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reduced my wearing apparel and my bedding to so little that I can take most of my collecting things; and some of the other fellows have been good enough to offer to carry some of them for me. I have reduced myself to one spare coat besides the one on my back, one pair of boots on and one pair packed, one blanket, and all the rest on the same scale. Thus, at the expense of all my own personal comfort, I can take my collecting-things—or at least some of them. All this certainly takes a good deal of the gilt off the trip to me; but, though I must say I was rather mad at first, I am now making the best of a bad business. I have had to give or throw away every ounce of my tobacco; but the empty tins will come in beautifully for "bugs" and small bindskins. . . . I shall take the big rifle on shore, and hire men myself to carry it, whenever we have to go overland, until we reach Stanley Falls, where I hope to get a couple of men from Tippu-Tib to carry it on to Wadelai. . . .

But, while he had not the proper appliances of the collector, the spirit of the naturalist remained with him to the end. Again and again, after giving details of quarrels with Stanley and of hardships endured, does Jameson seek solace in his fascinating pursuit. "The pool is full of lovely birds, many of which I know to be very rare," he writes, immediately before noting the first of the quarrels referred to above. "On his way back from Mr. Stanley, Jephson brought me an enormous spider, quite the biggest I have ever seen, although rather mutilated," he continues, after having told the story of the second of the quarrels which we have mentioned. Naturally, therefore, Jameson was greatly disappointed at being compelled to remain at Yambuya; but it was done at the special request of Major Bartlelot, who preferred Jameson to any other man as a companion.

Had I ever dreamt of such a thing (exclaims Jameson, after six months of the camp) I would certainly never have joined the expedition. There is not a new variety of bird, beast, fish, or insect to give a moment's excitement to the naturalist's side of my nature; and the deadly monotony of an existence, for it cannot be called living, may be imagined in which the only incident to be noted is the occasional flogging of a man.

ENGLISH BRIGANDS IN DARKEST AFRICA.

There was, indeed, another diversion—if it may so be called—namely, the capturing of native women and their babies, with a view to their ultimate ransom by the community to which they belonged. The natives—as Mr. Jameson, a European, notes with surprise—are exceedingly attached to their women and children, and will give almost anything rather than have them taken away. The Arabs kidnap the ladies of Central Africa with a view to ivory; the Rear Guard seems to have acted in the same fashion when hard up for food. This is how the thing was done:—

Presently down came a woman with a load of manioc, looking about her on every side, and she had evidently heard the noise. We let her come quite close, then made a dash, and caught her. We tied her up and waited, when along came another woman with a baby. We caught her, too, but she screamed fearfully, and I thought she would bring a perfect hornets' nest about us; but the noise of the rapids drowned her voice. In the meantime there were now five men and two boys standing up to their necks in the water, as we had got between them and the canoe. The Soudanese officer advanced to the edge of the water, and pointing his gun at one of the boys, he swore he would shoot him if he did not come out. He came out, and we promptly collared him, tied the two women together, and went off at the double for camp. We passed a great number of canoes full of natives, close to the bank, who, when they saw our prisoners, started off at once for their villages across river. Major Bartlelot was delighted when I returned with the captives. He sent the boy away to his village to tell the chief that he would only give up the women for goats and fowls, and that he must come and have a palaver himself, as his people had not fulfilled their promises [of food] to us, for which reason we had taken the women.

It is but fair to Mr. Jameson to add that he did not like this sort of thing at all. "I would rather a thousand times go through all sorts of hardships," he exclaimed after a few months at Yambuya, "than lead this miserable existence—doing nothing, and living upon what we can get in ransom for the few native women we can catch."

A RECORD OF FLOGGINGS.

As regards the floggings, they were both numerous and severe. Every third or fourth page of Mr. Jameson's diary records the infliction of this punishment. Mr. Stanley himself appears to have set the example:—

April 7th.—Marched to Vombo, quite the quickest march we have done, owing to a good level road, and Mr. Stanley doing rear-guard with some of his Somalis himself. How he did lay his stick about the lazy ones, and the Somalis whacked away too. It was a sight for sore eyes to see the lame, the sick, the halt, and the blind running with their loads, as if they were feathers; and I was delighted to see some of my men catch it too, after I had been told by Mr. Stanley himself not to strike them. The march was otherwise uninteresting.

The following extracts speak for themselves. Plenty more of a similar kind might be clipped from the book before us:—

July 3rd, Sunday.—Began by flogging the sentries caught asleep.

July 14th.—Had to begin the day by flogging a sentry, whom I caught so sound asleep that I had to strike him three times with a stick before he awoke. To this class of men we have to trust ourselves at night!

July 18.—Had to flog a sentry this morning. Caught him sound asleep at 4 A.M.

August 22.—It was decided by all the men that Abdullah should be flogged, and so he was. From the quiet way in which he received it, I begin to think that he stole the rice himself, or lent it.

September 27th.—This morning justice was meted out to Bartholomew and Mza, the deserters and thieves. They were flogged in front of all the men, Bartholomew receiving 150 lashes and Mza 100. The former kept calling out, "I die to-day, I die to-day," in a sort of prolonged howl.

October 7th.—Justice was administered upon the man who stabbed the other, this morning before a full parade. He will think twice before he lets the devil master him a second time.

