

## AN EXILE'S STORY.

Remarkable Life of a White Man Among the Dusky Natives of Madagascar.

### HE HAD SIX BLACK WIVES.

Made a Comfortable Living by Trading in Gaudy Beads, Tinsel and Very Compromising Rum.

### WOULDNT RETURN TO CIVILIZATION.

One of the Experiences of Lieutenant Shufeldt in His Trips Around the World.

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.

Almost everywhere from out the by-ways and highways of our modern civilization the tide of emigration carried with its flood a great army of adventurers. Its eth leaves on the shores of distant and unknown lands the wrecks of many men.

Everywhere through out the still wide and unexplored world, on the fringes of African coasts, on the distant islands of the Southern ocean, in vast Borneo, in the Philippines, and on the countless geographical dots of the Indian Sea, they live isolated lives, forgotten by a race of friends, lost to the great whirling world of modern society.

The story and the study of such lives is the study of the whole history of modern colonial aggrandizement. They are the forerunners as well as the wrecks of a foreign social system. Incited by legions of wealth or ready conquest, by fabored stories of an easy acquisition of power and property amongst a race of

A Lower Scale of Intellectuality

than themselves, they size the political opportunity afforded by the decree of some Continental Congress and follow the troop ship that carries the advance guard as an army of occupation. Their presence is at first symbolized by a fungus growth of rickety shanties, with glaring signs and piles of broken bottles in neglected alley ways or in a mouldy little back yard overrun with weeds. After a while the political panorama changes, the troops are withdrawn, the military colonists pack into native wives and mistresses, but the white waf is left by the ebbing tide on the shores of chance.

Little by little, from pillar to post, as the last echo of the white "boom" is lost in the forests of his outlandish home, he loses his identity and slowly assimilates himself to the natives and becomes one of the strongest pillars about him.

Now and then the flash of some foreign sail on a distant horizon, now and then the visit of some during missionary brings with him the breath of forgotten civilization, but there is little to beguile him from an exile that is broken only by the constant roar of ceaseless surf on the long familiar beach or the moon of tropic winds and the pendant leaves of trees that are ever green.

His Superiority Is Recognized.

Nevertheless, in himself he represents to the crude minds about him a dim power; the stockade he builds of poles about his "factory," the rum he has to sell, the beads he has in store, the little broken looking glasses, the few selected books—all are evidences of his other and more powerful parentage to the daily cluster of primitive men and women, who squal on the hot sand of his reservation and under the shade of his trees. In his mind and thoughts—in his dreams and waking reveries—some day he will return.

But he never will. He is on the outcast of his race; the typical castaway on the banks of the river of his own civilization. Countless are the causes that have led men to seek personal adventure, and the recruits in every social regiment. Men, often of character and idea, but endowed with morbid thoughts and erratic dispositions. Many others of no character at all, and whose sole desire is to gain to sooth an uneasy consciousness in social solitude. I have met such men. The history of their lives and adventures is almost out of joint with the plain tale of modern society. Both their existence and the necessity of it are one of the results of civilization. Sometimes they徘徊 far in advance of the main army—sometimes stragglers, they live and die and are buried in the narrow bridle paths long before these are trodden into the great highways of advancing change.

**On the Island of Madagascar.**

Once in my wanderings it was my fortune, to meet, to live with, and to converse with such a man. It was where the blue waves of the Indian Ocean, Churning and foaming break on the long sandy stretches at South western Madagascar. Here for miles and miles the scene is unvaried. The shelving yellow beach, broken only here and there by little bays or by the outlets of mighty rivers running to the sea, the way of a dim of insects, birds and swish of vegetation, is always a background against a cloudless sky of rising hills and dark clusters of tropical trees growing into one vast wave of green forest, rolling back to a far interior.

I had come down with a large party of natives from the Malagasy Capital of North Central country, among the land of the Betasies race, skirted the territory of the dangerous Taulua people, to finally strike for the west and the ocean. Days and days had been occupied in this romantic journey. Plunged in the twilight of dense forest, plunged in the silence to the traveler almost unearthened, the sun was at length seen to set and down again the lofty mountain's ranges that for 1,000 miles sweep north and south on the Western coast of the great African island. Forging rushing muddy rivers, making wide detours to avoid the thundering cataracts, the hills were covered. Some time came out on an unexpected clearing to find

A Village of Huts.

