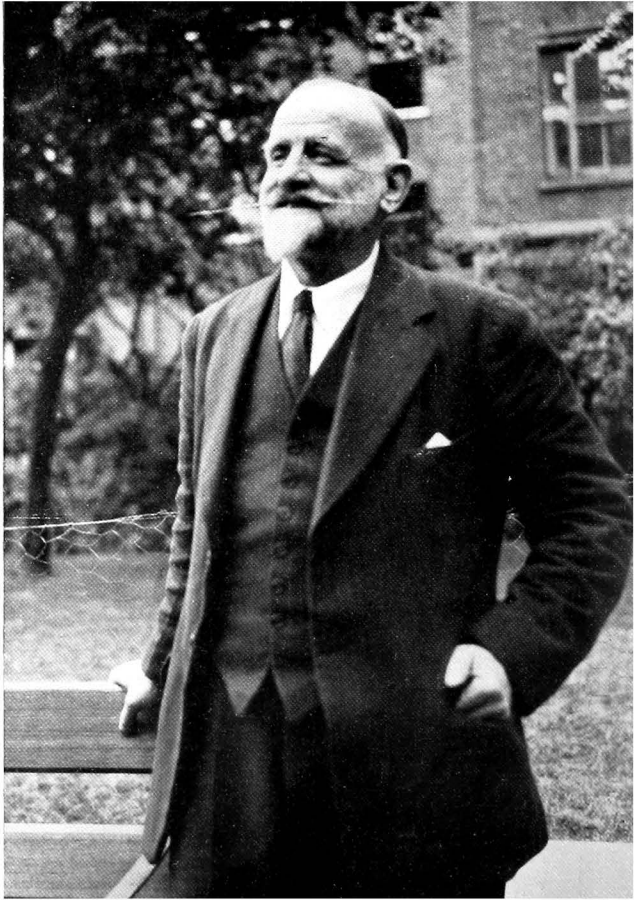


**KACHALOJA**



St. Broomfield  
Aug 25th 30

# KACHALOLA

*or the*

EARLY LIFE AND ADVENTURES

*of*

SIDNEY SPENCER BROOMFIELD

IVORY HUNTER, PROSPECTOR, SPECIMEN COLLECTOR  
PIONEER, PEARL FISHER AND  
DOCTOR OF MEDICINE

*RELATED BY HIMSELF*

WITH MAPS, APPENDICES AND A  
FRONTISPIECE PORTRAIT

LONDON: PETER DAVIES  
30 HENRIETTA STREET COVENT GARDEN W.C. 2.

*Published in October, 1930*

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN FOR PETER DAVIES LTD. BY ROBERT MACLEHOSE AND CO. LTD.  
THE UNIVERSITY PRESS, GLASGOW.



# CONTENTS

## EPISODE I

	PAGE
EAST AFRICA, 1868-1869 - - - - -	I
Seventy Years Ago, 1 ; Quilimane, 5 ; Friendly Jesuits, 7 ; The First Jumbo, 8 ; The Shiri River, 11 ; The First Lion, 12 ; To Tete, 15 ; The Portuguese Gunboat, 17 ; Enquiries as to the Native Word for Virgin, 18 ; The Angoni, 19 ; Camp at Juma's, 21 ; Slavers, 24 ; The Slavers' Camp, 26 ; Pursuit, 29 ; The Fight, 31 ; The Jiraffi, 33 ; The Night Raid, 35 ; Hanging a Witch-Doctor, 37 ; On Trek, 39 ; The Rovuma, 42 ; Trouble with Gomani, 44 ; Treachery, 46 ; Disarmament, 49 ; A Massacre, 52 ; Loot, 54 ; The Two Paths, 56 ; A Waterless Trek, 60 ; Attempted Rape, 64 ; Trial and Execution, 66 ; The Sacked Kraals, 67 ; The Young Baluchi, 69 ; Rescue of a Baboo, 72 ; Ali Ben Musa, 75	

## EPISODE II

EAST AFRICA, 1872-1874 - - - - -	78
Four Years in India, 78 ; Return to Africa, 79 ; Exotic <i>versus</i> Indigenous Plants, 80 ; The Carriers, 83 ; More Jumbo, 85 ; A Pombi Drink, 87 ; Arabs, 89 ; Among the Lions, 90 ; News of the Arabs, 95 ; A Repentant Chief, 97 ; The Attack on the Arabs, 100 ; Advice to the Nika, 103 ; Trouble with a Chief, 104 ; A Sortie and a Fight, 106 ; Two Arabs Condemned and Hanged, 107 ; Cruelty of the Arabs, 110 ; Ivory and Trophies Sent to the Coast, 114 ; The " Fighting Mambwi," 116 ; Chifumbi and Chimsakasa, 118 ; Lake Kivu, 122 ; A Disaster and a Warning, 124 ; A Stampede of Elephants, 125 ; Laying Up, 128 ; An Amorous Mission- ary, 132 ; A Triumphal Progress, 134 ; Arabs on the Warpath, 137 ; Preparations for the Fight, 140 ; Scouting, 142 ; The Ambush, 145 ; The Battle, 146 ; Wounded, 149 ; Kachalola, 152 ; Bad News from the Coast, 154 ; Rage of the Sultan, 157 ; The Problem of the Women, 160 ; Purchase of the Schooner, 161 ; Profit and Loss, 163 ; Bound for Ceylon, 165	

## EPISODE III

	PAGE
SOUTHERN ASIA AND DUTCH EAST INDIES, 1874-1875 -	167
Plans, 167 ; A Storm at Sea, 169 ; The Siak, 170 ; Up the River, 173 ; Tiger, 175 ; Smoked Out, 177 ; Pursued, 179 ; The False Trail, 181 ; Foh, 184 ; Into Borneo, 188 ; Natives, 190 ; The Girls of Malaya, 192 ; The Wild Man of Borneo, 194 ; Dyaks . . . , 196 ; . . . On the Warpath, 198 ; The Scrap with the Head-Hunters, 200 ; Pearls, 203 ; Foh's Story, 204 ; Back to the Coast, 208 ; Pirates, 210 ; The Sea-Fight, 213 ; Hong-Kong, 217 ; Foh's Departure, 219 ; Bully Hayes, 220 ; Singapore Nights, 223 ; Preparations, 226 ; Paradise, 227	

## EPISODE IV

NEW GUINEA, 1875-1876 - - - - -	231
The Sepik River, 231 ; A Foretaste of Trouble, 233 ; Pigmies, 234 ; Cannibals, 236 ; Witch-Doctor Sentenced and Eaten, 238 ; The Golden Tulip, 240 ; The Night Attack, 244 ; The Disposal of the Prisoners, 248 ; Crime and Punishment, 251 ; Discontent, 254 ; Gold, 255 ; News of the Cannibals, 257 ; The Enemy's Camp, 259 ; Attack . . . , 262 ; . . . And Counter Attack, 264 ; Digging, 267 ; Nerves, 269 ; Drums, 272 ; Gold Fever, 274 ; The Attack on Tulip, 277 ; The Night Watch, 280 ; The Fight at the Stockade, 282 ; The Dead, 285 ; Water, 287 ; Relief, 289 ; The Homeward Trek, 291 ; Da Silva, 292 ; Out of the Wood, 295 ; The Schooner, 297	

## APPENDICES

(A) THE AFRICAN BACKGROUND - - - - -	301
(B) HEAD HUNTERS AND PIRATES OF BORNEO - - - - -	305
(C) NEW GUINEA - - - - -	306
GLOSSARY - - - - -	309

## LIST OF MAPS

	PAGE
MAP TO ILLUSTRATE EPISODE I - - - - -	23
MAP TO ILLUSTRATE EPISODE II - - - - -	99
MAP TO ILLUSTRATE EPISODE III - - - - -	187
MAP TO ILLUSTRATE EPISODE IV - - - - -	247

## EPISODE I

EAST AFRICA, 1868-1869

SEVENTY YEARS AGO

I LEFT Greenock by the sailing vessel *Mary Ann*, or it may have been *Sarah Ann*, Captain Mackay, in June 1868 to go to the Zambesi river to explore, shoot big game, and trade ivory or anything worth trading. I took muskets, powder, caps and lead, and a few lines of calico prints and blankets with me, as well as my own private rifles, guns, and revolvers.

Born in the south of England, July 1847, I was nine years old when I was brought to London to live with my father, who was building some houses near Hackney Downs. It took me some time and a number of fights to get acquainted with the boys I met, and every time I fought and got beaten I got a beating from my father to learn me, as he said, to fight to a finish and fight to win. If I fought a good fight and licked my boy, I never lacked pocket-money. I got ten shillings for every fight I won. I remember fighting a boy older and bigger than myself. It was in Clerkenwell—a very different place to what I find it to-day, after about seventy years. Two old ladies tapped at their window, trying to draw our attention, and when we clinched and were fighting it out on the ground, the dear old souls came out and poured jugs of water over us. They were dear old ladies, and would look very quaint in London of to-day, with their hooped skirts and laces. On that occasion the boy I was scrapping got up and bolted. The old ladies took me into their house, washed me and cleaned and dried my clothes and fed me cakes and tea. When I told them I would get a licking from my father unless I proved I had licked the boy I had fought with, they ordered their pony

carriage and drove me home. I had two very fine black eyes and a damaged face. I received a pound for licking that boy from father and Tom Sayers, who was visiting my father, added 10s. to the pound, and promised to give me some boxing lessons.

I may state here that he kept his promise and I received some severe punchings from him at different times and places, only to learn me to guard myself, as he was pleased to put it. I met Tom in several places, and always got a short sharp lesson from him when we did meet. I think he lived for fighting.

Sometimes I thought my father was fond of a good scrap. I remember one day Tom came along with his bull dog and offered to take me to the Alexandra Palace, then in the course of construction. My father accompanied us. Passing through Wood Green, Tom proposed a drink at a small inn named the Black Boy. There were a few coster barrows loaded with fruit, etc., outside, and my father cannoned against one and capsized it. The owner demanded a pound damages. My father said he would give 10s. There was a fight, and I held my father's beaver and coat. The coster's mate offered to fight Tom Sayers, and I think backed out when he found out who he was up against. It was a good fight. A policeman came up and walked away again after Tom had spoken to him. My father knocked his man out in the seventeenth round and then paid him a pound. They went in for a drink, and Tom brought me out a biscuit and ginger beer. We did not go to the Palace that day, my father had been too severely knocked about. I was invited to go and see Tom fight one or two times, but did not do so. I was asked to see his fight with Heenan, but did not care to, for I thought the prize fights of those days a brutal spectacle.

But I liked Tom ; he was generous and full of fun. He was fond of dogs, and always went about followed by a bull dog.

I attended school when I was on visits to my father, but never stayed more than a few months at a time in London. I was sent to a couple of good schools and expelled from one because I refused to pay attention to my work and was keeping

other boys from theirs. I was always in trouble of some kind, no birching or caning would make me obey the masters. I was too busy working out how much skoff and trade goods I could stow in boats to think much of anything else. I knew I would have the money my mother left me when I came of age; she died the day I was born. I had several private teachers and considered I had learned enough from them for the life I had laid out for myself. When I was sent to Edinburgh to study medicine, I went because I knew I would need a knowledge of medicine to go through with the life I had planned to lead. I was dead bent on visiting Africa and any other part of the world I could reach. Instead of living in the usual lodgings, and going about town playing billiards and wasting my time, I went as paying guest to a good few craftsmen, and learned a bit of everything that I thought might be useful. Among others I stayed with a saddler, a sailmaker, a mason and a bootmaker. I sent all my bills to my father and he, seeing that I was leading a useful life, paid them. That allowed me to save a considerable amount from my allowance, and I added to my savings by careful speculation and betting on horses at race meetings. But he thought I would qualify and go into practice, and had arranged to buy me a partnership. It was owing to my not doing as he wished that we split.

I had a ten-ton yawl and spent some happy weeks sailing her; also I made some very good friends who would accompany me. We camped on the boat and amused ourselves shooting, fishing and raiding any hen houses belonging to the small farms and cottages near the sea shore, and between times poaching. We always paid the dear old ladies who owned the hen houses we raided and became great friends with a lot of them. They seemed to take a delight listening to how we robbed such and such a hen house, leaving feathers and empty egg shells to bear witness of the raid, and how we consoled the farmer's wife after hearing her blackguard the robbers, then confessed our sins to her and paid her double what she stated to be the worth of the poultry and eggs. Many of the old dears at the finish were glad to have their hen houses raided

for the pleasure of hearing us relate our pranks, and in some cases refused to accept payment for the hens and eggs we raided. Some of them would start to bake scones when they saw us ready to come on shore to confess to looting their hen house the day or so before.

I anyhow found more fun in taking what we wanted first and paying for it after than paying first, and this, I may say, has been the way I have looked at things all my life, as the reader will see from parts of this narrative. There was always the chance of getting caught, and the fun of escaping when someone heard us and chased us. The same dodging the fish guard boat. It was not the worth of the oysters we dredged and fed on, the way we got them was worth far more, and my companions enjoyed it as much as I did. They would invite me to a shoot, and sometimes I went. But there was far more fun in poaching a deer and getting away with it than doing it in the everyday everybody fashion. I killed and got away with three deer on one trip on Loch Ryan, and I don't know how many oysters I dredged and managed to dodge the fish guard. I did eventually lose my yawl and have to pay a fine. But the four years of fun was worth more than the loss.

It was while I owned the yawl I learned to shoot. I had met young Joe Manton at a race meeting, and by following my lead, he backed three good winners. He made me a present of a D.B. 16-bore shot gun and a pair of rifle barrels to fit the same stock. I was able to kill rabbits and hares with that rifle before I left home, and also kill them with a pair of ball and cap revolvers. We shot matches during the day and put lighted candles in boxes and snuffed them with the six-guns on dark nights.

What with swimming and long walks and runs on our poaching trips we all kept very fit. They were fine times. I have sailed along many more beautiful coasts since, where there was plenty of danger on land and on the water, but none so fine as the coast of Scotland, where the farmers and their wives were so friendly and pleasant to meet.

It was my last term at Edinburgh when Mackay, the boat

builder, introduced me to his cousin who was skipper of the ship in which I took my trip to Africa. He, the skipper, helped me with the buying of the first lot of truck I bought, only a few lines of calicoes, blankets and prints. I made up what I was certain would be useful when I landed at Quilimane, and it was he who procured the two gross of muskets I took out with me.

My father was very disappointed when I informed him I did not consider myself fit to practise in England. We quarrelled and parted. He was eighty-eight then. I never saw him again. Fifteen years later, at the age of one hundred and four, he fell off his cob and broke his neck. After we quarrelled he went off to the Grand National, and I returned to Scotland to get my things together for my journey. I did not expect to make a fortune, but hoped to have, and did have, plenty of sport and some tough times. Joe Manton bought my rifles, which consisted of two single 4-bores, three each 8, 10, and 12 double-barrelled rifles, two double 16-bore Manton shot guns, and two pairs of Colt revolvers.

#### QUILIMANE

Thus armed and equipped I left Great Britain, as has been said, from Greenock in 1868. Owing to bad weather we had to run up to Madagascar and from there we ran into Quilimane. My goods, rifles and kit were landed the morning we dropped anchor. This turned out very fortunate for me. The ship was blown ashore that night and became a total wreck.

Quilimane looked fine from the deck of the boat, but was disappointing when one got on shore and had a close look at the town. The buildings were of burnt brick lime, washed walls and red tile roofs, very thick walls and wide verandahs, which made them cool to live in. Many of them were badly weathered and very dirty. I stayed long enough to find out what goods were popular with the natives, buy what I required, clear my goods—an easy job in those days when English gold was very acceptable to the Portuguese—buy canoes to go up



the Quagga, engage canoe boys, carriers, cook and personal boys.

I got on fairly well with the Portuguese I met, and it did not cost me a great sum to get clear of the customs and the commandant. There were quite a number of slaves, although they were not called slaves by their owners at that time. Most of the natives working for the officials and traders were really slaves. I was offered some, but did not trade for them. There was a church and missionaries there ; I did not visit them. I learned from the traders and store keepers what the natives traded ivory for, and bought a quantity of different goods at the stores. But I found out later one could make almost anything tradable by making a present to a chief or his wife. When the natives saw them wearing the present, they wanted to trade for that kind of print, bead, or calico, or whatever it happened to be.

The town was scattered. There were very nice buildings here and there, but it is an unhealthy dirty place. What struck me as queer was the lack of sanitary arrangements. The domestic pigs acted as sanitary board and inspector. Give pork a miss in baulk when visiting Portuguese settlements in E. Africa.

My cook, personal boys and a few of my carriers came from Melangi. The canoe boys and other carriers were Chikunda and Makalolo. They all made good servants and served me well on that trip. It took me a long time to speak the language, but I could make my boys understand me fairly well from the start, and in less than a month I could understand a lot of what was being said by my boys when they talked amongst themselves when we were in camp and working the canoes up river.

We made a fair journey up the Quagga. The tide helped and we always took advantage of it. There is a lot of mangrove swamp near the coast, and the mosquitoes were very troublesome, until I found out ways of keeping my tent clear of them. Unfortunately all the preventatives caused one some discomfort. The smoke from smudges made the eyes smart and

water, but it was better than suffering the torments of the stings of the feeding skeeters. I did not attempt to hunt until I had carried my goods from the Quagga and got embarked on the Zambesi. I shot a few guinea fowl, duck and one or two reed buck. Game was very plentiful after getting clear of the mangrove swamps, and higher up the river water buck, kudu, hartebeeste, eland, roan, roamed and grazed in fair-sized troops, buffalo in troops of hundreds and in some places the troops ran into thousands.

#### FRIENDLY JESUITS

About a fortnight after leaving the coast we came to the Chupanga Mission. One father and two lay brothers (Jesuits) were there when I visited the Mission. It was at Chupanga that Mrs. Livingstone, wife of Doctor Livingstone, died. When I was doing the Zambesi in a house boat in the 'nineties, I photographed her grave.

Before we arrived at Chupanga I had bagged two or three of all the game we had seen. My first buffalo gave me quite a shock, I never expected anything so big; he looked colossal. I did not have any hard luck, and rarely had to follow a wounded animal very far. The grass had been burned off, leaving a good many half-burned patches, and the game was easy to come up to. The country is flat and open with belts of trees showing up like islands; bird life was very plentiful, and I had bagged several kinds of wild fowl.

Both banks of the river were well populated, and all the natives very tractable. They were very obliging and always ready to barter food stuffs for dried meat and trade goods. I used very little trade truck for buying skoff. Most of what I did use was traded for dried meat, of which I carried a fair quantity. I managed to get plenty of vegetables, green mealies, pumpkins, sweet potatoes. The leaves of both of the latter make a very good green vegetable when boiled and a little fat added to them. At some of the kraals I managed to buy green peas and cabbage. Paw paw and bananas were to be

had at a few kraals. We had no occasion to barter for any other than the above. I could have supplied a thousand men with fish, flesh and fowl, and had an easy job at that. I did trade a few tusks of ivory before reaching the mission at Chupanga.

The chaps at the mission seemed very glad to meet me ; they very seldom saw a white man. They were a jolly lot, and offered me wine and brandy and were very surprised when I told them I did not feel the want of stimulants and only drank tea and coffee. They did me very well. Father Paul spoke some English, and I was able to give him news of Europe, which he was pleased to hear. He was able to give me lots of information about the country up the river, and I was able to make notes of the language. I used up four or five note books writing the English to native sentences and articles, also of the names of game birds and trees. I was soon able to understand my boys and make them understand me. The Jesuits seemed very sorry to let me move on ; they loaded me with vegetables and fruit, and insisted on my taking a small keg of brandy and one of wine. I did not like to refuse, although I had added three canoes to my fleet and expected trouble to engage carriers when I had to leave the river and trek through the bush. With a ulendo like the one I was on, one is always increasing the number of carriers, as one trades ivory and collects trophies. The missionaries told me that I would get elephant half a day up river, and that made me anxious to get a move on.

#### THE FIRST JUMBO

After leaving the mission, the poling and paddling of the canoes became an irksome and hard job. We had got beyond where the tide was helpful. A few hours above the mission we came to a place where jumbo had come down for a drink and a feed of reeds the night before. We pushed on to a kraal half a mile or more up river, and on making inquiries the natives told us that there was a large troop of jumbo that fed

in the bush about eighteen or twenty miles from the river ; also that some of the bulls raided their gardens. I inquired if the hippo did any damage, and was informed that the hippo could be scared off the gardens by a piece of bark rope. The natives stretched the rope between posts just outside the lands, and if the hippo felt the rope he turned off in another direction. But jumbo would walk through a stout brush fence and take no notice of it. I asked about water and was informed that there was plenty of water holes and swamps inland.

I ordered my cook and personal boys to get things ready for a week's trip. I helped to pack what I thought would be necessary, and then engaged a guide. Everything was ready long before dark. I ordered my capitos to see that there was enough ufa put up to keep the carriers for a week before I turned in for the night. We got an early start next morning. Two of my canoe boys and the guide were the lads I had picked to act as spoorers ; the canoe boys had often spooed wounded buck for me, and had proved themselves good at the work and also good gun bearers. Ten others acted as carriers. I started off somehow feeling sure that I would return to my canoes with a pair of tusks ; this was my first attempt to spoor and kill jumbo.

The first day was blank. We saw considerable spoor, but none fresh enough to follow. I ordered camp to be made near a water hole in a belt of mbawa trees. The bush was thick and there was plenty of spoor of game. As the weather was fine I did not have my tent pitched. I camped in the open, with my boys camped on both sides of my stretcher and a fire at each end. This was my first real camp in the bush. I can recall that camp even now. The boys sitting and lying near their fires, yarning and cooking meat and nsima ; some hippo in a near by swamp were bellowing and grunting. I heard a leopard sawing near by and lions moaning somewhere between us and the river. I could understand a lot of what my boys were yarning about ; they were still yarning and cooking when I dozed off at midnight to the sound of frogs croaking and fish splashing in the water hole.

When my cook brought coffee at daylight he signed to me and pointed inland, and sure enough the jumbo were close. I could hear them breaking trees and rumbling. There was quite a wind, and that was blowing from the jumbo. Coffee was soon made and the boys cooked their skoff, and just before sun up we made a start.

In about half an hour we came on the spoor of what the spoorer assured me were two large bulls, the droppings fresh and warm. I looked to the D.B. 12-bore rifle and the D.B. 8-bore that I intended to use to see that they were in good order. I had only used the D.B. 8 on the buffalo I had killed ; I found the 12-bore good enough for ordinary game. I did not feel the least bit excited, although I knew I was close up to jumbo.

Twenty minutes later I had bagged my first two jumbo, and was rather disappointed at the size of them. I may state here that I was disappointed in every animal except the buffalo ; he seemed colossal when lying dead. I killed these two jumbo with one bullet each, aiming for the ear ; in each case I found the spot I aimed for, killing the first at twenty-eight paces and the other at thirty-five paces. When jumbo number one fell the other started at the report, ran a few yards, turned side on to me and seemed to be waiting for the dead one. He gave me a splendid chance, and although it was the longest shot I placed the bullet even better than I did the first.

[The reader should realise that during these early years I used only muzzle-loading rifles, and moulded my own bullets. It was quite easy to harden the bullets for big-game shooting ; a little silver and tin added to the lead did the job. Loading a double 8 took about two minutes. To do it carefully one had to see the powder was in the nipples and put the caps on. I have, I think, done it in half the time when I was in a corner. I carried a flask and bullet pouch, and always had a supply of caps in a small pocket attached to my shirt, and always carried wads and bullets loose in another shirt pocket. To be careless and not get the bullet right home meant a hard punch on one's shoulder, and the same shooting could not be

made, as could when the gun was properly loaded. One always had to look at the nipples to see that the powder was home before placing the caps, or the result might be a misfire.

It is possible that the Snyder breech-loading rifle was then in existence, though I don't think so, and I continued to use muzzle-loading arms until the Martini-Henry rifle was put on the market in the late 'seventies or early 'eighties.]

The largest pair of tusks weighed 196 lbs., the other pair 167½ lbs. I had only been in Africa twenty-two days and had bagged fifteen good pairs of horns, two jumbo and one hippo, several crocs and at least five kinds of wild fowl. I could, had I wished to butcher, have killed several score; it is almost impossible to describe the masses of game that roamed the Zambesi flats at this time.

We had been three days away from the river on this trip and found that everything was O.K. Although there were several kraals about and only four boys left in charge of the canoes, nothing had been touched. That was the way with the natives of those days.

#### THE SHIRI RIVER

The first night back at the canoes was the most unpleasant night I spent during the whole trip. The natives had arrived back at their kraals with the meat of the two jumbo and kicked up an awful row the whole night. My own boys had brought back meat and had also got some of the natives to carry loads of meat for them. They sang and danced most part of the night. Hyenas came round and made the night awful with their howling and screeching; it was nearly morning before I could get off to sleep.

Early next morning I saw women down at the river drawing water and bathing. One woman who was washing meat ventured farther out than the others. She gave one scream and disappeared under the water. A croc had taken her and dragged her under. The screaming and wailing of the other women was something to remember. The father of the girl

taken by the croc seemed to go mad. He rushed into the river with a knife and dived looking for the croc, and continued to dive for some time. I did not see the croc, and the natives said that they did not see it. I was glad when the canoes got ready to proceed up river.

There is little to write concerning the next week. Game was plentiful, but as I had heads of what game we saw I did not kill any. I contented myself by shooting a few duck and geese and fishing. We passed school after school of hippo. They did not interfere with the canoes, and were left severely alone. The boys begged me several times to kill some ; they had plenty of jumbo meat, but native-like wanted more.

The country on both banks got less swampy and reed grown as we proceeded up stream. It was during this week that I saw the Portuguese gunboat. The captain was rather inclined to be nasty and wanted to go through my goods. I invited him to lunch, and by speaking some English and what I had learned of the Chikunda, and by making him a present of seven English sovereigns, he let me through without making me off-load the canoes.

Two days after parting with the gunboat we came to the confluence of the Shiri river and the Zambesi, and as the captain of the gunboat had told me, the natives on the Zambesi between the Shiri and Tete were giving trouble. Being pressed by my boys to go up the Shiri, where they said I would see hundreds of jumbo, I decided to take that river.

We found poling and paddling much more easy after leaving the Zambesi, the current was not nearly as strong as in the Zambesi. Two days up the Shiri river we came to the kraal of six of the canoe boys. I decided to leave the canoes and loads here and go over to Tete.

#### THE FIRST LION

I engaged carriers for this trip and got things ready to start next day. Early next morning news was brought to the kraal that a lion had taken a woman from her garden about three-

quarters of a mile from the kraal. I was asked to go after and kill the lion. The natives said that this same beast had been worrying the natives up and down the river and that he had killed something like forty people. I promised to do my best, and the chief promised to supply beaters and spoorers and also promised to come along with four kumbilumis, native hunters. I decided to take my 12-bore rifle, 16-bore shot gun, and two cap and ball Colt revolvers. I felt a bit excited, as I had heard lions nightly for nearly two weeks, but had not seen one. The thought of having to spoor up and kill if possible a noted man eater made me feel a bit queer. There had been showers of rain almost daily for nearly two weeks. The wet season had begun and the ground was soft, which made spooring easy.

The chief turned up with the four hunters and nearly fifty men and youths, gathered from the near-by kraals. We made a start about nine o'clock, proceeded to the garden where the woman had been working, saw where the kill had been made, and took the spoor. This was easy at first; the lion had dragged the lady, and the drag was very easy to follow.

There was great excitement among the spoorers and hunters, and I felt quite excited myself at the beginning of the hunt. But this feeling wore off as we went along, and I lost it entirely when we came to what was left of the woman's body. The only feeling I had then was to catch up with the brute and kill it.

We spooed the lion for nearly three hours and came up with him in some low scrub country. The lion was lying in this patch of scrub. We knew this because the natives had circled the patch and there was no spoor leaving it. There was great excitement. The natives kicked up an awful row; now eight or ten would rush in with their spears and rush out again.

It all happened in a second as it seemed to me. One native was lighting his cigarette from a fire stick that he had carried from the fire in the garden where the woman had been killed. He was separated from the rest by some twelve or fifteen yards,



and nearly twenty yards from me. There was a roar and the lion had sprung on him. The boy went down and the lion stood roaring with the boy under him. I took a shot, aiming for the shoulder. The impact of the bullet seemed to knock the lion six feet from the mauled native. I had fired a bit too high, breaking both shoulders and the spine. I went to examine the boy, and while I was doing so the beaters and hunters simply shot and speared that lion until there was hardly a square inch of the skin undamaged. I felt very riled ; the skin was hopelessly ruined, and it was my first lion.

Except for some bad scratches, the native was very little the worse for the adventure. He of course made a great noise, repeating that he was sure to peg out ; most natives act like that when they get hurt. After dressing the wounds as best I could we started back for the kraal. The natives carried the dead lion or what was left of it back with them, and a great fuss was made. It seemed as if the whole of that tribe came to meet us, dancing round the boys that carried the lion, cursing the lion, striking the carcass with hoes and sticks and making an awful din. It was very funny to watch the natives claiming the different cuts and gashes on the carcass as having been made by them. There was very little sleep for me that night ; the natives built a large fire and danced till daylight.

Next day all the head men and chiefs from near-by kraals brought me presents of fowls, goats and pigs, then tried to get me to go after buffalo which were very plentiful here, saying they were meat hungry. As it was too late to start that day for Tete, I went out in the evening and killed three bulls for them, knocking over one with the 12-bore and two with the 8-bore. I had to fire two shots with the 12-bore to finish the one knocked down with that rifle. The two others I killed with one shot to each. That same evening the native hunters brought in three buffalo calves. They capture the calves by stampeding the troop. The calves are hidden in patches of grass by the cows, and when the troop is stampeded the natives locate and capture the calves by listening for the calves bellowing for the cows.

## TO TETE

It was now near the end of November. The rainy season had started. There had been a few rain storms with some fireworks, but no real storm. I had not located a place to build a camp for the wet season. I was in hopes of reaching Lake Nyasa and building a camp before the heavy rains set fairly in. I started with twenty-five boys to make a quick trip to Tete, about seventy or eighty miles. We crossed the Shiri river and camped under a range of hills the first night. The going was not too good, shade scarce and the sun hot. The carriers although lightly loaded felt the heat as much as I did, or seemed to by the way they rushed for every stream and water hole. Game was plentiful, buffalo more so than any other kind. There was quite a lot of jumbo spoor, and by the size of some of the spoor in some of the smaller troops, some good tuskers. We did not attempt to follow any for the first three days' trek, and I killed no game. The carriers had dried meat to eat with their nsima. On the fourth day at near noon we crossed the fresh spoor of a single bull jumbo, and sat down to rest and smoke.

One boy who went after a honey bird came running back. He was very excited, and I knew enough of the language to understand that he had almost bumped into a large jumbo. The beast had not winded him. I took my D.B. 8 and went with my spoorer, who carried the D.B. 12, and three or four carriers. In about ten minutes the boy who had first seen the jumbo pointed to a clump of bamboo, saying the jumbo was just on the far side of it. I went forward with the spoorer. The wind was good. Jumbo had moved on, but we took the spoor, and had only gone a few yards when we heard him breaking branches from the low scrub trees. Although the bush was low, we could not spot him. We tried to get round and keep the wind and failed; then came a change of wind. Jumbo winded us and trumpeted and charged. He came out not ten yards from where I was standing. I gave him both barrels on the shoulder, which almost

brought him down. He recovered and brought up in another dense patch of scrub ; we could just make him out. Standing well off I gave him both barrels again. He screamed to both shots, but did not break away. Eventually I downed him ; it took seven shots to do so.

I came to the conclusion it was not all beer and skittles shooting jumbo. It took us the rest of that day to cut out his tusks ; these weighed 203 lbs. the pair, the largest out of the three I had killed.

The boys found water about half a mile from the kill, and we camped there that night. I put up my tent for the first time and a buck sail for the boys. We got little rest that night ; lions had found our kill, and we also had a very nasty storm. The ground was soon under water and some of the trade goods got damaged. This was the worst storm I had been in, and the lightning made me feel very uncomfortable.

The seventy miles to Tete turned out to be nearly one hundred and thirty. Before reaching Tete I killed one nyala antelope. The nyala is very rare, and the country between the Zambesi and Shiri is one of the few parts of Africa where this buck is found. We struck the Zambesi about twenty-five miles below Tete and camped at Tembo's kraal. This chief was having trouble with the Portuguese and had scrapped them two or three times and beat them off every time.

Tembo had a large kraal, quite the largest I had seen up to that time. There were between five and six hundred huts in the main kraal and twelve or fourteen smaller kraals. Tembo himself was a Makua. He had been a soldier under the Portuguese, deserted with twenty others and had made himself chief over this portion of the Makalola. He was bitter against the Portuguese, and seemed to have made them rather scared of him and his people.

I got canoes here and finished my journey to Tete by water.

Tete was like Quilimane as regards filth and worn-out buildings, and here also the pig was sanitary inspector. There were a commandant, twenty or thirty white soldiers and two

or three hundred Makua native troops ; also a large mission, a few traders, one bar and one fairly large store.

Tete, I believe, is one of the oldest settlements in Portuguese East Africa. There used to be a monastery and convent there. At the time I was there there was only a portion of the monastery left. Here again I had to tip the commandant to get off lightly with duties on my rifles and goods. We stayed here two days. I was asked by a Portuguese trader to run a canoe load of powder to Tembo, but refused the offer.

