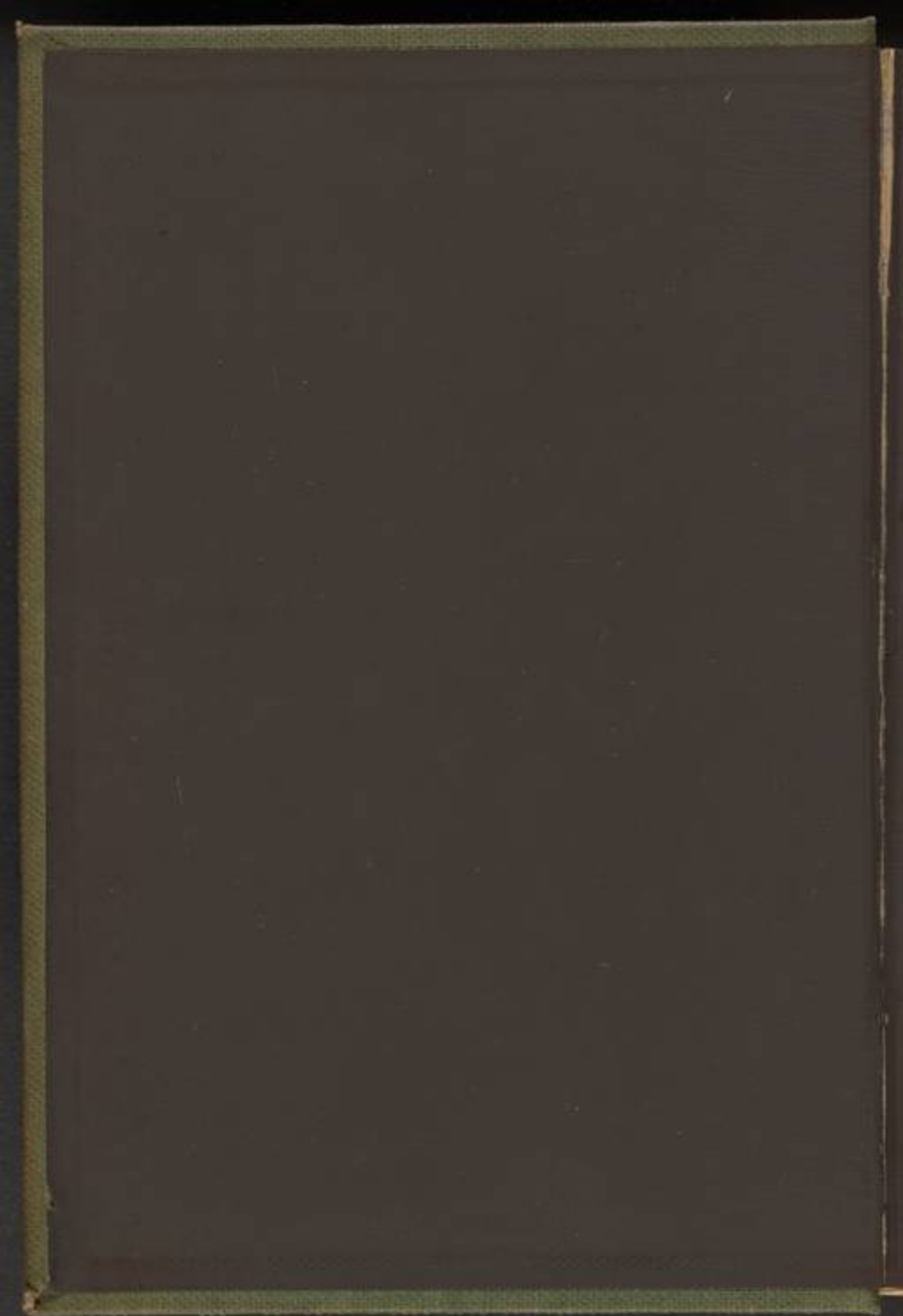
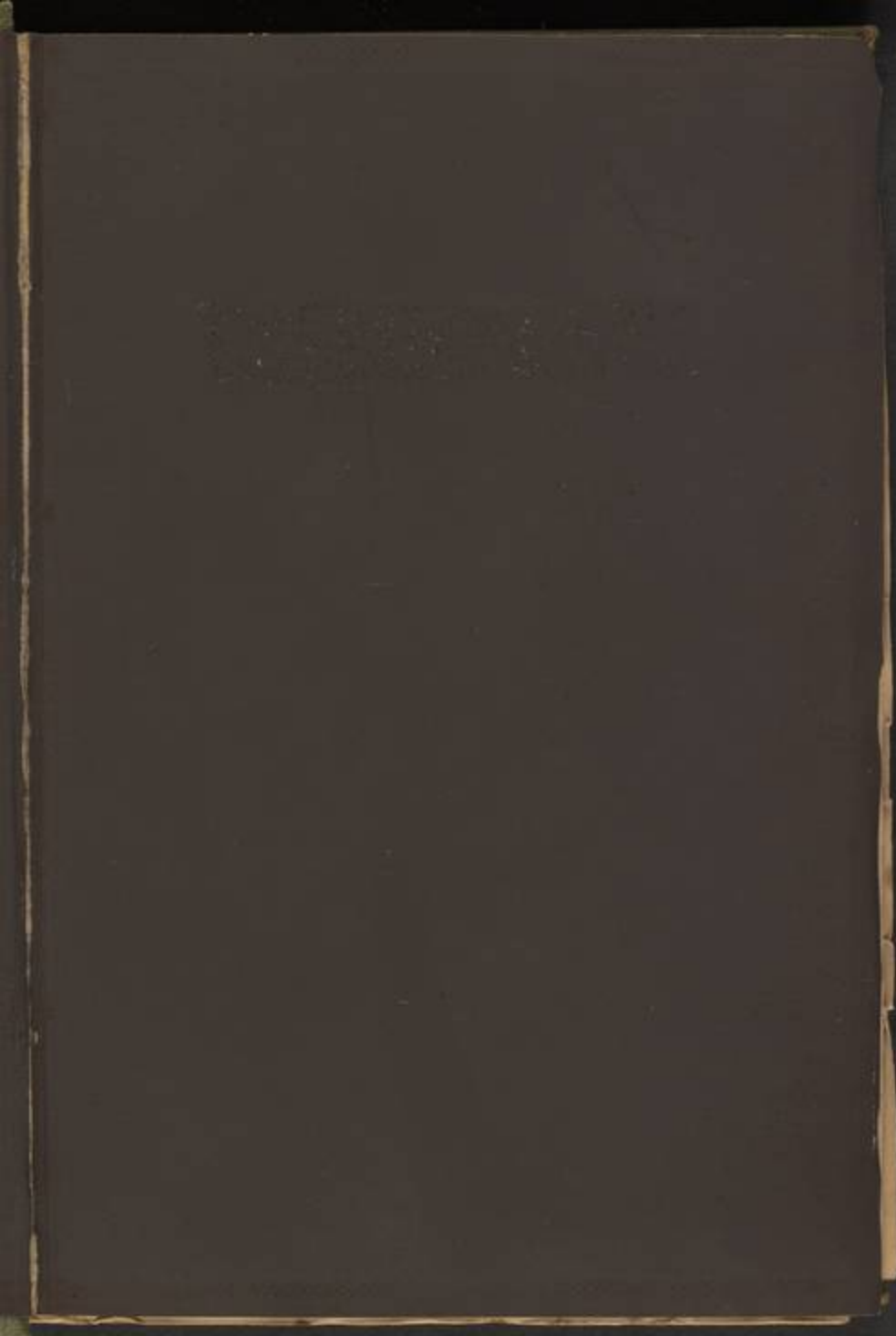


FROM THE
TROPICS TO
THE NORTH
SEA



FANNY A. BARKLY





(c1895)
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FIVE
YEARS
IN
THE
SEYCHELLES
ISLANDS.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR:

"AMONG BOERS AND BASUTOS: THE STORY OF
OUR LIFE ON THE FRONTIER."

FROM THE TROPICS
TO THE
NORTH SEA,

INCLUDING

Sketches of Colonial Life ; Five Years in the Seychelles,
Gordon's Garden of Eden ; with an Interlude at the Falklands
in the South Pacific ; followed by Promotion to Heligoland,
the Gem of the North Sea.

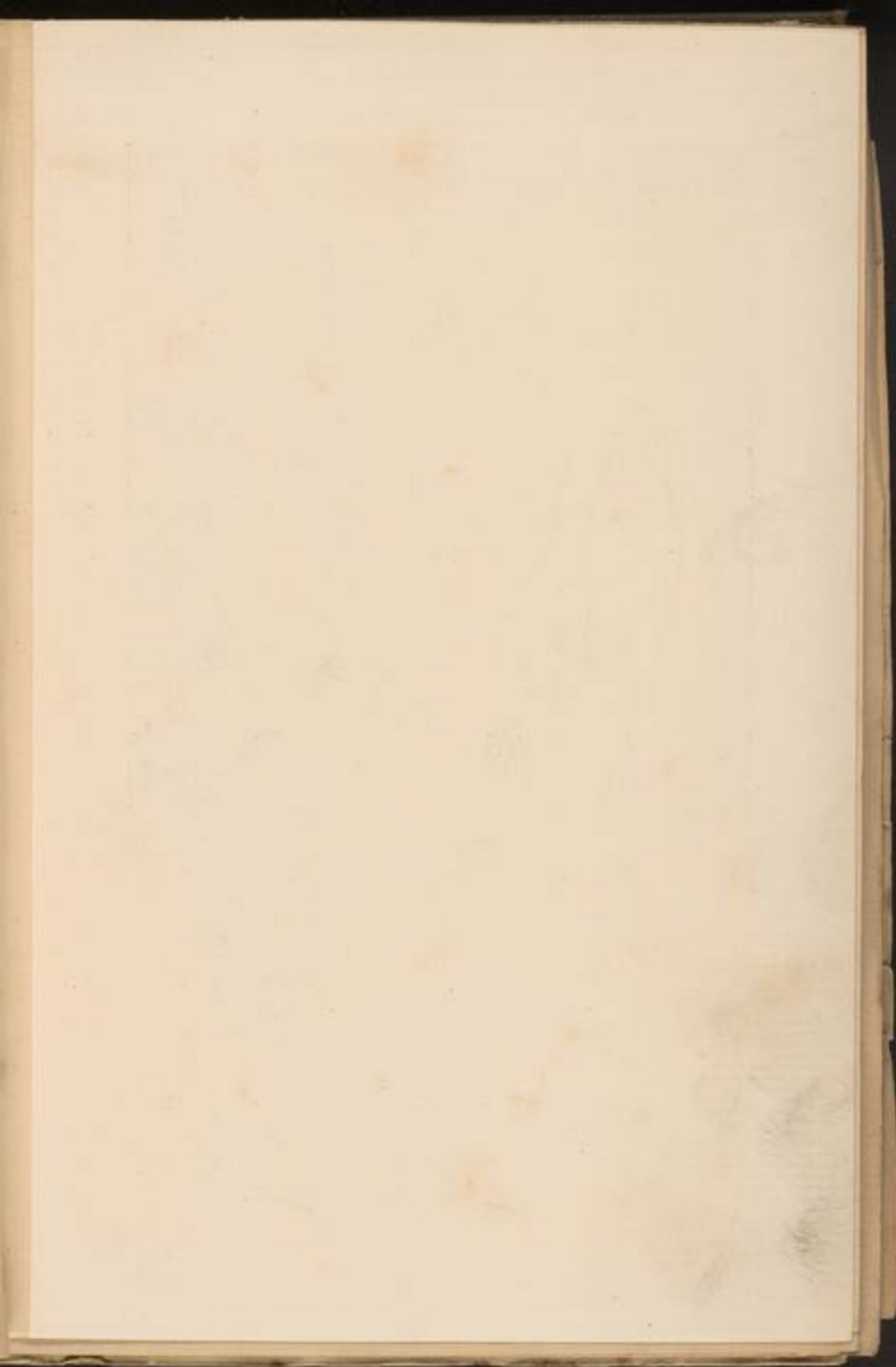
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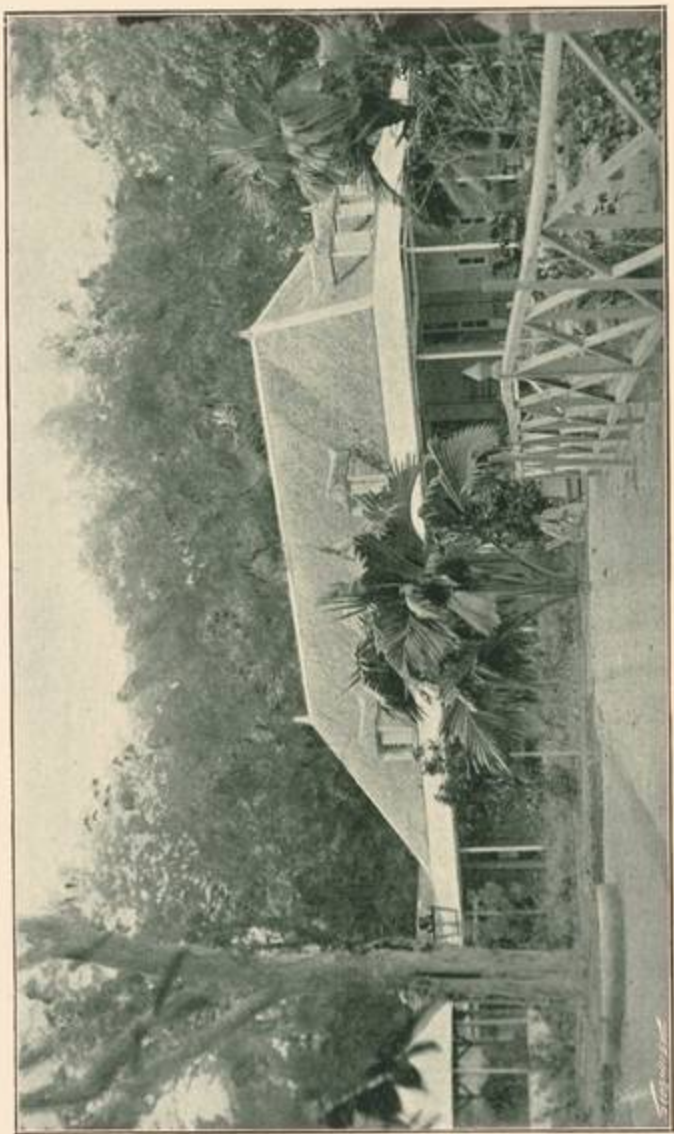
FANNY A. BARKLY

(Author of "Among Boers and Basutos," etc.)



*The ROXBURGHE PRESS,
Limited,
Fifteen Victoria Street,
Westminster.*





GOVERNMENT HOUSE, VICTORIA, MATRE AND COCO-DE-MER PALM.

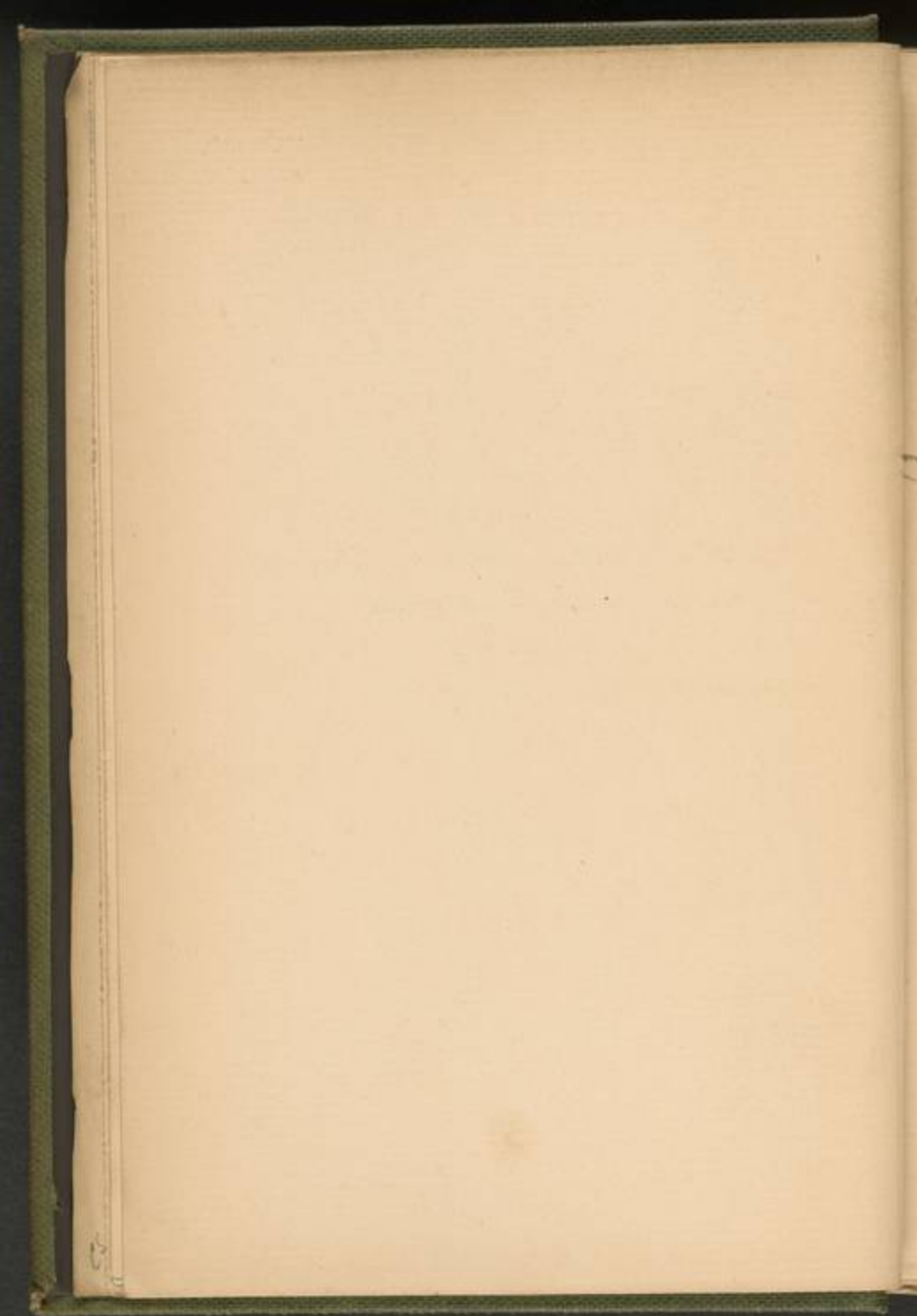
Frontispiece

TO MY FATHER-IN-LAW,
SIR HENRY BARKLY, K.C.B., G.C.M.G.,

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED WITH LOVE

AND GRATITUDE.

Hampton Court Palace.



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NOTE.

It will be of interest to my readers to know that the two medallions on the cover of this book are exact copies of those designed and sketched by General Gordon, the Hero of Khartoum, during his visit to the Seychelles Islands.

After they had been struck in silver, he presented them to the present Administrator. The one medallion represents the huge tortoise of these Islands, while the other is intended to illustrate the theory of General Gordon, viz., that the Seychelles were the original Garden of Eden. The *Coco-de-mer*, or gigantic cocoa-nut, is depicted as the Forbidden fruit, while the Serpent is to be seen entwined in its branches.

CHAPTER I.

ON BOARD THE "YARRA" AND ARRIVAL AT MAHÉ—
"THE STAR OF THE INDIAN OCEAN."

WE started for the Seychelles in the Messageries Maritimes Steamer "Yarra" one fine day in November, my late husband, Mr. Arthur Cecil Stuart Barkly, having been appointed by Lord Kimberley, Chief Commissioner of that group of Islands. The party consisted of my husband and myself, our little boy Gilbert, and an English nurse. Our two other children we left behind, under the charge of Sir Henry, Lady and Miss Barkly, it being considered unwise to take any but very young children to such a hot climate.

Life on board one of these great steamers is very pleasant, supposing that you are a fairly good sailor. The vessels of this line are fitted with the latest improvements, they are lighted throughout with electric light, the cuisine is excellent, and in fact, the comfort of the passengers is as carefully

studied as in a first class hotel. Two large deck cabins, called "ambassadors," were allotted to us, in addition to a third cabin below. The larger cabin we converted into a sitting-room, and often entertained our friends at afternoon tea. We had many pleasant fellow passengers, amongst whom were Dr. and Mrs. Hoad. He was going out to the Seychelles as a Government official, having been appointed Medical Officer at Praslin, one of the outlying islands. There were also two Roman Catholic priests of the Capuchin mission, in Mahé, who proved very agreeable companions. One of them was said to be a French nobleman, who had resigned his estates and title, in order to give up his life to good works in the Seychelles. Being good sailors we enjoyed the voyage; to me, the days passed only too quickly. Little Bertie soon made himself quite at home, and spent most of his time playing with the various animals and birds on board, and used to feed them every day. He made a great many friends, and seemed quite contented. We found the heat extremely trying in the Suez Canal, as we got near Aden, it being the height of the hot season. Fortunately, owing to a good supply of ice and a well arranged refrigerating

room, we were supplied with fresh fruit and vegetables throughout the entire voyage.

On our arrival at Port Victoria, Mahé, we found everything and everybody "en fête" in honour of my husband's arrival. As we steamed slowly to the anchorage, which is some miles from the shore, the scene was very gay and picturesque. The brilliant colours of the sea—blue, green and opal, the many islands, with their sandy shores of dazzling white, graceful palms growing down to the water's edge, lofty mountains covered with tropical vegetation, and half hidden by a misty haze, the interstices of the rocks giving roothold to many a gay flower and plant, formed a bright picture, and one difficult to rival in any land.

As we approached, a number of small steamers and boats of every description, were seen approaching the ship. An English man-of-war, decked with all her flags, was lying in the harbour. Some of the little boats had one huge palm leaf only, fixed up as a sail, others had red sails, which had a pretty effect on the water. A chain of high hills rose up behind the town of Port Victoria, and seemed to watch over it like giant guardians. Great rocky cliffs at their summits, stood out against the clear

blue sky; lower down, they were covered with palms and other trees and huge creepers. Picturesque little houses nestled among the trees, many of them were painted bright blue, red, or yellow. There were huts also, made entirely of leaves, dried and woven together in curious patterns.

As soon as we anchored, the health officer came on board, and after making most minute inquiries as to the health of every person during the voyage, he gave us "pratique" to enter the harbour. This ceremony concluded, all the officials came to receive and welcome Arthur and escort him to the landing stage. After taking leave of the good captain and officers, who had done so much to ensure our happiness and comfort during the voyage, we said "good-bye" to all our acquaintances, and were then rowed ashore in a beautiful galley by the crew of the yacht, the "Wave." As Arthur landed, a salute was fired from the guns at Government House, bands played, and the scene was most animated. The principal buildings in the town had been decorated with flowers, boughs of tangerine oranges and blossoms, and flags on all sides. The streets were full of Creoles, Africans, Coolies in their white costumes, red sashes and

turbans. Beautiful bouquets, composed of white orchids, stephanotis, and other flowers, were presented to us.

Accompanied by the other officials, we went up to Government House, through a long avenue of tall trees, many covered with flowers. At the top of the avenue, are the Chief Commissioner's and Private Secretary's Offices. On the left hand side is a beautiful cinnamon wood, forty acres in extent, belonging to Government House, laid out in shady walks. In the same direction is the Flagstaff Point, where there is a private cemetery, in which some of the Chief Commissioners and members of their families have been interred, and also one of the old French Governors of the Islands. In the foreground is a very fine view of the harbour and distant Islands. Then we come to the gardens, up a steep hill, past coffee trees covered with berries, plantations of arrowroot, and above all, the beautiful vanilla plants, which grow abundantly everywhere, climbing up the great trees, covering their trunks with clinging tendrils of long, shiny, pointed leaves and white wax-like flowers, or trained like vines over trellis work. The whole air seems full of perfume, from the lovely orange and nutmeg trees

laden with fruit and many scented shrubs. A fine specimen of the *coco de mer*, or double cocoa-nut, which has been persuaded with great difficulty to grow in Mahè, is to be seen at the entrance. The gardens, which are very beautiful, are full of flowers, and there are also tennis and croquet lawns. A fountain, opposite to the drawing-room windows, plays over water lilies and other plants. A huge and very tame pike, a strange companion for the gold and silver fish, lies quietly amongst the roots of the plants. He rejoices in the inappropriate name of "Providence."

The house is a long roomy building, built like a bungalow, with a deep verandah, on to which all the rooms open and connect with each other. The floors are all made of the beautiful dark woods of the country, neatly inlaid like a mosaic; they take a brilliant polish and are as slippery as ice, being polished once or twice a day by prisoners, picked men, in charge of a guard. At one end of the verandah is a suite of rooms, painted pale blue and white, with verandahs and doors on each side, leading to the mountains and river, this is called "The Admiral's wing," having been used by various admirals in command of the station while on a

visit to Government House. One of these rooms makes a capital ball-room, and is much used for dancing. You have only to cross a covered courtyard and you come to the swimming bath, our greatest joy in this enervating climate. The bath and dressing-rooms are also painted pale blue and white, a flight of stone steps leading down to the former, from the top of which we used to jump nearly six feet into the water. This bath is kept exquisitely clean and cool always, supplied by pipes from the mountain streams arranged so as to form a refreshing douche on one's head. The only drawback to this perfect bath was, that it was the favourite resort of centipedes, scorpions, and the harmless but very unpleasant millepattes, with their long black bodies and thousand legs. The centipedes were our worst enemies, they looked horribly wicked and used to make a rush for us while dressing after the bath, and one always had to be provided with some kind of weapon, as they would run and attack one in the boldest manner. We took a swim in this bath two or three times a day, and sometimes at twelve o'clock at night by the light of a lantern, when the heat was too oppressive. I generally found it so, excepting in the three or four

months cooler season, when the monsoon wind blew. The latter part of our time, I spent generally with the two children at our cottage in the hills, only coming down to town when absolutely obliged to do so, while Arthur used to walk down to his office in town and return in the cool of the evening.

CHAPTER II.

VERANDAH LIFE.

THE punkahs were a great comfort when we were in town, as we had them fixed up in almost every room ; we used " hurricane lamps " and candles, which were never extinguished by the wind. We were much surprised to see the amount of civilisation in some respects, which prevailed in Port Victoria ; for instance, on our arrival, a charming déjeuner awaited us, the table being decorated with exquisite white orchids and ferns by the native servants, who have a pretty taste for flowers. Arranged about the rooms and verandahs were huge pots containing small trees covered with tiny oranges, others with ferns of all kinds, and great masses of the scarlet flamboyant (*poinciana pulcherrima*), while great hanging baskets of ferns and creeping plants and bright flowers, were suspended at intervals from the verandahs. We found that Government House was very comfortably furnished

throughout by Government, for the Chief Commissioner and his family, as is usually the case in the Colonies.

The Acting Commissioner had fortunately engaged some servants for us; we had an excellent cook called "old Joseph," who was quite a chef, and a well known character in the Islands. He was an Indian, but was born in Jerusalem, of which fact he was very proud. He was a very clever cook, and used to do all the marketing for us in the bazaar, and could serve up a dinner for any number of people. Joseph was a respectable looking old man, always well dressed in European fashion, generally with a spotlessly white waistcoat. He objected much to my going into the kitchen at all, and would stand in the doorway as fierce as a lion, if he saw me coming, and say, "Pardon, Madame, but Madame's place is in the drawing-room!" Joseph was extremely dignified in his manner, but alas! on the arrival of a man-of-war or the mail steamer, he invariably collapsed, and then indeed, woe would befall us on these occasions, for there was much entertaining to be got through, and unfortunately, no other good cook to be had. The butler, Henri, and the man under him, Balo,

were fine looking Creoles, and waited perfectly at table, dressed in white, with red sashes and caps. Henri soon had to leave us, and was replaced by the African boy, Frederick, a liberated slave, who had been brought to Mahé by a man-of-war and placed on the English Mission Station for liberated Africans, "Venns Town," at the top of a high mountain called "La Forêt Noir," where he was trained in the school, and then sent to service. Frederick was a regular African negro, with woolly hair, black eyes, and very white teeth, he was a capital servant, sharp as a needle, but a sad thief. He always went about with a cheerful grin on his face, very smartly dressed, all in white, his clothes made as much like my husband's as possible, with, on Sunday, the addition of a red tie, in which he appeared at the Cathedral, and polished boots. He professed one virtue, namely — he was usually a teetotaller, excepting once a year on the "Jour de l'An," when he always had a holiday!

I had a maid called Françoise, also an African who was supposed to be a great beauty among her own classes, a regular Topsy, coal black, and always very gorgeously dressed, especially on Sundays for "La Messe." Françoise was very comical

and amusing, and good-natured to Bertie and Dolly. I saw her one day, coming back from church, arrayed in a pink tarlatan dress with ribbons, black velvet bodice cut square in front, with white tulle, pearl and gold comb in her woolly hair, and pearl ear rings. She used to run out and climb to the top of a high rock like a monkey, to comb out her much frizzled up black wool ! This beautiful toilet was completed by a fan, a long pair of gants de Suède, belonging to me, and very high heeled French boots. As she was in service at Government House, I thought I was bound to remonstrate a little and said, "Françoise, I wish you would dress quietly, while in my service here, as it is most unsuitable for a servant to go from Government House to the Cathedral in such a costume." This lecture I delivered in my best Creole.

Françoise hung her head and covered her face, and said, "Pardon, madame, c'est bien vrai," and promised to obey me in future, but I overheard her say to another maid, "Pauvre madame, elle est jalouse, elle n'a pas de toilettes comme ça !"

Françoise reproached Frederick one day, for not being more regular in his attendance at the Cathedral.

"Frédérick, mon ami, where do you expect to go to, when you die, if you are so wicked?"

"I should be very sorry to be as bad as you are, Françoise."

"Oh, ho! Frédéric, I go to La Messe every Sunday!"

