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McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

ILLUSTRATED

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Volume XIV.

NOVEMBER, 1899, to APRIL, 1900

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NEW YORK AND LONDON

1900

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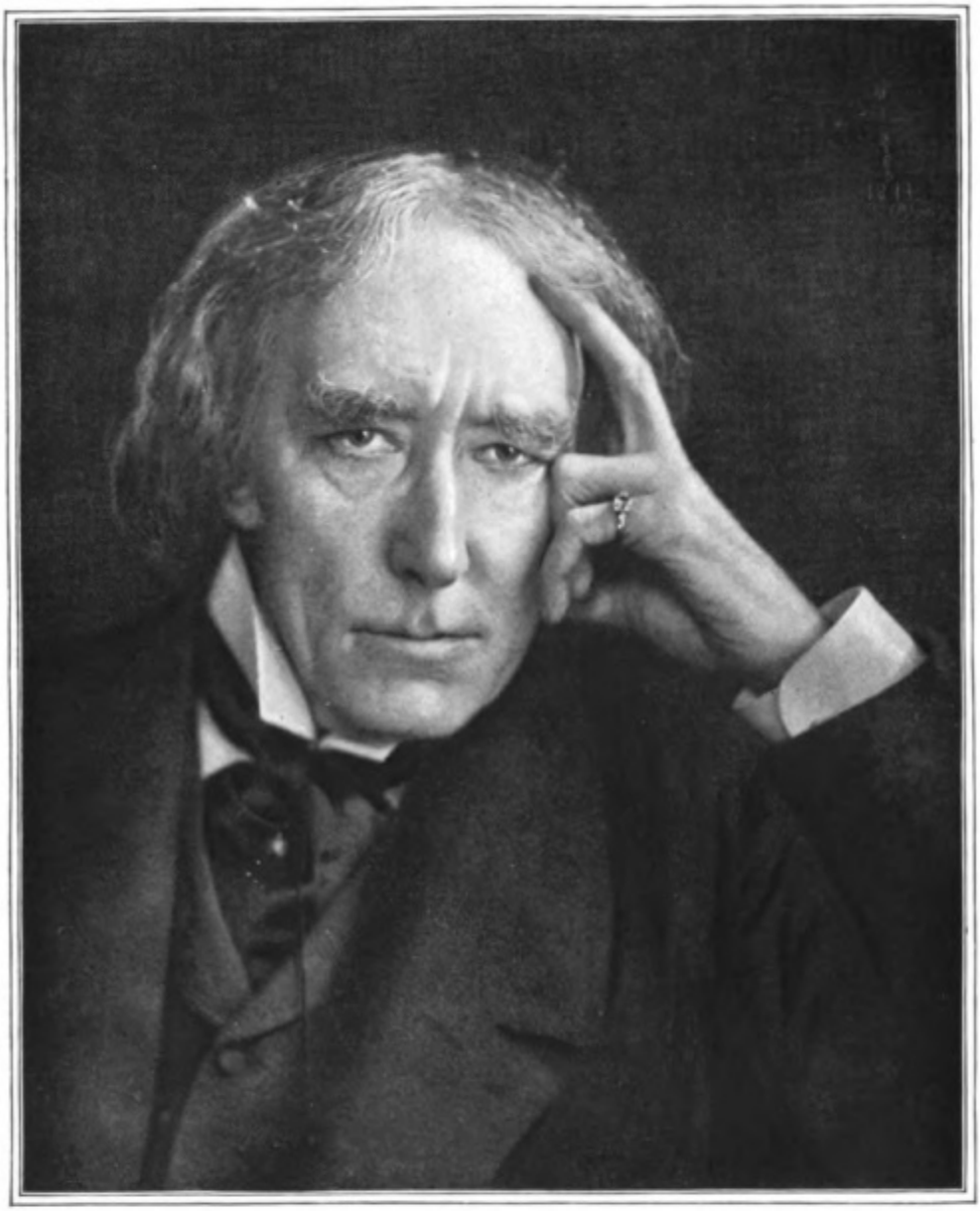

SIR HENRY IRVING.

Henry Irving

A new portrait, here published for the first time. Copyright, 1899, by E. W. Histed, 42 Baker Street, London, England. *(See page 47.)*

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McClure's Magazine.

Vol. XIV. NOVEMBER, 1899. No. 1.

TWO THOUSAND MILES IN THE ANTARCTIC ICE.

By Dr. Frederick A. Cook,

Surgeon of the Belgian Antarctic Expedition.

MEN'S FIRST EXPERIENCE OF A SOUTH POLE WINTER.—ADVENTURES OF THE LATEST ANTARCTIC EXPLORERS.

Illustrated from Photographs Taken by the Author.

FOR the origin of the Belgian Antarctic Expedition we are indebted to the energetic efforts of Lieutenant Adrien de Gerlache. By soliciting private subscriptions and finally by securing the aid of the Belgian Government, De Gerlache succeeded in collecting the sixty thousand dollars which were barely sufficient to fit out the enterprise. The vessel selected for the mission was the Norwegian sealer "Patria," which was rechristened "Belgica." She is a strong vessel, of about 250 tons, built some ten years ago. She was not strengthened or altered on the plan of Nansen's vessel, the "Fram," as has been so often stated. Nevertheless, she proved herself a craft of extraordinary endurance, withstanding the thumps of rocks, iceberg collisions, and pressure in the pack-ice in a manner perfectly marvelous. Owing to a scarcity of funds, the equipment of the ship and the outfit for polar exploration were somewhat imperfect. If we had been compelled to stay longer or if it had been necessary to make a forced overland journey, or a retreat homeward on the ice, we should have found our equipment inadequate. The object of the expedition was never clearly defined. In a general way we sailed on a voyage for scientific research and exploration in Antarctic seas. The details of our itinerary and the particulars of our route were to be decided by the circumstances encountered.

The members of the expedition were from many lands. Although they all spoke languages foreign to my own, as a body they proved most charming companions. The officers of the ship were: Commandant, Adrien de Gerlache of Belgium; captain, George Lecointe of Belgium; mate, Roald Amundsen of Norway. The members of the scientific staff were: Department of zoölogy and botany, Emile Racovitza; department of oceanography, meteorology, and geology, Henryk Arctowski of Poland; department of terrestrial magnetism, Emile Danco of Belgium; department of medicine and anthropology, Frederick A. Cook of the United States. The sailors were bright fellows, with a fair education, taken from Norway and Belgium.

Editor's Note.—In the Antarctic expedition of which he here tells the story, Dr. Cook was the surgeon and ethnologist. In company with the other members of the scientific staff, he parted from the "Belgica" last spring, in South America. Their work had finished with the observations made about Cape Horn, on their return; and as it was necessary to dock the ship for examination and repairs before carrying her on to Belgium, imposing a detention of several months, they left her and came on ahead. Even at this writing, the "Belgica" has not reached home, but is expected to arrive about October 20th. The voyage in the "Belgica" was not Dr. Cook's first experience in polar exploration. He went with the first Peary expedition to North Greenland in 1891-92; he went in the schooner yacht "Zeta" for a summer trip to West Greenland in 1893; and he was in charge of the "Miranda" expedition in 1894.

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Altogether we numbered nineteen when leaving Punta Arenas—seven officers, housed in the cozy little cabins, and twelve marines, housed in the forecastle. Thus divided, we were two happy families, and as such we tried to extract from the frozen south polar surroundings such rare comforts as regions of perennial snows afford.

The "Belgica" left Antwerp at the end of August, 1897. She steamed and sailed down the Atlantic to Madeira, then across to Rio de Janeiro, down to Montevideo, and into the Strait of Magellan to Punta Arenas. After spending some time in the Fuegian Channels and among the Cape Horn Indian tribes, we took our departure from the known world at Staten Island on January 13, 1898. We sighted the South Shetland Islands a week later, where, in a violent tempest, we lost by an accidental fall overboard the young and faithful Norwegian sailor Wencke. We next crossed the ever-foggy and ever-tempestuous waters of Bransfield Strait, and on the afternoon of the 23d of January, 1898, came in sight of the outer fringe of a new land, the Palmer Archipelago. Entering this, we discovered a new highway, which in size compares favorably with Magellan Strait. To the east of this strait, we charted about 500 miles of a land which had never before been seen by human eyes—part of a great continental mass which probably surrounds the South Pole. It is buried even in midsummer under a ponderous weight of perennial ice. Passing out of the strait, we entered the South Pacific, and after skirting the western border of Graham Land to Adelaide Island and then to Alexander Island, we attempted to enter the main body of the pack-ice westward.

DR. FREDERICK A. COOK IN HIS ANTARCTIC COSTUME.
From a photograph. Copyright, 1899, by Frederick A. Cook.

On the longitude covered by the drift of the "Belgica" no explorer before us had ever entered the main body of the pack-ice. The previous work of exploration there had been confined to the outer fringe of the drift along the edge of the pack. The pioneer of this work, as of much that is polar, was Captain James Cook. In 1774, he searched the pack edge for an open road poleward, and on the one hundred and seventh meridian he penetrated southward to somewhat below the seventy-first parallel. In 1821, Captain Bellingshausen, a Russian explorer, following in the wake of Cook, skirted the ice limits, and discovered an isolated island which he named Peter Island. Further eastward, Bellingshausen also discovered what seemed to him to be part of a large country. This was named Alexander Land. Eleven years later, Captain Biscoe, a British sealer, passing from the west eastward, somewhat north of the ice limits, discovered, as he thought, a series of islands, fronting a high country. The country he named Graham Land; the largest island, Adelaide Island; and the group, Biscoe Islands. The existence of these islands is, however, doubtful, as the "Belgica" sailed over the region where they are charted, and did not encounter them. In 1839, Lieutenant Walker, commanding the schooner "Flying Fish," a New York pilot boat forming a part of the United States South Sea Exploring Expedition, under Admiral Wilkes, pushed along the ice and into a bay to the seventieth parallel of south latitude. Walker

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AT THE EDGE OF THE PACK, SHOWING NEW OR PAN-CAKE ICE IN THE FOREGROUND.

From a photograph. Copyright, 1899, by Frederick A. Cook.

into the pack during this black night. The noise was maddening. Every swell that drove against the ship brought with it tons of ice, which was thrown against her ribs with a thundering crash. The wind howled as it rushed past us, and came with a force that made us grasp the rails to keep from being thrown into the churning seas. The good old ship kept up a constant scream of complaints as she struck piece after piece of the masses of ice. Occasionally we would try to talk, but the deafening noises of the storm, the squeaking strains of the ship, and the thumping of the ice made every effort at speech inaudible. With our stomachs dissatisfied, and our minds raised to a fever-heat of excitement, and with a prospect of striking an iceberg at any moment and going to the bottom of the sea, we were, to say the least, uncomfortable. When we had entered sufficiently into the body of the pack, and were snugly surrounded by closely packed ice-floes, the sea subsided, and here the overworked ship rested for the night.

THE "BELGICA" PUSHING POLEWARD. A ROYAL PENGUIN IS SHOWN IN THE FOREGROUND.

From a photograph. Copyright, 1899, by Frederick A. Cook.

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A FAMILY OF PENGUINS.

In the morning the wind changed to the northeast, and the ice separated, leaving long open leads of water. These leads offered a tempting highway poleward, and De Gerlache was not long in deciding the course. With a fair wind pressing the sails and with steam, we pushed to the south. The navigation was not easy; still it was less difficult at this time than it usually is in an Antarctic pack. The pans were small —from fifty to 100 yards in diameter and about four feet thick. They were separated by quantities of pulverized fragments and new ice.

A PENGUIN'S TRACKS.

From photographs. Copyright, 1899, by Frederick A. Cook.

AN EXCITING TIME AMONG THE ICEBERGS.

Evenly scattered about in the icy expanse were numerous icebergs: usually about 200 could be counted from the crow's-nest. The navigating officer remained at the masthead, and directed the course of the ship. It was exciting navigation. The sky in the north was lined with heavy, lead-colored clouds; in the south there was the ever-bright ice blink. Petrels in large number and in great variety hovered about us, as if to ask our business in their domains. Penguins walked about on the ice, uttering squeaky noises that re-echoed from berg to berg. Seals, lazily sunning themselves, came to the edge of the floe to see the human intruders. Meanwhile the ship was forced on in a wild way into the ice. Now she was run upon the floes to break them; again she was pushed between to force them aside; but always she was fighting an uneven battle against the huge masses of ice.

After two days of this ice-ramming, we found that we had passed through about ninety miles of ice. We were now made to realize that further progress was impossible. The ice was too closely packed; and the floes were here heavier: it was no longer possible to break them or to push them aside. We were so closely hugged, indeed, that movement in any direction was impossible. To the south there were several lakes visible from the crow's-nest, and to the northwest there were also spaces of open water; but after various efforts we found ourselves unable to reach these. On the 4th of March, we were forced to admit our inability to extricate ourselves. Our position at this time was latitude 71° 22′, longitude 84° 55′ —about 300 miles across the polar circle and about 1,100 miles from the geographical pole. The nearest land was the still unknown Alexander Island, about 300 miles eastward.

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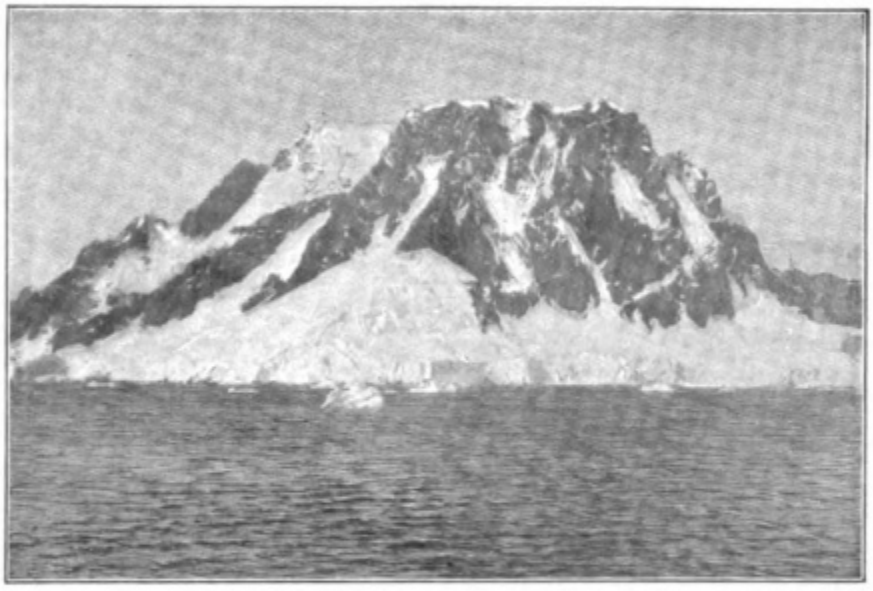
IN THE DRIFT.

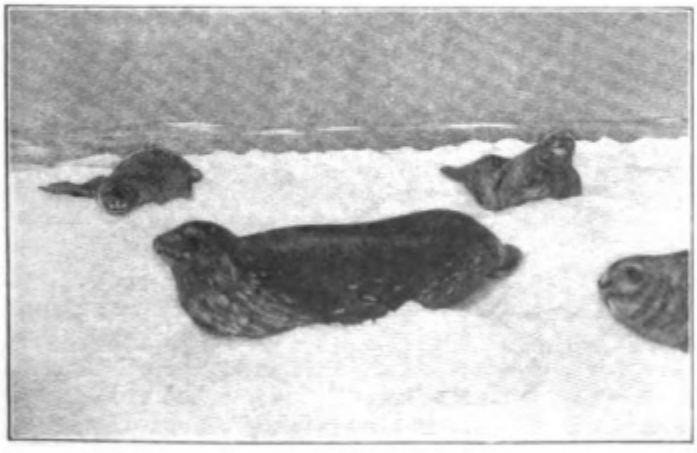


A PART OF GRAHAM LAND.

From a photograph. Copyright, 1899, by Frederick A. Cook.

We were now firmly fixed in a moving sea of ice, with no land and nothing stable on the horizon to warn us of our movements. Even the bergs, huge, mountainous masses, though apparently fixed and immovable, sailed as we did, and with the same apparent ease. The astronomical positions which we obtained from the sun and from the stars indicated to us that we drifted from five to forty miles per day. It is a strange sensation to know that, blown with the winds, you are moving rapidly over an unknown sea, and yet see nothing to indicate a movement. We passed no fixed point, and could see no pieces of ice stir; everything was quiet. The entire horizon drifted with us. We were part of an endless frozen sea. The ship and her cargo of men were compelled to rest thus, on a huge cake of ice, for nearly thirteen months. In this time we drifted about 2,000 miles. We drifted in a zigzag course, but generally west—never knowing our destination, and always conscious that we were the only human beings then to be found in the entire circumpolar region at the bottom of the globe.

Resigned to our fate, we tried to make the best of our hard lot. To be caught in the ice is, after all, the luck which polar explorers must expect. Our first duty was to prepare for our stay through the coming night. The summer days of midnight suns were past. The premonitory darkness of the long night was falling upon us with marvelous rapidity, for on this latitude the sun dips below the southern skies at midnight late in January. This dip increases and sweeps more and more of the horizon every day until early in May, when the sun sets and remains below the horizon for seventy-one days. When we first skirted the pack-ice in February there were a few hours of bright twilight at midnight. The darkness then was not sufficient to prevent navigation throughout the night; but now it was really dark for eight hours. The temperature, too, was falling rapidly. We had been led to believe by the experiences of previous Antarctic explorers that the temperature, compared with the Arctic, would be more moderate; but in this we were disappointed. An icy wind came from the south, brushing the



WEDDELL SEA LEOPARDS.

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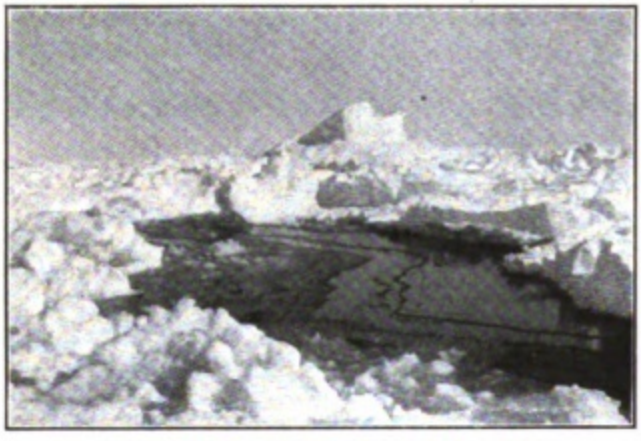
warm, moist air seaward and replacing it by a sharp, frigid atmosphere. The temperature fell to ten degrees below zero, then to twenty, and later it descended to thirty, forty, and finally forty-five below.

