

and the thirst began. Our pace was slackening down, and by midday we had added only a couple of miles, and, though we had fought hard against the temptation, the water bottles were empty. There were eight miles more to do, theoretically, really about twelve, the most ghastly trek of my life. We had to go on; we had to stick to our packs and rifles, and yet, with every step, the pain of the thirst increased. We were done, and that was the main trouble; yet even an experienced man would have found it hard going under the conditions. By three o'clock the pain had become positive agony. I would have killed a man for a drink then. We stuck to it, just because we had to, because the only chance of relief was the water ahead. At about the sixteenth mile we came on another youngster who had started before us—the way we went off, in ones and twos, shows how raw we were—he was lying down, sobbing, and I remember well the job it was to make him get up and come along. . . . The water of the Tuli river, I can taste it still. It was the first clean water we had drunk since leaving the mail steamer at Port Elizabeth."

Ultimately both brothers left the mine, and sallied out into entirely unknown country on a big-game shooting expedition. They met with adventure in plenty, and in the free, open, healthy life they now enjoyed they found themselves happy for the first time in Africa. Mr. Hyatt's brother Malcolm was soon to leave him and go back to mining, but another brother took his place, and the two wandered over the new districts of South Africa that the late war had made possible of access, cattle-breeding, transport-riding, and trading, and in general attaining a measurable degree of worldly prosperity. They even tried rubber-planting, but the attempt was rendered abortive by a calamity that was to blast the financial prospects of the partnership. The sick fever descended on the whole of South Africa like a destroying angel. Able official management might have held the horror in check, but it was not forthcoming, and the end came quickly. The oxen, those gallant, faithful beasts that they had trained themselves and which had served them so well, died by the roadside and were eaten by the foul hyenas. Their waggons, which alone represented nearly four hundred pounds, were abandoned on the road beside the dead cattle; their stores, filled with various merchandise, were left for the Kaffirs to loot. The Portuguese had given them a provisional concession for a rubber area, but now they had no capital to pay the cost of survey and title, still less to work it, so in the end they lost that too. They lost, in fact, everything, all the fruits of years of danger, of fever, and hard work. They just paid their debts, and thereafter had nothing remaining that had been acquired in Rhodesia save badly damaged constitutions.

The brothers tried their luck again in various directions, with unflinching ill-success. Their schemes included a non-productive application to the Emperor

of the Sahara, then at the zenith of his fame, and a suggestion to divers proprietors of quack remedies that the two should journey from the Cape to Cairo as an advertisement for their commodities, which fell likewise very flat. As Mr. Hyatt suggests: "The people we approached had no enterprise about them." It was really the maddest scheme of all that was adopted. They started to go round the world literally on nothing, save the potential assets of alleged accomplishments. One brother could play the banjo, the other could write newspaper articles, and both could lecture, or thought they could. And in a sense they succeeded, till tragedy came and dissolved the partnership for ever. From Durban to Mauritius, from Mauritius to Ceylon and Southern India, thence on to Penang, Singapore, and Manila, they sailed ever eastwards, generally, it may be noted, rubbing shoulders with coolies, niggers, and Chinamen, as deck passengers. They got back to Manila in safety, and had already planned a blockade-running expedition to Vladivostok when Amyas Hyatt caught anthrax. He died in three days. That tragedy closed one chapter in the surviving brother's life. After a few months of aimless wandering he came home to England, "only twenty-eight in point of years, but middle-aged in reality, penniless, disappointed, weary, a broken man."

The bottom having apparently fallen out of other things, Mr. Hyatt took to writing, first newspaper articles, and then books. Yet, as he has said himself, he is not in the least degree literary—"I have never got through a Meredith book yet." The list of things that he detests is peculiar and extensive. It includes Browning, "everything Victorian," Socialism, State Education, Old Age Pensions, anything which militates against the Law of the Survival of the Fittest, All Political Parties, Art for Art's Sake, Rand Financiers, Municipal Politicians, Missionaries, and Sea-poets.

His published works include "Marcus Hay" (Constable), 1907; "The Little Brown Brother" (Constable, and H. Holt & Co., U.S.A.), 1908; "The Marriage of Hilary Carden" (Laurie, and Appletons, U.S.A.) 1909; "The Northward Trek" and "Biffel, a Trek-Ox," (Melrose), 1909; "Black Sheep" (Laurie, and T. Wessells Co., U.S.A.), 1910; and "The Diary of a Soldier of Fortune" (Laurie, 1910). Three of his books have been taken by the *Daily Mail* for its sixpenny series. His new story of South African life, "The Land of Promises," a grim and rather pessimistic story of existing conditions in the colony, is just published by Mr. Werner Laurie, and a new book of reminiscences, "Off the Main Track," is announced by the same publisher. It is to be rather a book of impressions than one of autobiography, though it contains many stories of big-game shooting.

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