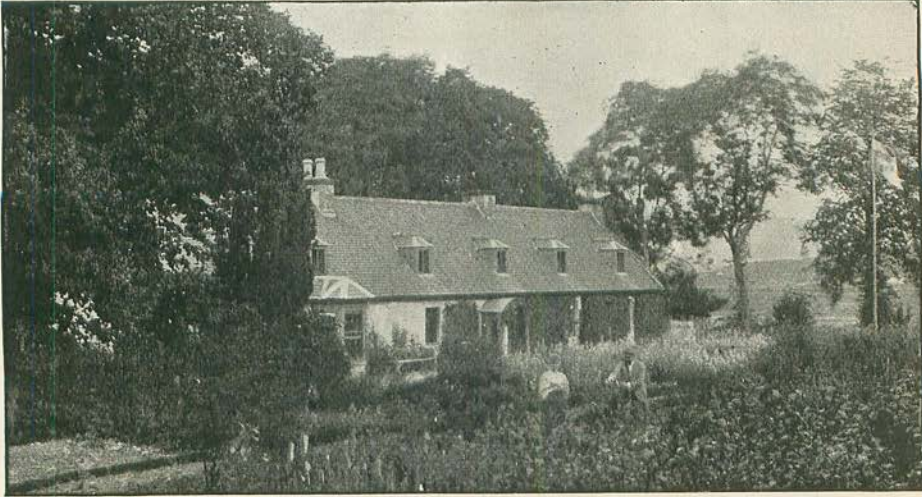


Illustrated Interviews.

No. XLIV.—REAR-ADMIRAL A. H. MARKHAM, R.N., F.R.G.S.

By WILLIAM G. FITZGERALD.



ADMIRAL AND MRS. MARKHAM IN THE GARDEN AT AMAT LODGE.



It is by no means an easy task to find the subject of this interview when you want him. Mayhap an exceedingly close acquaintance with the North Pole has imparted to the gallant Admiral something of the retiring—not to say receding—nature of that apocryphal entity. Be this as it may, I met Admiral Markham, after much correspondence and an appalling railway journey, in the extreme north of Scotland.

I think I was the only passenger that alighted at Bonar Bridge Station, on the confines of Sutherlandshire, one miserable afternoon, when the dreary Dornoch Firth looked like a big splash of ink at the foot of the mountains. A smart dog-cart was waiting for me, and I was presently bowling along the winding strath towards Amat Lodge, an ideal, old-fashioned shooting-box, wholly buried in three thousand acres of deer forest and grouse moor. This delightful place, a view of which is reproduced here, belongs to the Admiral's father-in-law, Mr. Francis T. Gervers, late of Kimberley, South Africa. In the photograph Admiral and Mrs. Markham are seen picking gooseberries in the garden of the lodge, and on the right is the flag-staff on which the white ensign is hoisted daily by Mrs. Markham's baby brothers.

As in Creation, the first day was comparative chaos. I had travelled from Inver-

ness to Bonar Bridge over the Highland Railway, and this will convey much to those whose pleasure or profession takes them to Scotland. Briefly, it meant that prolonged rest was urgently needed. Advising people not to visit Scotland during the rainy season simply results in perpetual banishment from a fine country, for it always rains. This, however, was not an unmixed curse, for it provided me with a capital excuse for resisting all out-door temptations. True, I watched the salmon leap at the foot of the Charron Falls, and I visited a few crofters in their primitive dwellings; but I was consumed with a desire to get the Admiral to myself for an hour or two, with Mrs. Markham as prompter during the rehearsal of a romantic, glowing, and dramatic life-story.

At last the study of this distinguished man was cleared for action, and we three—the Admiral, Mrs. Markham and myself—commenced operations, to the haunting melody of the indescribably lovely salmon river that raced and seethed at the foot of the flag-staff in the garden. Rear-Admiral Albert Hastings Markham, whose portrait in the magnificent uniform of a Rear-Admiral of the British Navy is shown on the next page, was born on November 11th, 1841, at Bagnères de Bigorre, in the Pyrenees; his parents were travelling at the time. Admiral Markham's father was a captain in the Navy; his grandfather was private secretary to Warren Hast-



REAR-ADMIRAL A. H. MARKHAM.
From a Photo. by G. West & Son, Southsea.

ings; and his great-grandfather was Dr. William Markham, Archbishop of York. The Admiral received his education at a school in Guernsey, and also from various private tutors.

In 1855 he entered Eastman's Naval Academy, at Southsea, in order to prepare himself for the Navy. He passed his examination at the Royal Naval College, Portsmouth, at the age of fourteen; there were thirty competitors, of whom seventeen were successful. On learning that he had passed, young Markham went home to London on fourteen days' leave, at the expiration of which he was ordered to join the old *Victory*, at Portsmouth; this precious old hulk was in commission at that time, and could have gone to sea if necessary.

Markham remained in the *Victory* five months, during which time he was initiated into the duties of a naval officer; he was then drafted to the sixteen-gun brig *Camilla*—"one of the old coffins," said the Admiral, merrily, "so called because they had an unpleasant way of turning turtle. I served in her on the China Station for three years, and then, a few months after I left her, she sailed away and was never heard of again." It is supposed that the *Camilla* foundered in a typhoon in the China Sea.