#### THE PORTUGUESE GUNBOAT

When I was about four miles from Tembo's on my return trip, I saw I was being chased by the Portuguese gunboat, a small paddle-wheeled craft. When I refused to wait she fired a few shots at the canoes. We beat her to Tembo's kraal. Several hundred of Tembo's people crowded the bank to watch the race, canoes against steam. We must have been making over nine knots per hour. Had it have been up the river we would not have had a chance ; as it was, with the current to help us, we made much better time than the gunboat could. After we had landed and the gunboat was a quarter of a mile away Tembo's men, those who had guns, volleyed at the gunboat with their gas pipes, and the Makua who had deserted with Tembo joined in with their rifles. The gunboat answered with a few rounds from her one pounders and then retired up river.

This made things awkward for me, and I knew it was a case of get out as quickly as possible.

Tembo heard from my carriers that I had guns and powder caps and lead and moulds amongst my trade truck. He approached me offering ivory in exchange for the guns and ammunition. I pointed out to him that I would have to get out of the country and that my guns weighed less than the ivory would. He promised me carriers to see me clear of any part where there would be troops and commandants ; also offered me an escort of thirty of his own men to take me

out of that part of the country. Eventually he agreed to come with me to the Shiri, bringing along ivory.

We started next day and although it was raining every day we made camp on the Shiri. On the fifth morning I found everything as I had left it, nothing missing, and my boys keen to make a start on our journey. Three of my canoe boys had married, my cook and personal boy had also taken unto themselves wives.

#### ENQUIRIES AS TO THE NATIVE WORD FOR VIRGIN

I inquired about these marriages and found out that there was no ceremony attached to marriages amongst those natives. A boy wanted a woman to cook his skoff, carry his cooking utensils and other goods, lay close up against him on a cold night, and what not. He looked around, picked on some unmarried woman or girl, spoke to her parents or owner should she be a slave, bartered for her and paid hoes, or perhaps a couple of goats, calico, or what goods he had and took his purchase with him. The price of a girl ranged from 5s. in those days. I had no fancy for the black velvet when I started, and had made it a rule that my boys were punished if they interfered with the women of the tribes we visited. It was a mistake on my part. I found out later that owning a feather bed dictionary was the easiest and quickest and most pleasant way of learning the language and customs of the native. Girls were only too anxious to take on with a white man, and no disgrace attaches to the girl. They know when they take on the contract that it is not binding, and they are liable to be discarded at any time or place. I had made my rules before I knew anything about the natives and their customs, and kept to those rules on my first trek through East Africa. I remember when I was camping at Juma's kraal during the wet season. I had been out after jumbo for a couple of weeks, and was resting for a few days. It was a wet afternoon. I had written up my diary and was reading Captain Marryat's *Newton Forster*. Juma turned up at my

tent with some eggs and ufa, carried by two girls of about fourteen years of age. He offered me the girls and laughed at me when I refused them.

I had got in the habit of asking the names of things and wrote the English and native into a note book. The day Juma offered me the girls I got asking questions about things generally, and then got on to the subject of girls and women. I asked Juma if the girls he offered were virgins, but could not get him to understand what I meant by virgins. I asked him what the natives called a girl who had never known a man. He answered 'Mbeta.' I knew what Mbeta meant—a single woman. I asked him what he would call a girl who had had the chance of knowing a man and had refused. 'Nsimbi,' he told me, meaning child girl. I tried for half an hour and failed to find out what I wanted to. My last question was—What is a woman old enough to have a man, who had men after her and every chance of having a man, and who did not have any cause not to have a man, but refused to have any truck with a man? Juma thought for some time before he answered me. Then he answered in one word—'Maluku.' This means something like 'Damn Fool.' I made a note in my book : Angoni for virgin, Maluku for damn fool.

I was offered a good many girls on that trip and refused every offer. I felt sorry to refuse the chiefs ; my refusal offended them and also the girls, who in most cases wished me to take them ; but more sorry for myself. Had I not made the rule I had and kept it, I would have learned more of the natives, their lingos and customs, on that trip than I did.

#### THE ANGONI

Tembo brought with him twenty-three tusks of ivory, the total weight being nearly eight hundred pounds. He agreed to accept forty of my Tower muskets, one hundred pounds lead and caps, with some blankets and print for his ivory, and he more than kept his word as regards carriers and armed escort. Two days after getting back to camp I was on the trek again,

this time on foot. We had camped near the Ruo river, which is now the border between Nyasaland and Portuguese country.

Including the escort my ulendo numbered over two hundred people. We crossed the Ruo and travelled nearly north for a considerable distance. After the first day, we left the river. It was too hard going and too many crossings to keep near to the Ruo. It was raining every day now ; some of the storms were terrible and rivers hard to cross. The country became more broken as we proceeded. Game became rather scarce, and sometimes we would be hard put to it to keep the ulendo supplied with meat. Also the country became less populated, and we found difficulty in buying meal and corn for the carriers. Several rivers put me to the necessity of making bark canoes to cross loads and carriers, costing us from two to four days crossing them. These rivers would be dry dongas most of the dry season, or streams with only a few inches of water, but swift flowing streams in the rainy season.

After getting caught once or twice in heavy downpours of rain I was able to judge when to stop and build camp for the night. Grass shelters had to be built for the boys every day, my two buck sails being used to protect trade goods and stores. If it rained heavily at say 12 to-day, it would be safe to travel until that time next day, giving about two hours to build camp. The very heavy storms generally came two hours later each day. Grass was growing higher every day, and with plenty of grass building msasas or camp became more easy as the rainy season got more advanced. But it became more difficult to shoot the meat for carriers.

I soon found out that dried meat was a great asset for buying food. We were a large crowd to call at the different kraals, and where a boy could buy a ration of corn or ufa for dried meat, I failed to buy quantities with calico, beads and print. A few charges of powder and caps were more useful, for there was quite a few gas pipes in the country even in those days. I traded a few tusks at different kraals. Five times

I came up to jumbo, killing every time, but only once did I manage to kill more than one out of a troop.

By the middle of January 1869 I had to camp when we hit jumbo spoor and kill one for meat. It was impossible owing to the high grass to kill ordinary game. Of course there were times when we came on eland, roan and sable and killed a few.

About the middle of January we got into a more thickly-populated country, where food was more plentiful and cheap to trade. This was a tribe of Angoni. Here we had some trouble, watching the trade goods; these natives would pinch anything they could lay hands on. Here also I noticed that the slave traders were very active. At many kraals the natives scooted as we approached their kraals, and it took some time to convince them that we were not slave traders. The slave traders were coast Arabs and Indians from Zanzibar. They traded slaves and ivory for guns and powder and calicoes and prints, and ran the slaves to Zanzibar, where they made a good profit on them. Women, young children and young girls were in great demand. Sometimes they took slaves by force, and in such cases numbers of natives were killed when resisting the slavers.

About this time the carriers who had travelled with me from the Zambesi talked about wanting to return to their own country. I had been expecting this for some time and was sorry that I would have to part with them. They had worked well and willingly; there had been no sickness and no loss of life or goods when crossing flooded rivers. We had all had a very rough time and none complained. There were twenty-eight women in the ulendo, and these had stood the journey as well as any of the men and they carried fair loads. Three carried their piccaninnies besides their load.

#### CAMP AT JUMA'S

We camped at a large kraal, chief named Juma, three days and during that time I got my capitos to talk to the carriers, and the result was they all promised to see me through to the

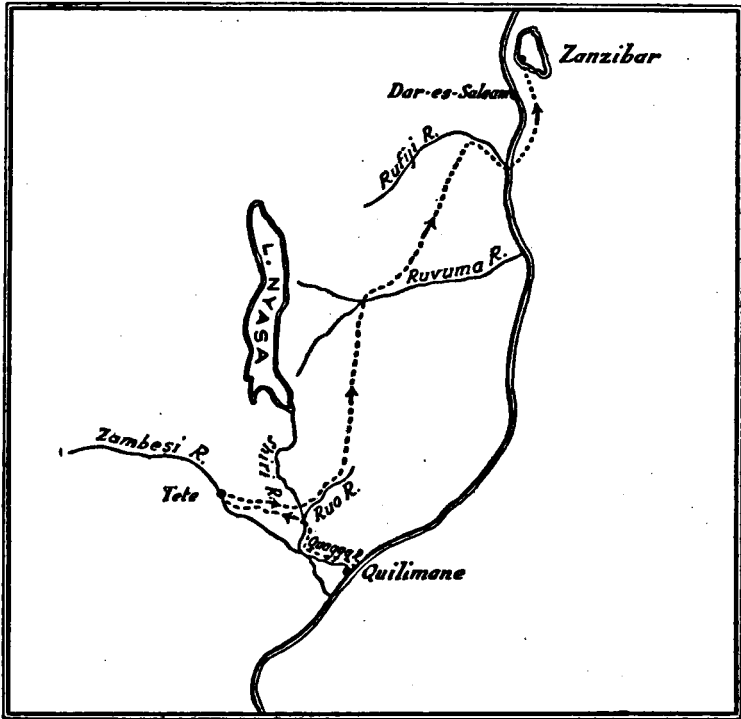


Rovuma river, six days farther north. However, three days farther on I made up my mind to build a good camp and lay off until the rainy season was finished. Travelling had become very hard and dangerous, flooded rivers and swamps too numerous.

I called up my capitos and the capitos of Tembo's escort and told them that I proposed building a strong camp and resting there until the rains finished, that when the camp was finished I would pay off all hands, and they could return to their kraals. They seemed not to like the idea, and had a maranda which continued most of that night and well into the next day. They came to me and said they had talked my proposal over with the carriers and that they did not wish to go home, pointing out to me that if I found it difficult to go on, it would be more difficult for them to get home, that it would cost them all their pay and some of them their lives if they attempted the return trek at that time of the season. Could they reach the Rovuma river they could engage to carry loads for some half-caste Portuguese traders they were sure to meet there, who had been sent there to shoot and trade ivory by the Tête commandant and other Portuguese. Also they were afraid of falling into the hands of slavers who came over from Lake Nyasa to raid and trade.

The upshot of it was I decided to return the twelve or fifteen miles—that was all we had managed in three days—and camp near Juma where there was plenty of game and food to be got, the game being jumbo that came to raid the native gardens.

We got back to Juma's kraal on the last day of January, having been detained by three days' continual rain. Juma and his head men seemed glad to see us. He told me that a small kraal sixteen miles away had been raided, some twenty or thirty women and children captured and a number of men and women killed, by slavers from Lake Nyasa. I also learned from Juma that the lake could be reached in eight or nine days in the dry season. I guessed then that I had been travelling parallel with the lake for quite a while and must have been



MAP TO ILLUSTRATE EPISODE ONE

*Dotted line shows route taken*

within eighty or one hundred miles of it at some time or other. Juma turned out his own people to build my house and kitchen and boys' quarters, and a lot of his people helped my carriers to build shelters.

I went out with a guide and fifteen carriers to look for jumbo. I came up with one bull on the third day and killed him with three bullets from the 8-bore. He gave a bit of trouble, went off after the first shot, and we spooed him that day and came up with him the following afternoon. It was a pleasant surprise to find that we were only fourteen miles from Juma's kraal at the kill. I gave one half to Juma, who made me a return present of more than thirty hundred-weight of grain and ufa ; also two sheep. I was surprised at the progress they had made with my camp ; the house of two rooms was finished and fires in the rooms to dry the daga on walls and floor.

After leaving Tete I did not see a white man or even a half-caste. No Bomas, no mission stations, just natives, and till now I had found the natives very quiet, fairly honest and willing workers. I had no reason to punish any native employed by me and do not remember losing any goods.

#### SLAVERS

Two days later I went out to try for jumbo. I was out four days and returned empty-handed to camp. There I found great excitement ; four women and two piccannies had disappeared. The whole of the natives had turned out to look for them and had failed to find any sign of lion or other animal, and it was feared that they had been captured and carried off by the slavers.

Juma was in a funk. I sent for him and asked why he did not take all his full-grown men and attack the slavers. ' You say you know where their camp is,' I told him, ' and that it is only one and a half days' trek.'

No, nothing doing. The slavers were devils and there were several hundreds of them. Natives who had escaped

from raided kraals said they attacked the kraals from all directions ; many natives had thrown spears, fired with arrows and let loose their muskets at them, and never had one of the devils been hit or killed.

‘What if they attack your kraal?’ I asked him. ‘We will run away and hide in the bush,’ was his reply. ‘What is the good of trying to fight devils?’

Nothing I could say would make Juma alter his opinion. I did not like the look of things. Should the kraal be attacked, I would suffer, and I had a lot at stake. There was my trade truck and nearly one and three-quarter tons of ivory, to say nothing of my own personal kit ; also there were my people to think of. I knew Juma was wrong in his estimate of the force of the slavers. They, like myself, were in camp through force of circumstances, and they had their slaves and captives to feed. I had not heard any shooting from my camp or when I was out camping on spoor. Either the slavers had allies among the natives, or they had brought a good supply of food to their camp before the real rains had set in, or they had means of sending captives to the lake and getting in fresh supplies. I questioned Juma and his head men as to what kraals and natives inhabited the country where the slavers were said to be camped, and found out that there were a different tribe in that part of the country. Juma’s farthest out kraal was fourteen miles from his own kraal. These Angoni had always scapped with the other tribe and generally got the best of the fight. But the Angoni admitted that they lost quite a lot of girls and women every year and suspected they had been carried off by the Jiraffi people, the name they said this other tribe was known by.

I thought it would be wise if I took a trip in the direction the slavers came, and asked Juma if he would give me two or three men to act as guides, boys who knew the country and who would stay with me if I got into difficulties. He promised to try and get me the boys, but I could see he did not like the idea of my making the trip. However, I managed to get what I wanted in a way I never expected to. Four days after

my talk with Juma one boy, a stranger, arrived at my camp with a small tusk he wanted to sell. I did not want the ivory, as it was old and small. But I had a fundi, a native craftsman, who made a lot of things out of wart hog teeth, so I bought the tusk for a few beads and four yards of print. Shortly after the boy had left my camp Juma came over and told me that the boy who sold me the ivory had been recognised by one of the people who had escaped from the last kraal raided by the slavers as having been seen with the slavers when the kraal had been raided. I inquired if Juma had not made a mistake. The boy was sent for, and he was quite positive that the boy who sold me the tusk was with the slavers when his kraal was raided and burnt down.

There was great excitement both in my camp and in the kraal. My capitos wanted to know if I was going to trek. They thought we could manage to get to the Rovuma river. I knew that the country was in a worse state than when I had decided to camp until the wet season was finished. I told them no, I was staying where I was until the rivers and swamps had gone down, and that would not be for at least one month or five weeks, and that if the slavers attacked the kraal or my camp we would have to lick them or beat them off.

I marked out a trench round the kraal and advised Juma to get busy digging it and throwing up a bit of an earthwork. I made the trench too wide to jump and about five or six feet deep, and fenced in my own camp and compound. This took nearly three weeks.

#### THE SLAVERS' CAMP

While this work was being done I started out to try and find the slavers' camp. There was a belt of uninhabited country after I passed the last kraal of Angoni. I had taken fourteen boys, all lightly loaded and all armed, including my cook, personal boy and two guides. The cook carried the pots and the personal boy my bedding. We had one buck

sail, and all camped under it. There was no shooting on this trip.

It took four days to get through the belt of country mentioned above, and it was less than thirty miles in breadth. The rain held us up quite a lot. There was only one stream that was difficult to cross.

We hit the first kraal of Jiraffi people six days after leaving Juma's. The kraal contained about thirty huts, and I was sure I spotted a coast Arab walking about the kraal, which proved to my satisfaction that the slavers were friendly with this tribe. We wandered round three days, walking separately and making as little spoor as possible. I did not want these chaps to know that they had been spied upon.

On the third day one of Tembo's boys spotted the camp we had come to find. It was not so large as my own camp. I left the boys about two miles from the camp and went forward alone to try and get a look at the strength of the slavers. This I managed to do. I got on a hill overlooking the camp, nipped up a tree and managed to see right into the camp. I saw at once that these chaps had not been camped long in that place. Some of the boys were repairing what appeared to be an old skaram built of thorn trees. I saw five bell tents and three large donkeys inside the skaram and possibly fifteen or twenty boys, no slaves and no Arabs. After watching half an hour I saw three full-bearded chaps come from three of the tents, and shortly after I saw a few women. None of these seemed to me to be slaves. They all wore expensive prints and blouses.

I climbed out of my tree and returned to my own boys, and we skirted round the Arab camp and went into camp ourselves five or six miles off.

I had up the two guides and questioned them as to the extent of the country inhabited by these Jiraffi people. I had seen eight kraals, and the largest of these only numbered about eighty huts. Both of the guides assured me that so far as they knew these people had fewer kraals than Juma their own chief. I called my own capitos and told them what I had

seen of the slavers' camp, also that I thought it was the Jiraffi people who were responsible for the burning and raiding of the outlying kraals belonging to the Angoni. My capitos thought I was mistaken and told me so. How was it, they asked, that sometimes the Angoni fought and beat the Jiraffi people and that when a kraal was raided and burned down the Angoni could not kill or wound the devils that raided them and carried off their women and children ?

I had my own idea about this and dismissed the capitos.

We circled the country for nearly a week. I had two more looks at the Arab camp, and both times I only saw the three bearded men, but I found out that there were between forty and fifty men and these, when leaving the camp to go out, always went armed. I saw no slaves in chains. We saw no kraals larger than the one where I saw what I took to be one of the Arabs walking, and I concluded that must be the chief's kraal. Still there were quite thirty kraals in that portion of the country.

I had made up my mind to have a slap at these Arabs if I could get Juma to help me. I did not mention this to my boys. I also made up my mind to attack these Arabs when they were on trek on their way to the lake. It was too tough a job to attack them while they were camped in the Jiraffi country. I doubted this Jiraffi tribe ; by the looks of their kraals and enclosures they seemed to me to be Chikunda, Makanga or Makalolo. Their kraals were built just like those I had seen on the Zambesi river and on the Shiri river and near Tete.

We returned to my camp, arriving there after an absence of twenty-three days. I found everything O.K. and that Tembo's men who were delegated by me to do the hunting had kept my men in meat. They had killed four jumbo cows and one rhino cow, probably the mate of the rhino bull I killed.

I tackled Juma right off, told him what I had seen and what I believed to be the real cause of his losing women captured and boys killed. I told him that I thought the Jiraffi, as he called them, were a mixed lot of Chikunda, Makanga, and

Makalolo. At first he laughed at the idea of Chikunda raiding, burning and killing. I kept hammering at him, and after a few days he promised to aid me in my venture with the Arabs and promised that boys would be sent to spy on the Arab camp. I thought the camp too far away, but he told me that it was really only one and a half day's journey in the dry season—say thirty miles. He said that the spies could report to his outside kraal and we could get word of the Arabs' movements in twenty-four hours. I agreed to this. We started to pick our boys for the venture. I sounded Juma's escort men and they were all very keen. I promised that they, with Juma's own men, would share any guns, ammunition, trade truck, etc., but I claimed any ivory as my share. Also I claimed the donkeys, if we did get the best of the scrap to come.

#### PURSUIT

We were now in the third week of March. The rains had slackened off, and during a week there had only been light showers. I intended to spoor these Arabs and get them where I wanted them before attacking. Twice we had word from the scouts that the Arabs seemed to be getting ready. The scouts reported that meat, slaves and some ivory was arriving at the Arabs' camp every day; that every ulendo was in charge of an Arab. Juma brought one hundred and twenty men; seven had gas pipes, the others bows and spears. I mustered twenty-eight armed boys from Tembo's—one of the thirty had been carried off by a lion and one had died through being badly mauled. Then I had armed thirty-two of my carriers with my own Tower muskets and three with the double 12-bore rifles. All my men seemed keen to try conclusions with the slavers. Ufa and meat was made up into forty-pound loads. I made the loads light as I expected to have some fast trekking to do. I myself took seven boys and made a visit to the camp and managed to get a look inside from the same tree. Sure enough there were slaves there this time. I



could make out squads in neck chains. So far as I could see the Arabs had an armed force of between forty and fifty.

I returned to camp and got ready my own gang, selecting forty of Juma's boys only. I had sixty-two boys armed with guns and forty-two armed with bows and spears. All the carriers had their spears.

We had all ready for a start at the latter end of April and none too soon. Runners came in to report that the Arabs had started on their trek. We slanted out to hit their spoor, having as a guide one of the scouts who had brought the news and seen the direction taken by the Arabs. I sent the hunters ahead and came on with my carriers. The hunters marked their spoor by bending down branches and grass, and my capitos had no trouble keeping the spoor. The hunters came back and camped with us every night.

Five days from Juma's the hunters came back about noon and reported the spoor of Arabs only a short march ahead, and that the camp fires read Arabs only two days ahead. We made their camp and decided to camp there that night. It was only noon, but I did not know what distance the Arabs made daily. I sent the hunters and six of Tembo's boys and told them to wait for us at the next camp, or to return if they sighted the Arabs.

Next day we came to where the advance scouts had waited about one o'clock. The country was very rough. We had no trouble crossing the streams, and it seemed we were climbing to a plateau or ridge in direction N.W.

From now on I took the lead, leaving Juma and Tembo's capito in charge of the ulendo. I told off twenty-five boys, half armed with rifles, half bow and spear men, to march about one mile behind me and one mile ahead of the ulendo. I had my hunters, spoorer, gun bearers and fifteen boys armed with muskets.

We followed the Arabs about sixty miles in this order before I got the slant I was aiming for. One evening about four o'clock they started to make their camp on a small dambo. There were plenty of ant heaps about and many of these in

easy range of the camp. I went back and stopped the ulendo about two miles back from where the Arabs were making their camp. We left the spoor and went about half a mile in the bush, loads all stacked and a small guard left there with the carriers.

I instructed my fighting force as to what was to be done and divided them into four squads, each squad being in the charge of one hunter and two capitos. I took charge of fourteen boys armed with muskets. Each squad was to take what cover they could amongst the ant heaps, as near the Arab camp as they could get without being spotted by the Arabs. I would take up my position where I could see the squads had arrived, then join my squad. No boy was to loose off until they heard the report of my 8-bore which I would use for opening the attack, firing each barrel as quickly as I could. I told the hunters and capitos not to let their boys fire at once ; each squad to fire independently to enable the squads who fired first to have time to reload.

I had Juma with me. I did not trust the blighter out of my sight. He had armed himself with a large flint-lock of very large bore, but I managed to damp the powder in the pan of his rifle. I did not know what charge he had in it, and it looked old enough to burst ; also Juma was very excitable and was likely to let go at any old time. However, in the scrap he proved to be a great scrapper.

I managed to see two squads take up positions within sixty yards of the camp, but owing to some trees I lost sight of the squad that would be facing me. I got back to my lot, and we managed to get to about fifty yards.

#### THE FIGHT

It was near sundown when I took a steady shot at one of the bearded chaps, and a snap at another. Luckily I had warned my lot not to fire until last. The sound of my shots had hardly died away when the other three squads let go together. My lot fired fairly, two or three at a time. The scrap was on now.

I saw the first chap I fired at go down, and that was all I did see for some time. Things became lively, shots coming from all directions and plenty of bawling.

After about five minutes my position was rushed, about twenty coast men and a bearded Arab leading. I bagged him and one other, and browned into the whole troop with my 12 B. rifle. Fighting became a bit mixed. I stopped one in my leg and found myself sitting on the ant heap using my two cap and ball Colt revolvers. I was out of the fight when those guns were empty. I did manage to reload my 12 B. rifle, but had no reason to use it as the fight was over. The carriers had sneaked up behind us, and led by Juma they charged the camp. I could see that firing was finished so far as the natives were concerned ; none of them attempted to reload. Clubbed guns, spears and axes, and, in some cases, kerries, were the order of the day. I would dare swear that from start to finish the affair only took forty minutes. The Arabs, thinking they had only the natives to deal with, charged from two sides of their camp, a mistake that cost every man of them their lives.

A few of the slaves got killed and two of the donkeys. Afterwards I found by counting heads and questioning the slaves that every man of the Arabs' force got knocked on the head. Our loss was forty-eight killed and seventy-one, including myself, wounded, most of the wounded being carriers. Of the killed, seventeen were Tembo's men, who left the Zambesi with me, two hunters, one gun bearer, nineteen of Juma's boys, my personal boy, who had no right to be there, and the other eight were Chikunda canoe boys who had travelled with me from Quilimane.

The wounded boys all recovered, most of the wounds being slight cuts and scalp wounds. Juma carried three nasty cuts, and he lost a few inches of his scalp.

The Arabs lost sixty-three killed, and seventeen slaves lost their lives, eleven women, two girls about twelve years of age, and four young children ; ten were wounded, three of them died of their wounds.

I had brought along my medicine chest and pocket case, bandages, lint and some grey calico. I think the pot leg I took out of my leg came from one of Juma's flintlocks. There was quite a lot of work dressing wounds. I managed it although I had to do it sitting in a deck chair. I was kept busy the whole of that night, and most of the following day, dressing wounds.

My leg swelled some and was very painful. I could not get round and see to things, as I would like to have done. I put Juma and my capitos to collect the guns and goods that had belonged to the Arabs. My cook fixed up a machilla for me, and I was carried back to the first water, where I remained until the loot was brought in.

Most of the wounded walked to this camp, but three women had to be carried. I may state here that I had very little trouble with the wounded natives ; only about twenty-five came up for further treatment after the first day.

We took three days to collect and share the loot, which consisted of trade truck, guns and ammunition, ivory and one donkey. The ivory and donkey were my share ; the remainder was shared by Juma amongst those boys who had come through the scrap. Carriers got nothing ; they had no right to have left their loads and joined in.

#### THE JIRAFFI

We lay at this camp three days. During that time I had many talks to Juma and convinced him that it was the Jiraffi tribe who had been raiding and killing his people, and offered to help him to subdue and punish them as soon as my leg was healed. It was three weeks before I could get about, and even then I had to use a pair of crutches.

By this time, so far as the natives were concerned, the scrap with the Arabs was ancient history, and they were very keen to set about the Jiraffi. I refused to move in that direction until I could use my leg with ease.

Life went on in the old style ; native hunters kept us supplied

with meat, Juma's people with ufa and corn, and they refused payment for supplying the food, saying I had earned it by ridding them of the Arabs and releasing their sisters and brothers. The Arabs had with them when we attacked them two hundred and eleven slaves. Some hundred and sixty of these were Angoni of Juma's tribe, the remainder from some distance away; these refused to be returned to their own people and married Angoni. A few spliced some of my own boys.

One day Juma brought me some letters, two rings, three watches and several books, which he said had been found amongst personal belongings of the Arabs. I told him to find out if there were any more letters and books. Nothing else was handed to me, evidently these were all that the Arabs had carried. When I arrived at Zanzibar some months later I got a trader to look at the letters and books. He said at once that the letters and books were written by an Indian and brought his head man to go through them. I found out then that these slavers had not, as reported, come from Lake Nyasa, but from an Arab settlement in what was afterwards German East Africa. There it seemed they had a large fort named Tengora. Years afterwards I visited Tengora. There was still a large settlement of Arabs and Indians there, and they were still at their old game, trading slaves, ivory and cattle, and they all seemed to be making a good profit at the game. I stopped there several days and was treated very well, and they became very friendly with me.

It was now mid May, 1869, and I could manage to get about well with the aid of a stick. My boys became anxious to get on, but did not want to move until they had a chance of looting and scrapping the Jiraffi people. Juma had in all not more than nine thousand people, and could not muster more than ten or twelve hundred full grown men. He told me that he had never entered their country and fought these people, but had beaten off several of their raiding parties, and he still maintained that there was a large party of Arabs there. He proposed to mobilise the whole of his men and march in

force to fight them. I had my own opinions as to what we would be up against, and told Juma that unless he allowed me to handle the affair, and agreed to obey my orders, I would proceed to the coast and leave him to get on as best he could. I found out that although these Angoni were quiet and peaceable, they could scrap well once they got warmed up to it. We came to the agreement that everything was to be left to me.

Counting the arms captured from the Arabs, we mustered nearly three hundred guns. I armed the best boys with these, and picked one hundred good boys armed with spears and axes, making up a fighting force of four hundred. I thought that I could lick these people with this lot, and as it proved, I could have done it with only one fourth of this force.

#### THE NIGHT RAID

We had a full moon, and as I intended to make a night attack, we started on our march, a distance of about thirty-five miles. It was great fun handling this crowd. They were all very keen and also very obedient. We marched during daylight half of the first day, then by moonlight. We came up to the first small kraal the fourth night, and captured every native without firing a single shot. One and a half miles farther on we did the same to a second kraal. All prisoners were sent back under guard. Then we came to the large kraal. I had taken two of the prisoners along with me and threatened to shoot them unless they pointed out the hut occupied by their chief. We surrounded this kraal without disturbing any of the natives. When I saw my force in position I took ten of my own boys and the prisoners, and proceeded to look for the chief's hut. A large square hut in its own enclosure was pointed out to me. I left the prisoners, who were gagged, in charge of three boys, and entered the enclosure. The hut seemed to have only one door. I walked round the hut and saw a small bamboo door at the back. I also saw that there were two or three loop holes in the wall of the hut.

I ordered my boys to force the front door and keep clear of the loop holes. As soon as the boys started to force the door they were challenged from the inside of the hut. I do not know what was said ; I was waiting at the bolt hole. I had not long to wait. I saw the head and shoulders of a boy appear and caught him by the neck and pushed one of my Colts into his ear. He gave a yell and I pushed harder on my Colt, and two of my boys running round helped me to secure our prisoner. Unfortunately, someone in a near-by hut had heard the yell, and some women in the hut started to scream. The prisoner seemed to know that it would be dangerous for him if he made a noise, and he kept very quiet, but the alarm had been given, and in a few minutes a good scrap was on. I with my boys and prisoner took no part in this scrap, we remained in the hut and took our chance. I did not know what was happening outside, and was not taking any chances of going out to inquire and probably getting shot by our own side.

In about twenty minutes the noise and the firing seemed to be moving away from the kraal, and in less than one and a half hours, had stopped. I did not know who had got the best of the scrap, but I did know that I had the chief, so did not worry much. Several times my ten boys tried to get out and join in, until I threatened to shoot any boy who left the hut.

Day was breaking when I heard a crowd entering the kraal. I went out and saw Juma leading about two hundred of our chaps. I called him and asked how the scrap had gone. He said that there had been no scrap, that the Jiraffi had run away, and they had captured numbers of men, women and children. He did not know who or how many had been killed ; men were out and were to bring in all the dead and wounded. He had seen a few dead boys near the kraal ; these must have been shot when the people first started to clear out from their huts and make for the bush. None had entered the kraal. What was I going to do ? Would I burn and loot the kraal ?

I said no, let our people be on their guard. Probably the Jiraffi would collect the men from outlying kraals and attack

us. I told him that I had made the chief prisoner, and we would talk matters over.

#### HANGING A WITCH-DOCTOR

This great chief who had worried and raided Juma so long was Manweri, a Chikunda, who had murdered a Portuguese official and had cleared out, trekking with some two hundred of his own people to this part of the country. He had managed to gather a lot of outlaws of different tribes around him, and at this time he was nearly as strong as the Angoni so far as numbers went, and much more cunning.

While I was having it out with Manweri, we heard gunfire and it seemed as if there was quite a scrap going on. I told Manweri he had to get his people in hand. If not, I would take a hand myself. I had him tied up and sent him out with Juma, with supports for our own side, in case there was need of them. There was no need of supports. Our chaps had won the fight and came in with a large batch of prisoners. There were three half-caste Portuguese with the prisoners and a witch-doctor.

Juma, several of his head men, some of my capitos and myself held a maranda with Manweri, which resulted in over three hundred Angoni slaves being sent back to their kraals. Several of the Angoni who had married Manweri's men refused to return to their people. One hundred of Manweri's people, including his two sons and one daughter, went to Angoni as hostages. Nearly one thousand goats and sheep were paid to Juma and his people, and two hundred guns and quite a quantity of ammunition were also collected and handed over, also items of trade truck too numerous to mention.

Manweri agreed to break with the Arabs, pay tribute to Juma in goats and ivory and assist Juma in driving out of the country any Arabs who attempted to raid or trade slaves.

Now I had to deal with the half-castes and the witch-doctor. The former were a lot of damned scoundrels. They had



murdered and tortured natives ; in fact, they ought to have been tortured themselves. I took them over to work for me on the principle of rather having a devil I knew than one I did not know. After all, it was not their fault that Portuguese blood ran in their veins, and I did not like the idea of hanging them, or what would have been worse, leaving them to be dealt with by the Angoni.

The witch-doctor was a bird of another colour. He was and had been an awful rotter. He cursed me while I was listening to an account of his villainous treatment of captives, and also of Manweri's own people. Burning at the stake was too good for that rotter. However, I sentenced him to be hanged, and was roundly cursed and threatened while doing so. The sentence was to be carried out the next day. I ordered Manweri to collect all his head men and capitos, and told Juma to have as many of his men present as possible. More than half of our men were engaged in going through Manweri's kraals, gathering the indemnity, and releasing slaves. This took over one week. Many herds of goat and sheep had been run off and hidden in the bush, and many of the women slaves had been hidden. In some cases these women had been ill-treated, and in every such case I meted out floggings and fines to the offenders.