And so on, and so on, *ad lib.*

THE MOST BAREFACED LIARS IN EXISTENCE.

It is but fair to add, however, that the Zanzibaris are ticklish customers to deal with, being quite the most barefaced liars extant. The following story will give some idea of the kind of men with whom the commanders of the Rear Column had to deal:—

One night I took a rifle from one of the Zanzibari sentries who was asleep, and brought it to my house, bearing it against a palm at the door. I went back and woke up the sentry, asking him where his gun was. He at once took hold of the other man's gun, and said that was his. I told him to come with me, and that I would show him where it was, which I did, and he then calmly told me, oh yes, he had left it there, and, making a sign with his finger across his throat, said I might cut it if he had been asleep. He found out, however, who had taken it when he got his twenty-five strokes in the morning.

One more extract, and our notice of these "Diaries" must be brought to a close. There can be little doubt that Jameson was, as his brother asserts, "a vigorous, capable, and unflinching personality." The publication of the book on Christmas Eve is in more senses than one inopportune. But, apart from the controversy, in which most Englishmen are deeply interested, the book is one which everybody ought to read. The glimpses of Tippu-Tib and of the other inhabitants of the darkest regions of the Dark Continent are intensely interesting.

"LAST SCENE OF ALL."

But it was otherwise ordained. James Sligo Jameson died of hæmaturic fever at Bangala on the 17th of August, 1888—just eighteen months after he first joined the Expedition. Mr. Herbert Ward's affecting account of the end will fitly bring our description of the book to a close:—

August 17th.—1 P.M. I asked him just now if he was in any pain. "No, old chap, no pain, only tired—Oh! so tired. I think it's time to turn in; it's so dark—so tired," and again became unconscious.—3 P.M. I have given him nourishment upon every occasion, but he does not rally, and only gets feebler.—5 P.M. Darwin and I put hot bricks round him, as his extremities have grown cold. He grows weaker and weaker. The drums just now sounded to knock off work in the station, he opened his eyes and stared at me, clutching my hands, and said, with a husky voice, "Ward! Ward! they're coming! listen!" (and as the drums rumbled in the distance), "Yes! they're coming—now let's stand together." He was thinking of the drums calling the savages to fight him, while he drifted down the river past the villages.

7.20.—His pulse grows weaker and weaker. 7.30.—As I supported him to administer brandy, he drew a long breath, and his pulse stopped.

"NEW MEN AND OLD ACRES."

To the EDITOR *of the* PALL MALL GAZETTE.

SIR,—In your article, "New Men and Old Acres," in yesterday's issue, you state that the prices paid for the portions of the Duke of Newcastle's Worksop Manor estate, sold in July last, could hardly have satisfied the Duke, seeing that for the entire estate of 6,000 acres the then Duke of Newcastle paid £375,000 in 1840. The facts are as follows:—The fifth Duke of Newcastle purchased the whole Worksop Manor estate, of nearly 10,000 acres, in 1839 for £370,000, including minerals and a magnificent mansion, which he subsequently pulled down. The sales made last July were of about 4,100 acres, for £143,000, exclusive of minerals. The coal alone on the Worksop Manor estate yields many thousands a year to the Duke.—We are, Sir, your obedient servants,

9, New-square, Lincoln's Inn, 23rd December. WALTERS, DEVERELL AND CO. Solicitors to the Duke of Newcastle.

To the EDITOR *of the* PALL MALL GAZETTE.

DEAR SIR,—In your article "The Big Land Sales of the Year," which is copied into the *Birmingham Daily Post* of this date, we notice that it is incorrectly stated that 438 acres of land in Warwickshire belonging to Lord Amherst changed hands for £26,885. The facts are that at the auction in July, 561 acres including a licensed house and various cottage properties in the village of Tanworth, exclusive of timber, sold in fourteen lots, for £25,725. The rectorial tithe, of the apportionate annual value of £595 11s. 8d., worth for 1890 £463 7s. 7d., was also sold for £3,400. Since the auction 497 acres have been disposed of for £11,150, inclusive of timber.—We are, yours faithfully,

17 and 19, Colmore-row, Birmingham, December 23. EDWARDS, SON, AND RIPWOOD.

"AN ARISTOCRATIC DIVORCE CASE."

To the EDITOR *of the* PALL MALL GAZETTE.

SIR,—I have seen to-day for the first time a paragraph under the above heading in your edition of Friday last, referring to myself in connection with some quasi-divorce proceedings in the United States of America, and from which it might be supposed that such had been there instituted against me successfully or not. It may not be within your knowledge that for three successive years at precisely this date myself and my family have been annoyed in a similar manner. Quite irrespective of the fact that, as is well known, there are not the slightest grounds for even the institution of such proceedings against me in any country, the fact that when I, unfortunately, married the lady in question, I thereby constituted her a native of this country; and it is thus in the courts of this country alone that she can appear as a party to a suit of this nature. It may be needless to add that neither myself nor my solicitors have ever at any time received a notice of the institution of such proceedings.—Yours faithfully,

December 23. JAMES ROCHE.

[We published in good faith the paragraph which reached us in the usual course through Dalziel's Agency, and regret any inaccuracy it contained and any annoyance it caused.—ED. *P.M.G.*]

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