During young Markham's service in the *Camilla*, that vessel was actively engaged in operations against the Chinese pirates. One bright, hot day, when the brig was twenty miles off Amoy, some twenty or thirty piratical junks were espied, and our hero, *ætat* fifteen, was ordered to board and capture one of these villainous craft, which carried a crew of forty or fifty men armed with pistols and cutlasses, after the manner of Mayne Reid. Markham's boat contained six lads, the oldest of whom was only nineteen, but they accomplished their seemingly impossible task all the same.

Later on, the *Camilla* took part in the Chinese War, being one of the squadron of British ships under Sir Michael Seymour, uncle of the present Admiral commanding the Mediterranean Squadron. This was an exciting time. The warships were towed up the Canton River by gunboats, and operations were commenced against Canton, which lasted for more than twelve months. As a sort of side issue, there were more pirates to be dealt with—pirates who sent fire-rafts among our fleet, and did other spiteful things. By the way, Admiral Markham tells me he once saw forty-eight of these gentry laid out "all in a row," and then decapitated by a deft-handed compatriot, who walked from one to



MRS. MARKHAM.
From a Photo. by Vandyk, Queen's Gate.

another whisking off their heads with a small but heavy sword.

After Canton was occupied by a military force, Markham went to India in the *Retribution*, and had served there about a year when news was brought of the defeat of Sir James Hope, at the Taku Forts, in 1859.

A call for volunteers for China, to fill up the vacancies caused by this defeat, was made, and soon after Markham left India in a mail steamer, accompanied by about forty volunteers, of whom he had command. He then joined the *Chesapeake*, and at the age of nineteen was taken on the personal staff of Sir James Hope, with whom he served throughout the whole of the operations that resulted in the capture of Pekin.

Of course, the great event of this campaign was the storming of the Taku Forts in 1860. Besides the fleet, there were some 30,000 British and French troops (under Sir Hope Grant) engaged on this occasion. "We opened fire at five o'clock in the morning," remarked the Admiral, "and at three in the afternoon the forts were in our possession." For his services in this war, Admiral Markham received the China medal with the Taku clasp, which, together with the Arctic medal, is seen upon his breast in the portrait.

After this, Markham passed his examination for lieutenant at Shanghai, and was immediately given an acting commission in the six-gun paddle frigate *Centaur*, in which vessel he saw much service against the Tai-pings in 1861-2. It was about this time that young Markham met Gordon, who took passage on board the *Centaur*, from the Taku Forts to Shanghai.

The two men were thrown together a good deal during these stormy times, and they naturally became very friendly. Many years afterwards, the Admiral wrote to Gordon, asking whether he might borrow and publish some journals and notes given by the hero of Khartoum to Mr. John Markham, Admiral Markham's brother, when the latter was Consul at Shanghai.

Before me as I write are the letters sent in reply to this request by the famous soldier. The first is dated from Constantinople, on the 18th of September, 1872: "I am now in quarantine for eight days," wrote Gordon, "having just come from Crimea, where I have been with General Adye to visit the cemeteries; and this will account for the delay in answering your note." Gordon is delighted to authorize the publication of the manuscripts, "and I hope you will put my name down for three copies"—i.e., of the history of the Tai-ping Rebellion, which Admiral Markham was then engaged on, but which, however, was never published.

The next letter is written from "Galatz, 4th October, 1872." It recalls the meeting of the two men on board the *Centaur*, and answers some queries put by Markham. I reproduce here the conclusion of this letter, as illustrating the geniality of this nineteenth-century Joshua:—

Goodbye, my dear Markham, I hope
 we may meet some day
 Yours sincerely
 G. Gordon
 His vessel was the "Cerberus"; Capt
 Murray-Commerson. Just found with
 him.

FACSIMILE OF CONCLUSION OF GENERAL GORDON'S LETTER TO ADMIRAL MARKHAM.

Now let me take up the thread of Admiral Markham's career. While serving in the *Centaur*, he was present at the capture of several Chinese towns—Sung-Keong, Na-jou, Shuk-Sing, and Ning-po. While off the latter place, Markham was sent in a Chinese junk, with a crew of twelve men, and a fighting force of twenty, to capture a piratical junk manned by eighty desperadoes, armed with matchlocks, jingalls, and other strange and fearful weapons. After a really desperate encounter, lasting four and a half hours, Markham succeeded in accomplishing his mission—with a loss, however, of five men. For this he was promoted by the Admiralty, who also caused a letter to be read on the quarter-deck of the *Centaur*, setting forth their

lordships' satisfaction and approval of the gallant young lieutenant's pluck and resource.

"As regards Ning-po," remarked Admiral Markham to me, "it may be remembered that that large and important city was captured by us from the Tai-pings in 1862. The force that took Ning-po consisted only of some 300 blue-jackets, under Captain Roderick Dew, R.N., of H.M.S. *Scout*." The only relic of this stirring episode that the gallant Admiral possesses—for he was among those who occupied the town—is a large Chinese god, which he took from a deserted joss-house in Ning-po. This god, which is here depicted, at present occupies a commanding position on the staircase at 21, Eccleston Square, the town house of the Admiral's cousin, Mr. Clements Markham, P.R.G.S. We next find Lieutenant Markham at Yokohama, at the time when Japan was first being opened up. An English merchant, Mr. Richardson, had been murdered at Kanagawa, in the south of Japan, and Markham marched out from Yokohama with twelve men to recover the unfortunate man's body. The result of this outrage was the naval battle of Kagoshima in 1863, when eight warships were engaged. During this battle, Captains Josling and Eardley Wilmot were simultaneously killed by one shot.