On the morning the witch-doctor was hanged, there were present more than three thousand spectators. Several hundreds of Juma's men had turned up to help searching for slaves and live stock. I ordered Manweri to act as hangman ; the three half-castes acted as assistants to Manweri. The half-castes hauled the prisoner up to the limb of the tree, the rope round the prisoner's neck was made fast, leaving about six inches of slack, and the rope round his body by which he was hauled up was made taut and fastened. At a signal from me Manweri cut the taut rope and the witch-doctor started on his journey through the unknown. Manweri was told to leave the body hanging until all his people had seen it. I noticed that the hanging of this curse of Africa seemed to please rather than annoy these natives, in fact, Juma came to me

that day and told me there were three witch-doctors among his people and he was going to hang them all when he returned to his kraal !

## ON TREK

It had taken nearly three weeks to subdue Manweri and collect the indemnity and settle everything before mentioned, and we were into June month. There was nothing to prevent me resuming my trek coastward. My leg was almost sound, and I had a donkey to ride. Juma sent one hundred of his boys to act as carriers, also twenty armed with guns to see his own boys safely home. I had, counting Tembo's boys who had survived the fight with the Arabs, nearly seventy armed boys ; with these I felt I could hold off any attack of Arabs or natives.

It took me several days to prepare for my trek. I had one hundred and twenty-three loads of ivory, forty-four loads of horns and skins, fifty-one loads of trade goods and personal kit ; more than two hundred loads all told. My old canoe boys were eight short, killed in the scrap with the slavers. I made the remaining Quilimane boys askari and promoted thirty-seven of the Zambesi and Shiri boys to that rank.

We left Juma's on the 17th June, three hundred and sixty strong inclusive, and trekked twelve miles that day, going over the same country that I travelled in January during the rains. We carried six days' rations per boy, having sixty miles of uninhabited country to get through. The country was very broken and game was not plentiful. Zebra were more plentiful than other game, and these were easy to kill. I had no trouble getting meat on this stage of the trek ; in fact, I could have fed double the number of boys. We did get some eland, sable and roan, and I killed three leopards.

We hit the first kraal on the fourth day. The women of this tribe wore no clothes. I think they were a branch of the Wakondi tribe, who inhabit the country at the north and west of Lake Nyasa. They only occupied a strip of country about twenty miles in width, north and south. I was told they

occupied the country west right to the lake. I cannot vouch for this as I never visited this part of Africa again.

We found these people very civil and tractable. The first kraal we came to was deserted, the natives having bolted as we came into it. I sent out boys to reassure them, and to tell them we only wanted to buy food and that we were not slavers. They soon returned and started to trade meal for meat.

This kraal only numbered thirty or forty huts, and although they seemed to have lots of grain, I saw they would only be able to supply one day's rations for my lot. My capitos told me that there was a number of larger kraals further west, so I decided to rest here a couple of days and send my boys to trade skoff at those kraals west of us.

We left a large amount of meat with these Wakondi when we started trekking, and ten of them engaged for the trip to carry loads. By getting a few boys from the different tribes I travelled through I managed without trouble to find my way. There were no direct well-worn paths in those days, leading from one tribe to another. In several parts of Africa that I shot over later I saw the same thing. When natives from one tribe hunted far from their own boundary, they never made paths. A few miles from their outlying kraals the path always petered out, and a stranger was hard put to it to find his way. By having boys from the different tribes I was able to keep a fairly straight line to my objective.

Again we had uninhabited country to trek through. I engaged forty carriers to carry food to return from the first kraal we came to. Three days' trek brought us there. These natives were another section of Angoni, or so they called themselves, and Juma's men confirmed this. These people occupied a river valley. The river was a tributary of the Rovuma and had numbers of crocs and hippo in it, also lots of fish. I paid off the Wakondi carriers and sent them back home. I expected that the ten who had engaged for the trip would ask leave to return with their fellow tribesmen but they did not.

I shot eight hippo on this river and bought nine tusks of

ivory. We camped here one week, and when leaving I engaged twenty-five carriers for the trip.

I noticed that these Angoni resembled Juma's people. They had large mealie and mapira lands, and large herds of goats and sheep. They hunted and fished, and so far as I know sent out no war or raiding parties. The Rovuma was only four days' trek from their boundary, yet they seemed to know little or nothing of that river or the people living there. I asked if I could follow the river to the coast, and they could not or would not tell me.

The country round here seemed to be very fertile. The valley, I was told, ran for a three days' trek. Just here it was about four miles wide, the river sixty to eighty yards wide.

My boys seemed quite at home with these Angoni. They danced every night, and a number of them got good and drunk on pombi. Several of my capitos asked permission to buy wives here. I refused to let them; when we started from Juma's, and they had agreed to go with me to the coast, all the women belonging to the ulendo had been left behind. It was thought too dangerous to trek with them. Each had received a portion of the wages due to her man and each a present of beads from me. Their men had left them lots of dried meat, and Juma had promised they should not lack food until the return of my ulendo. We had got along O.K. without women, and I hated like blazes to have a few join us, fearing that they would cause trouble amongst my boys. My refusal was taken in good part, and I was not asked again on that trip by any of the boys to let them marry or buy wives, and I may say here that there was very little trouble on the whole of that trip to do with women living at the kraals we passed through or camped at, and we camped near a good few kraals.

I could see that this trek to the Rovuma was going to be pretty tough. The country ahead was very broken and hilly, and I heard, moreover, that some Portuguese half-castes were camped near by. If these got the natives to turn nasty I knew I would be in for some very hard scrapping.

On the seventh morning after reaching the place all was ready

for a start. Seventy-five of these Angoni engaged to carry to the Rovuma and twenty-five boys armed with guns and spears were sent by Matafari, their chief, to act as their escort back from the river. We only trekked nine miles the first day. This took us out of the valley over the first ridge to a very nice little stream, heavily timbered and well stocked with fish. The boys caught hundreds of fish and got scores of calabashes of honey. My capitos came to my tent and said they wanted to have a maranda. Get on with it, was my answer. Did I not think it would be a wise plan to travel in the same formation I did when I went out from Juma's to scrap the Arabs? Would I scrap or would I pay ivory as tribute to these half-castes for permission to travel to the Rovuma? I was sure to have trouble and my boys were afraid I would pay instead of scrapping, now I had so many tusks. They wanted to scrap these half-castes and the whole country if necessary. There would be lots of loot. I told them not to worry. I certainly would not pay tribute, also I certainly would not scrap unless it was forced on me. Yes, I thought it wise to take precautions and had meant to have scouts out ahead to-morrow and the ulendo would march in four sections, each section to have an armed guard and march as close formation as possible. All boys to be warned not to follow honey birds and so get too far from the main body. This was how we marched to the Rovuma.

#### THE ROVUMA

We arrived at the river without mishap. There were about seven camps at the river, two Indian traders and about twenty half and three-quarter bred Portuguese. The country here was much lower than the Angoni country. We had some tough climbs on the way and dropped nearly one thousand feet in the last three miles of the journey.

The river here is fairly wide with swampy banks. Hippo, crocs and fish are very plentiful, and the climate much warmer than in the Angoni country. We had not been long in camp when I had visitors, half-castes, offering to sell ivory. I did no trade with them during my stay here.

We built a substantial camp and built a strong skaram round it with thorn trees. I heard lions the first night. One of the Indian traders informed me that a few natives had been killed by lions, and that two of his own people had been carried off. I expected trouble and always had guard mounted at camp, day and night. I managed to kill four hippo the second day and sent boys to trade the meat for ufa.

That evening they returned with most of the meat and with news that meat was not wanted. The natives asked a chirundo for a chitundo of ufa.

Next day I tried one of the Indian traders. He offered to sell me meal at the same price the natives had asked my boys. I sent for the chief, and a message came back telling me I could see him if I called at his kraal. This was the first time during the trip that the chief of a tribe had not visited me at my camp. Also the first time I had had trouble to get food for my people. I called the cook and sent him for the head capito. 'Goma Goma,' I asked him, 'what is the reason these people refuse to trade ufa and grain?' Goma Goma thought that the half-castes and Indian traders had put the people up to refuse, and he thought we were in for trouble. I told him to tell Matafari's men they will have to wait over to-day, to find out how much skoff we have, and to pick out about thirty of the best askari and be quick about it.

Some time that morning Goma Goma reported that we had skoff to last three days and all the meat from the four hippo. I ordered him to tell all hands not to get scattered about the kraals, and to go and inform the chief that I would call on him to-morrow morning. Goma Goma returned about lunch time, and reported he had been to the kraal and seen the chief and told him that the Bwana would visit him next day. He said he had seen seven half-castes and one of the Indian traders having a maranda with the chief. I asked him what tribe this was, and he said the people called themselves Makua, but there were only a few real Makua here. They were a mixed lot from different tribes from between here and the coast. The chief was named Gomani, and the traders were great

friends with the chief. They traded a lot of slaves and sold them to Arabs who came from the other side of the river. Yes, he was sure we were going to have a lot of trouble before we got to the other side of the Rovuma.

I gave orders that the Angoni who travelled with us from Matafari's would remain in camp with twenty of my askari. I would take an escort of askari and visit the chief. Goma Goma would take forty askari and come with me. I would leave him as near to the kraal as cover would allow, and should I get into a scrap he would come on with his askari and help me if needed.

As the nights were dark after twelve o'clock, we would start about half-past three, enabling me to reach the kraal at daylight.

#### TROUBLE WITH GOMANI

Everything turned out O.K. I turned up at the kraal before sunrise and asked for the chief. He kept me waiting a short time before coming out to the mtengi where I was waiting. I asked him if he would sell me ufa and grain, but he refused, saying that I had not paid tribute to him for permission to enter his country and shoot and trade and travel. He claimed that he owned all the country back to Matafari's down river to the coast and three days' march from the other bank of the river. All traders paid him tribute. If I did the same, I could trade, shoot and proceed on my trek. 'How much print do you want?' I asked him. He did not want only print. 'What do you want?' I asked him. 'Forty guns with powder, caps and lead, thirty tusks of ivory, two loads of brass wire,' etc., etc.

I promptly covered him with one of my Colts and told him he was my prisoner. I ordered him to tell his men, for he had come up with two armed boys, to drop their guns or I would kill him where he sat. He obeyed very briskly. Then I told him to get up, that I was taking him to my camp. He said that if I did take him to my camp, his people and all the traders would make war on me and I and my people surely would be killed. He started to talk to his boys, and I told him to stop,

and that if there was going to be war he would be the first to stop a bullet. I ordered the capitos of my askari to take the guns from his two men and bind their hands and get a move on. Men, women and children began to gather, and I knew there would be trouble if I delayed. I told the chief to tell his people that he was going with me to look at my goods and to tell his women to set to work grinding meal and to send a message to the kraals near at hand to do the same.

We were half way to camp when Goma Goma, who had joined me with his askari, yelled out that a crowd of askari and a lot of the traders had begun to follow us. I promptly ordered the chief to be tied up and hurried to camp, and waited for the oncoming force.

At about three hundred yards they opened fire. They made poor shooting, most of their bullets hit the ground half way; a few went humming over our heads. I told Goma Goma to let loose, and fired at the Indian trader with my 12-bore rifle and dropped him. There was no holding my boys, they charged straight for the enemy. I tried to stop them, and managed to get twenty to reload their guns, but by the time this was done, the half-castes and their gang were on the run and my boys after them. I managed to check my men before they got within range of the kraal. The other crowd had no stomach for fighting, so little damage was done to either side. The Indian was carried away by the natives, and I did not find out until next day that he was only slightly wounded. We got to camp without further hindrance.

I had it out with the chief Gomani. He promised to supply all the skoff I wanted, and said his people wanted meat, and would trade ufa for it. I told him that I had offered meat when I killed the hippo and that it was returned, that I then offered to trade prints and other truck, and had been asked to pay more than four times the value of the skoff offered. In fact, I gave him to understand that he was my prisoner and that I intended to hold him until I was ready to cross the river; that I wanted him to send for his capitos and tell them to get busy with crushing ufa.



I released Gomani's two boys to carry the message. After the messengers had departed I told Gomani that he had deliberately tried to rob me of my goods and that he would have to pay me for doing so. 'You demanded thirty tusks,' I said, 'and forty guns, prints, wire, etc. You will have to pay me forty tusks, fifty rifles, fifteen loads of prints, four loads of wire, ten kegs of powder, and you will have to feed my people during my stay here and supply one hundred baskets of ufa with boys to carry it free of charge.'

He said that he could not do it, that he was poor in ivory, had sold it to the traders, and he was short of skoff, having only a few kraals. I had seen about twelve kraals from the top of the last hill on our trek here, and had visited five near-by kraals. I reminded him that he owned the whole of the country back to Matafari's down to the coast and three marches the other side of the river. He looked very foolish and insisted that the traders had bought the ivory and a great deal of their last harvest of grain, that he had one very fine pair of tusks and would give me them if I released him, and that only he knew where the tusks were hidden. I told him I had made my demand and he would have to meet it, that if he could not find the ivory, goods and skoff he had better rob the traders—he might find it more easy to rob them than he had found it to rob me—and that I was willing to assist him in collecting his fine.

I left him to think things over, and as I intended to try and read these half-castes a lesson I called up my capitos to talk it over with them, and get things ready for what I expected would be a big scrap. I had made up my mind to break up this combine if I could manage it.

#### TREACHERY

During the afternoon Goma Goma reported a party of natives approaching camp, and that some of them carried guns. When they arrived within speaking distance, I told Gomani to tell his men to lay down their guns and spears and come into

camp. This was done, and Goma Goma collected the arms. Twenty-three natives had come to see Gomani, two of his sons and twenty-one heads of kraals and capitos. They brought a present of sheep and goats and three loads of rice. This was the first time I had seen native grown rice since leaving the Zambesi river. I told Gomani to tell his men what I had fined him and left them to talk it over together. It was nearly sun-down when they had finished their maranda. I asked Gomani if he was prepared to meet my demands, and he said it was impossible for him to do so ; he only had the one pair of tusks and these head men had only a few small tusks. He thought they could supply the skoff. He would add some sheep and goats and some slaves.

I refused to lower the fine, and told him he had better talk it over again with his head men and capitos. If he wished he could send his sons and some of the capitos back to the kraal while he and his head men could talk it over during the night, or they were all welcome to stay until morning. They decided to stay. I asked Gomani would it not be wise of him to send his sons and some of his capitos back to give orders that none of the traders would be permitted to clear out? He thought that if he did this the traders would combine and attack me. I told him I wanted them to attack me. I would then have an excuse to hang the whole batch when I had licked them. I was more afraid of them clearing out with their goods, ivory and slaves. Gomani reckoned the traders would not leave, they would be unable to engage carriers. We left it at that.

I saw to the guard myself that night and saw also that there was a strong guard put to watch Gomani and his people. At near midnight Gomani sent a message that he and his people had agreed that the traders would have to provide the fine. I sent a message telling him to wait till morning.

I lay awake that night trying to think of a way out of this fix. There was no denying it, I was in for some nasty scrapping and if my boys did not stick, I stood the chance of a snowball in hell.

I could hear lions moaning not far from camp and hippo grunting and bellowing down at the river. My camp was

between most of the boys' fires, so I was not troubled by mosquitoes. I had just made up my mind to fight it out to a finish when there was the deuce of a row in camp. I heard one volley fired by one of the guards, then shooting became general from outside and inside camp. I went out under the wall of my tent and made for Gomani and his people, and was just in time to check their guard from joining the firing party. I ordered them to boss up their prisoner and his people, and made my way to where most of the firing was going on.

I found Goma Goma there and heard from him that one of Matafari's men had caught one of the Portuguese half-castes listening to Gomani talking to his head man, and had kept his eye on the rotter. This half-caste joined his mate and they both began to make an opening in the skaram. Matafari's man informed his capitos and went to find Goma Goma. In the meantime Matafari's capitos had brought up his men and stood ready. One of the half-castes crawled through the skaram and was joined by a half-caste from outside. Matafari's men opened fire and killed the three, two outside and one as he was crawling through the skaram. A party from outside promptly replied and fired into the camp.

I had ordered my men to stop wasting ammunition as soon as I arrived on the spot. The night was dark and nothing could be seen to aim at. I ordered my men to lie flat and away from the fires. So far none of my men had been hit. The attackers wasted a lot of powder, but did not attempt to rush the camp. About one hour before daylight the shooting stopped, and at daylight there was nothing to be seen of the men who had made the attack.

Three half-castes and one native were found dead near the skaram, and several blood spoor found.

I had Gomani up and put it to him straight that the dead native came from his kraal, proving that his people had joined with the traders, and warned him that unless he sent his head men back at once to raise a force to wipe out the traders, he would meet the same fate that was meted out to the witch-doctor at Manweri's.

Gomani proposed that he went himself, and offered to leave his sons with me to prove that he would play the game. I refused to let him go, pointing out to him that for all that I knew he might have thirty sons and the loss of these would not stop him from playing crooked. 'You joined these traders against me once,' I said, 'and I do not trust you. It is up to you to tell your head men to collect your people to scrap these traders, and you will do that or hang.'

#### DISARMAMENT

After about one hour's maranda, the head men departed. Goma Goma, who was at the maranda, reported to me that the head men would certainly collect a force to help me, and asked why not attack the traders with my own boys? He thought we could lick them, 'for look,' said he, 'when they came to Gomani's aid they bolted, and again last night they did not attempt to press home their attack, and if we lick them Gomani will not share the loot.'

I told him not to fret, that Gomani would not in any case share the loot if we did lick the traders, but would be looted himself, and I would rather have his men do the work than take it on myself. I pointed out that it was nearing the end of July, and we had some five or six hundred miles' trek to make the coast, and would have to get a move on if he and my carriers wanted to reach their homes before next rains.

'Plenty of time,' he answered, 'we will travel very quickly carrying nothing but food.'

Before sundown Gomani's sons returned to camp and reported that nearly three hundred men had been collected, more than one hundred armed with guns, and that was only from the kraals within six miles from my camp. Four head men, living further down river, were expected next day with other armed men. The canoes on the river were guarded, and the people had been warned to watch the traders and to refuse them assistance in either carrying loads or other work.

The following day these lads returned to report that these

traders had moved into two camps and they were building strong skarams ; also that all of the local boys had deserted and the traders only had the people that came in with them and their slaves. Gomani was in a hurry to attack. I, on the other hand, was not. I did not trust these natives and had no intention of joining them while they carried as many, if not more, guns than I could muster. For counting in every weapon I could only muster one hundred and thirty-seven, including Matafari's and my own personal battery.

I ordered Gomani to send a message by his sons to his head men, and order the men at his kraal to muster at my camp next day. I would probably attack the traders next day and wanted to see what forces I had. He looked at me a long time before he gave the order, and shrugged his shoulders when he had sent his sons off.

Early next morning Gomani sent Goma Goma to ask me if I really did mean to attack that day and if I would attack one camp while his people attacked the other. I told Goma Goma to tell him not to worry ; I did intend to crush these traders if I could ; but that first I intended to disarm his people of their guns and let them help in the attack with my carriers, who only carried axes and spears ; that he, Gomani, could if he wished warn his men when he saw them coming to my camp and nothing would be done to him if he did ; that I distrusted him and his people, they had practically made war on me and would, had I not captured him, have caused me no end of trouble ; that I did not intend to leave him and his people unarmed entirely ; when this trouble was over I would give him guns to hunt with and protect his kraals and mealie lands. He was at liberty to tell his people this before they handed over their arms.

He said that unless the gunmen of his tribe came in one batch there would certainly be a mix up. If I disarmed one lot the others would certainly join the traders. Right ho, I was willing to take chances on that. 'I take it that outside of your own kraal there are only a few guns ; you would hardly let your head men be well enough armed to round on you. In any case your men are going to fight with spears, even if I have to fight

them first to capture their arms. When your men arrive here, my men will all be in position, and at a signal from me will fire on your men. I get in the first blow, which will be half the scrap won. You will be taken outside the skaram and have my permission to cry out and warn your people.' I left it at that.

Near midday Goma Goma reported a large crowd of gunmen approaching camp. 'Are your men at their stations?' I asked. 'Yes, Bwana.' 'Tell the guard to lead Gomani out fifty yards from camp and see that he is secured, so that he cannot run. Then go and warn our men not to lose their heads. Carriers are only to help in case they are required. They can go outside the skaram or remain in—please themselves.'

About one hundred and fifty men came marching go-as-you-please fashion. At three hundred yards Gomani had not opened his mouth, at about one hundred I ordered him to tell his men to halt. They halted and saluted Gomani. 'Tell them what I require of them,' I said. 'First let them know that they are at good range, and that they are covered by my guns.' If any of them were going to loose off we were in for a sharp scrap.

Gomani first had a talk with them, and I could understand enough of what he said to know that he himself did not want to take any chances. He told them that I was going to attack the traders and would move on when the trouble was finished; that while I stayed where I was I was to be supplied with skoff, free of charge. In fact, he was trying his best to stop a run in between his people and mine. He told them that he had agreed to serve me and that both himself and his people would have to obey my orders.

Then he sprung it on them, warning them that I had them covered, and was sure to kill most of them, if I gave my men orders to fire. He implored them to lay down their guns. I was ready and knew that if they did open fire, I was the man who would be shot at. Also I knew that Gomani would be in line, and his three sons, who had come over to him when the natives were told to halt.

I think there was never any doubt as to the result. The

chiefs of those days had great power and control over their people. These men laid down their guns and marched fifty yards from where the guns lay. Goma Goma came out with some carriers and gathered up the guns. Then I ordered Gomani to tell his people that they could if they cared help me and fight with their own native weapons, spears and axes ; that I was moving out to attack the traders at once and not waiting for the boys who were said to be coming from the kraals down river.

I divided these guns amongst my carriers, and the carriers who came from Matafari's, and broke up my men into two gangs, one under Goma Goma to attack the Indian camp, the other under myself to attack the half-castes.

#### A MASSACRE

We started soon after midday and arrived at my objective in two hours, the Indians and the half-castes who had joined them being nearly two miles further down the valley. The first lot opened fire when we were still half a mile away. I warned my men not to fire until I fired, and we marched to within four hundred yards. They had a lot of guns and kept up a brisk fire all the time we were advancing. I sent Goma Goma on his way and then sent two parts of my force to work round his skaram, warning them not to fire until they heard me fire. I told them to get in within two hundred yards, rush the last hundred yards, and then fire low and through the thorn bush the skarams were built of.

Before I got within two hundred yards I lost several men, and it was the men nearest to me that got hit. I could hear the whine of potlegs and bullets unpleasantly close, but held my fire until I thought my boys had a chance of hitting something. I gave orders for my boys to fire in squads. Each of these squads was in charge of a capito, and I ordered them to lie down. At about eighty yards I had lost nearly a dozen boys. I opened with my 8-bore and my boys acted fairly coolly, and for the first five minutes obeyed orders. Then some of

them lost their heads and rushed the skaram. I had to support them and hurried my lot forward ; quite a few went down, but they were game and kept going.

They just pulled that skaram to pieces ; some boys in spite of the thorns climbed over and most of them paid the penalty for their foolishness. We had that camp within one hour, and it was like a slaughter yard. I managed to get my boys in hand pretty soon after we rushed the skaram, and stopped them from finishing what was left of that lot. There were very few prisoners to take, and most of the wounded had been finished off before I could stop the slaughter, for slaughter it surely was. We outnumbered the defenders considerably. I was surprised at the fight these chaps put up. They seemed to fight on the principle of ' I have got to die, and better to die fighting than be taken alive.'

Only three of the half-castes were alive, and they were wounded. There were about thirty slaves, all unharmed, and six or seven wounded who had hidden in the huts under trade goods and beds. There were no women ; these had been sent to their kraals before the fight started.

I sent part of my boys back to strengthen the guard at camp, left some capitos and fifty carriers and twelve askari to take charge here, and went forward to assist Goma Goma. The fight here was finished when we arrived, and Goma Goma had made what he called a good job of it. He had killed them to the last man, and had as we found out later lost fewer men than I did.

I did what I could for the wounded, took an escort of twenty askari and returned, leaving orders for all the wounded to be carried in that night. I wanted to see if Gomani was safe in the camp. I feared that if he escaped I would have a lot of trouble getting away from here. I found camp safe and Gomani properly guarded. There was great rejoicing when the news was given that both lots of traders had been licked.

The wounded arrived that evening, not a broken bone amongst them. They numbered thirty-three, including the three half-castes. All of these were in a bad way ; two died



that night, and the third the next day. They had all been speared through the stomach, and I found out from the prisoners that they had been stabbed by their own slaves.

#### LOOT

Next day the carriers brought in the loot from the camp that I had knocked out. There were only seventeen tusks of ivory, and seventy-two or three loads of mixed trade truck. Goma Goma turned up later with twenty-six tusks, and almost one hundred loads of mixed goods. After I had attended to the wounded I went through the loot, counted guns, kegs of powder, caps and lead. We made a good haul of these, nearly one hundred and twenty guns of different kinds, some of them flintlocks. These were real good guns, and must have cost a good price when they were bought at first hand. There were also shot guns, muskets and seven pistols, and nearly thirty cwts. of powder, caps and lead.

I told Gomani he had lied when he told me he had sold all his ivory to the traders, and that some of his people must have trade goods that belonged to the traders hidden away, also tusks ; that I was sending my men to make a hut to hut search of all his kraals, and that if I found ivory and goods hidden, I would burn the kraal where it was found. ' Advise your people to bring in any goods and ivory that were handed to them by the traders before we attacked them,' I said. Goma Goma reported that some slaves who had escaped before the fight began had come in, and they had reported that there was a camp out under the first ridge, where some ivory goods and guns had been sent soon after I had made Gomani a prisoner, and that only three of the traders' carriers had charge of the camp.

I told off Matafari's twenty men to go out with my carriers and bring in what was there, and to bring in the natives who were in charge of the camp, and warned the capitos that there would be trouble if any of the boys at this camp were ill-treated. Five of Matafari's men had been wounded, but not seriously ; in fact, there were very few of the wounded who would not be

able to travel in less than a fortnight. I told Goma Goma to inform my people that I would share out the loot when I was sure we had collected all of it ; also I told him to send out boys to find out how many slaves Gomani and his people had, and to tell the slaves to come to my camp.

Matafari's capitos returned with seven boys, prisoners captured at the camp. He found nearly one hundred loads of loot, but only two guns. These had been given to the boys in case lions worried them. The prisoners said that no ivory had been shifted from the main camps. Search parties sent to the camps abandoned when the traders combined returned with nothing but grain and ufa.

I gave Gomani three days to finish paying his fine, and sent two hundred of his people across the river to build me a good skaram, and started my own boys crossing loads of skoff. There were only seven or eight canoes, and the largest of them would only carry six boys and their loads. I had, not including skoff, nearly four hundred loads to cross.

Goma Goma reported that the kraals on the far bank belonged to Gomani, and that after we left this valley we would not find any kraals for nearly one hundred miles, and that there was one place where we would have to sleep a night without water. He had captured two carriers who had come in from the coast with the Indian traders. I told him to keep these two boys close prisoners, as they were really more important than Gomani.

I had almost finished with Gomani. He had made his people bring in several loads of trade goods and nineteen tusks of ivory, and they had made up nearly two hundred loads of ufa. Just at this time my cook reported that he had opened my last case of sugar. I told him to count what he had. Tinned stuffs, I knew, were getting short. He brought my stuff along, and I took a list : sugar to last three weeks ; tea, three tins ; coffee, one half tin ; flour, two fourteen pound tins ; salt, one tin ; tobacco, six pricks ; rice, several loads. I ordered Goma Goma to search through the loot and bring any European provisions he found, and to see how much ration

salt I had left and to be sure and collect all the salt captured from the traders.

Gomani was sent under guard to bring in the wonderful pair of tusks he had promised to pay me. I really thought I was going to see something very wonderful. Gomani had seen my pair that weighed nearly two hundred and ninety pounds, and had said his were much larger tusks. They turned out to be a pair of fine tusks, but weighed less by nearly fifty pounds. They measured nearly twelve round the curve, but only weighed two hundred and thirty-seven pounds the pair.

#### THE TWO PATHS

I had the boys who came in with the Indians up and questioned them about the road and country between the Rovuma and the Rufiji rivers and on to Dar-es-Salaam. They said the road was good for the first two marches from the Rovuma, rhino and jumbo very plentiful, and buffalo was to be found in the open dambos. After the second camp there was one and a half days of no water, the country infested with rhino and very thick thorn bush and in some parts very broken and hard to travel over. Then there were four long treks before coming to kraals, and that at that place there were only a few kraals, not nearly enough to supply food to my large crowd of people; that the people living there were very poor, and were only left unmolested because they grew enough food to feed the ulendos coming in from the coast.

When we got there, there were two tracks. One climbed to the higher country, and if I took that path there were plenty of people and skoff, but the people would make me pay a large tribute to travel through their country. These people were very numerous and had lots of guns, and their fighting men were trained and went in many hundreds together. They were not like Gomani's people. The chief had hundreds of kraals, and his country reached within three days' trek from Dar-es-Salaam. If I took that path I would meet a lot of Arabs. It was the path that the large ulendos took, and I

would perhaps have to do a lot of fighting. These people were men, not like Gomani's people, who were only dogs that ran away when they met a Bwana. 'But you, Bwana, will be able to beat these people. We have seen the way you fought our masters and the Portuguese, and have heard from your boys how you killed the Arabs and fought Manweri's people.'

'What about the trek in the low country?' I asked.

'That is very bad; thick bush swamps, rivers, and the rhino and jumbo cause much trouble.'

'Are there many kraals?'

'No, only a few here and there until near the big river, then there are plenty.'

'What kind of people are these?'

'There are lots of tribes, none of them very large, and they do not fight much among themselves.'

'Do you think I would be able to feed my people if I take the low country?'

'Perhaps.'

'How far are these kraals this side of the big river apart?'

'Perhaps two days; sometimes the Bwana would get to kraals every day with quick trekking.'

'Which way did you come in from the coast?'

'Along the low country.'

'Did your masters have any fighting with the people on their way in?'

'No, Bwana, these people do not fight, they have very few guns and trap most of their meat.'

'Is there plenty of water?'

'No, Bwana, there is only water where the kraals are, and it is too late in the year to depend on getting water from water holes.'

'I will take that road,' I concluded, 'and you will be my guides. I hope you have told the truth for your own sakes.'

I sent the boys away, and had a long talk to Goma Goma and asked what he thought. He told me that he had talked with some of Gomani's boys, and that several of them had been over the low country track. Gomani had originally come from

the coast, and the party he came with had fought and subdued the people who inhabited this part of the Rovuma valley, and Gomani with nearly one hundred men had installed himself as chief of the original owners.

Goma Goma thought there would be no trouble, but did not trust Gomani's people, and thought we would have trouble with them ; that they would desert when we were in the bad country.

I told him to call up all the capitos that were not in charge of the guards as I wanted to talk with them. I mustered them out of hearing of the carriers and pointed out to them that we were going to start on a very hard trek ; that I intended to make Gomani use his people to carry food right through to the first kraal and carry pots of water to the half distance of the dry stretch. I would arm our men with the guns captured from Gomani and the traders, and put a strong guard over Gomani's people, and if they did try to bolt I would have them secured by twos or sixes until we had passed the bad stretches of our trek ; that I would only shoot game to feed our people and trek right through to the coast. I had enough ivory and heads, and wanted to reach the coast as quickly as possible.

Next day the loot was shared, and I had a talk with the people who claimed to be slaves to Gomani and his people. There were very few disputes in sharing out the loot. I took the ivory and everything else went to the ulendo. It was understood that the guns only belonged to my carriers when they were paid off at the coast.

Matafari's people got their share, and I gave them twenty guns with powder and caps. I also paid them for carrying skoff. Nearly sixty of these boys offered to go through with their brothers to the coast, and I accepted.

There were nearly two hundred people who claimed to be slaves to Gomani and his lot ; more than fifty were women, the rest young boys of eighteen to twenty-five years and a few old men. I asked what they wanted to do. Nearly eighty boys wanted to go with me to the coast, the rest wanted to

return to their kraals. A good many came from the Wakondi, and a few that came from down river said they would go to the Wakondi with their mates.

I told Gomani that I wanted one hundred loads of ufa delivered at the first kraal beyond the dry stretch, and that I would pay the carriers. Also I wanted fifty boys or women to go with these carriers, taking at least two hundred pots and calabashes of water, and leave it eighteen or twenty miles from the last water. These people would be paid for their work. I would send and collect pots and calabashes on the morrow.

'You have no choice, you must obey,' I told them. 'You are being punished for trying to rob and murder a Bwana. If your people refuse I will make slaves of them and sell them to the Arabs and burn your kraal, and you and a few more will be hanged. Do as I order you and you will be at liberty to return here from the first kraal with the boys who carry the ufa. You and the head men I have captured and your three eldest sons will travel as prisoners until we reach the kraal, and if your people desert I will hang the whole batch of you. I want the ufa sent off to-morrow. Fifty of my askari will go with the carriers to see them safely through, the water carriers will go with that ulendo and will make three or four trips with water. A guard will go with them to guard the water from game.' I was afraid that rhino or other game might tackle the water if it were left unprotected.

All this was not accomplished without a lot of talk and threats. I had these people so badly scared that I really believe that if I had ordered the whole tribe to accompany me, I would have got them to come along.

We started to cross our loads and get them ship-shape. I had captured twenty-nine tusks from the traders and adding those paid by Gomani had more than two hundred and forty loads of ivory alone, nearly fifty loads of heads and skins and sixty loads of trade truck and personal kit, besides over thirty of powder, caps and lead. Also I had now about two hundred and fifty guns. These latter did not count; if it came to a pinch I could put one rifle on each load. But as things were at

present I would want at least two hundred askari to act as guards to Gomani's people, and doubted if I could hold them even with that number of askari. It would depend a lot on whether these people were really loyal to their chief; if they were loyal, I would have no trouble so long as I held Gomani a prisoner. Gomani and his sons and head men had made no attempt to escape. They had a portion of the skaram for themselves and guard, and were well fed.