They had fled from the land "reign" of their fathers in their country. Some women were brave and remained to stare at us in blank amazement and silent wonder, or even offer fruit or little bunches of the orchilla weed in trade. They were the Taulua—cruel, crafty and treacherous like the traveler. Steeped in the blackness of savagery, they had the taurine poison cup, the sacrifice of the retinue of a chief at his death, the worship of the bones of animals, the rites of blood-brotherhood and all the beliefs of the lowest order of savage life was theirs. No wonder they looked upon the white man as the accursed of God—the abomination of evil in his bleached complexion. Yet among these people I met a white outcast.

We were glad when the rivers widened slowly and rushed more impetuously toward the sea. Weary limbs got new vitality; the long column closed up and savage songs from the Bara men who followed me

broke the deadly silence of the woods. In a few days we came out of the jungle onto the plains of a country with the Western ocean breaking at our feet. To my delight I saw at once, close at hand, rising from the ocean a tall, octopus tree, the circular stockade that in this country always indicates the refuge of some white man. I ran over and banged on the bamboo door. It opened presently and there stood before me.

A Strange Specimen of Humanity.

He was a tall man, with bronzed face and deep-set eyes, a nose like a sunburst and the remnants of a curly beard. He had on his head a dilapidated derby hat which he wore very much on one side, a flannel shirt and patched woolen trousers. His feet were bare of covering in the hot sand and the corners of his mouth, I noticed, were black with something he was chewing.

"Hello!" said I.

And so I met my outcast.

In a little while I had told him the story of my wanderings and asked and answered a host of questions. He was not a very talkative person, however, and dragged out his inquiries and dwelt on his replies quite out of accord with my practice. He took me into a low thatched house in one corner of the stockade, and sprawled out a mat on the ground and dug his assegai in the sand, and gazed at me.

Not an Over-Supply of Brains.

"She's a Taula," said Lowden, "and I brought her down from up country a year ago. Her father was a big chief up there and used to be the commander of a tribe. I found her up to see you, you see. No, I've never talked English to her nor to any of them. I suppose, in her mind, she only associates you with the race that makes the heads and cloth—that's about as far as her brain goes."

I spent three days with this strange man and his surroundings, then I packed my bag together for a start up the long beach to the next trading station. The night before we started, we were visited by one of the most terrific thunderstorms I had ever

experienced.

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Correspondence of the Dispatch.

"Amoy, May 15.—Refined and wealthy people are very much the same, the world over. To find out the peculiarities and differences of a strange race, you must go down into the ranks of the "great unwashed." The mandarin here is painfully an American club man; the coolie is unlike anything elsewhere. He is ignorant and wholly superstitious. He burns incense sticks to keep away sickness and death, to frighten robbers, to welcome friends, to stone for sins, to obtain luck in gambling and to express love and admiration. When he has no one to talk with, and especially no pig, he lights a incense stick and sits contemplating the smoke an hour at a time.

When he wants a wife he buys one. He pays the money to her parents and goes away with his bride as if she were so much merchandise. Sometimes he is afraid to become a Benedictine at once, and then hires a wife or takes her on trial, paying so much per month in advance to her mother. It is considered a great disgrace to be sent back home, so the trial-wife does her best to be attractive and pleasing. She usually succeeds.

Certainty Not a Cheery Home.

These impressed me with the idea that they would like to get out. On the side opposite me stood two long shanties roofed with dry leaves. On the sands were squat figures, whose black bodies and blanched shadows were painted in vivid patches under the remorseless sun.

A desolate and cheerless place indeed for anyone to call home. I turned to the hut again and took one of the pipes my new friend handed me. After a while we fell to talking again; he, half addressing himself, after a pause, to me, spoke about him like one who communed with himself in a tongue long unused to; while I listened eagerly to the strange story of his exile.

"Yes," he drawled out, "I've been in this accursed country a good many years going on 20. It's a rainy season, and I am about as bad off from it. Quite a bit, sir, out of life of a man to look upon nothing but niggers, to eat nothing but fish and rice; to be dry as a bone, hot, scorching hot, one-half the year, and wet as a sponge the other. Quite a time never to know what's going on in the world's kind and kin. Why, sir, after a year or two, I joined the navy, but I have forgot to count them. I might as well be dead—in fact—to them that knew young Ben Lowden in the sixties.

Bloody Story of a Voyage.

"The story is a short one—ill I come, here; there is shorter still—one. I came as a good deal like another day. I was born in Maine—in Bath—and my family was a sailing family, and I fell into the natural.

Looked over the open door; the view was a desolate one. There was about half an acre of sand surrounded by a tall palisade against which leaned the grubby trunks of a few palm and coconut trees.

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