In 1868 Markham reappears as first lieutenant of the *Blanche*, a six-gun composite cruiser, in which he spent four years on the Australian and New Zealand stations. Now we come to one of the most important episodes in the Admiral's adventurous career. In 1872 a Bill was passed to prevent kidnapping in the islands of the South Seas; and in consequence of the complicated state of affairs existing in these islands, Commodore Stirling, senior naval officer on the Australian Station, was ordered to send a man-of-war to cruise among the New Hebrides and Santa Cruz groups. The *Rosario*, of which ship Markham was in command, was the vessel selected for this important duty. She was a wooden sloop of 673 tons, carrying an armament of

three revolving guns, and a complement of 145 officers and men.

Markham had orders to visit as many of the islands as possible, and to interview missionaries and planters, concerning the murder of British subjects and the kidnapping of natives—an industry that thrived exceedingly in those latitudes just then. The *Rosario* sailed from Sydney, and, after an uneventful voyage, she anchored off the Cascade, Norfolk Island. Here Markham learned of the murder of Bishop Patteson and others, at Nukapu, one of the Swallow Group, thirty miles northward of Santa Cruz. The Bishop used to cruise among the islands in his little yacht, the *Southern Cross*, a sixty-ton schooner. One day, however, he was greeted by his potential converts with a shower of poisoned arrows, and they finished off the heroic old man with clubs.

Admiral Markham's account of the cruise of the *Rosario* is one long, romantic story of the chasing of slavers, the burning of cannibal villages, and guerilla combats with savages who shot poisoned arrows.

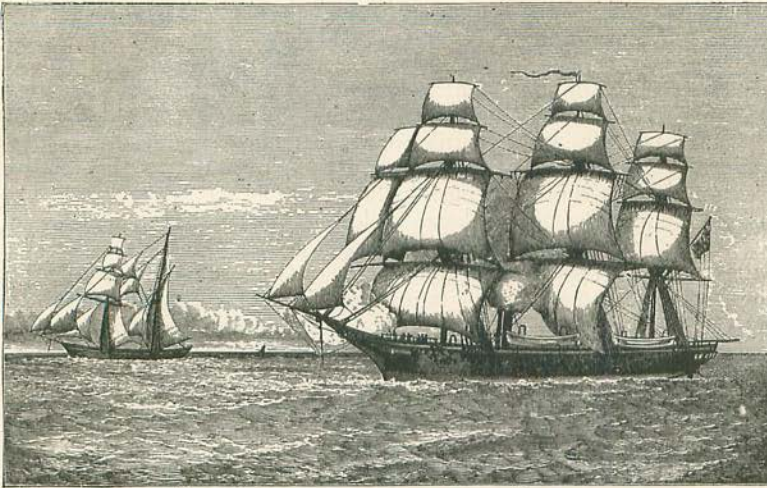
The ingenuity of the white skippers, who waxed rich by man-stealing, was really remarkable. One individual went from island to island in a schooner-yacht very similar in appearance to the one used by Bishop Patteson, who was supposed to be invalidated on board this identical vessel. The Bishop's supposed emissary,

armed with an umbrella and a Bible, implored the guileless islanders to come on board to see the sick prelate. Once on board the vessel, the unfortunate creatures would be carried off to Queensland, where they were sold to the planters for £3 apiece. Or, worse still, the natives would be enticed off to a still larger vessel, their boats swamped with lumps of pig-iron, and themselves stunned with slung-shot and then decapitated, in order that their heads might be retailed to island chiefs who fancied such trophies for wall decoration.

In the illustration on following page we see the *Rosario* chasing the slaver, *Carl*, of Melbourne. On overhauling her, however, Markham's second lieutenant found every-



CHINESE GOD, TAKEN BY ADMIRAL MARKHAM AT THE CAPTURE OF NING-PO.



H.M.S. "ROSARIO" CHASING THE SLAVER "CARL," OF MELBOURNE.

thing correct on board, and the hold newly whitewashed. This was a narrow escape for the *Carl*. Only the previous night there were eighty kidnapped islanders in the vessel, and these poor wretches, having fought among themselves and created a row, drew upon themselves the execration of the skipper and part owner of the ship, Dr. James P. Murray. This man and his crew, knowing that the *Rosario* was in the vicinity, spent the whole night in shooting the unfortunate occupants of the hold. Next day dead and wounded alike were thrown overboard to the sharks, while the shambles below were expeditiously whitewashed in expectation of the inevitable visit of an officer from the warship.