The months of March and April were, in many respects, the happiest months of the year. Everything at this time was new to us. We found interest in the weird cries of the penguins, we found pleasure and recreation in hunting seals, and we prided ourselves on our ability to wing petrels for specimens. Everything about the new life and the strange white world around us was fascinating. The weather at this time was occasionally clear and always very cold, which was not the case during the greater part of the year. The pieces of ice gathered into groups, and united to form larger fields. The entire pack, one endless expanse of apparently motionless, but still constantly moving, ice, was full of interest to us. The sun presented a curious face in its rise and descent; and the color effects, though not gorgeous, were attractive for simplicity of shades. The moon, too, had a distorted face as it came out of the frosty mist resting over the pack. The stars shone out of the heavy blue like huge gems. At this season the Aurora Australis displayed most its rare glory on the southwestern skies. We were drifting rapidly to the southwest—from one unknown sea to another still more unknown. "Perhaps we are on the way to the South Pole," was an every-day suggestion.



THE BREAKING OF THE ICE. A NEW LEAD.

HUMMOCKS.

From photographs. Copyright, 1899, by Frederick A. Cook.

STUDYING STRANGE SEAS.

Our first and most important work in the pack was to study the strange sea over which we drifted. This necessitated observations not only of the sea-ice and icebergs and the scant life about us, on the ice and in the water, but also of the composition of the water, its depth, the temperatures at various depths, and the material of the sea-bottom. It necessitated also a careful study of the atmosphere. The heads of the various scientific departments and their assistants were kept busy for a part of the time making these studies. The sailors, in addition to assisting with the scientific work, were kept well engaged by the ordinary routine work of the ship and the work of embanking the vessel with snow to protect her from the expected cold of the coming winter-long night.

By the 1st of May our ship was snugly finished for her winter imprisonment. A roof had been placed over the deck amidships, and under it were an anvil and a fire for the use of the engineer in making the necessary iron-work. The cabins were rearranged to offer the greatest possible amount of heat, light, and freedom from humidity. A floor was placed over the engine-room, and on it a small stove to heat the officers' quarters. The galley was placed between decks next to the forecastle, into which could go the superfluous heat. Double doors and double windows were made everywhere, and all possible openings where heat might escape were closed. Exteriorly, the sides of the ship were banked by snow blocks, the decks were blanketed by the constantly

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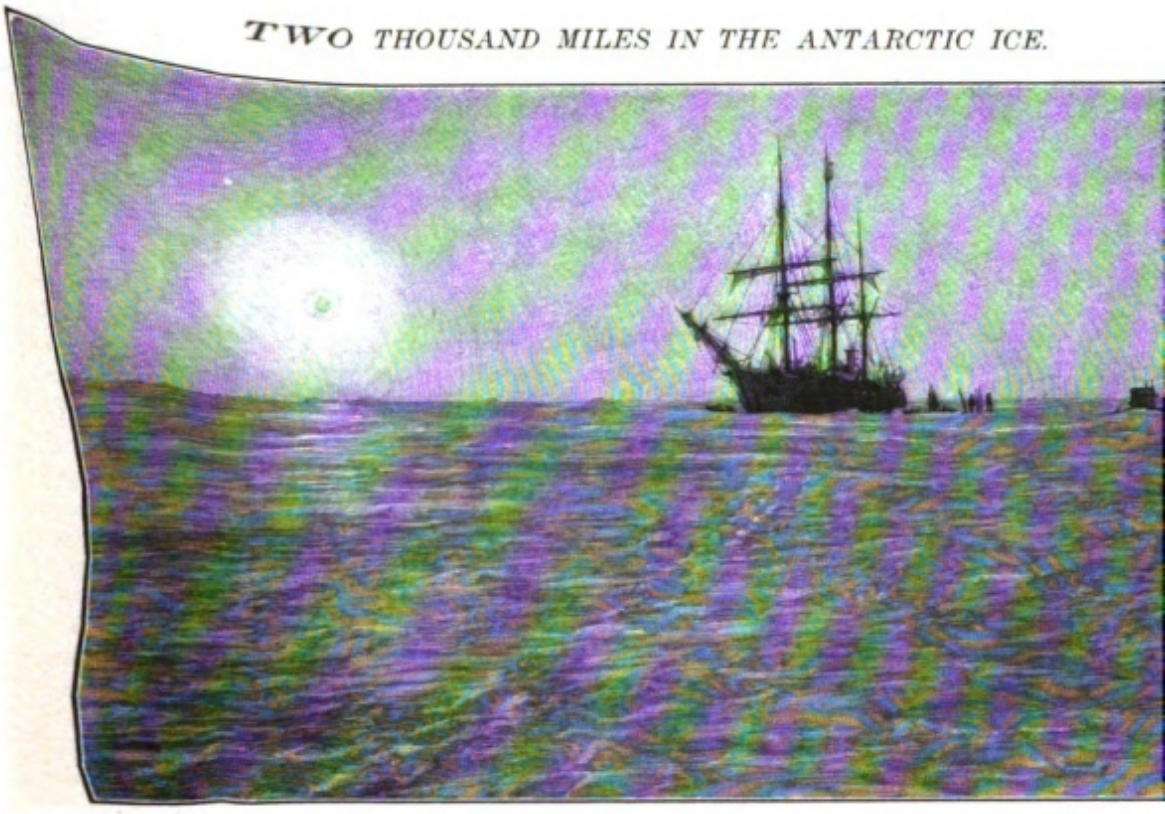

THE MIDNIGHT SUN: CHRISTMAS, 1898. THE "BELGICA" REMAINED FROZEN TIGHT IN THE ICE AS SHOWN, AND NEVER MOVING, EXCEPT AS SHE MOVED WITH THE WHOLE ICE-FIELD, FROM MARCH 4, TO FEBRUARY 14, 1899.

From a photograph. Copyright, 1899, by Frederick A. Cook.

falling snow, and over it all the snow-charged winds drifted, making a neat and perfect embankment. Our Antarctic home, then, was under a huge snow-bank, on a field of ice which drifted with the winds over the unknown Antarctic seas.

It was my delight to ascend to the mast-head and from the crow's-nest view our horizon day after day. The general aspect of our view changed very little. Some new cracks formed in the ice, and old ones closed. Some of the icebergs occasionally turned a little, showing a different face, but no marked alteration was ever visible in the general topography of the pack. Moving about as we were, there always seemed to be a possibility of finding a speck of land, a rock, or something new in our path; but this never happened. We saw no land during the entire drift. Appearances of land were reported every few days, but always proved deceptions. They were only illuminated clouds. Along the edge of the field in which we were frozen were large ridges or pressure lines, where the contact and pressure against neighboring fields raised fragments of ice above the surface. These ridges were from one to five yards in height. The field, usually about two miles in diameter, was dot everywhere by pyramidal and dome-sha miniature mountains, which rose above surface from two to twenty feet. These technically called "hummocks." Aro the hummocks and along the edge of floe penguins and seals rested sheltered f the wind. Near the ship and about the houses the snow was thrown up in g banks, dotted by black spots represent sledges, snow-shoes, sleighs, and general plements. As we emerged from the li hole on the port side which was our only e a narrow path led out about 100 yards circular hole through the ice. Over this had erected a large tripod, from which suspended the instruments for sounding fishing and recording deep-sea temperatu About midway between this and the ship, erected a box-shaped hut for nautical ob vations. About 100 yards from the st of the ship, Mr. Danco erected a curio shaped box for magnetic observations, a little distance beyond, upon a conven hummock, were placed the meteorolog instruments. About 200 yards off the p bow, a small house had been placed to c ture the electricity from the Aurora A

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tralis. Efforts were made to keep a path to each of these houses, but the work generally proved futile. The quantity of drift snow was always so great that it buried every path and every irregularity in the vessel's vicinity.

It was at no time possible to leave the ship without snow-shoes of some sort. The little exercise on the ice which freedom from duties permitted was taken on the Norwegian snow-shoe, the ski. For mere pleasure journeys these proved in every way superior to the Canadian rackets and other patterns; but where it became necessary to pull sledges or travel over rough paths, the other kinds were better. We made several long journeys to neighboring icebergs. Sometimes on these journeys we met with serious obstructions and detentions. It was not found practicable to carry food, extra clothing, or camping equipment, and yet often the need of these became very great. The ice separating would leave large zones of water between us and the next field, thus cutting off our retreat, and leaving us to spend hours of meditation upon the prospect of starvation and of death by freezing.

MEMBERS OF THE BELGIAN EXPEDITION MAKING DEEP-SEA SOUNDINGS IN THE ANTARCTIC.

From a photograph. Copyright, 1899, by Frederick A. Cook.

A 1,700-HOUR NIGHT.

The sun set on May 16th, to remain below the horizon for 1,700 long hours. The cold whiteness of our surroundings then assumed a colder blackness. For more than a month we had seen almost nothing of the real sun. Storm after storm kept the sky constantly veiled by a frozen smoky vapor. The bright and almost constant twilight which gladdened our hearts on first entering the pack quickly shortened to a gloomy grayness. This grayness then gave way to a soul-despairing darkness, broken only at noon by a feeble yellow haze on the northern sky. I can think of nothing more disheartening, more destructive to human ambition, than this dense, unbroken blackness of the long polar night. In the Arctic it has some redeeming features. There the white invader has the Eskimo to assist and teach and to amuse him. The weather there is clear and cold; and in the regions about Greenland, where I have been engaged, there is land—real solid land, not the mere mockery of it, like the shifting pack that was about us here. With land at hand prolonged journeys are always possible, but what were we to do on a moving sea of ice?

On the day following the actual disappearance of the sun, the wind changed to the south, the temperature fell to twelve degrees below zero, and, as was always the case in a southerly wind, the weather offered promise of clearing. At noon an image of the sun appeared in the north. This was a distorted form of the sun, raised above the horizon by a refraction in the dense, ice-laden atmosphere close to the sea line. But though it was only an imitation of the sun, it gave us a real joy, a pleasure indescribable.

A VISIT TO AN ICEBERG.

On the 18th, during the few hours of midday twilight, we made an excursion to a neighboring berg to view the last signs of the parting day. It was a weird mission. I shall always remember the peculiar impression it produced upon me. When we started almost all the party were outside, standing about in groups of three or four, discussing the prospect of the long winter night and the short glory of the scene about. A thing sadder by far than the fleeing sun was the sickness of our companion Lieutenant Danco, which was emphasized to us now by his absence from all the groups, his sickness confining him to the ship. We knew at this time that he would never again see a sunrise, and we felt that perhaps others might

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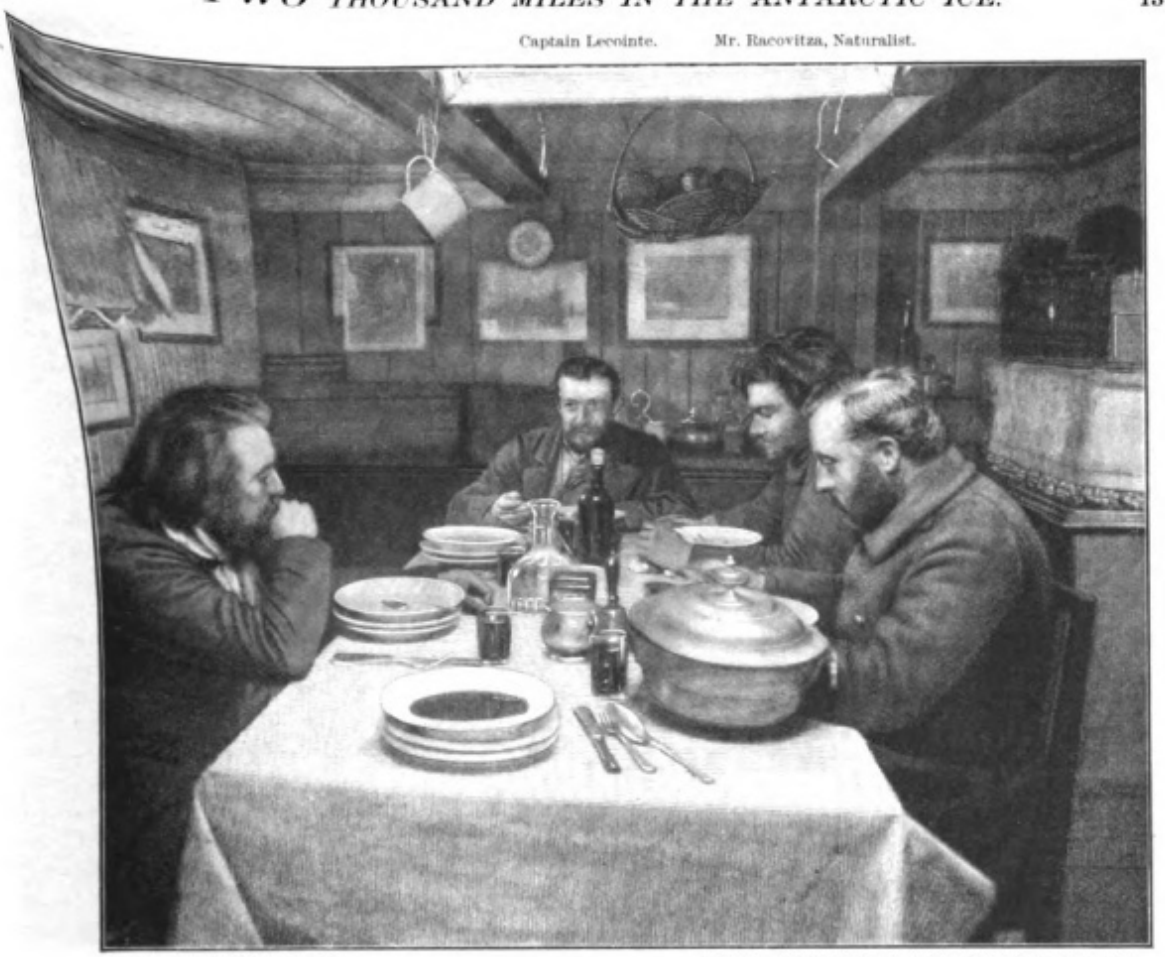

THE MIDSUMMER CHRISTMAS DINNER ON BOARD THE "BELGICA," DECEMBER 25, 1898.

From a photograph. Copyright, 1899, by Frederick A. Cook.

follow him. Who would be there to greet the returning sun? was often asked.

If I remember correctly, my companions on the excursion were De Gerlache and Amundsen. Slowly and lazily we skated over the rough surface of the snow to the northward. We had not gone far before we discovered that the ice was cracking and large leads were cutting off our retreat. We mounted hummocks of unusual height, and there awaited the imitation of the rising of the sun. Where the ice broke it separated, leaving a lane of black sea, from which oozed a steamlike vapor—in reality a cloud of small icy crystals that fell on the neighboring ice-fields. The countless miniature mountains, or hummocks, which covered the white fields had their northern faces brightened by a pale yellow light and their southern faces shadowed by a dull blue. This gave a little light to the usual lifeless gray of the ice-fields. Along the fresh leads there were a few penguins and an occasional seal, and in the water whales were spouting jets of breath. The pack, with the strange play of deflected light upon it, the subdued high lights, the softened shadows, the little speck of human and wild life and our good ship buried under its snows, should have been interesting to us; but we were interested only in the sky and in the northern portion of it. A few moments before noon the cream-colored zone in the north brightened to an orange hue, and precisely at noon a half of the form of the sun ascended above the ice. It was a distorted, dull semicircle of gold, heatless, rayless, and sad. It sank again in a few moments, leaving almost no color and nothing cheerful to remember through the seventy-one long days of darkness which followed. We returned to the ship, and during the afternoon laid out the plans for our midwinter occupation.

We could do some fishing during the night, but no sounding. Very little, indeed, was done outside except the work of bringing in

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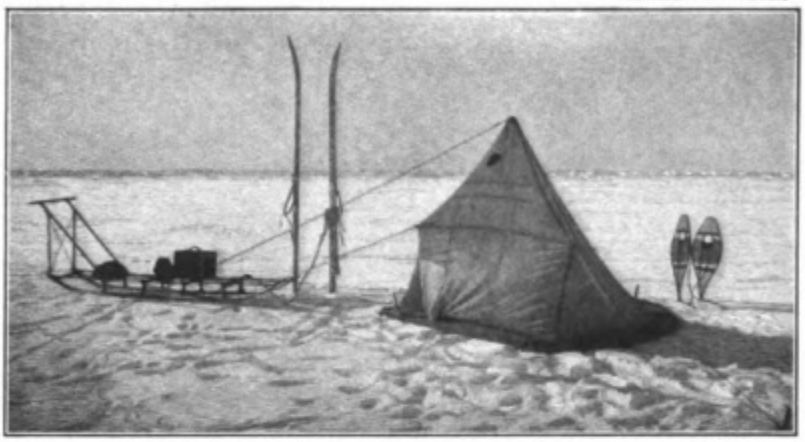


CAMPING ON THE PACK.

From a photograph. Copyright, 1899, by Frederick A. Cook.

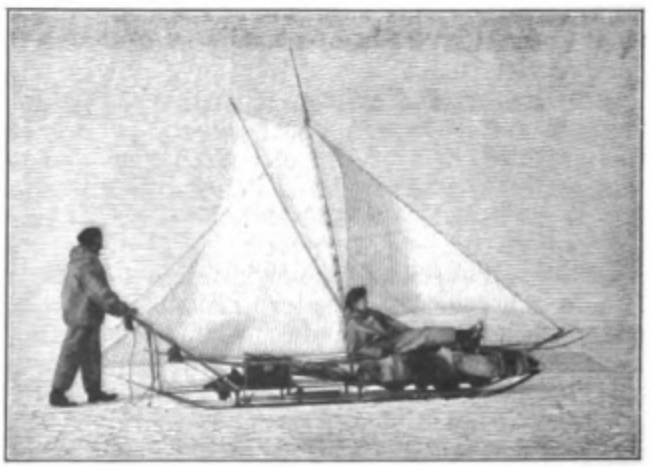
snow to melt for water and digging a path or a hole by which to get out. Each of us had planned a work of some magnitude to complete before sunrise. De Gerlache started to rewrite the ship's log. Lecointe began to complete the details of the summer's hydrographic work. Racovitza, in addition to regular laboratory work, was to plan the outlines of a new book on the geographical distribution of life. Arctowski had in mind a dozen scientific problems to elucidate. Amundsen entered into a copartnership with me to make new and more perfect traveling equipment; and in addition to this, I had the anthropological work of the past summer to place into workable order and a book on Antarctic exploration. Thus we had placed before us the outline for industrious occupation; but we did little of it. As the darkness increased, our energy faded. We became indifferent, and found it difficult to concentrate our minds or fix our efforts to any one plan of action. The work planned was partly accomplished, but it was done after the return of the sun.