The loads and ulendo were canoed over the river without a hitch. Gomani's people had started off with two hundred loads of ufa done up in bark bags. I weighed several loads, and they weighed from fifty-five to sixty-five pounds. Seventy-five women and some boys had gone forward to carry the water. I put in one day to slaughter hippo, one could hardly call it shooting. I killed eleven in one morning. The meat was cut up and dried, rations were handed to each boy and the remainder made up into loads to be issued later.

I only needed about ninety of Gomani's boys to carry my loads. Including the slaves and Matafari's boys, I had enough to carry everything. All boys carried four days' ration tied to their load. So with the meal I carried with me I would have two hundred loads of skoff when I had finished the first hundred miles, and this hundred was said to be the worst part of the journey to the coast.

#### A WATERLESS TREK

We got started by the middle of August. The greater portion of the loot had been sent back with Matafari's boys and the slaves travelling that way; the owners would get this on the return journey. I saw some of the loads and weighed a few. They weighed from eighty to one hundred pounds per load. My boys carried with rations not more than seventy pounds, and the load was made lighter as they skoffed the ration tied to it.

Our first trek took us to the far side of the Rovuma valley, and the going was good. There were only a few dongas. The

grass was very high in the valley, but not so bad after we got over the first range of hills. Game was plentiful but I did not shoot anything ; I kept close to our prisoners. The guides were tied each to an askari.

The second day saw us in the hills, and the going was very stiff. Twice we got charged by rhino, and there was a great commotion in the ulendo. We camped for skoff after doing about ten miles. At about two o'clock we started off and travelled till near sundown and camped where the ufa carriers had stopped. I was glad to meet none of the guard returning. I was expecting to meet them every day, never thinking they would get through with those carriers.

The guides advised an early start as the country was rough and the next water about fifteen miles away. We heard lions during the night, and jumbo was feeding not a long way off camp. The whole of this country was cut up with jumbo, rhino and game spoor ; one could throw one's hat anywhere and it would cover fresh spoor. We saw very little game, the noise made by the carriers scared it away. We had a very tough march this day, and only got to the water after midday. There was a nice stream and a good camping ground. We enlarged the skaram made by the ufa carriers and camped in that. I went out and killed a bush buck for my own table, saw several rhino and very fresh jumbo spoor on the way back, and near camp I shot a leopard. It carried a very fine skin, and I got one of the prisoners to bray it as we trekked. During the night a lion tried to bluff. It charged up grunting, and I fired where I thought he was, but scored a miss. Just at dawn two rhino charged past the skaram.

The next trek would bring us to the edge of the dry stretch. We made eighteen miles this trek with one water and made the river at sundown. Some of the carriers arrived after dark. They said they had been treed first by rhino and then ran into a troop of jumbo. We arrived at this camp just as the water carriers arrived for their last load of water. The guard reported no trouble, and that the ufa carriers must have arrived at the kraal the day before. They had camped one



day here while some of the askari went out to shoot meat. They had given no trouble and seemed quite cheerful.

Just before dark a woman of the water carriers, who had wandered out to collect firewood, was killed by a lion. Several of the guard shot at it, and one lucky shot broke its neck. The woman also had her neck broken. We put her under ground. This lion carried a very fine skin, the best I had seen ; it was black maned. I gave the guard two pounds of beads to divide.

We heard jumbo and lions that night, and twice I heard rhino charge past the skaram. Hyenas tried to get at the dried meat, and in the morning I saw they had carried off the carcass of the lion.

We were camped on a fine little river, and I felt inclined to rest the carriers one day, but it was too risky, so we pushed off. Just at dawn I had the water carriers march in front and saw to it that none fell out. At ten o'clock I measured out a drink for all hands and the same at one o'clock. The weather was warm, but the hot weather had not set in. We made the water camp at three p.m. I took the rationing out of the water on myself, and saw that every boy and woman had enough to cook nsima and one drink. That left me nearly eighty pots for the next day. There was very little jumbo or rhino spoor here, but there was plenty of wet season spoor. We heard lions and hyena again that night, but nothing worried the camp. We got off at dawn again this day. The going was awful for the first six miles. I could not ride the donkey, climbs were straight up and down. In some places there were loose stones and deep dongas. It got more level towards noon. I gave out water three times before noon and finished the water at near three o'clock. We did not make the kraal until nearly dark, and some of the carriers did not get in till nearly midnight.

There was a good-sized kraal here, about seventy huts. The natives here did not resemble any I had seen on my trip. They had decent huts, and the kraal was kept very clean, and they seemed very civil and willing to oblige. They had a number of goats and sheep, and their mkokwis seemed to be well

stocked with grain. I had my tent put up in the kraal, leaving Goma Goma in charge of the ulendo. He reported all well, no trouble with grain carriers and no desertions. He also reported that a good number of carriers wanted to engage through to the coast.

I told him I was tired and would see him in the morning, and told him to look out a hut for the donkey. There was no time to build a skaram, and there seemed no chance of a mix up.

Next day I had Gomani up. I told him he was at liberty and that he could return with his people. I gave his people two yards of calico, some salt and beads each, and I gave them twenty rifles and a little powder, caps and bullets, and warned them to respect the next Bwana that came their way ; that he might not be so easy with them as I had been. I had promised them they could return from here, so get.

The next trek was a corker. We would have been lost a dozen times if we had not taken guides from the last kraal. I had to kill two rhino that charged the ulendo. I had better horns than they carried, so they were given to the guides and water carriers. The bush was very thick and thorny, and in the open places the grass was high, trampled and tangled with a small thorn bush that made going hard and painful. About noon my donkey played out and I had to walk. The guides said we still had a long trek to get to the kraal. I gave out water several times, and it was getting scarce. Some of the carriers lagged behind, and the water carriers who had empty pots sent back to help them. Several times a batch of carriers took a jumbo track, and we had to wait for them. We ran into a troop of jumbo cows, and there was trumpeting and screaming to beat the band. Loads scattered all over the country, and there was a long delay to get the ulendo straightened out again. Several carriers were missing, and one unfortunate got killed.

At four o'clock I went along the ulendo. Capitos and guards reported all their carriers and loads correct. Another start was made, and the water reached half an hour before sundown.

The guides reported a kraal some distance on, so I camped. The guides seemed scared ; they said rhino and elephant drank at this water and lions were sure to rush the camp. I felt so tired I did not care if all the jumbo, rhino and lions in Africa came to rush camp ; I was camping where I was. We did hear lions and jumbo that night, but nothing worried us.

#### ATTEMPTED RAPE

We made the kraal next morning about eight o'clock. It was a small kraal of not more than thirty huts, and the owners had scooted. I sent the guides out to try and call the people back. They succeeded, but it cost us over two hours. These natives seemed very timid, and it was some little time before I could get any information out of them. The chief's kraal was a seven-mile trek with several small kraals between ; plenty of water and fair going. We started after I had paid off the guides and water carriers. Sixteen of these natives engaged to carry right through.

We made the chief's kraal at three o'clock. I was surprised at the size of it. It contained about two hundred huts. We made camp about half a mile away on a fine little river with very fine timber and plenty of fish. I ordered Goma Goma to bring the chief to my tent.

The chief arrived with a present of two fat-tailed sheep, some eggs and meal, and one small tusk of ivory. I made him a return present of beads and print. I told him my boys would want to trade ufa and other skoff, and he said his people had plenty to sell. Would I tell my boys not to interfere with the women ? I promised to do this, and sent Goma Goma to give the warning. I could only understand a little of what this native said ; on the other hand, he seemed to understand my lingo. When Goma Goma returned, I questioned the chief about the country, people and water on the track we were trekking along. I found out that for the next four or five days I would find the going quite good ; water plentiful and also kraals. There had been good crops this year. The chief

asked Goma Goma to ask me if I would trade for ivory. I said not unless the ivory was very good. What would I pay for large tusks? I would tell him when I saw the tusks, but I was not keen to buy any more. I had as much as I could get along with. He promised to bring along a pair that evening and returned to his kraal.

Just before dark there was a deuce of a row at the kraal, and I saw a lot of my people making for the kraal and ordered them back. I called Goma Goma, but he was up at the kraal. I then called a capito and told him to bring his askari and started for the kraal. I had about twenty-five askari with me. I got there to find a devil of a scrap on, and it took me some time to stop it. Goma Goma had seen me arrive and had gone back to camp and came back with his own squad of askari. I saw several natives lying about dead, and quite a few wounded. The chief had a cut head and one or two gashes on his arms and chest. I called him and inquired what the row was about. He said that some of my boys had tried to get his own wife and daughter and some young girls to go to my camp with them, and when the women had refused had tried to drag them out of the kraal.

'Can you point out any of these boys?' I asked.

'Yes, there are three,' he said, pointing to three dead boys.

Goma Goma said they were Gomani's boys.

Asked if he could point out any of the boys who had cleared while I was stopping the scrap, the chief said he could; that about fifteen boys had tried to drag away these women. I told him to come to my camp next morning, and asked him to look round and see if any of his own people had been killed. I sent Goma Goma with him, and also sent a capito to my tent to bring up my medicine chest. Goma Goma and the chief returned and reported four boys dead. The wounded had cleared out. I went and looked at the dead boys; every one of them had a fractured skull.

When the capito returned with the medicine chest I dressed the chief's wounds and told him to come to camp early next morning and asked him to tell his boys to arrest any of my boys

they met in the kraal or in their gardens. I gave Goma Goma orders to double the guard and to keep an eye on the Gomani boys, and see that none of them deserted. This was the first row of this kind I had on this trip.

Next morning I sent Goma Goma to tell the chief to bring the women and girls with him to my camp, and any of his boys who were engaged in the scrap of the previous afternoon, and I sent orders that none of my boys were to leave camp until I gave orders that they could do so.

#### TRIAL AND EXECUTION

When the chief and his people arrived, I looked at about twenty or thirty boys who had been hurt in the scrap, none of them seriously damaged. I fell in my people and was careful to put Gomani's boys amongst the different gangs. I then asked the chief to ask his women to point out the boys who had made the attack upon them. They picked out Gomani's boys from several different gangs—seven boys were picked out. I had these boys put under a guard and brought to my tent; the chief and his women and several of the chief's men who recognised the boys were present, when I tried the case; also ten boys from every gang of boys I had. The upshot was the chief proved his case, and I sentenced two boys to be hanged, the remaining five to be handed over to the chief to work in his gardens until the return of the ulendo.

That afternoon the sentence was carried out in the presence of all my people. I addressed the whole crowd and told them they had been warned at every kraal not to interfere with the women and not to pinch food or goods belonging to the people whose country we travelled through. That if it became necessary I would hang a dozen.

I had no desertions, and my boys in the main considered that the boys who caused this trouble only got what they deserved.

This lost me a full day.  
 I would <sup>trek</sup> have written what I have written be published, readers might  
 kraals. The <sup>and</sup> wrong, but let them consider the circumstances.

I was one white man, alone in this part of Africa. I was travelling with a large crowd of natives, more than two hundred of them armed with guns. I had to travel through strange tribes and had to fight my way half the time. I did not enjoy scrapping and only did so when forced to. In all I had to provide food for nearly five hundred people, and could only do this by keeping on friendly terms with the natives. This could only be accomplished by treating the natives fairly. Had I allowed my boys to rob them and abuse their women, I would have had to fight every tribe I came on, and my boys would have eventually cut my throat. My aim was to make the natives respect the white man and to a certain point fear him, and I was trying to make it easy for the next white man who followed me. There was no government in the country, and these natives had only been used to Arabs, half-castes, Indians and the cut-throats who accompanied these slavers and traders from the coast, I was trying to make these natives see that a white man was different.

#### THE SACKED KRAALS

From here I had about one hundred miles of fairly good going, kraals every day and plenty of skoff for my boys. Game was plentiful and very easy to come up to. I only killed what was necessary to feed my ulendo, and trade food. It was easy to trade for meat in most of the kraals we passed through. Jumbo was not so plentiful in this part of the country at this time of the year. There was plenty of wet season spoor, and the natives told me that they did considerable damage to their mapira and mealie gardens. Lions were plentiful, but I only saw three, one of which I bagged, a tawny mane.

We had a very nasty shock at the first kraal we came to. Slavers had raided it, and had killed and captured the greater portion and partly burnt the kraal that day, and had taken all the grain. Eight or ten boys, and some old men and women, were all that had escaped. These had been in the lands when the raid was made. I felt very mad ; I only had about one and

a half day's rations for my ulendo, and it was one full day to the next kraal. If that had been raided and the grain burnt I would be in a bad fix. It is easy to run a large gang of natives when you can feed them well, but fail to do that, then look out for trouble.

I had told Goma Goma to find out what he could about these raiders, and get the direction they had trekked. They had not been gone more than two or three hours when we arrived, and had gone in the direction of two small kraals about six miles away. I had a look inside the kraal and the sight nearly made me sick. I counted seven corpses. One old woman was brutally mutilated, and in the case of the men it was the same. Several had evidently been thrown into the huts before the hut had been set alight.

Prudence warned me to move on. An old woman who had managed to hide in the grass said that there were three white men and twenty or thirty black askari. They had about two or three hundred women and children and youths all chained by the neck. These carried loads. Those captured from here were loaded with grain from the burned mkokwis.

My askari and carriers were all keen to follow and wipe out the raiders. I picked out one half of my askari and left Goma Goma in charge. I only took my blankets and bed and two days' skoff with me and started on the spoor. Two hours' trekking brought us to the first small kraal which had numbered not more than thirty huts. This had been treated like the one we had left. The other kraal was only about fifteen minutes away. Here the raiders had been too late. These natives had probably heard the attack on the other kraal and had scooted. We could hear the raiders hunting the bush for them. I got a look at the raiders' camp from a rise, and could see only three Arabs and some sixty or seventy slaves. Two of the Arabs seemed oldish, one appeared to be about my own age. There were only a few askari in the camp, and these were talking to the Arabs. I gave orders for twenty-five of my askari to follow me and warned the others to spread out and take care of the raiders who were hunting the natives in the bush,

but not to fire at any until they heard me shooting. It was an easy thing to get quite near to the camp, and I got the two bearded chaps in two shots and got a shot at the young one as he nipped behind a bush. I was surprised to see him show himself with his hands up and empty. The volley fired by the askari had knocked over five of the Arabs' askari, and the remainder bolted. I told my askari to reload, and keeping the young Arab covered told him to advance.

#### THE YOUNG BALUCHI

He came up and bent and made a salaam. He appeared to be about twenty years of age. I told a capito to put a guard over him. Then I got some askari busy, releasing the slaves. We found the keys of the chains on the belt of one of the dead raiders. The slaves had not been ill-treated. Most of them were young girls and young women carrying their first child.

While this was being done we heard some shots fired where I had left the askari, and I went up there, leaving my twenty-five men to look after the slaves and prisoner. This was an easy victory, my askari accounted for five or six of the raiding askari, the rest bolted. I found out from the young Baluchi, for he came from Baluchistan, I found out later, that there were only thirty askari and twenty carriers in their ulendo ; that this small tribe had been located here when the other two came from the coast, and that these people had left an Arab settlement, about one hundred miles west from here, to raid them and get the youths, young girls, and women and children. I heard from this lad that the people he came with had not been near the country I was making for, that they had followed the upper track until nearly level with these kraals, and had then come over the escarpment and had only started their raid that morning. They had three donkeys and very little trade truck ; they depended on the price of the slaves raided to give them a start. That he had been in Africa three years, had come as servant to a merchant who was the head of a party of



slavers camped in a settlement about two weeks' trek from here. That this was his first trip raiding ; he had been offered a share and had joined the other two.

I got all this information through an askari who spoke Swahili.

There was great excitement when I got back to the ulendo with the slaves and loot. There was very little loot, except the donkeys. I sent carriers to bring in grain from the last kraal, and then tried this young Baluchi. My boys all gathered round to listen to the maranda. There were several of my askari and capitos who understood Swahili, and I selected a capito, named Pondamali, to act as interpreter. The prisoner pleaded not guilty to the murder of the natives and said that the slaves could prove that he was not present when the first kraal had been raided ; he was nearly a mile behind, having gone after some buck, and that when he got to the kraal the raid was over and the huts burned ; that he had absolutely refused to take any part in the raid of the second kraal, and called on me to say if he was armed when I killed the other two raiders. Most of the slaves testified that this young chap had not been present at the raiding of the first kraal, and that he had no part in the murders committed at the kraal where I captured him. But they all wanted to have the killing of him. Even Goma Goma wanted me to hang him, or give him over to the survivors of the people that had been raided.

The youngster was very cool. I do not know what he expected, he certainly showed no fear. I explained to my ulendo that nothing had been proved against this person, that he certainly did not carry arms when I captured him ; that the slaves who had seen the whole raid stated that he had no hand in the murder, and that he was not even present when the first kraal was raided ; that I had wounded him in the hand when I captured him, my bullet taking off two of his fingers when he jumped behind the tree.

The sentence was that the prisoner would be my slave and work for me. I also made it clear that any of my askari or carriers caught molesting him would be punished, and said I

was making a present to all hands of one yard of print and a few beads because there was no loot captured.

I did this because there might have been a big scrap and some of them killed, and I wanted to keep them keen. I did not know what would happen between here and the coast, and we still had one hundred and fifty miles or thereabouts to trek before we reached the coast.

We climbed down to the Rufiji early in September and found it almost as warm as the Zambesi was the November the year before. I was glad to be nearing the coast, having had enough of big-game hunting for one trip. There is not much fun in doing the same thing over again. I had killed nearly every species of game to be found in that part of Africa, many times over, and was longing to get to another country, to have a change of people, game and scenery.

When I started from home profits and losses did not enter my mind. The idea of being the first white man to visit different parts of the world, and deal first hand with the natives of those parts visited, had a great fascination for me. A good many of the parts of East Africa that I trekked through had not been visited by white men, and several times I had crowds of women and children watching me for hours, some of them venturing near enough to touch my clothes, feel my hair and pass remarks about the whiteness of my skin. Things are entirely different now. I did actually find my trips very profitable from the very beginning, and would have made more profit if I had put in my first twelve or fifteen years in Africa, instead of gallivanting through other parts of the world.

We still had nearly one hundred miles to trek. I hoped to reach the coast without having any more scraps with slavers or trouble with the natives. However, I was disappointed. I had to scrap two or three times, nothing worth writing about. Several chiefs tried to collect tribute from me. In every case I made them pay tribute to me. More often than not I took payment in food. On three occasions I disarmed the offenders. These were boys who had come in from the coast and had made themselves chiefs of a few scattered kraals.

## RESCUE OF A BABOO

About this time the hot weather was beginning, and I could only trek in the mornings. The country was covered with dense thorn bush, with some large timber scattered through the bush. In some places the cream of tartar was very plentiful. The carriers had great fun knocking down the fruit with sticks and kerries, and seemed to enjoy the paste they made by breaking the shell and pouring in a little water. I made drinks from the cream of tartar and found it quite pleasant and cooling.

Sixty miles from the coast I fell in with an Indian merchant who was having trouble with the natives, in fact, he was prisoner to the natives, having no guts to fight. Although he was travelling with twenty-five askari he had allowed these natives to rob him of the whole of his goods and ivory. His own askari had joined the natives and his carriers had deserted him. I found out that this Indian was held prisoner through Goma Goma and the young Indian I had captured when I scrapped the last slavers. The latter had turned out to be a good servant, and came and went as he pleased. They had gone to this kraal with carriers and askari to trade skoff and had somehow heard that there was an Indian held prisoner there. I walked up to the kraal and tackled the chief. I thought at first there was going to be trouble, but I had the chief covered with a Colt. He caved in and sent for his prisoner. They had not ill-treated the Indian. I called off my askari and returned to my camp, taking this Indian with me, and through the same askari who had acted as interpreter before found out his troubles.

He was brother to a large merchant who had branches in several parts of India and Zanzibar. They had agents up country buying ivory. They did not trade slaves, not even to act as carriers. This chap had left Zanzibar in one of his brother's schooners and had been landed at one of their camps on the Rufiji. He had gone up to their nearest camp to the coast, this being his third trip. He had never had trouble with the

natives, and was so surprised when these people tackled him that he could not defend himself and was an easy capture for the natives. His own carriers had deserted, and his twenty-five askari had gone over to the other side. He was bringing down between fifty and sixty tusks and some leopard skins, all of which, with his own personal kit, had been stolen by the natives. He had been a prisoner five days when I made the chief release him. He expected their schooner about the end of the month.

I recovered most of his goods for him without having to fire a shot.

This chief had only two kraals, the one I was camped at numbering some two hundred huts, the other, which was about two miles distant on the banks of the river, numbering less than one hundred huts.

I failed to recover seven rifles. The askari who carried them had scooted when they saw my ulendo arriving. I recovered the whole of the ivory and most of the personal kit, and fined the chief food for my ulendo and made him supply carriers to carry this Indian's stuff to the Indian camp near the mouth of the river, which we made without further trouble with the natives.

It is wonderful how news travels in Africa. These people had heard of my smashing the slavers, and my boys had told them about our other scraps and the hangings. That, I believe, was the reason I had no trouble here.

I found out from the Baboo that his brother traded in the East Indies and that he owned four schooners. He asked me where I was making for. I told him Dar-es-Salaam. He thought it would be safer for me to go to their camp, and he offered me a free passage to Zanzibar, saying it would be but small payment in return for what I had done for him. He thought that if I had not come when I did that he would have been murdered. He had heard that the natives who attacked and captured him were moving further along the country towards the Rovuma.

We got a start from here, travelling down river. The going

was bad owing to the thick bush and the dongas running into the Rufiji. Game was very plentiful, buffalo and rhino more plentiful than anything else.

When we had travelled two treks, I found out it was not going to be an easy trek coastwards. Kraals were very scarce, and I had to buy almost all the food the natives had to feed my ulendo. Quite a number of the boys whom I forced to carry the Baboo's loads had bolted, and my askari had to take turns carrying the loads left by the deserters. The Baboo assured me that we would reach their trading station in less than a week.

I was learning quite a bit of his language, and as he spoke a little English I could get along fairly well without the help of the interpreter.

The young Indian whom I had captured also spoke Hindustani. I had made quite a friend of this youngster. He used to go shooting with my askari and was quite a fair shot.

When we had trekked six days from the kraal where I rescued the Baboo, things got so tough that I proposed to the Baboo that he took an escort and went ahead to the trading station and brought out skoff. He consented to do this, telling me to hit the river at a certain place and make camp there until he got back. He started next morning. One and a half days brought me to the kraals where I was to make camp. These were a group of small kraals, the largest of which was about thirty huts. I managed to trade two days' rations for the whole ulendo.

After a few days the Indian Baboo got back. He came by river in a good-sized boat and several dugouts, and what dugouts! Either of them would have crossed thirty boys. Each canoe had six paddles. He had brought ufa and beans and ground nuts back with him and told me that a schooner came in the day after he reached the station. The schooner would wait for his return, and would then run us up to Zanzibar. The Rufiji was a very fine river at this point, deep and wide. I would think that a light draught fair-sized ship could have got up this far. I saw as I went down that there was a lot of sand bars in the river.

## ALI BEN MUSA

Three days brought us to the trading station. The schooner lay anchored in the stream. There were none but Indians in charge of the station and a few coast boys, the rest were natives of the country. I went on board the schooner. She was a fine boat of about one hundred tons, the skipper and mate were from Scotland, MacMillan and MacKay. The rest of the crew were lascars. MacMillan told me he had been sent down from Zanzibar to pick up the owner's brother and the ivory and other stuff they had at the station. He had brought down trade goods and skoff, and he was going straight back to Zanzibar. He thought I was lucky to have rescued the Baboo and his goods, and get a trip with him, and that I would have had a lot of trouble and probably lost my ivory, etc., had I have called at Dar-es-Salaam.

MacMillan and MacKay never tired of listening to the tales I told them of my trip from Quilimane to Tete and on to the Rufiji. To them I was no end of a big-game hunter. They said they reckoned I had carried out the trip with credit, and that they wished they had been with me every step of the journey. They both thought that I would get a good price for my ivory if I sold it to their boss, better than I would get from the other firms or if I shipped it through any firm to England or India.

I do know that the Baboo must have enlarged upon the service I had been lucky enough to render him. While I was at the station I was made much of by the Baboo in charge of all the other Indians. MacMillan told me that this was his first trip to the Rufiji, and that he had loaded quite a lot of ivory here and at other stations down the coast, but my ivory was the best lot he had seen. I showed him my heads, horns and skins, and made him and MacKay a present of a few heads, and also gave each a pair of tusks of traded ivory weighing about eighty pounds the pair.

The schooner sailed on 7th October early in the morning.

We had a fair voyage down the river, six boats went with us to the mouth. We had to stop just inside the river one night, waiting for high water to cross the bar. The Baboo in charge of the station accompanied us, and returned from here.

There is nothing to write of the voyage to Zanzibar. We made a good trip, had fair weather with a few showers of rain. The wet season was still a couple of months away, and I often wondered if my boys got home before the rivers came down. I hope they did, but I never saw any of them again. It was not until 1898 that I hit the Ruo and Shiri rivers again.

At Zanzibar the Baboo took me up to see his brother, Ali ben Musa, who thanked me for the service done for his brother and offered to pay me for saving the ivory. I refused payment for service rendered, and asked him if he would buy my ivory, nearly eight thousand pounds in weight and mostly of A1 quality. He promised to come to the schooner and have a look at it the following day, and he gave me a decent house to camp at. I engaged a cook, and with him and my young Baluchi, soon made myself comfortable.

Next day Ali ben Musa came down to the schooner and took a look at my ivory as it was being brought out of the hold. He asked me to have it carried up to my quarters and lay it out where he could get a better look at it, and gave me boys to shift it and all my kit.

I had a look round the town and thought I would not like to live here for any length of time. The Indians seemed to outnumber any of the other natives living here. The town was not very clean, and the narrow streets smelt anything but pleasant, and the smell from the water front was very unpleasant too when the wind blew off the sea.

There seemed to be a big trade going on here, and there were quite a few European firms. I dined one evening with the British Consul, and he advised me to get away as soon as I could, telling me that the place was very unhealthy. I said very little to the Consul about my trip on the mainland.

I did sell my ivory to Ali ben Musa, and he offered me a free passage on one of his schooners to Calcutta *via* the Dutch East

Indies. The schooner would be ready for sea in about eight or nine days. I got a few boys and told Ali, for so I called my Baluchi, to get the heads and skins and curios packed ready for the trip. Ali refused to leave me and for many years was a true friend and servant to me.



## EPISODE II

EAST AFRICA, 1872-1874

### FOUR YEARS IN INDIA

ARRIVING in India at the latter end of the year 1869, I looked round to find agents to dispose of my trophies. Ali ben Musa had given me a letter to his agents at Calcutta. He had advised me to go to Northern India if I wanted to make a collection of big-game trophies, saying I would get almost everything that was worth calling big game in that part of India and Thibet.

Ali, my captive Baluchi, accompanied me from Africa. I soon found agents who were willing to handle my trophies ; these also advised me to go north, saying I would get almost everything worth getting up in those parts of India, and advising me to take a taxidermist with me to look after trophies and to preserve the specimens for museums, not only keep the heads as I had done in Africa. I contracted to do this when they told me the prices they were prepared to pay for museum specimens. One of them told me that he knew of a man named Da Silva who was a real good taxidermist and knew his job from A to Z. He was a Sinhalese. I was introduced to Da Silva, and he agreed to engage himself to me for a term of twelve months, with an understanding that I would engage him for five years if I was satisfied with his work and I continued my shooting and collecting.

I bought a bungalow at Serampur, a small town on the river Hugli, 15 miles above Calcutta, as I expected to remain in India for a few years. I did make several trips to different parts of India and Thibet, shooting and collecting on contract, and I also went on an expedition to Venezuela and the three

Guianas, shooting, collecting and prospecting for gold. None of these trips proved very exciting, and I am not going to write about them.

During my trips in India, Ali engaged a staff of ex-soldiers from the native army, and these chaps acted as carriers when required to do so, but mostly as askari, and they, with Ali and Da Silva, accompanied me on my trips to Africa, New Guinea, Sumatra, Borneo and China. Both Da Silva and Ali were good at their work and also in a scrap. I fulfilled my promise to Da Silva, and I gave him a five years' contract to work for me.

#### RETURN TO AFRICA

Having received a number of orders for African trophies, I was keen on making another trip to East Africa, and I chartered a schooner, bought trade goods, and left India about the middle of 1872, landing in Africa in September of that year. The whole of my Indian staff accompanied me, and they remained in my service during the years that I travelled on my shooting and collecting trips in different parts of the world.

We called at Ceylon and went straight from there to Bagamoyo, a small Indian and Arab settlement on the east coast of Africa and just south of Zanzibar, landing there early in September 1872. I rented a house from Ali Khan, agents for Ali ben Musa, who had a large business at Zanzibar and trading station down the coast as far south as Lindi. I made myself known to Ali Khan. As I have related, I had done his master a service during my last African trip, and had sold my ivory to him at Zanzibar. Ali Khan promised to assist me recruiting carriers for my trip into the interior.

Our arrival here caused some stir. It was not often that an expedition like mine landed at Bagamoyo, and the quantity of goods I had brought with me made it look as if I intended starting business here. I wanted three hundred and twenty men to carry my goods, and expected I would be detained here for some time. But fortunately there was not much trouble in engaging that number of carriers, and in less than ten days from

leaving the schooner, we had made our first trek from Bagamoyo. I had written to Ali ben Musa, telling him that I was making this trip and asked him to act as my agent at Zanzibar ; that I would forward my ivory and trophies to his agent at Bagamoyo. Ali Khan promised to send runners after me with the answer if he got it within two weeks after I started from Bagamoyo.

Game was plentiful from the start, and we had no trouble keeping the carriers supplied with meat, to eat and to trade, ufa, beans, rice and other native food stuffs. Four days from the coast Da Silva told me he would want at least six days to prepare the trophies I had shot. I had heard of elephant twenty miles further in, and asked him to carry on until we got into elephant country, where I would camp and he could get to work on the trophies while I went after some ivory. This suited him so we went on to the Pangani river. This stream ran into the Rufiji river. It was shallow this time of the year, but there were plenty of pools and there was hippo spoor. I was glad of this because not only did it mean easy meat for the carriers, but it would give a bit of shooting to Da Silva. I was adding birds to my collection this trip, and it is on the rivers in Africa that bird life is plentiful.

I had no trouble with natives up till now. The country was well populated and skoff was fairly plentiful. Neither had I any desertions amongst the carriers. I had given my askari, by which term I will call my Indians, orders not to rush the carriers and on no account strike any of them.

#### INDIGENOUS VERSUS EXOTIC PLANTS

More than fifty of the carriers had bought wives, and Ali asked me if I was going to allow the carriers to take their wives when I moved on from this camp. I said that I was willing to allow any of the carriers to trade wives and travel with them, but they would have to understand that if they did marry I would want to see the owners or parents of the girls they married, to see the girls were really bought, and that the

girls would have to be willing parties to the contract. He could tell the carriers this and also tell them what had happened to the Rovuma carriers who had tried to rape and steal women on my last trip in Africa, and that the same thing will happen to any of them should they try to steal or rape any women while they were working for me. Also to tell them that I am not taking this trip to enable my carriers to buy wives, and then ask for their pay and return to their kraals with the wives they have picked up on the way. Any boy who wishes to marry can do so on the understanding that he works for me until I return to the coast.

Past experience had taught me that it was bad business to refuse girls when they were offered by chiefs. I intended on that trip to accept what the chiefs or the gods offered. Consequently, I allowed my carriers and askari to buy wives when any were offered for sale. But at the same time, there was an understanding that stealing of wives or raping of women and girls would not be allowed.

It was, is, and, in my own opinion, always will be, the custom of some white men to keep native women in parts of Central Africa. This is also the case in every part of the world I have visited where there are natives and coloured races. There are many reasons why the white man keeps his native women. Firstly, in the early days it was impossible to take a white woman into the country, and it was the custom of a number of the chiefs of certain of the tribes to offer girls as presents, and they did not like their offerings refused. If a white man did not keep women or a woman, the natives thought it strange, and it would be talked about among themselves. Many were the conclusions they arrived at, and most of those conclusions were to the discredit of that Bwana. That excuse will not hold to-day. There are donahs all over the country. But there are numbers of men who cannot afford to keep a white wife, and as a woman is necessary to man, he takes a native girl, whom he can keep for 20s. per month and change her for another when he feels inclined to do so. They are plentiful and easy to get, and they have a

charm of their own, so that a good many white men of all classes fall to them. Even missionaries have fallen and have been found out. It is not the few cases we hear of that count. But how many have fallen and never been found out? I wonder.