Lieutenant Markham left New Caledonia and returned to Sydney sixteen weeks from the date of his departure. Among the relics at 21, Eccleston Square, is a trophy of savage arms in the hall. This is made up of clubs from Fiji; poisoned arrows from Nukapu; tomahawks from Nguma; and bracelets and spears from the Solomon Islands. Markham's drastic treatment of these ungentle islanders was the subject of much criticism, but the Admiralty marked their approval of his conduct by sending him a Commander's commission.

On his return to England, Commander Markham found everyone greatly interested in the subject of Arctic exploration; and a little later, at the instigation of his cousin, Mr. Clements Markham, and Admiral Sherard Osborn, C.B., F.R.S., he resolved upon a pioneer Arctic trip, in order to study the nature and condition of the ice with a view to further exploration.

At that time, however, daring, adventurous men like Commander Markham met with scant encouragement; so in order to carry out his plans he actually signed articles as second mate on board the Dundee steam whaler *Arctic*, bound for Baffin's Bay and the Gulf of Bothnia. "I agreed to be orderly, faithful, honest, and sober," remarked the Admiral, gleefully; "and my wages were to be one shilling a month, in addition to one penny for every ton of oil procured, and a farthing for every ton of whalebone." There was a further bonus paid to the members of the boat's crew that first struck and captured a payable "fish"—that is, one whose whalebone is over 6ft. in length.

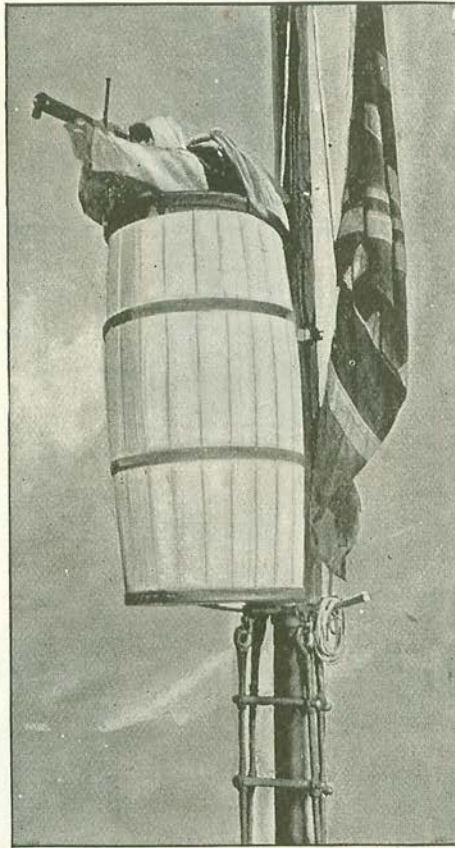
The *Arctic* was a vessel of 439 tons and 70 horse-power. She sailed on May 3rd, and returned to Dundee in the middle of September with twenty-nine whales—the largest cargo ever brought to Great Britain. And at that time the price of whalebone was £500 a ton! This trip—which, I need hardly say, was one itinerary of romantic adventure—conclusively showed Markham what a revolution steam had made in ice navigation. He reported to Admiral Sherard Osborn and to the Lords of the Admiralty; and soon after this he was appointed Commander of H.M.S. *Sultan*, then forming one of the Channel Squadron, under the late Sir Geoffrey Phipps Hornby. While serving in the *Sultan*, Markham was in constant communication with his cousin, Mr. Clements Markham, and Admiral Sherard Osborn on the subject of Arctic exploration, and at the end of fifteen months the amazing intelligence came to him that Disraeli's Government had voted a grant of £100,000 for an organized expedition to the Polar regions, and that, furthermore, he himself had been selected for appointment to the *Alert*, one of the two ships of this expedition. Markham left the *Sultan* at Lisbon, and came home at once by mail steamer. So, too, did his illustrious chief,

Captain (afterwards Sir George) Nares, who was then in command of the *Challenger* expedition at Hong Kong.

Of course, the preparations lasted several months, and were conducted mainly by Sir Leopold M'Clintock, the then Admiral Superintendent of Portsmouth Dockyard.

The *Alert* was a 17-gun sloop that had already served two or three commissions on foreign stations, before being converted for Arctic service. She was given an external sheathing of seven inches of teak, and was lined with felt. Like her sister-ship, the *Alert* carried a crew of about sixty men, with nine boats, some of which were provided with swivel harpoon guns, such as the one shown in this picture. The *Discovery*, which was commanded by Captain Stephenson, now Commander-in-Chief in the Pacific, had been a whaler; and she was bought and fitted at a cost of about £25,000.

There was no dearth of volunteers for this service, and perhaps the most interesting question in the searching examination they underwent was: "Can you sing or dance?" Ability to entertain one's fellow-men counted for much. Did not the gallant Admiral himself take lessons in prestidigitation from a professor



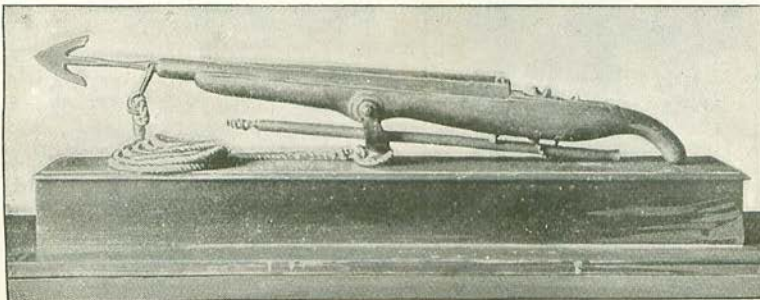
ADMIRAL MARKHAM IN THE "CROW'S NEST," OR LOOK-OUT STATION, OF THE "ALERT."

of that subtle art, in order that he might amuse his men when encamped in the desolate regions of the North Pole? Besides, games of every kind were purchased, from a pack of cards to a football. There were also taken musical instruments for a complete drum and fife band; pictures (to prevent snow-blindness); a printing-press; a piano; and a magic lantern.