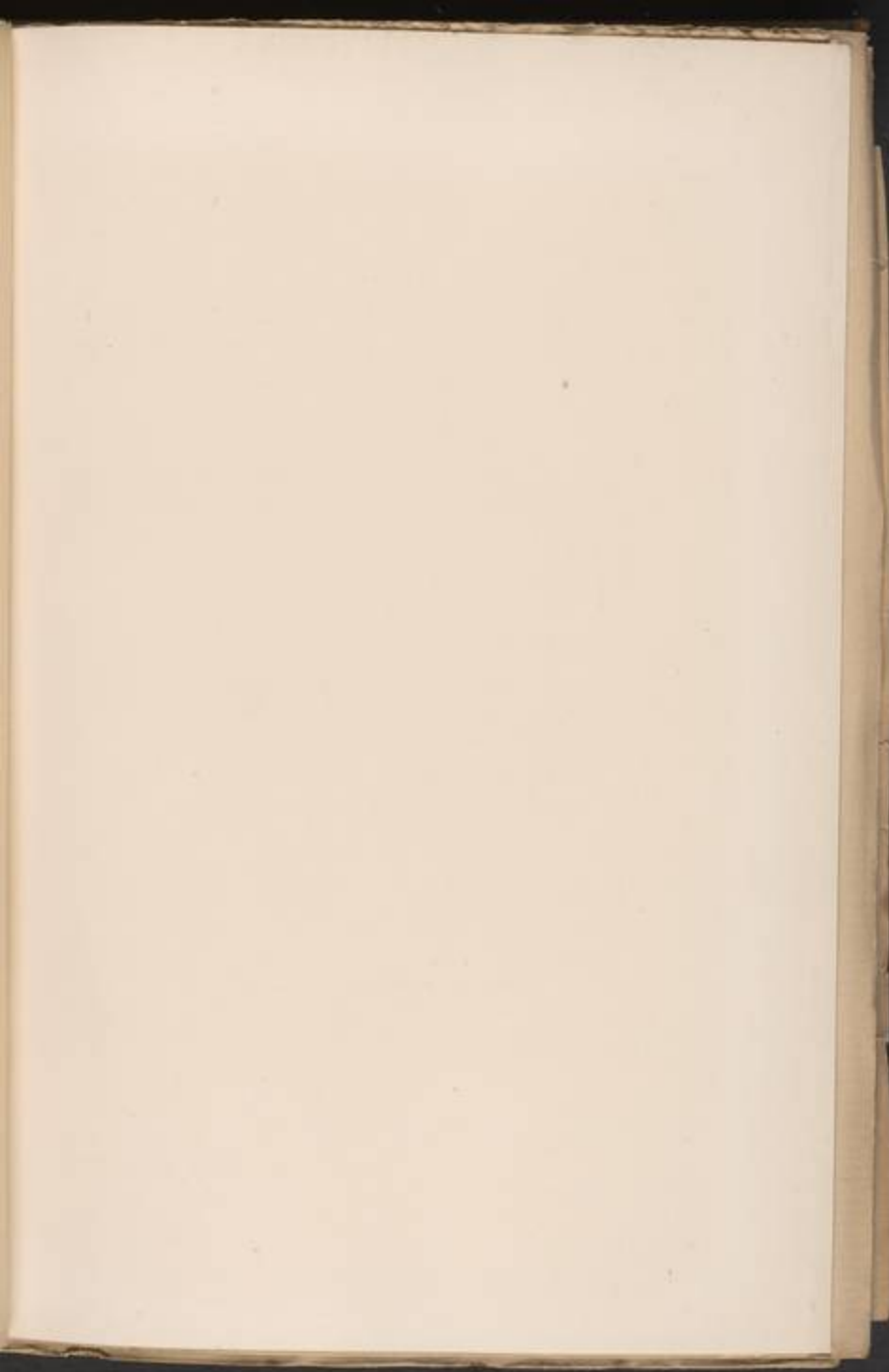
"Well, Françoise, it does not seem to do you much good, I must say, but as for myself, I have changed and hold now, different opinions; in fact, have become lately, what the white people call, 'an agnostic!'"

CHAPTER III.

CURIOSITIES OF MAHÉ.

IN the Seychelles Islands the day began very early. At six o'clock the prisoners arrived in charge of the guard, to sweep and clean everything and work in the garden. I used often to be up all night, sitting on a "chaise longue" in the verandah, or strolling about the gardens, trying to get cool. One night I was walking about in a white dress, when I came across the night sentry on duty, who was much alarmed, being, like all Creoles, very superstitious, and promptly took to his heels, as he evidently took me for a ghost.

I found the heat in town too great for sleep, so that I was always glad when the guard arrived with the prisoners, as they then pulled the punkah which hung in every room. They stood outside, and pulled a rope arranged with pulleys, which passed through the wall; the men pulled it in turns, which enabled one to sleep.





COPY OF DESIGN ON SILVER MEDAILLION
DESIGNED BY GENERAL GORDON, TO BE
GIVEN TO H. C. STEWART, ESQ., THE
PRESENT ADMINISTRATOR.

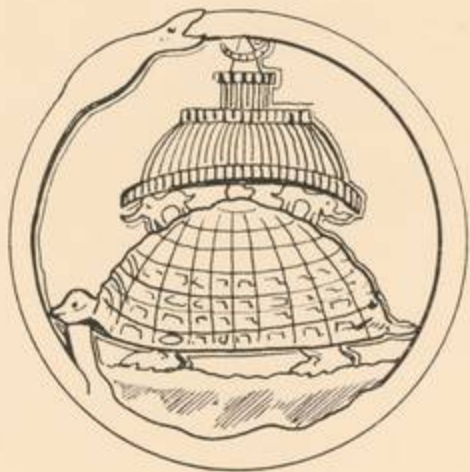
The gardens looked exquisite at four o'clock in the morning, with the heavy dew on the grass and flowers. It is scarcely credible, but is nevertheless a fact, that some seeds planted at night come up in the morning. We had a large aviary of blue pigeons, and many other curious birds from the outlying islands. We also kept a guinea pig, and a Madagascar cat or "lemur," and a monkey or two, a few small tortoises and various other curiosities. They all lived together very amicably, and made a great noise in the early morning. A man was told off to look after them, and a regular bazaar was bought for them every morning by old Joseph.

Various kinds of fruit and grain had to be procured, and boughs of large trees were planted in the aviary for them to perch upon, and also to shade them from the heat of a tropical sun. There might also be seen, taking an early stroll together, two gigantic tortoises, or land turtle as they are called by the Creoles, presented to this Government by General Gordon, "the Hero of Khartoum." These enormous creatures were so strong that a man could stand on their backs, and they could carry him easily, as they walked about. They used very often to make a great noise and bellow loudly,

much to the astonishment of strangers. Contrary to all one's preconceived ideas of tortoises, they would suddenly set off and run very fast, which was a funny sight. They would also do a great deal of mischief, climbing on to the verandahs, rooting up the flowers, and once they spoilt a whole crop of arrowroot. They would come constantly and drink out of the fountain, much to the terror of the gold and silver fish.

The late General Gordon wrote several times to my husband, and always begged him "To take great care of my tortoises!" The gardeners used to give them a sort of large dockleaf to eat, and throw pails of water over them, to their evident enjoyment.





COPY OF ONE SIDE OF SILVER MEDAILLION,
DESIGNED BY GENERAL GORDON, TO BE
GIVEN TO H. C. STEWART, ESQ., THE
PRESENT ADMINISTRATOR.

CHAPTER IV.

SOCIETY IN MAHÈ.

A DAY or two after we arrived in the Island, my husband held a levée, and I had a reception in the afternoon of the same day, which was known as "La Présentation." The ladies came, many of them, in semi-evening toilette, and the gentlemen in full evening dress, according to the French custom on official occasions.

The levée was very numerously attended; among them, decked in the uniform of an English Hussar officer, entered H.R.H. Abdullah, the ex-Sultan of Perak, who was a political prisoner in Mahè, under the charge of the Chief Commissioner. He, with his three wives and suite, lived close to us, and the Sultan always came to our parties. We treated him with the greatest respect, and always found him very polite and good natured, and he won golden opinions by his excellent conduct during his residence in the Islands. The Roman Catholic

Bishop was present in his full canonicals, a very imposing figure. All the other officials and a great many inhabitants of the Island, also put in an appearance.

Unfortunately, soon after this I was taken terribly ill with some kind of fever, supposed to have been contracted whilst boating with my husband at Aden, *en route* for Mahè, in the harbour at night. For three or four months I was constantly in great danger, and it needed all Dr. Brooks' long experience, combined with that of the two Government doctors, to pull me through. I suffered tortures from great heat, it being the hottest season of the year, and also from thirst when conscious. My life was despaired of, and I was prayed for daily in the churches. Little children were heard saying to each other when the Cathedral bells tolled for vespers, "Allons, prier pour Madame!"

I had an Indian and a Creole nurse, and when they were worn out, some sisters from the Convent of St. Mary the Virgin, used to come and watch by my bed-side at night, and fan me constantly. I was also deeply indebted to my friend, Mrs. Brodie, who was extremely kind to me all through this terrible

illness; she used to come constantly to visit me. My little boy Bertie was sent over to Praslin, one of the out-lying Islands, to stay with Dr. and Mrs. Hoad, at "La Pasquière," accompanied by his English nurse. Whilst so very ill, my little girl Dorothy Maud was born, after which event, I was worse than ever.

At last, however, I began to mend, much to the disappointment, as I heard afterwards, of many of the Creoles, who thought that there would be such a "belle interrement," meaning of course, in case of a death at Government House, that there would be an official funeral. The Creoles prefer a funeral to a wedding or any other function. When any of their relations die, they always take a week's holiday, and if in service, immediately leave their situations, go home, and have a kind of "Irish wake."

As soon as I was sufficiently convalescent, my husband, who was worn out, took my little girl and me up to the mountains, to a pretty house, kindly lent to us by the Judge and his wife, as at that time we had no country house of our own in those high regions. This was a lovely spot, surrounded by gardens, on a vanilla plantation. Little

Dolly and I were carried up in a hammock, by the sturdy crew of the "Wave."

The road to "La Misère" is most lovely. As you wind along the zigzag path you catch beautiful glimpses of the blue sea and harbour below. The road is planted on either side with great palms and other trees, making a lovely avenue overhead, and creeping plants, with huge leaves and bright flowers, covered many of the trees. One tree had no leaves upon it, but at the end of each branch long suckers, like strings, which grew down to the ground and took root again; it looked like a huge skeleton, and had a very weird appearance.

The tree-ferns and quantities of maidenhair, flourish here most luxuriantly, while very clear mountain streams and cataracts, tumble over the rocks into deep pools, almost hidden by the dense vegetation. Cocoa-nut trees, bananas, wild oranges and lemons, bushes covered with raspberries, beautiful white orchids, the exquisite myrtle and cinnamon trees, and many other fruits and flowers, the names of which I do not know, or have forgotten, flourish in profusion, on this mountain of "La Misère." The wild pine-apple also, has a better flavour to my mind, than the much cultivated Victoria pines,

which formed a boarder round our vegetable garden in town.

We remained for some time in the hills. Arthur went daily down to his office at Government House, and came up again in the evening. The air in those high latitudes, was delightfully fresh and cool, although somewhat damp from the heavy dews and constant rain. We were at all events able to obtain some sleep at night. The mosquitoes were our greatest trouble, they were a perfect plague on the hills, far worse than in town. As soon as the sun went down, they came in swarms, and when sitting on the verandah, our only chance of dealing with them was to have fires lighted near us in charcoal pans, filled with scented herbs and leaves, "L'herb ma tante" and many others, which gave a pleasant smoke, and stupefied our enemies. We often had a pan of lighted herbs placed in the bedrooms, and when the mosquitoes flew out, let down the netting over the beds, and closed the doors and windows, until night came.

The guardian or administrator of our kind host's estate was very obliging and civil to us. He made a light bamboo frame for me, and this, when covered with mosquito netting, enabled me to rest

in peace on the verandah during my convalescence. As soon as I was able to be moved, some of the men on the estate came and carried me up one day to the convent at "La Misère," which commanded a splendid panoramic view of Mahé and the surrounding Islands. The good sisters were very kind, and I rested there, on the summit of the mountain, near the convent, in a shady bower of trees; but on returning home, was caught in a tremendous tropical shower of rain, and should of course have been drenched, had it not been for my bearers, who cut huge palm and banana leaves and covered me over entirely, in the hammock, from head to foot, and tied them round tightly with long wisps of grass and weeds. I could hardly breathe, but arrived perfectly dry, and was altogether much amused at this novel adventure.

Soon after this, the Bishop of Mauritius, who had been staying with us in town, and had christened our little Dolly, came up and stayed a few days with us. He was very kind to me, and full of sympathy, as I was still very weak and suffering. He generally made our house his head-quarters during his annual visits to Mahé. After this, we frequently took a house in the hills during the hottest season,

until we built a small one of our own, which we called Government Cottage.

The streets and public buildings of Port Victoria are not of an imposing character. The avenue from Government House leads past the Custom House offices, straight down to the long pier and landing place. The streets are somewhat narrow, and composed of dwelling-houses of various sizes, and small shops, chiefly Chinamen's and Creole stores. On the left hand side is the little English church, shaded by tall palms, and quite close to it stands the parsonage. A chaplain is appointed by Government for the English portion of the community, and several other clergy have been sent out by the Church Missionary Society, to work in the diocese of the Bishop of Mauritius. There are other small chapels, in different parts of the Islands, and a great many schools, which were very flourishing. Hearty services were held in the little church at Port Victoria. The Creoles are musical and sing hymns well, both in French and English. The English service was held early, at eight o'clock in the morning, and the French one followed later.

The Creole and African members of the congrega-

tion were always very smartly dressed, being extremely clever at imitating the costumes of others. It was no uncommon thing, if one rejoiced in a new gown from England, to see some black lady attired in another, exactly similar, seated in front of one a Sunday or two after. In Port Victoria there is a rum and also a soap factory. The soap is made in long bars, by the firm of Guérard and Company. Few cattle are to be found in these Islands, as the climate, or more probably, the pasturage, does not agree with them. Sheep cannot live there for any time on account of the herbage; a little white flower grows everywhere, which is poisonous and soon kills them.

CHAPTER V.

TURTLE AND TORTOISES.

TURTLES are very numerous, they are brought from some of the outlying Islands and kept in a large turtle pond, close to the sea, until they are killed and prepared for the bazaar or market, where the flesh is sold for about 5d. a pound. Turtle is one of the chief articles of diet, and is called "the Seychelles beef."

The Seychelles are the home of the giant tortoise; there is a specimen now living at the Artillery Barracks, at Port Louis, Mauritius. It is the oldest animal on record, and is known to be more than 126 years old, as it was on the Islands when they were first discovered by the French. It is indigenous to the Aldebra Islands, an outlying group, under the Seychelles Government, where I understand, the tortoise is protected. The meat is extremely good, very rich and tender, and superior to turtle in delicacy and flavour. The Creoles prize it

immensely, and preserve it like game; they keep their tortoises in enclosures, near their houses. A man's wealth is estimated pretty nearly by the number of tortoises which he possesses. The Creoles only kill one on some great occasion, such as a wedding feast. The shells are of great value in the market.

CHAPTER VI.

SPECIAL FACTS REGARDING THE SEYCHELLES.

THE Seychelles Islands number some thirty in all, and are the chief dependencies of the British possession of the Island Colony of Mauritius. Since the opening of the Suez Canal, the Seychelles have traded considerably with Europe, and also with Australia.

A good deal of trade in jams and wines is now carried on between Australia and the Seychelles, as South Australia cannot grow tropical products, while the Seychelles cannot produce those of a temperate climate. The Islands are situated almost in the centre of the Indian Ocean, in equatorial regions, about 940 miles due north of Mauritius. The French were the first settlers in 1756, but they were known also to the early Portuguese navigators. In 1814 they were with Mauritius, the mother island, ceded to Britain by France.

There are about 16,000 inhabitants on the Islands, probably more. When first taken possession of by the French, there were no people at all on them. Families from France, however, soon came over and settled there, descendants of these still exist, and of the old French Governors also, but the inhabitants are mostly Creoles, who speak French more or less well, and some of them a little English. Among the lower classes, many are the children of released slaves, or a variety of white, or Creole and African, so that the population is now considerably mixed. H.M.S. "Osprey," and the famous "London," did much service in suppressing the slave trade in these waters. The slaves were run from the mainland to the islands of Zanzibar, Mafia, and Bemba. They, therefore, had to be intercepted by the cruisers, on the transit, for on arrival in the territory of the Sultan of Zanzibar, where domestic slavery was allowed, the British could no longer interfere. When caught, the slaves were conveyed by the "Osprey" and other cruisers, from time to time, to mission stations, on the islands and on the coast. Thus to a great extent, the Seychelles were populated.

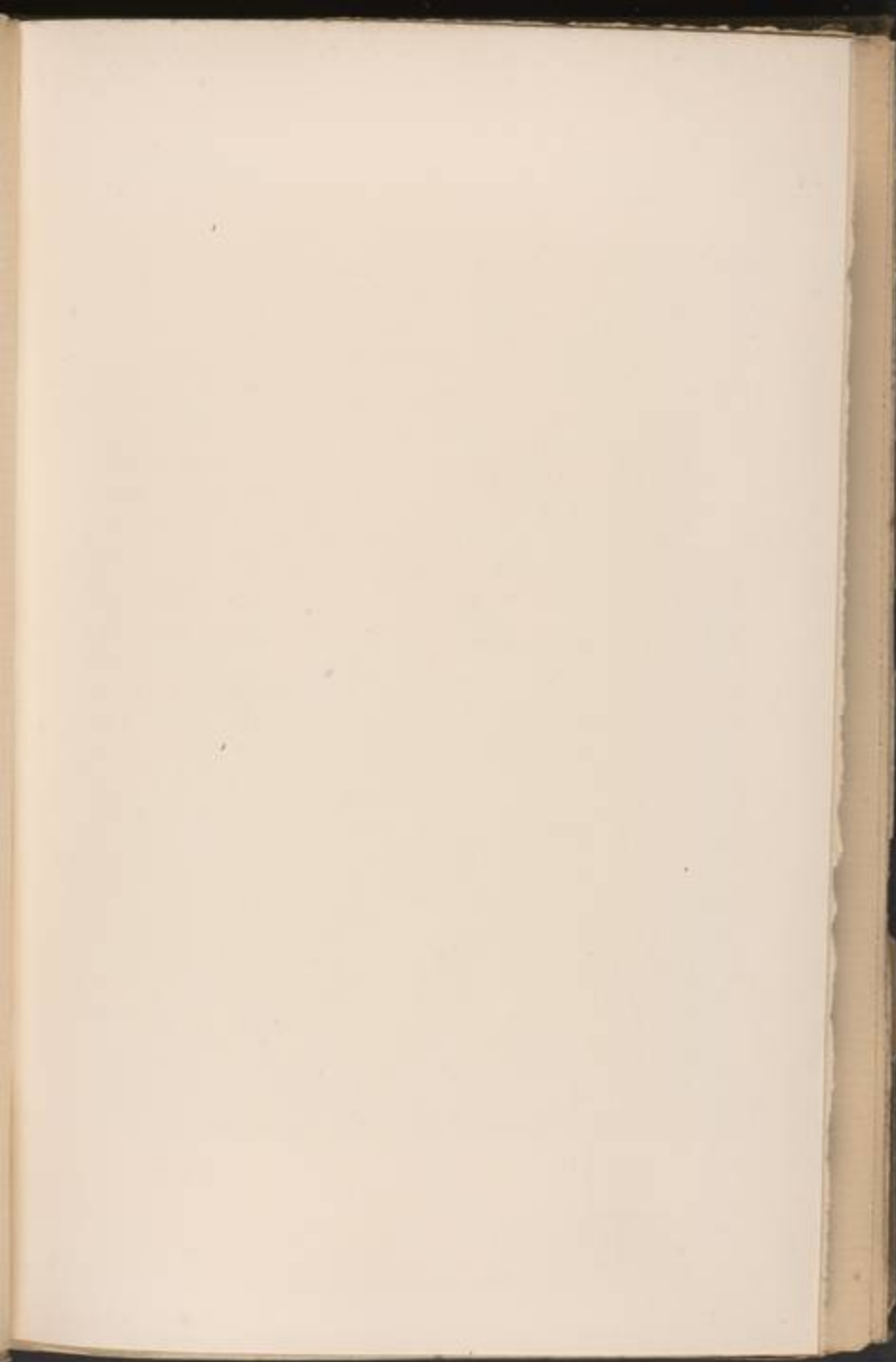
The Islands are administered to some degree

under the Government of Mauritius. The Administrator is assisted by a Council, and reports periodically to the Colonial Office, sometimes directly, but as a general rule, through the medium of the Governor of Mauritius.

CHAPTER VII.

PRODUCTS OF THE SEYCHELLES.

IN many ways, the Seychelles are very remarkable ; they are of volcanic origin, and rest on an extensive bank of sand, surrounded by graceful reefs of living coral. Mountains rise to a height of more than 2000 feet, beautiful and fertile valleys, streams dashing down from the mountains among rocks and tree ferns, all kinds of tropical flowers and plants, combine and produce, some of the finest and most beautiful scenery in the world. There still remains a large area of land totally uncultivated. In the valleys, grow all kinds of tropical products, and they are still capable of producing a much larger quantity, if a certain amount of labour and trouble were expended upon them. The hills are densely clothed with luxuriant forests, chiefly of beautifully grained hard wood. On every island are to be found extensive plantations of cocoa-nut.





COCO-DE-MER PALM THE ENORMOUS DOUBLE COCOA-NUT TREE, FOUND ONLY IN
THE SEVIGALLAN ISLANDS

The Seychelles are chiefly renowned for the coco-de-mer or double cocoa-nut. This gigantic nut is indigenous to the isles of Praslin and Curieuse, but there are a few specimens which have with great difficulty been induced to grow in Mahè, two being in the gardens of Government House, Victoria, of which, one is a fine healthy specimen, and has begun to bear fruit. This nut bears some resemblance to the ordinary cocoa-nut, but grows double ; when ripe, the nut falls. To attain its full growth, the cocoa-nut tree requires one hundred and thirty years, and does not bear until nearly fifty years old. The fruit has a large outer green husk, which takes several men to carry, and one specimen is generally put on a truck when moved about. The wood of the tree is very beautiful, almost black, and takes a fine polish, pretty cabinets and boxes, sticks and other things are made from it, but the wood is so hard to carve, that the natives charge a high price for their work.

A great many curious articles are fashioned out of the pith and fibre of the coco-de-mer tree, the most delicate baskets and fans, so fine that they are always kept in cabinets in England, being very fragile, shady hats, and all kinds of pretty nick-

nacks. These are in great request in Mauritius, Aden and Zanzibar, for presents, bazaars, etc., and I was often asked by the wives of the governors of these places, to send them boxes of specimens of this fibre work or other curiosities, peculiar to the Seychelles.

The Creoles make preserves and jams of all kinds extremely well, and have a curious way of preserving bananas in straw cases or bottles, which they hang up in a draught on the verandah.

CHAPTER VIII.

FACTS AND FEATURES OF THE CREOLES.

THE Creoles are very simple in their tastes, and live almost on nothing. A little fish, which they eat curried with rice, a pine apple or two and a few bananas, with perhaps a cake of manioc or cassava root, accompanied by a little native rum, form an abundant meal. They seldom eat meat, as it is expensive, but occasionally indulge in pork; fruit they are very fond of. The avocado pear, eaten with salt and pepper and pine apples, are, I think, the best, especially the former, which has a very piquant flavour. The fruit of the passion flower has also a deliciously scented rich flavour. There are many large estates in Mahè, one of them called "Henley Villa," belongs to Dr. Brooks, who is aptly called, "The Father of the Seychelles," two other larger estates were named "Cascade," "Mount Sebert," and various others. In the old times they were worked by slaves, but now African free labour is employed on the estates.

The houses are constructed of hard wood, roofed with shingles of Capucin wood. The Seychellois have a method of walling houses with the bark of the lathe palm. Almost all have covered verandahs, and many are built in two or three storeys, the more modern ones being raised well above the ground, supported on wooden piles, or heaps of stones, to allow a current of air to pass underneath. This serves to keep them much drier and more healthy than the older houses in Mahè. Owing to the scarcity of regular roads, there are very few carriages on the island, but some people use them without horses, pushed by men only. A few ponies and mules are used as beasts of burden, but most of the traffic is done by water in whaling boats or canoes, and a few steamers which ply up and down the coast.

CHAPTER IX.

PREPARATION OF THE VANILLA.

A short account of the process of preparing the vanilla for export in the Seychelles Islands, may not be uninteresting to my readers, as few books—one or two at the most—have been written about these lovely and romantic coral islands, and but few travellers have visited this “Star of the Indian Ocean,” as they are well named. Vanilla and coconut oil are the chief exports of the Seychelles, also the oil of vanilla, extracted from the pods. The vanilla preparation is a most elaborate one, and takes three months to carry out. The Creole ladies work very hard at it and prepare the pods beautifully, they give themselves up entirely to the preparation. When there is a good crop, vanilla planting is a most lucrative work, for a bundle of pods, when well prepared, fetches a sovereign per lb. in the market. The vanilla has a delicious scent, and many men like to put it with their cigars, as it is

supposed to improve the flavour of them. Almost the whole of Mahé and Praslin is devoted to the cultivation of the vanilla.

When the pods are gathered from the plants, they are scalded, by placing them in a cauldron of hot water; they are then carefully wiped dry and placed on shelves in a hot room, where they are left, until they have turned almost black, or else of a dark brown colour. Those who have not hot rooms, prepare the vanilla by turning the pods daily and exposing them in blankets, under the hot sun. When the pods are sufficiently dried, they are placed in tin boxes very carefully, and kept there for some time, then made up into small packages for export. Pods of equal length, being sorted and tied up together, are again put back into tin boxes. The object of doing so, before making them up in this way is, that the vanilla specialists may be able to test this very delicate preparation. Pods not sufficiently prepared, or which may not have been quite mature when plucked, are apt to split, or get mildewed. Boxes are daily examined, and bad pods removed as they are detected, lest they should contaminate good pods. Not until the end of four years, when ascertained to be free from all

blemish, are they neatly made up, tied with vanilla fibres, and considered ready.

Simple as this preparation seems, it requires much care and experience, to produce a thoroughly good and marketable article. When the pods are put up in packets, they, after a time, become covered with a sort of glittering white frost, very different from the white colour of mildew in the eyes of connoisseurs, though often mistaken for the latter by the uninitiated. The plant is a creeper, provided with suckers, the cuttings of which grow from two to three feet long, and are then cut off and planted. When the cuttings have taken root, and the plants begin to grow, posts of hard Capucin wood are placed along the lines of the vanilla plants at intervals, and these are encircled by wires and bars. The cuttings, or as they are called "*vanilles tiens*," are placed over the wires or bars, and as they become larger, they are twined, carefully but loosely, round the bars. Vines and cuttings are planted at any time, and flower at the end of three years, but preferably, after the rainy season. In Mexico, the flowers of the vanilla plant are fructified by insects.

In the Seychelles, they must be fructified or to

use an expression, commonly in vogue there, "married" by human aid. Each individual flower has to undergo this process, but as it requires great delicacy of touch to handle these wax-like flowers, women and children are employed for that purpose, in preference to men. In due course, the flower falls, and in its place, remains a nascent bunch of vanilla pods which gradually lengthen out, until they reach the degree of maturity required for plucking and preparing them. Care must be taken in plucking the pods not to break the ends, as otherwise the pods are unmarketable. The vanilla plant requires shade, and grows to perfection on the higher lands, where the soil is richest. The favourite time for making plantations is just before the rainy season. There is no regular rule, but this choice of season is made if possible, to avoid watering the plants until they have taken root.

The Creoles have almost given up rearing fowls for the market, as they spoil the vanilla crops, so that now both fowls and eggs are very dear and scarce. Formerly, you could get a nice fat fowl for half a rupee, or about 1s. 6d. in the bazaar, but being now constantly kept in a cellar, instead of being allowed to run about, they are miserably thin

and scraggy. There are many other products, such as candle nut, cloves, clove stems, cinnamon, nutmegs, etc., cassava flower, cocoa, Liberian coffee, maize, rice, paddy, poonach, sperm, lemon grass, cloves, logwood, Indian hemp, which grows wild in large quantities. There are also lime leaves, silk cotton, excellent for pillows, of which I possess one, fibres also of the aloe, leaves of the pine apple, banana leaves, and many other productive plants. Tobacco is also much cultivated on the Islands, and very tolerable cigars (perhaps somewhat strong) are made and much used there. Sweet scented wild cinnamon grows luxuriantly—all over the Islands.

CHAPTER X.

PRODUCTS OF THE SEYCHELLES EXHIBITED IN THE ADELAIDE JUBILEE EXHIBITION.

THE smallest, but one of the most attractive courts at this exhibition, was the section occupied by the exhibits of specimens of all products of the Seychelles. Mr. Lee-Warner, an old resident in Adelaide, a representative of the London Royal Commission, being in Australia at the time, who had seen a great deal of Seychelles, and took much interest in the Islands, undertook the office of Special Commissioner for the Seychelles. Under his supervision, a court was arranged in the northern corner of the western gallery. The unique little court was closely inspected by hundreds of visitors, many of whom were astonished at the useful and varied products of the islands. Some specimens of timber were also shown, as having been proved to be extremely useful for ship-building.

The chief exhibits, however, were some fine specimens of the coco-de-mer; there were also beautiful deep sea shells, specimens of "flying foxes," or huge bats, dried and stuffed, snakes, scorpions, the curious leaf insect, which resembles exactly the green leaf on which it feeds, the log insect, which is difficult to distinguish from a piece of dry wood, dried specimens of the lovely pitcher plant, indigenous to the islands; this orchid has a bright green flower, like a little pitcher. When in want of water, the lid of the pitcher is raised by the plant itself, and afterwards closed when the plant is well supplied. The ex-Sultan of Perak sent a collection of various articles to the exhibition.

The most interesting object in the Seychelles is of course the coco-de-mer. A specimen of this wonderful tree has lately been induced to grow at Kew Gardens, in one of the glass-houses there, with the greatest difficulty, after years of experiments. My husband carried on a lively correspondence with the authorities at Kew, over the botanical treasures to be found on the island. Monsieur Bouton, Conservator of Crown lands, an old inhabitant of Mahé, used frequently to send home specimens of

curious plants, orchids and flowers, with the greatest care, to Kew Gardens.

General Gordon took a very great interest in these Islands, during his visit there. When he was sent by the English Government on a special mission, to report on the fortifications of the Seychelles in 1881, he made some reference to the coco-de-mer, and the General's original letter to the French Consul, with drawings of this extraordinary palm, have been preserved and can be seen at the French Consulate at Port Victoria.

Praslin and Curieuse, where the particular palm has its home, have been supposed to be part of a submerged continent which has been called *Le Muirer*; out of such data General Gordon constituted his theory that the islands in question were at one time joined to India, that they are the remains of the Garden of Eden and that the coco-de-mer is the Forbidden Fruit. In one of General Gordon's letters, dated, "Jerusalem, the 11th of June, 1883," he writes:—

"MY DEAR MR. BARKLY,—Thank you for your kind and interesting letter, received to-day.

"I am very glad to hear of the coco-de-mer and the tortoises. In all my journeys, I have found few so interesting as the Seychelles group, and I have hopes that they have a prosperous future before them." . . .

I am fortunate enough to possess exact copies of a silver medallion, designed by General Gordon, and given by him to Mr. Cockburn Stewart. On one side is the gigantic tortoise, on the other the coco-de-mer tree, with fruit, supposed by Gordon to be the Tree of Knowledge growing out of a human skull, with serpent and tortoise.

CHAPTER XI.

LIFE IN MAHÈ.

PEOPLE in Mahè were very hospitable in our day, and there was always something going on, especially dinner parties and dances. Soon after we arrived there, we determined to give a large ball in honour of the Queen's birthday. Fortunately for us, an Italian man-of-war came in, the "Garibaldi," the Duke of Genoa's old ship, with a very charming complement of officers, from the captain downwards, who all made themselves most agreeable to us. They were interested to hear that the Duke of Genoa had been the guest of Sir Henry and Lady Barkly on the occasion of our wedding, which took place at Government House, Cape Town, while the Duke was staying there with his suite, he having arrived a few days before in his ship, the "Garibaldi." The Italian officers arrived just in time for our dance, and helped us very considerably. The captain sent some sailors to decorate the verandahs, and lent us their flags, to add to our

own, and with so many men of our own yacht and the sailors to assist, all was soon arranged. We had about 150 people, and it was a great success. The "Garibaldi" supplied a band, which discoursed sweet music in the garden.

Just as I was going to dress, I looked in a large wicker work dress box, in which I kept some evening gowns, and my reader will never guess what I found! The cook and butler had calmly taken my gowns out, and in their place had put quantities of provisions for the supper, such as turkeys, hams, guinea fowls, lobsters, crabs, etc., all in my nice new box! They took it very quietly when reprimanded, appeared much injured, and said they "thought it was a very nice place in which to put them," and seemed quite surprised that I did not like it! As a rule I got on very well with the Creole servants, but they were always very troublesome.

The ladies of Victoria were delighted with the officers of the "Garibaldi," who were all fine, handsome men, danced beautifully, and were very English in their ideas and ways. One little lieutenant was a special favourite, he had a nice face, and was nicknamed "Bijou" by some of the

ladies. These officers used to play tennis every day on our ground, as the club ground was not then opened, and made themselves generally very popular. We often dined out, sometimes with our friends, Dr. and Mrs. Brooks, who were people of great influence in the Island.