A settler who resists the temptation of owning an indigenous plant selects and uproots an exotic plant from the conservatories of Europe. If he is wise and can afford to do it, he will return to Europe and travel out with his plant. If he sends for it, there is a chance of his plant becoming fertilized by other pollen than his own while the plant is en route. He transplants his exotic in the wilds and soon finds out that it begins to fade, unless he gives it his whole attention. Also that his plant requires more and more attention as time goes on. Eventually his plant is fertilized, and then it requires more and more time to give it the required attention. Then when his plant is about to fruit he finds out that he has taken on a trying and expensive contract; that the fruit may be properly gathered and the parent plant get the attention that he himself cannot give it, he sends it to one of the conservatories. There are quite a number to select from and they might be any distance from 50 to 1000 miles away, and he is apt to find out from his plant that it is even necessary to return it to its own conservatory to be harvested, to save the risk of the plant suffering harm while being harvested. The owner in consequence is worried by the cost in £. s. d. of the harvest, and worry turns to discontent. He finds out that a few such harvests spell ruin. Still, he is bound to give his exotic plant his attention and to do that he has to use inventions to collect his pollen, so that his exotic cannot be too frequently fertilized. He finds that trying, and he derives very little pleasure from attending to his plant, and starts to scatter his pollen among indigenous plants. It is not long before his exotic learns the indigenous plant language, and finds out that pollen that should be only used to give it pleasure is giving pleasure to indigenous plants, and they are able to harvest their own fruit without help and expense. In some instances the exotic fades so rapidly on hearing this that it has to be returned to the

conservatory from which it has been uprooted, or it becomes a nuisance to the owner and his friends. It enquires and finds out and makes public the way they use their pollen, and how often on one indigenous plant and how many indigenous plants are fertilized by the use of the pollen.

Having a knowledge of the language of the indigenous plants I was often questioned by them ; of why the exotics made such a fuss about their owners attending to the wants of indigenous plants. I answered that it was so expensive to keep an exotic, even in our own country, that it became the custom that a white man was only allowed to own one plant. I was asked if we kept strictly to that custom, and gave the whole of our attention to it, and answered truly that those who desired and had the means to feed their desire, paid attention to many exotics. Then why should the exotic make trouble because we did the same thing out in other countries ? Because in most cases in Europe the exotic did not find out that her owner paid attention to other plants. But why all the fuss ? It is better that a man have more than one plant to attend to. Why, I enquired, are you not annoyed when I pay attention to my other plants ? Certainly not ; if you only had me to attend to, you would become tired of paying all your attention to one plant, and you would hurry to have the task done and get and give no pleasure from it. But having your other plants to attend gives you pleasure and also pleasure to the plants that you attend, and when it is time for me to be treated with fertilizer, you pay attention and do your work thoroughly, enjoying the work yourself and giving me great pleasure.

I do not think the exotic could be induced to look at this ndaba from the indigenous point of view.

#### THE CARRIERS

To return to the carriers. I had only engaged them for three months, intending to make a wet season camp and shoot from it during the worst part of the wet weather, and let them

carry what trophies and ivory I had shot and collected back to the coast when I paid them off.

But the runner promised by Ali Khan had turned up with a letter from Ali ben Musa. He had written it at Bagamoyo. He was making a tour of his coast stations, and he wrote that he would be glad to do any forwarding for me and that he would pay me the top price for any ivory I shot or traded. But he would like a letter from me stating that I would sell him the whole of my ivory at 13s. per pound. The price I had received from him was 12s. 9d. per pound for the three and a half tons I brought out on my first trip, so I thought I could not do better than clinch with him for the 13s., and as he had enclosed a written agreement to me offering this price, I enclosed a contract in my answer to him, witnessed by Da Silva, that I accepted his offer. If I could send the stuff I shot during the first two or three hundred miles of this trip through to the coast it would make my work easier, and I would not have to engage so many carriers as I would have to do if I had to carry everything with me, as I had to on my trip from Quilimane to the Rufiji river.

Up to the present I had only traded five tusks and the heaviest only fifty-eight pounds in weight. Ali told me that the chief at these kraals had approached him about buying ivory, and had asked if I would trade guns and powder for ivory. He thought that these people had some good ivory hidden. Most of the natives in these days had ivory, but they hid it sometimes. I had bought several small tusks before they brought out their best stuff; the small stuff was sold firstly to see what price I would give, and secondly, to find out if I was likely to take the ivory and not pay for it. A good many of the Indian and Arab traders, if they were strong enough, took ivory and also slaves from the weak tribes, paying nothing for either, and they often killed or flogged the men who objected to their doing so.

I ordered a general fall in and told my carriers that I gave those who would sign on for the return trip permission to marry or trade wives, and those who did marry could draw

a half ration for their wives. But in every case they would have to bring the parents or owners of the girl up to my tent, so that I would know that the deal was really made, and that I would punish severely any case of rape or stealing of women or girls belonging to the friendly tribes whose country we were travelling through. I told them I would pay them when their three months' contract was through if they wished, but that when I moved from this camp on my next trek, those who had married and did not wish to work on after the three months' contract was finished would have to leave their wives here and get them when they returned. I hoped to have done my work and be at the coast within eight months.

I killed four good buffalo, several roan, eland, hartebeeste, bush buck, water buck, bush pig, wart hog and two more rhino while I was camped here, and bought four pairs and three odd tusks of ivory from the chief. I gave three guns with powder, caps and lead, cloth, brass wire and beads for these.

#### MORE JUMBO

A few days after I had returned to this camp some natives who had come in with skoff from some kraals, one day's journey higher up the Pangani, told Ali they had seen two very large jumbo on their way here. I was busy getting other trophies and did not worry about going to have a try for them. These same natives came in with a very good pair of tusks to trade and had seen these jumbo again. I bought their ivory, and as Da Silva had fully two weeks' work to finish his job and pack the specimens for shipment to Calcutta, I took some skoff, my kit and forty carriers and went back with these natives, who assured me they could put me on to the spoor of these bulls, or show me them.

We left camp early and had trekked about fourteen miles when we saw the spoor of these jumbo, and going by the size of the spoor I thought they carried heavy ivory. The spoor



was a day old, so I did not go on to the kraal. I took the spoor, from where I first saw it, keeping five or six of the natives with me, intending if I made a kill to send them to their kraal to bring out their people to assist in cutting up the meat and carry some to my main camp. I camped that night on the old spoor and could see by the older spoor we crossed that these two had been roaming this part for some time.

Late next afternoon we hit that morning's spoor, and as there was water I camped.

Next day I hit the fresh spoor and followed it and came up to them just after they had left a water hole. I had no difficulty in getting up close to them and managed to drop one first shot and got a good shoulder shot at the other. This one had one tusk badly broken. I followed him and came up to him in open country. He had picked a small dambo to fight it out. He was hard hit I knew, but if I did not drop him first shot, I stood a good chance of getting hurt myself.

I had to go through high grass for a full hundred yards to get up close enough to shoot. There was no cover and the grass was high. I could see him from the edge of the dambo, but once I got into the grass I could not even glimpse his back. I had seen some bushes between me and jumbo before I started through the grass. I had left the spoor and was working through the grass straight for jumbo and managed to keep to these bushes, which I was glad to find grew on an ant heap. I climbed the ant heap and could only see part of jumbo's head. He was facing me, giving me an awkward shot. I could only see that he was head on to me, the grass being too high for me to see his full face. However, I aimed for below the eyes, and he went down.

Here I made a foolish mistake. Instead of waiting where I was, where I could have got another shot at him if he got up, I left the ant heap, pushed through the grass to the body and was just arriving when he got to his feet. I fired my left barrel and threw myself sideways into the grass when he charged screaming right past me, and nearly trampling on me

as he went by. My gun bearer had thrown himself in the grass near to where I lay. I loaded my 8-bore and went after jumbo, taking his spoor this time. He had crossed through the dambo and stood just inside of the bush. He got my wind and charged just as I had got out of the high grass into the short grass that grows on the edge of the bush. I fired right at his chest and the shock from the heavy bullet made him swerve. I gave him my left barrel fair on the shoulder ; it staggered him but he did not fall. I got my 12-bore from the boy and followed him into the bush ; he was screaming and kicking up an awful row. I could see by the way he was squirting blood through his trunk over the bushes that one bullet had got him in the lung. He heard me coming and made another charge. This time I dodged him and he gave me a side-on shot. I aimed for his ear and he went down. As I walked up to him he half rose and I fired at not more than five yards' range. This shot finished him.

He would have died from the effects of my first shot had I left him, but I never liked to wait for these chances. I always tried to put a wounded animal out of pain as quickly as possible. I left boys at these two jumbo and returned with the local boys to their kraal, and on arrival there sent the natives to cut up the meat and bring the tusks and half of the meat to my camp. I had killed these jumbo within four miles of this batch of kraals. Men, women and children went out to cut up the meat, leaving only the local chief and a few old men and women at the kraals.

#### A POMBI DRINK

I camped here, and in the evening had the chief up to my tent. I questioned him about the country on ahead, and asked if the Arabs and Indians bought slaves from him and his people. He said they did not, and that the main road used by Arabs was more than three days north from the camp I had made at Lundu's kraal. That was the name of the local chief.

I returned to camp next day, nineteen miles away. There had been a pombi drink and fighting among my carriers. Some of them had been badly knocked about. The fight had been amongst themselves; none of the local natives had been interfered with or had taken part in the fight. Pombi is a native beer made from whatever is grown by the natives who make it. I have often tried drinking it, and it is not bad when well strained. The natives make strainers from grass and reeds. These strainers are made like a funnel, wide at the mouth and tapered to a point. It is a trying job straining beer through them, but as the work is done by the women, that is a small fault, time being no object to the African native.

Ali had killed a man-eating lion with a trap gun and several leopards and hyenas. Da Silva had cleaned up two hyenas and three leopards. The lion was no good. I helped Da Silva to pack what was ready and made the trophies and specimens up into one bag loads and sent them and thirty-seven tusks of ivory back to Bagamoyo. The ivory was two thousand four hundred and sixty pounds in weight. Altogether it took nearly one hundred and forty boys to carry my first consignment. I had killed fourteen out of the thirty-seven tusks, the heaviest tusk weighed ninety-eight pounds. There was one complete specimen of rhino, four each of buffalo, roan, hartebeeste and eland, one wart hog, one lion, three leopard, two hyena and one bush buck. The rest had only the mask dressed to mount the heads. It took some time to make a list of and number each separate article and pack the specimens. The specimens had to be shipped right through to my agents at Calcutta. However, I found out afterwards that this consignment got through with very little damage done to the packages, and there was only a matter of seven or ten pounds difference in my weight of the tusks I sent, and that could easily have dried out of the green tusks. I sent a further consignment later and from further inland, and the weight of tusks varied very little. Ali ben Musa was a square man in his dealings with me.

I wrote and told him I expected to be back at the coast some

time in June, and asked him to try and have one of his schooners there to meet me at Bagamoyo. I engaged carriers here without difficulty, and dispatched my stuff to Ali Khan. I sent four of my Indians as escort and asked Ali Khan to pay these carriers and charge my account with the amount ; this saved me using my own trade goods.

Thirty-eight of my carriers had married girls here, and they all signed on to make the trip as far in as I went and back to the coast with me. Eight of my Indians had also bought girls.

#### ARABS

I was now a full two hundred and fifty miles from the coast, and the Rufiji could not possibly be more than one hundred miles from here. I had travelled about three hundred miles in all, but a full fifty or sixty miles south since I left Bagamoyo, and if Ali ben Musa was correct, I was making for a tribe who paid tribute to a gang of Baluchis and Arabs who had a fort in the Nika country. They dominated quite a few native tribes and collected tribute from them, which was paid in the form of cattle, slaves and ivory. They allowed these tribes to raid each other, and by helping one party against the other, always had one of these tribes under their thumb, and these natives would rather pay tribute than have these chaps set about them.

The Arabs seemed to find it more profitable to keep the natives in this state than completely subdue them. By doing this they were paid slaves, cattle and ivory from every tribe, because when one kraal scrapped the other they always captured women, children, guns and cattle, and a portion of this went to the Arabs. They were cunning too ; they never let one chief entirely subdue the other. If any one chief was in danger of getting knocked completely out, these Baluchis sent that chief help and allowed him to lick the other chap. By doing this they kept in the good graces of one or other tribe and the tribes themselves were never individually strong enough to fight the Arabs and did not have the sense to combine.

Ali ben Musa had warned me that these Baluchis were in favour with the Sultan of Zanzibar. The Sultan claimed all the country south of Bagamoyo to the Rovuma river, and received a number of slaves and ivory from these Arabs every time they sent a consignment to the coast. He thought there must be at least twenty pure Baluchis and a hundred coast Arabs and Zanzibarians; not a nice lot for me to have a run with.

I could get any amount of people to carry for me and quite a few knew the country and were willing to carry for me if I turned south, but I could not get either carriers or guides to go direct west with me. I made up my mind to go south but to bear to the west. I wanted to get to a place where I could make a good camp and near to people who had plenty of skoff and where I could get meat for my carriers and also kill and trade ivory. I had only traded nine tusks since I had left Salimo's kraal. I camped three days here to buy skoff and engage carriers to carry it, as if I wanted to hit the people to the south I would have a six days' trek with no hopes of buying skoff.

#### AMONG THE LIONS

On the fourth morning I made a start. We had a good path for the first twelve miles, then it petered out and we had to strike through the bush. I stopped at midday for a couple of hours, then trekked on until near sundown and camped on a small river. We saw lots of game and several rhino, but I did not shoot anything until I was sure we would reach water to camp at. During that night I heard lions quite close. There was a good moon, and I sat up till nearly twelve o'clock, hoping the lions would come near enough to give me a shot, but was disappointed. Several times I heard rhino and also some kudu barking.

I got an early start next morning and went ahead with boys to blaze a trail for the carriers to follow. Several times I was tempted to shoot at rhino, but we had plenty of meat and none of the horns seemed good enough. We hit water again at

about eleven o'clock, and I called a stop to wait for the carriers and cook skoff. There were none lagging behind, and we got a start again about one p.m.

In some places the thorn bush was very thick, but we could not skirt it. At four we hit out into some open country and found a small stream and a soak at the foot of a range of fairly steep hills. The guides said we would have to climb the range and there was no water for several miles the other side. The going had been tough, and a good many carriers had got thorns in their feet and had stopped to remove them.

I ordered camp to be made and went out with the boys who blazed the trail. I saw plenty of spoor, but could not hit on any game for quite a while. Suddenly one of the boys whistled and pointed to what I took at first to be a reed buck, but what a reed buck was doing in this bush, I could not understand. None of the boys had made out what it was. I started to stalk it and had not gone far when I heard an exclamation from behind, and looking back saw the boys climbing trees. My gun bearer was at the foot of a tree, and I think he would have shinned up it had I not turned when I did. I tumbled at once to what I was stalking, but even when I looked again it took me quite a while to make out that what I had taken for a reed buck was a lioness. She was lying down in the grass, and it was the tip of her tail that enabled me to make out what she was.

One of the boys who had climbed a bit higher than the others beckoned to me, and pointed to three different places. I went back to him and asked what it was he saw, and he whispered to the boy below him to tell me he could count seven lions. I looked round for a tree with a decent fork, and saw what I wanted about forty yards nearer to where the lioness was laying. I motioned to my gun bearer to follow me. He did not like the idea, but he obeyed. I walked towards the tree I had picked out. I had to walk straight towards the lioness to get to the tree. She could see me, yet she did not move, or growl, she just lay where she was, and I could see the tuft of her tail moving from side to side. I got to the tree and

had made the gun bearer shin up it, and was just handing him the 12-bore when the lioness got up with a roar and came grunting towards me.

I did not have the time to climb, although I would have liked to have done so. She charged for about forty yards towards me, then swerved into a clump of low bush. I waited for a few minutes and she did not make a move. My gun bearer pointed ahead and beckoned to me to climb. I handed up both rifles and climbed into the fork. I saw then what the first boy had been pointing at. There were two dead zebra and a troop of lions were feeding on them. They were a full seventy yards from my tree. I counted five full-grown males and three half-grown. I looked for the lioness and could just make out her head and shoulder. She was laying there watching me. I took the 12-bore from my gun bearer and aimed for her shoulder. She reeled over and lay on her side and never made a kick, so I knew I had killed her.

Three of the males then rose up from where they were feeding ; one had a fine black mane. I fired at him and he went down, got up roaring and attacked the lion nearest him. The other one got him down almost at once and was worrying him when I got him with my 8-bore, and nearly got knocked out of the tree with the recoil. One of the half-grown lions got to his feet and went up to the two dead ones and started to roar. The other three jumped up and joined in the roaring. They kicked up an awful row. I emptied my left barrel into one of the other full-grown lions and knocked him over, but he got up and jumped about biting at his shoulder. The others now began to move off. I thought this great fun ; I was as safe as houses and had killed three lions and wounded a fourth. I handed my 8-bore to the boy and took the 12-bore, and had got both charges of powder rammed home, and was ramming down the bullet of the left barrel when the wounded lion fell on his side and lay still. The youngsters were still roaring. I got the bullets home and was getting the caps on when the two full-grown lions started to sneak off. I got a shot at the shoulder of one, and a stern shot at the second just

as he started into a lope. The three half-grown chaps made off after the one I fired at last. The other one was hard hit and kicking up a devil of a row, going round and round snapping at his shoulder just like a pup chasing his tail.

By this time the boys up the trees behind me were singing and yelling. I loaded the 12-bore and handed it to my boy. I could not get a shot at the wounded lion, he was hidden behind some bushes. I loaded my 8-bore and then had a good look at the four lions that were down. The lioness had not moved. I had killed her outright with my first shot. I could hear the wounded one making a noise as if he was choking. I got down out of my tree and had the boy hand me my rifle down, and motioned for him to climb down. I noticed that he took a good look round before he did so.

All this shooting had only taken about twenty or twenty-five minutes, and I knew Ali and Da Silva would be on their way to find out what was happening. We were only about a mile and a half from where I left them making camp, and the lions had made enough row to be heard three or four miles away, and the wind was blowing from them towards camp.

I did not go to look at the four dead lions, but worked round to try and get a finishing shot at the wounded one. I could still hear him, but thought that he was too sick to make any fight. I got within about twenty yards of the bushes where I thought he was, but could not see or hear him. I was working round to get a look at the other side of these bushes when the boys who were still up trees yelled out something. I could not make out what they were yelling, neither could I look; I wanted both eyes to watch the bushes that I thought the wounded lion was hiding in. The grass was only about three feet high, and I was sure to see him if he tried to clear. All at once I heard a scream behind me and swung round to see my gun bearer bunking, and there was a lion right behind him. Luckily the boy was running at an angle from me which enabled me to get a shot at this lion. I fired, aiming just in front of the lion's shoulder, and as I fired he sprang at the boy, knocking him down and landing half on him.



I could not get a shot from where I was ; there was too much chance of hitting the boy. Both lion and boy were lying quite still. I walked round until I had a chance of a side-on shot and was aiming at the head of the lion when I saw the boy move. I guessed what had happened and walked up. My shot had broken the beast's neck near to the base. He had just touched the boy and knocked him down, and except for a few scratches and a good fright, there was nothing wrong with him. I saw after that the lion had left the bushes and was lying in the grass. I myself must have passed with a few yards from him. This must have disturbed him, and the gun bearer, walking behind me, saw him as he got up, yelled and bolted with the lion after him.

I had examined the three dead lions lying near their kill and was walking back to look at the lioness when Da Silva turned up with half a dozen askari, followed by nearly half of the carriers. I found that what I had taken for a lioness was a maneless male lion. I had never heard of a maneless lion.

Da Silva was very excited. We would camp a few days, he said, and he would get the whole lot ready for setting up. Nothing doing, I told him, so far as I knew we still had a few days' journey before we would strike any kraals, and we would have to hurry through. I told him to get busy and do what he wanted. There was still an hour and a half of sun and a full moon. He would have to finish that night as I was making an early start.

I followed the spoor of the one full-grown lion and the half-grown chaps, and saw a few spots of blood on the grass, but as they were still running when I had followed for half a mile, I returned to Da Silva, left him busy at his work and returned to camp.

I was surprised at the job they had made. The skaram was the largest and strongest we had built this trip. They had heard the lions, and that got them busy at the skaram ! I ordered Ali to see they built one every camp when we camped early in the afternoon as we did this day. This was the

second day in this cross-country trek, and I had only crossed the last wet season spoor of jumbo. The guides assured me that we would see plenty after we crossed this range of hills.

## NEWS OF THE ARABS

An early start next morning enabled us to climb the hill before the sun got hot, and at nine o'clock we crossed a fair-sized stream that had fish in it. I let all hands cook here and rest until nearly one o'clock, and made a good ten miles to the next water by half-past four. I saw a lot of game but did not shoot at anything until I saw the Mbawa trees showing where the water was. I shot three kudu bulls near the stream, and after showing the boys where to build the skaram went out and killed two more kudu and one eland, all bulls. I saw some spoor this day that told me jumbo had been in these parts not more than a month before.

I got back from shooting the kudu and eland, giving the boys plenty of time to get the meat in before dark. The moon did not rise until about half-past eight. I heard lions, leopards and hyenas that night. Hyenas came round, trying to steal meat, but nothing else; the lions and leopards were some distance away.

Next day it was easy going. We followed up this stream the whole day, the direction nearly due west. I noticed two places where native hunters had killed jumbo, and saw trees that had been cut down for honey and guessed we were nearing inhabited country. There was a range of hills running north and south some thirty miles away, and to the west. I questioned the guides, and they told me that the country was thickly populated two days' journey from those hills going west, that that was where I would have to pay tribute to the chiefs if I travelled in that direction. That those people often made war with the tribe whose country we were heading for. He said that the native shooting camps that I had noticed were made by the hunters from the tribe

we were heading for, and that we would get to the first kraals next day.

I think this part of the country would be about two thousand five hundred or three thousand feet above sea-level, and about three hundred and fifty miles from the coast and four from Bagamoyo, and we were still getting higher every day. The climate was pleasant, although we were in December and the first heavy rains had fallen. I intended building a wet season camp near these first kraals if there was skoff to be bought and game to be found.

It took the best part of a week to build camp. While we were getting it fixed, the four askari that escorted my consignment of ivory and trophies to the coast returned. They brought a receipt for the ivory and trophies signed by Ali ben Musa, who had got back from his trip to Lindi and was at Bagamoyo when my consignment reached there.

Within a month the rains were in full swing, and the grass had grown to nearly six feet in some parts. Da Silva had a lot of trouble drying and preparing the trophies. I had got a stock of meat that would last a full two months, and was just getting ready for another trip after jumbo when word came in that a large party of Arabs was raiding the country a week's journey from my camp. The local chief sent runners asking me to help him drive this gang out of his country. I had not seen this chief; he had refused an invitation to visit me and had sent me a message, demanding a large present for permission to trade and hunt in his country. He lived sixty miles south-west of my camp. I had sent word to him asking him to tell his people to bring their ivory and skoff to me, and had sent him a small present of cloth and beads, just after I started to build my camp, and that was his answer. I had told his messengers to return to their chief and tell him that if he wanted payment from me to come himself and collect payment; that I would pay a fair price for skoff and ivory but would hunt and shoot ivory where I could find it. Ali, I think, had told the messengers that he thought I would be more likely to collect tribute than pay it.

Now this chief was asking me for assistance against the raiders. I sent word that unless the Arabs came and raided the people who had traded their ivory and grain at my camp, I would not interfere in the matter.

A few days after this I went out after meat, killed three jumbo, and camped at the third kill. It rained hard nearly all night, but the sun came out warm next morning, and when the sun of Africa is shining one forgets the discomfort of a wet night. While the boys were cutting up the meat, a boy arrived from Da Silva. He wrote me that the chief had arrived and by what the chief said there was every likelihood of the camp being attacked. The raiders had raided and burned a kraal only thirty miles to the west of my camp two days ago.

#### A REPENTANT CHIEF

I started back to camp, leaving orders for the boys to get the tusks out as quickly as they could and carry the ivory and as much meat to camp as there were boys to carry, but not to dry the meat as we could do that at camp.

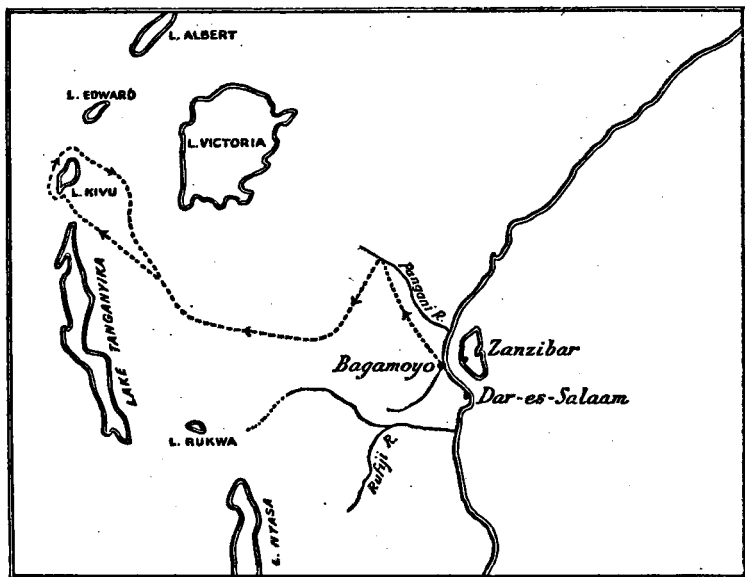
I got back to camp that afternoon and found everything quiet. The chief was waiting for me. I asked him what he meant by demanding tribute from me. He said that the messengers had lied; that he had not sent a message asking me to pay tribute. Why had he refused to visit me? He was out with his hunters.

He told me that the raiders had destroyed several kraals, but they had not captured many people and ivory as the natives cleared into the bush when they expected the raiders to turn up. They had camps and skoff in the thick bush. Would I help him to drive the raiders out of his country? They would raid every kraal and then attack me. He had brought in two pairs of tusks; would I accept them as a present? No, I would not, but was willing to trade them. I gave him one gun with ammunition for one pair, cloth and beads for the other, and told him he had better get back to his kraal, or the Arabs would attack it. He tried to get me to go with him, but I had made up my mind to keep out of a scrap if I could. The

letters I had received from Ali ben Musa had warned me that these Arabs were powerful and that they were friendly with the Sultan of Zanzibar. All my ivory would have to go to Zanzibar, and I did not want to be sending ivory there to have it confiscated by the Sultan. I thought that if I did get into a scrap with any of these Baluchis, they would probably get word to the coast ahead of me, and I would have some trouble when I arrived at Zanzibar.

I asked Ali to write a letter to these countrymen of his and let them know it was hands off these people ; that they had been friendly with me and that I would certainly take sides with them if the Arabs did not quit raiding in this part of the country. At first Ali refused, saying that he did not want any of these Baluchis to know that he was still alive ; that they might blame him for the death of the two I had shot when I captured him. It was not more than three hundred miles from here to where I had killed those two Baluchis and captured Ali, and he thought that these chaps belonged to the gang he had joined when he first came to Africa. However, he did write a letter and I asked the chief to have it sent to the Arabs or put in a place where they would find it. I looked round to see if I could strengthen our skaram in case these Arabs took it into their heads to attack us, but had very little to do to make us fairly secure.

I did not go far from camp for over a week, then, as no further word of the Arabs reached me, I took another trip to look for jumbo. I was away two weeks and brought back three pairs of tusks. I killed these three bulls about forty miles from camp, and had very little trouble getting them. On my way back to camp from this trip I bagged three very fine kudu and one black-maned lion. Everything at camp was O.K. ; no word of the raiders had been heard. The rains were slacking off and I was in hopes of moving off in a few weeks. I told Da Silva to get his packing started. I intended sending what we had collected back to the coast before I left this camp. I had well over two tons of ivory, and twice two tons of trophies.



MAP TO ILLUSTRATE EPISODE TWO

*Dotted line shows route taken*

## THE ATTACK ON THE ARABS

While we were busy getting things packed, news came in that a kraal less than eight miles away was being raided. I had promised to help these people, and it was up to me to do so. I took twenty Indian askari and twenty of the native askari and started off, leaving five Indians and forty-five native askari with Ali. Da Silva offered to accompany me, but I told him to get on with his packing. I did not expect to have any big job to warn these raiders to clear out, and even to make them clear if they attacked me.

It took us nearly three hours to make the kraal that was holding out against the raiders. I heard shooting some time before we reached this kraal, and when we came to the gardens I could make out that the attacking party was more numerous than I had expected. I ordered my askari to spread out and try and take the attacking party by surprise, and was sorry I had not brought a party of carriers ; they would have come in handy. As it was I had only enough carriers to hump my loads. I spread out my askari, giving each Indian a native askari to boss up and keeping five of the native askari near me. I ordered them each to pick a raider to shoot at, and then fall back and join me and load their guns as they fell back, and to have them loaded ready by the time they joined me.

It was easy work getting up close ; the mealies on this side grew to within forty yards of the palisade that surrounded the kraal. I saw a full-bred Baluchi when I got to the edge of the mealies. He was loading his gun, and I waited until he had finished putting the gun cap on and then called to him, telling him to drop his gun and put his hands up. He swung his gun up to shoot at me and I shot him ; he was dead before he hit the ground. I heard some of my men fire, and just then a party of mixed natives and Arabs rushed towards me from the other side of the kraal. My native askari gave them a volley, and I dropped another Baluchi. My gun bearer handed me my 12-bore. I emptied this, and my cook, who carried my

16-bore Manton shot gun, popped off with it. I opened up with my Colts ; this stopped the rush and got them on the run.

I did not follow them, but stopped to reload. Most of my askari had joined me before I had finished loading, and the guides had yelled to the natives behind the palisade that we were friends come to help them. I went into the palisade and found that these raiders had wounded a few of the natives. The Arabs had not run far and came back and made an attack before I had time to get four of my own wounded carried in to the kraal. I managed to drop one coast Arab and wound a Baluchi before they retired. This time I gave chase and had fully fifty natives armed with spears to help me. I got two long shots at them and managed to drop another Baluchi before they entered the thick bush. I followed them, and they got a volley into us, dropping two or three natives. But they did not make a stand ; there was no hand to hand fighting until we got to their camp. They had a skaram round their camp, but we were too close behind them and entered this right behind them.

Here there was some close fighting. It was only my Colts that stopped me from getting knocked on the head ; as it was I got a spear through my cheek and a nasty hole in my shoulder before the fight was won. Several of the Arabs and at least three Baluchis broke the skaram and got clean away, but they only got away with their guns, and I put a gang of natives to go after them and sent seven of my Indians to go with them. I could not continue the chase myself for my right arm was out of action. The wounded cheek was also causing trouble and my right eye was closed.

I sent back to camp asking Da Silva to come along, leaving Ali to look after things at camp. I would not be able to attend to the wounded, but could tell Da Silva what to do and tell him how to do it. I ordered everything from the Arab camp to be brought back to the kraal, and those of the wounded who could not walk to be carried there, and got two askari to assist me back there. I could walk with assistance, but my shoulder and cheek was paining damnably.



I got back to the kraal and had my tent put up, and did what I could to the wound on my cheek. I got an Indian to strap a pad over the wounded shoulder and told the Indians what to do to the wounded natives. My cook brought me tea, but the wound on my cheek made drinking tea a torture. Da Silva came in towards sundown, and with his assistance I got my own wound properly dressed, and by ten o'clock all the wounded natives had been attended to. I could not find out that night what our losses were, as a lot of my native askari had chased the raiders. Most of these natives and seven of my Indian askari had followed the chase. None of my Indians had got a scratch, but we had found six dead native askari in the mealies and nine wounded native askari had been attended to. Da Silva had counted five dead Baluchi raiders and seventeen coast Arabs all dead, but he had not seen any wounded raiders. I knew there was one dead Baluchi at their camp and several coast Arabs.

Next day the askari and the natives returned. They reported having killed six coast Arabs and two Baluchi, and said that none had escaped. I could account for nine Baluchi and forty-six coast Arabs and three Zanzibar Arabs all killed; on our side, thirteen native askari killed, nine wounded, two Indian askari who had followed the raiders spear wounds. Natives belonging to the kraal, twenty-two killed, sixteen wounded; seven of these died next day. I was down with two bad wounds.

We found all the people who had been captured by these raiders chained up in the Arab camp, and nine tusks of ivory, some skoff and a few trade goods. They had very little ammunition, not more than one hundred pounds of powder, a case of assorted gun caps and about eighty pounds of bullets and lead, six bullet moulds. We captured all their women—seventeen. Most of these women were half-caste Indians and came from Zanzibar. I released the people captured by the raiders and sent the raiders' women to my camp. It was a week before I was well enough to return to my camp. I could not use my right arm for two weeks, and it was nearly a month before I could use my heavy rifle.

## ADVICE TO THE NIKA

While I was lying in camp recovering from my wounds, these natives captured a lot of the Arabs' carriers and reported having killed four more of the Arabs. They also brought in four more of the Arabs' women who had been hiding in the bush. I bought forty-eight tusks during the month I was ill, buying them with the arms I had taken from the raiders. I sent the chief a present of two guns and some powder and caps, and asked him to come to my camp. I had twenty-eight women and children who said they belonged to this chief, Poli Poli was his name. Six days after I sent the present he came in and brought me a present of cattle and ivory. He was very bucked about the defeat of the raiders. I took three of the oxen he brought and gave one to the native askari, two to the Indians. I did not want the cattle. I had bought about twenty just to have some milk while I was camped here, and intended giving these back to the natives when I moved from here. I told the chief that if he would do as I had done, attack the Arabs when they came on their raiding trips, he would have no trouble. He said he only had a few guns before I came, and that the Arabs never attacked his own kraals and those kraals that were near him. I told him that it was up to him to help protect the outside kraals belonging to his own people ; that it was his own people who had followed up and finished this lot of raiders and that they did not have one gun amongst them. 'Yes, that was right enough,' said he, 'but you had put fear into them, your mkwala was too strong for you, they gave you two wounds either of which would have killed any of us and they did not kill you. Now that you have given us guns we will fight them if they come back.' I told him that the Arabs would either attack him in force or would leave him alone. If they came in force he could ambush them and make a great killing at the first attack, and that would scare them off for good, or on the other hand, if they did not hear that I had assisted his people, they would not attack him again. So it was up to him to warn his people to try and catch all the

natives who accompanied this lot, and warn them not to talk about my having helped them to wipe out this gang of raiders. He said he did not think any of the carriers had escaped, and by what they had learned from the carriers they had captured, none of the Arabs had escaped. This exactly bore out what Ali had heard from the Arab women we had captured, and if what they said was true, every Baluchi, Zanzibar and coast Arab had been accounted for. I was glad to hear this. I did not want news of my fight to reach the coast before I got back. I told the chief that I wanted carriers to carry my stuff to the coast, and he promised to send in some. I bought his ivory and cattle and returned him the cattle, asking him to take care of them until I returned from my trip.