The regular routine of our work was tiresome in the extreme; not because it was difficult of execution or required great physical exertion, but because it was monotonous. Day after day, week after week, and month after month, we rose at the same hour, ate the same things, talked on the same subjects, made a show at doing the same work, and looked out upon the same unbroken icy wilderness. We tried hard to introduce new topics for thought and new concoctions for the weary stomach. We strained the truth to introduce stories of home and of flowery future prospects, to infuse a new cheer; but it all failed miserably. We were under the spell of the black Antarctic night, and, like the world which it darkens, we were cold, cheerless, and inactive.

Here is the outline of a day's life on the "Belgica." Rise at 7.30 A.M.; coffee at 8; 9 to 10, open-air exercise; 10 to 12, scientific work, such as the regular meteorologic, magnetic, or laboratory tasks, for the officers; and for the marines, bringing in snow, melting snow for water, replenishing the ship's stores, repairing the ship, building new quarters, making new instruments, and doing anything which pertains to the regular work of the expedition; 12 to 2 P.M., dinner and rest or recreation; 2 to 4, official work; 4 to 4.30, coffee; 4.30 to 6, official work (regular work during this period was suspended for the greater part of the night); 6 to 7, supper; 7 to 10, card-playing, music, mending, and, on moonlight nights, excursions. At 10 o'clock we went to sleep.

PHYSICAL DEPRESSION.

Up to this time our health had been fairly good. Excepting a few light attacks of



SLED-SAILING OVER THE PACK-ICE.

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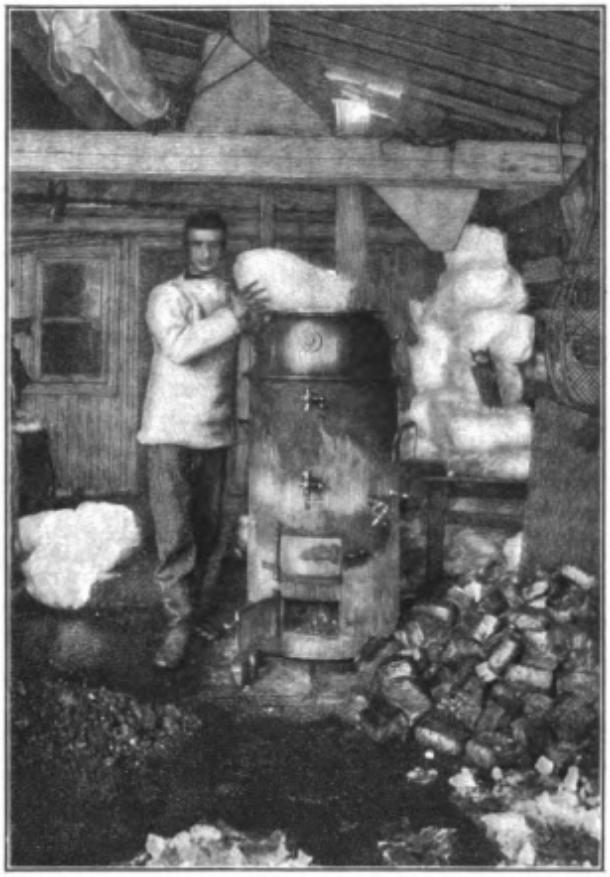
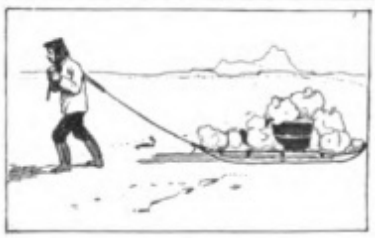
rheumatism and neuralgia and some unimportant traumatic injuries, there had been no complaint. We ate little, however, and were thoroughly disgusted with canned foods. We had tried the meat of the penguins, but to the majority its flavor was too "fishy." We entered the long night somewhat underfed, not because there was a scarcity of food, but because of our unconquerable dislike for such as we had. It is possible to support life for seven or eight months upon a diet of canned foods; but after this period there is something in the human system that makes it refuse to utilize the elements of nutrition contained in tins. Against such food even for a short period the stomach protests; confined to it for a long period, it simply refuses to exercise its functions. Articles that in the canning retain a natural appearance usually remain, especially if cooked a little, friendly to the palate. This is particularly true of meat retaining hard fibers, such as ham, bacon, dried meats, and corned beef. It is also true of fruits preserved in juices; and vegetables, such as peas, corn, tomatoes; and of dried things. Unfortunately this class of foods formed a very small part of our store. We were weighted down with the supposed finer delicacies of the Belgian, French, and Norwegian markets. We had laboratory mixtures, in neat cans, and combined in such a manner as to make them look tempting—hashes under various catching names, sausage stuffs in deceptive forms, meat and fish balls said to contain cream, and mysterious soups; and we had all the latest inventions in condensed foods. But one and all they proved failures as a steady diet. The stomach demands things with a natural fiber, or some tough, gritty substance. At this time, as a relief, we would have taken kindly to something containing pebbles or sand. How we longed to use our teeth!

The long darkness, the isolation, the tinned foods, the continued low temperature, with increasing storms and a high humidity, finally reduced our systems to what we will call polar anæmia. We became pale, with a kind of greenish hue; our secretions were more or less suppressed. The stomach and all the organs were sluggish, and refused to work. Most dangerous of all were the cardiac and cerebral symptoms. The heart acted as if it had lost its regulating influence. Its action was feeble, but its beats were not increased until other dangerous symptoms appeared. Its action was irregular, feeble, and entirely unreliable throughout the night. The mental symptoms were not so noticeable. The men were incapable of concentration, and unable to continue prolonged thought. One sailor was forced to the verge of insanity, but he recovered with the returning sun.





HAULING AND MELTING SNOW, SHOWING HOW THE WATER SUPPLY OF THE "BELGICA" WAS REPLENISHED.

From a photograph. Copyright, 1899, by Frederick A. Cook.

The first to feel the effects of polar anæmia seriously was our lamented friend and companion, Lieutenant Danco. With the descent of the sun began the beginning of his end. On the short journeys which we took during the few moments of noonday twilight Danco complained of shortness of breath.

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Indeed, we all had some difficulty of respiration upon the slightest exercise, but Danco would frequently stand still and gasp for breath. For this he came under medical care early in May, but in spite of every effort he rapidly sank, and died on June 5th. His death and burial are scenes too sad for my pen. My ink is not black enough to paint them.

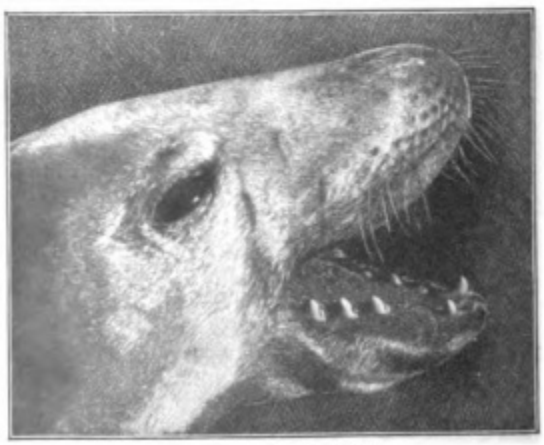
The dayless nights passed slowly, while the general spirit of the men sank lower and lower, until midnight on June 21st. The sad death of Danco and the increasing debility of every one reduced hope and cheerfulness to the minimum. To combat this we now took to a forced diet of fresh meat. Fortunately, we had on hand quite a supply of penguins and seals, stored in the banks of snow. We sawed the frozen meat into steaks, and fried them in oleomargarine. The men improved so rapidly on this diet that, though they objected to its fishy taste, they voluntarily ate it to the exclusion of almost everything else. Penguin and seal steaks, when once you have trained your nose to forget the odor and educated your palate to the dire needs of your system, are not bad. But to eat them is a matter of education under pressure. The flavor is unlike anything that I had tasted before. Imagine beef steeped in codliver oil for several months and then fried in train oil, and you will have an idea of our most prized relishes.

At noon on the 1st of July, there was a bright lemon-colored zone over the northern horizon, and from under it the wind came in gusts, with charges of snow so blinding that outside work or recreation was impossible. On the 4th of July, M. de Gerlache, with characteristic thoughtfulness, sent the stars and stripes to the masthead in honor of the day of American independence. For dinner that day we had an unusual menu, and we crowned our feast with appropriate toasts. Holidays and the like were the only excuse we had for an unusual time, and we took occasion to find as many of them as our fading memories retained. Birthdays, national feasts, and holidays of various nations, and even church days were chosen as excuses to punctuate time by dinners and wine.

Through the night there was nothing very remarkable connected with the celestial changes. Stars were visible at noon and at night in varying brilliancy and number, according to the amount of humidity in the atmosphere. There are not in the southern hemisphere the numerous fascinating nebulæ seen in the northern skies; but the Magellanic clouds, the Southern Cross, and other groups give it a charm of its own. The moon paid us its regular visits, and was always hailed with joy. By moonlight we were able to do some traveling, and by it, occasionally, we were able to capture a penguin, which was always a happy addition to our larder. One of the seemingly impossible accomplishments of the practical jokers was the construction of an artificial star. There existed some rivalry between two departments. For both it was necessary to have an observation of two fixed stars to determine our position. Owing to the constant cloud of snow which hung on the horizon, it was difficult, and generally impossible, to see a star low down. An artificial star was accordingly made by fixing a lantern on a post, and the post was placed far enough from the ship to be invisible. The observer did not discover that his star was a hoax for several days. The Aurora Australis was in evidence on nearly every night of April, May, July, and August. It was never so brilliantly luminous or so fantastic in figure as the Aurora Borealis. The usual form was that of an arc, without motion, resting low on the southwestern sky. Above and below it were ragged cloud-like fragments, which changed in form and brilliancy every few seconds. The color was faintly yellow, and the light emitted was never sufficient to be visibly thrown on to the surface snows.

NEW LIFE IN THE FIRST SUNSHINE.

The sun in rising appeared above the horizon by refraction before actual sunrise. For three weeks the northern sky had been so light at noon that had we not known when to expect the sun we might have awaited its



AN UNFRIENDLY SEAL.

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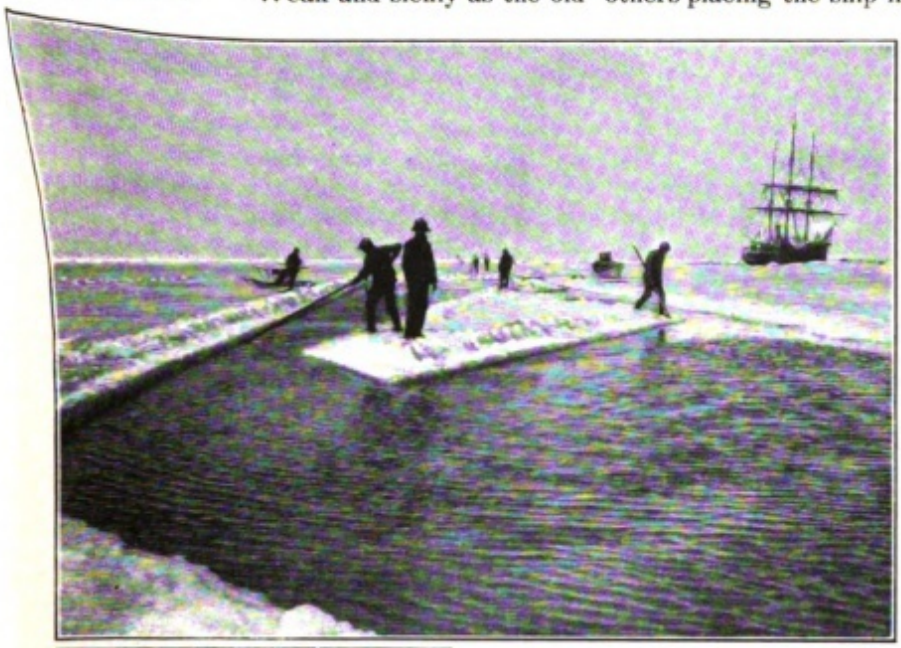
rise every day. On the 23d and 24th of July, a dull ball of fire rolled along the icy hummocks of the homeward sky, but the real sun did not rise to view until the 25th. Its face was pale, its light feeble, and its heat imperceptible. Weak and sickly as the old father of life seemed, he started within us renewed fountains of joy. The daylight at midday increased from a few minutes to hours, until finally, on the 16th of November, all darkness disappeared, and the long nightless polar day began. The early part of this period was the coldest season of the year, the temperature ranging steadily from 30 to 40 degrees below zero. During the night of September 8th, the thermometer registered 45.5 degrees below zero. This proved to be our minimum temperature. Although men came in with frozen feet and hands and noses, they all agreed that the coldest weather was by far the most agreeable.



CUTTING A CANAL THROUGH THE ICE TO RELEASE THE "BELGICA" FROM HER ELEVEN AND A HALF MONTHS' IMPRISONMENT.

By constant work, day and night, for five weeks the canal was completed and the ship steamed out; but only to be caught in the pack again, two days later, and held fast for yet another month. From a photograph. Copyright, 1899, by Frederick A. Cook.

The ice now separated, leaving large open leads of water. In these finback and bottle-nose whales gamboled about, but we saw nothing of the much-prized right, or black, whales. Seals and penguins, too, came out of the new fissure, and to get these for our larder was one of the sports of this time. The scene about the ship was now full of animation. Groups of men were sounding, others dredging the sea bottom, and still others placing the ship in order for the coming campaign. The regular observations were prosecuted with unusual vigor. Everybody, acting under the new stimulation of the sun, worked with a surprising will and ambition.

In November and December there was considerable change in the pack. The influence of the sun at noon was sufficient to reduce the great amount of drift snow to a depth of less than two feet. The hummocks lost their soft, downy faces, and stood out in hard, irregular masses. New fissures appeared in various places, making the general dimension of the ice-fields smaller. The field in which we were imbedded, however, retained its original size. It was irregular in form, with a general diameter of two miles. This was somewhat greater than the average size of the fields about us. Between the fields, around the icebergs, and particularly around our field, there were lakes and lanes of water which would permit some navigation. If we had been free, we might have forced a few miles daily to some new region. We had made preparations for a summer voyage of exploration to the outer part of the Palmer Archipelago, and then to the Weddell seas. As week after week of the short season passed we abandoned this ambition and sought for some means to extricate ourselves. The end of November was the time fixed upon to leave the pack, but November and December passed without

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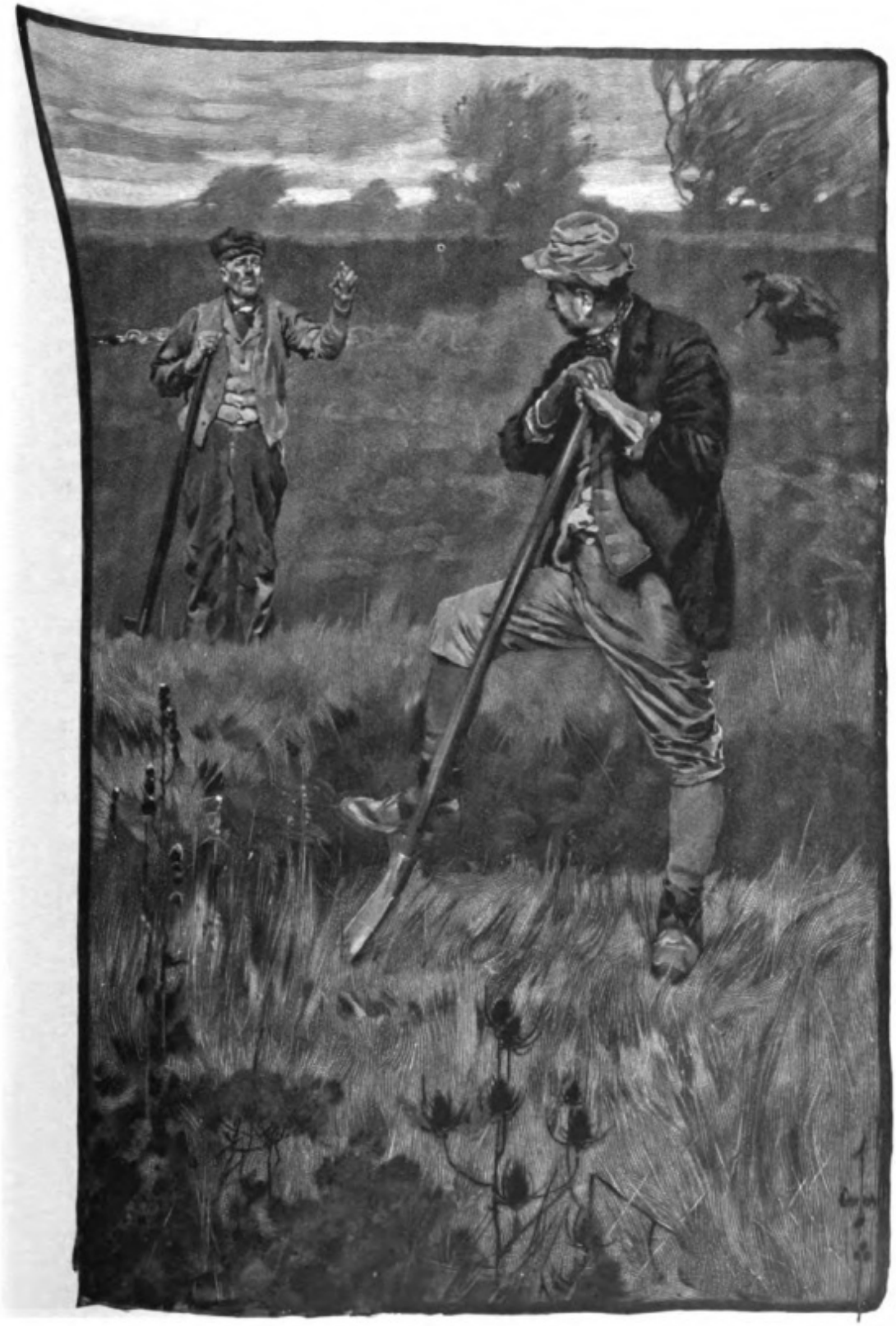

"'AH, THERE YE ARE AGAIN WI' YOUR GOSSOON'S TALK!'"