Volunteers were not lacking. One of the captains of our Navy sent this plaintive message to Sir George Nares: "An order has come to my ship for volunteers. What am I to do? The whole ship's company, nearly 800 men, have given in their names." All sorts and conditions of men and women sent along presents. Her Majesty the Queen contributed some-

thing, and the Empress Eugénie "weighed in" with woollen caps for the men. The ladies of Queenstown formed a Christmas Box Committee, but their mysterious donations were not to be investigated until that festive season was in full swing.

The two ships set sail on May 29th, 1875, in the presence of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, a host of soldiers, and an enthusiastic, cheering multitude. But I must not omit to mention the canine explorer, "Nellie," Admiral Markham's favourite dog, who accompanied the expedition, and for whom were specially made a set of four flannel moccasins. Nellie slept in an arm-chair in her master's cabin, snugly covered



THE HARPOON GUN.

with her own blanket, on which her name was neatly embroidered.

I need scarcely say that observations and discoveries of the highest interest and value to science were made by Admiral Markham and other members of this expedition; but into discussion of these things it is not my intention to enter. Rather let me speak of the amusements of the members of the expedition. They played football on the ice, they skated, they drove dog-sledges at break-neck speed over insecure ice, and they played cards for precious wax matches and tallow candles, whose value was beyond price. On officers' birthdays there would be printed dinner menus, containing really clever French jokes; and then there were the programmes of the "Thursday Popular Concerts" and theatrical performances.

The "Royal Arctic Theatre" opened on November 18th, 1875, under the management of Commander Markham, and "under the distinguished patronage of Captain Nares, and all the nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood." The circle was not extensive. The actors rehearsed in their cabins, and, being far away from Clarkson and Harrison, their ingenuity was sorely taxed to devise wigs and costumes from oakum and musk-ox skins. Here is a scene from "Aladdin, or the Wonderful Scamp." The lovely Oriental princess wears a robe fashioned



THE ADMIRAL'S FAVOURITE DOG,
"NELLIE."

from a couple of eider-down quilts. But the "programmes" reflect so faithfully the exuberant humour of the expedition, that it is well worth while to reproduce one in its entirety.

Guy Fawkes' Day was celebrated with considerable pomp. An effigy, stuffed with squibs and seated on a tar-barrel, was carried round the upper deck of the *Alert*, the drum and fife band playing meanwhile "The Rogues' March." It was then dragged on a sledge to the summit of a neighbouring hummock, and there solemnly burnt before the entire ship's company. The band went on playing until the lips and fingers of the fifers became frostbitten.

Here is depicted a bottle of "Arctic Ale,"



"ARCTIC" ALE.

specially brewed in 1875 for the expedition; also a box of Bryant and May's matches. It occurred to me to write to the famous brewers, Messrs. S. Allsopp and Sons, Ltd., of Burton, concerning this ale; and also to Messrs. Bryant and May. Mr. A. Maxwell Tod, the director of Allsopp's, writes me as follows:—

"The special qualities which



A SCENE FROM "ALADDIN, OR THE WONDERFUL SCAMP."

ROYAL ARCTIC THEATRE.

December 23rd, 1875.

☞ Positively for the first time in Lat. 82° 27' N.

HER MAJESTY'S SERVANTS

Will have the-honour to perform the popular and laughable farce,
entitled the

BOOTS AT THE SWAN.

After which

HER MAJESTY'S SERVANTS

Will give an operatic representation of

ALADDIN, OR THE WONDERFUL SCAMP:

A burlesque extravaganza,

In one act.

CHARACTERS.

The Emperor of China, a monarch in difficulties, who was under the necessity of marrying his daughter to the richest man about town Mr. G. Le C. Egerton.
 Aladdin, a lively youth, but a sad boy, who was more fortunate than he deserved to be Mr. G. A. Giffard.
 Abanazar, a magician, who had been round the world, but who could not get round Aladdin Commr. Markham.
 The Widow Twankay, Aladdin's ancient mother, who in her youth had never been beautiful, and who had not grown more lovely in her old age Capt. Feilden.
 Princess Badroulbador, the Pearl of the East, and the Light of her Father's Eyes Mr. Wyatt Rawson

Scene 1. Pekin.

Scene 2. The jewelled cavern.

Scene 3. The interior of Widow Twankay's dwelling.

Scene 4. Hall in the Emperor's palace.

Scene 5. Aladdin's palace in the suburbs of Pekin.

Scene 6. The same transported by magic to Africa.

The beautiful scenery wholly designed and painted by Professor Moss.

Music arranged and executed by Signore Aldrichi.

