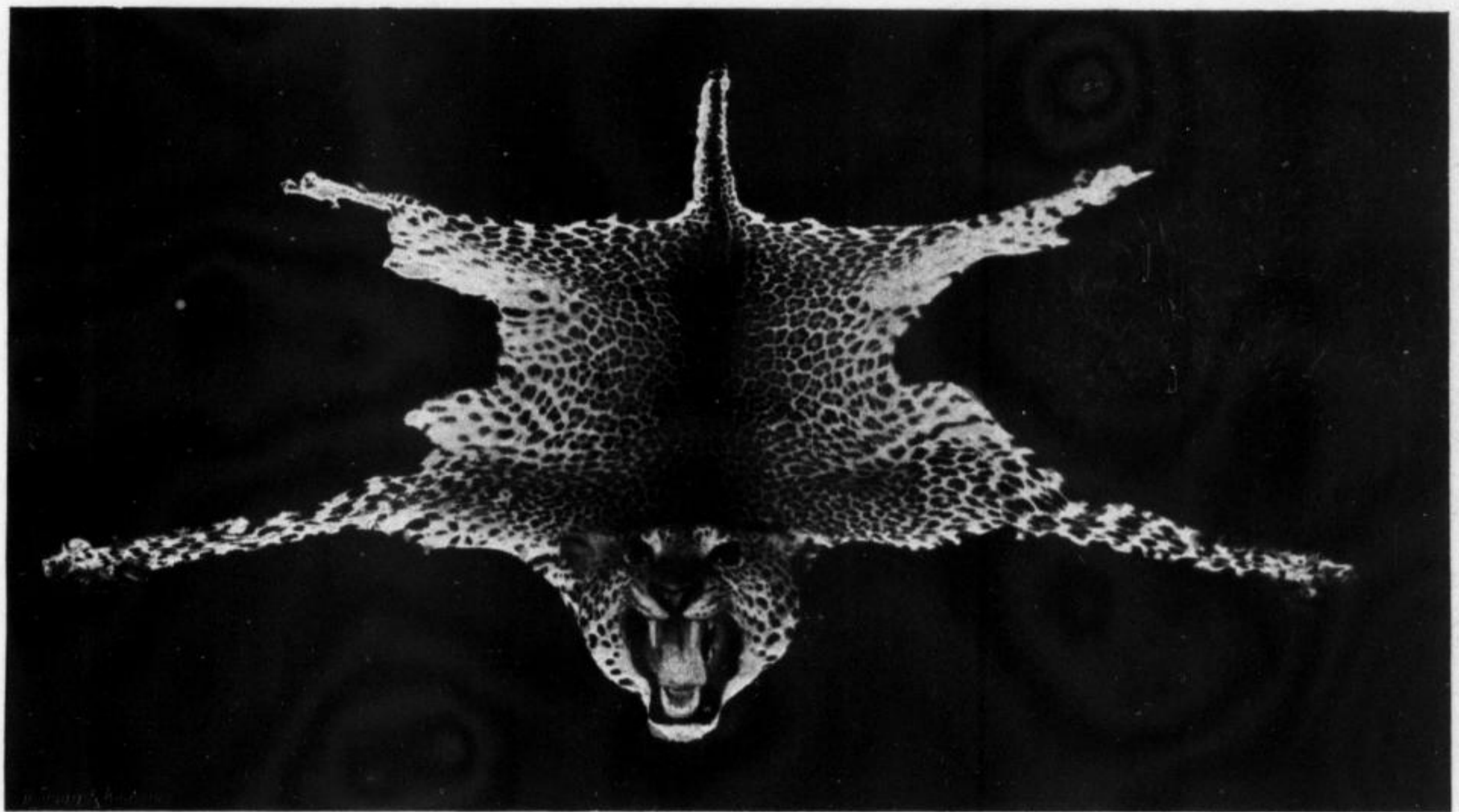
Animals.

Rate.	Horses.	Donkeys.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Per mile ...	0 0 4	0 0 1½
Per 100 miles	1 13 4	0 12 6
To Lake Victoria	9 14 8	3 13 0

Rate.	Dogs, Goats, Sheep.	Mules, Cattle.	Camels.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Per mile ...	0 0 0½	0 0 2	0 0 6
Per 100 miles	0 4 2	0 16 8	2 10 0
To Lake Victoria	1 4 4	4 17 4	14 12 0

Monthly and six monthly return first and second-class tickets will be issued at a fare and a third and a fare and a-half respectively.