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They saw her reach the fire which burned close to the hedge; saw her sit down on a pile of turf and begin slicing potatoes into seed-cuts; then they looked at each other, and without a word turned to their spades. A while passed, then said Peter:

"I'm thinkin' I know now what'd be ailin' her."

"Ay," answered Hughy in his slow way; "mebbe ye do, Peter."

And after that, till dinner-time had come, no word passed between the planters.

"THEY SAW HER REACH THE FIRE WHICH BURNED CLOSE TO THE HEDGE."

PART II

"THERE'S no clock in the sky the day," Peter said, looking up as if in search of the sun; "but be the feel o' things it must be dinner-time. Come away, Hughy," said he, and set off towards the fire.

Hughy threw his spade into a furrow, and, with his hands clasped behind his back, slowly followed Peter. Presently he turned; looked at Lizzie; grunted and turned; turned again and muttered; without more ado began retracing his steps.

"It's the divil's work for a woman," he mumbled as he went; then, coming closer to Lizzie, raised his voice.

"It's dinner-time," said he; "there or thereabouts."

"Is it?" answered Lizzie, without looking up. "I'm obliged to ye."

Hughy knitted his brow; pocketed his hands; let his weight rest on this foot, now on that.

"But— You're comin' over, Lizzie?" he asked.

"Naw, Hughy. I'm not."

"Eh? You're not? An' what—?" Words failed Hughy.

"I'm goin' over the bog to see Anne Daly," Lizzie went on. "I promised her, this mornin', I'd go an' take a bite wi' her."

"Aw," said Hughy, "I see. Then, that bein' so— We'd be powerful glad o' your company, Lizzie," he went on, and looked wistfully at her; "if only you'd come."

"I'm thankful to ye, Hughy. Still—a promise is a promise."

"Aw, I know, I know. I wouldn't have

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"'WELL, WE WERE SAYIN' YE DIDN'T LOOK YOURSELF THIS MORNIN', LIZZIE.'"

For a minute or two he watched her swaying here and there among the manure-heaps; then, suddenly, let fall his spade and settled his hat firmly on his crown.

"I'm mindful to say a word to her," said he. "I have somethin' to say. . . . Aw, I'll be back in a jiffy," he broke off, and with a wave of his hand set out toward Lizzie.

Now Hughy Fitch was a simple fellow, big-hearted and trusting, and, moreover, was Peter Jarmin's friend; still it must be said that he watched his partner go swinging over the grass toward Lizzie with no very friendly eyes. What, in glory, was the man after? he asked himself. Somehow he was not trusting Peter. Look at him there, now, standing before Lizzie, and him as impudent-looking as a cattle-jobber. What, in the king's name, was he saying? See how Lizzie was staring at him. There again! Out goes Peter's hand; up goes his voice; out goes t'other hand. Whisht! Is that Lizzie laughing? Ay, it is. Look at her head back, and her mouth open. Now Peter turns, and glowers at the ground; wheels round again, and says another word or two; gets another laugh from Lizzie, and bangs his hat on the grass; turns, and . . . It was time to be minding his own business, thought Hughy.

The afternoon wore on. Each at his furrow, the planters wrought steadily, and one to the other spoke never a word. Sometimes Peter muttered fiercely below his breath, or growled viciously as his spade struck a stone. Often enough Hughy stole a quick glance at his partner's face, and wondered to see how black it was and how fierce. Now and then a laug swirled up the ridges on the wings of th wind; and Hughy turned to see Lizzie holdin her sides; and Peter swore between hi teeth. At last—two hours, maybe, havin gone since dinner-time—Lizzie passed on he way to the fire, and at sight of her steppin along, nose in the air and a grin on her face Peter snatched the halter from his tongu and cried fiercely:

"The jade!" And again: "The hussy!

"Ay?" said Hughy, without raising h eyes. "Ay?"

"Look at her prancin' along. Look a the grin on her. The hussy!" cried Pet again. "The jade!" Hughy kept silen Lizzie sat down by the fire, and began warn ing her hands. Fiercely Peter wielded h spade; fiercely, in a little while, did he speal "She's a fool! She laughed at me, scorn me. . . . I'm not an ould man," cried P ter all suddenly; "I'm not ugly. I'm

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"HE CAUGHT THE GLINT OF PETER'S BLACK EYES THROUGH THE PEAT SMOKE."

Lizzie'd do her share. There was the bit o' land, the cow, the goat, the ducks and chickens; there was a decent house; and sure, God was good, anyway. Dear, dear, the strange way things turned out! Not a notion did he have, when he left home that morning, of giving the word to the girl—not a notion. And now? Well, no matter. Maybe 'twas all for the best. Suppose he went, then and there, and asked her? He looked at Lizzie, at Peter, at the hills; rubbed his chin, looked again at Lizzie, worked a while, pondered a while, started to go, came back, started again, came back again; at last decided to put off the asking till tea-time had come with a good opportunity.

Tea-time came, and still Hughy wavered. Sure, there was no hurry. How could he say a word to the girl, and she drinking out of the same can with himself and Peter? How could he ask her, with Peter sitting there blinking and grinning at him like a mad monkey? Sure, it was time enough. He'd speak to her inside half an hour. Yes; danged but he would!

The half-hour went; an hour went; the end of the second hour saw Hughy still pondering and wavering; the third brought dusk and quitting time, and to Hughy the determination (fixed and steady) to give Lizzie the word on his way home. He hid his spade in a furrow; put on his coat, lit his pipe; with his elbow on the gate, stood waiting for Lizzie to come. He wondered how he'd start, what she'd say; he wondered how much longer she would be in takin' off her *praskeen*. . . . What, what! Where was she going? He put hands to mouth and shouted:

"Hoi—i, Lizzie! Hoi—i—i, Lizzie!" The girl, as she walked from the fire, turned her head. "Aren't ye comin' home?" shouted Hughy.

"Naw," answered Lizzie, and walked on.

"Where—where are ye goin', then?"

"G'luck!"

Hughy stood dumfounded. Peter came up, passed through the gateway, laughed in that sarcastic manner of his; went up the lane towards Emo House.

For a while Hughy stood looking after Lizzie; then, suddenly, went hurrying in her steps over the potato field, across the bottoms, along the heathery turf banks of Emo bog. He felt hurt, vexed, fearful that the girl might be bent on something reckless; it was with much relief, if with a slight stab

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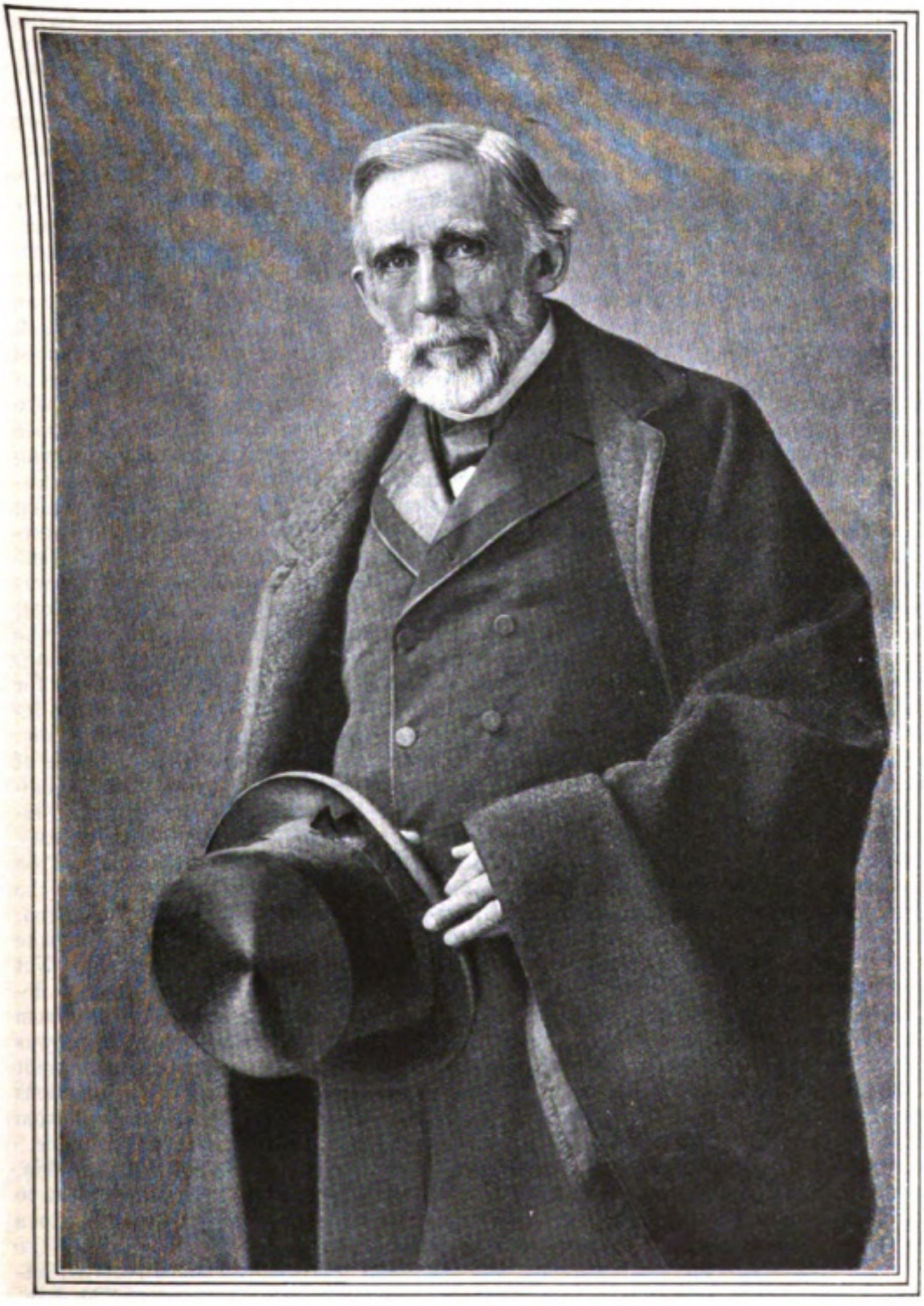

THE HON. GEORGE S. BOUTWELL.

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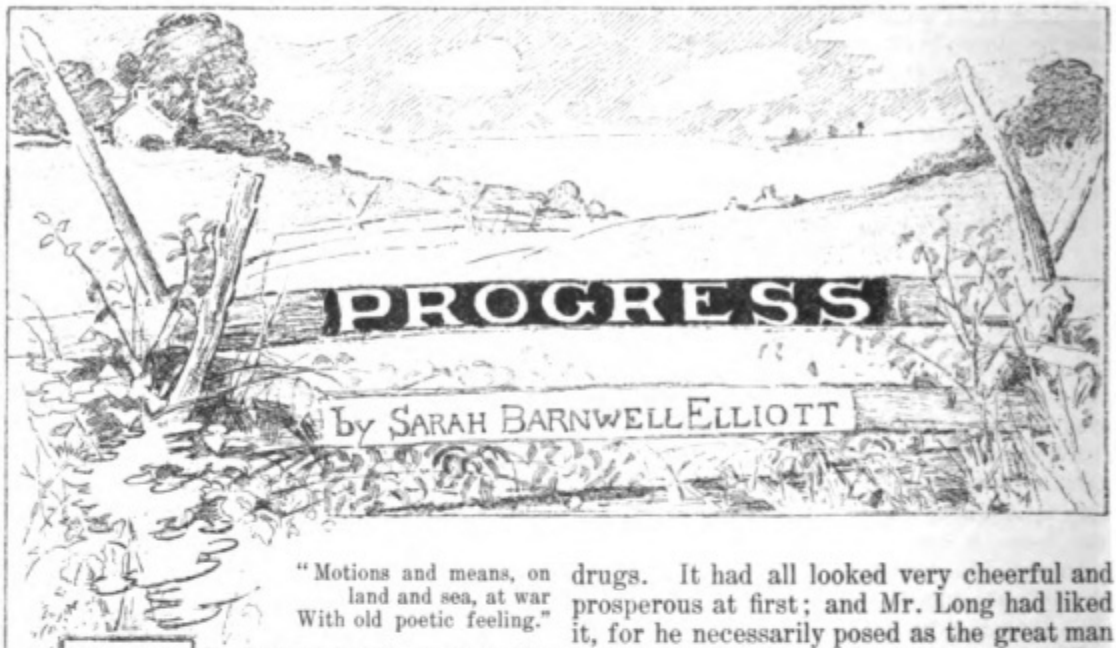

"Motions and means, on
land and sea, at war
With old poetic feeling."

MR. SAM LONG stood in the doorway of his shop, with a troubled look on his face: a lengthening, line-drawing look that was a ridiculous misfit, for his face had been planned and prepared for the lines of laughter and kindly friendliness; his voice had a ring of hospitality all through it, and his laugh made one think of spare-ribs and sweet potatoes and "midnight 'possums" and Christmas turkeys—not to speak of hot apple-toddies by a big wood fire, and of other things on the shady front piazza. There was not a commercial line about Mr. Long, and the shop background seemed to be as unsuited to him as the look of trouble on his face. "Things have changed," he said to himself impatiently, and rubbed his chin. After a moment, he drove his hands down into his pockets, and took a turn up and down the empty shop; then coming back to his stand in the doorway, he sighed profoundly.

Of course, when the war was ended and the negroes were freed, there had been a change. But that was not what had caused Mr. Long's trouble; his difficulties had begun much later, when a railway had worked its way through the country, skirting the old farm and putting a station at the fence corner. He had been paid what he thought a good price for the land where the station and, later, the post-office had been built, and felt quite rich when a young physician came, and buying another slip of the "big field," built a small shop, where he dispensed drugs. It had all looked very cheerful and prosperous at first; and Mr. Long had liked it, for he necessarily posed as the great man of "Longville." Presently the post-office and the doctor's office caused Longville to become the lounging place for the surrounding country, and a negro blacksmith building a shed to cover his anvil, it became, as if by magic, a swarming-place for negroes. After this, a traveling-man suggested that a shop for general merchandise was needed, and why did not Mr. Sam Long build and keep one?

But all these changes had come about so naturally, the sequence had been so logical, that it took some time for the Longs to see what had happened. From the very first, the old people had bemoaned themselves for the lost peace and quiet of their days, and because of the dirt and hideousness that were encroaching on the old household. But, then, they were old. After a while, however, Mr. Sam Long's wife began to be troubled about many things, and, later, Mr. Long himself. And now, as he stood in his shop door, waiting for his friend, Mr. Hicks, who was coming to advise with him concerning his financial condition, he remembered that all these changes had begun just ten years ago.

Ten years ago this very month the engineers who were surveying the line had come, and had made his house their headquarters. They had stayed with him a month; then had gone away leaving him feeling that the whole South was making tremendous strides; that a grand new era of prosperity was dawning; that progress, with an enormous capital P, was pushing and pulling every creature in the poor, old, belated South into a financial paradise. And he remembered, too, that

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"Well, there's trade——"

Mr. Long held up his hand. "Don't mention that," he said.

"And newspapers," Mr. Hicks went on, "and a knowledge of what the world's a-doing."

"I'M AFRAID I'M RUINED, ABE; BUT I CAN'T AGREE TO IT TILL SOMEBODY PROVES IT."

"Maybe; but *we* didn't want any of that. We didn't know about it, and ruin's a mighty high price to pay for newspapers. But I'm not to blame, please God," and Mr. Long sighed. "I didn't go out hunting for any of these things. They came and shoved 'em on me, and called 'em progress. Jerusha! I hate that word so I wish there wasn't a P in the alphabet."

The lawyer smiled. "You're a born farmer, Sam," he said. Then more earnestly, "But I don't see how you lost, Sam. How was it?"

"I can't say rightly myself," Mr. Long answered with a puzzled look. "I can't add it up to save my life; but I'll tell you the best I can. Me and Betsy thought we were losing because everybody stopped with us as they passed by, and because we had to buy so many things we'd never bought before, like canned things, and cloth, and poor cloth at that, Betsy not having time, because of the people, to spin or to weave. So we took the advice of a traveling fellow, and turned the old home into a boarding-house, and I opened this store. But, I tell you, Abe, there's some funny things about keeping a store or a boarding-house, some right funny things. Sometimes we felt like we was bewitched, we or the money, one. Now there was that young Dr. Jinkins. Just as soon as I opened this store, he said, 'Mr. Long, it'll be better for both of us if I move into your store, for then the people who come to buy my things will see yours; and the people who come to buy your things 'll see mine. There's nothing like concentration.' And it looked so, Abe? Well, sir, he rented out his little shop, and I didn't charge him anything for coming into mine, because it didn't cost me anything. But, Abe, when that fellow slipped off leaving his debts unpaid, it seemed a big loss, and to save me I couldn't see where I'd lost. He didn't come for meals to our house 'cept when I took him there, and he didn't owe for any dry goods, for he sent to town for such as that. All he owed for was for hams and potatoes and fire-wood and things that came off the farm and didn't cost me nothing; but yet I seemed to lose a heap by that fellow. Betsy 'llowed it was the confidence I'd lost."

"Maybe it was the confidence," Mr. Hicks said thoughtfully; "but it strikes me he was a mighty sharp rascal."

"Well, it did look mean," Mr. Long admitted, "mean enough to make me feel sorry for him; but the actual money loss wasn't much. I've often given away lots more than he owed for, and it never seemed to count."

"Maybe," Mr. Hicks said again, "but you weren't trying to make money then,

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"Yes," Mr. Long struck in, his voice scaling high and thin with despair; "yes, always friendly, and yet when I had to raise my prices to cover handling; when I tried to collect promptly to save myself, the folks I've known all my life won't speak to me and have taken all their trade to the next station."

Mr. Hicks shook his head. "I know," he said, "and it all looks, and is, mighty unjust; but people are like that. And being friendly, and doing as you'd be done by, takes a heap of capital; and, Sam, that ain't what they call business."