To commence at 7.30 precisely.

God save the Queen.

Messrs. Giffard and Symons, Printing Office, Trap Lane.

PLAYBILL OF THE "ROYAL ARCTIC THEATRE."

rendered this beer so valuable for the purposes of the expedition were its strength and nutritive qualities. It is one of the strongest ales ever brewed by Allsopp's, and it may be mentioned in passing that the consistency of the wort was such that it would not run from the copper through the tap in the ordinary way, but had to be lifted out in buckets. It is perhaps hardly necessary to remind the public that the sustaining qualities of a beer such as this are far greater than those of wines or spirits.

"Allsopp's have only at the present time eleven bottles of this beer left. It has been

re-corked, as if it were Waterloo port. It is almost 'still' and, indeed, has never been very effervescent, although not at all flat. Its colour is a rich brown, and its flavour is suggestive of old Madeira. It is to-day as sound as on the day of its birth, twenty years ago." "Birth" is good, as who should say, the dawn of a new era—of beer.

Wax matches, Messrs. Bryant and May tell me, are always used on these Polar expeditions. About a gross of boxes of matches were supplied to Markham's party, and these were wrapped in double sheets of zinc.

The *Alert* left her consort on August 26th, 1875, and the northern sledging party from this vessel started on April 3rd, 1876. It consisted of seven sledges; Markham's own sledge being called the "Marco Polo." In the reproduction the sledging party is seen setting out; and the united crews of the "Victoria," "Bulldog" and "Marco Polo" are hauling the latter sledge down through a gap in an ice-floe that was 150ft. in thickness. The original sketch was outlined in pencil on the spot by

Dr. Moss, the surgeon of the *Alert*.

On the 12th of May, 1876, our indomitable hero placed the Union Jack among the ice in latitude 83deg. 20min. 26sec. N., or 399½ miles from the North Pole—the highest authentic northern latitude ever reached by man, and a truly appalling region into the bargain. The announcement of the position was received with three cheers; and then all sang "The Union Jack of Old England" and the "Grand Palæocrystic Sledging Chorus"



"ARCTIC" MATCHES.



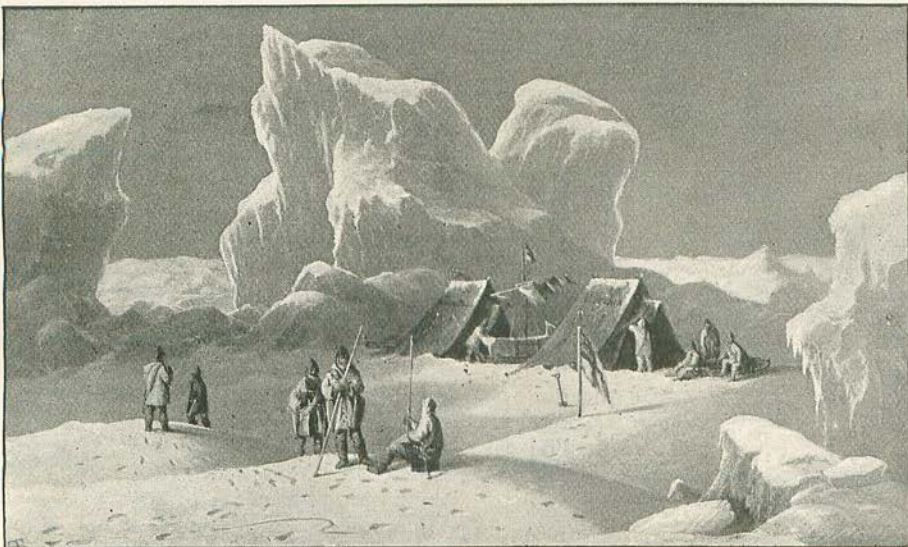
THE SETTING OUT OF THE SLEDGE PARTY.
From "Shores of the Polar Seas," by Permission of Marcus Ward & Co.

(composed by one of the "talented company"), winding up with "God Save the Queen." The illustration given here is from an oil-painting by Markham's friend, Admiral Beechey, whose father, Sir William Beechey, was President of the Royal Academy some forty or fifty years ago. The silken flag was worked by Lady M'Clintock, and is now preserved in the Franklin Room, at Greenwich College.

At this time, five of Markham's men were disabled, many more showed decided scor-

butic symptoms, while others were suffering from frost-bite and snow-blindness. On returning to the tents, after planting the flag, the party broached a magnum of whisky, that had been presented for the express purpose of being drunk when the highest northern point was reached. On the 8th of June there was a funeral in the icy desert, for poor Porter, one of the sledging

party, succumbed and was buried in a hole in the ice, a rude cross of sledge battens marking his desolate grave. At last, on June 14th, Markham's party returned to the *Alert*. Besides himself and Lieutenant Parr, who had heroically walked on to report the crippled condition of the party, there were only three men who could drag the sledges; all the rest were invalids, and it is a miracle that they were brought back at all. The return of this heroic band of explorers is depicted in the accompanying illustration;



ADMIRAL MARKHAM PLANTS THE UNION JACK IN THE HIGHEST NORTHERN LATITUDE EVER REACHED.
From a Painting by Admiral Beechey.