Dr. Brooks had been there for many years, his wife was a Greek by extraction, and both were kindness and hospitality itself. They had a charming house built with two storeys, close to the sea, called "Henley Villa," just like an English house. Dr. Brooks is a very clever man, and is much and deservedly beloved by the Creoles and Africans, as well as by the upper classes. Although they have lived so long in the tropics, both he and his wife seem to have discovered the secret of perpetual youth. The Judge and his wife were also very hospitable; they lived in a very pretty house, out of the town, close to the sea, with a lovely view of the harbour and outlying Islands. This house was always cool and breezy, we used to go there sometimes by boat in the evening; on one occasion I arrived there all wet, a wave having washed over me *en route*, which did not improve a pale blue brocaded satin dress. We always spoke French at

the Judge's, as Madame Browne could not speak English at all, and were on most friendly terms with them both. The French Consul and his wife entertained extremely well, Madame Cheyron was a beauty, and always wore pretty French toilettes. She also was ignorant of our language.

The French Consulate was very pretty and well arranged. Some of the rooms were panelled with beautiful inlaid woods of the Seychelles. The Cheyrons had also a house in the hills, which they called "Chateau Margot" after Madame, whose name was Margaret. They had a splendid panoramic view from their house in the hills, and a beautiful ride up to it. They also owned a large vanilla estate, and much of their time was taken up in preparing the vanilla for export.

At the time of the Queen's Jubilee, we gave a large dinner party, of twenty-five people, in honour of the event. The Roman Catholic Bishop was present, in gorgeous robes, attended by Le Père Edmond, the Judge, the French and American Consuls and their wives, the ex-Sultan of Perak, Dr. and Mrs. Brooks, and many others. I was, of course, very anxious that the cook and the servants should keep perfectly sober, and all go off well, so

solemnly advised old Joseph, the cook, and the butler, on the important subject early in the morning of the day in question. All knew their work well, and everything being prepared, as I thought, Henri, the butler, came and making a low bow to me, said politely, "If Madame will kindly stay in the drawing-room or in her own apartments until four o'clock, everything will be ready, the table laid for twenty-five people, and flowers arranged; I have beautiful orchids and ferns from the mountains, fresh orange trees to place on the verandahs, so that Madame will only have to come and look at the table, place the menus, and arrange the names of the guests in their places."

Accordingly I waited until four o'clock, and then opened the dining-room door, expecting to find everything prepared, but I shall never forget the sight that met my eyes, or the smell of *paraffin oil* that greeted me! I looked round and saw that the guard and the eight prisoners had taken the great table out of the dining-room, into the courtyard, and were washing it over with paraffin, legs and all. They had in addition, washed all the many doors of the dining-room, and anointed the wainscoting and all

the chairs. The fact was, that the guard and the prisoners had managed to get something to drink, and that the cook, butler, and men under him were all intoxicated.

Here was a situation ! What was I to do ? I was perfectly alone with the natives, as my husband and his private secretary were busy at the office, and the orderly, Jumeau, was out on business. At last I managed to get the guard and the prisoners to pull themselves together, by threatening in a very determined manner to send to the office for the Commissioner, when of course they would all have got into terrible trouble. I made the guard bring quantities of soap and hot water, and wash over the whole table and chairs, wainscoting, doors, etc., and this, together with leaving all the double doors wide open, soon took off the smell of paraffin.

The "Jubilee" was a dreadful day for me, no one was sufficiently sober to assist me, so that I had to lay the whole table entirely myself ! Fortunately I had time and knew how to do it, and no one guessed what I had gone through. The cook had cooked most of the dinner before he had commenced to keep the Jubilee, but we had no servants to wait on the guests, and Frederick had to see after the

dinner, so we were dependent on the servants brought by our guests. The dinner went off wonderfully well, considering all things. My husband made a speech, and we all drank the health of Her Majesty the Queen.

After dinner the whole party adjourned to the cricket-field, where a pretty entertainment had been got up by the Indian and Chinese storekeepers. A marquee had been arranged for Arthur and myself, with comfortable seats inside. It was all hung with Chinese lanterns, and decorated with lovely white orchids and branches of small oranges, and we then witnessed a very good display of fireworks, and the whole cricket-field was also illuminated with Chinese lanterns, hanging from the trees. Small cups of coffee and all sorts of sweetmeats were handed round by two little Chinese boys in their native dress. The whole entertainment was very well got up, and ended with the "God save," as the Creoles call our National Anthem, the band also played "God bless the Prince of Wales," and many other national English melodies. After a tremendous amount of cheering for the Queen and the Chief Civil Commissioner, we made our adieux.

CHAPTER XII.

GOVERNMENT COTTAGE.

THERE being no house provided for the Chief Civil Commissioner in the hills, and finding that we could not always live in the great heat of the town, my husband built a small house on a bit of Government land at the top of a mountain, called "La Misère," near the convent of the Sisters of St. Mary the Virgin, and we called it "Government Cottage," and were much delighted with it. We had a verandah and several rooms, but no ceiling, and the rooms were all devoid of paper, just the mere planks. In fact, it was all very much in the rough, but this constituted part of its charm. We had a beautiful natural bath among the rocks, with a douche formed by a cascade which fell into it. A thick fringe of maidenhair grew round it, and it was shaded from the heat of the sun by great tree ferns and tall trees. The cottage was surrounded with luxuriant vegetation, and beautiful orchids grew

everywhere, and various kinds of ferns and flowers. Lofty mountains towered in front of us, whose rugged and rocky summits looked like ancient castles, especially with the glow of the setting sun upon them. "La Forêt Noir," and the Mission Station at Venns Town for the liberated Africans, could be seen in the distance. Below us were the brilliantly blue-green waters of the Indian Ocean, and we could see the waves dashing over the rocks and white sands.

There was no particular road leading to "Le petit Gouvernement" (little Government House) as the Creoles called it; you had to get to it from the high road as best you could, through a thick jungle, then over long grass, through a wide running mountain stream with no bridge, which you had to cross by stepping stones, and then up steep rocks, a regular scramble, for the cottage was very rural and quite "*Dans les bois*," in fact, the trees had been cut down in the middle of a forest in order to make a place to build it. The difficulty of approach only added to its attractions in our eyes. My husband used generally to walk or ride to and fro to his office in town, and in coming up we often took a boat to the foot of the mountain, when the stalwart crew

of the "Wave" would carry me up the winding path to the cottage, often stopping of necessity to rest. They used to sling a hammock or chair on two poles tied tightly with rope or wisps of grass, and then put the poles on their shoulders according to the custom in Mahé. At first it made one rather giddy being so high up, and once or twice a man slipped or fell, but never hurt me at all. We used to take eight men, so as to change the bearers constantly, and they always had refreshment on arriving at the cottage.

The road up to "La Misère" is most beautiful. The path winds about through avenues of palms, orange trees, myrtles, cocoa trees, and all kinds of sweet scented shrubs. Large tree ferns and wild pine apples grow along the sides of the path. Lovely mountain streams, with maidenhair ferns growing along the banks, are to be seen in every direction. Sometimes we met a priest or two with sandalled feet and long rosaries, or a Sister of Mercy going down to the town to get "bazaar" for the convent, namely, provisions. We had great difficulty in inducing any servants to go up to "La Misère" at all.

Old Joseph became very ill if taken up to the hills,

and so generally stayed in town, where he purchased "bazaar," and sent up our food ready cooked for us. Françoise generally went with us, and used to walk up and down every day. She was a married woman, and lived in great state in the family hut at the foot of the mountains. But she used to give us a deal of trouble at times, and her poor husband had a very bad time of it. If a man-of-war came in, the servants always insisted on going down to town at once, leaving me to look after the children and do all their work, and if we refused to let them go they would run away. They used to pretend they had an unexpected "call," as soon as they saw a ship come in to the harbour below us, and come to me with the most touching stories of the *sudden death* of their relatives, but unfortunately they often forgot and told the same story twice over.

Françoise came to me one day, apparently overcome with grief, and told me with many tears and sobs, that "her dear, dear cousin, Madame La Rose, was dead, and that there was no one to see after the poor children, so she really must go and help them, and get some mourning, but would return the next day."

I was reluctantly obliged to let her go, and she

remained away a few days, when she returned and informed me that "the whole family was in great grief, and that she had sat up all night mourning for the poor children, who had been so suddenly deprived of a mother's care!"

Unfortunately, however, for Françoise, the Government Gazette, which contained the death returns, was always brought first to my husband, and finding that there was no mention whatever of the sudden decease of "Madame La Rose," he made inquiries, and found that there was no such person with so graceful and attractive a name in existence, and that it was all a fabrication of Françoise's fertile brain! When she went on her sad errand of mercy, she told me, "That if she found no further '*mortalité dans la case*' (death in the hut), she would return to me at once." It turned out that Madame Françoise had in reality been to a native dance, at which she was a great performer, and much admired in her own "set." She was attired in a very smart costume, high heeled boots, and a white dress cut square, and *gants de Suède* which belonged to *me*, as usual!

We found that it was of little use to lock up any articles of value in Mahè, so lost a great many of

our things, for the Creoles are great thieves, and they are so cunning and accustomed to stealing, that they can open almost any lock with a "*passee partout*" or skeleton key. None of them will inform against the other, so that it is almost impossible to recover any valuable articles. The police are almost all Creoles, and being but human, they naturally screen their relations. The stolen articles are usually taken on board the ships and sold to the passengers, and if they cannot get a sale for them, the natives take them away at night and bury them until the owners have left the Islands.

While we were in the mountains, the Creole women used to come every day and bring baskets, with fresh fruit and vegetables, eggs and fowls, to sell, wild raspberries also from the forests, temptingly arranged in their leafy baskets. Sometimes they brought a little shell fish called "*camarons*," which is considered a great delicacy, both here and in Mauritius, which they fish from the streams, but as they had to obtain a permit from the proprietor of the estates through which these streams flowed, it was very difficult to get them. In flavour they were something between a lobster and a prawn

and made an excellent curry. We used to watch the arrival of the "bazaar man" every morning, as, if he failed to bring us enough food, we knew that there was nothing more to be had all day. The bazaar closed at nine o'clock in town. Sometimes, we ran short of food, and had to send one of the men on a foraging expedition to the neighbouring "cases," or native huts, to get a fowl, and considered ourselves fortunate if he returned with a scraggy old cock, with appalling length of leg and very scant of flesh, which had to serve us as an apology for a dinner, but sometimes we could not get even that, and had to content ourselves with a tinned rabbit, or some such delicate morsel!

We always had to keep a good supply of tinned things in the hills, as there was no dependence to be placed on the bazaar runners, who, as often as not, would take some of the money entrusted to them for the bazaar, indulge in their native rum, and come up to the cottage with wonderful stories in Creole French, that "the bazaar was '*n'a pas*'" (nothing in it), or that "they had dropped the money on the way down." It was no use to punish or send them away, or imprison them, because the natives of that class were all the same, each one,

perhaps, a trifle worse than the last, but thoroughly dishonest ; as they were, it was difficult to be *really* angry with them, they were so comical and amusing in their ways.

I very soon learnt Creole, so could converse with, and understand the natives very easily. Every Creole thought himself *whiter* than anybody else, and would say, "That man there, poor fellow, he is *very* black!" when probably he himself, being half or wholly African, was black as coal. Creoles do not believe that anyone is really quite white. I overheard a remark one day, between the Creole women, "*Madame est très blanche!*" meaning that I was only *partially* white!

The Creoles despise the Africans very much, and used to say, "We are obliged to call them 'Creoles,' but we don't like it at all." My dress-maker was a very grand lady, and used to make most beautiful curtseys when she came to see me at Government House. Her father was a Creole, but her mother was a liberated African slave. She would give herself great airs and say, "*Moi, je suis très aristocrate!*"

Bertie and Dolly were very happy at the Seychelles, but the climate tried them much, and

they looked very pale. Bertie used to go out riding on a grey pony, with the old Indian groom, "Gourdine," who was supposed to be in charge of him, but who always obeyed "Le petit Gouverneur" as he called him, to the letter, so Bertie used to order the pony and go riding wherever he chose. He was then about four years old, and he and "Le petit Prince," the ex-Sultan's little boy, used to go about a great deal together. The Sultan made a great pet of Bertie, and even confided many of his troubles to him, would give him little presents, and be very kind to him. The children always enjoyed the hills, and spent their days under the shady trees, bathing in the streams, before the sun got too hot. The Creole nurses taught them all sorts of native songs and dances, but after a time Bertie became too much for them, so we hired a Creole boy to look after him.

This boy had a very sallow complexion, so Bertie always called him the "Green Boy." The said Green Boy was very faithful to Bertie, and always took great care of him. We used to stay up in the hills for some weeks as a rule, until just before the arrival of the mail steamers, and then all go down to town for a little time.

CHAPTER XIII.

MAN-OF-WAR IN HARBOUR.

IF a man-of-war was signalled, we always went down at once to Government House, as the cottage was too small and roughly built to invite the captains of the ships, as was the custom, to stay with us there. We were always very gay when a big ship came in, and gave dinners, dances and garden parties. They used to dance in the house and on the verandahs, and play tennis and croquet in the garden. The difficulty was to get ladies enough, men there were in abundance. Sometimes, two ships came in together, and then we invited all the officers to come up to our house.

The foreign officers used to excite my compassion, as they always had to come up in full uniform, in the intense heat, but the English officers wore white after the first visit of ceremony, which they paid to my husband in full uniform, as is usual immediately on their arrival. Then they

generally returned to the ships and came up again in white, and always dined in white mess-jackets with service buttons and red sashes, or kummerbunds, in which they looked cool and comfortable. One English officer came to stay with us, and asked permission to bring his great baboon, a very big fellow, and somewhat fierce! We were rather puzzled where to put this unusual visitor, but at last I thought of the large aviary, where we had no birds for the moment. It was open and airy, and there we lodged this gentleman. We had to have a special "bazaar" bought for him, as he ate quantities of fruit.

I was always rather nervous, lest he should manage to get out, as he was a powerful beast and rather dangerous. His owner offered to leave him for a time in my charge (!), but this I declined, as although very fond of animals, I felt that I must draw the line somewhere, and had no wish for a huge baboon for a pet. I once had a Madagascar cat, or "lemur," which was a very pretty little animal. It was handsomely marked, with long fur, a head like a fox, and a long bushy tail like a brush. This pretty cat used to sit on my shoulder when I went out walking, but if it saw a dog coming, it used to

spring off and rush up a tree in terror ; it was very gentle and affectionate, and never attempted to bite anyone.

We had several small monkeys, which were very amusing, but full of mischief. One of these was so tame, it used to go out walking with us and followed like a dog ; sometimes it used to run on in front to tell the servants we were coming and chatter to them. By that means, people generally knew we were not far off. The other monkeys were very troublesome, and frequently broke their chains, and would rush into the dining-room, knock down the glasses and flower vases, and steal nearly all the fruit arranged for dessert. If they saw us sitting in the verandah, they would come behind the chairs and jump suddenly on our heads, which was very startling, or if one was asleep, one would wake up and see a monkey seated on the top of a mosquito netting, grinning. He would then proceed to dance on the netting, or tear it ; if we threw things at him he seemed to think that fine sport. Then "Jacko" would fly up to the top of a lofty tree, and throw fruit at anyone who came near to try and capture him. He would choose an orange tree, if possible, and rain down the fruit on the servants. They

always had great difficulty in catching him, and then he would cry like a child. A number of wild dogs inhabited the cinnamon woods, howled dismally at night, and used to prowl about round Government House and try and get in in search of food. They made themselves such a nuisance, that my husband used to take his gun out and shoot them. They were very savage, and hundreds of them might be seen tearing about the woods together.

There were delightful walks in those woods, and every now and then a peep of the blue sea and harbour below. On one side, was the old cemetery, built on the slope of a very steep hill above the river, where many of the old French families were buried. It had long been closed, save when a descendant of one of them died. A family vault would then be opened. The cemetery was a most picturesque spot, full of lovely flowers of all kinds, flowering trees, shrubs, masses of creepers, and many of the graves were covered with flowers. On the other side of the cinnamon woods was the "Flagstaff Point," from which floated the Union Jack whenever my husband was in town, and another one in the garden also, but these were lowered

if he went up the hills, or elsewhere. They were also lowered at sun down, by an orderly. The Point was a very pretty spot, a steep road led up to it from our garden. This was the private cemetery for the Commissioners and their families.

CHAPTER XIV.

A VISIT TO LA FORÊT NOIRE.

AFTER we had resided in Mahè for some time, my husband wished to see the well known Mission Station for liberated Africans on "La Forêt Noire," a very high mountain, very difficult of ascent, as after a certain distance, there seemed to be no apparent road, and one had to scramble up through trees and bushes as best one could. I never could understand why they did not make a road up to the Station, having so many men and boys on the place belonging to the Mission.

I was carried up the greater part of the way by the crew of our yacht, on a chaise à porteur, as there was no horse available for me, the ponies were too small, and as I objected to the mules, we went by water, in a galley, to the foot of the mountains. A gang of prisoners in charge of the guard, took our baggage. As we were to be away a fortnight, Mr. and Mrs. Warry warned us to bring plenty of warm clothes, as the climate at such a great elevation, was quite chilly. The missionary and his wife put

a very nice furnished house at our disposal, and I found it a most agreeable change after the great heat, but as it was damp, my husband did not like it as much as I did, and we should have been glad of fires there, but there were no fireplaces in the rooms. The journey was pleasant enough, through most lovely tropical scenery, and near the Station, we passed through a large coffee plantation. We always bought our coffee from this plantation, as it was of excellent quality. There was a splendid panoramic view round the house, and we made ourselves very comfortable, and were shown all over the place by the Warrys. Poor Mrs. Warry seemed to feel very isolated, living almost always so far away, up in the skies.

The liberated Africans all seemed very happy, and were taught to read, write, work, sing, and many other accomplishments. Many of them went to service when old enough, but all were obliged to wear a badge round their necks, to show that they had originally been slaves, and to produce them when required, at the instance of a judge. They were very well looked after, some worked in the coffee plantations, others in the gardens, the women did needlework and made manioc cakes and manioc

flour, they also threaded necklaces out of small shells, in a pretty pattern, to sell in town, or to the passengers on board the mail steamers. We saw the schools, and heard the children sing.

I had a handsome Creole nurse, named Charlotte, who had entered the blissful state so young, that she was a grandmother at thirty. When I engaged her she was a widow, and looked very youthful, though she had been married three times already. She had a well shaped head and tiny feet, as almost all the Creoles have, very large brown eyes and white teeth. She worked well, and was exceedingly clever. But when she got up to the Forêt Noire, she found it so dull, that she determined not to stop there, pretended to be very ill, almost dying, and insisted on going down to town, so we had to let her go, but I refused to take her back again on her return, as it was all a pretence, as usual. Charlotte was very graceful and had a very pleasant way of speaking. She used to arrange a star or two of white stephanotis, or some fireflies in her hair, and looked quite a picture. Like Françoise, she was seen dancing with her Creole friends to the dulcet sounds of a grind organ, that night, in town.

CHAPTER XV.

LA FÊTE DIEU.

THIS was one of the principle religious fêtes in Mahè, the procession extended more than a mile, and was attended by all the Creole youth and beauty, very smartly dressed. They always stopped close to our house, where was one of their stations. The procession had a very pretty effect as it wound along under the trees, and down a steep hill into the town. The Bishop, a tall and stately man, looked quite imposing, as he walked with Père Edmond, under the canopy, which was supported by other priests. The vestments of the Cathedral were particularly handsome, all of which had been presented to this mission.

Numbers of people followed, carrying banners, and bands of little children all in white, and young girls with veils and wreaths about to be confirmed, swinging censers of incense, followed the Bishop, and all the Catholic congregation walked in

procession through the town. Sometimes the Roman Catholic Bishop used to pay us a visit, which my husband duly returned. The Bishop lived near the Cathedral in town, with the priests, but spent much of his time in the hills, above La Misère, where there was a pretty little church. My husband once took me up to see a celebrated stream, which was supposed to perform miracles of healing.

We went first to see a little monastery, and had to go up a very steep winding pathway, with lovely views at every turn. When we at last reached the monastery, we were received by a very aged priest, with a long flowing white beard and hair. He was very tall, wore sandals, and a habit of brown serge. A large rosary, with a crucifix, hung round his neck. As he walked through a long avenue of palms to meet us, I wished that I could have made a sketch of him, as he was a perfect picture. He was most polite and offered us all sorts of refreshments. After we had rested and seen his pretty garden, he invited us to come and look at this wonderful spring. We passed through rows and rows of vanilla in full bloom, and came to a meadow, full of bright flowers. The stream flowed from some rocks

and a fountain was erected there, dedicated to the Virgin. We drank some of the water, which contained a large amount of iron, and we liked it so much, that we used to send for it every day when in the hills, as it was the best water we had tasted. Père Louis informed us that many people sent from great distances for it.

We sometimes paid visits to the different convents, where the children were wonderfully well taught, and I always took them plenty of sweets, which they scrambled for, and we also sent them fruit from our garden, in Victoria. The Mother Superior and a few of the nuns called upon me two or three times during the year. The visits were rather stiff and ceremonious, but they were very agreeable people, especially the aged Mother Superior. The nuns work very hard among the poor of Mahé. Some are set apart for this particular work, others have to cook and do all the work of the convent, and educate the children in the school. The nuns also cook all the priests' food, which is sent up to the monastery on large trays, carried by boys. I often saw them going up, and the food looked so tempting, that evidently the nuns must be very good cooks. They have a

large school at the convent, and all the Creoles and some of the English also, send their children to be educated by the nuns, who are, many of them, highly accomplished. They also work exquisitely and embroider altar cloths, vestments and banners for the Cathedral, and for use in the various religious fêtes in Mahè.

There are two other great fêtes in Mahè, besides the fête Dieu, the date of which varies each year. On the 15th of August, there is a procession, which is generally very numerous attended, there is also a purely local fête called St. Fulgentia. A legend is attached to this saint, the substance of which is, I believe, that she died a martyr, at the age of ten or twelve years, having been either killed or ill treated by her parents, who wished her to change her religion, which she steadfastly refused to do. The Cathedral in Mahè, is supposed to be the happy possessor of the original bones of this saint, which are contained in a wax figure representing a girl of ten or twelve years old reclining. This figure is kept under an altar, called the altar of St. Joseph, concealed from view by curtains. The day on which St. Fulgentia's fête is held, the curtain is drawn aside, people flock to the church and kneel

before the figure, to ask for her intercession to procure them what they most desire, she being supposed to have great influence in the Communion of Saints. St. André, the patron saint of fishermen, is another "jour de fête," in Mahé.

On that day there is a procession of boats, which is a very pretty sight. Pirogues (canoes) and fishing boats of every description assemble at the pier, at high tide, each boat being gaily decorated with flowers, palm leaves and flags, and they row in procession to a place called, "La Cascade," the principal fishing station, where there is a Catholic Chapel, the last boat containing the Bishop and officiating priests. At "La Cascade," a special mass is celebrated in the chapel, and the Bishop concludes the ceremony by blessing the boats on the beach. Crowds of people from all parts of the various Islands, come to witness this ceremony. On the summit of the mountain of "La Misère" is another chapel, called "Le sacré cœur," where fêtes are also held, at which a large portion of the population go up to hear mass, the Bishop officiating. By direction of the Pope, the Bishop holds a service every Sunday at 11 o'clock, when the sermon is preached in English. There is a little

English Church at Anse Royal, where there is always a fairly good congregation.

The two Protestant clergymen are Mr. Granjean, Civil Chaplain, and Mr. Boissy, of the Church Missionary Society. I believe that one or both of these clergy are under the direction of the Bishop of Mauritius, the Seychelles being part of his diocese.

CHAPTER XVI.

A TRIP TO PRASLIN.

AMONG other naval officers who visited Mahé while we were there, was Captain Arbuthnot, who stayed with us for a few days, and was good enough to take Arthur and me over to Praslin, as his guests. His ship was fitted with all the newest improvements, as she was built for scientific purposes. She had electric light on board, and every other comfort. We had a very pleasant little trip of two days, which made a very agreeable change. Captain Arbuthnot had a large cabin fitted up as a sitting-room, full of pictures, books, papers, and all sorts of curiosities. A sleeping cabin opened out of it, which he kindly gave up to us, and contented himself with a hammock, which was swung up at night and covered with a Union Jack. On anchoring at Praslin, they engaged in dynamite practice, and I was allowed to fire off a charge. A quantity of fresh fish was procured for dinner, as the explosion

of dynamite shells in the water destroyed them in large numbers. The natives on shore took it all very calmly, and never troubled themselves so much as to come and look at the ship, or to see what the unwonted noise portended, and even at night, when the officers threw the search-light all over the Island, brilliantly illuminating the sea, rocks, and trees, the Creoles took no notice, but slumbered calmly on, while the search-light flashed over their little dwellings. The effect was very pretty in the bay of Praslin. Captain Arbuthnot took us ashore in his gig, and Dr. and Mrs. Hoad met us, and conducted us to their nice, comfortable house, La Pasquière, surrounded by fine trees and pretty gardens, and commanding a fine view of the bay and white sands. They seemed quite happy in their solitude, and had furnished the house very prettily. They gave us all a hearty welcome, and we had tea in the verandah. We were unable, however, to make any long stay, as Captain Arbuthnot wanted to get back to Mahé, so paid the Hoads a flying visit only, and returned to the ship.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE LEPER CAMP, PRASLIN.

SOON after, Arthur went over to Praslin again, this time on duty, leaving me with the children at Mahè. He crossed in a little steamer, belonging to one of the members of the Council, and they did the trip very quickly. Arthur stayed with Dr. and Mrs. Hoad at La Pasquière for some days. Mr. Brodie, the auditor, and Mr. Connal, land surveyor, went over to Praslin also, and accompanied Arthur and Dr. Hoad to see the Coco-de-mer Valley. My husband inspected the Government schools and all other buildings in Praslin, and crossed over to some of the outlying islands. He visited first the Curieuse, or Leper Island, which was under the charge of the medical officer at Praslin (Dr. Hoad), who looked after those unfortunate people thoroughly, and did all in his power to alleviate their sufferings. These poor creatures were as comfortable as they could be under this terrible affliction.

We heard from Dr. Brooks that in the olden time it was the custom to bury the lepers without coffins. In those days the new arrivals first turned their attention towards procuring themselves a coffin, for which they had to work, which they carefully kept in their houses until death relieved them of their awful sufferings. Now all is changed for the better, and they have everything necessary for their wants.

There is a leper camp on one side of the Curieuse and a pauper camp on the other. In the leper camp there is an asylum for those lepers who are willing to reside there, and there is also a prison ward for prisoner-lepers. The island is under the charge of an officer called the Superintendent of Curieuse, and is regularly visited by the assistant Medical Officer of Praslin, who lives close by. The camps are also visited by the Protestant and Roman Catholic clergymen of Praslin, who minister to the spiritual wants of the inhabitants. The lepers are well fed and well clothed, and are supplied with such little luxuries as tobacco, coffee and sugar, in addition to the substantial food rations. These unfortunate creatures, as a rule, object very much to going to Curieuse, and there is no law to compel

them to do so, unless they are practically vagrants. In this case, they are committed to the leper prison, or else the various localities inhabited by them would have to put up with their presence. Leprosy is, consequently, very prevalent throughout the Seychelles; indeed, one part of the island of Mahé may be said to be fairly infested by lepers. Whole families are sometimes to be seen in an advanced state of leprosy, so much so that if they have a case in court they cannot be brought into the witness box, as the sight would be too terrible to endure.

I am told on the best authority that on one occasion the judge finding this to be the case, even went to the spot in person, and took the evidence, under most trying and dangerous circumstances, under an open shed. The greatest precautions had to be used to prevent contagion, but in spite of everything the ordeal was so terrible, that it required all the fortitude which he could bring to bear to enable him to go through it.

The pauper camp at Curieuse is situated close to the Superintendent's house, where the paupers, like the lepers, are thoroughly well treated, and are as happy as they can be under their sad condition.

There is a cocoa-nut oil mill on this Island,

the nuts being grown on the Crown lands in that vicinity. Here also a staff of carpenters is maintained, who work timber in the crown forests and the neighbouring Islands, for use in the Public Works Department. The cocoa-nut oil is made by means of very simple primitive mills worked by donkeys or mules. The coco-de-mer nuts are gathered in the Curieuse and Praslin Crown forests, they are then sent over to Mahé periodically for sale, and the proceeds credited to the public revenue. Ile Curieuse is a lovely Island. An English gentleman lives there in a house which has remained unaltered for two long generations.

The road leading from this house to the shore is bordered by a long double avenue of magnificent crimson and white lilies, and when Arthur saw them they were all in flower, some standing as much as five feet high. The house is very picturesque, with huts for the servants on either side, as is usual here. Some of these huts are erected on rocky boulders, and are thatched with the larger leaves of the coco-de-mer. The houses are built partly of wood, but the bath-houses are made entirely of leaves. Fresh water for drinking and bathing purposes is often carried down from

the mountain, both here and in Mahè, by means of long bamboos joined together, so as to form pipes. They look very curious when fastened to tall trees and placed across the road.

There are many strange fish in Praslin, among them is a particularly odd one, with a tail like a whip. The pilot fish is also very curious. It has a flat lower jaw, by means of which it attaches itself to the shark and benefits greatly by its fishing. Very fine lobsters and crabs are caught here. Many of the fish are poisonous. There is a tiny bivalve, of which a very delicately flavoured white soup is made. The shell is very pretty, being of a pale pink tint. Very valuable shells are to be found in Praslin, on the white sands, especially in the deeper waters, and pieces of bright pink and very white coral abound. Large cowries, harps, olives, may be seen of all colours with the living animals in them walking about upon the sands. Gigantic trumpets also in their shells, and crabs of all sizes and colours present a bright and pretty appearance. Water is scarce on most of these Islands, and on Ile Aride there is none.

Quantities of birds are to be found on Ile Marianne. Dr. and Mrs. Hoad imported some of them to Praslin, including the long tailed Whydah

bird and numerous blue pigeons. Some of these are blue-black with white wings. My husband saw many pretty little sugar birds, two of which were building a hanging nest in some trees near to Dr. Hoad's verandah. There are also funny little birds here called martins, with yellow feet, eyelids, and beaks. When tamed they can talk a little, and are most comical and impertinent. They amused Arthur very much, by calling out "Toby, Toby," to Mrs. Hoad's dog, and by whistling loudly. They drove the poor dogs nearly mad by calling in every direction at once, chased the fowls about all over the place, and would come and perch on the verandah chairs. The only singing birds to be found in the Seychelles are on Ile Marianne where thousands of birds take refuge. On Ile Aride are many small sterns with white heads and black bodies. The low bushes are completely covered with them, where they sit looking very wise, but allow themselves to be caught quite easily. In Mahè they are much prized for food, and are sent down in large bunches with their legs tied together, where they are cooked as pigeons and made into pies, but have a very fishy taste.

Many turtles are caught here, some of the most

valuable shells fetch £10 each. This is called the "Carrè," or sea tortoise, also the "hawk-headed turtle." It is of a light brown colour, much marked and speckled, and has vandyked edges to the shell. This turtle shell is much prized for making various articles. One was sold to Miss Marianne North when she was in Praslin, and to the great delight of the boatmen she presented the flesh to them, upon which they feasted to their hearts' content. Some of our own boat's crew had taken her out that day; the head boatman Emile, a fine looking Madagascar, a very sober, steady man, who always brought us over supplies of fowls, oranges, etc., from Praslin in the yacht, a very black African, two Creoles from Mahè, and two Praslin boatmen with light brown skins. When they first saw this particular turtle, it was endeavouring to escape from a huge shark that was trying to devour it. The two were making a great commotion among the coral reefs, splashing and floundering about, but the turtle was speared by our men and freed from the shark, only to fall into the hands of a worse enemy.