Mr. Long leaned his head down on the high desk. "What'll I do, Abe?" he asked.

"Sell."

Then a silence fell, so tense, so all-pervading, so heavy with this little, every-day, cross-roads tragedy, that a rat gnawing in the wall seemed to cry ruin, and the oil that dripped from the oil-pump into a tin cup seemed to ring a knell. Mr. Hicks could not bear it long, and he slapped his friend on the back. "Bear up, old man," he cried, "bear up. Your land is good, rich land, and in prime condition. Maybe you can sell for enough to pay the mortgage and your debts, too, and have a little over."

"MOTHER."

"Sell the old place?" Mr. Long said, raising his head and looking about him in a dazed way. "Sell the old place? What'll my mother do—and Betsy? Oh, Abe, it'll kill 'em!" and the face he turned toward his friend was drawn and aged and changed. All the ruddiness had faded from it, and the round cheeks hung down in flabby creases.

Mr. Hicks did not like the sight, and turned away. "It's pretty bad," he acknowledged huskily, looking down the length of the shop, "pretty bad; but I'll tell you, Sam," his voice growing firmer, "that when it comes to trouble, women bear up better than we do. They'll fret themselves to death if you clean your gun in the wrong end of the house or track up a floor, but when it comes to a great big thing that knocks a man all to flinders, they'll not turn a hair. I'm a lawyer, you know, and have lots of experience with ruin."

"Betsy'll bear up," Mr. Long moaned, "she's prepared; but my mother, oh, my mother! She's so old," and again Mr. Long's head dropped on his arms, that were crossed on the high desk.

Mr. Hicks walked down to the shop door, and stood looking out. Presently a young fellow came from the telegraph office, and he called him. "Come here, Simon," he said; and when the boy had reached his side, he went on, "I want you to keep the shop a while; I want your father to go over to the house with me."

Then he took Mr. Long out of the back door and across the fields to the old homestead. It was a friendly looking old house, low and rambling, the oldest part being of logs, and with no beauty but its friendliness, and Mr. Hicks found himself looking away from the old house, as he had looked away from the face of his friend. The two men entered slowly, Mr. Long's step dragging. He had had one last hope that his friend would be able to help him to some solution of his difficulties, and over in the shop this hope had died.

Mrs. Long met them in the hall, and went with them into the empty dining-room, where the table was laid for supper and where places were arranged for many more than the family. For some time now these places had been unused, but Mrs. Long had hoped that, when once their old friends had realized that the shop at the next station was charging the same prices as the prices to which her husband had advanced, they would

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bring their trade back to Longville, and prosperity would come with them. But this afternoon, as she looked from the window and saw the two men coming across the field, she realized that it had been folly to arrange these extra places. "I knew we'd have to sell, Sam," she said at once, slipping her hand into her husband's, "though I did hope that Abe could show us a way out." Her voice trembled a little, and the hand that held her husband's was very cold, but the eyes that looked up into the lawyer's eyes were steady and dry.

The lawyer shook his head. "No," he said, "I'm most as broke up about it as Sam is; but there's nothing to do but to sell."

"Everything?" and Mrs. Long's voice had grown quiet.

The lawyer nodded. Then after a moment's silence he asked, "How much does the mother know?"

Mr. Long almost wrung his hands. "We've tried to keep it all from her, me and Betsy. She's never liked the new ways, so she took the old weaving-room, at the far end of the house, and she moved in there, she and daddy. I thought she'd move out when he died, but she didn't, and she's there now. And living out of the way like that, we've tried to keep all the troubles from her, and now," looking at his wife and possessing himself once more of her work-hardened hand, "and now, Betsy?"

"Now we'll have to go and tell her," Betsy answered. "I can't save you this, Sam. She's your own mother, and she'd take it hard, and rightly, if you didn't go to her yourself. And Abe must come, too, for the respect of the thing. She'd think that we mistrusted her if we treated her like she couldn't bear it as well as we bear it. No, we must all go and make it plain to her, though I don't reckon you'll surprise her as much as you think you will, for Sam ain't much of a hand for keeping things outer his face. Come on; the longer you look at bad things, the bigger they grows. Come on."

After several turnings and following of piazzas, they entered a large, low room, ceiled with unpainted wood and lighted by four windows. A piece of rag carpet was before the big fireplace; on the mantel-piece there were some old-fashioned china ornaments and brass candlesticks; a large bedstead occupied one corner, and all other wall-space was filled with frames for weaving and wheels for spinning. A quilting frame was in the middle of the room, balanced on the backs of chairs, and an old woman, small and spare and straight, dressed in a homespun frock, with great silver-rimmed spectacles over her still bright eyes, was quilting a patchwork quilt.

"'NOW WE'LL HAVE TO GO AND TELL HER,' BETSY ANSWERED."

She stopped working as her daughter-in-law entered, followed by the two men, and busied herself placing chairs for her visitors. It was an unusual influx, but she evinced no surprise.

"We've come with some bad news, mother," Mrs. Sam Long began just as soon as she had seated herself, "some very bad news."

The old woman looked from one to the other, then fastening her eyes on Mr. Hicks, she said: "If it'd been death, you'd have brought a preacher; as you've brought a lawyer, it must be money."

Mr. Hicks looked at Mr. Sam Long, and both men nodded; then Mr. Hicks answered. "Yes, ma'am, Aunt Nancy, it's money."

"Well," she said, "go on."

So the story was gone over carefully from the very beginning: all the reasons for loss, down to the fact that custom of all kinds had been transferred to the

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next station. There Sam Long and his wife paused; their words failed them before the enormous fact of the necessary sale. The old mother had listened quietly, and when they ceased speaking, she once more fastened her eyes on the lawyer. "Is there any mortgage?" she asked.

" . . . HER TREMULOUS, WRINKLED HAND SMOOTHED TENDERLY THE GRAY HEAD OF HER 'BOY.'"

Mr. Hicks nodded.

"Any credit?"

Mr. Hicks shook his head.

"My husband mortgaged this place once," she said slowly; "just after the war, for enough to start on when the niggers went; but we had good credit then, and by the time Sam was married it was all cleared off. Now it's different."

Again Mr. Hicks nodded.

"A mortgage and no credit means ruin." She took off her spectacles. Perhaps she did not wish to see too clearly the faces before her; perhaps she was afraid of dimmed glasses that would need to be wiped. Nobody spoke. Her son sat with his hands clasped and his head drooped on his breast. His wife watched him with eyes full of care, and Mr. Hicks, standing with one hand resting on the quilting-frame, was studying the toes of his big, dusty boots. "We're ruined," the old woman repeated. "But," she went on, "I've been expecting it. I've been shut away back here; but Sam's my child, and a mother's got eyes and ears in her heart as well as in her head. I scuffled through the war, and a scuffle like that don't leave folks without some experience; and my experience is that changes is mighty bad, or mighty good, one. If you're getting along with enough to eat and enough to cover you and good health, then don't go out hunting for a change, for it's mighty apt to be a bad one. For even the faithful God Almighty promises only enough."

Mr. Sam Long looked up quickly. "I didn't go out hunting for no change, mammy," he interrupted reproachfully.

"No, boy, you didn't," the old mother answered. "The changes come and hunted for us, but we took to 'em too quick. If we'd sold the corner of the big field, then have left a broad road 'twixt us and that corner, and have put up a high fence—ten rails and a rider—'twixt us and that road, we'd have lost land, but we'd have done better."

Mr. Hicks nodded. "You're right," he said.

"But these is hindsights," the old woman went on quickly, as if not to take too much credit, "and we all know the old saying about hindsights and foresights. Sam couldn't see,

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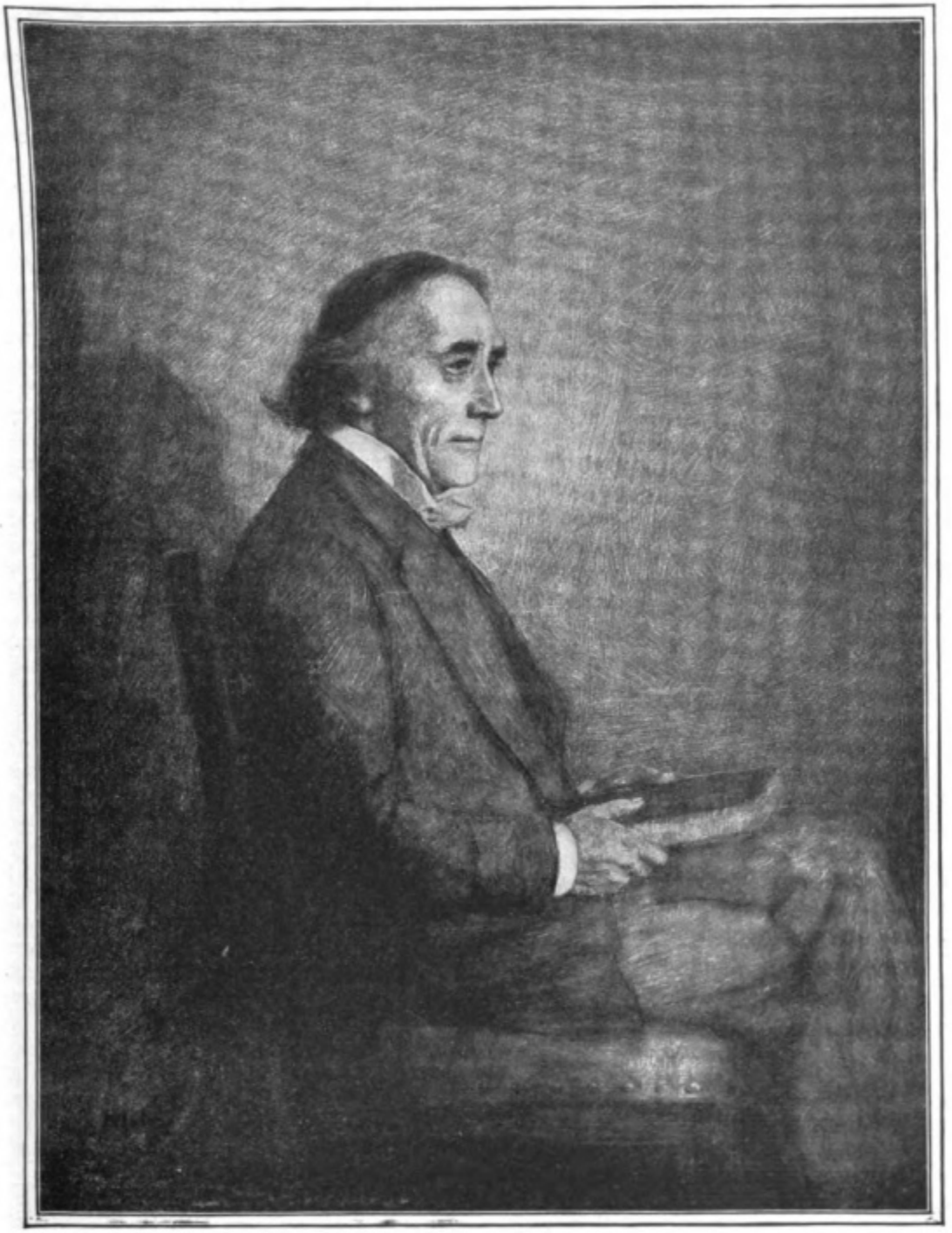

SIR HENRY IRVING. FROM THE PAINTING BY MORTIMER MEMPES.

This portrait was finished only a few weeks ago, and is especially well liked by Sir Henry himself.

"All went well at the Sunderland opening; but on one occasion, later on, I had a prostrating attack of stage fright. I managed, without any preparation, to create a sensation in the company." Sir Henry smiles as he looks backward to that time. "The play was 'The Winter's Tale.' The potential destinies of the part of Cleomenes were on that occasion entrusted to myself. I made my entrance finely, and they waited for my speech. Unfortunately it had gone. It had gone from me as absolutely as if it had never existed. My tongue was paralyzed, and horror invaded me. With a tremen-

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dous effort I cried out fiercely: '*Come to the market-place, and I will tell you further!*' Then I dashed into the wings. You must understand that the line was a pure impromptu, had nothing to do with the play, as the characters had nothing to do with any market-place. In fact, I might call this my first 'gag.' When order was restored, the play resumed; but I was trying to sink through the floor of my dressing-room."

This was the beginning of the long period of Sir Henry Irving's work as a provincial actor. It is a story which will some day be told in all its minute and significant details. He summarizes it, however.

"For the next nine years," he says, "from 1857 to 1866, with the exception of three months in London at the Princess's Theater, I was in the provinces, playing all conceivable kinds of parts, and somebody has kindly taken the trouble to establish their number—428. At the end of that time my salary was three pounds ten shillings (about seventeen dollars and a half) per week, but I believe this was the usual rate of progress. It was fairly characteristic of the time.

"The money made by the actor will always be regulated by the money made by the theater. Everything, therefore, which tends to elevate and popularize the drama, artistically and financially, tends to the common benefit of all concerned. This is why I have always desired and sought a closer coherence, a more compact organization, for the common benefit of all connected with the drama. It is one of the things which I hope the future will bring forth."

SIR HENRY IRVING AS JINGLE IN "PICKWICK."
From a copyrighted photograph by the London Stereoscopic Co.

Resuming his autobiographical strain, Sir Henry says:

"So far as I remember, I was even at that time deemed most happily cast in those characters which were eccentric and extravagant. These perhaps offered the best outlet for my desire to make a strong impression; perhaps a tendency to overdo. They also offered more return than 'straight parts' for the pains I took in some cases in getting them up: I mean the invention and elaboration of details. My villains were always successful *rôles*. I had to do whatever offered, and even played women's parts sometimes in pantomime and burlesque.

"It was in Edinburgh that I first met Toole, then a well-known comedian, whose friendship has been one of the sunniest pleasures of a lifetime. In Liverpool, I met my friend Charles Wyndham. We were both engaged by Henderson, at the same salary, I was told, and at the same time.

"You will understand, however," he continues, "that my ten years' probation in the country, which I look upon as of the greatest importance, was perhaps the potential cause of any later acting success. Every ambitious man has two fields of conquest: the one without, the struggle for life, the competition for the highest honors in the arena where all men meet on equal terms; the other, within himself. We often put a false value on ourselves—the basis of that self-confidence which is vitally necessary. But this false value must in the course of time be tempered, chastened, transformed into a true valuation through increased knowledge of ourselves, increased knowledge of the world and the view that the world takes of us. Those who complain of lack of recognition, who sit sighing for the time to arrive when the world will come to their views of themselves, will sigh unavailingly. Mahomet must go to the mountain.

"There were hardships as well as pleasures in those days. Too many, perhaps, to recount. Christmas once found me, for instance, without money or proper clothing. My underclothing was summer underclothing, and it had been so often to the laundress that it was very summery indeed. I was invited by an old actor friend, Joe Robins,

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to eat my Christmas dinner with his family. Joe had formerly been a hosier in a large way of business, and abandoned socks for the buskin. When I arrived at his lodgings, he led me, to my surprise, to a room upstairs, and muttered something inarticulate, in an embarrassed way, which I could not make out. Then going to a well-stocked wardrobe, he took out a warm suit of flannel. 'Here, old fellow, is a Christmas-box; you must put the things on at once.' I did so, and when we joined the family party, I was warm not only in body, but in spirit. Such kindnesses as this do more for those who have begun to fear and falter than anything else.

SIR HENRY IRVING AS MATHIAS IN "THE BELLS."
From a copyrighted photograph by the London Stereoscopic Co.

"By that time I had lost a great many illusions, both as regarded my profession and myself. But I never thought of leaving it. I loved it. I loved it," he repeats. "The way of art is so long, the hardships are so many, the obstacles are so great, that the man who will succeed must have this love to sustain him. The love of art is like a religion; like the faith of the fanatic or the zealot. Vanity, the belief in one's self, does well enough for the earlier years. It is a beneficent provision of Providence to carry us for a certain distance on a career which, had we full knowledge beforehand of its difficulties, we would never have the courage to attempt. But this vanity, this belief in one's self, must sooner or later give way. Then the love of art, the fixed habits of hope and of effort, must come to the rescue. If they do not come, the worker fails. This is why the history of art shows so many who have called themselves and so few whom the world has been graciously inclined to number among the chosen.

"In those days," he pursues, reflectively, "I was very much of a dreamer, a comparative idler. Executively speaking, I was lazy. This gave me the text of my address to the Harvard students, which was: 'Do. Don't dream.' It is a nice question. Like most other advice in this world, it is easy to give, but difficult to follow. I am inclined to believe that, particularly in art, a man must dream of doing great things, must aim at the impossible highest, must achieve the goal in his imagination before he can achieve it as a fact. Still I would not suggest it as a general rule. It might make the dreamers more idle. And there are no laws for human nature. Every individual and his life outcome represent a special problem which he alone can solve.

"It was at Liverpool that the prospect began to brighten. London, the Mecca of the English provincial actor, loomed large as a possibility. Dion Boucicault offered me a London engagement in 1866. In that year I made my London *début* at the St. James's Theater, as Doricourt in 'The Belle's Stratagem,' with excellent success. Then came Boucicault's own play, 'Hunted Down,' in which as the wicked husband I scored another dis-

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tinct success, and I made that little unmistakable stir the delight of which every actor knows. I was talked about in London, but gained no immediate benefit from this. I played with Toole at the Gaiety, played in melodrama at the Queen's and at Drury Lane, went to Paris with Sothern for five weeks, and played Abel Murcot in 'Our American Cousin.' Then came the opening of the Vaudeville by Montague, James, and Thorne, who included me in their company. My dreaming period ended with 'The Two Roses,' played at the Vaudeville. This change may have been due to public recognition; it may have been renewed belief in myself; at all events, from that time onward till now I have worked hard, and it is work, executive work, that has brought me whatever I may have won.

"I went from the Vaudeville to the Lyceum. Mr. Bateman engaged me, and after two or three failures 'The Bells' took the town. Other successes followed, and the Lyceum Theater began to be one of the centers of theatrical interest with the public. This continued until the death of Mr. Bateman, and later, nearly twenty-one years ago, I took over the lease of the theater from Mrs. Bateman, so that I have been playing at the Lyceum twenty-eight years. Subsequent events you know; especially how I had the good fortune to engage Miss Ellen Terry, with whom I had previously played Petruchio to her Katharine at the Queen's Theater, and with whom I have been privileged to be appreciated now for twenty-one years. You will recall the incomparable manner in which she played Beatrice, Portia, Queen Katharine, Imogen, Ophelia, and a host of other parts."