THE RETURN OF THE SLEDGE PARTY.
From "Shores of the Polar Seas," by Permission of Marcus Ward & Co.

and the gallant Admiral assures me that he was not recognised by Dr. Moss, the surgeon of the *Alert*, who came out to his succour and offered him some wine. Both the *Alert* and the *Discovery* returned to Portsmouth Harbour on Nov. 2nd, 1876.

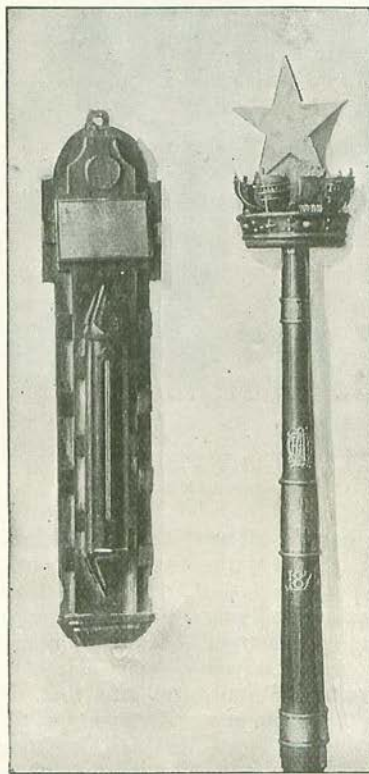
Here are two more relics of Admiral Markham's, which are now at his father-in-law's town house in Ashburn Place. On the left we see the *Alert's* thermometer, whose inscription tells its own tale: "This thermometer registered—77deg., or 109deg. below freezing point, at H.M.S. *Alert's* winter quarters, on March 4th, 1876. It was carried on the 12th of May, 1876, to Lat. 83deg. 20min. 26sec. N. The frame is made from a batten of the sledge 'Marco Polo.'"

The other relic is a highly ornate, silver-mounted sledge staff, presented to the Admiral by Captain (now Admiral Sir Anthony) and Mrs. Hoskins. On the top is seen the Pole Star surmounting the naval crown; and the inscription is: "I dare do

con, small seal, lemmings, eider ducks, a long-tailed duck, terns, guillemots, kittewakes, etc.

I should mention here that Mrs. Markham's wedding ring has an interesting history. It was fashioned from a sovereign for her distinguished husband in the Polar regions by the ship's armourer. The Admiral wore it for eighteen years. Many of the other officers had similar wedding rings made, and these in nearly every case figured prominently at their owners' weddings.

We next find this wonderful man departing for Novaya Zemlya in the forty-ton cutter *Isbjorn*, on a hunting expedition with Sir Henry Gore-Booth, after walrus, seals, and reindeer. Six months later, Markham returned to Tromsøe, where he found awaiting him a telegram from the Admiralty, announcing his appointment as Flag-Captain to Admiral Stirling in the *Triumph*, destined for service on the Pacific Station. For three years Captain Markham served in the *Triumph*, and during this



THE ADMIRAL'S THERMOMETER AND PRESENTATION SLEDGE STAFF.

time he witnessed the whole of the operations in the Chili-Peruvian War; he was, moreover, an ardent collector of natural history specimens—birds, insects, reptiles, etc. The Admiral tells me that while on the Pacific Station he sent home upwards of 600 birds, of which four were new to science.

On his return home, Captain Markham was selected for the command of the *Vernon*, the naval torpedo instruction ship at Portsmouth, and this appointment he held for more than three and a half years. On being relieved of the command of the *Vernon*, Markham, at the request of a company formed for the construction of a railway between Winnipeg and Hudson's Bay, undertook a journey in his old ship, the *Alert*, from Halifax, through Hudson's Strait, to York Factory; and thence in a birch bark canoe, accompanied only by a couple of Indians, to Winnipeg—perhaps a thousand miles. During this extraordinary journey of four months' duration, food ran so short between the various Hudson Bay depôts, which were fourteen or fifteen days apart, that for three consecutive days Markham and his two Indians had to subsist solely on tea and tea-leaves. Yet, notwithstanding innumerable hardships and a low diet, Captain Markham sent in a favourable

report, and the railway is even now in course of construction. In October, 1886, Markham was recalled by the First Lord of the Admiralty, the telegraphic message offering him the command of the Training Squadron, with the rank of Commodore. He received a great ovation on his departure from Winnipeg, and Sir Charles Tupper subsequently said nice things to him concerning the inestimable value and importance of his work to Canada.

In 1887 Markham was appointed aide-de-camp to the Queen; and in 1889 he was appointed to the important command of the Portsmouth Steam Reserve, which he held until his promotion to Rear-Admiral on the 1st of August, 1891. On March 4th, 1892, Admiral Markham was selected by Lord George Hamilton as second in command of the Mediterranean Squadron, in succession to Lord Walter Kerr. Some time after this, as the engines of the *Trafalgar*, his own flagship, needed some repairs, Admiral Markham temporarily transferred his flag to the *Camperdown*—a battleship

whose name is but too well known in connection with the lamentable and inexplicable *Victoria* disaster. All the world knows the story, but it may be as well to recapitulate briefly the details. On Tuesday, June 22nd, 1893, at ten o'clock in the morning, the entire Mediterranean Squadron, consisting of eight battleships and five cruisers, under Sir George Tryon and Rear-Admiral Markham, left the harbour of Beyrout and proceeded north along the Syrian coast, steering for the port of Tripoli. When the squadron was about five miles from the proposed anchorage, Sir George Tryon ordered the fleet to be formed into two columns, six cables, or 1,200 yards, apart, with the *Camperdown*



ADMIRAL MARKHAM IN ARCTIC COSTUME.
From a Painting by Admiral Beechey.