#### TROUBLE WITH A CHIEF

We resumed the trek, and at the very first kraal we had a scrap. The chief met me a good two miles out and actually had the cheek to try and bar me from proceeding. I captured him without firing a shot, put him down and ordered one of the askari to give him twenty-five of the best, and then gave him a load to carry to his kraal. His warriors did not put up a scrap when I ordered them to lay down their arms. Only twenty or so had guns, the rest carried bow and spear, and there was a full eighty of them. I had their arms handed to my carriers and gave them loads to carry, and when I got near their kraal, made them help to build my skaram and pitch the tents and go and bring in the firewood. The women of other natives cleared out from the kraal, but the chief when I ordered him yelled out that there was to be no fighting and told the women to bring water to my camp.

I kept the chief a prisoner, but told his men they could go and sleep in the kraal and return in the morning for their arms and get a present of beads for building my camp and getting firewood.

I had the chief brought to my tent that evening, and asked him what was the meaning of his asking me to pay tribute?

Hanged if he did not have the cheek to tell me he came to welcome me ! I told him he came out to collect tribute, and since he had attempted to collect from me he would have to pay, and that the fine was four good tusks of ivory. If he could not see his way to oblige me, that he could carry a load and go with me, and he could collect his wages when I arrived back at the coast. He seemed to know that I meant what I said, and offered to go and bring me the ivory. I told him he could send a message and at the same time let his people know that I was willing to buy any ivory they had to trade. He sent a message, and soon after the messenger returned with the chief's son and four of the chief's wives, each carrying a tusk of ivory and driving two oxen, and following them a long string of women carrying baskets of ufa and grain, beans, etc.

The tusks were not too good as tusks went in the days I am writing about ; not one would weigh fifty pounds. I ordered Ali to give six yards of print for each ox, and to give the women who carried the tusks a few beads each, and then to trade the ufa and other skoff, and to double the guard at the gate of the skaram. I had noticed that no boys had accompanied these women, and was taking no risks. I did not know how many kraals there were near this one or how many guns they had. I told the chief I considered the fine paid, and that I would release him when I had finished trading with his people, and that no further harm would happen to him or his people. I would hand back the captured spears and bows, but the owners of the guns would have to redeem them with ivory. Ali made a fair trade, and the women went away satisfied and asked if they would bring more grain and beans ; they had no more ufa ready, but would singa more during the night.

I ordered Ali to buy enough to give all hands a four days' ration. The chief's son was still in camp when I told the chief that the guns would have to be redeemed with ivory. I sent Da Silva with a few askari to go and have a look at the kraal, and warned them to be careful and to shoot at the first sign of attack. Not that I expected them to be attacked while I had the chief prisoner, but I always liked to be on the safe side, and

never took risks if I could avoid it. I was always nervous of these broken-up tribes and their local chiefs, and I knew that the lot I was dealing with now had a powerful combine of Baluchi and Arabs behind them. We had no trouble that night, and I hoped to leave this kraal without having to scrap. But I hoped in vain.

#### A SORTIE AND A FIGHT

Soon after daylight we got warning that we were going to be attacked. Some women came in with ufa for trade, and one of them, a slave girl, told a woman who was living with Da Silva, one of the girls I had captured at the Arab camp, that a party of Arabs were on a round collecting tribute from these people. They had got news of us from some of the men, and they were collecting a force of natives to attack us.

We had built the skaram on the bank of a stream, and the country on the far bank had been under cultivation and was fairly clear. On one side we had a clear view of the kraal and on another the bush was too open to allow any force to get close enough for a rush, and the third side was close to some very thick bush. I expected the attack to come from this side and called for volunteers from among the Indian askari to get out of the river side of the skaram, use the river for cover, and when the attack was made try and get to the rear of the attacking party, and engage them when they were busy trying to capture the skaram. Da Silva offered to lead this party, but I knew there was a big chance of this party being cut off and surrounded, and told him I wanted to lead this party myself.

The woman who gave us the news of the intended attack had said that the Arabs would have to come from the direction of the kraal. By getting out at the river corner I could manage to leave the skaram without being seen by the natives in the kraal. I told Ali how to place his men and gave Da Silva his instructions, picked thirty of my native askari and took twelve of the Indians; these chaps had volunteered to a man. My cook and bearer had asked permission to go with me, so I took

them and forty of the carriers. These I armed with a couple of spears each, and bows that I had captured the day before. I told Ali and Da Silva to try and capture the Arabs if they could, and warned the askari to shoot low, and not to fire before Ali and Da Silva gave them orders to do so. Neither Ali nor Da Silva had been in charge of any men in a scrap with me before, but I knew both would obey my orders, and that they would fight to the last ditch, and I knew my Indian askari would keep the native askari steady ; they had proved this in our last scrap.

I got off with my band and I think without being seen ; if any native did see me they did not warn the Arabs. I had gagged the chief, and had warned the women who came to camp to trade early that morning that I had given orders to the askari to kill any one who attempted to enter the camp now.

#### TWO ARABS CONDEMNED AND HANGED

I did not go down stream more than four hundred yards. I expected that the natives who would attack would only go far enough to be able to take up their position without getting shot at, and that was what they did do. They attacked at about half-past nine. I was close behind them when the first shot was fired. I heard my people return their fire, and then gave the signal for my party to close in on them. I could hear the shouting and shooting on the other side of the skaram, but I did not fire a shot until I saw one of the Arabs. I dropped him with a broken leg, and then we charged. The natives fired one flight of arrows and those who had guns loaded fired before the enemy had time to load. My askari fired by squads of six, and we had them on the run. I got three shots at the Arabs ; that was all I saw. I killed one, missed one, and dropped another with a shot in the leg. Da Silva had followed my instructions, and had charged with his party, and we had a lively ten minutes.

The whole thing was over in less than one hour. I had to kill one of the Arabs that I had dropped. I yelled at him to drop his gun, but he attempted to shoot Da Silva and I had to

shoot him. His bullet knocked off Da Silva's topi. Da Silva's men had captured one coast Arab and one Arab from Zanzibar, and fully sixty natives had thrown down their spears and guns.

I marched the whole lot to our skaram, and had the wounded Baluchi carried in. I am sorry I had not killed this chap outright ; he only lived a couple of hours, and must have suffered a lot during that time. I think two or three coast Arabs and several hundred natives escaped. I had two Arab prisoners and nearly two hundred natives. I had lost seven carriers and three askari dead, and nearly three times that number wounded, none of them seriously disabled. I had got off free this time.

The first thing I did was attend to the wounded Baluchi. I saw at once there was no hope for him. His thigh was badly shattered. I examined all the wounded askari and carriers ; none of these were badly hurt, and they would all be able to travel in a few days. I took the gag out of the chief's mouth, and ordered Ali to bring the two Arabs up to my tent. I asked the chief if he knew these Arabs. Yes, he did, they were the masters of this tribe ; they had a strong boma two weeks' trek from here. I put Ali to question the Arabs as to their reason for attacking me. They said that they and the other Arabs held this country for the Sultan of Zanzibar. When asked what pay they got, and if they had any chits to show that they were employed by the Sultan, they said they paid themselves from tribute collected from the natives. They had no chits, but they paid a portion of the tribute they collected to the Sultan. What would they have done had they got the better of me ? They would have taken my goods and arms. What about me ? They would have taken me and my carriers to their boma and tried us, and it would have depended on what their leader said. Had they any orders from their leader to attack me ? No, they did not know I was in the country until last night, when some of the natives from this kraal had arrived at their camp and told them I had captured the chief of this kraal. Did these natives say I had made war or had attacked them ? No, they had said that I had arrived and

that I was very rich and had a great quantity of chuma with me. And you thought you would attack and kill me and make slaves of my carriers and get away with it? I said. They had nothing to answer to this enquiry.

I asked Da Silva to make enquiries as to what these Arabs had done to prisoners captured in raids on them. The chief himself accused them of murder and rape, of torturing captives, burning kraals and a lot of unmentionable crimes. I told Ali to tell them that I did not believe that the Sultan of Zanzibar had employed them to murder and torture the natives, and that even if I was sure he did employ them, I would treat them as I intended to, and if I could lay my hands on the Sultan I would do the same to him. 'I am going to hang the two of them, Ali,' I said. 'You can tell them that I will hang them in half an hour. Try and find the natives who warned this gang of cut-throats that I was camped here.'

I sent for the chief's son and told him to bring the boys who had warned these Arabs that I had my camp here, and to warn all the natives, men, women and children, that I wanted to talk to them; let them gather at the kraal and I will send for them when I need them.

Shortly after this eleven natives were brought to my tent. All of them had their hands bound with bark rope. These were some of the boys I had disarmed the previous day, and who had been paid for helping to build my skaram. They had hurried to the Arab camp and warned the Arabs that I was camped here. I asked them if I had harmed them after I had disarmed them? They admitted that I had not and they admitted to receiving pay for assisting to build my camp. I asked what would have happened if they had attempted to stop the Arabs as they had tried to stop and rob or murder me? They would have been killed and their wives and children marched off to be sold into slavery. Did they admit that they, with their chief, did intend stealing my goods and killing me if they got the chance? Yes, but they were all kapolos of the Arabs. I ordered all of them put down and each to have twelve strokes with the chikoti.



When this order had been carried out I noticed that there was a large crowd of natives collected at the kraal. Ali had secured our prisoners. I marched the two Arab prisoners out of the skaram, and there must have been twelve hundred men, women and children who looked on while my askari hanged these two cut-throats. The hanging over I had Ali tell the natives that these chaps had been hanged not because they had attacked me, but because they had attacked these people, and murdered and tortured a number of them and made slaves of the women and children, and that I would shoot and hang every Arab I would capture while I was trekking through these parts. I was going to release their chief, and give him the job of taking his men to capture the Arab camp, and bring me the tribute they had collected and any Arab they captured.

‘Kill them where you see them,’ I said, ‘attack them every time they come to collect tribute, tell the other chiefs of the country to help you, and you will be free of them. Kill ivory and take it to the coast ; you carry your own ivory and help to drive your own women and children there for these Arabs, but what do you get for it ? How many guns have you received from these Arabs, how much chuma ? You fight kraals owned by people belonging to your own tribe, and you do this for the Arabs. Do as I tell you, rise and attack the Arabs, quit fighting your own people and take your own ivory to the coast and sell it there. If you do this you will be rid of the Arabs, your wives and children will not be driven to the coast and sold as slaves, and you will get all the cloth, guns and ammunition you require.’

#### CRUELTY OF THE ARABS

This was what I told them, and when I passed through on my return trip some months after, there had not been an Arab caravan to collect tribute come to the country. I sent the chief to raid the Arab camp and let him go without one gun. I told him and his people it was up to them to do it with their own weapons, and I may state right now that they did capture the Arab camp and brought what they captured to my camp and

handed everything to me. I know this because they brought in seven women, wives of the Arabs, and the women said that Chifumbi, the chief, had not hidden anything. They killed three coast Arabs and a number of the Arabs' carriers, but they had not molested any of the women and children.

I collected twenty-seven tusks of ivory, between twenty-five and thirty guns and a quantity of ammunition, a little trade truck, four or five calico tents and a quantity of kit, also over one hundred head of cattle, mostly cows and calves. Chifumbi said that this was all he had captured, and the women confirmed this. He also brought along between seventy and eighty slaves, and nearly thirty carriers who had carried loads for the Arabs.

I am being particular about this because I want people to know how these Arabs were fitted out on their expeditions. Quite a number of the slaves showed marks of flogging they had got from these brutes, and they were all chained in batches of six to each length of neck chain. On each chain there were six steel collars, similar to handcuffs or leg-irons ; these were fitted round the necks of the slaves, and there was about two or three feet of chain between each collar. This allowed the slaves a certain amount of room when they were on the march, and, in my opinion, the chain was less cruel than the gurri stick used for the same purpose by the Arabs. This was a stick with a fork at each end. The neck of the wretched slave was forced into the fork and a bar passed through ends of the fork. Each of the bars was fitted with a lock. When the slaves were secured in the gurri stick they could not turn their heads or bend their necks. It must have been very painful and tiring when they had to do long treks fastened in this manner, and even more so when they had to carry a load on their heads. I have seen native women with nasty wounds on their necks and shoulders caused by the gurri stick.

I released the slaves and ordered Ali to see they had food. Then I settled with Chifumbi. Firstly I ordered him to send a message to all the kraals under his orders, and tell his headmen to send all their slaves to my camp, and to be sure that

they did send every slave. Secondly, to order his people to singa ufa for my gang of askari and carriers, and to make his people understand that I was not at war with him or them ; that I would pay for everything they brought to trade. The prisoners would carry my loads to the border of his country, and to save trouble would carry in neck chains, and that he himself would accompany me. So it was up to him to send word ahead that I was a friend to all natives who played the game, but if they tried to play any tricks they would find me the reverse of friendly. That I wanted to shoot and trade ivory, and that when I killed any jumbo, the natives could have any meat that was left after my people had been supplied. I did not want to trade cattle, and I was going to kill Arabs when I met with any, and would not under any circumstances make friends with the Arabs, and would take it for granted that natives who were friendly with the Arabs were unfriendly to me.

If what Ali ben Musa had written to me about these Arabs was true, I had them in a clove hitch. I learned from the women I had captured and those brought in by Chifumbi that both of the gangs I had whipped came from the same lot, and so far as I could learn none had escaped, and if there were only twenty or so Baluchi and somewhere about a hundred of the coast and Zanzibar Arabs in the gang I had accounted for a half of their force, and they would be hard put to it to send a force against me strong enough to do me any serious damage. They could not leave their own boma unprotected, and if they sent half of what they numbered, I would have an easy job licking them. Already I had turned this portion of the Nika tribe against them, and they would have a tough job to collect any more tribute from this part of their subdued territory.

Chifumbi did not make any strong objection to my terms. I asked the Arab women if they wanted to go back to the Arab boma. They all refused, saying it was too dangerous for them to attempt the journey, and even when I offered to release the carriers that were captured with them they refused. It

seemed that they had been as cruel to the natives as their men had been, and they stood a good chance of getting their throats cut if they were caught by certain of the Nika tribe. They seemed quite content to throw in their lot with my ulendo ; one husband was as good as another to them.

I camped at Chifumbi's six days, then all the wounded natives and askari having recovered, and those of the Nika not needing my services any longer, I made a start. Chifumbi had told me of a good jumbo country about one hundred miles north-west from here. I took that direction. I had no trouble with the natives ; the chiefs whose kraals I passed seemed more anxious to pay tribute to me than try and collect it from me. There was a lot of ivory in the country, and a good deal of it heavy stuff. In fact, I refused anything under forty-five or fifty pounds to the tusk. I made the people who had assisted the Arabs against me wear the neck chains, and the reason they were in chains was explained to the people whose kraals we camped near and passed through. I only killed meat when I required it ; I was in a hurry to get to the good jumbo country. There were quite a number of lions in this country, and I bagged three in one week. The lions did not interfere with the natives or their cattle a great deal. Game was very plentiful all over this part of East Africa.

I had been nine days on the trek when I came up to my first troop of jumbo on this plateau. Chifumbi told me that his boundary was only one day's trek from here. I was now about five hundred miles from the coast, if I went direct, but I had travelled nearer eight hundred than five. It was a fine country, open bush and large dambos, ranges of hills here and there, and some very high mountains to the north-east and west. These could be seen from the tops of ridges. Game was very plentiful ; I had bagged several species that I could not get near the coast, and jumbo was more plentiful here than I had yet seen them.

When I came in from my first trip I told Chifumbi he could return home. I gave him the twenty guns I had captured

from him, and twenty of those he had captured himself. I had given him the cattle he brought in from the Arab camp, and now I gave him a fair present of trade and ammunition.

Next morning Ali told me that Chifumbi had asked him to tell me that he wanted to stay with me ; that the country further on was held by a tribe called Mambwi, and I was sure to have trouble with them. They were hand and glove with the Arabs ; they did not pay tribute to the Arabs like the Nika had done, but they had raided the Nika hundreds of times for ivory, slaves, and cattle which they sold to the Arabs. That he himself had seen and recognised Nika slaves that had been sold to the Arabs by the Mambwi.

#### IVORY AND TROPHIES SENT TO THE COAST

It was now nine months since I had left the coast, and I had travelled inland something over five hundred miles. I could not get back by the time I had told Ali ben Musa to expect me. I was not far from the lakes. I thought I would go in as far as Tanganyika. I had killed fifteen jumbo from this camp, and Da Silva had been very busy. I had nearly two hundred loads of trophies and ivory. I could not take the risk of sending this through from here to the coast, and it would be a great trouble taking the lot along, and if I did, I would be having a lot of trouble getting food for the boys who carried it. I doubted Chifumbi or I would have sent him to the coast with it, and I could not spare Ali or Da Silva. I asked Da Silva if any of the specimens would spoil if I hid them in the bush for a few months. He thought that they would, and said that he was very nearly out of arsenic, naphtha and alcohol. I made up my mind to take the risk, and I asked Chifumbi if he would care to go to Bagamoyo in charge of my consignment of ivory and trophies. He said he wanted to accompany me, but he would if I cared to send four of his head men. He was sure that the men who would go to the coast would not have any trouble on the road, also that the Arabs would not have heard yet of the two lots that had been wiped out. I asked him why

he thought that. He said that all the other Nika chiefs had sent word to him that they would fight rather than pay tribute to the Arabs, and that he was sure that none of the Arabs had escaped. And the other Arabs would not suspect anything wrong until their friends were some time overdue in returning to the Arab fort. I had been told by the Arab women that the Arabs did a lot of trade with the natives who owned the country south of their fort, and that they sent trading parties as far south as the Awemba tribe.

I told Chifumbi to get his men ready and to tell them to bring carriers with them. I was running a big risk. I had over seven thousand pounds of ivory, worth at the coast about four thousand pounds sterling, and what was really more important I had eighty loads of specimens and trophies, and all of these were on order to my agents. If I disappointed my agents it would mean working up a new business when I returned to Calcutta. I was never one to shirk risks and risks have to be taken in everything in this world. I wrote Ali ben Musa an account of what had happened to the Arabs, and asked him to send me warning if any word of what I had been obliged to do to these chaps reached Zanzibar, and told him to send his agent Ali Khan word to forward letters by my Indian who had gone with the last consignment, and to tell the messenger to wait for me at the camp I had made on the Pangani river ; that I would return via that camp. I would not be able to reach the coast until the latter part of this year. I wrote Ali Khan telling him what to pay the carriers, and to pay off those of my carriers that I had engaged at Bagamoyo who would be travelling with this consignment. I sent thirty of my coast boys with this consignment, and told Ali to tell them to keep a close tongue about our racket with the Arabs, and that if I heard they had remained silent about this, when I returned, I would give each of them a gun and ammunition.

Only ten guns accompanied this consignment and I did not send an Indian. By what Chifumbi had told me about the Mambwi tribe, I thought I would want all my Indians when I entered their part of the country.

## THE " FIGHTING MAMBWI "

Having despatched the consignment I made a start and travelled almost north west. We had jumbo and jumbo spoor almost every day during the first week, and I bagged five very good bulls, and had very little trouble killing them. I also bagged several kinds of gazelle that are not found near the coast, and three species of hartebeeste that I had not met with before. Twice I got cheetah, getting one pair and one male. Da Silva got these three ready for setting up. I also bagged another two black maned lions.

We hit out into an inhabited part of the country a week after we left my last camp and I was asked by the chief to pay tribute for permission to travel through his part of the country. I refused to even give him a present. This was a portion of the Mambwi tribe. The chief came along with nearly three hundred men, but only about twelve carried guns. I did not want to fight these natives, but I was determined I would not pay tribute. He, the chief, had evidently intended to try and stop me and bluff me out of some trade goods and guns. I had a talk with him through Ali and told him that I wanted peace ; I was making a collection of the game of these parts and shooting jumbo ; that I did not deal in slaves ; I wanted to buy ivory and skoff for my people ; I did not trade cattle, unless it was necessary to kill them to give my people chisowi to eat with their nsima. I would trade any ivory they had, and buy ufa and other food, and if there were jumbo, buffalo, rhino and other game near his kraal I would let him and his people have what meat was left when the wants of my people had been supplied. I kept him talking until Da Silva had had time to work round and get between him and his kraal with half of the Indians and native askari, and Chifumbi and his people.

This chief was very truculent. He was going to eat me and my askari unless I paid him what he asked. I noticed that his boys did not seem to be too keen to start a racket and was in hopes of finishing the argument peaceably.

It was Chifumbi who settled the business. Da Silva could not hold him ; as soon as he got behind these boys he started a fight on his own, and we were at it before I had time to interfere. I knocked the chief down with the stock of my rifle, told Ali to look after him and then emptied my Colts, shooting over the heads of the nearest crowd of boys. Those of the Mambwi who had guns fired at us and then tried to clear, but they were caught between Da Silva's gang and my Colts. The fight, if it could be called a fight, was over almost as soon as it started. There was very little damage done on my front ; most of the Mambwi had shot direct at me and they shot high. None of my boys were wounded by gun fire, and only a few stopped spears or arrows, and not many of the Mambwi were killed by my askari. But not so on the side Chifumbi had attacked. There the fight had been quite hot. Chifumbi had stopped an arrow and had been stabbed, twelve of his men had been killed outright, and nearly twice that number wounded. Da Silva had got a nasty cut on his leg and three of his askari had been killed and eight wounded. More than forty of the Mambwi had been killed and a number of them wounded. A few had cleared, but the majority had thrown down their arms and had sat down on the ground waiting to be made prisoners.

This was the fighting Mambwi ! There was not a real fighting tribe anywhere in this part of East Africa.

Ali had tied up the chief and had captured fourteen of the men who were with him while we were having our maranda. One of these turned out to be the witch doctor of the tribe. Unlike the witch doctors of the Rovuma, this chap did not wear any of the usual paraphernalia of his trade. He looked more of a warrior than any of that tribe. I found out after that this boy had been to the coast and had visited Zanzibar. He had been against this racket and had advised the chief against attacking me. He had told the chief that he would not have the same easy job with an Englishman as he did with Arab traders, that an Englishman would not be likely to part with his goods without first fighting. That it would be far



better for the chief and the tribe to meet as a friend, and that if the chief did attack me he would be sure of a licking and probably have to pay a heavy fine in ivory, cattle and slaves. I asked him why slaves, and he answered that he had seen English people who owned slaves on the coast and at Zanzibar. I told him he was mistaken, that only Indians, Arabs and Portuguese dealt in slaves and owned them, but he was sure that white men like me did deal in slaves. He had been a slave to a white man himself and had escaped. I asked him in what part of the country this happened and he said Zanzibar. I told him he was wrong and that all Englishmen were against slavery and that we fought Arabs and Indians who owned and dealt in slaves wherever we met with them, and released the slaves and did not keep them to work for us; that I had released every slave I captured from the Arabs and that every slave who had been released by me and who was travelling with me was doing so by his or her own wish, and that they were on my pay roll, could leave me when they wished and would receive their pay when they did. I could not convince him, however, and up till the time I left these people he persisted in saying that he had seen white men like me buying and selling slaves.

#### CHIFUMBI AND CHIMSAKASA

The kraal was about seven miles west of where the fight took place, so I roughly dressed the wounded on the spot, and sent word to the kraal by Mambwi prisoners whom I released that I was coming in peace and wanted to trade plenty of ufa and other skoff. My people had been on short rations for the last three days, and only that I always had a good supply of dried meat carried, and was able to kill game every day, they would have gone hungry. I always had my ufa and other skoff carried and rationed it out every evening. Had I let them the carriers would have finished my supplies in short time. I always found it safer to have extra carriers for food stuffs and let the carriers have a daily ration. Of course when our trek took us through a well populated country, the

carriers always traded ufa and other skoff for dried meat. I only used trade truck to buy food when I was short of meat and I found it a lot more easy to trade with meat than with truck. The reason was that the natives rarely brought ufa enough to trade for even one yard of nsalu, their little baskets rarely held more than five or six lbs. of meal. Beads were useful to trade with but nsalu was hopeless.

When we arrived at the kraal I found that the news of the fight had been told by the natives who had escaped and the kraal was deserted. There were not even the old people there. It took a long time to get these natives to return. I had to send in a gang of my carriers under Ali to fossick skoff to ration my people. I ordered Ali to take beads and nsalu with him, and leave the price of the ufa and grain in the huts where he got ufa, and on the mkokwis where he took grain. I gave this order because I wanted these natives to see that I really meant to pay them for anything they brought to trade at my camp. I had to build a strong skaram here. I knew I would be detained here until I had got my own wounded fit to trek, and the natives of this kraal well enough to need my attention no further.

It was two days before we got the people to come in, and only women and children and old men returned. I asked Chimsakasa, the name the chief was known by, what was the reason his boys remained absent from the kraal. He said I had captured most of them. I warned him not to try and collect fighting men, and told him I would hang him and the boys who were captured with him at the first alarm. He said he could not muster enough boys to fight, even if he wanted to. He was sorry he had not taken Kalindowalo, the witch doctor's advice, he could see by my treatment of him and his people that I wanted to be friends with him and his tribe. Would I release Kalindowalo and let him go and tell the people and order them to bring skoff and ivory to me? I agreed to release Kalindowalo and did so after warning him to play the game; and he started out to talk to the Mambwi, promising to return in ten days.

While I was having this maranda with Chimsakasa, Chifumbi came along and said he had a maranda. I asked what it was, and he said that Chimsakasa had raided some of his kraals and had captured cattle and some women and children. Now I could see why this chap was so eager to accompany me and why he had rushed into the fight as he had done. Chimsakasa admitted that he had raided the Nika, giving as his reason for doing so attacks that were made on him and his people by the Nika and the Arabs who, as he put it, were the masters of the Nika. The Mambwi had driven the Nika and the Arabs off, inflicting heavy losses on them, and had in return raided parts of the Nika country, and so successfully that they captured a few hundred people and several hundred head of cattle. I told Chimsakasa that I had licked the Arabs and that the Nika were now at war with them, and that he would have to return the cattle he had stolen and release all the Nika people he held as slaves.

I could see that this was a bitter pill for him to swallow, so left him to think about it and dismissed Chifumbi, after telling him off for starting the fight as he had done. I pointed out to him that I wanted to be friends with the natives in the parts I was trekking through, and not to be continually on the war path and have to hang up for weeks on end attending to wounded people. 'Anyhow,' says he, 'these people attacked you and I was only punishing them for doing so.' I told him I would attend to any I wished to punish, and that in future he would have to obey orders or get back to his own country.

For a good many days I was too busy with the wounded to go out shooting, so as meat was necessary, I sent out Indian and native hunters to keep the camp in meat. These lads kept us fairly well supplied in that article. They reported lots of jumbo and one day they brought in a very good pair of tusks; they had happened on and killed a single bull. This gave us a good supply of meat. Da Silva used to go shooting, but he stuck to antelope and birds.

In three or four days after Kalindowalo had started on his

round of visits to the neighbouring kraals, Ali was kept busy trading ivory and skoff. All the wounded were doing well and if we did not have to fight again I would be able to move forward again in a week.

Chimsakasa was my guest during my stay here. He called in the Nika people he had captured and I told them they could return to their homes ; there were quite a few, and most of them were glad of the chance of getting back to their own people. A few women who had taken husbands decided to stay with the Mambwi. Chifumbi did not like the idea of any of his people remaining. I had the women brought up to my tent and told Chifumbi that he could talk to them in my presence and that if by fair dealing he could get them to return I would make it straight with the husbands. He did try but the women refused to go, they were here and had husbands and the Arabs did not raid the Mambwi. If they returned they had the chance of being sold to the Arabs. They were going to remain here with their men.

Chifumbi had to be satisfied, and he admitted that the women were quite right ; although his brother chiefs of the Nika had sent promises to combine against the Arabs they might alter their minds. I asked him if any of his women were amongst the slaves I had released. Three of the women belonged to him, they all had girl children. I asked him how he intended getting the cattle and these people back to their homes. He was going to send ten of his own people and those that had been wounded in the fight as soon as the wounded were ready for trekking. This would only leave him eight or nine Nika to see him back if he decided to return before I did. I pointed this out to him, but he seemed quite contented ; he was going through with me, and if I returned via his kraal was then going with me to the coast. He intended taking ivory to sell at the coast and would have me to see that he got the proper price for it. Then he would return to his people and show them what ivory was worth at the coast, and after that his people would surely finish off any Arab slavers who tried to cheat them. He saw now how the Arabs had fooled the Nika against

each other, and was going to try and get the whole of the Nika tribe to stop raiding and killing each other.

I hope he managed to carry out his plans. If he did I know the day of the Arab slavers was over in that part of Africa ; they would have to pay for their ivory and slaves, and this would put a great check on slave dealing.

Kalindowalo returned after being away eleven days. He brought with him seven headmen or local chiefs. Each of these brought me presents of ivory and ivory to trade, and they all said they wanted me to hunt and trade in their country. I was now able to move on, and after trading ivory and skoff brought in by these natives, I got ready for my next trek.

I sent the ivory I had traded here back to Chifumbi's kraal—thirty-seven tusks. Chifumbi had become great friends with Chimsakasa and had sworn brotherhood with these people, and the latter had promised his aid against Arab slavers. I started from here to go to a lake said to be ten days' trek to the west of this camp, and Kalindowalo accompanied me to act as guide. He said there were lots of jumbo in the country we would have to trek through.

#### LAKE KIVU

The trek for the first five days took us through the kraals of the Mambwi. They occupied a very fine country, open bush and grasslands. Their women were different to any I had met with. They only wore their birthday clothes, with a few strings of beads round their middle. They wore a large wooden disc of wood in their ears and some wore the disc in their lips. It made them look queer, they put me in mind of spoonbill ducks.

I found the Mambwi girls had good appetites, and they were more active, better looking and less smelly than most of the tribes I had visited.

We came to the lake fifteen days' trek from Chimsakasa. The lake was small and in volcanic country, very pretty. The natives had their kraals right up to the near shores. They had

large herds of cattle and a few goats and sheep. I went right round the lake camping at six different places. I climbed one hill where there was an extinct volcano and a crater filled with water, forming a perfect little lake. I saw a gorge at the base of the hill formed of lava. The walls were about twenty feet high and perpendicular. It looked as if quite a lot of water flowed through this gorge during the rainy season. I could see higher ranges of hills to the north west, and away in the distance south I could just make out a very high range of mountains.

The natives brought lots of ufa to trade and offered cattle, which I refused. Every headman brought me a present of either a sheep or a goat, or a girl. I traded a lot of dried fish, also fresh fish. I camped at the north west corner of this lake three days, and every day there were earthquakes. On the third day there were five or six very severe shocks ; one of them threw a number of the natives off their feet, and I heard an explosion some distance away. I went in the direction the sound came from and saw a lot of large rents in the ground. The ground was very hot ; it was like walking over the country right after a grass fire. Kalindowalo asked me to move my camp further off, and I could see that the whole lot of my people had the wind up. I did move camp back east half a day's trek. I enquired of the natives if these earthquakes were regular things. They said they came every few years, that the shocks we had felt and heard were not frequent, that some of the older men had heard very loud explosions and had seen fire coming out of the rents made by the quakes.

This lake the natives called Kivu, or Nyanza, a name they give to most lakes and large rivers that flow out of lakes. I camped in these parts three weeks and bagged some trophies, but only managed to get up to jumbo once, and then only managed to kill one for one hundred and sixty pounds of ivory. I did not trade any ivory from these people. Several times they offered me girls and one chief offered me the head of cattle for one gun. I took a brace of girls in exchange for a musket and ammunition. They came to me with very poor

appetites, but a few doses of my tonic gave them such lively appetites that I was glad to return them to their people at the end of that week. These people said I was the first white man who had visited this country and I believe I was. The natives never seemed tired of watching me and every day there was a crowd of women and children sitting down for hours at my tent, watching me. If I went out for a shoot I had to drive back the natives who would try to follow me.

#### A DISASTER AND A WARNING

After three weeks of this kind of life, I started east for the jumbo country we had passed through on our way here. I killed three jumbo before I decided to camp. I had traded two hundred loads of skoff at the lake, and all my carriers had laid in a good stock of beans and ufa. I made camp on a very nice little river, right in the heart of as fine a jumbo country as I had yet seen. As I intended having a full month here I built a good strong skaram. I left on my first trip before the skaram was finished.

On the third day I took the spoor of four jumbo, camped on it that night, and came up with them about ten o'clock next morning. The wind was just right and allowed me to get close in. They were all good tuskers. I downed the largest with a head shot and gave the next largest my left barrel on the shoulder. He went off before I could get a second shot. Leaving boys to handle this one I followed the wounded one and came up to him within a mile. All three were together and the two unwounded bulls had the wounded one between them and seemed to be helping him along. I could see the wounded one was very sick, so took a shot at one of the other two and downed him. The other unwounded bull charged right at me. I fired almost straight up at his face, he was so close. The shot turned him and he charged right at a bunch of carriers, caught one of them in his trunk, threw him right over his head, then trampled on one that he had knocked down. I got a side on shot at his head and killed him. I never saw

a jumbo so savage as this chap was ; he fairly hissed in his rage ; squealing, hissing and trumpeting, he looked terrifying. I could do nothing for the victims, they were both dead.