It would have been most interesting, indeed most valuable as a record, to hear from Sir Henry's lips his side of a story of which the other side is very much better known—the story of the crisis of his career, the story of the Irving and anti-Irving war of the seventies. It was the struggle of the man who had gained a foothold in London to maintain his position; the struggle that occurs in the life of almost every artist of great force who is led to attempt to alter existing conditions; the ever-recurring struggle between the new ideas and the old, of one man against the fixed prejudices of his time. Just such a contest once drove Mrs. Siddons into provincial retirement for seven years, until she could become strong enough in her art to return and dominate. This crisis of Irving's career came with his impersonation of Macbeth, Othello, and Richard the Third, in 1875, 1876, 1877, respectively. His genius and force as an actor had brought him to the highest theatrical position in London, and had won him support for the Lyceum enterprise. In these parts he departed widely from tradition and gave entirely new interpretations of the characters. The public divided into two fierce parties.

SIR HENRY IRVING AS CARDINAL WOLSEY IN "HENRY VIII."
From a photograph by W. and D. Downey, London.

Probably no public man has ever aroused

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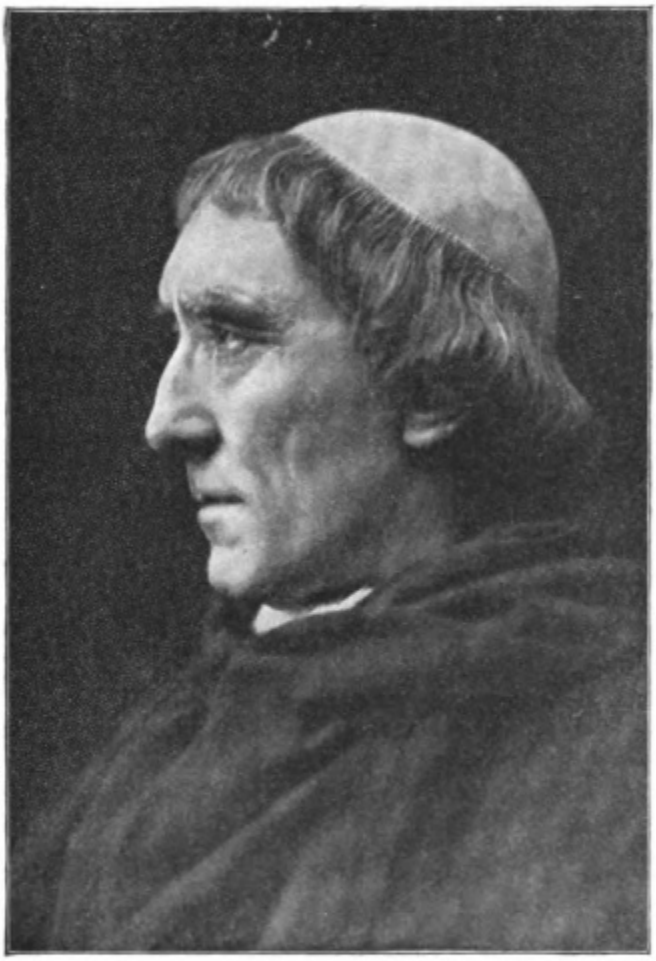
more friendship of the warmest kind than he, through his lifelong sympathy with and generosity toward the members of his profession. He has lent and given away thousands and thousands. Naturally, his friends did not desert him at this time: they were staunch and outspoken; and they were strongly reinforced by the large and equally ardent body of those who were simply his admirers.

The anti-Irving party was made up of a class of critics, Shakespearian scholars, and others who held with increasing bitterness to the old school of acting instead of the new one, which, they declared, Irving was audaciously trying to force down their throats. To illustrate the difference: Macbeth had always been played in a way that emphasized only one side of the character, the soldier. The psychological side, the elaborate study of the mind, of the nature of a man who committed a great crime and who was haunted by remorse and the terrors of conscience, was new, and for daring to bring it forward Irving was abused with a harshness and malignity that now seem incredible. The poetic, metaphysical glamour in which Irving enshrouded the character, the old school would not endure.



SIR HENRY IRVING AS THOMAS A BECKET IN TENNYSON'S DRAMA "BECKET."

From a photograph by H. H. Hay-Cameron.

This clashing of views between the old school and the new began really when Irving first played Hamlet. The production of Macbeth brought the two parties into bitter conflict. It at once became the occasion of a fierce battle in newspaper columns and the topic of fervid discussion at dinner parties and in drawing-rooms. It was the one social topic of the time. All the thoughtful world was either Irving or anti-Irving, and from London the dispute spread into the country. If Irving had been a different man he would have laughed in his sleeve and profited by the attention he had aroused. But he always was, and still is, extremely sensitive to anything of this kind. It was a period of great trial for him. It made him work harder than ever, but it annoyed, embarrassed, and harassed him to a degree. After Macbeth, he put on Othello. Othello was never one of his best parts. It is a type of man non-intellectual, brawny, and animal, which is the reverse of Irving's own personality. Moreover, because of the controversies then raging, he was very nervous on the first night, and the performance was not a good one. It was a triumph for the anti-Irvingites, and the fiat went forth on their side that as Othello Irving had failed. One of the great dailies, the second in importance in the United Kingdom, published a sweeping, annihilating leader, harsh to a degree, joyfully announcing that Irving as a Shakespearian actor was dead; it hoped that they had seen the last of the presumption of a man who was trying to teach his betters, when it was his duty, so to speak, to sit at their feet and learn.

But after Othello came Richard the Third, which on the first night swept everything be-

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fore it, demolishing the opposition forever. Irving was as perfectly suited to the sardonic, incisive Richard, in look and manner, as he had been unsuited to Othello. From the very first speech of the first act the house, friend and foe alike, were helplessly with him. He was on his mettle; he felt all his power, and he held his auditors in an iron grip. The excitement increased throughout the act, the whole packed theater feeling that Irving had won. The roar began with the curtain bell; the house rose and screamed itself hoarse with congratulation, and when the excited crowd streamed out into the corridors, arguing and gesticulating, everybody knew that the long battle was over, that Irving was supreme, and that London had at last placed him at the unquestioned head of his profession.

The later years and later work of the actor-manager of the Lyceum are familiar to the reader; how he has been the mainstay of the Lyceum Theater for nearly twenty-eight years, reaching during his twenty-one years' management a standard never before obtained by any London manager. This standard caused a vast and exceptional expenditure, impossible to have been maintained by any theater in Europe without a handsome subsidy, and it is an open secret that the large sums of money which Irving has earned away from the Lyceum have gone back to the theater in the Strand for its maintenance.

With the accumulation of money came no desire to expend it in the usual channels of ostentation. Sir Henry's late modest home in Grafton Street remained the same for twenty years, but his surplus capital has invariably gone by one way or another into the service of his art. A collection of theatrical prints which is the finest in England, and a gathering of theatrical souvenirs which is noted, represent the gratification of his personal tastes. Always hospitable and always fond of the society of his friends, he has entertained liberally. Always the artist and never the grasping man of business, he has raised the salaries of actors to their present high standard and made the salary list of the Lyceum, in its way, partly a record of past kindnesses to himself. He founded with Toole and Wyndham the Actors' Association, and in all directions used his surplus time and energy for the benefit of his art as well as himself.

Concerning the future of the stage and its social possibilities he has much to say which is of great value, so great that it merits another place and time. "The stage will be the great teacher of the future," he says, "but playwrights should remember that to teach is not its purpose; only its privilege. As education advances, the drama must necessarily become more thoughtful, but it should not become less dramatic. Any philosophical or social theorem may be impressed by it, but it is only the ebb and flow of strong human feeling which will make the work acceptable and impressive."

As you go outward by corridor and passage the famous playhouse seems, as ever, to have an atmosphere of its own, the impress of a peculiar personality. This may be your own imagination or it may be the way in which, through so many years, Irving has molded it in all ways to his will. Historically it will never be forgotten. More radical and lasting changes affecting the evolution of the drama have taken place within these walls than within any others of this century.

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A CHILD'S LETTERS TO HER HUSBAND.

By Helen Watterson Moody,

Author of "The Unquiet Sex," etc.

TWENTY years ago and more, a motherless little girl found herself shut away for a long summer's lifetime from the books out of which chiefly arose her occupation by day and her dreams by night. She was a solitary and rather dreary child, who had lived along in the elderly fashion of those about her, turning over and over in her active little brain the problems of mature minds and knowing absolutely nothing of the spontaneous and objective life of the healthfully surrounded child.

It was during the summer of her eleventh year that the letters to her husband were written, as to a playmate out of sight, in the sheer hunger of her heart for human companionship and love. Not many years ago they were found, tied up in a package by themselves at the bottom of an unused trunk, and a very few of them are now offered here for the first time to the sight of other eyes than her own.

No. 1.

My dear Husband: It is very inconvenient not to be acquainted with the person you are writing to, especially if it is your husband. But I happened to think to-day that I must have a husband somewhere that I should know when I grew up, and so as I thought you might like to know about me, I am writing to tell you. My name is Elizabeth. I was not named for the Virgin Queen (I hope you know about her), because she died before I was born. My father's name is Lindsey, and he is an architect. An architect is a man that puts architeckture in houses. Greek and Roman is the best. Some people have architeckture and don't know it. My mother is dead. She had only me. If she had lived, she would have had more. I live in New York, but I have been sent out to Uncle Bowen's to stay all summer, because he has no books that I can read, and because I read too much and hurt my eyes. He is not my real Uncle Bowen, but I call him that. Aunt Cornelia is his daughter. She is a widow, but she does not look like one.

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Uncle Bowen is a Presbatterian minister. His books are all about heaven and sermons. He is fat and has a red face, and his eyes are small and twinkly, and he has the kindest spectacles. His head is bald and purple on top, because he always wipes his pen on it. He says he got into the habit of it when he had so much hair that the purple ink didn't show, and now he can't stop because he is used to it, and that is the way it always is with bad habits. Aunt Cornelia is my fairy godmother, but she don't know it. I do love beautiful ladies that speak soft and low, and wear rings on their fingers and little gold chains around their necks and lace collars all the time, don't you? I hate ugly people, and big boys that are clumsy and smell of horses and shuffle their feet. I do hope you are not like that, for I shall not love you at all, no matter if you are my husband.

PRINCE CHERRIVAL.

But I wish I knew your name, so I could know what to call you, and whether you are a nice boy or not. Do you love fairy stories best of all? I do, and that is why I can't read any, I suppose. It seems that as soon as you like anything, you can't do it because it's wrong. I've often noticed this. I learn the chatachism every day, and have got as far as what do we pray for in the fifth petition. But I don't see much use in my learning it, because I never hear grown-up people talking it together. Do you? I will write again some time.

Your loving wife,

ELIZABETH.

No. 2.

My dear Husband: I think I ought to know your name, but as I don't, I shall give you a name, and that is Prince Cherrival. It is my favorite name. I don't suppose you are a real prince, though I wish you were. I have read a beautiful story about Prince Cherrival. He was a fairy, you know, and there are pictures of him. So if you look like him, I know just how you look. You have long curls, which maybe you don't like, and trousers that look as if you hadn't any on. But there is no help for it if you are a prince. They always wear that kind. Then you have a cape fastened on one shoulder, and a cap with a long feather in it, and you carry your sword in your hand very valliantly, only when you kneel and kiss my hand you must lay your sword at my feet. I wish you were really here, so you could be my fairy prince now. For you must know that this country is enchanted, though it looks like Uncle Bowen's yard. It is surrounded by an enormously high wall with pointed slats on top, and there are very large forests of lilacs and rose-bushes scattered over the face of nature, while two winding paths lead to the enchanted castle that stands in the middle. One path goes to the front door and one to the side door. People come up the front walk when they come to see Uncle Bowen about religion, and up the side one when they just drop in. So you can always tell. There is also a very large willow tree, which is enchanted. It was once a giant of tremendous stature, who was turned into a tree because he wanted always to be near the grave of his dear princess whom he loved tenderly, and they thought a willow tree would look better there than any other kind. This is true, because he tells me about it himself, when I climb up the ladder which he has let them put against his breast, and I lean close to

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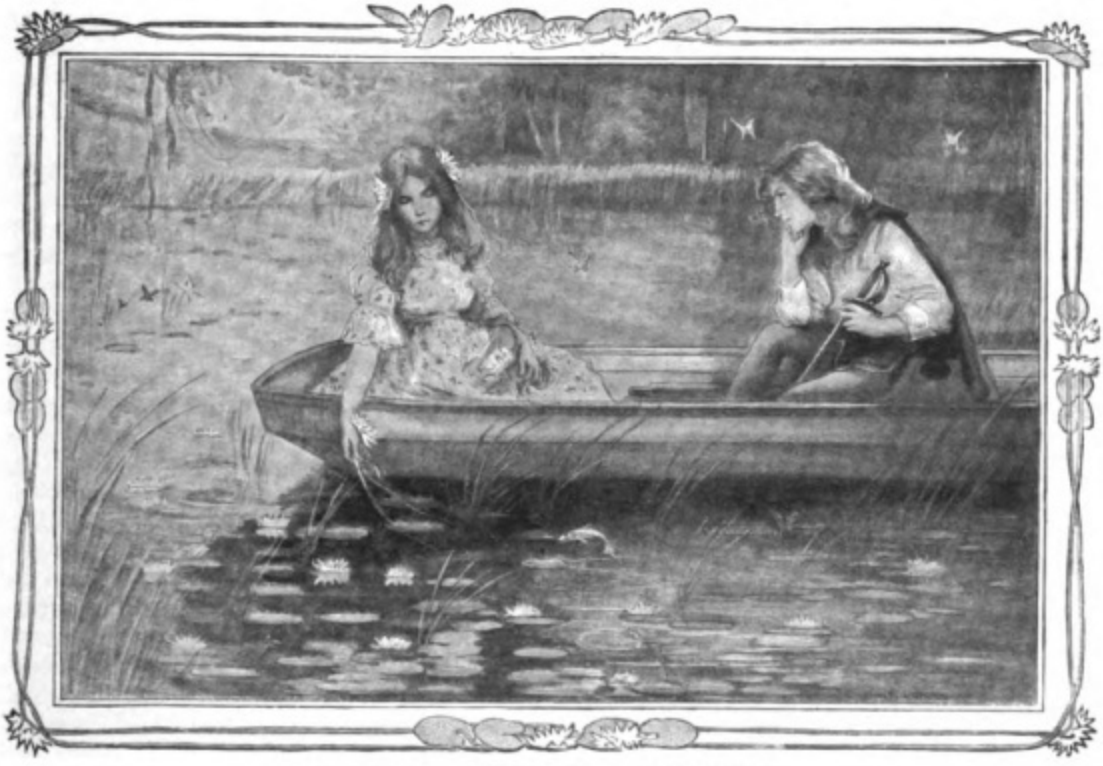
him to hear, for he whispers softly as he drops his long green branches about us. In this enchanted castle Aunt Cornelia is the beautiful princess. You would know she was the princess as soon as you looked at her. She has soft yellow hair which hangs in long curls, and her eyes are blue, and her cheeks are very pink. She has the tiniest slippers. I have hunted for the glass one, but I have not found it yet. She cannot be Cinderella, though, for her clothes are always beautiful, very wicked. I cannot write any more now, as I have to go to a little girls' meeting at the chapel, which is not what I would like, but we should all strive to set a good example.

From your wife,

ELIZABETH.

No. 3.

My dear Prince Cherrival: I have been very bad. I suppose you will not love me



"A BOAT ON A RIVER FULL OF POND-LILIES."

like the proud sisters. I love her so that I almost want to cry when she lets me hold her hand and sit close to her. I never loved anybody so much, for I never knew any lady that was so beautiful. She lets me do things for her, which makes me very happy. I hold her curling-stick and brushes, when she does her hair, and bring her drinks of water, and take her letters to post when it is too warm for her to go out. And sometimes, but not often, she lets me wear the gold watch that my Uncle Joshua gave her. From which you will see how good she is. Uncle Bowen is the ogre. I tried to make him the fairy prince, but he wouldn't act like one, so I had to turn him into an ogre, as that was all there was left. But he isn't really an ogre, you know, so I have made him a good ogre, which you don't often see. Most ogres are any more, as Aunt Cornelia says no one loves bad children. I shall be sorry for this if you don't, but of course I shall not mind it so much as I would if anybody ever had loved me very much. I suppose my papa loves me. He pats my hair sometimes, and kisses me, and then, oh, I love him so, and I could love him more if he had time to let me. But mostly there is only Martha to love. Martha is my nurse, who takes care of me when I am in the city. She says she has taken care of me since I was a little baby, and fed me, and taught me to walk, and that I ought to be very grateful to her for it. I am. How sad it would be if I had never learned to walk. But I wish she would not buy me such funny old dresses. Sometimes I act very bad when she puts them on me. I stamp and cry because I hate them, they

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"THEODORE DE MONTMORRENCY TRUMBELL, MAY 17, 1856."

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family bible where all the births and deaths are, and I wrote in the births, right under Mary Trumbell's name, Theodore de Montmorrency Trumbell, May 17, 1856. Then in the deaths I wrote his name, died January 9, 1861, aged eight years, seven months, and three days. That was their dead brother, and when they told about him and the other boys and girls said it wasn't so, they showed them the bible. But when Mrs. Trumbell found it out, she was very angry with us all, and me more than the others, because I was the thinker of it. Of course I was sorry, and I told her so. But when I shut me up in my room and cried, George Trumbell felt so bad he came under my window and wrote a bad word on the gravel walk with a stick. He had to do it that way, because he had promised his mother he would never, never swear. But he spelled it wrong like this DALM, and it looked so funny I had to laugh, and that made me feel better. Besides it wasn't really swearing at all. I hope you won't swear, because it is very wrong. I shall never love you if you do.

Your loving wife,

ELIZABETH.

No. 8.