To the heart of Africa, first class, at 3d. per mile! The Uganda Railway Committee deserves well of the public. They



LEOPARD KILLED BY MR. J. H. PATTERSON.

have made a mountain railroad through a wilderness, opened up the Dark Continent to the source of its greatest river, opened up to England a new world for sport and play, and given a very striking example of the efficiency and thoroughness of Government methods of railway construction. The chairman of the committee is the Hon. F. L. Bertie, the managing member of the committee, Mr. F. L. O'Callaghan, who brought to the work a lifetime of experience of Indian railways, and the engineer-in-chief, Mr. Whitehouse.

C. J. CORNISH.

# John Charity

A Romance of Yesterday

Containing certain adventures and love passages in Alta California of John Charity yeoman of Cranberry Orcas in the County of Hampshire England as set down by himself

Edited by

Horace Amesley Vachell



CHAPTER XXI.

CASTANEDA RIDES FAST.

BEFORE we had gone a mile—Procopio running ahead like a sleuth-hound, and the rest of us following at a sharp canter—I told myself that we had set forth on a fool's errand. Yet any course save that of due north would have shamed our manhood. The tracks of our quarry lay across the sand dunes that skirt the curving shores of Monterey Bay. Without doubt, so Procopio said (and Estrada was of the same opinion), the abductors, knowing that pursuit was certain, would endeavour to reach a certain wilderness, known as the "pilarcitos," a labyrinth of thick willows, the sanctuary of half the cut-throats in Alta California. Thence they would cross the mountains into the Santa Clara Valley, and push on with all speed to Castañeda's rancho near the town now named Pleasanton. They had many horses and sufficient food for themselves. How could we on our jaded beasts, ourselves worn out, without food, compete with Castañeda and his caponeras? That question I asked myself a thousand times.

Fortunately for us the moon was at its full, and soon her lamp hung resplendent in the heavens. None the less we travelled but slowly, making many halts, for at times the trail would have baffled any man save one of Indian blood. Finally, we camped in the lee of a dune, the don insisting that the horses were spent, and would surely fall dead if we pressed them further. So far Castañeda had avoided all ranchos, so we had been unable to obtain fresh mounts, but Procopio told us that on the morrow, crossing the valley, we should find both horses and food. I noted with some amusement that the Yaqui and Don Narciso spread their blankets and serapes close to the fire we had kindled, placed their heads in the hollows of the great saddles, pulled their sombreros over their eyes, and in three minutes were fast asleep. Courtenay and I talked, unable to sleep on account of anxiety and cold, for there was a sharp frost and a north wind

that froze the marrow in our bones. Suddenly, about four of the morning, the Yaqui sprang to his feet. Old Estrada pulled out his long knife, the only weapon he had, and we looked to the priming of our pistols. Listening intently, I could hear the faint tinkle of a bell, and presently, through the mists of early dawn, I saw a colossal figure. It was the good Quijas. As he flung himself from the horse and stretched his cramped limbs by the smouldering ashes of our fire, he explained that he had met not far from Monterey a friend and had borrowed from him a caponera and a vaquero.

"'Twas a kinsman of his Excellency," said the friar; "and he promised me to return on my horse to the capitol and advise Juan Bautista of what scoundrels were loose in California. Of course the soldiers from the presidio will follow hot-foot on our trail. Castañeda has many Indians, so there is like to be a fight. Ho, ho! Don Narciso, that knife of yours shall carve a Mexican's face."

The old fellow nodded. He looked gaunt as a coyote in the morning light, and was licking his lips, displaying his white teeth in a grin.

Meantime the vaquero and caponera came to a halt not fifty paces away, and we hurriedly decided to continue the chase at once. Quijas had not closed his eyes, but he looked the freshest of the party. Of the *gente de razon* he had least at stake. So we saddled up, drank a draught of cold water, and with nothing heavier beneath our belts galloped on. To our left lay that sea of glory, the bay of Monterey; to our right were the sand dunes; in front were the green forests of pine and sequoia; above was the stainless sky. Lord! how the sun streamed upon our necks and heads as we rode through the clouds of fine white dust, sweating and choking. Toward noon Quijas espied a small adobe about a mile from the trail, and we agreed that 'twere wise to stop for an hour to rest and refresh ourselves. Before we came to the door of the hut—for it was nothing more—our nostrils