I went back to the wounded one ; he was leaning up against a tree and one shot finished him.

Kalindowalo said he knew that this hunt was going to be unlucky, and advised me to go back to my camp and wait for the new moon. I asked him if he had been talking to the boys, and he said no ; he had only spoken to me, and he knew that some accident would happen to me if I did not wait until the new moon before I continued my hunt. I asked him what kind of an accident ; he did not know, but he knew before I started from camp that this trip was going to be unfortunate. He had been afraid to tell me, and had only spoken now because the two boys had been killed. He begged me to return to camp until, as he put it, the dangerous part of that month had passed.

I asked him where or what the danger was ; he did not know. Well, those boys who had been killed was the danger, and things would be O.K. now, I told him. Perhaps it was so, but he thought it would be safer if I returned to my camp and started out from there in another direction. In fact I had made up my mind to swing back in the direction of camp. I did not notice that any of the carriers got the wind up after the accident to their two mates ; all of them seemed very happy.

It is always a happy time for them when a jumbo is killed ; they seem to delight in cutting the massive brute up, and they get covered with blood and muck, and fight for fancy cuts like terriers fight for a bone.

#### A STAMPEDE OF ELEPHANTS

While the boys were busy at this favourite game of theirs, I took a walk out towards a range of hills about two miles north of my camp, intending to climb to the top of the ridge and have a look at the country north of them. Before I got to the range I crossed the spoor of a single jumbo. I have seen



hundreds of large spoor, but not one like this. I had never seen a spoor that came anywhere near this one for size, and have never seen one since that came near it. I returned to my tent and told the cook to have everything ready for an early start. I left sixty carriers to deal with these four jumbo and started off early to try and cut the spoor of that single bull. I cut the spoor about twelve miles east of my last camp; jumbo had passed along during the night. We followed the spoor all day, and although it crossed the fresh spoor of eight bulls, I did not leave it. I camped at sundown and took the spoor as soon as it was light enough to see it, and followed the whole of that day. This spoor crossed several lots of other fresh spoor, but though tempted to leave it for the fresher spoor, I would not do so.

Next day I ran into two bulls and although they carried decent ivory I did not shoot at them. I camped five nights on this spoor and twice I saw jumbo, but resisted the temptation to shoot. I wanted to catch up with the single bull. This chap never joined any troop; he seemed to be making a trek of his own. On the sixth day there was no wind. We had entered some very dense thorn bush and early in the afternoon my jumbo crossed the spoor of a very large troop of bulls. There were some large spoor in this troop, in fact all the spoors showed that they were all heavy tuskers, but any of these spoors would have fitted inside the spoor I was following like a cup inside of a saucer.

At about two o'clock I saw my bull. He was a beauty; he had tusks that seemed to be resting on the ground, and what a show of ivory, and what a girth! I got within twenty yards and dropped him with my right barrel.

I had no sooner fired when the whole bush seemed to be alive with jumbo. They were trumpeting and screaming in all directions. I dropped one that was stampeding right at me. I had handed my rifle to the Indian gun bearer and grabbed my second rifle and I dropped one with each barrel. The Indian handed me my 8-bore reloaded, and I got a shot at one that was really charging me.

My shot went a bit to the right, and before I could fire the left barrel, this chap had me in his trunk. I could feel my ribs giving as he put pressure on. He tried to ram me on to one of his tusks, and after trying this two or three times, he threw me clean over his head. He was screaming and hissing all the time he had me in his trunk. I did not feel the slightest fear and even remember having my rifle in my right hand when he threw me. I came down through the top branches of a thorn tree, and lodged on my side in the top forks of the branches. I was suffering a lot of pain ; the brute had broken several of my ribs. I could feel him working at the tree, trying to push it over. I still held my rifle, and it seemed to strike me that if I could discharge my rifle the report might scare the jumbo away from the tree. I could hardly breathe, every breath I drew was like stabs from a knife in my chest. I was lying half over a fork of the tree and still had my rifle gripped in my right hand. I could feel the tree giving. I managed to twist my body so I could lie with the rifle pointing nearly straight down, and managed with great pain to get my finger on the trigger. I pulled the trigger and the stock of the gun came flying back and hit me a nasty blow on the side of my head.

This knocked me out. I remember nothing else until I woke to find some of the Indian askari lowering me down from the tree with a bark rope. They had cut away the lower branches, climbed up with the rope, hitched it round me and lowered me into the arms of others waiting on the ground. I suffered the torments of the damned during the next few hours. It was the devil. I was a hopeless cripple and thought at the time I was done for. I could not stand on my feet and was half out of my head with pain. My boys were very gentle when moving me. They had made up my bed and had the tent up. I tried to lie down but could not breathe at all in that position. I got them to help me into my large deck chair ; I could breathe in this position, but every breath was an agony. I managed to ask if any of the boys were hurt, and found that the stampeding troop of jumbo had killed three or four of them.

I shall never forget that racket ; those jumbo simply went mad with fright, and the screaming and hissing they made was awful to hear. The chap that threw me into the tree was squealing and screaming all the time he was trying to push the tree over. The shot I had fired from the tree had luckily hit and finished him.

#### LAYING UP

It took me hours to set my ribs and get nine inch plasters round my body, and then it was agony to move for days after. The stock of my rifle had raised a large lump on the side of my head, and I had a ringing headache for days after. I was several days before I found out the full extent of the damage done by this stampeding troop of jumbo. I was not the only one to suffer, but I was the only one that had to bear pain. Seven boys had been trampled to death, and only that the Indian askari had opened fire and turned the main body of jumbo from the carriers a lot more would have been killed. All the boys who had been run over were killed outright. When I fired from the tree I lost my rifle, and the stock got broken when it fell. I was sorry about this rifle, I had killed over seventy jumbo with it and quite a few rhino, buffalo and lions.

I had to lay where I was for six weeks, and for the last two weeks the boys had to carry water to me from twenty miles away. I had killed five jumbo and the askari had killed six. They did not get these at once. Only two of theirs had been killed outright, but while I was laying here sick the makuis had found the other four.

Ali, as soon as he heard of my accident, came along. Da Silva came along some days after the accident. He told me that he did not know for days that the accident had happened ; he was out of his head with a bad go of fever. Poor Da Silva, he suffered a lot with fever. I told Ali not to shift the whole camp. There was only a small spring here, and by what the askari told me it was drying up fast. He could go back

and boss up the main camp and send boys to trade skoff at the nearest kraals, and Da Silva could come and camp with me. Ali did not like leaving me, and he did not like my saying Da Silva could camp with and attend on me. He was always jealous of Da Silva in that respect. But he was a good lad and I found out several times that he had a great regard for me, and I do not think I exaggerate when I say he would willingly have lost his life rather than have seen me hurt or killed, and I think I can say the same for Da Silva. In fact, I think that most of my Indians would have given their lives if by doing so they could save mine. It is very wonderful how much these chaps were attached to me. Ali said the reason was that I always took what risks there were to take, and never ordered any of them to take a risk that I would not take myself.

I ought to explain here that the large bull I was spooring had joined up with the troop that made the spoor we crossed early the day of the accident. As I mentioned before, it was a windless day and the thorn bush very dense, and when I fired at the large bull the troop stampeded and came in all directions. I did not know that there were any other jumbo near. I was taken by surprise, as were my boys. Had I have known the troop was near my boys would have been well behind, and near trees that they could climb into out of danger. When I went in to kill a jumbo with a troop, I always left my carriers a half mile behind before I went in to pick out a bull ; but when after a single bull or a troop of three or four, my carriers always kept close up. In a country where jumbo is plentiful, it is very easy to lose the carriers ; the jumbo cross and recross their own spoor and very often the carriers take the wrong spoor. I have often lost my carriers, and it takes days sometimes to find them again. On the day of the accident, I was I thought following a single bull, and that was the reason the stampeding jumbo caught my carriers bending. Had the carriers each made for a tree and stood quietly against it they would have been fairly safe. I have often had stand up against a tree when caught in one of these stampedes, and have had jumbo passing either side of me.

within a few feet of me, and come safely out of the stampede. But I have noticed repeatedly that the natives lose their heads and keep running, and very often when they think they are running out of danger they are running into it. So it was this day. So far as I could make out from the askari and Kalindowalo none of the natives that were killed had been picked up by the jumbo ; they had all been trampled to death. Several boys who had got close up to a tree told me they could have touched jumbo as they passed them.

Kalindowalo came to see me every day. He did not rub it in about the accident or even mention that he had warned me. He asked me if I would not release his chief Chimsakasa. I had held this chap prisoner since he had attacked me when I first entered the Mambwi country. He said that Chimsakasa was the crack jumbo hunter of the tribe, and that if I released him he himself would answer for it that Chimsakasa would not desert, and if I would arm the chief with a good weapon the chief would kill ivory for me while I was unable to hunt myself. I knew that I would have to move for the coast when I was able to travel.

I sent for Chimsakasa and asked him would he care to go out after jumbo if I loaned him a good rifle. He said he would. I told him I was satisfied that he would not try and do in any other white man who visited his tribe, and would let him have a rifle to shoot the ivory to pay his fine to me. When I captured him I had told him that he would have to pay a fine of twenty tusks. He said he had not the tusks and could not pay and I, thinking he had ivory hidden, had kept him a prisoner. I gave him a 12-bore and ammunition, and told him he could take a few of my native askari to help him and sent him off.

I thought I might just as well have as many of the jumbo as I could get out of the numbers there were in this country. I told Da Silva he could take a few of the Indians and have them run out and get a few tusks for himself, but he refused my offer, saying it was his place to look after me and that he was a hunter. He was quite happy working for me and very well satisfied with the wages I paid him. I sent a messenger to

Ali telling him to send out a few hunting parties. But Ali had done this before my messenger arrived.

The five jumbo I had killed the day of the accident were all beauties ; the average of the ten tusks was one hundred and nineteen pounds and two pounds over. The large bull I had spooed so long had 197½ and 203 lbs. Two of the others went 236 lbs. the pair, 208 the pair, the other two 180 the pair and 168 the pair.

When the tusks of my five jumbo were cut out and cleaned, I had them put where I could see them, and derived a lot of comfort from looking at them. True, I had been badly smashed up, but had made good shooting when in a very tight corner.

As I am writing I have just heard over the wireless set that is on a table in the room that the Prince has just come off the spoor of a bull that got his wind, and that it is thought that the bull carried hundred pound tusks. Hundred pounders are very scarce to-day, yet in the times I am writing of they were as common as are 60 pounders to-day. In less time than it takes me to write about it I had killed one two hundred pounder, two hundred pounders and two eighty and ninety pounders. The big game hunter of to-day might shoot from the Nile to the Zambesi and take years to do the trip, and he would not be likely to shoot three such jumbo as I killed in three shots. Truly, I suffered for a couple of weeks, but it was worth it.

Ali had sent boys to the nearest Mambwi kraals to trade skoff. The nearest kraal was only about forty-five or fifty miles from my main camp and I was only twenty miles from it. The Mambwi brought in a good supply, and they came in scores to visit me. The women brought me all kinds of presents, from thick milk to bunches of ripe bananas. They would sit for hours at a stretch looking at me, and they would go over to the large tusks and talk about them and me. I was a great kumbilumi, and I think that if I had wished I could have become a great chief among these people. They would visit the tree I had been thrown into, look at the skull of the

jumbo that threw me into the tree, then come close up and look at me. I could hear them tell each other that no other man in the world had such strong mkwala as I had, in fact I was a great marvel to these people, a man who could not be killed. Had not the Arabs tried to kill me, giving me two nasty wounds that any native would have died of? Yet here I was alive. Had I not licked Chifumbi and his Arab masters, and although the whole crowd had fired their guns at me they failed to kill me? Had not all their own kumbilumi fired at me? They had admitted having done so and I had beat them, capturing Chimsakasa and his fighting men, and then had attended to the wounded, both my own and the Mambwi—and so on. These are the talks I listened to. They came almost every day, and although it was twenty miles from where they sold their goods they came to visit me, and when the spring went dry it was a pleasure to them to bring water from the main camp to me. All this went to make my forced lay up less irksome. Chimsakasa had kept his word and sent in several pairs of good tusks, and the parties sent out by Ali were also successful, so much so, that during the seven weeks I was laid up, they killed twenty-three jumbo, Chimsakasa scoring eleven with his party.

#### AN AMOROUS MISSIONARY

Then came the time that I got carried to my main camp and the welcome I had from Indians and natives! They had got a few drums and came out to meet my machilla, and that night they had a dance and the Indians joined in, the one and only time I saw them mix in a native dance. The Arabs' women also came out to meet me and sang and danced along the road as the machilla was carried, and nothing would serve but the women be allowed to carry me. Yes, those were good old days of African travel and shooting. One never sees the likes these days. Those free and easy natives have got a taste of civilisation and education. Add to that a little religion and you have an impossible native. It is those three things that have started the ruin of the old style native, and

it is those things that are going to cause a lot of trouble in the near future. They will hinder the working of the minerals and stop the advance of the country, so that it will be impossible for the settlers to make a living. It is the missionaries who are to blame, and some of them are a rotten lot.

About twelve years ago I was listening to my boys yarning one night. Most of their yarns were about kalulu the hare, and furvi the tortoise, women, hunting and the places they had visited. When my boys thought I was sleeping they would spread themselves a bit, and very often I would call out and tell a boy he was a liar when he had told a tall yarn. One yarn, about a missionary, I will give as near as possible in the boy's language. I am sure any native of those parts who had been to the mission school would be able to read it, although I have never looked into any book written on native languages.

Punzisi ali mabino ali ndi akazi ambili amumsa mkazi mulungu ameni Chinodzimodys chimenicho nchito wa Punzisi iri kumwusa akazi onsi mau wa mulungu ndi nchito yas akari onse ati ngati malungu anena ameni chabwino tigwira nchito chimodzimodzi anakwusa ngati mulungu anakausa kumkwatira mkasi chabwino mkasi umodzi akala na iwi. Punzisi wagona ndi mkazi koma anlikuchita manta ndi ntenda wa mkazi chindoko ndi chisonono. Patsigolo mkazi ali chinguzulo, Somwe Ounzisi aopa patari ampaka mkazi watia mwana koma chifukwa mankwala wolimba alikudwala pafupi kufa Lomwi amai mako ayenda Boma kumwusa bwana wonkuru mwano wako ali bafupi kufa bwana a tuma askari kwiahwira punzisi wa figa kwa boma kanena malandu ntawe bwana amua miboni yonse agwira punzisi anyika m'kaide zaka zitatu. Ndi ampatsa chicote ntawe kumi ndi asanu. Patsegolo patari punzisi adza choka kwa kaide bwana adzamenya kawire ndi chicote kumi ndi asanu.

The above relates how a native mission teacher took advantage of his position and told a native girl that God had ordered him to lie with her, as a part of her preparation for confirmation. The girl said if it was God's will, she was willing. The teacher lay with the girl and the girl became pregnant, and received



a present of another kind which was painful and hard to be rid of. The teacher became alarmed, and procured medicine to procure an abortion for the girl. The drug failed to work and the girl became very sick. The girl's mother informed the native commissioner and the teacher was arrested, proved guilty, and sentenced to three years, with fifteen lashes going in, and the same number of lashes when he was released at the end of his term of imprisonment.

#### A TRIUMPHAL PROGRESS

The last three weeks of my stay in this camp was very nice. It was quite a change to have these natives visit me in such a friendly way ; quite a difference from the usual style of the raw native. These people seemed quite sincere in the esteem they held me. I could have traded their cattle or even their children ; in fact quite a few of the men offered me their daughters. But I was very anxious to get back to Bagamoyo. I had been away for eleven months and the rains were near, and although I had no bad rivers to cross, I knew it would take me at least three months hard trekking to get through.

I had to be carried back to Chimsakasa's kraal, as I was too shaky to make it on my feet. It was a triumphant march, this trek back through the Mambwi ; the natives came out from every kraal to meet my machilla, and even the women took the pole and carried, and they carried every bit as good as the men. Cattle and ufa from every headman and long hidden ivory were offered as presents, but in every case a fair price in trade was given as a return present. It was far more pleasant to trade in this fashion than to argue the point and barter. These people had tried to do me in when I arrived in their country a short five months before, now they were digging up their hidden treasure and making me a present of it, and I believe they would have been satisfied if I had accepted it and given nothing in return.

News of my return had been sent ahead and every chief and headman of this tribe came to visit me. Some of them had

travelled more than a hundred miles. I thought it was well worth while to get smashed up by jumbo. The big tusks were examined by hundreds of men, women and children every trek, and even after I arrived at Chimsakasa's kraal, where I camped three days, natives arrived every day to look at these tusks.

I asked Ali and Da Silva what they thought of the welcome we were having ; they said it was me and not the tusks that the natives came to look at, and ' why not ? ' said Ali, ' you are the first white man to visit this country, and look what you have done for these natives ! You captured their head chief when he tried to rob you and his boys fired at you. You looked after those that were wounded, and did not hang their chief and the boys who fired at you. If they had been captured by my countrymen or the Arabs, they would have killed all the boys they could catch, burned their kraals, taken all the women and children, driven off the cattle and tortured the men to out where their ivory was hidden. You have treated them as if they were your own children.'

I was sorry to leave, but necessity knows no laws and I had to get to the coast. I gave presents to all the chiefs and started my trek to Chifumbi's kraal, going over the same country that I had trekked through on my trek to Kivu. Chifumbi and the askari kept the ulendo supplied with meat. Before we got to the outlying kraals of the Nika tribe, the natives came out to meet us, and this trek through the Nika was the trek through the Mambwi repeated. I was much better and had started to walk again ; and the day before we arrived at Chifumbi's kraal I went out and killed a couple of eland with my 12-bore rifle.

Eight of the Nika chiefs came in to visit me, bringing with them presents of cattle and ivory. These men told me that they had followed my advice and had exchanged prisoners and had returned guns, ivory and cattle that they had captured when they raided each other, and had agreed to combine and fight the Arabs should they come back here and demand any more tribute. They had killed the capitos that the Arabs

had left at the different kraals, and they had all done the same, so they would all have to stand together. They knew no one branch of the tribe was strong enough to resist the Arabs, but every branch of the tribe had killed the capitos left by the Arabs, so they would have to combine against the Arabs, or be subdued again. They were when combined too strong for the Arabs to fight. They were going to keep a strong force at the kraals nearest to the Arabs' fort, and tackle the first lot that came into this part of the country. I warned them to be prepared at the point where the Arabs would enter the country, should they come through the Nika that lived in the low country below the escarpment, and I promised to try and get these people to combine with them. I asked if they had raided these people since I passed through and they said they had not. They only raided down there when they acted with the Arabs, and the Arabs raided there on their own, and they mostly started direct from their own fort when they raided the Nika in the low country.

I camped at Chifumbi for one week and my stay here was a repetition of my stay at Chimsakasa. Crowds of natives, men, women and children came to my camp every day. The dancing at the kraal was almost continual, day and night the drums were at it, but there was very little pombi drank. Women brought me presents of fowls, eggs, milk and foodstuffs, and very often refused my return presents of beads and wire, saying they brought the stuff as presents and not to sell. A few of them brought me bead work, and very pretty stuff it was. When I accepted their bead work I always made them accept some print in return.

I had my loads put up, and gave Chifumbi warning that I was ready to make a start to trek through to the Nika below the escarpment. I told him I would want ufa for my trek to and down the escarpment, and carriers for my trophies. Da Silva had altogether forty loads of specimens and trophies and I had two hundred and forty-seven tusks of ivory on top of that. I still had about eighty loads of trade, food and kit.

When I left this camp I had over eight hundred people in

my ulendo and they were all as happy as children. They gave me a great send off, hundreds of women followed my machilla several miles, as did the Nika chiefs. I was invited to stay in the country and be chief over them all and had refused. Now they begged me to promise to return. I could only say that I had finished my work in that part of Africa, and had no further cause to return.

#### ARABS ON THE WARPATH

Nothing worth writing about happened on the trek over the escarpment. I had plenty of ufa and grain, and we had no trouble shooting meat for the whole ulendo. I told Da Silva not to trouble about trophies unless we got heads to beat any we had with us or had forwarded to the coast. The day we were due to arrive at the first kraal below the escarpment I sent runners on to warn the chief of my arrival. These runners returned with the chief and got to us when we had stopped to cook skoff.

The chief was in a great state of excitement. The Arabs were raiding in force and were driving the people out of the country. Already over two thousand head of cattle had arrived at his kraal and several thousand men, women and children. Skoff was getting short and he did not know what to do. The Arabs were in great force and the people were clearing back as the Arabs advanced. They were within sixty miles and had slaughtered hundreds of the Nika. Every stand the Nika had made had been unsuccessful, and they had lost heavily and been driven back.

I told my ulendo to trek on to the kraal and to take the loads to my old skaram. The chief asked me if I was moving on through the country that was uninhabited, and could the Nika women and children trek with me. He thought it was hopeless to try and beat these Arabs ; there were too many of them. I told him that I certainly would not have thousands of women trekking with me, I would have difficulty enough getting through with my own ulendo. I was expecting to buy skoff from him for my trek through this uninhabited country.

I would think of some plan after I had made camp, and as the ulendo was well ahead we had better move on and catch it up.

When I arrived at camp I had made up my mind to have a go at this Arab force. I called Chifumbi and told him to get back as soon as he could to his own people, collect a force, and come over the escarpment further south and get in behind the Arabs. Did he know of a path he could take to get over the escarpment? Yes, he did. I told him to take the boys and get back to his kraal as quickly as he could and gather as many men as he could, and when he had a force large enough, to get over the escarpment and come in behind the Arabs.

'You hit due east when you get over the escarpment,' I said 'and try and hit the Arab trail. Then move in and follow them, but do not attack them before you hear me at them, and tell your people to collect as much grain as they can, and order the women to rush down a supply here as soon as you arrive. Let this be seen to before you get started with your men. It is on the books that you will arrive too late to be of any assistance to me. It will depend on how long it takes the Arabs to clear the country to the south and east, and how long the men of the Nika can hold them. You ought to be back and well up to them in ten days if you hurry and you find your fellow chiefs willing to assist.'

He said he had no fear of the other chiefs backing out, that this was an unlooked for chance to beat the Arabs in one fight and have me to help and direct the natives. When I was sure Chifumbi understood what was wanted of him, I called Ali and told him to pick half a dozen of his askari, take the chief with him, scout out south in the direction the Arabs were said to be, and try and find a good place to ambush them while they were on trek. I told the chief to tell these fugitives of his own people to obey me during his absence. My first order to these people was to collect all the grain, nuts, beans and other food stuffs and to carry it to my camp. I put Da Silva in charge of this job. I put hundreds of men on to enlarge my

skaram and dig a deep trench round the outside ; others to throw up temporary cattle kraals a mile from the skaram and in the uninhabited country. I had my skaram enlarged so that the river ran through the middle of it. At the kraal hundreds of women were busy making a trench round the outside of the palisade surrounding it, others were busy carrying grain, etc. to the skaram. I had a cattle kraal built inside of the skaram. I now had two strong positions to fall back on if the Arabs were too strong for me in the open.

When I had made everything safe, I left Da Silva in charge and ordered him to keep a guard on the skoff and ration these people once a day, and to see that none of them helped themselves. I also ordered him to send out hunting parties and get as much dried meat as he could, and to give only half rations of grain while the meat lasted. I had done what I could for our safety and the safety of the natives. If I had to fall back on this camp, I was sure I could hold it until Chifumbi got in touch with me, or so long as the skoff lasted. I ordered Da Silva to always have a hundred head of full grown cattle near camp, and if he saw me falling back to drive them in, and I reminded him about drying as much meat as he could after rationing the people, and told him if he saw that the hunters could not kill enough, to slaughter a couple of hundred cattle and dry the meat, and still keep one hundred of live stock handy.

People had been arriving every day ; the Arabs were taking their time and making a good job of clearing the country as they advanced, and I guessed there was one man at least who knew his work. I had told Ali not to come in touch with the Arabs on any account, and thought it was time for him to be on his way back. If the Arabs were only sixty or seventy miles off when I first got the news, they were having a rough time, or were taking their time. I knew their habits. They would camp at every kraal they captured and have a good time with the women they caught. They thought they had these people beaten, and evidently knew about the stretch of uninhabited country, although their main path from the coast

was nearly one hundred and fifty miles east of here. I knew that because I had crossed the main caravan path on my way up here, and only a few caravans came to Bagamoyo. Most of them at this time started from Dar-es-Salaam.

#### PREPARATIONS FOR THE FIGHT

I started off with seven askari and a few carriers. I did not take my tent as this was the dry season and I had no need to fear getting any rain for at least two months, and I did not want to let the Arabs know I was down here. They would have heard from prisoners that it was I that wiped out their friends, and I knew they would do their level best to get even with me if they did come to grips with me. I wanted to take them by surprise and do as much damage as I could before they found out what they were up against.

About twenty miles out I met Ali. He was returning to report to me. He said that he had slept at a group of kraals about ten miles south and on the other side of a ridge. There was a range of hills three miles south of where I met him, the kraals he had camped at were six miles on the other side of them. I asked him how far back the Arabs were. He thought a good day's trek from these kraals. There were several kraals on their line of advance.

I ordered the chief to send runners to all the kraals and tell the people to fall back and to bring all the food they could carry. The chief had already warned the people to pack skoff ready and come in with skoff when they fell back. I told him to hurry ahead and tell the people to make a grain dump here, and I would send back to camp for people to come here and carry it back to camp. I had given orders for all grain and other food stuffs to be shifted back from a group of kraals that I had passed. I told the chief to get forward as far as he could and order all the grain, etc. to be carried here; there were hundreds of people at camp and they could carry from here to camp. Then I ordered Ali to stay here and see the grain moved back as it arrived. I asked him if he

had seen a place we could ambush the Arabs at. He said the country was much the same all the way he had been. There was another range of hills south of the one I could see, and the Arabs were attacking the kraals south of that range.

Leaving Ali here, I went forward and climbed the range. There was a good pass where I climbed, and it struck me at once that this would be a good spot to make an attack on the Arabs if they did take this pass on their advance. The hills sloped up on both sides, leaving a fair sized valley between them. In some places the valley was more than forty yards wide. There was good cover on the slopes of the hills, and where the stream ran close to the hills there was a steep bank. I knew that my Indian askari could hit their man at a hundred yards, but doubted if many of the native askari could. The range in some places was too great for decent shooting with the bowmen, and I could muster four times as many bows as I could guns.

I enquired if there was any other path through these hills and was told no, that this was the main path for man and beast, that the cattle was always driven through this pass at the latter end of the dry season, when water and grass were scarce in the southern portion of the Nika country. The kraals to the east were very close to this main track. I went to the kraals south ; these were a good six miles from the foot of this range. I wished they had been nearer, then the Arabs might have got to the pass in the early morning and it would have suited my ideas better to make my attack in the morning than in the late afternoon.

I camped at the kraals that night ; this was the fifth day since I sent Chifumbi back to raise men to come and assist me. I met scores of batches of women and old men carrying grain and saw that they would with luck be able to clear these kraals of grain. That took a lot of worry off my mind ; there were fully two thousand women and children back at the chief's kraal, and although the bins there had looked fairly full it would not keep that crowd long.



## SCOUTING

Here I left the chief, and took a dozen men who were left at the kraal to boss up the cattle with me. I wanted to try and get a look at these Arabs and get some kind of an idea of their number. I travelled a full twenty miles this day and camped on the top of the next range of hills. I passed about fourteen kraals. Most of the men were absent fighting the Arabs, who were said to be still ten miles the other side of the range I camped on. I saw smoke away to the south east, but that might have been grass fires. I could hear no sounds of shooting and I lay awake nearly all night. I got an early start and passed a large kraal in the early morning. The people here were all ready to fall back. They had several hundred head of cattle and had started to drive them north when I arrived. They said the Arabs were attacking some large kraals about five miles away. I came within sound of shooting three miles further on, and then I scouted out to a range of hills about three miles south west from where I was. I climbed these hills and from the highest point I saw the Arab camp.

It seemed to cover a lot of ground and I could make out fully fifty calico tents. I saw the kraal that was being attacked; it must have contained over two hundred huts. It was palisaded and the natives seemed to be holding their own. I could see hundreds of cattle near the Arab camp, but I could not even guess at what number of Arabs there were. If they had their women with them, there would not be more than a hundred. I could tell that by the number of the tents. That they had been here some days I could tell by the skaram they had round their camp; it looked too brown to have been newly made. I could also see that they had a number of natives with them. I could make out their msasas near the Arab camp.

I sent three boys to try and get in touch with some of the Nika headmen. I knew there was a force of Nika helping this kraal, and they would be out in the open somewhere. I had

heard from some of the fugitives that it was always the want of water that made them abandon their kraals. The Arabs kept well off the kraals they attacked unless they could take the kraal by surprise, and then fired at any one they could see, keeping well out of arrow range, and when the natives had to come out to get water or tried to clear, they killed and captured them. These natives did not seem to have the sense to clear in the night; they fought it out to the finish, and of course suffered heavily when they did make a break for it. They simply held out as long as they could and then made a bolt for it. Those outside shot arrows, and those that had guns made a big noise, but did very little damage. The Arabs knew it was only a case of waiting to get what they were after, and they took very little risk in getting it.

I told the boys I sent to try and get into touch with the headmen and tell them where to meet me, and as I could not see any more from here, I started back, intending to camp at the kraal I had passed that morning. I got there early in the afternoon and waited there for my messengers. Three headmen came in soon after I arrived. I asked them if they could get into touch with the natives in the kraal where the Arabs were camped, and they said they could. I told them to go and tell the people to clear out during the night and fall back here, to leave the cattle and only take skoff with them, and to hurry right through to my camp. I also told them to call off their men and fall back here with them, and to try and hold this kraal for one day and night, then all fall back and join me. I did not camp here, but hurried back to where I had left Ali. I travelled most of that night and reached him early next day.

He had made good time with getting skoff away from here. I told him to stay here until the whole of the skoff was shifted. From here I sent three of Chifumbi's boys, who knew the paths Chifumbi would be travelling on, with an order to him to keep as close to the Arabs as he could, but on no account to attack them unless they tried to return to their kraal. I detailed the chief and six men to keep an eye on the Arabs

and let me know if they started to trek back to their fort, but not to let the Arabs see them, and to be careful not to risk a shot even if they were sure of killing an Arab. Their job was to keep in touch and try and find out how the Arabs marched, and to return and let me know. I had Ali explain what I wanted them to do. This chief was a smart boy and he did do what he was told.

I hurried back to the camp from here and got there the same day. I found everything O.K. There was enough skoff here now to keep the whole tribe three or four months, and skoff had started to come in from Chifumbi's people. These people had made a dump half way down the escarpment, and Da Silva had sent carriers from here to bring it in from there. I had a general muster of askari and carriers. Counting Chifumbi's askari, I mustered one hundred and seven guns. Including Ali and Da Silva and my personal servants we would be one hundred and twelve. I had nearly four hundred bow and arrow men, and counting in the Nika, over one hundred and fifty men armed with spears. On top of this lot there were the Nika we were defending. There were over eight hundred of these chaps, but only three hundred of them had bows, and they only had forty-five guns amongst them. I told them I was going to attack the Arabs and where the attack would be made.

I think they were all ready and willing. I know my own boys were willing and eager to have a scrap. I ordered all hands to be ready to trek next morning, and to boil mealies to last them three days, as there would be no cooking once I put them into position, even if we had to wait a week for the Arabs to get to the place where I intended to attack them ; that the women would have to cook food well behind us and carry it up to the fighting line if necessary. That everything depended on our not letting the Arabs know we were laying for them. I put my own askari in charge of the spear and bow men and their own headmen and chiefs, but all of them would obey my askari. I talked to them for hours, and had the headmen and my askari tell them what was expected from them. I knew

there would be no holding them once the fight was on. These natives were very good fighters once they got started, but they lacked leaders.

#### THE AMBUSH

The next day I marched the whole gang out. At the last moment I made up my mind to leave Da Silva in charge of camp. He did not like it, but I pointed out to him that some one would have to be left here to boss up our goods and the skoff, and to run in the cattle if I had to fall back on camp, and that I did not want to leave an askari. I left him only one hundred bow and spear men. I knew he would hardly have to beat off an attack, but one never knew ; some of the Arabs might get between me and camp, and with his own guns and those hundred natives, he would be able to deal with anything that turned up.

I got my men out to the water near the range of hills, and told them to make shelters well off the pass and track. The chief came in and reported that the Arabs had camped near the kraal where I had told the natives to hold them for a day and a night ; they had made an attack and had fallen back and made camp. I told him to call off all his men and bring them along, and explained to him what my plan was if I could get the Arabs to enter the pass, and he drilled it into his men and ordered them to do just what they were told, and act only when the fight had been started. I drilled it into these natives that if only a few of the Arabs came in to the pass they were to be allowed to pass, and not to think because I had not attacked them that I had not seen them pass, as I wanted the main body to get into the pass before I would open fire on them.

The chief had reported that the Arabs marched in a body and that there were no scouts out ; there were thousands of women in chains, all of them carrying loot that the Arabs had captured. These women marched some distance behind the main body and only had a guard of a few Arabs. He said there were at least three hundred Arabs and fully a thousand natives, and

that the natives belonged to a tribe he did not know. I did not like this news ; allowing for exaggeration, the force was stronger than I reckoned on. However, I was in for it and must make the best job I could.