My dear Husband: Oh, I wish I had you now, because my heart is broken with agony and I don't know what to do, except to die, and I am going to try to very hard indeed. Yesterday I had a letter from my papa. It was very loving, but oh, he told me that he had a very great happiness in store for me, and what do you suppose it was? A new step-mother. He did not call her that, but I know what she is, and she need not think to deceive me. And Martha has written to me to tell me the cruel blow. She says her heart bleeds for me, and so does mine. I know what step-mothers are. I have read too many stories about them. They always beat and cruelly ill-treat the dear children they pretend to love. I shall write and tell my father so, and he need not expect anything else of his step-wife. He says she will love me, but he never had a step-mother, and he never read many stories about them. So how can he know? Martha says she is sure he is being sadly deceived, and so am I, but I think I shall die soon, I could not stand such abuse. I hope I will, and I will look very sad and peaceful, as I lie on my little bed, and when my father and she look at me, and know they have done it, I hope they will feel bad enough to pay them back, and their bitter tears will drop on my still, white face, and I will be an angel in Heaven, and will be glad that I am dead and they are sorry. Martha is coming to take me home soon, but I would rather die—if I don't die before that. And so perhaps I shall never write to you again, but you will know why, and pity me, and think of me sometimes, and the Trumbells all say that they will, and perhaps it won't be so bad after all. But I know it will.

From your sorrowful wife for the last time.

"NOT MANY YEARS AGO THEY WERE FOUND."

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DECATUR AND THE "PHILADELPHIA."

By the Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady,

Author of "For Love of Country," "For the Freedom of the Sea," etc.

THE most romantic and brilliant figure in the naval annals of our country is Stephen Decatur. Born in 1779, while this country was in the throes of the Revolution, his ancestry French and Irish, always a brilliant combination, he early set the pace for daring and courage, and consistently kept up to his own mark until the end. Most of our other naval heroes gained their immortality by a single fight. Decatur's name is associated, during three wars, with a half dozen exploits and encounters of the greatest brilliancy, any one of which would give him eternal fame. But the deed which has most endeared him to his countrymen and all who love the brave is that exploit which Lord Nelson, than whom there could be no better judge, called "the most bold and daring act of the age"—the cutting out of the "Philadelphia." This occurred in the year 1804, in the war with the Barbary pirates.

It is to the eternal glory of America that the United States, then a young, weak, struggling country, should have been the first among civilized powers to put down the frightful depredations of those brutal pirates with an iron hand. The nascent navy followed Scipio's famous maxim, and carried the war into Africa, prosecuting it there with such vigor and success that, when the conflict was over, the ships of our country sailed the Mediterranean untroubled by these ruthless corsairs; while merchant vessels of other countries pursued their way before these licensed blackmailers in fear and trembling, unless protected by ignoble tribute, until our example of resistance was followed. The war not only resulted in the protection of the merchant marine, but it proved the nursery of the navy as well, and in it were laid those foundations of skill and ability which were so costly to Great Britain and so useful to our country in later days. The history of the little war fairly bristles with glorious achievements, but Decatur's was the boldest. He had been but five years in the naval service, to which he traditionally belonged, as his father had been a naval officer during the Revolution and his brother and other relatives were in the service with him, when he was sent to Tripoli, at the age of twenty-four, as one of Preble's "schoolboy captains."

The frigate "Philadelphia," thirty-eight, one of the best of her class, had been blockading the harbor of Tripoli in the fall of 1803. She was under the command of William Bainbridge, an officer of great professional skill and high merit, who subsequently distinguished himself in the War of 1812, in the old "Constitution," by his capture of the frigate "Java." One morning while chasing a cruiser or blockade-runner hard in shore, the "Philadelphia" ran upon an unknown and uncharted reef. Her guns were thrown overboard, she was otherwise lightened, and every effort was made to force her off; but she finally bilged, and unable in that condition to make any resistance, was captured by a swarm of Tripolitan gunboats.

In spite of the efforts which had been made by Bainbridge to render the "Philadelphia" unseaworthy, the Tripolitans, being unhampered by any American vessels of war, for none were present, succeeded in hauling her off the rocks, patching her up, and taking her into the harbor of Tripoli, where she was anchored under the guns of the pasha's castle. Her guns had been recovered, and replaced in her ports. The addition of this heavy frigate to the other defences of the place rendered it impossible for the small American squadron to attack with any degree of success. It might be said that the whole war depended, for the present, at any rate, upon the "Philadelphia."

Decatur conceived the idea of cutting her out, and applied to Commodore Preble for the privilege of doing so. The notion seems to have occurred to several other officers independently about the same time, one of whom was Stewart, and probably to Preble himself as well; but careful investigation inclines me to believe in the priority of Deca-

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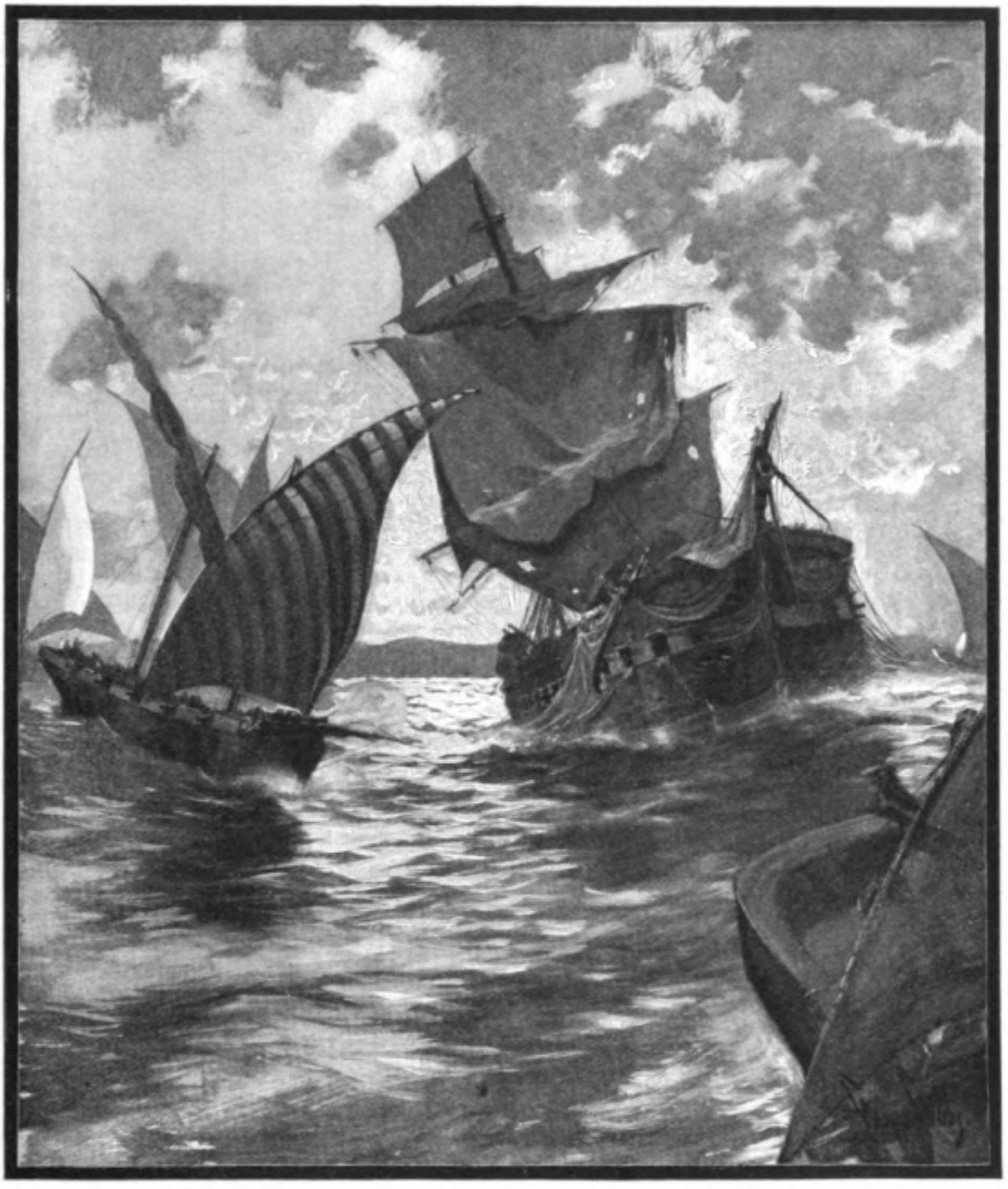

"SHE [THE 'PHILADELPHIA'] FINALLY BILGED, AND UNABLE . . . TO MAKE ANY RESISTANCE, WAS CAPTURED BY A SWARM OF TRIPOLITAN GUNBOATS."

tur's conception. At any rate, his offer was accepted, and arrangements were at once made to carry it out.

A little ketch called the "Mastico" had been captured recently by the "Enterprise," at that time under the command of Decatur himself. She was a vessel of about fifty tons burthen, peculiar to the Mediterranean, with two masts, the forward one set well amidships—leaving a long, clear space forward, upon which bombs were frequently mounted —and the after one the smaller, both carrying fore and aft sails. She was also provided with sweeps, or enormous oars, used in fair or calm weather. She had been built by the French, and used as a bomb vessel in Egypt, where she was captured by the English at the battle of Aboukir and by them presented to the Tripolitans—a Greek gift, as it afterward turned out! When she was captured by Decatur, she had just left the harbor with a lot of female slaves on board,

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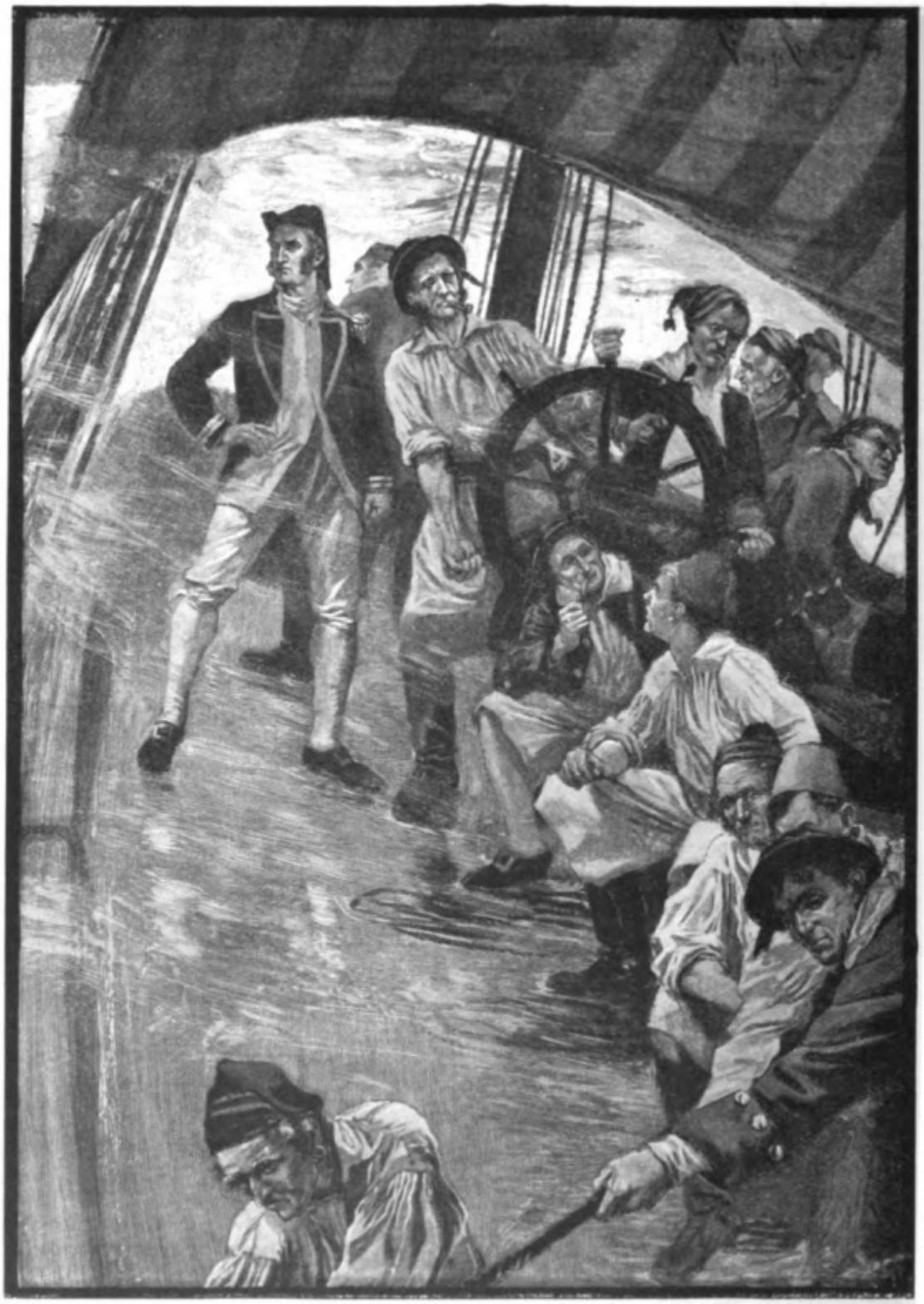

"DECATUR AND THE PILOT AFT TO CON THE SHIP, AND AN OLD BATTLE-SCARRED VETERAN AT THE WHEEL."

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BRIDGE OVER THE USSURI RIVER ON THE RAILROAD RUNNING NORTH FROM VLADIVOSTOK.

THE CHINESE EASTERN RAILWAY.

RUSSIA'S CONQUEST IN CHINA.—THE IMPORTANT AID RENDERED BY AMERICAN TOOLS AND MACHINERY.

By Alexander Hume Ford.

THE FLAG OF THE CHINESE EASTERN RAILWAY. Y = YELLOW, W = WHITE, B = BLUE, AND R = RED.

WITHIN a year at most the great Trans-Siberian Railway will have been completed, and trains will be running over the entire line from St. Petersburg to Vladivostok and Port Arthur on the Pacific. To the general public this may seem a bold statement; but from observations I myself made on a journey during the past summer over uncompleted portions of the line, and from information given me by persons perfectly familiar with the work, I feel that it is more than justified. The Russian Government will then be in easy communication with the whole breadth of the Russian dominion, a reach of nearly 8,000 miles, or more than twice the distance from Boston to San Francisco; and across an empire which ten years ago the most imperative despatches could not traverse in less than half a year, loaded trains will be making the journey in ten days.

THE PROGRESS OF THE TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILWAY.

The Russian Government began to meditate a railroad connecting the western with the eastern boundary as early as 1860, but with so little definiteness that seven years later, in 1867, it sold Alaska to the United

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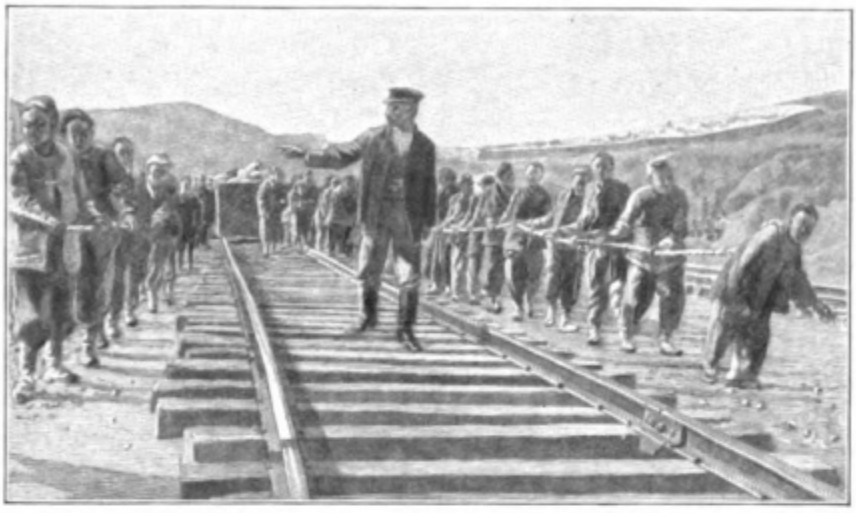
States for $7,000,000, because it was felt that Russian America must forever remain too far away. If this sale had not been made, we might to-day be anticipating the early completion of a Russian railroad, not to Vladivostok, 4,500 miles from our nearest seaport, but to Fort Wrangell, almost at our own doors on Puget Sound; while England would turn her ever-watchful eyes from Russia at the gate of Herat to Russia within a day's march of Vancouver. Indeed, nearly thirty years passed before the enterprise took really positive form. The work of actual construction may be said to have begun on May 30, 1891, when the present Emperor, then Czarovitch, on his way around the world visited Vladivostok and drove the first spike. At



HAULING HEAVY MATERIAL FOR THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE CHINESE EASTERN RAILWAY OUT OF PORT ARTHUR.

The load is drawn along the rails by a line of coolies pulling by a rope at either side of the track. The ruins shown on the hill to the right are those of the old Yamen palace, now used as a barracks for the Cossack soldiers. From a photograph by the author.

RUSSIAN CONVICTS AT WORK CLEARING TIMBER AND BUILDING A RAILROAD EMBANKMENT ON THE NIKOLSKOY SECTION OF THE TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILWAY.