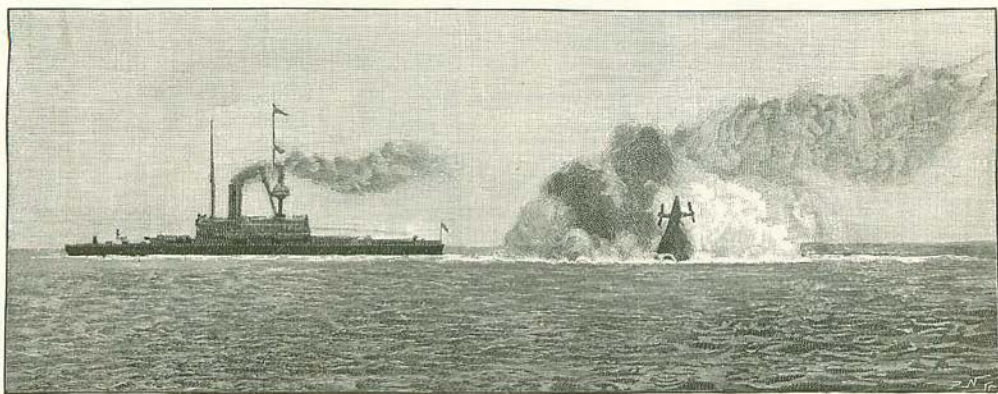
and *Victoria* leading. Their respective columns were then to turn inwards towards each other, and thus, by a very neat manœuvre, arrive at the anchorage in what might be described as highly elegant order.

Sir George Tryon's staff officers pointed out to him that six cables was an impossible distance for this manœuvre, whereupon he said: "It should be eight cables." Yet the order was given to turn at six cables' distance; no one will ever know why. One can

only suppose that Sir George was for the moment in a state of dreamy abstraction, not to say mental aberration. On reading Sir George Tryon's signal, Admiral Markham, seeing that the manœuvre was an impracticable one, asked for confirmation,

doomed vessel. The Commander-in-Chief, Sir George Tryon, K.C.B., was drowned, together with 22 officers and 336 men.

The extraordinary view of this disaster reproduced here is from an instantaneous photograph taken by an officer on board



THE "VICTORIA" DISASTER—SIR GEORGE TRYON'S FLAG-SHIP SINKING OFF TRIPOLI.
By Permission of the Proprietors of "The Graphic."

and received the impatient reply, by semaphore, "What are you waiting for?" It then struck Admiral Markham that Sir George wished him to turn sixteen points, as indicated by the signal, while he himself, in the ill-fated *Victoria*, would circle round Markham's division, leaving them on his port hand.

Almost every captain in the squadron interpreted the signal in this way; any other interpretation meant destruction. "There were two ways of reading the signal," remarked the gallant Admiral, earnestly, to me; "and I, knowing Sir George Tryon to be at least a sane man—putting his brilliant reputation as a tactician out of the question—read it in a sane way. All that rodomontade in the newspapers about 'blind obedience,'" added the Admiral, "was the veriest nonsense." The order to turn inwards was therefore obeyed, with the geometrically certain result that Admiral Markham's ship, the *Camperdown*, struck Sir George Tryon's flagship, the *Victoria*, on her starboard bow, about 20ft. before the turret, the two mighty battleships being inclined towards each other, at the moment of collision, at an angle of about 80deg. Thirteen minutes afterwards, the *Victoria* disappeared in a frightful maelstrom, her screws revolving to the last, and cutting up the poor fellows who leaped into the sea from the stern of the

one of the other ships of the squadron. On the left is seen H.M.S. *Nile*, on which vessel Admiral Markham subsequently hoisted his flag. Captain the Hon. Maurice Bourke was tried by court-martial for the loss of his ship, the *Victoria*; but the verdict was a foregone conclusion, and the Captain's sword was promptly handed back to him, as he only obeyed his superior officer. Of course, not even the faintest shadow of blame attached to the heroic man who forms the subject of this interview. The court-martial sat for ten days at Malta, on board the old *Hibernia*.

Nine months after this terrible disaster, Admiral Markham's flag was hoisted in the *Trafalgar* at Malta, and it was while there that he met the lovely girl who is now his wife. She, with her parents, had gone to Malta, in order to see her brother, who was serving as a midshipman in Admiral Markham's flagship.

A few months later the couple were engaged, and the wedding took place on the 11th of October, 1894, at St. Michael's, Chester Square, S.W. For information regarding Mrs. Markham's singularly interesting "Arctic" wedding-cake, I must refer my readers to the article entitled "Some Remarkable Wedding-Cakes," which appeared in the July issue of THE STRAND MAGAZINE.