My husband saw a beautiful waterfall, with a grove of raphia palms from Madagascar growing near it. The fruit hangs in long wreaths, and

looks as if it were folded in brown paper. The pandanus grows also in this spot, and many fine ferns flourish well. A pretty little lilac orchid is also to be seen, which is not to be found in Mahé. Many coco-de-mer grow near this waterfall, loaded with nuts, in different stages of development. The fall is difficult to reach, and a way has to be cut out, sharp thorns growing everywhere, in the dense foliage of the forests. The waterfall descends fifty feet, among huge boulders, into a hidden pool, where clouds of white spray and foam rise up above the trees which surround it.

The creeping rattan grows in masses. It has hooks at the ends of its leaves, and is much prized for making walking sticks. The leaf resembles that of the *Gloriosa Superba*. All kinds of curious sticks grow in these Islands, and command a ready sale, such as orange, lemon and olive, but the best ones are made of the black wood of the coco-de-mer, which, when mounted with a silver top and well polished, make an acceptable present. Arthur saw many coco-de-mer in Praslin. The trees both male and female, attain a height of sixty to a hundred feet. The trunk is about a foot in diameter, all the way to the top, when it is crowned

with a tuft of huge leaves, some of which are seventy feet long. These nuts were frequently found floating about in the Indian Ocean, and were a great mystery, as no one knew from whence they came, until the Islands were discovered. So highly prized were they, that kings have been known, so it is reported, to have offered a valuable shipload of cargo for a single specimen of these nuts.

There are extensive gardens in Praslin, and my husband walked through many, and found them in a high state of cultivation, some full of manioc plants, or cocoa, coffee, or vanilla. Splendid pine-apples and bananas, and large sweet green oranges flourish here; lemons also abound, and the curious "puzzle nut," exactly like a puzzle inside. The pieces are of different shapes and sizes, and have to be fitted together again when replaced in the shell.

Food is scarce on these Islands; there being no shops, all provisions are brought over in fine weather by boats from Mahé. After Arthur had finished his inspection at Praslin, and had visited the Mission Stations, and received visits from the clergy and the other principal inhabitants of the Islands, he returned to Mahé, much gratified by his visit and reception.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AN ITALIAN FÊTE IN PORT VICTORIA.

WHILE living in Mahè we made the acquaintance of a great many foreign as well as English naval officers, especially Germans. As a German Squadron was latterly stationed at Zanzibar, the ships were constantly ordered down to Port Victoria for change of air, and to get fresh fruit and vegetables.

Sailors, both English and foreign, are partial to the Seychelles, and find them very healthy Islands, as compared to most tropical places; they like to roam about in the mountains, and find it a pleasant change from Zanzibar. The Seychelles have always been quite a sanatorium for the Indian Ocean. The captains of these foreign vessels were often most hospitable. The Italians and many of the Germans were very popular in Mahè. They would frequently invite the inhabitants on board, and made themselves friendly and pleasant. We

often went on board when invited by the captains of these ships to lunch or dine, or to an "At Home," which always meant a dance.

The sailors too, sometimes sang comic songs to amuse the audience. One Italian man-of-war gave a very pretty fête at night in the harbour, to which all the members of our little community in Mahé were invited. The ship was brilliantly illuminated, rockets and all sorts of other fireworks were let off, while all the ship's boats were lighted up with differently coloured lights and made to represent gondolas. It was in fact, so the captain told us, an exact representation of a Venetian fête. The Italian sailors were seated in the gondolas, some playing guitars, mandolines, or zithers, and others rowing. They sang national songs, such as "Santa Lucia," very sweetly altogether.

It was extremely well and carefully done on a regular plan worked out by the first lieutenant of the ship. The boats were first rowed round the vessel in time to the music, and then went through various kinds of elaborate figures with the lighted gondolas, the sailors singing to their guitars, and then they rowed round and round the ship again, and finished by playing "God save the Queen." My husband and

I were with the captain in his boat, and many of the principal officials and their wives were also present at the fête. The night being very dark, the effect was beautiful on the water with the mountains clearly outlined in the background, and the entertainment was altogether a successful one.

ANAI8; OR, THE CREOLE GHOST.

A True Story.

CHAPTER XIX.

A VISIT TO THE QUARANTINE STATION.

Scene. On the Verandah of Government House,
Mahé, Seychelles Islands.

My husband and I were having five o'clock tea, but even at that hour of the day everything was perfectly still, and not a breath was stirring the trees in the garden; not a sound could be heard, but the splashing of the fountain and the chattering of the blue pigeons in the aviary.

"Oh! Arthur," I exclaimed, "it is so dreadfully hot here, in town, I really cannot endure it any longer. I had no rest here last night, as usual, although I tried sleeping on a mat, as the Creoles do, then on a table to try and get a breath of air, but all in vain. I was compelled to pass the night first by going into the swimming bath, and then by sitting on a 'chaise longue' on the verandah.

The punkah puller has gone home, being far from sober, so there is no punkah to-day."

"How restless you are," replied my husband, "you always want to be moving about somewhere or other, what on earth do you want to do now?"

"I think a little change would do us all good," I replied, "so *do* let us go at once to Long Island, and have some sea bathing there. The children would so much like to paddle about on the sands, and pick up shells. You know that you have only to give a few orders, and have the yacht and boats out, and the small Government House there, used for the quarantine when required, can be ready for us in a day or two, and we can send over furniture and provisions and be ready in no time."

"Surely Government House here is comfortable enough," said Arthur, "and as for heat, why it can't be too hot for me. However, as I must go over and inspect it on duty, we may as well perhaps put in a few days on the Quarantine Station between the mails, so I will see about the yacht and boats, and you can pack up as soon as you like."

So saying, he lights another cigar and we settle ourselves comfortably to read the English letters

and papers, which have now arrived, brought up by the orderlies in large bags. The monthly steamer of the Messageries Maritimes, having just come in from Marseilles, bound for Australia, to leave the letters and take on others, gets fresh provisions and coal for her long voyage, at this coaling station. Generally, the mail comes in in the middle of the night, when the Private Secretary having gone to bed, I am pressed into the service and stay up nearly all night.

My duty is to break the seals, skim through the dispatches and letters, and give Arthur the news, as quickly and as well as I can, as the steamer only waits a very short time here, while my husband writes official letters and despatches, in desperate haste, to Mauritius. He has also to interview excited officials at all hours of the night, who rush up for orders about the quarantine arrangements and other matters; for we are generally in quarantine ourselves, or quarantining somebody else, in this Archipelago of Islands. I became at last quite learned in this and other official matters after such a training.

After the mail has departed, we breathe freely, thankful for good news from all our dear ones at

home, begin to prepare in earnest for our trip across the harbour, and work hard all day. At last, all is ready and off we go, a long procession, my husband and myself, our little boy Bertie and his sister Dolly, with their two nurses, armed with spades and buckets to pick up and dig for treasures on the sands. Our faithful Indian cook and the butler, Frederick, also accompany us. Old Joseph is very indignant at our dragging him over to the Quarantine Station, as he thinks it degrading to his dignity as a "chef" to go to such a place, where the cuisine department is by no means up to the mark, and insists on taking over a whole "batterie de cuisine," much of which he makes his unfortunate marmitons, or "kitchen boys" carry, besides which being lame with the gout he cannot walk down, but has to ride a mule as he is afraid of a horse. Old Joseph rides through the town in a most majestic and lordly manner, but unfortunately, the said mule is alarmed at the sight of water, and has to be ignominiously dragged down the pier by the native grooms to the boats.

The mule has also a cheerful habit, when annoyed, of wishing to go to its stable, or when descending a steep hill, of falling down on purpose, after kicking

violently, so as to throw its rider. Old Joseph is in a very bad temper, and is heard groaning to himself all the way down to the boats, that "It is *all* the fault of Madame (myself)." Monsieur Le Gouverneur is much better than Madame, in fact, *he* is an "ange du ciel," but Madame is *very* bad; always wanting to go up to the hills too, instead of staying in town, as she ought to do!" etc., etc.

We find the galley all ready, with its scarlet cushions and snow white awning, and the Union Jack flying. The crew of the yacht, the "Wave," look very picturesque in their large white sailor hats, striped jerseys and white ducks. They row us beautifully, and we have a very enjoyable trip in the cool of the evening. The water is brilliantly blue, and so clear that we can see the shells and seaweeds, of all colours, at the bottom. We pass many pretty small craft; the Creoles manage these wonderfully, and even the smallest children are semi-amphibious and paddle about on little rafts or small boats hollowed out of the trunk of a tree.

Now we approach Long Island, the Quarantine Station, and the glistening white sands appear in sight. The Island is nearly covered with tall palms,

ferns and rocks, brilliant with flowers and plants, splendid tropical vegetation everywhere. Big shells and cocoa-nuts lie about on the sands, and it is indeed a fairy scene, as the bright moonlight falls on the great palm trees, and forms a silver pathway on the sea, just opposite to the one house on the Island (except the guardian's). A lonely cemetery is to be seen at one side, on the sands. There are no shops and not a human being anywhere, for no one is allowed to land there without the permission of the Commissioner, as it is Government property. One stream of clear water runs through the Island. Many wild fowl are reared for the Government here, and formerly there were some rabbits, but they are almost extinct. The house is built chiefly of white coral, and a verandah runs nearly all round it. The servants quickly arrange our possessions, and we help to get Dolly and Bertie their tea, and put them to bed, where they are soon fast asleep.

But we discover that it is nearly as hot here as in Mahé, so elect to dine among the rocks, close to the sea. Meanwhile, we stroll about and admire the exquisite beauty of the scene, keeping a careful look out for centipedes and scorpions. We dine

sumptuously off turtle soup and cutlets, fresh fish, with an entrée of *bats*, or flying foxes, which I could not appreciate, although I believe that they feed only on fruits, and are considered a great delicacy. For vegetables, we have the bread fruit, fried, spinach made from the leaves of our own tree at home, "La Papaze" from our "Bread-making tender tree," curry made of fresh crabs, a jelly of Iceland moss, which is picked up here on the sea shores. For dessert, we have many kinds of tropical fruits, all out of our own garden, excepting the custard apples, pines, bananas, cachous nuts, roasted, and for a salad, the inside of a cocoa-nut palm (the tree being cut down on purpose when they require thinning) in the forests, which tastes like nuts, large cakes of manioc or cassava root, toasted very hot and buttered, made by the Creoles; they are thin, crisp, and very delicate.

On the Quarantine Station, we are quite close to the sea, and the children run straight down from the house to the water to bathe; sharks do not come in here, so we have no anxiety as to their safety. I pass most of my time also in the water, sitting on a rock under a big palm tree, they grow right into the sea here. We wear the thinnest and whitest of

garments on these Islands to *look* cool, at all events. We can walk all round the Quarantine Station in the sea, under the shade of the trees, sure of not meeting a soul. My husband's boats used to sail or row over every day, bringing our letters and fresh provisions from the bazaar or market, which is held at early morning in the town of Port Victoria. This is our one and only excitement, and we quite enjoy the quiet and retirement with such lovely surroundings. Our peace, however, is soon destined to be disturbed, as will be seen in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XX.

THE GHOST.

AFTER a few days on Long Island, we begin to feel quite settled, and enjoy the tropical beauty of the place. On this particular day, my husband and I have taken a long walk round the Island, explored the groves of cocoa-nut palms, and come back laden with wild flowers, fruits, and curious shells. We have dined among the rocks by moonlight. My husband, the children, and the servants, excepting one only, are asleep. The maid is sitting outside also, with my little girl; we only remain there, the heat being too great for me to sleep or stay indoors, and Dolly feels the same.

I go and sit on the rocks close by the sea, and as I glance around me, am enchanted by the weird and unearthly beauty of the scene. The moonlight is so brilliant, that it sheds a silvery light over everything, with an effect quite indescribable. It touches the great rocks and flowers, glances over the white sands and large shells, sparkles over the phospho-

rescent waves, sheds a wide pathway over the sea, and shines also on me and my white transparent dress, and the little child with her golden hair, and white dress, and little delicate face. Everything seems to be, as it were, glorified by the silvery light. No more beautiful effect could possibly be imagined. One could easily fancy fairies, holding high revel, and dancing on these sparkling sands, or mermaids disporting themselves in those transparent waters.

When lo! what is this that I see; it is neither fairy nor mermaid; but a young and beautiful Creole girl, dressed in the usual costume of these islands, a white turban round her pretty head, white embroidered Indian jacket, and blue cotton skirt. She has large soft brown eyes, silky black hair, small hands and feet, and light brown skin. She appears to rise from the sea, at a distance from the shore. She walks right up the pathway of light *on the sea*, to the landing place. As she glides quickly across, she mutters fearfully, and keeps looking round, as if to see that no one is near, and throws a shawl over her shoulders, in great haste.

She does not walk up the path which leads to our house, but glides right over walls, through rocks, in a slanting direction, until she comes to a grove of

trees, where she vanishes. As I know that there is not a soul on the island, but the guardian, no one being allowed to land, or approach it without permission, what I see, therefore, is no human form, but the spirit of a Creole girl. Being convinced of this, I am for the moment completely paralysed with a sort of awe; but as soon as I am able, I go into the house and awake my husband, who, being most anxious to see the apparition, gets up and goes towards the grove of trees, where she disappeared, and finds there, on pushing away the branches which overshadow it, the moon shining brightly, *a grave!*

Next morning we interview the guardian, and after some trouble we persuade him to tell us that the spirit of a young girl, named "Anais," walks at times as we describe.

She is supposed to have been "unfortunate," as it is termed, and to have drowned her child close to the landing place, but her spirit still haunts the place where she committed the dreadful deed.

My Indian nurse comes and falls down on her knees before me, her hands clasped and her eyes streaming with tears, as she implores me to intercede with "Monsieur le Gouverneur to send for the

boats and let us leave this place!" as she also had seen the apparition from a distance. The other servants join in her entreaties, being very superstitious and much alarmed. So at last my husband consents, and sends for the yacht and galley, and we pack up and leave the enchanted island, and I never had the courage to revisit it! . . . I heard afterwards from Dr. Brooks that the island was really reputed to be haunted, and the Ile St. Anne, also, and that many crimes had been committed there in days gone by.

I have described the Creole ghost exactly as I believe that I saw it, and my Indian nurse gave an account which agreed with my experience; it appeared that this girl was sitting on the rocks also. I never before believed in anything of the kind, and always thought such stories were pure imagination or invention, but this apparition produced a great effect on me. I have had curious experiences, but have never actually seen a ghost since that dreadful night. Nothing will induce a Creole, African, or any other native to remain on the quarantine station, unless obliged. They go over to work, bring provisions, but return at night to Mahé.

CHAPTER XXI.

OUR LIFE DURING THE QUARANTINE FOR SMALL-POX.

THE Seychelles, though generally so healthy, are occasionally visited by an epidemic, which in these Islands takes a very virulent form, such as measles or chicken-pox, and now began a terrible time of misery for these lovely Islands. For seven months no one was allowed to leave Port Victoria in a mail steamer. Scarcely any ships would call there, so that provisions ran short, and famine was added to the terror of the epidemic. Here was a British colony dependent entirely for mails and transport upon a French Steamboat Company, under the strictest quarantine regulations. A British man-of-war came in with most of her crew ill with various complaints, and among them, a case of what the Health Officer took for some infectious disease, but which other doctors pronounced to be virulent chicken-pox, while others again declared it

was small-pox, although some symptoms of the disease were wanting. But whatever the malady was, it proved infectious and fatal, for there were many deaths in the Islands.

This epidemic, called "La Verette," soon spread very, very rapidly, and we were quarantined for small-pox by Madagascar, Mauritius, Zanzibar, Bourbon, Aden, and all the other places near us. This caused endless trouble and work for my husband, and all the other officials, and the population generally. The greatest excitement prevailed, as one family after another was attacked by the terrible disease. The bells tolled perpetually, and nothing was to be seen but coffins passing. All Government work was suspended, as the workmen had to be employed continually to make coffins. At Government House we were in great danger, as the house is situated right in the middle of the town of Port Victoria. People used constantly to come up to the office of the Commissioner and to our house covered with small-pox. My husband thought it right to keep the children and myself in town, as if we had all gone up to the hills, to escape the infection, it would have had the effect of considerably increasing the panic, and unfortunately, I

had no one that I could trust to take charge of the children without me in the hills, the English nurse, whom I had brought from England, having left my service and gone home. The children's faithful Creole nurse, Leonsine, was taken suddenly ill and was one of the worst victims. She eventually recovered, but was always a terrible wreck of her former self. My husband and I used to go and see some of the cases, and endeavoured to assist the poor, by sending food to them.

Many of the Creoles were completely panic stricken and ran away, leaving their relations without provisions or water to battle all alone with this terrible disease, as best they could. The epidemic became more and more virulent, as it gained a firmer footing in this tropical island, until at last, some cases of black small-pox appeared—the worst form of the complaint. Many of the scenes, which we saw or heard of, were of too painful and harrowing a nature to be described here. So crushed and terrified were the inhabitants, that they even left off planting their fields and gardens. Most of the shops were shut, and the owners escaped to the mountains, where, however, they were frequently overtaken by the terrible scourge.

The doctors were perfectly worn out before the end of the epidemic, and the life of one of them, the Health Officer, was in great danger, from violence, he having unfortunately admitted the original case into the harbour, by giving the ship practise. The poor man was constantly bullied and threatened in every way, so that my husband was obliged to protect him and his wife and child, with a strong guard of police, as they dared not stir out alone.

To add to our misery, no ships would call at the Islands, and provisions soon began to run out, all kinds of foods became very scarce, there was no flour to be had, and rice soon rose to famine prices, while meat became an unheard of luxury, as the ships from Madagascar refused to touch; turtle also, was not to be had, in fact, we were cut off from the world and from all supplies entirely. Letters were often either lost, or not delivered at all, by the mail steamers. By this time, the Treasury was almost empty, and as my husband always insisted on paying the officials and police *first*, there was no money left for ourselves! This is not a fancy picture, dear reader, on the contrary, I cannot find words to describe the universal misery which reigned for many months.

At last, matters came to such a pass, that we had scarcely anything to eat, and were obliged, in sheer desperation, to kill off one of our small tortoises (not of course, one of those presented by the late General Gordon), and we lived on this tortoise for three days. I have preserved the shell as a memento of what we endured during that trying time. My husband used to send the yacht to the outlying islands to get fowls, but they were very scarce, as the owners naturally wanted to keep them, so that we were very thankful if the "Wave" brought back any for us.

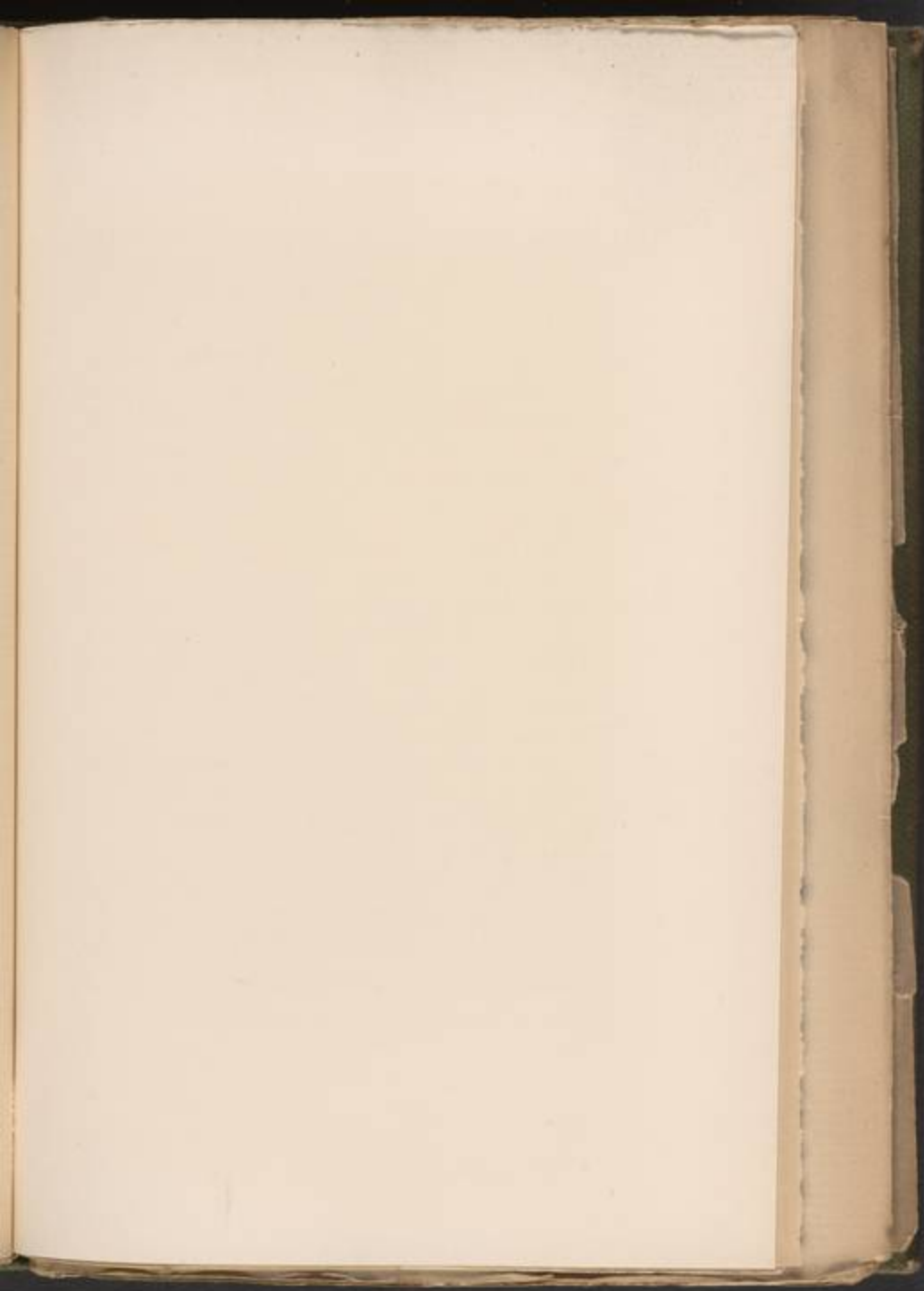
In the middle of all this, the newly appointed Governor of Mauritius, the late Sir John Pope Hennessey and his wife, arrived on their way to that Island, and spent a day with us. They were much horrified at the state of affairs in general, and to find that we had not a penny to spend, and very little to eat. As soon as he arrived in Mauritius, Sir John sent down a sailing vessel loaded with rice, to relieve the famine a little among the poor people. We certainly suffered many and great privations, and in addition to that, were terribly anxious about our little children, whom we kept entirely in our own grounds, as much away from the risk of infection as possible.

At this time, another doctor was sent down by the Governor of Mauritius to report on the epidemic, and there seemed to be no end to the articles in the newspapers, incessant trouble and perpetual correspondence with Mauritius, about it. While the small-pox was still raging, after six months of quarantine, Miss Marianne North, the celebrated flower painter and botanist, arrived, and came at once to our house, where she spent a month altogether. We had expected her for some time, but were somewhat surprised to find she did not appear at all alarmed at our malady or quarantine, but settled down comfortably in Government House. We gave her the "Admiral's Wing" as being quiet and airy, opening on to the gardens, where she could get out at once to the river and mountains.

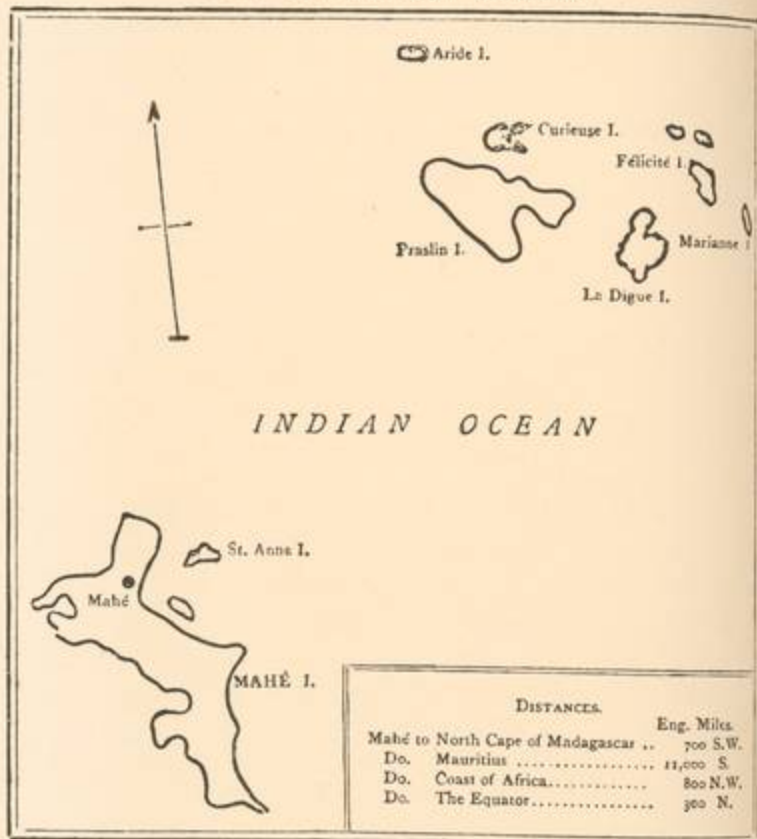
Miss North would paint steadily for some eight hours a day, and came out from England especially to paint the coco-de-mer and other palms, and would stand for hours in the garden leaning on a low wall, gazing up in raptures at a specimen of the coco-de-mer tree planted in our garden. She wanted to know the name of every tree and plant that she saw, so Arthur sent for the Conservator of Crown lands, Monsieur Buton, a very clever old

gentleman, and he gave her much information of a botanical nature. She also spent much time in talking to Dr. Brooks, who was in himself a mine of information about the Seychelles. The news soon spread that a famous English painter, botanist, and traveller, was staying at Government House, and many of the Creoles brought Miss North quantities of curiosities of all kinds to paint.

She had singular ideas about flowers and plants. One very poetical fancy of hers was, that they could all *feel* pain like ourselves, and consequently she could not bear to see them cut, so we were obliged to give orders that no cut flowers were used for the table while she was with us, as the sight distressed her so much. She was the most devoted worshipper of all kinds of plants that I ever met. Finding that Miss North could not get away to Madagascar as she wished, without first enduring a long stay of six weeks on the quarantine station, my husband tried to fill up the time for her by planning all sorts of expeditions about the Island, and when at last she had exhausted that, sent her over to Praslin in the yacht with an escort, to stay with Dr. and Mrs. Hoad, who had invited her to be their guest at "La Pasqui re." Here, Miss North



THE SEYCHELLES ISLANDS.



COPY OF A MAP ILLUSTRATING AN ARTICLE BY MISS NORTH IN
THE "PALL MALL GAZETTE," JANUARY 21ST, 1884.

stayed for some weeks, and made many pleasant trips; among others, she visited the poor lepers at Curieuse, in whom she took a deep interest.

The Doctor and his wife also took her to the famous valley of the coco-de-mer, where these wonderful trees grow in great profusion, and are a most curious sight. Miss North made many sketches at Praslin, and when she had finished, Arthur sent the yacht to fetch her, and she returned to us at Government House for a time, and at last made up her mind to undergo the miseries of the quarantine on Long Island. Her health began to fail, which caused us anxiety, and she herself wanted to return to England on that account. The beautiful paintings done at the Seychelles she presented to her countrymen in England, and added a new room to her gallery at Kew, in order to show them to the best advantage. They are very well mounted, and framed in the wood of the coco-de-mer and other trees from the Seychelles, which my husband procured for her from the forests, and attract much attention from visitors. For six or eight months or more no one spoke or thought of much else than the small-pox and the quarantine laws. We were very weary of

the epidemic and all that it brought in its train, especially as we were only waiting for it to disappear, to go home on leave. My husband was very anxious to see his father, and we longed to see our elder children, Harry and Nancy.

CHAPTER XXII.

ARRIVAL OF H.M.S. "OSPREY."

ONE day an English man-of-war was signalled, and as the captains of these ships always stayed with us, we quite hoped to see an English naval officer again. Presently the Health Officer came up and told my husband that the captain of this vessel was very ill with malarial fever, quite unconscious, and so delirious that the doctors all feared he could not live. On hearing this sad news, we begged that he might be brought up to our house so soon as it was cool enough to move him, and we, of course, promised to do all in our power for him. After a consultation, the doctors agreed that it was the one chance of saving his life, and that he would certainly die if left on board ship. I sent off at once for a clever old woman, Madame Edmond, to nurse him.

We made all preparations to receive him, and late in the evening, when still unconscious, he was carried up by some sailors from the "Osprey,"

bearing lighted torches, accompanied by the doctor and other officers. After some days, the great care and attention bestowed upon him by the doctors and nurse, combined with old Joseph's good cooking, began to take effect. Of course, I carefully supervised and looked after everything to the minutest detail, and always took the doctor's orders myself, as it is impossible to depend on either Creole nurses or servants in a case of illness. We soon had the pleasure of seeing our invalid guest slowly recover, the fever at last subsiding. After many relapses it was a great relief to us all when he was allowed to sit on the verandah in a "chaise longue," sip cooling drinks and look at a paper or book. Captain Dowding was very pleased to find himself at last convalescent, although he was still very weak.

After a time, finding that the mail steamers still refused to take passengers, although the epidemic was practically over, Captain Dowding kindly invited Arthur and myself and our two little children, Bertie and Dolly, to proceed with him as his guests to Colombo. He would not have a female nurse on board, so we took a Creole boy to help with the children. "Ballo" was a very good

and faithful boy, his only fault being a rooted objection to do any work, if he could possibly avoid it ! We found this characteristic most awkward on board the "Osprey," where work and strict discipline were the order of the day. We gladly accepted Captain Dowding's invitation, and lost no time in packing up our belongings and bidding adieu to all our friends in Mahé.

CHAPTER XXIII.

TWELVE DAYS' CRUISE IN AN ENGLISH MAN-OF-WAR.

IN the autumn of the year, my husband having obtained three months' leave of absence, we left the Seychelles for Colombo, with Captain Dowding, in H.M.S. "Osprey." I was the only woman on board, but being a good sailor, did not trouble myself very much about the absence of a maid or stewardess. The Captain had most kindly given up his cabin to the children and myself. It was large and airy and charmingly fitted up, and he had spared no pains to make us all thoroughly comfortable. He even ordered sails to be rigged up all round the quarter-deck, to prevent the children climbing up and slipping through the bulwarks into the sea. Mr. Lee Warner, of Quorn Hall, Leicestershire, who had been staying in Mahé, having come from Madagascar with Captain Dowding, was also his guest on board.

The life was very interesting, but at first I was always afraid of breaking some of the many strict rules and regulations, or to speak to any of the officers, for fear that he should happen to be on duty. This rule did not affect Bertie and Dolly, who were allowed to run about everywhere, and do much as they liked, and of course became very much spoilt. They used to go down every evening to the officers' mess. Dolly was placed on the table, and both children were feasted on fruit and cakes to their hearts' content. The sailors made a little man-of-war suit for Bertie, quite complete, of which he was very proud. Dolly was then a tiny little creature, with long fair hair and blue eyes, just like a little wax doll. They were a great amusement to our kind host, who liked to hear them chattering Creole. We always messed with him in his saloon cabin.

On Christmas Day we were invited to dine at the officers' mess, but Captain Dowding preferred our dining quietly with him as usual. We reached Colombo in due course, and found the Flagship awaiting the "Osprey," with the late Admiral Sir W. Hewitt on board. Much signalling immediately went on between the two ships, and we were

invited to lunch on board the Flagship, and dance afterwards. Captain Dowding signalled with flags in answer to the invitation from Sir W. Hewitt, "Mrs. Barkly will accompany me on board to luncheon, but Mr. Barkly is obliged to go ashore on important business about joining the mail steamer. Will follow us afterwards." The Admiral sent a steam launch for us, and we spent a very pleasant day on the Flagship, which was gaily decorated and "dressed" with flowers and flags everywhere. Arthur soon made his appearance, and we had a long chat with the Admiral, and met very many pleasant English people. We should have liked to stay for a day or two at Colombo, where we had many kind invitations to go ashore, from the General commanding the forces and others, but we were obliged to decline all, and left in the British India Steamship "Manora" that night.