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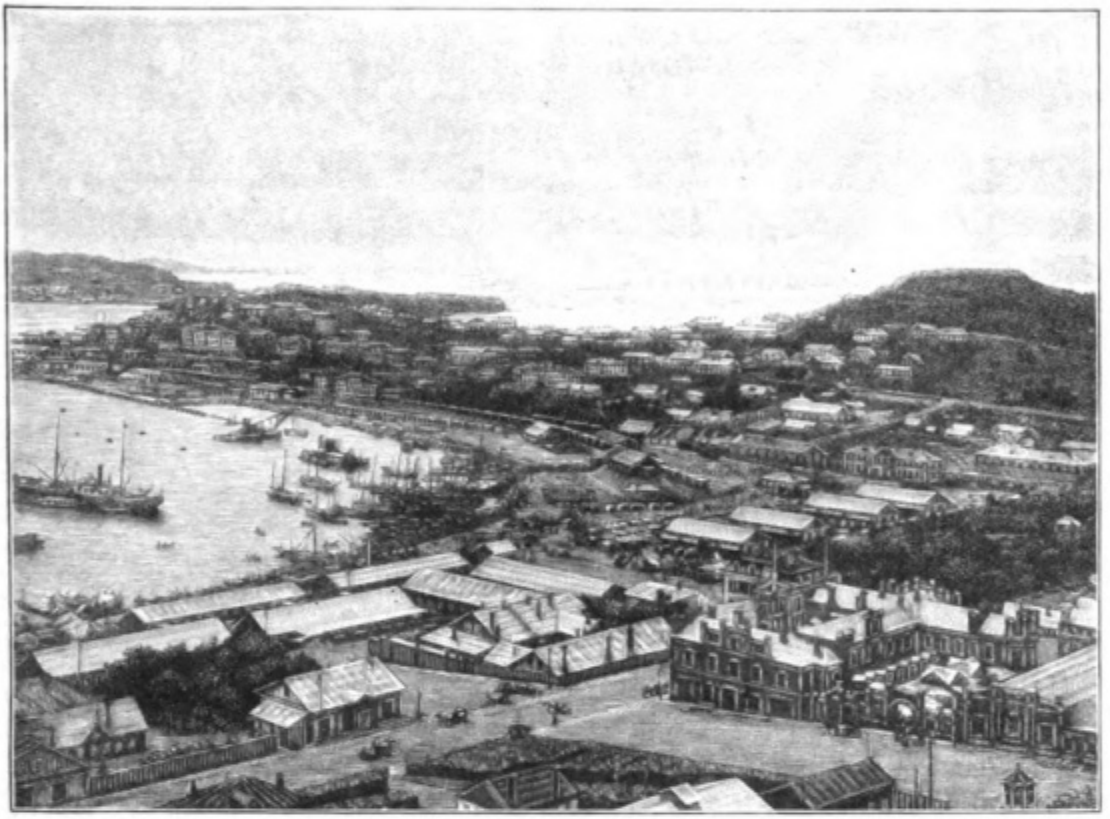
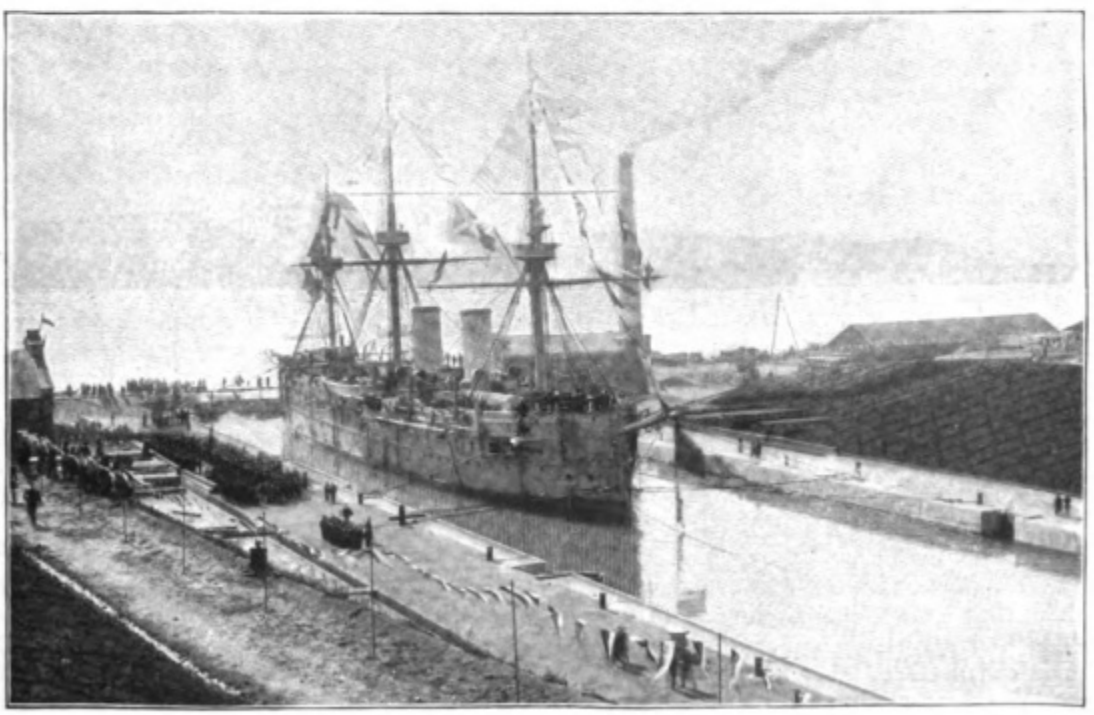


VLADIVOSTOK, THE RUSSIAN PORT ON THE PACIFIC ORIGINALLY CHOSEN AS THE PRINCIPAL EASTERN TERMINUS OF THE TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILWAY.



GOVERNMENT NAVAL DRY DOCK AT VLADIVOSTOK.

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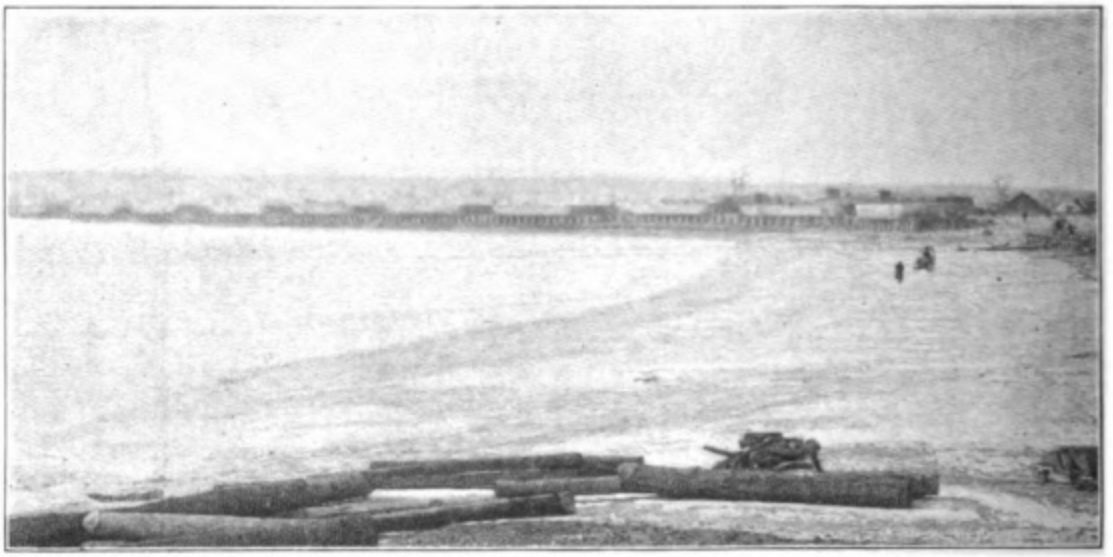

BUILDING IRON BARGES AT IMAN FOR TRANSPORTING RAILROAD MATERIAL BY THE USSURI, AMUR, AND SUNGARI RIVERS TO CHULANCHEN, MANCHURIA.

IMAN IN 1898—THE SITE OF IMAN BEFORE THE RECENT ADVENT OF THE RAILWAY WAS A COMPLETE WILDERNESS.

THE PRESENT CENTER OF INTEREST IN THE FAR EAST.

The center of interest in the Far East now is not the Trans-Siberian line proper, but the Chinese Eastern Railway, that shortened way by which, through the complacency of China, the Trans-Siberian line is to find its chief outlet to the Pacific. No railroad has had such a remarkable history as this Chinese Eastern; and no railroad has been built under such seemingly insurmountable difficulties. And yet it holds the world's record for rapid construction. In 1896, a year after peace had been declared between China and Japan, Russia entered into a contract with China to build a railroad through the Chinese province of Manchuria, guaranteeing that the president of the line should be a Chinaman, and that at the end of eighty years the entire ownership of it should pass to the Chinese Government upon payment. Then, in the spring of 1898, Russia leased Port Arthur and the entire Liao-tung peninsula from China, thus securing a Pacific port that is free from ice through the entire year, which her own port of Vladivostok is not. And as soon as Port Arthur was acquired, it was decided to make that the main terminus of the Chinese Eastern (and consequently of the Trans-Siberian) road, instead of ice-bound Vladivostok.

The Chinese Eastern Railway runs through the richest section of all Asia, and covers, like a hand, the whole 400,000 square miles of territory comprised in Manchuria. It

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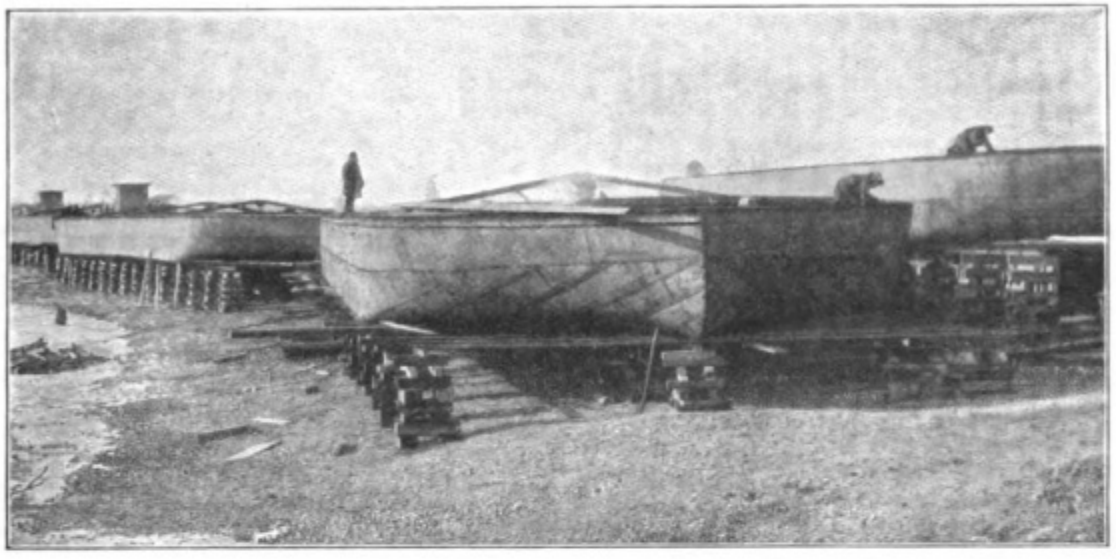
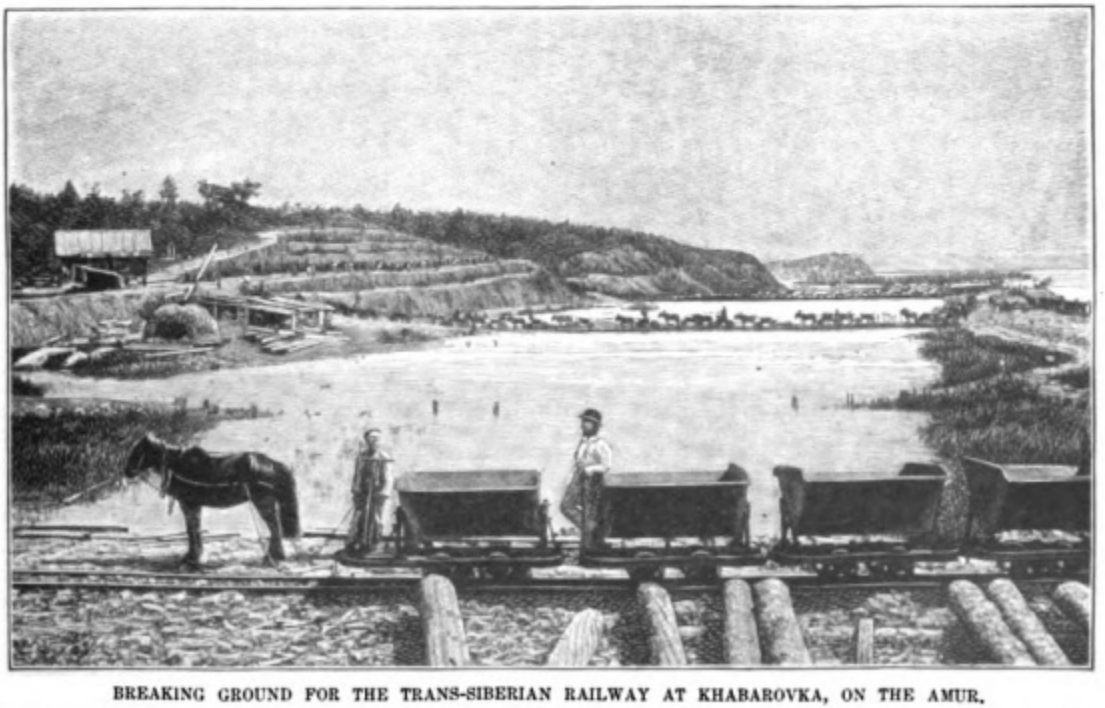


begins at Kidalova, in Siberia, fifty-three miles east of Chita, where it leaves the Trans-Siberian road and runs southeast in a straight line 600 miles to Harbin. There, 500 miles from Vladivostok, it crosses the Sungari River, and what is now really the main line turns almost due south, and continues on 650 miles to Port Arthur, while southeastward from Harbin runs the line, or branch, to Vladivostok. From the main line, south of Harbin, a branch will be constructed southeastward to Girin; and another, farther south, is about completed southwestward to Newchwang. And the latter branch—to the final triumph of Russian diplomacy and the perfection of Russian dominance in China—is to be pushed on, when the road will connect with Pekin, the capital of China. A year and a half ago the very locations of the various lines of the Chinese Eastern were in doubt; today the road is all but completed. Through



BREAKING GROUND FOR THE TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILWAY AT KHABAROVKA, ON THE AMUR.

Khabarovka is the terminus of the railway running north from Vladivostok, and is situated at the mouth of the Usuri River. By the Amur River it connects with the main line of the Trans-Siberian Railway at Stretinsk.

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THE FIRST ENGINE RUN FROM PORT ARTHUR—IT IS AN AMERICAN ENGINE.

Up beside the headlight stands Mr. Sergey Friede, the American engineer through whose efforts the Russian Government was induced to purchase large quantities of American tools and machinery to be used in the construction and equipment of the Chinese Eastern Railway. From a photograph by the author.

the great wheat-growing valleys of central and southern Manchuria, the engineers had an easy way prepared for them. From Kidalova to Tsitsikar, however, the country is repeatedly crossed by rugged mountain chains. But for this inhospitable and almost insurmountable section, trains would be running through from St. Petersburg to Port Arthur before next Christmas.

To finance this undertaking, the expense of which no man's brain could compute beforehand, the Russo-Chinese Bank was organized, with headquarters at St. Petersburg. It now has branches in every city of the Far East, and honors all requisitions of the railway officials for however large a sum. The engineers have orders to build the road, and draw money as it is needed.

RUSSIAN REGARD FOR CHINESE SENSIBILITIES.

While practically the Chinese Eastern Railway is altogether a Russian enterprise and the final section of the Trans-Siberian Railway itself, the greatest care is taken to keep the two companies outwardly, at least, separate and distinct. Thus the docks at Vladivostok, built at enormous cost, were originally the terminus of the Trans-Siberian Railway; but now they have become practically the property of the Chinese Eastern Railway. We have already seen how, under the original compact between China

AN AMERICAN HAND-CAR IN SERVICE ON THE CHINESE EASTERN RAILWAY.

During the summer of 1899, when there were still a good many pieces of unfinished track, the hand-car was the only available means of getting up and down the line. From a photograph by the author.

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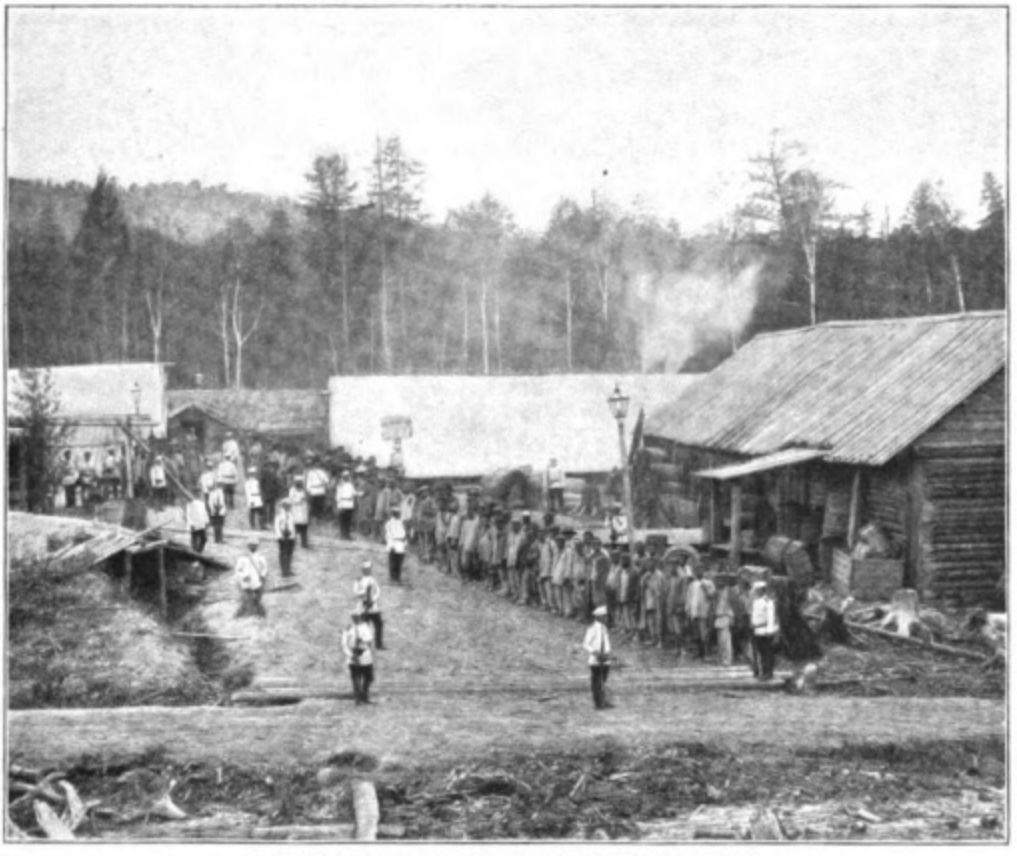

A CONVICT CAMP ON THE TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILWAY.

The convicts are about to march to their work under the charge of Cossack guards. Convict labor was used very largely in the construction of the Trans-Siberian line proper; but it has been used very little, if at all, on the Chinese Eastern.

and Russia, the president of the Chinese Eastern is always to be a Chinaman. It has throughout its own separate officers and management. It has a flag of its own, half Chinese, half Russian; and the Cossacks who guard its lines have been compelled to adopt a uniform which, like the flag, is part Russian and part Manchurian, and they are no longer even known as Cossacks, but as the Manchurian *Oehana* (guards).

RUSSIAN CONVICTS AT WORK CONSTRUCTING THE ROAD-BED IN WINTER.

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