As we were being rowed back with Captain Dowding from the Flagship to the "Osprey," to fetch our children and collect the luggage, etc., what should we see, climbing very happily outside the ship's bulwarks, but little Bertie, all alone, having escaped from the boy Ballo! Fortunately,

he was seen and brought back safely, and the sailors hauled the little monkey upon deck none the worse; he was only about six years old then, but was always climbing up masts and ropes, and thus early showed his predilection for a sailor's life. Captain Dowding remarked, "I tell you what it is, you must make a sailor of that boy, Mrs. Barkly, I found him the other day asleep full length on a thick rope."

Our voyages took some time and much we enjoyed them; we had to steam back to Aden in the "*Manora*," and were then again put into quarantine for a case of cholera, which had occurred on board before we joined the ship. The Governor of Aden sent his A.D.C. with a boat to meet us and bring us ashore, but of course, being in quarantine, we could not accept his hospitality.

Arrived at Malta, and being then out of quarantine, we called on the Governor, Sir Lintorn Simmons (now Field-Marshal) and Lady Simmons, at the Palace, and spent a very pleasant afternoon there. They were giving a big dinner and ball, and invited us to come to both, but we were reluctantly obliged to decline, and put back to the ship without delay.

A fire broke out on board the "Manora" that night, among the cargo of hides, and so well disciplined were the sailors, that the fire was put out before the passengers, who were all at dinner in the great saloon, heard anything of the danger. A message was quietly brought to the Captain at dinner, who immediately disappeared. No one thought anything of it, of course, until about ten o'clock at night, when he casually put his head in at the saloon door, and then appeared covered with soot and smoke, and quite black. The decks were flooded with water, all the fire engines were at work, and every hand employed as we learned later on. So quietly was this done that we did not hear a sound until the fire was entirely extinguished. As soon as the fact of the fire became known, there was a great commotion on board. Many of the passengers immediately packed up and left the ship at Malta, intending to wait there for another steamer, as they feared that the fire might be smouldering among the cargo and break out again when we were in the open sea. A fire among a cargo of hides is a very troublesome matter to deal with. A great many people came to my husband, and asked his advice as to remaining on board or

leaving the ship, but he advised them to remain and take courage, which they did.

I came into the saloon and found Arthur surrounded by a large party of Americans, belonging to the Salvation Army, who had been indefatigable in holding services on deck and in the saloon during the voyage. The rougher the weather the more vigorously they sang Salvation hymns, above, below, everywhere. They were all very much alarmed at the fire on board, and seemed to think that Arthur was a tower of strength, and we were not deprived of their society, as they all pinned their faith on him! When he assured them that the danger was past, they decided to remain. We stayed in harbour until the next morning, and then steamed off again.

We had no further adventures until we reached the English Channel, when we encountered a tremendous gale, which alarmed the poor children very much, as we were greatly battered about. I was the only woman who ventured to appear at the table for meals, all being too ill, or too nervous to leave the cabins. One old gentleman took it all very philosophically, and had an enormous appetite. After being helped three or four times to almost

everything, he would invariably remark, "You must excuse me, madam, but this is my *principal* meal!" As this occurred three or four times a day, I fancy that old gentleman must have put on weight before he got home. One old lady, who was enormously stout, was much tried by the fury of the elements. She and her daughter shared a cabin, and although so extremely corpulent, she insisted on climbing up to her berth, leaving her daughter to sleep in the lower one.

This operation was always attended with great difficulty, and one fine morning we were all at breakfast, when we heard a tremendous noise in one of the cabins, which sounded like a very heavy fall and crashing of wood, with loud screams of "Mother, you've killed me." "I am dead myself," moaned her fond mother in a shrill voice, and both screamed their loudest.

Some of us rushed to the rescue, and beheld a most ludicrous sight, though very trying for the two persons immediately concerned. The old lady had fallen through the berth on to the top of her unlucky daughter, mattress, springs, and all. Fortunately the poor girl managed to jump out in time to escape the full weight of her stout parent

and her bed, but received a severe shock, and was also a good deal hurt and alarmed. This worthy old lady offended the captain one day, by appearing at breakfast in a pale pink garment, which she fondly termed a "matinée." Alas! she was promptly requested "to retire to her cabin (much to her disgust) and to put on a tight fitting dress." This was a strict rule on board, the captain considering that these comfortably loose and shapeless garments were "untidy." We became weary of the very long voyage, and were glad enough to find ourselves in the Albert Docks.

We went straight to Sir Henry Barkly's house in town, where we found all well, Harry and Nancy having grown out of all knowledge. They gave us a hearty welcome, and were much amused to hear Bertie and Dolly chattering Creole, instead of English. Dolly was the "show one" of our party, and we felt very proud of her accordingly, as we had managed to get a very pretty little French pale blue frock for her at Suez as we passed through the Canal, in which she had quite a fashionable appearance; but we ourselves had been unable to get any English or French clothes fit to be seen, on account of the long quarantine, and had to remain in the

background, until we could procure an entirely new wardrobe. Nancy and Harry immediately begged us to do so, and remarked, "What *very* funny clothes you and father have got on!" Nancy adding, in a deep voice, "Is that your *best* bonnet, mother?" They little knew, surrounded as they were with every luxury and comfort, how thankful we were to get anything, either to eat or to wear, in Mahé, during our period of misery.

We remained at home on leave all this year, and early in the following spring, my husband was sent out to the Falkland Islands to administer the Government there, as Lieutenant-Governor, expecting to be confirmed in the appointment, and remain as Governor. But the Governor of the Islands, on recovering his health, obtained leave to resume his duties, so my husband returned home again, just as I was about to join him. After more than a year's absence, he was requested by the Secretary of State to go back temporarily to the Seychelles again, "to restore law and order," which was most unexpected, and needless to say, very trying to both of us, after all that we had gone through and suffered in those Islands. Unfortunately, my husband was taken very ill not long

afterwards, and we were obliged to return to England. After eighteen months he was appointed Governor of Heligoland, in November, 1888, and remained there until 1890, when the Island was transferred to the Emperor of Germany. Arthur, however, never entirely recovered his health, after the serious attack of illness which had compelled him to leave the tropics.



A SLIGHT INTERLUDE,
OR
A SKETCH OF LIFE
IN THE
FALKLAND ISLANDS.



A SLIGHT INTERLUDE, OR A SKETCH OF LIFE IN THE FALKLAND ISLANDS.

THE Falklands are the only considerable group of Islands in the South Atlantic Ocean, they lie south of South America, near the Straits of Magellan, about 300 miles east. Port Stanley is the most important settlement, it lies on the east coast of East Falklands, and here is the seat of Government. There is a Governor and Commander-in-Chief, who is also Chief Justice and is assisted by an Executive and Legislative Council, there is also a Colonial Secretary, Chaplain, and Health Officer, etc. Government House is extremely comfortable and well furnished throughout, it has a nice garden and about thirteen acres of enclosed land, conservatories always full of flowers, and can boast of possessing the *only* tree in the place, which is well sheltered, for the winds are so high and blustering, that no trees can be persuaded to grow on these Islands.

Shrubs of various kinds imported from Europe flourish and abound here, English fruits and vegetables also do very well. The climate resembles greatly that of the north of Scotland, in being never really warm, in fact, the inhabitants burn fires all the year round.

The Islands are constantly enveloped in a thick white mist, exactly like a Scotch mist in the Highlands, and as rain is very frequent, the climate, naturally, has a bad name.

The principal officials and people of Port Stanley all have good substantial houses, with conservatories attached, which are built much after the fashion of an English villa. Servants are very difficult to procure, and most people import them from England, but as English girls are sure to be snapped up and married at once, they have to sign an agreement to remain in service for three years, and if they break it and marry, the fortunate (?) husband has to pay the passage out from England of another servant to replace his wife.

The inhabitants are famous for their genial hospitality. Much pleasant intercourse and entertaining goes on in Stanley, in spite of the somewhat moist and trying surroundings. Every-

one appears to be well to do, and all try and make life as happy and pleasant as possible. Living is cheap, as meat costs very little, you can buy a whole sheep for ten shillings. There are any quantity of wild cattle, horses, pigs and sheep, the wool of the latter being much valued on account of its excellent quality, and realising a high price in the English markets. Rabbits are very plentiful in many parts of the Islands, hares also have been imported and thrive there.

Capital shooting is to be had in the Falklands, black and white swans, wild ducks, dotterel, are abundant, and wild geese are to be found everywhere, but are so common that the servants refuse to eat them, although they are in reality excellent food. A great trade is done in frozen mutton, which is sent home by ship loads. My husband shot some of these wild geese, had them frozen, and sent home to me. In spite of the long voyage, they arrived in capital preservation. They are handsome birds, with feathers of different shades of blue and grey. I preserved the wings and I have them still. Occasionally, ships come into Stanley, sometimes men-of-war on the station which have suffered from the furious gales which prevail

on those coasts, and take refuge in Port Stanley, for repairs, coals and provisions. Sometimes, a big steam yacht puts in, and while my husband was administering the Islands, Lord Dudley visited Stanley with his yacht. Arthur saw a great deal of him, and he and his officers made themselves very agreeable. It is dangerous to go far from the town without a guide, as there are no landmarks and nothing to direct the traveller. The scenery being exactly the same for miles, without any variety, is most deceptive, and you are apt to be enveloped in a thick white fog, from which it is very difficult to extricate yourself. Many people and especially children, have been lost quite near to Stanley, and found frozen, or starved to death, in the mountains. Little children have to be very carefully watched, as they are apt to wander away from their homes, lose themselves, and fall into the narrow creeks between the mountains, and are never heard of again.

There is an English Bishop, who takes his title from the Falklands, whose large diocese extends to some wild districts of South America. His work is most arduous, for he never spares himself, and his influence is very widely felt. He is a man much

respected by everyone. There is also an English Church and good Government school. On the West Falklands is a large settlement, consisting chiefly of the sons of gentlemen, who go out there to breed horses and sheep ; the life is hard, but they seem to like it, and pride themselves on roughing it as much as possible. They show great hospitality, and heartily welcome their friends, and strangers also, who go over to visit them and to explore the West Falklands. Occasionally, these men come to Stanley, which is considered quite a centre of civilisation in those parts. The tradespeople, mechanics, and their families, have a gay time of it in Stanley, they act plays, and constantly get up concerts, balls, and dances among themselves, which the Governor and other officials occasionally attend.

People living in Stanley sometimes go over to Monte Video by the Kosmos Line of steamers for a little change, or to do some shopping, and much interest is always felt in all news from South America ; as ships are constantly passing to and fro, the Falklands are more or less in touch with that country. The first view of Port Stanley as you approach it is somewhat depressing, in fact, I am

told that one lady burst into tears when she first saw her future home, and said, "Take me back, captain, *do take* me back! I will *never* consent to live in such a place, or endure such banishment from the world!" But after a time she thought better of it, and settled down, and became more reconciled to her fate. The good lady soon found however, that she was lucky to have been able to see the Islands at all on her arrival, as they are generally shrouded in a white mist. A fine day without fog or rain is hailed with great delight by the inhabitants.

There is much wild and beautiful scenery at the Falklands, rocks and high mountains, and in the spring the whole country is carpeted with sweetly scented wild flowers. Quantities of the soft white Tussac grass grow everywhere, the cattle are fed upon it and get very fat. Unfortunately, Port Stanley is very badly placed in a marshy district, and a far better site for the town could have been found at the West Falklands. A peculiar feature in the geology of these Islands, which must not be omitted from this sketch, is the streams of stones, composed chiefly of fragments of quartz, which flow down the sides of the mountains, presenting a

most peculiar effect to the traveller. These streams are from twenty to thirty feet wide, and the stones are of different shapes and sizes, from one foot to the size of an omnibus, and are spread out to a great extent in the valleys beneath. This geological formation has been noted by Darwin and others, and is quite peculiar to this place. Beautiful impressions of shells are to be found in beds of sandstone. The soil is chiefly peat, which is much used everywhere for fuel, but near the surface it is of a lighter material, and being mixed with vegetable remains, forms a good soil and fit for cultivating. Apropos of the peat, I quote an extract from a letter which my husband wrote to his father, Sir Henry Barkly :

Government House,
Stanley,
Falkland Islands.

MY DEAR FATHER,—I just add a few lines to my letter of yesterday to say that the Kosmos Mail has at last arrived, and our letters brought by her are eight weeks old. Since writing, we have had a serious mishap here. The Peat Bog behind the town of Stanley slipped last night, and a regular river of half liquid peat flowed down the mountain, and ran across the very middle of the town into the sea. It has blocked up several streets, touched a house or two—although the damage in this way is less than one

would have expected—and killed two people. Lucky indeed, that it was not more serious; the night being very wet everyone was in doors, and had not some children run out of one of the houses, one of the deaths at all events would not have taken place. Every one behaved very well, and the mischief is being repaired as quickly as possible. The slip was caused by the very heavy rains we have had during the last few days, but there is no further danger now.

We have a sudden change to what is warmth for the Falklands, that is to say 65° Fahrenheit in the sun. We have cleared away most of the peat in the streets, and the rest will be cut for fuel as soon as it is dry, it is the only fuel for most of the inhabitants of Stanley. I shall have to be more careful in future to avoid a repetition of this disaster, and have already drained a good deal. It is not a regular Irish bog, as the authorities at home seem to think, but only rather sloppy, with pools here and there, but such an overflow as we have had here is of course very dangerous, and might almost have overwhelmed the town of Stanley.

Admiral Kennedy was in command of the South American Station, while my husband was administering the Falklands, and used to pay visits there in the Flagship, H.M.S. "Ruby." They had some good sport together, and became extremely friendly. In his book entitled "Sporting Sketches in South America," the Admiral gives a very interesting account of the Falklands, and the excellent sport to be had there. In it he mentions the black necked

swan as being very beautiful and abundant, and the white swan also, which is smaller than the black, all white, excepting the tips of the wings, the feathers of which are used to stuff pillows, and the flesh cooked and eaten. A black "swan drive" he says, "is something to be remembered," the blue jackets being sent on in advance, to drive them before the wind.

The upland goose is also to be found in incredible numbers, and often tame as a farmyard goose; they feed about the settlement, if allowed and unmolested, but when shot at they get wild. The geese are very handsome birds, the males are white banded with black, and their wings have black points. The female is of a chestnut colour, with green bars on her wings. As these birds feed entirely on grass, they cause great anxiety to sheep farmers, for they destroy so much. The goose called "Rufus Headed" is a handsome well set up bird, with a small thoroughbred head and very game looking. Admiral Kennedy relates that these geese are so heavy that when killed, a horse is required to carry them, as the spoil weighs eight or nine pounds each; he adds that he killed as many as one hundred in one day only.

There is first rate duck shooting in the Falklands, or Malvinas, as they are also called in South America. The "Ruby" made various visits to the Islands, and the Admiral considers the best time to go there is in the summer (so-called) season, namely, December to March.

There are many good harbours here, one of the first is called "Berkeley Sound" in the East Falklands. As these Islands were claimed and inhabited at various times by the French, Spaniards, and English, many of the points, bays and harbours, retain names belonging to these various people. The Admiral gives an account of "The splendid sport which I had with Mr. Barkly, the popular Governor, skirmishing after geese driven by middies, while feeding on rich grass in the valleys, as many as fifty being killed." At the end of a day they had a heavy bag of duck, teal and snipe, besides one hundred geese. There was also much water fowl, kelp goose and logger-headed duck or "steamer duck," so-called, because as they advance in age, they become so fat, that they cannot fly, but only scuttle in the water with wings and legs.

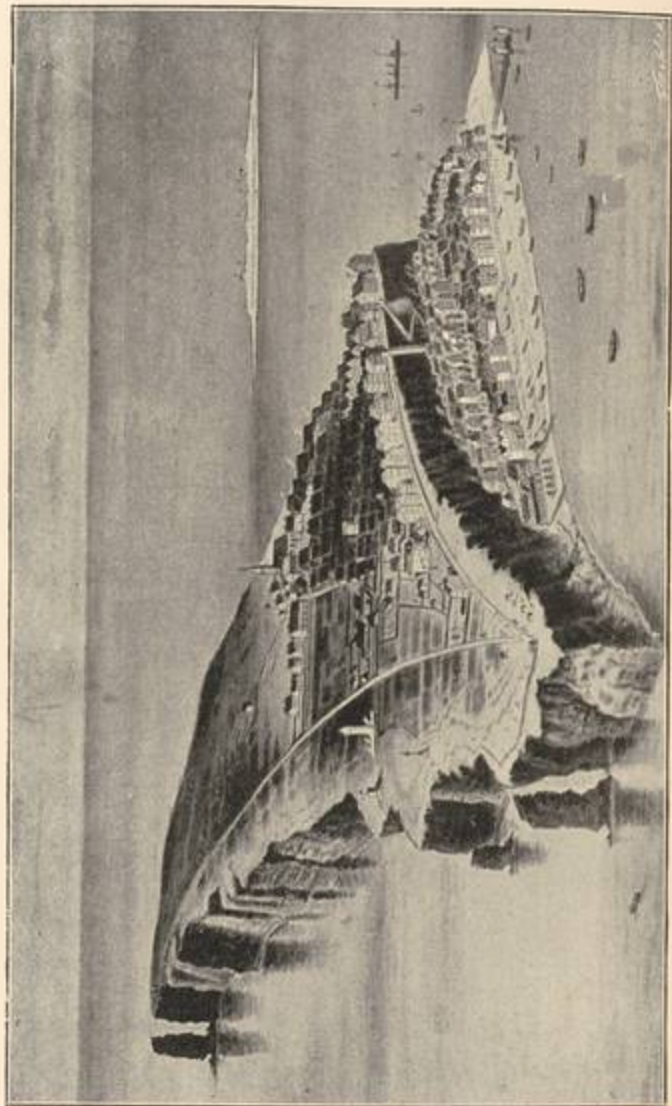
Penguins also abound here, they inhabit some of

the rocks and have a very wise appearance like owls. These rocks are called the "Penguin Rookeries." As you approach, you hear a tremendous uproar of parent birds chattering to their young, and they make a tremendous grunting. The male bird sits and twirls his head fiercely round and round, on the approach of strangers, as if to defend his domestic establishment. I have seen a large photograph taken of the penguins and albatrosses, in which the birds are taken in different attitudes, all sitting very solemnly on the rocks, the effect being most absurd. The eggs of the penguin and albatross are much used for making omelettes.

Seals also congregate here, and are protected by law from October to May. Much business is done with the skins, on an island called "Jason"—the sealskins here are extremely valuable and very fine. Sea lions and elephants, which used to abound here, are now rarely to be seen. The only animals indigenous to the Falklands were the large fox and wolf, which have now been exterminated as they did much damage to sheep.

There are many horses, and some wild ones are found in the interior. Sheep do well, get fat and have a heavy fleece; rabbits multiply tremendously,

and Admiral Kennedy writes, that in one of his visits he killed 1640 in four days, "which seemed to make no particular difference." This was on Speedwell Island. Wild cattle introduced here by the Spaniards still roam about the mountains, but are killed off to make room for the sheep; they are fine sport for sportsmen, but the butchers naturally prefer the sheep. The wild cattle are hunted by the settlers, who lasso and hamstring them, then leave them for a time, and later on return and strip off their hides. Sport here is free to all, and the Admiral adds, "that the people are most hospitable, and that all, from the Governor downwards, tried to make him and his officers as happy and comfortable as possible." Altogether, it may be said, that in spite of rough gales and rain which falls constantly, the climate is healthy, and living being cheap and good, the Falklands, though somewhat cut off from the world, are by no means so undesirable a residence.



HELIGOLAND AND SANDY ISLAND

View from the lighthouse to Heligoland.

HELIGOLAND
OR, THE
GEM OF THE NORTH SEA.



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CHAPTER I.

HELIGOLAND; OR, THE GEM OF THE NORTH SEA.

IN the middle of one December we left England my late husband, Arthur Cecil Stuart Barkly, C.M.G., having been appointed Governor of Heligoland by Sir Henry Holland, now Lord Knutsford. We were a large party, consisting of my husband and myself, our five children, two boys and three girls, the governess, and my husband's private secretary, Mr. Fairfax Francklyn, two English maids, and a German butler.

As is well known there are several recognised routes of reaching Heligoland, but we chose the one from Southampton to Bremerhaven, in order to make the passage in a large ship, instead of a small one, as would have been the case had we crossed from Flushing to Hamburg, which is a quicker route than *via* Bremerhaven; as it was, we had to wait at Southampton for the German Lloyd's steamer, which was two days late. The vessels of

this line come in at night: the time allowed for getting on board being very short, we had to sit up for two nights, on the look out for the arrival of the boat from America. At last we got off, but the rough and stormy weather, which had delayed the good ship two days on her voyage across the Atlantic, accompanied us also, for we had a very rough passage, and were glad to find ourselves safely at Bremerhaven, where we were met by the English Consul, Herr Schoom, who conducted us to a good hotel, and made himself very agreeable. We put ourselves in his hands, and he arranged everything to make us comfortable, and invited my husband, Mr. Francklyn and myself, to luncheon at the Consulate the next day. In the morning, he appeared again to fetch us, and we walked to his house, which was large and very comfortable, fitted up in the German fashion, with huge stoves full of little cupboards, where you could arrange for food to be kept hot all day. These stoves warm a room equally all over, and burn but little fuel.

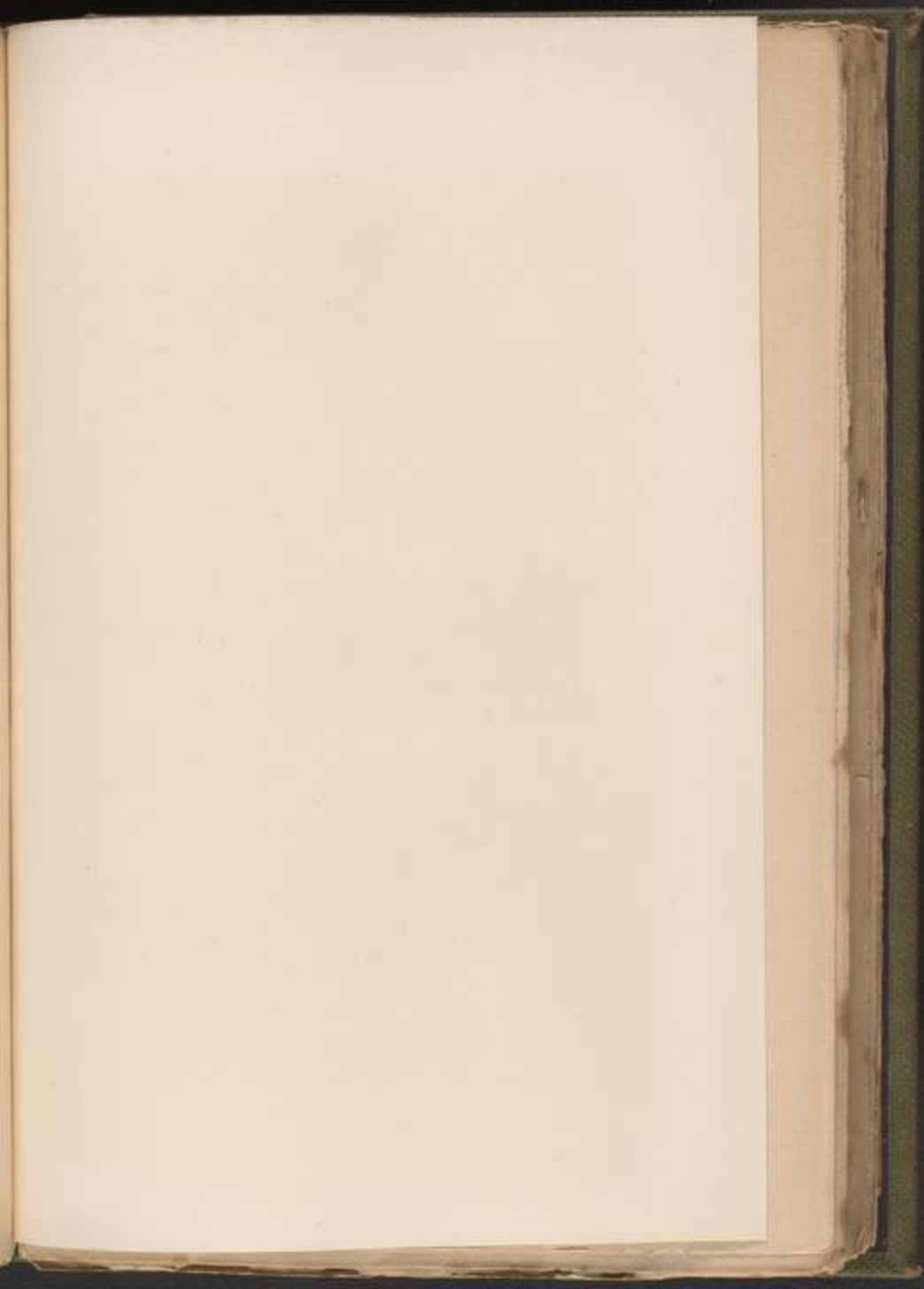
The luncheon was entirely in the German style, we had soup made of beer, which I failed to appreciate. Then a large fish was handed round in a big dish, and each guest helped himself from it.

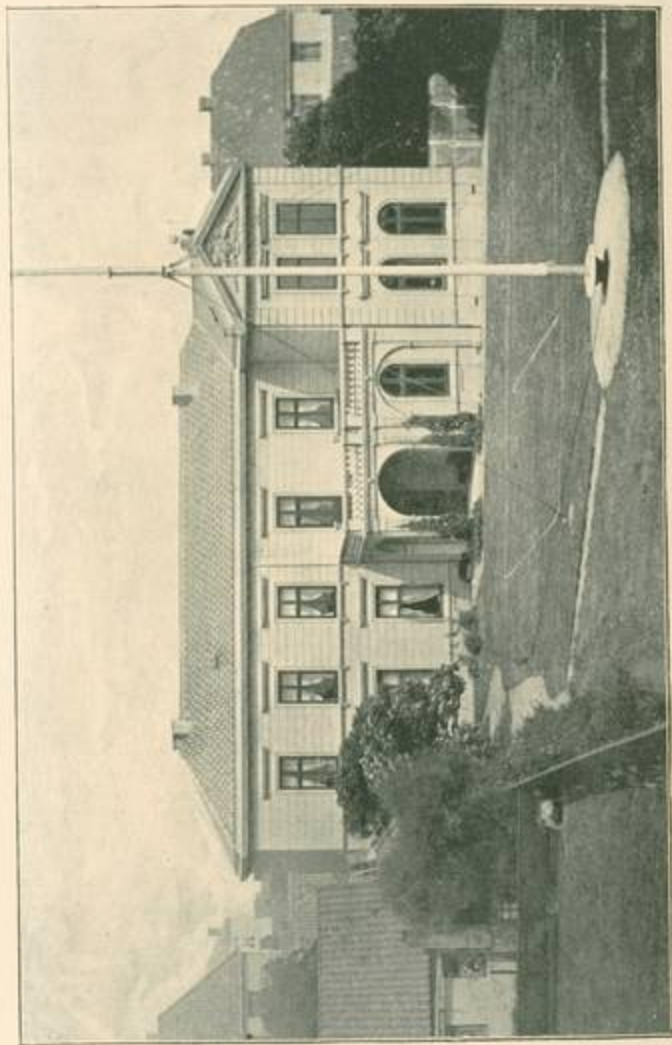
Preserved fruit served in little glass plates was eaten with leg of mutton. The Consul's wife was a German lady, and could not speak a word of English, so we had to talk to her in our best German, which, alas! had become very rusty, after being so long among French people and Creoles, in the Seychelles Islands; and before that, among the Boers and Basutos, in Basutoland, and the Orange Free State, South Africa. They were all very good-natured, however, and the Consul presented me with a quantity of Heligoland photographs, and promised to pay us a visit at Government House in the bathing season. We stayed for several days at Bremerhaven, which is a large port, waiting for the weather to improve a little, and the German officials having courteously put a little steamer at the disposal of my husband, we started for Heligoland.

Never shall I forget that crossing; although I have had many long voyages in my eventful life, and am quite used to rough seas, I really never expected to reach the Island alive. The seas ran mountains high, and we seemed to go *through*, instead of *over* them, as was actually the case. Crossing from Bremen to Heligoland in rough

weather at that time of year, was by no means devoid of danger, and wrecks on the rocky coasts of the Island are very frequent. At last, the lights of Heligoland were to be dimly seen through the foam and dashing spray. The moon rose slowly through the dark clouds, and the effect of the silvery light was very fine, as we slowly approached the Island. The waves and spray broke fiercely on its rocky shores, and dashed even over the "Oberland" or "Upper Town." For some time, the little steamer could not approach the anchorage, but battled with the waves; at last, the sea went down a little, and the captain managed to steam into harbour safely; the sturdy crew of English coastguardsmen, somehow or other, lowered us into the lifeboat and rowed us ashore, where the Chief Magistrate, Colonel Whitehead, formerly of the "Black Watch," was waiting to receive my husband. All the other officials were with him, and most of the inhabitants of the Island, bearing lighted torches, which had a weird and picturesque effect.

It was Christmas Day, and it certainly was a curious way of celebrating it. The flicker of the many torches lit up the various faces, amongst





GOVERNMENT HOUSE

others, that of the venerable Colonial Secretary, Mr. Gatke, with his flowing white beard, finely cut features, and stately figure, and the Pastor of the High Lutheran Church. The torch-lighted procession escorted us down the pier, along the little narrow streets, and went with us up the cliff, some two hundred feet high, and then up the Falm, to Government House. We were all delighted with our new home, and to find ourselves established in a nice large Government House, well furnished throughout.

We had plenty of room for all our large party, and various spare rooms besides; five or six sitting-rooms and many bed-rooms, arranged in suites. We used about twenty-five rooms altogether, as a rule. One old wing of the house was called "Jerusalem." In it, was my husband's study, a very snug room. Upon one side, it looked out on to a fruit and flower garden. It was a pretty room, and commanded a good view of the sea, which was dotted with many boats and large ships, constantly passing along the horizon, or on their way to the small haven, which served for an anchorage, close to Heligoland. As many as eight or nine steamers were often to be seen lying in the harbour in

the season. The "Düne," some half a mile away, lay with its white sand glistening in the distance.

At the end of the garden, by the entrance gate, was a little pavilion, with large glass windows, a charming room, which we fitted up very cosily. We often gave tea parties there, read the papers and wrote our letters, and were very happy. This I christened "*Jericho*," being opposite to "*Jerusalem*!" Here, we could see all that was going on below, distinguish people on the pier with a telescope, and watch the ships and boats. We made constant use of little "*Jericho*," and it was a favourite resort of our friends. The whole house was very prettily decorated and painted under the superintendence of and from designs by the late Mr. Hamilton Macallum, R.A. This famous painter had been staying with our predecessors, Sir Terence and Lady O'Brien, and while on the island he painted many pictures of Heligoland, and its sister Island, Sandy, or the "Düne," the bathing place. These were afterwards exhibited at the Grosvenor gallery. While part of Government House was modern, the rest was of great age. Several large rooms ran the whole length of the top of the old part of the

house, some of them containing secret chambers, difficult to find. There were many odd corners and unexpected cupboards.

This part of the house was supposed to be haunted, and many were the stories told us by the Heligolandiers, who are very superstitious, and not one of them could be persuaded to sleep there, but always went away to their own homes at night. In the billiard-room, where there was a movable table, we gave many small dances during our stay.

When we arrived in Heligoland, at Christmas time, there were no visitors there, and it was very quiet, not to say dull. The shops were almost all shut, and if you wanted to purchase anything, you probably couldn't get it, in the winter, or if you were fortunate enough to do so, you had first to go into some little shop by a back door, where you would probably ring, knock and call, by turns, but all in vain, and perhaps end by going upstairs, and finding some old woman in charge, fast asleep in bed and snoring loudly. If, by shouting and hammering at the door, you succeeded in waking this good lady, she would groan and moan and ask, "Why you disturbed her?" and that "if

you would *only* go away, she would (perhaps) get up to-morrow, and find the article you wanted!" This primitive mode of doing business was rather tiresome after a time or two, and was apt to pall upon one; but it was no use to grumble, on the contrary, we used to extract some fun and humour from these details.

Most of the lodging-houses were shut in winter, and great fishing boats were drawn into the middle of the principal streets, above high water mark. There was nothing much to do in Heligoland at this season, except to look at the sea, which was for ever changing and always beautiful, but the air was so magnificent, and the climate so healthy altogether, that it made life, though very monotonous, still worth living. We found it intensely cold, living on the top of the high rocks, exposed to all the elements. The children soon became quite at home, the boys used to clamber about and go out fishing and punting, but their chief delight was to go up and down the rocks and cliffs, which were very dangerous, as they constantly crumbled away, and large pieces of rock frequently fell down. Bertie was often to be found at the very top of the flag-staff, where the Union Jack floated, or else on

top of the rocks, but was so accustomed to being on board ships and to climbing up the rigging, that he never came to any harm.

When the frost and snow came, all delighted in the wintry weather, and the children spent most of their time in tobogganing down the narrow streets at a fearful pace. There were many little sleighs on the Island, and the inhabitants found much delight in tobogganing down the steep incline, upon which they threw a quantity of water, when it froze hard directly. This took place near the old light-house, and the Heligolanders made parties to toboggan, after sleeping nearly all day in order to keep warm. They invariably become quite lively towards evening, and the dance-houses are always full of them. The women chiefly dance together, as most of the men prefer smoking in a room by themselves, while they drink beer, play cards, or discuss their affairs and the progress of events in their beloved Island, but some of the younger Heligolanders dance every dance, exceedingly well. We used often to go to these native balls to watch the performers, as they were most amusing and always well conducted. No one was introduced at the dance-houses, as all the Heligolanders have

known each other from infancy. The girls look very fresh and bright, as they troop in, each with a white or coloured handkerchief coquettishly tied round her face ; they are almost all pretty, with fair complexions, regular features, and quantities of light golden hair, which they wear in plaits or pig-tails. They have fine figures, and are altogether a healthy, handsome race.

The men are sturdy and well built, and look very clean and smart, each wears the colour of the Island in his coat, red, white and green flowers and leaves. The favourite dance is the national one, "Sling me in Moderkin." This is very pretty and original, and is always danced with great spirit. Strangers arriving on the scene always ask for it, and are made to pay an extra fee to the band ; it is something like a reel, with a polka step. The Heligolandiers dance it with arms entwined behind the back ; suddenly, the girl breaks away from her partner, and takes a turn or two with somebody else. Her own partner follows her, clapping his hands ; she returns to him, when they dance a quick polka step, as before. It is very graceful when well done, especially if the girls put on the national costume, which they seldom can be persuaded to do.

CHAPTER II.

HELIGOLAND COSTUMES.

THE national costume is extremely picturesque. It is worn chiefly by the older women; the younger ones look charming in it. We sometimes prevailed upon one or two of the girls to come up to Government House, in native costume, and help our servants wait at table when we had any important guests, which always delighted our visitors. The dress is very valuable, and is handed down for generations. It consists of a red cloth petticoat, very full and thick, with a bright yellow silk border. The bodice is made of black velvet, cut square in front, with a blouse of linen, or of brocaded silk, underneath a smart handkerchief folded across the breast, short sleeves, bordered with old Flemish lace or imitation Valenciennes, which the Heligolanders make themselves. Brocaded silk ribbons hang down behind to the bottom of

the skirt. With the long plaits of light hair and a pretty face, this forms a charming picture. The older women wear large poke bonnets, to shade their faces. Some of the richer ones are fortunate enough to possess heirlooms of huge brooches of worked silver, and with chains almost covering the front of the bodice; long earrings are worn to match.

The local photographer takes capital photographs of the Heligolandiers; he colours them artistically and gives a good idea of the people. In the background is a distant view of the Island. He groups the figures very well, and many are taken with the whole fishing paraphernalia, a fishing boat on one side, lobster baskets, fishing ropes and nets. Another scene represents Heinrich and Helga, going out fishing together, seated in a boat, just about to sail. The old national costume for the men is but seldom seen now. It consists of a suit of black velvet, very long coat, stockings and buckled shoes. With this costume, the hair is worn very long, and one or two old men are still to be seen wearing it in this fashion, and on great occasions, it is curled.

The working dress worn by the fishermen is

a large reefer cap, loose long blouse, and wide corduroy trousers, rolled up round the bottom. Numbers of them may be seen, sitting on the beach by the sea, in the sun, without shoes or stockings, making or mending their fishing nets.

CHAPTER III.

A WALK ROUND THE ISLAND.

HELIGOLAND was a British possession for eighty-three years, but few English visitors ever went there. It was taken from the Danes in 1807, but was always much coveted by the Germans, as it lies so near to Germany, being only twenty-five miles from Cuxhaven. On a fine night, the lights there, and along the German coast, can easily be distinguished. The Colony consists of two small Islands, once united by a sandbank, but the action of the waves has severed Heligoland from its sister, the Düne or Sandy Island. The larger Island, Heligoland, is only a mile long by a quarter of a mile wide, at its widest part, and three miles round. It is just the shape of a grand piano, or a mutton chop. Heligoland possesses two or three characteristics of its own. One is, that the little lodging-houses are all perfectly clean and neat, and the proprietors have a fixed price, and do not attempt

to cheat the visitors. It is one of the prettiest little places imaginable, all on a very minute scale, and always reminds me of one of those German toys, representing a village, with tiny houses, trees, etc., all complete.

The Island is composed of a bright red, but very loose rock, which is constantly crumbling away and slipping into the sea, consequently, the mainland becomes beautifully less each year, and it is to be feared will, in time, disappear altogether, unless built up and strengthened, but this would entail an enormous expense. On the top of the Oberland or "Upper Town," is a plateau of grass and potato fields, where many sheep and goats are kept. These are carefully milked by the Heligolanders, who drink the milk, there being only three or four cows on the Island, which are kept in a dark cellar and never let out, a cruel practice and one not easily explained.

On the death of these cows, or when they are killed by the butchers, for meat, a fresh stock is imported from the mainland. When they arrive, and are landed from the boat, the whole population turns out to see the wonderful sight, and forms a procession. The poor cows are driven up the

narrow street, followed by little boys, shouting, and everyone in attendance. It is very difficult to get the unfortunate animals to walk up the long flight of over a hundred stairs, or "Treppe," to the Upper Town, and they often have to be dragged up by main force, with ropes tied to their horns.

Many of the Heligoland-ers have never seen a horse, not having been off the Island, and their astonishment, when they find themselves in Hamburg, where there is so much traffic, is very great. But to return to the Oberland. Most of the best houses are on the Upper Town, while the shops are chiefly in the Unterland. On emerging from the lift, you step on to the Falm, a winding narrow road, with a splendid view of the sea. Here the Heligoland-ers love to congregate, especially by moonlight, and may be seen resting their arms on the low stone walls chatting to each other, and watching the ships and boats through large telescopes, and the ever-changing sea. This road leads up to Government House, and thence to the North Point, past the little battery and guns. At the Point is a very fine view of the rocks and sea, and the famous "Monk Rock," which stands out, sharp and erect, quite away from the others. Many

artists have painted it, as indeed, they have painted every part of the Island.

To me, Heligoland has a charm and fascination which no other place possesses. The climate is perfect as a health resort, perhaps rather too cold in winter for real comfort, but most bracing and exhilarating. People seem to live to a great age, for the average duration of life is, I believe, sixty-three years and more. The population, when we were there, more than five years ago, was about 2000, but as many as 15,000 visitors visited the Island in a good year for the bathing. In winter the little church is very full. It stands back from the sea, with its graveyard round it. There was very little change in it during the English rule, excepting that a new tower was built by a Heligolander, who made a large fortune in Bremen, as a shipowner. The church is a very quaint, seventeenth century building, and is evidently intended to resemble a ship as much as possible, with port-holes for windows. Large models of ships hang from the roof, one of which was presented by an English Governor of the Island, Sir Henry Maxse. On the altar are two massive candlesticks, a gift of one of the Kings of Sweden, and above them a huge

crucifix. The service is High Lutheran. On either side of the altar are two pews or boxes, with glass doors and windows, one for the Governor, the other for the pastor. We all sat in the former, which was not very pleasant, as our pew was somewhat damp and musty, and there was a vault just underneath. Deep galleries run round the church, with most extraordinary pictures, done by a Heligoland artist, frescoes of Bible subjects. One was intended to represent Adam and Eve, and the Devil, who was depicted as being quite *black*, with a wooden leg! and many other scriptural subjects are curiously treated.

The seats are very curious; they are all private property, and descend from father to son. They are painted in different colours, according to the fancy of the owner, the name of the proprietor being painted in black. The pulpit is placed just above the altar, and the pastor goes behind it and appears suddenly in the pulpit. There is a sort of museum by the altar and behind it, of old hour glasses, to regulate the length of the sermon, in hours, half and quarters of an hour, also old skulls, and many other curiosities.

The service was held in German, but the pastor

generally preached and held an English service, which he found extremely puzzling, and conducted it in a way of his own, not exactly according to the Rubric, once a month. The singing was very hearty, and some of the old fashioned German tunes were beautiful. The congregation sat down to sing, and stood up to pray. After the collection in the body of the church, a man took a long pole with a bag at one end and a bell at the other, and hoisted it up to the galleries all round the church!

On the Oberland are the tiny court-house and the prison, where, three times a week, the Magistrate held his court. My husband, who was also Chief Justice, had a higher court of his own, and occasionally, had to try a case of a serious nature; but, of course, in Heligoland everything was in miniature.

I only remember seeing *one* prisoner, and he, on being condemned to imprisonment for some offence, walked quietly off to the little prison, rang the bell, and let himself into "*durance vile!*" This sounds almost Arcadian in its simplicity, but is nevertheless a fact, and reminds one of the opera of the "*Mikado!*"

CHAPTER IV.

THE UNTERLAND OR LOWER TOWN.

THE "Treppe" or stairs, leading from the Oberland to the Unterland, are very pretty, as they are well planted with high trees, and flowers and creepers on either side, and the view from the top is beautiful. Below are the winding stairs filled in summer with a stream of people of all nations, going up and down, and pretty Heligolanderins, with graceful figures, carrying all sorts of things on their heads. Everywhere you see the colours of Heligoland, which have a very gay effect, little houses painted red, green and white, while flags of the national colours abound.

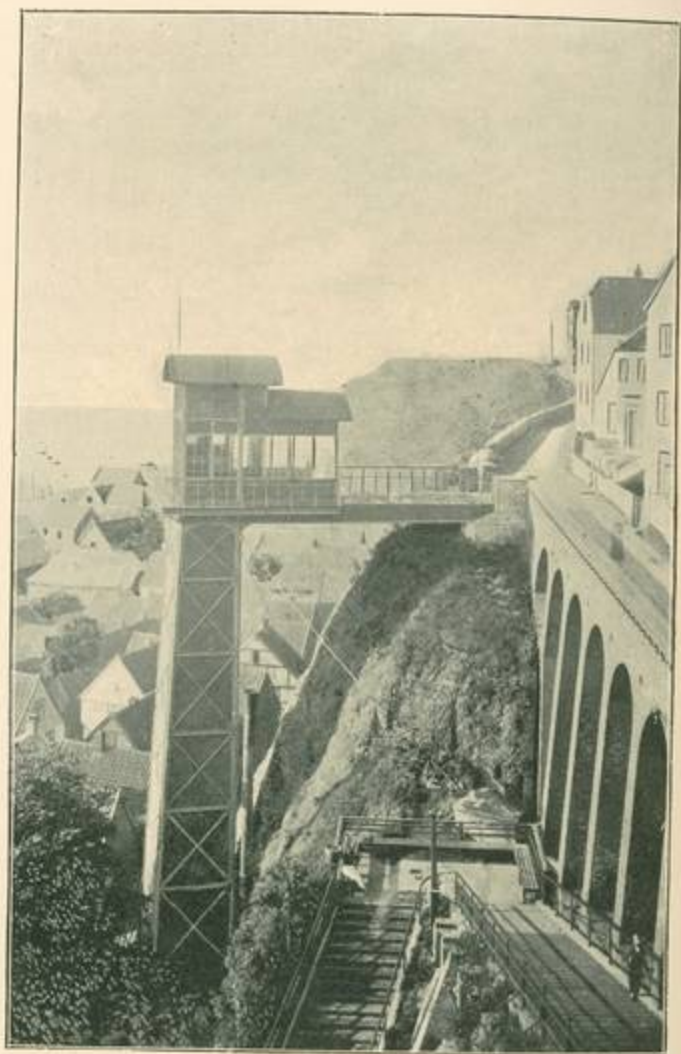
"Green is the land,

"Red is the rock,

"White is the strand,

"These are the colours of Heligoland."





THE LIFT.
FROM THE UNTERLAND TO THE OBERLAND.

In Heligolandish it runs :—

“ Grön is den tunn,
“ Road is de trant,
“ Witt is de sunn,
“ Deet is det woapen,
“ Van’t hilige sunn.”

A Heligoland ribbon is made in these three colours, and much affected by the inhabitants and also the visitors on the Island, bouquets are tied with it, and it is used for many purposes, and is very pretty, as is also the Heligoland stamp, in use during the English occupation of the Island, which bore the arms of the Island in red, white and green, while the Heligoland post cards were so attractive, that it was not safe to send them by the open post, as they were usually stolen *en route* ! On the left hand corner, was a very daintily coloured picture of a Heligoland girl, in native costume, holding a fishing net, or a Heligoland fisher boy. These were in great request among the visitors, and were sold in all the little shops. These stamps are now no longer current, but German stamps are used. All kinds of curious things may be bought here, as you walk through the narrow streets; sealskins from the seal fisheries, close by, are made into

various fancy articles. Seals' heads form the tops of inkstands, and tiny seals' heads are mounted on penwipers.

Amber, found here, is much sold, and plaques, made of the red earth from the rocks, with the head of a fisher boy or girl, beautifully moulded, are much sought after, also little models of the Island, in the same red earth, showing all the principal houses, the Church, and other objects of interest, in the Island. The little streets are very picturesque and quaint. The shops are full of pictures of Heligoland, bathing dresses, many very smart, striped with the national colours, sand shoes of all shapes and sizes, bath towels, ready for bathing at Sandy Island, hang outside, and many other things. Some of the little houses are very pretty, and are lined throughout with curious old tiles, representing scriptural subjects; the windows are always full of flowers, and everything is exquisitely clean and neat. I frequently visited the cottagers, and always had a kind welcome, and the Heligolanders came to me with all their troubles, and considered me quite the mother of them all. I have to this day many kind letters from them, begging me to go back and see them, and I hope to

be able to do so, some day, if only to have an opportunity of judging of the alterations made by the German Government.

My husband and I took great interest in the schools, which were very flourishing, but English is no longer taught in them. Lady O'Brien, the previous Governor's wife, had a sewing class, in which she took great pride, and gave it over to me, with many injunctions "to be sure to keep it up well." I often took my little girls there, and the children used to sing very prettily to us, always ending with "God save the Queen," singing every verse, and "God bless the Prince of Wales," both of which they sang very heartily. Some of the little children are quite beautiful, and are well trained in the schools, their manners being generally very good. In winter, many dances and theatricals were got up by Dr. Emil Lindemann, to amuse the inhabitants. We were quite astonished to find how well many of the Heligolanders could act, sing, and dance,—even the fisher boys and girls.

Dr. Lindemann also started a choral society (to which I belonged), and taught these clever fisher-folk to sing in parts. Some of the choruses in Faust, and parts of two or three of Gilbert and Sullivan's

operas, they could sing very fairly, having a great deal of natural musical talent. I used to take some of the solos and sing at their concerts. There were so many pretty young girls belonging to this choral society, with long plaits of hair tied with ribbons, that I christened it "The Pigtail Club," and so it is called to this day, and the members are still known as "Pigtails."

The winters are sometimes very severe in the North Sea. Icebergs float about round Heligoland, no steamers venture to approach it, and of course, no fishing boat can go out; provisions become very scarce, and the little shops run short of everything. Such a state of things prevailed the year after we left the Island; for six weeks no ship came near it, and many and great were the privations endured by all, both rich and poor alike. They were merry and cheerful through it all, however, and tried to cheer each other up, by giving supper parties, to which everyone contributed what he or she had! In fact, it was a case of having "all things in common," as regarded provisions.

Some of my friends wrote to me from Heligoland, during this very trying time of partial famine. They seemed to take it very calmly, but were very

glad, when at last a thaw came, the icebergs disappeared, and the steamers came in once more, bringing provisions and letters to these poor isolated people. The Kaiser sent a steamer, laden with provisions, but for many weeks she was unable to approach the Island. The Heligolandiers seem quite to enjoy the winter, they manage to exist on very little, chiefly on dry or salted fish, which they carefully cure in the spring, and dry in the sun, on lines stretched across their little gardens, and when ready, pack away in large sacks for winter use. They eat black or brown bread, made of rye flour, which they cultivate in little patches on the Oberland. The women grind the flour between two large stones, set in motion by a pole run through them; the stones being very heavy, it requires the united efforts of two women to work them.

CHAPTER V.

CHRISTMAS IN HELIGOLAND.

As a rule, during the winter, you may walk through the two tiny towns on the Oberland and Unterland almost without meeting a soul, enjoy the bright frosty air and sea breezes, and have the place almost to yourself, until the evening, when it becomes quite gay. The inhabitants rouse themselves very much at Christmas time. Many parties are given, and every little house boasts of its own particular Christmas tree. These are brilliantly lit up, and covered with toys of all kinds. A favourite Christmas dinner with the Heligolanders is a *seagull*, which they stew for hours in a pot, with cabbage, not a particularly tempting dish to an Englishman's ideas, and I am told it tastes something like a swan when cooked (!). Sometimes they kill and stew a *hawk* in the same way.

The Heligolanders have a cruel way of catching these birds with a hook and line. The bait generally

used is fish or meat. The line is thrown into the sea, and the seagulls swooping down upon it, are caught by the hook in their beaks.

The services at the Lutheran Church are well attended at Christmas. We went to one at midnight, on Christmas Eve. The Church was brilliantly lit up. The quaint models of ships hanging from the ceiling, the great crucifix over the altar, the huge candlesticks placed upon it, given by Gustavus Adolphus, one of the kings of Sweden, shone out conspicuously. Inside the altar rails were tall trees, one on each side, covered with tiny burning wax tapers, which had a curious effect. These were all lighted by the Pastor himself, who looked very dignified and imposing, like an old picture, in his long Geneva gown, big white ruffles, long white bands, and wristbands.

On Christmas Day there were several baptisms. The font, which is very ancient, at least five centuries old, although its exact date is unknown, is made of solid brass, and is beautifully carved and engraved. When a child is baptised, all the little friends or relations of the family bring quantities of roses, or other flowers, and carrying little mugs of water in their hands, form a long procession to

the church, on entering which they walk slowly up the aisle and quietly pour the water from their cups into the font, in which the baby is baptised. This is one among many pretty customs.

If a child dies, all its little friends and relations attend the funeral, carrying flowers and wreaths, which they place on the little coffin, strewing the pathway and the grave.

My little girls, Nancy and Dolly, used often to attend and head the long procession, as did their little friend Mabel Whitehead, daughter of Colonel Whitehead the magistrate.

CHAPTER VI.

MORE HELIGOLANDISH CUSTOMS.

THE Heligolandiers have many pretty customs connected with marriages, as well as births and deaths. They must be confirmed before marriage. A day or two previous to the wedding, there is a gay procession of the bride and her female relations and friends, who carry the bridal garments and trousseau about the town. The linen for the use of the household, and a bed, arranged with fine linen, elaborately trimmed with lace, is carried about everywhere. They frequently came to Government House, on their way, and exhibited themselves to us in all their finery. They take a great pride in having beautifully fine linen, trimmed with lace, like Brussels, which they make themselves, with bobbins on a cushion, sometimes sitting in a cellar to work, if the upper part of the house is let to visitors. Another day, the bride and her friends walk about up and down the little streets in a long procession, two and two.

We all went to see the wedding of a famous Heligolander beauty, who was known as "Die schöne Marie," "The beautiful Mary," and "The rose of Heligoland." She lived with her brother in the Unterland, in a restaurant called "Die schöne Marie," and was as good as she was beautiful, and much beloved by all her friends and relations. She had hosts of admirers, and at last, elected to marry the captain of a sailing vessel. She was extremely well dressed on the auspicious occasion, in the orthodox white satin, tulle veil, and orange blossoms, and had several bridesmaids and a large bridal party. The bride was very graceful and lady-like, having a very pretty figure, a tiny head, well set on her shoulders, soft dark hair and brown eyes, perfectly regular features, and small, well shaped hands and feet. She was quite self-possessed as she walked into the church before the bridegroom, and as he followed her up the aisle, looking much alarmed, he trod upon her train. She looked wrathfully at him. The whole party, headed by the bride, passed into the altar rails, went round behind the altar, and re-appeared the other side, according to a curious old custom.

The bridegroom showed his appreciation of the



"DIE SCHÖNE MARIE."
A HELIGOLAND FISHER-GIRL.

treasure he had won in a peculiar way, which seemed to annoy the bride considerably, viz., by weeping freely throughout the whole service; either he had forgotten his pocket handkerchief, or did not like to use it, poor man. Large tears rained continually down his cheeks, which was too much for the gravity of my children, as he stood close to our glass fronted pew inside the altar rails. I fancy, by the look on her face, that the fair one would, at a later date, not fail to remind him of this little episode.

CHAPTER VII.

A TROUBLESOME NEIGHBOUR.

THE Heligolandiers are very clannish and good to each other, they never allow their poor or aged relations to want anything. An instance of this is shown in the case of a lunatic, who was raving mad, and was confined in a little house in the upper town. His mother and sister were so devoted to him, that they would not allow him to be taken away to an asylum, but kept him shut up always, and fed him through a little hole in the wall, chiefly on a diet of potatoes, which were his favourite food. He was deaf and dumb, as well as mad, and often imagined himself to be a dog, and then made a tremendous noise, roaring or barking, and rushing round and round his room. He frequently tore off all his clothes, and was seldom quiet enough to allow of anyone going near him. His madness was supposed to have been caused by his having been buried in the snow and dug out, when quite a child.

Once he escaped from his prison, rushed wildly down the cliffs unhurt, managed to get hold of a gun, and for some time defied the only two policemen of the Island, and all the coastguards to boot, threatening to shoot anyone who came near him. He gave many of those who tried to secure him rather a rough time of it, and only after a severe struggle, in which many of the men were injured, did they manage to capture the lunatic, his strength being so great.

The Heligolanders are very fond of small birds, and when a flock alight on the Island, the whole population immediately give themselves up to the destruction of them, and leave every other occupation. The guillemot season begins in the spring. The Governor and the officials and some of the inhabitants go out in boats early in the morning, the Governor has the first shot, and then the season is begun. Many are caught in snares and in nets spread over bushes. A great many thrushes, larks, snipe and woodcock, come there in flights. The Heligolanders often sent us presents of these birds.

The Colonial Secretary, Mr. Gätke, had a large studio built in his house, close to us. He painted charming pictures of Heligoland and Sandy Island,

in oils, and possessed also a museum, in which was a complete collection of specimens of all the birds that ever visited the Island, stuffed and mounted in glass cases. This being very valuable, was bought by a gentleman, who presented it to the Natural History department of the British Museum, but just as it was about to be unpacked and arranged, the German Emperor expressed a wish to possess it, so the collection was again removed from the British Museum, and sent back to Heligoland, where His Majesty ordered one of the rooms at Government House to be set apart and prepared for its reception.

After a time, we found that the children were running rather wild in Heligoland, and could not get sufficient education there, so we decided to send the three elder ones to live, for a time, in a German family at Hamburg—Dr. and Mrs. Maas, who had a school in the best part of the town. This establishment was highly recommended to us by the English Consul-General, Mr. Dundas, who sent his own sons there to learn languages. As Dr. and Mrs. Maas had two young daughters in the house, Nancy accompanied her two brothers, Harry and Bertie, who were educated at Dr. Maas'

school, while she attended a day school with the two Misses Maas. The children were very happy there, and came over to Heligoland for their holidays.

When they had been there for some months, their father and I paid them a short visit and stayed as usual at the Hamburger Hof near them. We found them very flourishing and happy, and they learned to speak German well. Dr. and Mrs. Maas were always very good to them. They made many friends, and were often invited to go out, but they never got quite accustomed to the German food, or way of living, which is certainly an acquired taste to English people. Perhaps if one commenced very young, one might like such a supper as I have been obliged to partake of after the theatre, viz., very weak, lukewarm tea, green apples, raw beef and ham (schinken) cut into little thin pieces, black bread made of coarse rye flour, or a little very dry white bread. This meal was apparently eaten with much relish by a German family, who were moreover rich people, living in a very fine house. I was somewhat surprised, while in Germany, to see how very hard the "haus frau" among the middle classes, generally, has to work, no

matter how well off she and her husband may happen to be. The lady rises at five o'clock, and does the greater part of the cooking and work of the house herself.

I knew a German pastor's wife, well educated and a lady, with only one child, and although her husband had an income of £600 a year and a nice parsonage, she would sit up all night, and the one servant also, to do the family washing, ironing and mangling. In the morning, the little Frau Pastor might be seen washing the front door steps and whitening them herself. The upper classes, of course, keep more servants, and live much as the English do. Many English women married to Germans protest against working like servants, and insist on living as they were accustomed to do in England. I recollect a German official, with whom I was talking, saying to me once (speaking of marrying), "If I catch (!) a wife, Mrs. Barkly, it must be one thing or the other, either she must have money or cook." This gentleman was looking round, for some time, before he "caught" a wife, but as he at last succeeded in doing so, presumably she was either an heiress, or a female *chef de cuisine*.

CHAPTER VIII.

STORIES OF HELIGOLAND.

IN old times, smuggling was very prevalent on the coast of Heligoland, but that is a tale of the past : in our time the coastguardsmen kept far too sharp a look out, both by night and day. The story goes that an English sailor once deserted from his ship, and hid himself in one of the caves of the rocks. Here he managed to exist for three weeks, living upon shellfish, such as crabs, mussels, periwinkles, and drank the rain water which fell in the clefts of the rocks, but was finally discovered and severely punished. This is a very old legend, but I believe it to be a true one. It is handed down from one generation to another on the Island, and was told to one of my sons by an old Heligolander himself. Another story, which they relate is, that years ago, a man brought a horse to the Island, which frightened many of the inhabitants terribly, most of them never having seen one before. One day; the

man was riding on the grass, across the Oberland, when his horse suddenly took fright and bolted, then backed over the cliff, with its unfortunate rider, and both were killed on the spot.

Harry and Bertie, our two boys, took over a couple of harriers with them. These dogs grew very big after a short time, and alarmed the Heligolandiers so much, that we were obliged to send them away to a farm. The dogs were perfectly harmless, but the people would not believe it, and when they approached, the men used to take out their knives and prepare to defend themselves against these desperate animals, while the women and children ran away, screaming with fright. One of the dogs fell over the cliff one day, but escaped with a bad cut on the foot, and would have bled to death, had not the doctor come to the rescue and quickly bound up the injured limb. Harry and Bertie had also a pet seagull, given to them by a Heligolander, who told them that it would be "very useful to the Governor," as it would eat insects, etc., so the boys brought it home in triumph in a clothes basket, but unfortunately, the said seagull turned out to be very vicious, and used to amuse itself by pecking at their legs, which somewhat cooled their ardour. and

especially, as it pursued them all round the field, and when caught, pecked their hands with its long sharp beak. When they escaped from it, the bird attacked the poultry and ducks, and altogether, it was not a very desirable addition to our party. Finally, it managed to fly over the cliff, but having one wing clipped, it couldn't get very far, and was brought back by a Heligolander.

The two dogs, who had watched all these performances, waited till the bird went to sleep, and then killed it, much to the fury and disgust of the old man, who gave it to the boys. He declared that "they killed it on purpose," and that "they were heartless murderers and would be called to account for such wickedness."

We were much amused one day, to hear that one of the German visitors came to Mr. Francklyn, and asked "to see His Excellency, the Governor." Accordingly, my husband interviewed him, when he solemnly requested that the Government would make good to him a suit of clothes, which he had partially spoilt, by sitting down on a newly painted bench. He was full of pity for himself, and considered he had a right to hold the Government liable for the misfortune. A short time afterwards,

another gentleman appeared in the same way, and requested to have damages paid to him in full, immediately, as he had torn his clothes in getting over the iron railing, which Sir Terence O'Brien had wisely put up round the Island, to prevent people from climbing down, or falling over the cliff. But as the victim had broken the law by getting over the railings at all, my husband told him that the less said about it the better, and he departed, looking very foolish.

Many of the "bathing guests" were most extraordinary. They flocked to the Island from all parts of the world, sometimes they used to march straight into Government House, thinking it was an hotel, and demand rooms there, and were quite affronted at being told that it was the residence of the Governor and his family. One man said, "Never mind, it will do, we will come at once." We used to have an immense number of visitors of all kinds, from the highest to the lower middle classes. Very often they would arrive at nine o'clock in the morning, and walk into the kitchen, even omitting to ring the bell. We used to encounter large parties strolling leisurely about the house, apparently feeling very much at home there.

CHAPTER IX.

HELIGOLAND IN SUMMER.

SUMMER in Heligoland, for those who like a blazing sun and intense heat, is most delightful. Personally, I preferred the winter season and hard frosts, and the storms which broke and raged over the Island were magnificent. Looking out of the window, you saw nothing but sea and foam everywhere. When a regular gale blew, it dashed over the Island, even over our house, which was situated at the top of the cliffs, the effect being very grand, but in summer the life was idyllic and very enjoyable.

Everything is changed in summer time. The mails, which in winter, only come in twice a week, and then only, if the weather permits, are brought daily by large steamers from Hamburg. A delightful trip it is, on a fine day, down the Elbe, and straight across the North Sea to Heligoland. In summer there are sometimes eight or nine

steamers coming in daily from different parts of the Continent, but the season only lasts about ten weeks. In July, the "bathing guests" arrive in crowds. They all have to pay "kur tax" which admits them to the pier, Conversation House, and dances, as long as they remain on the Island. The Governor and his family, however, were exempted from this. We went everywhere free, and for bathing had our own special machines. The German Government politely presented Arthur with a free pass for himself and family also, both by rail and steamer, and we were treated with the greatest courtesy when we went over to Germany.

My husband was always received everywhere by officials in full uniform, and when we travelled by rail, we were escorted to saloon carriages, set apart as a rule for royalty. The summer days in Heligoland pass all too quickly. The visitors get up early, and take their morning coffee and roll only, which is provided at their exquisitely clean lodgings. The rest of their meals they have to obtain at the restaurants. The Heligolanders let the whole of their houses to the visitors in the summer, and they themselves are content to live in their cellars, where they sleep on shelves in the

walls, one above the other, but give themselves very little time to rest, as they are up late at night, and at work very early in the morning. The visitors stroll down quite early to the beach, which is thronged with happy looking people, go down the little pier, and taking one of the wherries or sailing boats, sail over to Sandy Island to bathe. Eight sturdy men belong to each boat, and no one is allowed to go without them, as the currents are too strong, and very dangerous for inexperienced boatmen to attempt. The Heligolandiers are splendid sailors, and manage a boat perfectly in the roughest seas.

Arriving at Sandy, the landing is not pleasant, there being only a temporary jetty thrown out in the day time, composed of a few narrow planks. Here princes and peasants, ambassadors, royal dukes and duchesses, all have to undergo the same fate, and are jostled and hurried about, and often nearly fall into the sea. People are generally very good natured, but one day I witnessed an amusing scene, between a very stout old lady, and an equally portly old gentleman, who had come in collision on the narrow plank. The old man, who was dressed in waterproof garments, with a huge

shawl draped round him, seemed much alarmed at the old lady, who had lost her hat in the sea, and was tastefully attired in a red woollen Tam o'Shanter cap. As she scolded the unfortunate man to such an extent, brandishing her parasol wildly at him and using anything but polite language, the poor old fellow got quite pale with fright, but could not move, being wedged in. The slippery plank bounded up and down to such an extent as the angry couple raged upon it, that I quite expected to see them both engulfed in the waves. At last the crowd gave way, and they stepped ashore; the old man fled away and took refuge in a bathing machine, while the old lady sat down on a rock, very red in the face, and detailed her wrongs with many gesticulations to a silent and appreciative audience.

We used often to go over to the Düne, and sometimes took our luncheon there at the little Government House, which was probably the one formerly occupied by Governor Lee. One lovely day we got up an impromptu picnic, and invited a party to join us, consisting of the English and German officials, and we had a very lively, amusing expedition. It need hardly be said that the children, with their

little friends the Whiteheads, were in their glory, tearing up the hillocks of white sand and then sliding down again, which seemed to give them unbounded delight. We all helped to unpack and arrange the luncheon in the little dining-room, as it was too cold to have it outside. The difficulty was to find seats enough for such a party. One sat upon a fragile packing case, another tried a lobster basket, a third took a pile of fishing nets, a fourth experimented with a paraffin tin as a seat, with sad results, as being very lively, he came to grief by gesticulating too much while proposing a toast and fell over.

After braving the many dangers of the deep, the Germans consider the "sand-bath," an essential part of the "cure." This consists in lying on the warm sand and covering yourself all over with it. People look very strange and odd under these circumstances. They then get up and shake themselves after the "sand cure," and all adjourn to one of the restaurants for breakfast. Here splendid oysters and lobsters are very plentiful, and can be had quite fresh from the oyster beds and lobster fisheries close by. By this time, it is nearly two o'clock, when the last boat goes over, and all the

"bathing guests" set sail for Heligoland again, excepting the few who have private boats. These often remain all day, and sail back by moonlight. The less fortunate people return early, in time to go to the Post Office and get their daily post. The arrival of the boats from Hamburg, Cuxhaven, or Bremerhaven, causes much excitement, and the pier is always crowded with people, who with cruel eyes watch the victims of sea-sickness. The spectators are all roped off on one side by the police and coastguardsmen, and a road is left down the pier, but the unfortunate passengers have to undergo all sorts of chaff and remarks, as they pass down the "Scandal Alley."

This is a well known and celebrated institution of Heligoland. Woe betide the unlucky man who has been foolish enough to put on a tall hat, as many of the lower orders delight in doing. He is exposed to every sort of ridicule, as he quickens his pace and tries to look as if he did not mind running this gauntlet. Here comes a stout personage, carrying a large package of rough bathing towels; he has a bad time of it as he walks down the lane. A poor lady very sea-sick is much compassionated, many offer half ironically, "to

fetch the doctor," or suggest every known remedy for sea-sickness under the sun. Now appear a newly married couple, wearing their wedding garments. They have to undergo much persecution. Some of the plucky ones answer back again, but as a rule, they try to look as if they did not hear anything at all. There is always an excellent string band in Heligoland in the summer, the members of which give good performances of Wagner's music. After tiffin, most people take a little nap, or write letters, or sit and listen to the band. As the sun begins to set they rush up in crowds to the Oberland, and watch the sunsets over the sea, which are particularly fine here.

As they passed the garden and tennis-ground of Government House, and saw some of our party playing tennis, the visitors used to stop and watch "those mad English playing at ball!" They were never tired of watching the English, and used to kneel down and look through the cracks in the wooden paling outside. About seven o'clock, most people went to the little theatre. The Governor and his family had the two stage boxes; one my husband lent to Colonel Whitehead and his family, unless we had a very large party with us, in that

case, we had to take both boxes. There was always a very fair company of German actors and actresses, as many come to the Island to recruit their health. After the theatre, which was over at ten o'clock, we generally took a little stroll on the pier, if there was a moon, and then went into the Conversation House and listened to the band for an hour, before ascending to the Oberland again. There were sofas on a dais, labelled "Gouverneur" arranged for us. A space was roped round with crimson cords, and we invited anyone whom we wished to have to sit with us to come up there.

CHAPTER X.

DISTINGUISHED VISITORS.

A GREAT many foreign royalties and other visitors of high rank, come to Heligoland in the summer season, to enjoy the splendid bathing on the white sands of the Düne, and to go through the cure. These "Bädegestes," or "Bathing guests" as they are called, when they visit Heligoland throw off all state and ceremony, and seem thoroughly to enjoy their freedom, sitting outside the little restaurants, facing the sea, at small round tables, chatting and listening to Wagner's music, played by an excellent string band, while they sip coffee or chocolate, or drink lager beer, out of long glasses. Some of the ladies smoke also, as well as the men. The pleasantest part of the season is in August and September, when all the best people come over. At this time appeared suddenly ten American girls, in charge of a celebrated American authoress (who has since then married a German baron). These

girls were all young and many of them pretty. They were exceedingly lively, excepting one poor girl who was a great invalid, and as she was ordered sea air, we lent her our little glass pavilion, "Jericho," during their visit. Here she used to lie on the sofa all day, and watch the sea and ships, but even the air of Heligoland failed to revive her exhausted strength for some time. At last she became a little better, and was just able to be taken home, but I fear only to die. She had a lovely little face, with delicate features, large dreamy looking eyes, with golden hair curling all over her head.

The other girls were very good to her, and used to sit for hours, trying to amuse her. They were full of fun and pranks of all kinds, and used to play many tricks on poor Dr. Lindemann, who was supposed to be more or less in charge of them. They sang in parts extremely well, and one day all ran down to the lower town and serenaded the little doctor outside his house, by singing a glee, called "I see my love at the window." He was somewhat disconcerted at this unusual proceeding, came out and proceeded to lecture these wild girls, but they only laughed, and immediately ran away up the hundred steps to their hotel.

These Americans swam very well, and used to bathe altogether, with their chaperone, a very stout woman. While she was swimming, they would jump up and stand on her shoulders, and take headers into the sea. They gave a pleasant boating party one evening, and invited Arthur and myself to join them. I accepted, and it was delightful on the water by moonlight. We went over to Sandy Island, a large party, and all the way across sang part songs. An English friend who was staying with us, was much delighted with the expedition. The Düne looked very weird and picturesque in the moonlight, and as it was very hot weather, and like a night in the tropics, it was very pleasant to walk on the white sands and look at the waves. Some of the young folk danced at one of the restaurants—all the visitors having left the Island, we had it to ourselves; and we also sang in turns and played the piano. All were sorry when we had to return to Heligoland again. Baron Von—and Mr. W. G. Black were also of the party, and the American girls made themselves very agreeable and amusing, and were very popular on the Island.

Everyone was sorry when they left, and the last

we saw of them was a boatful of girls, with their chaperone in the midst, all singing heartily, "Hail Columbia!" and waving an American flag. Only one person rejoiced at their departure, and that was a very nervous old gentleman, who objected strongly to their high spirits; so, of course, they singled him out and elected to torment him. I heard him exclaim angrily, "Those Americans are the pests of the earth. I was, unfortunately, the *only* other passenger in the steam lift, and if they didn't all begin to *sing* to me, and tried to make me join them!"

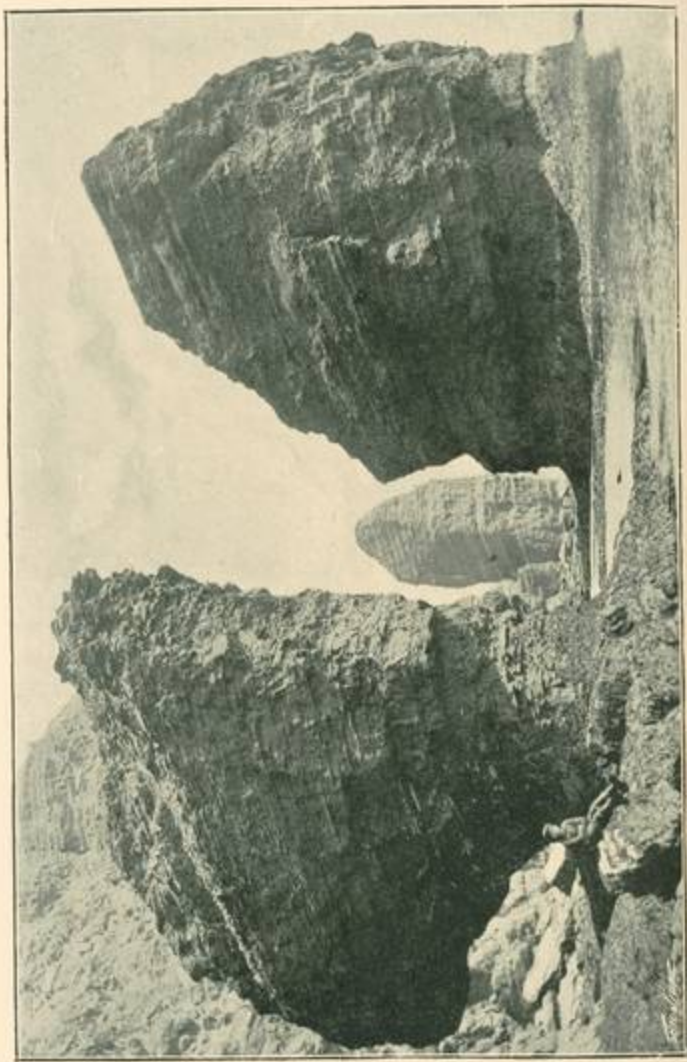
We had a few English visitors while in Heligoland. Some relations also came over, and stayed with us at different times; two of the latter crossed over in the Trinity yacht, as guests of the Trinity Brothers, who paid a visit to the Island every three years on duty, to inspect the light-house. We also had a visit from a mission ship, belonging to the Deep Sea Fisheries. The captain brought over some ladies connected with the mission, and they spent a day with us, and the captain, who acted as chaplain, held a mission service in the open air, which was very well attended. The whole party took much interest in the Island, as indeed did all our other friends, and explored every nook and

corner of it. They sailed over to Sandy Island, walked from one end to the other, and visited the little cemetery, where was the grave of a young lad belonging to the mission, who had been drowned at sea and his body washed ashore. All our friends who came over, visited Dr. Lindemann's collection of curiosities. It comprised, amongst other things, Heligoland costumes, lace made by the Heligolanderins, old German tiles, stuffed birds, fossils, shells, and curious old pilot badges, carved in brass, worn by the pilots round their necks, to identify them, in all of which the doctor took great pride, especially in some fine old china given him by grateful patients.

Our friends paid a visit also to Consul Bufe's house, to see his Heligolander room, which was fitted up with carved chests, curious old lamps, and all kinds of things. Shelves were fixed across the low ceilings, and old china plates arranged on each side, which had a quaint effect. Mrs. Bufe showed us all a box full of lovely bits of antique lace, and rich silk brocades, which were heirlooms, and belonged to her ancestors. She possessed also, valuable old Heligolandish silver ornaments.

There was no English chaplain for the little

colony, and we only saw one clergyman there during the whole of the two years that we remained on the Island. This was a cousin of Arthur's, who, with his wife, came over, held Anglican services in the Lutheran church, and baptised some of the coastguards' children, according to the rites of the English Church.



THE MONK ROCKS.

CHAPTER XI.

A WATER FÊTE IN AUGUST.

ONCE a year, generally on the 9th of August, a fête is held on the water, and the caves and rocks (formerly inhabited or used by smugglers), are illuminated with coloured lights. Every house in the Island is brilliantly lit up with thousands of candles, and the effect is very pretty, and many have devices over the doors. A procession of boats takes place, and the Governor leads the way in his barge, preceded by the band in a boat, and we all accompany him and are rowed right round the Island. Fireworks are constantly let off from the Oberland, and altogether it is a pretty sight. The band plays gaily, but unfortunately, one of the performers drops the drum into the sea, and in trying to recover it upsets the boat, and all the performers are thrown into the sea, which somewhat detracts from the solemnity of the occasion. This incident greatly amused the visitors following us in

other boats, having come in crowds to see the fête. As we approach the coastguard station, we see a pretty set piece on the rocks above, with "God save the Queen" in large letters, of brilliantly coloured lights. The band immediately plays the National Anthem, and the fête is over for this year.

CHAPTER XII.

HELIGOLAND FISHERIES.

So much has been written and said about the North Sea Fisheries, that I need touch only lightly upon the subject. In 1425, Heligoland was renowned for its herring fisheries, as the capricious herring came over from Scotland in shoals. This was a great source of profit to the Island for 200 years and more, and it was the principal centre for great numbers of fishing boats from all the surrounding Islands in the North, but the herring returned to Scotland and was no more seen in the North Seas. In our time, many English fishermen came into the harbour, for rest and provisions.

Heligoland is considered the principal Island in the North Sea. While the herring fishery continued, Heligoland gained greatly in importance, commercially speaking, from being formerly a possession of little or no value. Hamburg and

Bremen especially benefit by the change (see "Heligoland History" from "Heligoland; or, the Islands of the North Sea" by W. G. Black.) A great number of lobsters are used daily in the summer season. Large baskets are sunk into the sea and weighted, about 200 or 300 yards from Heligoland; here the lobsters are kept padlocked safely, and only taken out when required for food. These baskets or "lobster pots" are used as traps, as well as reserves for lobsters; but the lobsters are usually taken out of the baskets and kept in wooden boxes for daily use and fed. They are very fine, and of course, are always to be had perfectly fresh.

Very fine oysters are also to be had on the Island, and as we used to pay only 6d. per hundred and got a great sackful at a time, they were very cheap, but the lobsters, on the contrary, cost as much as they do in London. Haddocks, herrings, soles, whiting, plaice, conger eels, rock, devil fish, and huge crabs, are to be had in abundance. The women assist a good deal with the fishing industry, and they help to clean the fish, dry and cure them for the winter, and pack them in barrels for exportation. They also make and mend the nets, and know as much about fishing as the men them-

selves, in fact, the women work much harder than the men in Heligoland.

During the long winter, they are very industrious: spin, grind corn, carry heavy loads on their heads, and fetch water, which is often so scarce that it has to be brought by the pailful. The water is not good, often brackish, so that we were obliged to have our drinking water brought over every day in barrels from Sandy Island, where there was a good spring, although the water there was at times slightly salt. We were always amused at the very general idea that Heligoland was simply over-run with rabbits. Cartoons and pictures appeared in "Punch," representing Heligoland as a rabbit-warren. As a matter of fact, there are none on the Island. One of the former English Governors imported a few couples for shooting on Sandy Island, and some were also kept on Heligoland; but they multiplied so quickly, that they became a perfect pest, and destroyed all the cabbage crops on the Oberland, and it was only with great difficulty that the natives managed to exterminate them. I often wished that they had *not* done so, as we should have been glad to put them in a curry when food was so scarce that poultry could not be had, and

in rough weather scarcely any meat can be imported from Germany. Cats there are in abundance, and these are greatly treasured as they are useful in keeping down the water rats, and are so much valued by the inhabitants, that if you kill a cat on the Island you are liable to a fine of five shillings.

CHAPTER XIII.

HEINRICH THE HELIGOLANDER.

EVERYONE being more or less wild about dancing in Heligoland, it was very difficult to keep servants in any sort of order at Government House, which being very large and rambling, required a great many. The moment their work was done, after the late dinner, they would all rush with one accord to the "Grüne Wasser" or the "Setting Sun" dancing-saloons, and dance there until the small hours. In vain we made stringent rules and regulations, as to asking leave to go out, taking it by turns, and so on. It was like speaking to the wind. At first, we were very determined to stop it, and the private secretary did his very best to help us, by locking the doors and shutting up the windows, at a certain hour, even taking the trouble to go to the dance-houses himself, to fetch the truants back, much to their disgust and the derision of their friends. They managed, however, to evade

us all, somehow or other; the German servants would even climb up the pillars of the house and then get in at the windows. We were told that it was quite the custom of the place, and that the former Governors and their wives had done their best to prevent such irregularities, but all in vain. We used to send them back to Hamburg and get others in their places, but they served us just the same trick, being as devoted to dancing as their predecessors.

The best servant that we had was a little Heligolander fisher boy, named Heinrich Georges. He had such dark eyes and bright rosy cheeks, that we christened him "Lobster Boy." He was a charming little fellow, and attached himself very much to us all; he did the greater part of the work of the house, ran errands, took the books, and paid the bills for us. Heinrich and another lad, named Paul, used to help wait at the table, neatly dressed alike in sailor costume. Heinrich considered himself quite one of the family and thoroughly English. He was so useful, that he really believed that we could not get on without him, and gave himself considerable airs in consequence, and was accordingly much chaffed by the inhabitants.

Heinrich also spoke English and German perfectly. When he went shopping for us, he would say, "We want some oysters to-day." One day he met the manager of the Conversation House, as he passed down the street, who immediately called out "Good morning, Excellency," in a cheery tone. "Good morning, Kaiser," quickly replied the little fellow. Kaiser was the manager's name. When we left the Island Heinrich begged and implored us so earnestly to take him with us, that at last we consented to do so, with the full approval of the Pastor and his relations, and he remained in our service for some time. The old longing for the sea, however, returned, so that a kind friend, possessing much influence, procured him a billet on one of Sir Donald Currie's "Castle Line" steamers. He is doing remarkably well in this service, and constantly writes or comes to see us whenever he is at home after a long voyage.

A copy of the last letter I had from him may prove amusing:—

October 9th, 1893.

DEAR MADAME,—I have been sailing in the R.M.S. "Conway Castle" for two years as well as the "Grantully Castle," but my last voyage, we were rather unlucky, for we got shipwrecked on the east coast of Madagascar (Indian

Ocean), the "Doune Castle" had to take us to London, for the "Conway" was a total wreck, which was very sad for all of us.

Our ship was full of water and the sea broke her top sails.

We stayed three months by the wreck, although it was very dangerous.

We were three days without fresh water, and most of all our provisions were under water.

Our food was salt meat and bread, the niggers brought us water, but it was not fit to drink at all.

We had a very dull time of it.

The Captain of the "Conway Castle" is getting me a sailing ship, for I have been a very good boy, and says I ought to learn navigation, so that I could be a captain of a ship in time.

Dear Madame, if I can make it possible this week, I will come and see you, but I am not certain of it, for I have to be at the shipping office mostly every day.

May I ask you what number it is at Hampton Court Palace, where you are living, or will it do if I ask for you, there?

Now I must close, hoping you are all quite well and happy, as it leaves me at present, and hoping to see you soon and all the family, with best wishes to you, Madame, from your most obedient and humble servant,

HEINRICH GEORGES,

Heligolander.

Please write by return.

CHAPTER XIV.

HELIGOLAND IN THE OLDEN TIMES.

I NOW quote from a little old fashioned book, called "Heligoland," written by Miss L'E——, daughter of the late Lieutenant Francis Robert L'E——, who was formerly of the 2nd Royal Veteran Battalion, and was quartered in Heligoland, in the early part of the present century. Miss M. L'E—— gives an interesting account of the Island and refers to many old authorities, and writers of ancient lore, in respect to its history, from the earliest times of which but very little is known. Her book is therefore valuable on that account, and as it is now out of print I select some passages.

"The existence of Heligoland is almost forgotten in England, but it was once a place of great importance, when, during the Continental war, it became the possession of our Government, and was the centre of its communication with Europe. The vast political movements were here overlooked, as

from a watch tower, and the dispatches from Heligoland were always regarded with eagerness and interest. The information respecting it is partly derived from the recollection of early years, connected with and refreshed by late research upon the subject, and partly by extracts from the best authorities the author could procure.

"When Tacitus wrote his '*Germania*,' it was an extensive Island, as large as one of our minor English counties, inhabited by a numerous population, and extending completely across the mouth of the Elbe, which flowed round its two arms.

"Here it was that, before St. Boniface raised the standard of Christianity among the heathen of Germany, the worshippers of the goddess Hertha held their secret mysteries, and gave it the name which it has held ever since, of the Holy Island (Heligoland), called by the Germans, Helgoland.

"The fertile plain, which was grazed by the flocks of the pagan's adorers; the Secret Lake, in which the chariot of the idol was annually washed by her chosen priests; the site of her temple hidden in the depths of woods, are all now buried fathoms deep beneath the restless billows of the German Ocean.

"When Hertha fell before the Cross of Christ, the sea began, as it were, to blot out the very sight of the accursed rites. One night of tempest drove the weight of waters over a third of Heligoland, burying it and its inhabitants for ever in the sea" ("Historic Times").

"An elevation of rock, situated about twenty-eight miles from the Weser, the Elbe, and the Eider, is now the only remaining island of a group which once was visible among the wild waves of the North Sea. Heileegeland, Heligoland, or the Holy Island, is divided into cliff and lowland, and upon its summit is erected a beautiful lighthouse, which very much resembles in form the old round towers of Ireland. It is a massive building, and is ascended by an iron staircase, surmounted by a glazed dome, and surrounded by an iron railing. Upon the top of the lighthouse you can walk right round. It is lighted by coal fires, which are kept up by Heligolandiers. Polished tin reflectors are so arranged that the light is said to be equal to twenty Argand lamps ('Encyclopædia Metropolitana'). The lustre of this brilliant beacon may be discovered by the anxious mariner at the distance of nearly thirty miles.

"This Island is also remarkable for an excellent harbour, the gaining entrance to which is however difficult owing to the vast number of reefs, whose treacherous points are frequently hidden beneath the waters.

"It may not perhaps be uninteresting to relate a record of one of its inhabitants, given by Goldsmith in his 'Naval History.' According to a manuscript in the Bodleian Library, which is a fair copy of a relation inserted in the Saxon version of Orosious, written by King Alfred himself, the first voyage instituted for the discovery of the North-East Passage was performed by Oether, a native of Heligoland Island, which lies in 66° north latitude, and that, by the direction of Alfred, he surveyed the coast of Norway and Lapland, and presented the King, not only with an accurate description of those countries and their inhabitants, but also brought some whales' teeth, which were then esteemed superior to ivory, and gave him a clear account of the whale fishery. This encouraged the King to send Wulfstan, an Englishman, to view those countries, who confirmed by his relation all that Oether had said, and it is surprising to those who consider the obscure age in which they are

written, how accurate in point of geography, and with what plainness and probability as to matters of fact, these narratives are written.

"The first glimpse which is caught of this small speck, darkening the horizon as it appears to rise from its watery birth-place, seems ugly and stupid, but as the distance lessens, and each object assumes its natural form and springs into reality, a pleasing impression is conveyed.

"Sometimes I was taken for a sail round the Island, where a dark red rock, covered with wild fowl, is presented to sight. It is almost perpendicular, with cliffs a hundred feet high, and juts out into points or small promontories, against whose rugged fragments the noisy billows dashed their angry foam, while the wild notes of the seagull alone break in to disturb their deep monotony."

"Within the space of two leagues from its sister Island, Heligoland, is Sandy Island, or the Düne, a small island about a mile long, composed of the purest and finest white sand, 'rises an atom from the ocean.'

"The beautiful and fanciful shapes thrown up by the action of the waves, being often interrupted by green rushes and bushes, the sand rises into

conical peaks, frequently to a great height. These peaks have a brilliant appearance, when the bright beams of the sun fall upon their sparkling particles, and in the shades of evening, with the red glow of the setting sun on them, the effect is said to resemble the icebergs in the Polar regions. The sand on this Island is constantly increasing and decreasing, according to the action of the winds and waves. Sometimes the whole mile of sand shifts from its place. A man called Lee once built a house on this uncertain foundation, and lived in it for some years. He went by the name of 'Governor Lee,' or 'the King of Sandy Island.' He and his wife devoted one of the rooms in his small house to the preservation of curious specimens of seaweed, which they collected and hung in a fanciful manner, in various patterns, upon lines across the room.

"Gustavus Adolphus, to whom the Island once belonged, made many valuable presents to Heligoland.

"Afterwards, it was gained by the English in the war of 1807, from Christian VIII. of Denmark, when Great Britain turned its attention to Copenhagen, which was invested both by sea and land after the defeat of a body of Danes at Trioge, by Sir Arthur Wellesley, who captured one thousand men.

"This expedition was headed by Admiral Gambier and Lord Cathcart (Russell's 'Modern Europe'), when it was the ill fate of this prince, in the collision of interests, to have his fleet burned and captured by the English, and to lose this Island (Heligoland) and his kingdom of Norway ('Robertson's Gram. History').

"It was a dependency of Holstein until 1807, when taken possession of by the British, and was finally ceded to them by Denmark in 1814.

"An English garrison of 500 men was maintained there, and some of the officers who had large families were delighted to find themselves in a place where they had plentiful rations brought by the English mail steamers, besides being a great place for contraband trade.

"Many useful and luxurious articles were smuggled in and could be bought for very little."

Here conclude my extracts from Miss L'E——'s "Heligoland," and I resume my own narrative in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XV.

FROM HELIGOLAND TO BERLIN.

WE made several little trips to Hamburg and back, while living in Heligoland, and found this a pleasant change from the monotony of living on a rock, merely a mile long. We started one fine summer day, had an easy passage to Cuxhaven, and arrived at Hamburg, at about four o'clock in the afternoon, starting at five o'clock in the morning. My husband was pretty well at this time, and we both greatly enjoyed the trip. Dr. Lindemann, who accompanied us to Hamburg, arranged everything for Arthur, so that he had no trouble at all.

We stayed for a few days at the Hamburger Hof, and received many visits from officials and other residents in Hamburg, and were very hospitably entertained there. One very pleasant expedition we made to a lovely place called Blankenese, a suburb of Hamburg, where Mr. and Mrs. Lindemann drove us out and we dined with

them at the principal hotel, overlooking the Elbe and some very pretty gardens. Here we spent the afternoon and evening, and drove back to Hamburg when it got cool by moonlight. After a few days in Hamburg, we went to Berlin, which we had never seen. Dr. Lindemann, who had gone on there a few days before, met us at the station, and took us to the Hôtel Métropole, where he had already engaged rooms for us. We remained there for ten days, and found it very comfortable. The next day we left cards at the English Embassy, on Sir Edward and Lady Ermyntrude Malet, who returned the visit at once, as did also the secretaries and attachés of the English Embassy, and invited us to dinner the next day. Unfortunately Arthur was not well enough to go, but as he wished me to do so, I went alone, and spent a very agreeable evening. The only ladies present were the Ambassadress, Mrs. Russell of Aden, wife of Colonel Frank Russell, the military attaché, and myself; but there were many gentleman attached to the Embassy, and all were exceedingly lively and amusing. I was taken into dinner by the Ambassador, who talked very pleasantly to me, both on this occasion and the next time we dined at the Embassy. I noticed that

they followed some of the German fashions, with regard to the dinner, and when it was over the gentlemen left the table at the same time as the ladies. Sir Edward Malet gave me his arm and took me through a long suite of rooms, through the great white marble banqueting-hall, where the German Emperor is entertained and other royal personages, to the large drawing-room, made me a low bow, and went off with the other gentlemen, after each had taken a cup of coffee, to the smoking-rooms.

The Ambassadress talked very pleasantly to me for some time, and when the gentlemen had finished smoking, they returned to the drawing-room and played all sorts of games, in which Sir Edward Malet joined heartily. Some performed conjuring tricks, others wound up mechanical toys, and we all played with them !

The secretaries told us that they were delighted to see English people there, as very few came to Berlin. The second time that we were invited to dine at the Embassy, it was rather more formal, and a Minister from Berne and others were of the party. The house is a very fine one, and well adapted for entertaining. During our stay in Berlin, we made

many expeditions under Dr. Lindemann's guidance, and saw the various palaces and places of interest. We had some long drives in the Tir-Garten, and lunched at the cafés, looking over the famous "Unter den Linden."

We drove to Charlottenberg, and saw the palace of the poor Emperor "Frederick the Good," and the room where he died, quite a small one, containing very little furniture, and that of the simplest description. We had special leave to see it. One room in the palace is very beautiful, it is built entirely of white marble and made to represent a grotto, inlaid with a mosaic of exquisite shells and stones of great value, in beautiful patterns on the walls. A fountain at one side of the grotto plays over exquisite shells and sea weeds. We went to the opera and saw "Carmen" well performed. It was a brilliant sight, as there were crowds of officers in different uniforms, and well dressed women, but all in smart morning dress. We saw the "Mikado," acted in German, which seemed strange, and had a feast of Wagner's music. The bands in the Zoological Gardens and elsewhere, both in Berlin and Hamburg, were beautiful; in fact, life in Germany is worth living, as you have music

everywhere, and that always good. For a very small sum, one can enjoy the best ; whereas in England it is starvation, as regards music, for all but the rich.

CHAPTER XVI.

HELIGOLAND AS A MODERN GRETNA GREEN.

It is not generally known here that the little Island of Heligoland (our lost jewel) now under German occupation, is a regular Gretna Green for North Germany and many other parts of the Continent.

It is very entertaining, especially during the season, to watch the many couples, both young and old, arriving by almost every boat from the mainland, anxiously hoping to persuade the Governor to permit the knot to be tied by the Lutheran Pastor on the Island.

It is sometimes very difficult to get married in Germany; the consent of parents and guardians has to be obtained and other little details gone through, and if the marriage is not approved of the hopes of the loving ones are blighted.

Then it is that they take refuge in Heligoland, where the laws are somewhat easier; but even here

disappointment often awaits them and, their troubles are by no means over when they land on the little pier at Heligoland, after enduring probably a sharp tossing in a tiny little steamer from Cuxhaven, which steams pluckily *through*, not over, the great waves of the North Sea in the most terrible weather.

Sometimes it is too rough for the mail boat to land her passengers, and the luckless ones are compelled to put to sea again on account of the violence of the waves beating on the rocky and dangerous coast.

The mail is often delayed all night and sometimes has to put back to Cuxhaven. Then it is that all the telescopes in Heligoland are brought into requisition by the inhabitants on the top of the high cliffs, and the little steamer is to be seen gallantly struggling in the offing, trying in vain to get into port. By the time that they land, our would-be happy pair are more dead than alive with sea sickness, and in their case it would indeed seem that "love is strong as death," as it gives them courage enough to face the minute scrutiny of the assembled crowd on the Pier, where, according to a very old custom, they await the unfortunate storm-tossed

passengers, divided from them only by a strong rope, stretched the whole length of the pier.

Our particular couple walk down the gangway, trying to look indifferent to all the chaff of the "Bädegesles" (Bathing Guests), some of which being by no means fitted for ears polite.

Edwin and Angelina arrive at last at the end of the pier, looking, poor things, all colours of the rainbow, and are solemnly conducted by an official through the narrow streets to the office of the lift, where they take tickets for the Oberland.

They determine to go first to Government House, and try to obtain permission of the Governor to get married that very day ; but they know that even if they can arrange matters satisfactorily with him that the worthy Pastor has to be interviewed, and after that the magistrate.

Arriving at the top of the cliff the lift stops, and the loving couple soon walk up the Falm and arrive at Government House ; they are shown into an office and received by a stout clerk, who wears a sarcastic and yet, somewhat sympathetic smile, as much as to say, "*Don't you believe it. I know all about it.*" He begs the anxious ones to be seated,

and informs the Private Secretary of their arrival. Sometimes, two or three sets of hopeful couples appear at once and are shown into different rooms. Frequently they used to ask to see the "Frau Excellence," as they called me, and send me imploring messages to see them, as was the case on this occasion.

I came downstairs and found no less than *three* couples waiting to interview me first, before going to Arthur's office, in different reception rooms. I entered the large drawing-room and found our friends Edwin and Angelina. The bridegroom-elect was a very youthful boy of nineteen, his fiancée's age—well, we will not even hint at it. To my astonishment and dismay, both immediately fell down on their knees before me and implored me to help them, and "to speak to His Excellency on our behalf." At this embarrassing moment the Private Secretary enters and takes them into my husband's private office, where he receives them courteously. Angelina is the first to speak, poor Edwin being too much overcome with shyness, and sitting on the edge of his chair covered with blushes, as he twiddles his thumbs, and looks anxiously at the object of his youthful adoration. Angelina is

arrayed in very youthful fashion; white muslin gown, and a girlish picture hat covered with rosebuds and blue forget-me-nots, which nod about at every moment as she gesticulates violently, and details her wrongs to the Governor. He, poor man, can scarcely conceal a smile as Angelina pours forth a torrent of woe. "You see before you, your Excellency, the victims of the most heartless cruelty. The parents of my beloved Edwin are determined to prevent our marriage, although we are devoted to each other, and are perfectly suited in every way; but Edwin's parents threaten to disown him if he marries without their consent, and he loses the greater part of a large fortune, which if he marries with their approval will be doubled on his wedding day. But with us love is over all, and we have therefore braved the terrors of the deep to seek these friendly, though rocky shores, to throw ourselves at the feet of your Excellency (which she literally proceeds to do); imploring you to grant us your powerful assistance and enable us to get married to-day, and may every blessing, etc., etc." Wheupon the fair one relapses into tears, in which, both kneeling before Arthur, her fiancé joins.

At this touching moment my husband rang the bell, and his secretary appearing requested him to escort the affectionate couple to the pastor's, to see what could be done in the matter, and then in due course to Colonel Whitehead. But after much consultation of an official nature, the marriage was found to be impossible as the gentleman was a minor. Edwin and his fiancée left the Island that day, looking the picture of woe and misery, having had a severe tossing on a very rough and choppy sea, and failed altogether to accomplish their mission. She cast a malignant glance at me as she passed me as much as to say, "This is *your* doing, *Monster*."

Many marriages are, however, celebrated in Heligoland if certain knotty points can be got over, and according to the laws of the Island, the authorities are entitled to liberal fees, so that a marriage trip to Heligoland is an expensive amusement to the two people concerned; and Heligoland is hardly suited for a honeymoon either, nor is its sister island, the Düne, as with a telescope you can easily recognise people all over the two islands on a clear day, besides which every inch is covered with people in the bathing season.

A VANISHED GREтна GREEN.

Heligoland as an English possession was in a way the Gretna Green of runaway German couples, as it boasted a Pfarramt, or privileged pastorate, where proofs of identity were less required, and the formalities of the marriage law less rigorously carried out, than on the German mainland. The privilege has passed away, but there are still aspiring couples whose thoughts turn longingly to the island of green pastures and red cliffs, and an elderly pair from Cuxhaven lately sailed over there in a vain attempt to get married. The man was fifty-six and the lady fifty-nine; he was a widower with six children, and the woman a widow with five. These eleven children proved an obstacle to their union, as the respective families refused in the most distinct manner to become brothers and sisters, and notified their respective parents that they would oppose the marriage by every means in their power. The interested parties, therefore, decided that they would cross the water and try their fortunes in Heligoland, and this manoeuvre they put into execution one tempestuous day in the present month. They returned the same evening still unwedded, the widower and the widow having suffered the sea change of a bad crossing, and having searched in vain for the Pfarramt and the obliging Pfarrer. The institution had ceased with the English occupation of the island. They surrendered themselves at once into the custody of their contentious children, and the marriage has been indefinitely postponed.—*Daily Graphic*, March, 1897.

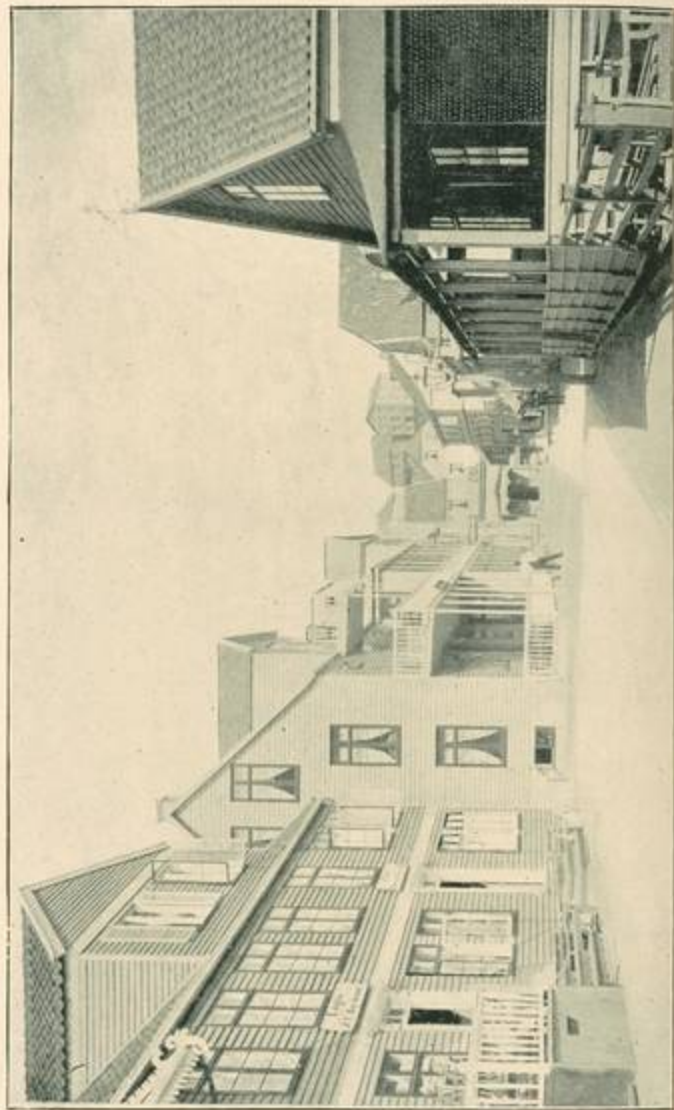
CHAPTER XVII.

OUR LAST DAYS IN HELIGOLAND.

I HERE quote a few extracts from the *Herald* newspaper :—

“Last week a representative of the *Herald* visited the Emperor of Germany's new possession, and gave an account of his experiences there. The formal cession of Heligoland, from England to Germany, will take place next week. Not until after his visit to Queen Victoria, will the Emperor proceed to inspect his new possession. Probably there is no place in the world where so extensive a sea view can be obtained as from the little knoll, whereon the light-house stands. Of course, one does not forget there are such places as Ascension, which is simply a mountain peak jutting out of the sea. But here in Heligoland, you certainly have the ocean all round you, and no tropical haze to clog the sight. Just now, the air is beautifully clear, and although there is nothing





A STREET IN THE UNDERLAND.

to be seen but water and a few fishing boats, there is a sense of vastness which entirely dissipates all idea of solitude, and makes you feel that instead of being cramped up on a miniature island, you really have the whole world at your feet. That is one peculiarity about Heligoland, you never seem to feel the solitude of the place, or that its diminutiveness in any way hampers your movements. Why, a worthy Heligolander made the confession to us one day that he would not live in Hamburg for all the thalers in Germany. "*There is no room to move about,*" and we could quite understand his feeling.

IN CASE OF FIRE.

I would recommend everyone who goes to Heligoland to put up at the little Villa Drei Kronen, the lord and master of which is Peter Danker, blacksmith. Of course, everyone cannot put up there, for the simple reason that the villa contains only six rooms, but if anyone can make the visitor comfortable, Peter can. You are a little astonished, however, to find that the house is almost entirely built of wood; and when you come to look at them, you notice that nearly all the other houses on the Unterland are of the same fragile construction. This led one of our party to make early inquiry of

the coastguard as to what he would personally do in case a fire should break out. The coastguard's reply was of a nature that indicated that he was a man of forethought and resource. He said, that inasmuch as every building on the Island would probably be destroyed and not a cool place would remain, he should promptly put his four men into a boat and row out to sea as far as necessary, remaining there until the fire had burned itself down.

Perhaps this was a little joke on the part of the coastguard, but surely it was not more so than his grave explanation of the reason why one or other of the steamboats, which carry on the service to the mainland, is nearly always anchored off the pier. "You see, sir," said this worthy officer, "we always like to have a steamer standing by to rescue the inhabitants in case anything should happen to the Island." One of our party was, however, equal to the occasion, for he suggested that it would be much less expensive and just as safe, to anchor the Island to a buoy.

LOBSTERS.

"An important question arose at this juncture. What was to be got to eat and drink on board this little patch of turf, raised high upon a sandstone,

rocked in mid ocean? Well, happily, a prompt and satisfactory solution was found. There are always plenty of lobsters to be had, and generally there is a good supply of miscellaneous fish, but all the meat has to be brought from Hamburg, with the exception of mutton, for there are no cattle except seven milch cows, and the sheep are mostly kept for their supply of milk. Yes! It is a fact that sheep's milk is the sort of milk generally consumed in Heligoland. One of our party who was absurdly fastidious, actually sacrificed his coffee after dinner on being informed that the waiter had diluted it with sheep's milk. As for vegetables, many potatoes and cabbages are grown on little patches of sand. It will easily be understood therefore that such luxuries as fresh butter, salad, cucumber, beans and tomatoes are articles of price indeed." (The usual substitute for butter being a composition called margarine, which was much used on the Island, and was imported from Germany in little wooden tubs, the only connection with the cow, being the picture on the lid).

To return to the *Herald* :—

"AN INBORN PASSION."

"It is extraordinary how a passion for explora-

tion is inborn in the breast of man. Here were we on a tiny island, only a mile long, and yet we were already permeated with the same unconquerable desire as must have impelled Stanley on his adventurous march across the dark continent. Heligoland was our Africa, and we, each of us, burned with the desire to beat Stanley. Sadly had we reckoned without our host. As the sun went down, it left us right in the centre of the Oberland, upon what was now for us a trackless waste, densely enveloped in fog. Fortunate, indeed, it was for us that a wire fence had been thoughtfully put round the Island, at a distance of some twenty feet from the edge of the cliff, or this history would assuredly never have been written.

AFTER NIGHTFALL.

"It has been said somewhere that Heligoland is a dull place after nightfall, and that everybody goes to bed at half-past nine, or thereabouts. It is false. If you belong to the smart set of visitors, you repair to the Conversation Haus on the Unterland, where you may eat, drink, and be merry, may dance till the small hours, or read all the principal newspapers of Europe and America. There is, indeed, no brighter scene at any continental watering place

than is presented in the ball-room of this resort of all that is best in continental and Heligolandish society. If you have no part or share in that exalted set, then you may go to the Oberland, where there are dancing saloons for the poor and lowly, not so poor or lowly either, for these balls are the resort of many of the visitors, being controlled by Government, also the principal tradespeople and house proprietors on the Island.

AN EARLY CRUISE.

"To bed at midnight, or even later, is therefore the rule in Heligoland, but at whatever hour you retire to rest, you are always awake early, with the sensation of having had abundant sleep. The air is so pure and bracing that one's sleep is concentrated, so to speak. The spell of complete rest is so securely fastened upon you, that an hour's sleep in Heligoland seems to be worth four hours' rest in London. Late to bed, therefore, you are early to rise, and as your rooms face east, they are flooded from the earliest dawn with pure golden sunlight, that comes dancing to you from across the sapphire seas, in which the ruddy rocks of Heligoland are reflected for fathoms down. Honest Peter Danker is already astir, and prepared with a

programme. He suggests that we should take a morning pull round the Island. This looks, at first sight, a very difficult task : but Peter assures us that the circumnavigation of the continent, on which he and his family have lived for generations, can be accomplished in perfect safety, and in about an hour of time. They put us into a boat like a barge, they give us two pairs of brawny arms, and off we go.

“ How shall we describe the glories of that little cruise ? Fairy tales have often been told about the wondrous sights to be seen in the clear deep waters of tropical seas, where beds of coral and pearl, and flashing fish and jewelled sea flowers, make up a picture of entrancing beauty. But so it is, also, in the seas of Heligoland. You can look down upon the white sand, and count by the thousand every variety of fish, anemone, and jelly fish of every hue. The water is as clear as crystal. Nothing disturbs its complete transparency except the ripples on the waves caused by the beating of the oars. Cease rowing for awhile, and let your boat drift lazily on the polished surface, and you can see deep down where the lobsters crawl and the flat fish lie. But even better than all these are the majestic cliffs

which tower overhead. [Round the south-east corner of the Island, you come suddenly upon the Monk, a huge detached mass, that rises like a gigantic pillar from the water, and on all sides overhangs its base. One of these days it will surely fall with a crash that will send a tidal wave over Hamburg. A little further on, and the almost oppressive silence is suddenly broken by the cackle of innumerable birds, which whiten the cliffs with their plumage, and redden the water by scrapings from the rock.

"It is curious that these birds have only one spot where they make their home. Only one day in the year is allowed for shooting them, and the Governor has the prescriptive right to fire the first shot. Permission is always granted by the Governor to *bona fide* sportsmen, and a good many birds, chiefly teal and gulls, are bagged annually, to the great joy of the native shopkeepers, with whom stuffed birds are a profitable article of commerce.

LANDSLIPS.

"At the north end of the Island is the Nun, a detached rock corresponding to the Monk at the southern extremity, and close by it is a wonderful natural archway, under which a moderately sized

ship could pass. Rounding the northern point or North Horn, as it is styled in the vernacular, we encounter low shelving masses of loose rock, which have evidently fallen down, owing to the action of the sea. Here we may observe the process by which Heligoland is being gradually destroyed. From the solid rock above, to the boulder below, then from the boulder to the pebble, and from the pebble to the sand, all the stages of demolition can be traced. You see quite a number of these little landslips, and that the process has by no means been arrested is testified by an ominous little rumble, as one or two fragments come sliding down the slopes of the debris. There is extant an old map, dated 1652, which shows that in A.D. 800, Heligoland consisted of a territory fifteen miles long and from eight to ten miles wide, comprising therefore an area of about 150 square miles. The map further shows that by A.D. 1380, the Island had been reduced to a length of six miles and a breadth of about four, or about twenty-four square miles. In 1649 there remained only the Island, as we at present know it, with a second Island called White Cliff, and a low lying stretch, of about a mile long by a quarter of

a mile broad. White Cliff has now entirely disappeared, and the low lying bit is represented by a sandy island.

THE OBERLAND.

"These be dry details, however, and we are already back at the pier. The excellent coffee, without milk, if you please—and the succulent roll, are welcome, and we are glad to seek the shade of Reimer's pavilion, on the North Strand."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE TRANSFER OF HELIGOLAND.

THE formal transfer of Heligoland to the German Authorities took place on Saturday, August 9th, 1890, in beautiful weather at one p.m. My husband, in full dress uniform, was joined at Government House by Colonel Whitehead and the other chief officials of the Island, and soon they all proceeded to the landing stage, to receive Herr Von Bötticher, the Minister from Berlin, and the two new German Governors, who had gone on board the German man-of-war "Victoria," to greet the Prime Minister. A guard of honour, consisting of a detachment of marines from H.M.S. "Calypso," was drawn up at Government House, while another guard of honour awaited my husband on the landing stage, where he and his officials were met by Captain Count Frederick Metaxa, of the "Calypso," Captain Sanderson of the "Wildfire," and other naval officers.

Fully an hour passed before the German man-of-war hove in sight. Shortly after two o'clock, the "Victoria" and the "Pfiel" of the Imperial Navy, appeared off the eastern end of the Island. A further delay was caused by the low state of the tide, by which the German ships were compelled to make a detour for anchorage. This having been effected, the British flag was saluted by them with twenty-one guns, which was acknowledged by a similar salute from the "Calypso."

At three o'clock, when the German warship conveying the representative of the German Emperor, Minister Von Bötticher and other officials, arrived off the Island, she paid a salute of twenty-one guns, which again was duly answered by the "Calypso." Then followed a salute of seventeen guns in honour of the English Governor. On landing, a cordial greeting took place between the German officials and the British Governor. A procession was then formed, my husband conducting Herr Von Bötticher, accompanied by Privy Councillor Lindon, the new Civil and Naval Governors, and a Financial Comptroller, who all came to take possession of this Liliputian, but very highly prized, Island. They then proceeded straight to Government

House, where I received them, accompanied by Mrs. Whitehead and a large party of ladies, wives and daughters of the other officials, besides many of the visitors whom we had invited to see the ceremony. The guard of honour being stationed in the garden, all the officials and naval officers, in full uniform, accompanied my husband to a place prepared close to the Flagstaff, where he performed the brief but impressive ceremony of handing over the Island to the German Government.

It was a very sad and trying occasion for us all, especially the moment when the German flag was hoisted side by side with that of Great Britain, the act of hoisting being performed by Midshipman Cochrane of H.M.S. "Calypso," and as testifying to the voluntary nature of the cession, this hoisting was immediately greeted by a salute of twenty-one guns, from both German and English warships in harbour, and the two flags fluttered together all day, until sundown, when the English flag was hauled down by some of our bluejackets, and the German ensign left flying.

Herr Von Bötticher then called upon the crowd to give three "Hochs" for the Queen, which was done with great enthusiasm, and my husband

requested the people to give three cheers more for Kaiser Wilhelm. The ceremony passed off without the slightest hitch, and with the utmost cordiality on both sides.

After this, my husband and I held a farewell reception, and he, in company with the British Naval officers and the chief officials of the Island, were entertained at luncheon by the German officers at the Conversation House, many speeches were made, and toasts proposed on both sides, but all through the day cablegrams arrived from the English, Foreign, and Colonial Offices, with special instructions, and my husband was obliged to hurry off, as there was barely time for H.M.S. "Calypso," which has a deep draught, to catch the tide. On leaving the Island he was warmly cheered by the spectators, everyone pressed forward, and tried to shake hands with the last of the English Governors. Arthur embarked first, by himself, while our children and servants went with Colonel and Mrs. Whitehead and their family on board the late Admiral Tryon's yacht, H.M.S. "Wildfire." H.M.S. "Sea Mew" conveyed the coastguards and their families, also the ammunition. The sailors of the "Calypso" were busily engaged, meanwhile, in

moving the English guns from the Island to their ship. They had some difficulty in doing so, as the guns had to be slung over, and lowered down the cliffs with ropes and pulleys to the shore beneath, and then conveyed to the ship.

After I had completed my final arrangements at Government House, I joined my husband on board the "Calypso," and all the ladies escorted me down to the pier, where the steam launch was waiting for me. I had a most kind, but very sad farewell, and so many lovely bouquets were presented to me, tied with the Heligoland ribbon of the colours of the Island, that I could not hold them, and the launch was quite full of them. As she steamed quickly towards the ship, every one cheered and waved their handkerchiefs, as a last farewell to us. H.R.H. the late Grand Duchess of Saxe Weimar and her suite, who also witnessed our departure from her garden, most graciously did the same. Captain Count Frederick Metaxa received us on board the "Calypso," and insisted on giving us his cabin. He, and all the officers, did their utmost for us during the short voyage to England, and we were glad to arrive at Sheerness, where we found the rest of our party, who had already arrived only an

hour before, waiting for us. We were thankful to rest quietly, after undergoing so much fatigue and excitement, not to speak of the very hard work of having to quit the Island at so short a notice.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE EMPEROR'S DAY.

SCARCELY had we left the Island, in H.M.S. "Calypso," when some of the German manœuvring fleet appeared in sight, and took possession of the anchorage, just vacated by the "Calypso." The German fleet consisted of thirteen war ships and fourteen torpedo boats. Most of these were with the Emperor the preceding year at Cowes. Several admirals and other naval officers landed from the various ships, and strolled about the gaily decorated little streets. All was again bustle and confusion, for the time was too short to make even the necessary preparations to receive the Kaiser the next day.

Government House had to be prepared for his reception, and a banquet in the large drawing-rooms for himself, Prince Henry, and all the members of his suite, official, naval, and military. Few people on the Island slept that night, but worked hard

until daylight. Crowds of visitors came over from the mainland to see the two ceremonies, which were, the cession of the Island to Germany on the first day, and the arrival of the Emperor on the second, to take formal and pacific possession of this, "The last Jewel in his Crown," as it was universally called. Brilliant weather heralded the Kaiser's arrival in Heligoland, on August 12th. The sun shone brightly on a very gay scene, all the ships "dressed," and the whole Island prettily decorated with flowers and flags, the streets full of smart uniforms, and many pretty Heligolander girls, in their festal national costume. The stairs to the Oberland were crowded with people going up and down, and all was excitement and expectation.

From the Oberland, a naval sight was presented to the view, seldom to be seen in these waters. The manœuvring squadron lay two miles out at sea, at anchor in two lines, the "Kaiser" on the right of the outside line, being flanked by the "Deutschland," "Frederich der Grosse" and "Prussen." The inner line was composed of the "Baden" on the right, the "Oldenberg," "Wurtemberg," "Bayern," and the "Zieten" lay at anchor, somewhat close in shore, and on the extreme left of the

two lines seawards, the artillery training ship "Mars." Standing on the bridge of the "Hohenzollern," the German monarch steamed up to the Island, between eleven and twelve o'clock. Then the Imperial yacht, after a splendid passage (Captain Prince Henry of Prussia, in the "Irene," following her), approached the lines of the German fleet, from the south-west, amidst the thunder of salutes from the men-of-war. The "Kaiser" then passed between the two lines above mentioned, all the men on the various ships being smartly drawn up along the bulwarks. The "Hohenzollern" and "Irene" steamed round the Island, to the delight of the crowds, who were gazing at them from the "Oberland."

About noon, the Emperor landed, and walking at the head of the procession now formed, with the Minister, Herr Von Bötticher, by his side, proceeded through the densely crowded streets and alleys, from the Unterland to the Oberland, up the 120 stairs, but before doing so, an address was presented to him by a committee of Heligoland, and a number of Heligoland girls in national costume, headed by Consul Bufe's daughter, who presented a tribute of flowers, being a floral representation of the Island. After this, a field service was performed

on the Oberland, which everyone attended. It was held near the Lighthouse Tower, and the Imperial procession entered the square of bluejackets and marines, of about 3000 in number, drawn up for Divine Service.

The Emperor was followed by Prince Henry, the Minister, Herr von Bötticher, the two Naval and Civil Governors of the Island, Admiral von de Golby, the Chief Court Marshall, Count zu Ertenber, General von Hahnke, Herr von Lucanas, and a variety of other military, naval and official personages, in full uniform. The Emperor took up his stand a short distance in front of the field altar, which had been erected in the centre of the square between the two flag posts. The military chaplain spoke impressively of the day's event in his sermon, the Kaiser and all the troops, meanwhile, standing with their heads uncovered. At the close of the service, an Imperial proclamation of the Emperor was read by Herr von Bötticher, which ran as follows:—

“The Government of Heligoland and its surroundings has, in consequence of a treaty with Her Majesty, the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, been transferred to myself.

"The former relationship to the German Empire is restored by peaceful means to the German Fatherland, to the annals of which it pertains both by position and circumstances.

"By community of language and interests, you were hitherto related to your German brethren.

"Thanks to the wisdom of your previous rulers, these features have sustained little alteration, during the period of your fealty to the powerful British Empire.

"With so much the more pleasure does every German subject, along with myself, welcome your re-union with the German people of the Fatherland.

"I reserve to myself, according to Treaty, to decide the immediate form of Government; as I now take possession of Heligoland, gloriously, and for ever, for myself and successors, I trust to the acknowledged prudence of all Heligolanders, who wish to become German, that they remain unbroken in fealty to myself and the Fatherland.

"On the other hand, I promise my protection and my utmost care, both for yourselves and your rights.

"I shall ensure that justice will be impartially administered to all, that your local laws and customs shall, as far as possible, remain unaltered.

"A well meaning and guarded policy will also be essayed in the future, to promote your welfare, and increase the economic value of the Island.

"In order to assimilate the transfer, with its new surroundings, all now living males will remain exempt from military or naval service, all rights of property, which have been acquired either by private persons or corporations, under the British rule in Heligoland, will remain in force.

"The fulfilment of these promises will be the aim of myself and my Government.

"The retention of the faith of your fathers, the care of your Church and schools, will have my earnest attention.

"I receive with pleasure Heligoland into the wreath of German Islands which surround the shores of the Fatherland.

"May the return to Germany, the participation in its glory, its independence and freedom, be the care of yourselves and descendants.

"May the Almighty grant it."

The foregoing proclamation was affixed in public places later in the day.

Just before the hoisting of his Imperial Standard and the German flag, the Kaiser addressed his new

subjects as follows, standing on the green sward of the Oberland :

"Comrades of the Navy," the Emperor began, "four days ago, I celebrated the Battle of Worth, at which my revered grandfather and my father gave the first hammerstroke towards the foundation of the new German Empire. Now twenty years have gone by, and I, William II., German Emperor, King of Prussia, re-incorporate this Island with the German Fatherland, without war and without bloodshed, as the last piece of German earth. This Island is chosen as a bulwark in the sea, a protection to German fisheries, a central point for my ships of war, a place and harbour of safety in the German Ocean against all enemies who may dare to show themselves upon it. I hereby take possession of this land, whose inhabitants I greet, and in token thereof, I command that my standard be hoisted, and by its side, that of my Navy."

As soon as the Imperial command was carried into effect, a salute of twenty-one guns was taken up by all the men-of-war present in the offing. The Minister, Herr Von Bötticher, proposed a "Hoch" for the Emperor, which was given by the whole assembly, after which, "Heil die im Siegerkranz"

was sung. The troops finally marched past between the old light-house and the new.

After the luncheon at Government House, and receiving an address from the Heligolanders, the Emperor made a short tour through the little town, and took his departure in the royal yacht, amid the acclamations of the people and a salute from the squadron. The Emperor's visit was attended by all the pomp and splendour possible, in order to show to Germany and the world at large his intense appreciation of the gift which had been bestowed upon him by Her Majesty the Queen, and he expressed his intention of utilising Heligoland as one of the strongest points of coast defence in the possession of the German Empire.

CHAPTER XX.

HELIGOLAND AS IT IS.

THE fortifications of Heligoland are now complete. More than five years under the German *régime* have completely changed the character of this little Island, well named "The Gem of the North Sea." It is now a military port, full of soldiers, sailors, and marines; in spite of this, however, it keeps up its character of being a perfect sanatorium for visitors of all nations, and as being a fashionable continental bathing place. The new baths are finished and are a great success, and a fine hotel facing the beach, is covered in with glass, which adds greatly to the comfort of the many visitors, as they are no longer exposed to the elements, but can sit and look at the sea and take their ease. The Martello Towers are finished, and the 120 steps up to the high cliffs are guarded and fortified by massive iron gates, which entirely divide the Oberland from the Unterland, and separate the

inhabitants, if necessary, in the two little towns, forming a great protection in time of war. Under the gardens of Government House, extensive earth-works have been dug, forming a complete refuge for all the inhabitants in case of the Island being attacked and shelled by an enemy at any time, as they could easily retire there in safety.

No doubt the Island would prove to be a great acquisition to the Germans, in time of war, being so close to Cuxhaven, the mouth of the Elbe, Bremen, and Wilhelmshaven. Horses are now employed in Heligoland, to the great astonishment of the inhabitants. A tunnel has been cut out from the upper to the lower town, and a railway runs from one to the other, which is a great convenience for carrying the big guns through the said tunnel. Land is at a premium, and some of the Heligoland-ers have made small fortunes by selling it for building purpose.

The streets now have German names, excepting one, which the German Government has named "Barkly Street," a graceful compliment to the memory of my late husband, the last English Governor of the Island. The Emperor of Germany appears to be thoroughly satisfied and delighted with his

new possession. By His Imperial Majesty's orders the work of fortifying the Island has been pushed on very rapidly. A great powder magazine has been built in the garden of Government House. Big guns have been placed at the North Point. The dance house, has been turned into barracks, for the marines quartered there. On the cliffs also, large barracks have been built for the soldiers. The military services are held by the chaplain, in the open air, near the old light-house, as the church is far too small to accommodate so many. The German military authorities use the Island constantly, for ballooning and other scientific experiments, and the whole Island is now lighted by electricity. The Kaiser paid a visit to the Island a short time ago, and inspected all the works carefully, went through the new tunnel on the railway from the Oberland to the Unterland, and visited all the fortifications himself. The principal object of his visit, was to see the big guns fired off, and to watch the effect on the cliffs and houses.

"Fortunately, they did no damage at all to either, as had been apprehended by the inhabitants," writes a Heligolander lately, to the late Colonel Whitehead,

and adds, "The German rule is very mild, much consideration is shown to the Heligolanders by the German Government, and all their ancient customs and ceremonies remain unaltered by the new régime." The same Heligolander concluded a letter to Colonel Whitehead by saying, "We often think and speak of the 'Englische zeit' (English time) and shall never forget that we were once Englishmen."

Dear reader, we also as a family, can never forget Heligoland, or the Heligolanders, and shall always continue to take the greatest interest in this beautiful island and its inhabitants. Our two years' residence there, stands out in my own memory as an oasis in the desert of a very eventful and troublous life. A peaceful and happy time indeed when contrasted with Kaffir campaigns and war alarms, when surrounded by Boers, Basutos, Zulus and Hottentots in great danger, on the frontier, or later on, placed in quarantine for months' suffering many privations on account of small-pox, at the Seychelles Island, in the Indian Ocean, far too close to the Equator, to be pleasant. While in Heligoland, as we took our daily constitutional round the Island and gazed

from its lofty cliffs at the magnificent sea front, and inhaled the fresh air, full of ozone and the life-giving breezes of the German Ocean, we seemed to be in another world, and almost forgot in those two short years of comparative happiness, all that we had gone through in days gone by, and all unconscious what the future had in store for us, we congratulated ourselves, that at last, "The lines had fallen unto us in pleasant places."

THE END.





"AMONG BOERS AND BASUTOS," by Mrs. BARKLY, is a remarkably lively little book, reminding us of Lady Barker's graphic recollections of the domestic life of an Englishwoman exported to the Colonies. . . .—*The Times*, Saturday, December 23rd, 1893.

AMONG BOERS AND BASUTOS: THE STORY OF OUR LIFE ON THE FRONTIER," by Mrs. BARKLY, is an account of three years spent in Basutoland before and during the Zulu war. It is a graphic description of many stirring incidents which took place up country, and the siege and relief of Mafeking are well described in the letters of Commandant Arthur Barkly to his wife. . . .—*Morning Post*, January 4th, 1894.

"AMONG BOERS AND BASUTOS." Mrs. BARKLY's book is slight, and in parts a little patchy; but it is easily read and very well worth reading, the account of Basutoland before and during the perhaps most discreditable of our many discreditable African wars being fresh and agreeable.—*Saturday Review*, December 2nd, 1893.

"AMONG BOERS AND BASUTOS." The book I have left was refreshing reading. . . . Without making an attempt at literary perfection, the author of this interesting book paints for home readers a vivid picture of life among the Basutos. . . .—*The Academy*, Saturday, December 9th, 1893.

"AMONG BOERS AND BASUTOS," by Mrs. BARKLY (Remington and Co.). In 1877 Mrs. Barkly went out to join her husband, who had recently been appointed Resident Magistrate in Basutoland. . . . Of the hardships and dangers which had to be endured we have a lively narrative.—*The Spectator* (Supplement to *The Spectator*, January 27th, 1894).

"AMONG BOERS AND BASUTOS," by Mrs. BARKLY, a short and interesting account of her experiences in Basutoland before and during the Basuto rebellion. . . . The description of her flight with another lady by night from Mafeking to the Orange Free State is most thrilling.—*Hearth and Home*.