I placed all the guns on my side of the pass. I was not taking any risk of stopping a potleg or bullet fired by my own side. The bow and arrow men were all lined out on the other side. At the end they would enter, I placed Ali, and ordered him not to fire until he heard me start and then get into action as fast as he could. At each end I had a large reserve of natives ; my idea being to close in on them as soon as I had put in my first volleys.

#### THE BATTLE

We were two nights and one day here before the Arabs came along. They had not sent one scout ; they came along in one body and in fairly close order. About twenty of them were full blood Baluchis. The leader was a tall chap and well set up. He was riding a very fine donkey and none of the others were mounted.

I let the leaders get a hundred yards past me when I opened on the chap that was leading and dropped him from his donkey, and dropped another with my left. I got two more shots with my twelve bore, dropping a man at each shot and still I got in two shots before my three rifles were empty. The Indian askari who were stationed with me shot well and I think their shots accounted for more than half of the Baluchi. I heard Ali at it and could hear the native spear men charge. I had my rifles loaded again and dropped several Arabs who were trying to get away on the far side of the pass. These chaps fought like the devil when they got started. I saw Ali was in a tight corner and went to his assistance. My askari were acting like old soldiers and the firing was continuous, showing that some held their fire while others loaded. Everything was confusion by now and it was hand fighting. I managed to get to Ali. He was holding his own. I emptied

my rifle into two chaps that were making cuts at him with Arab swords and got both of them. This gave us time to load again.

I had only just loaded when I saw a Baluchi aiming at me. He had climbed the hill. I managed to stop him. I did hear his gun go off but did not hear the bullet. Ali gave a yell of warning and I was just in time to stop a coast Arab who was making a cut at me with his sword ; then I downed one with the stock. Six of the Arabs charged Ali and me, and I had to draw my Colts. I got four of these and Ali accounted for the other two. But others came on and I downed one that was aiming a shot at Ali and two others who were coming at me. Ali was fighting like the deuce. Three more came ; I accounted for a Baluchi and one coast Arab and Ali knocked the brains out of the third.

By this time my Colts were empty, and luckily there were no more rushing us.

We had got separated from our parties. I could hear shooting and shouting at both ends of the pass and after loading my Colts and rifle moved to the end where the most shooting was going on. We soon came up to the fight ; it seemed to be all natives fighting at first sight, but there were a lot of coast Arabs with the natives. I emptied my rifle at two of the Arabs. By this time we were clear of the pass and the fighting was going on in the bush. I got up close again after loading my rifle and came on about a dozen Arabs who were making a stand, and a good stand it was, as the dead natives testified. It was almost cold blooded murder, but it had to be done. I downed two with my rifle and then opened on them with my Colts. They charged me but did not stand a chance. I had downed the last who threw his sword at me, before he was within six yards of me. This finished the Arabs at this end, and I told Ali I was going back to see how the fight was progressing at the south end of the pass. I reloaded my rifle and Colts and started.

The fighting here seemed to be the worst ; the pass was a terrible sight and Baluchi and coast Arabs and natives were

lying dead by the score. I saw the donkey lying dead on top of two Baluchis. Three times I was shot at from the slope of the hill, and three times either Ali or I killed the Arab that fired. I stopped twice to load my rifle before I got clear of the pass at the south end. There the fight had moved on quite a distance. I told Ali to try and collect our askari and I went towards where a lot of shooting was being done, and came up to my own party of askari. I had got separated from them when I went to Ali's assistance. They were scrapping a crowd of coast Arabs. I emptied my rifle and then opened with my Colts. These chaps ran for it before I had emptied my Colts and my askari chased them. This gave me time to load my rifle and Colts again.

I had come through so far with nothing but a cut on my hand, that I got when I threw up my rifle to guard my head from a straight cut from an Arab sword. Ali finished that Arab with the stock of his rifle. I could hear the fight going on in every direction and went off to see if I could find Ali. I was shot at by a Baluchi who was hiding in some low bush, and stopped him when he charged me. I passed scores of dead natives. A good many of them were my own carriers, but they had taken good measure from the slavers. Three or four times I stopped to attend to wounded natives, but there were very few wounded. It was a fight to a finish, with no quarter given or taken.

I had been moving round for about fifteen or twenty minutes from the last wounded boy I had attended when I heard Ali signal and I answered him, and, taking the direction he had signalled from, I saw him coming with about a dozen Indian askari. I was quite near to him when I had to pass under a large tree and a shot from this tree knocked off my hat. I spotted the shooter at once by the smoke of his gun, and dropped him out of his tree. He was an Arab from Zanzibar. Ali came running up as I turned this chap over on his back. He was looking up the tree. I heard his warning and at the same time I saw a Baluchi who was up the tree aiming at me. I had a snap at him and both rifles must have gone off simul-

taneously. I saw the Baluchi fall from his perch before I fell myself. Ali caught me as I fell. I felt no shock but I felt deadly sick, the bullet had taken me right in my left groin.

## WOUNDED

I must have gone out for a short time ; when I came to Ali had got a heavy pad pressed over the wound to stop the bleeding. I felt pretty queer. I had lost a lot of blood and could not move my leg, which was swelling. Ali had sent off for my medicine chest. I had him take off the pressure and watched the blood. I could see that bullet had missed the arteries and felt safer. I had some trouble to stop the bleeding.

When my case and medicine chest came, I took a stiff tot of brandy and then instructed Ali how to find and extract the bullet. He took some time to do this, being frightened to hurt me. But he got it at last ; it had missed the bone and had run down the leg for nearly four inches, but missing all the large veins. After I got the bullet extracted, I cauterized the wound and got it bandaged. I was nearly all in by this time and was glad to get a lay back.

Ali had sent out to collect some of our people, and had sent for my camping kit. None of my personal boys were to be found. Ali cooked some food when the camp arrived. I took more than one tot of brandy that night and it did me good.

This was a devil of a fix ; I was knocked out and helpless. I knew the fight was won by the sounds, and I knew the Arabs would never rally ; too many of them had been killed. I had seen nearly sixty dead in the pass, and knew more than sixty had been killed near by in the open bush and on the slopes of the pass. A few may have climbed to the top of the ridge on either side of the pass and so escaped, but I doubt it. That a few did escape somehow, I know, because I got word of it many weeks later.

Ali stopped with me and he was very much out of sorts. I ordered him to keep a guard of half a dozen askari and as many of the carriers as he could find near where I had lay



down. I refused to have my tent put up. I ordered several of the Indians to go out and collect as many of our own men as they could find, and go and try and see what had become of the slaves. Having done what I thought was necessary, I took some soup Ali had made and fell off to sleep. I had a good sleep too, not waking until the sun was up. I felt much better and had a look at the damage done to my leg. It was a nasty wound, but not really dangerous if I could lay up for a few days. I had told Ali to send off two good askari to boss up at camp and send Da Silva out to me. I had ordered carriers out to carry in any wounded they could find, and to tell any that could walk to come in and have their wounds attended to. There were only a few in when Da Silva arrived and Ali attended to them. I was thankful to find out that there were few wounded to be seen to. This had, as I said before, been a fight to a finish. The Arabs and their natives did not expect any quarter, and they killed outright when they had the chance.

All day I lay under this tree, being shifted when the sun worked round. My askari came in in twos and threes and reported that the fight was over so far as they were concerned. I had ordered them not to follow the Arabs too far if we did get them on the run, but to leave the Nika to complete what I had started.

The next day fourteen of my Indian askari turned up and they had the slaves. They had come upon them just when the Arab's guard had started to butcher the women, and before they could stop them these brutes had cut down nearly fifty women and children. There were more than five hundred women, and quite a number had been badly treated. The askari had captured two of the Arabs who guarded the slaves. I told Ali to take them away and hang them. I was suffering a lot from the wound in my leg, and was very feverish.

Chifumbi came in two days after. He had been too late to help with the big fight, but he had met some Arabs and natives trying to get back to their fort and had so he reported wiped them out. He took no prisoners. Three of the Indian

askari had been wounded, flesh wounds. I was not able to find out how many were killed on the Arab side. Ali was too busy attending to me to make a count. The natives lost over three hundred, that included eighty-four of my carriers. I think the report that fifty women and children had been murdered was true. Thirty-nine of my native askari had been outed. Chifumbi lost between sixty and seventy of his men. My askari collected two hundred and twenty guns ; a number of the guns collected in the pass had not been fired. If Chifumbi was telling the truth, very few of the Arabs or their natives escaped, and out of the whole force only two prisoners were taken. Ali told me that he had counted thirty-five Baluchi as they passed him entering the pass.

I found out through Ali, who read the papers found in the Arab's kit, and some letters found on the dead leader, who was Sher Ali, that the force numbered one hundred and sixty Arabs and four hundred natives. They had captured six hundred women, fifteen hundred head of cattle, forty-seven tusks of ivory, and they claimed to have killed a thousand natives and destroyed by fire sixty kraals ; in fact they had devastated half of the Nika kraals in this lower Nika country. Their intention was to subdue the low country and then punish the Nika on the highlands. The leader of these Arabs was really employed by the Sultan of Zanzibar. The Sultan did not pay these Arabs any wages, they had to make what they could and pay one sixth of what they robbed from the natives to the Sultan. I was glad we had killed the swine. I heard tales about these Arabs that are unprintable. They not only tortured natives while out on their raids, but did so at their forts, and I heard tales of them from some of the Nika women that made me wish I had captured a score of them, to hand over to the natives.

I did not enquire what had happened where Chifumbi scrapped, but I hope the Nika got some of their own back. After I had heard about the murder of the Nika women, I sent half a dozen askari to camp with a warning to the Arab women to be careful and not go too far from camp, and not to mix too

much with the Nika women, and to tell them to keep to their msasas until we leave this country.

I had nothing from the loot. I told Ali to divide it into three and give one share to Chifumbi, one to the Chief of this part of the Nika, and one to my own men, and to tell these people to get their settlements finished as quickly as they could. I did not want them to quarrel among themselves over the loot or over the cattle. The cattle had only to be shared among the original owners. I was too sick to attend to the sharing of the loot, so I left it to Da Silva and Ali and Chifumbi. I told Chifumbi he could keep what he had captured. He did not do this ; the whole lot was bunched and then shared out, and there was no quarrelling.

I had to lie here for two weeks before I could stand the risk of being moved, and Ali and Da Silva had a rough time with me. I was out of my head for days at a time, and this kept my wound back from healing. At one time I thought the wound was going to be the cause of my handing in my checks, but I was young and had a good constitution, and once I began to mend, I recovered rapidly.

#### KACHALOLA

When I got back to camp I found everything O.K., the women all safe and a good supply of skoff. I had told Chifumbi he could return to his own country. He would not leave me. He sent his people back with their share of the loot, and ordered them to be ready when he sent for them and to bring skoff enough to see them through the hunger belt. I told Ali to pay off my carriers and let them return to their kraal, but Chifumbi objected to this. His boys had engaged to carry my loads to Bagamoyo and they would do so. If I was wounded and unable to trek it was because I had risked my life to save his tribe from slavery. His boys could go home now and return when I was well enough to resume my journey. It was no good, their remaining at my camp ; there was the question of skoff to be considered. He himself would stay,

and while he was with me his people would continue bringing down skoff for my own people. His people would have to look after themselves.

I lay in this camp five weeks before I considered it safe for me to risk the trek through to the coast. Some of the afternoons I spent reading Lorna Doone. The book had only been published recently and was all the rage at that time. It was the only book of Blackmore's I had read and I do not think I had read a nicer book. It was a change from Dickens, Marryat, Lever, Dumas and Defoe. I always carried the works of my favourite authors with me and there were lots of times I needed something to take my mind off the everlasting shooting and collecting of specimens, and it was a great relief to have a day now and then at my books.

While I was lying where I received my wound, I dictated to Da Silva a letter to Ali ben Musa. I told him what had happened and what ivory I had, and asked him to buy me twenty-five good rifles and ammunition and a supply of drugs, for which I sent a list. I told him about the papers that had been found on Sher Ali and asked him to let me know if news of my Arab fights had reached Zanzibar. Also I asked him to try and buy me three or four good rifles for myself, eight and twelve bore, with a supply of ammunition, and if news of my scraps had reached Zanzibar, to arrange to have a boat ready at the coast to take me to India.

This letter I forwarded by one Indian and six native askari. I told them to wait for an answer and meet me as far from the coast as they could get after receiving the answer to my letter, and not to talk about what had happened when they arrived at Bagamoyo, and not to say anything to Ali Khan, my agent there. I told them that there might be trouble for them as well as for me. These boys left four days after the fight.

Five weeks after the fight I tried to move about, but could not bear on my left leg. I had a good machilla made, and sent for the chiefs to say farewell. I could see they were all sorry at my leaving, and I was sorry myself. I had come to this

country a stranger, and was leaving it like a king, and had I have wished to I could have been king of a good slice of Africa. I was known to the natives from the Zambesi to Rufiji, and from Bagamoyo to Kivu.

But I think it was a later trip that the name Kachalola was first given me, because I had a lot to do with bringing the tribes together. I have been told by some natives that it means 'Bring us together,' and by others 'The great hunter.'

#### BAD NEWS FROM THE COAST

We came through the hunger belt without mishaps, and had no trouble with the natives after we got into inhabitable country. And these natives had not heard about our Arab fights. I was in hope that the news had not reached Zanzibar, but letters that were awaiting me at the Pangani camp told me that the news had reached Zanzibar. Ali ben Musa wrote that he had been called up to visit the Sultan, and the Sultan had enquired of him if he had heard of any fighting while he was visiting his trading stations along the coast. Ali ben Musa told him he had not heard anything. The Sultan said that one of his own Arabs had arrived from the Rufiji with news that the whole of his force had been wiped out, saying that he was the only one who escaped ; that a white man had fought three times with his Arabs, and had beaten them and put the natives against them, and that in the last fight a very good friend of his had been killed, and the power he held over a great part of his African possessions had been lost to him.

He advised Ali ben Musa to try and find out from his agents along the coast who the white man was, where he came from, and, if by any chance the man to blame was making for Zanzibar, to let him know.

Ali ben Musa promised to do this and told the Sultan that he would soon be going on a visit to his coast stations and would enquire about this white man. He wrote that the Sultan was in a deuce of a temper, and if I went to Zanzibar I would

surely lose everything I had, and probably my life. The Arabs I had killed had friends at Zanzibar who would do their utmost to get me and that if the Sultan found out that he had assisted me he would have to pay a heavy fine, and would probably have to leave the Island. He was trying to sell his business, but it might take a few years to do so. He informed me that all my consignments had arrived safely, and that I would see by the enclosures that they had been opened to the satisfaction of my agents at Calcutta ; there was very little difference in the weight of ivory I sent with my consignments against his weights when he weighed the ivory at Zanzibar. I had mentioned in my letter that I hoped to reach the coast in January. Would I put off my arrival at the coast until mid February ? He would meet me at Bagamoyo then ; he would load a schooner for Ceylon and have it meet him. He would leave in a dhow and I could board the schooner and clear off in her. He had bought the things I had asked him to obtain and these would be on the schooner. He told me to try and arrange to get to the coast on the date he mentioned, and to try and keep my natives silent as to where I had come from, and warn them not to talk about what I had been doing.

He was glad I had been so successful with ivory and trophies. Was it true that I had been hurt by an elephant ? Ali Khan had said so in his letter, but I had made no mention of it in my letter to him. Could I navigate the schooner ? He could find work for the captain and mate.

I had Da Silva, Ali and Chifumbi up to my tent, and told them that news had been sent to the Sultan of Zanzibar about our breaking up the Arab force, and that it was up to them to make the ulendo know, and to warn them not to talk about it. I was not only thinking of myself but of Ali ben Musa. He was helping me to get out of the country, and if the Sultan heard about it there would be a deuce of a row, and our friend would suffer. They promised to see to it. Ali came back by himself and told me there was no fear about the natives, but had I thought of what the Arab women might say ?

'You send the whole lot up to my tent and I will talk to them,' I ordered.

I had the women up to the tent and told them I was going on to the coast. Would they care to stay here? They would not. 'Do you want to go to Zanzibar?' I then asked. 'I can have you sent up there.' They asked me where I was going. I told them I would be going to India. Was I taking my servants with me? I told them I was. Could they go with me? They had husbands. I told them that my servants had wives in India. That would make no difference to them. I told them I would find out what my servants had to say.

That night I had my Indians up and asked them what they were going to do about their women. Fifteen of them said they wanted to take them along. I asked Da Silva and Ali what about their women, and they said they would like to leave them behind, but as there was the danger of them talking it would be as well to take them along, and they were willing to pay passages for them if I could manage to get the owner of the ship to take them. I asked what they would do with them when we got to India. They did not know. I knew Ali had no wife in India and asked Da Silva if he had a wife in Ceylon. He said he had not. I left it at that for the present. I knew there would be trouble if I sent these girls to Zanzibar, and they would have a rough time if I took them to India. There were only seven out of the twenty-eight who were pure Baluchi; the others were Arab and half-caste girls. The Baluchi women had not taken on with any of my men. Four of them were daughters of the three wives of the Baluchi killed at Chifumbi's kraal, and the eldest of these girls was only fourteen. Ali told me that the Indians would not marry any of these because they were widows. I knew I could dispose of the seven, but what to do with the Arab and half-caste girls had me beat. I had the Indians up again two or three days after I had spoken to them, and asked them what they would do with these girls if I took them on to Calcutta, and they said at once that when we got to Calcutta the girls would have to shift for themselves.

## RAGE OF THE SULTAN

When I got Ali ben Musa's letter it was mid January. I was one hundred and fifty miles from Bagamoyo. This gave me ample time to get everything packed ready to ship and gave Da Silva time to get his things ready.

I took my time trekking, staying a day or two in the best camping places, and I did a little walking, but my leg was far from fit and it was nearly May before I could walk without a stick, and for several months I walked with a limp.

I arrived at Bagamoyo on February 12th. There was no schooner there, so I got Chifumbi fixed up. He got eight shillings per pound for his ivory and took it out in guns, trade and ammunition. I made him a present of the guns I had armed my Indians with, but as I did not know what I was going to receive from Zanzibar, no ammunition. I advised him to lay in a good stock of powder and caps. I told my askari they could keep their rifles, and I sold their ivory for them. I told the Indians they had better sell their ivory, not wishing to have anything to do with their deal. They were dealing with Indians and would be able to look after themselves; it was different with the native askari and Chifumbi.

By the time I had finished these deals and paid my boys, the schooner and dhow arrived. I heard nothing here about the Arab fight, and it did not seem to be known by the Arab and Indian traders. I had made a large skaram about two miles from the outskirts of the settlement, and had put a guard over the women, and ordered the guard not to let the women come into the settlement.

I boarded the schooner as soon as she dropped her hook. Ali ben Musa introduced me to the after-guard. There were three, Captain Ferguson, first mate Charlie Harris, and super-cargo Donald Fraser, all Scots. There was a Sinhalese cook. The crew were Indian lascars. I had a long talk with Ali ben Musa. I told him that nothing had been said ashore about my



fighters and the natives had been sent home ; the news had not reached Bagamoyo.

He said that only one Arab seemed to have reached the coast and he had got to Zanzibar in a dhow. Sher Ali had married a woman who was the cousin of the Sultan. This woman had been killed and it had been reported that over fifty Arab women had been killed.

I told him that I knew nothing about any women being killed ; was he sure the women were Arabs and that they had not been left behind at the Arab fort ?

Yes, he was sure they were missing ; the Arab who had escaped reported that the fort was left unprotected, except for some native askari and two or three old coast men who were too old to trek. News had been brought to the fort that the Arabs who went to raid the lower Nika had been wiped out to the last man and their women murdered. Then came the news that the Arabs who had gone to collect tribute had been cleaned up. Sher Ali had gone out with his whole force to punish the Nika and he and his force had been wiped out, and that a white man led the Arabs and natives who had done the job. The Arab who had escaped was sure of this, he claimed having shot several times at this white man.

The Sultan had come to the conclusion that it was this white man who had led the three attacks made on the Arabs, and it was also reported that about ten tons of ivory and one hundred and fifty young women and girls that were on their way to the Sultan had been captured by this white man.

The Sultan was furious and foaming at the mouth when he told Ali ben Musa this yarn. He had been robbed of a fortune in women and ivory.

What a yarn ! I only took the ivory they had robbed from the natives. I had certainly released a few hundred women and children. I asked the captain to send a note on shore. I ordered Ali to send after Chifumbi if he had started, and tell him I wanted to talk to him when I went on shore that evening. I asked Ali ben Musa if the captain and the mate knew about

this affair, and he said they must have heard about it, that it was much talked about on the island. I asked him if he knew Sher Ali. He said he did but he had no great opinion of that gentleman. He was a brigand and cut throat. Did he know the Sultan's cousin? Yes, she was an Arab, and not very truly bred. I told him that I had not captured more than a couple of tons of ivory and that I had twenty-eight women and girls in my camp, but doubted if this woman they were making such a fuss about was one of them. 'You can see for yourself when you come ashore,' I said. There were seven pure Baluchi women and girls and several pure Arab women, but none of them had claimed kinship to the Sultan of Zanzibar. He asked me what I intended doing with the women. I told him I was wanting his advice about that. Would he take charge of them? Not for ten times ten tons of ivory; I had been a fool not to let the natives deal with them. If any of them escaped and got over to the island, he would be ruined. I told him I had them well guarded; would he come and see them and point out the Sultan's cousin if she was one of them. Not unless he could see them without being seen by them. I told him I would manage that all right.

Now what about the schooner? Where was she freighted for? Singapore. But you said in your letter Ceylon? The schooner for Ceylon had sailed. Would he charter this boat for India? No, the risk was too great.

When he said this I began to doubt him. I did him a wrong and admit it. I asked him what he intended doing. He did not know; these women were the trouble. 'Will you sell the schooner?' I asked him. He did not want to sell his ship. 'What is she freighted with?' Salt and trade truck and a mixture of other stuff that was good trade in the east. 'Will you sell the ship and cargo?' He would consider that was best and would do his best for me. I told him I was going to have a talk with the captain and his mates. He said he was going on shore for lunch. I told him I would lunch on board and come on shore in the afternoon and told him to get Ali to show him the women.

## THE PROBLEM OF THE WOMEN

I had a chat with these three Scots and led up to the yarns that were being told on the island. The captain told me that what his owner had told me was true. He repeated much the same yarn that Ali ben Musa had, and wound up by saying he would like to meet the man who had bested that gang of cut throats. I told him he had met the man.

‘ Was it you ? ’ he asked.

I told him it was.

‘ Where are your soldiers ? ’

I told him my soldiers were on shore and they were twenty-five Indians.

‘ But the yarn goes that you had nearly a thousand Arab soldiers.’

I told him I only had the natives that these Arabs had been murdering and robbing, beside my twenty-five Indians and servants.

‘ But the owner told me you were a professor and that you collected birds, beetles and such like.’

I told him that I did that work and took on big game shooting and fighting Arabs and natives as a side line, and I was going to buy this schooner and the cargo if I could, and asked him if he would keep command if I did. He said he would be glad to have an English owner, not that Ali ben Musa was a bad chap, ‘ but you know,’ he added, ‘ I would rather work for a white man.’ He told me he had lost his ship and had no chance of getting another when he got this schooner from Ali ben Musa. I asked him what kind of a boat the schooner was, and he said a very good sea boat, nearly new, and a fast sailer. I told him I would probably have to take the women with me and would he help me to look after them ? He said he would. He called the mate and supercargo and told them who I was and that I was buying the schooner and cargo ; then he told them about the women, and they both promised to help me to look after them and see they were well treated.

Having settled this, I went on shore. Ali ben Musa had looked at the women and reported none of them was the Sultan's cousin. We talked the matter over and I came to the conclusion I would take the women along with me. I had a talk to my Indians and told them I was taking the women along with me, and that they would have no intercourse with the women once they were on board the schooner.

Then I went and had a talk with the women and told them I was taking them with me, and that they would have no intercourse with the Indians who had married them while they were on the ship. They would have one part of the ship to themselves to sleep, and would be treated well and could go ashore at any port we called at, and I would give each of them money to start something when they went ashore. They would be passengers and would be treated as such. Did any of them have objections against this treatment? I would come and see them again next morning.

I got fixed up with Ali ben Musa about my ivory. I offered him five hundred pounds for my big tusks, 25/- per pound, but he would not part with them. I had often thought of hiding this pair, but had agreed to let him have all I got, and could not bring myself to hide them. I told Ali ben Musa that I was willing to buy the schooner as she was, and asked him to give me a price. He said he would look through her papers and value her cargo and give me a price next morning.

#### PURCHASE OF THE SCHOONER

Chifumbi was only three miles out and reported at my tent that night. I told him what I had heard about the Arab fort. He promised to go straight back and gather men to go and take it. Then I told him about the women I was accused of murdering or allowing my men to murder. He admitted that there were some women with the Arabs he had attacked, but said there had been no murder committed. The women were killed during the fight; none of them had been captured, they were found dead where the first attack had been made

by his men, and he had not mentioned it to me because he knew I did not kill women. The whole thing was unintentional. I called Ali ben Musa and asked him to question Chifumbi. He said my word was good enough for him. I insisted and he did question Chifumbi. I left them together and went on board.

This was my first night in seventeen months in the company of my own countrymen, and I enjoyed every hour of it. I told them of my trip and answered their questions. We talked on until daylight. They were all pleased that I was going to buy the schooner. The captain told me there were a few cases of guns and ammunition on board for me. I asked him to get them out, that when I had concluded the deal with the owner I would like to have a look at them.

I went ashore and my first visit was to the women. I asked them if they were satisfied with the offer I made them. I told them I could not land them on the island, but would leave them here if they wished, but if I left them here they would be in some danger. They all wished to get away from Africa. They were only slaves here, and would be free if I took them to India or any of the islands. I was glad of this. Personally I did not care a rap for the Sultan or what he could do to me, but I had to think of Ali ben Musa.

I went from the women to him. He handed me the Bills of Lading and I looked through the items of cargo. The main cargo was salt and trade or piece goods, the other items were general merchandise, and I asked Ali ben Musa his price for the ship and cargo. I saw she was well found by the dinner and breakfast I had on board. He put a price on the different items, but I said no; a price for her as she stood. Seven thousand five hundred, he suggested. There was between six and seven thousand pounds worth of cargo and he told me he had paid twelve hundred for the schooner and had spent many hundred of pounds refitting her. I asked him to make it eight thousand and throw in the pair of tusks, but this he refused to do. He split the difference and I agreed to take her at seven thousand two hundred and fifty

pounds, and pay the captain and crew the wages due at the time.

He asked me what I intended doing for the women. I told him I did not care a rap for the Sultan, but I had to take them with me on his account ; that my intention was to let them have a look at the places we called at, and when they wished to stop anywhere I would give them enough cash to start some small business. Anyhow, when they left the boat they would have a means of livelihood. He considered this for a bit, and then said he would give me a cheque for five hundred pounds towards the expense I would be put to. He considered it was worth that ; he had to keep in the Sultan's good graces until he could sever his connections with the island. He also said I had done him a service by introducing him to Chifumbi, who had promised to let him buy all the ivory the Nika people killed or collected. I asked him if he thought there was any great store of ivory at the Arab fort. He thought there was, 'but it will take some finding,' says he. 'Sher Ali was no fool, unless it was to fall foul of you. He would have his stores of ivory well hidden and it will take a lot of finding.' He thought I might be able to get some news about the ivory from the women. I told him that Ali, my headman, had questioned them, and that Chifumbi had a rough idea of where to find the ivory belonging to their men. They all said there was a great store hidden, but had no idea of where it was.

#### PROFIT AND LOSS

Ali ben Musa then gave me a bill for carriers pay, shipments of trophies, etc. This came to nearly three thousand pounds. Taking this with the price of my trade arms and skoff and pay for my servants, the trip had cost me nearly eight thousand pounds. My ivory on this trip realised just over seventeen thousand pounds. It is impossible after the lapse of time to give a true list of trade goods and provisions used on this trip. The following is possibly nearly correct, and may be of interest.

	£	s.	d. <sup>1</sup>
Trade arms and ammunition, 250 muskets, 1,000 lbs. powder, lead and caps - - - - -	600	0	0
100 Trusses of prints, calico and cloths - - - - -	900	0	0
Personal battery and ammunition - - - - -	450	0	0
Beads, 1,000 lbs. - - - - -	100	0	0
Looking glasses, burning glasses - - - - -	250	0	0
Taxidermist's outfit - - - - -	200	0	0
Camping and personal outfit - - - - -	200	0	0
Choppers and other sundries - - - - -	100	0	0
Uniforms for Indian staff - - - - -	100	0	0
Stores and rations for same - - - - -	350	0	0
Personal stores - - - - -	130	0	0
Pay, Indian staff, including Da Silva 2 years - - - - -	2,400	0	0
Pay and rations 500 carriers at 5/- per month - - - - -	1,500	0	0
Charter of Schooner - - - - -	450	0	0
TOTAL - - - - -	7,730	0	0
Bonus to Indian staff - - - - -	1,800	0	0
Pensions to Arab women - - - - -	2,500	0	0
Price of schooner - - - - -	7,250	0	0
TOTAL - - - - -	19,280	0	0
Ivory, shot, traded, captured and looted, sold for something over - - - - -	17,000	0	0
Collection of trophies fetched about - - - - -	6,000	0	0
TOTAL - - - - -	23,000	0	0
<i>less</i> - - - - -	19,280	0	0
TOTAL PROFIT <sup>2</sup> - - - - -	3,720	0	0

Ali ben Musa, knowing the fix I was in, had brought fifteen hundred pounds with him. I took that and his cheque for what he owed me, after deducting the price of the schooner and cargo. He told me that I would get a good price for my salt if I took it to the Dutch East Indies. He wrote his brother at Singapore, advising him that he had sold me the schooner and cargo, and drew up a bill of sale for the lot. This was signed by him and witnessed by the after-guard of the schooner.

I tried again to get my tusks from him. He said he was sorry

he could not oblige me, but that as soon as he heard from me about them he had written to a prince of his own country, and had promised to send these tusks to the prince he had written to. Had I have mentioned in my letter that I wished to keep them, he would have consented to my doing so, and said he would keep any he got near my tusks in size for me. I told him I only valued them because I had killed the jumbo that carried them, and that I would not give the full market value for a hundred pairs if they were twice the size of mine.

I asked him what the price of ivory was at this time. He showed me the list and I was surprised to see that ivory had fallen to 11/3 per pound on home market. Ali ben Musa had paid me 13/- a pound for my ivory and had not complained about the low price ivory was. He made me the offer and he stuck to it. He was about the squarest man I had dealings with. I offered to split the difference with him, but he refused my offer, saying that I had handed in my large tusks and he could see I really wanted to keep them. Also I had without mentioning it to him decided to take the women away on his account. He told me he knew I did not care a rap for the Sultan, and he said he knew the Sultan could not harm me so long as I kept clear of Zanzibar, but that in spite of this I had taken the trouble of these women on myself, and he knew it would cost me double the price of what I would have lost if he had paid the then market price for my ivory.

#### BOUND FOR CEYLON

I got the women on board during the night, and I do not think any of the traders here, except Ali Khan, knew I had them in my camp. I went on board and informed the skipper that I was the owner, and we drank to the success of my venture. These good chaps were sincerely glad that I had bought the boat. I enquired how she was provisioned, and was told that she was O.K. for six months. I did not sleep on board but went on shore, and told Da Silva and Ali to get everything carried down ready for next morning. I bought a store of



ghee and rice and other stuff for rationing my own people and the women, and was now ready to leave Africa, and I was not sorry that the trip was over.

We got away and I asked the captain to set a course for Ceylon. We made a good passage ; the weather was fair and the wind in our favour.

### *EPISODE III*

#### SOUTHERN ASIA AND DUTCH EAST INDIES,

1874-1875

##### PLANS

WHEN I arrived at Ceylon, the pearling season had just started. There was a large camp on the beach and thousands of people. The divers were mostly Arabs and they get a percentage of the shells they find. There are buyers from all parts of the world. I bought several thousand oysters and had hard luck at the beginning and lost money, but the last five hundred shells brought me about square. The fishing is run by the Government. The shells are laid out in the hot sun, and the smell of the place when the oysters begin to rot is awful. The camp seems to spring up in a night and it beats any gold rush I have seen, and when the season is over it disappears in a few days. There are thousands of people representing nearly every caste of India, China and the Far East. There are stalls where one can buy anything from eatables to jewels, and there is a lot of crime. There is also a risk of cholera in these camps.

Twenty-one of our passengers decided to stay here, and I got a passage to India for the Baluchi women and their daughters. I was glad to get rid of these women. They were only a trouble. I gave each woman a thousand Rupees, which should have enabled them either to marry or start a small business.

Da Silva asked for a week off to visit his people.

I told Ali to tell my askari and servants that I was going on from here to the Dutch Indies via Singapore, and that they could draw their pay and I would give them their passage

to Calcutta. They all refused and said they wished to accompany me. They asked me to forward their pay to their people. I had a chance here and shipped my trophies to my agents at Calcutta.

From here I ran to Singapore and delivered Ali ben Musa's letter to his brother. He told me that I would have a better market at Java or Sumatra. I asked Captain Ferguson and the mate and supercargo their opinion. They thought it would be a good idea to make a trading trip through the Sunda and Moluccas and then on to Timor. I told Ferguson I wanted to do some shooting and collecting through the Straits Settlements and China. I had orders for specimens that could only be got in those places ; also I wanted to do some shooting in Sumatra. He was willing to go anywhere ; the longer it took me the more money he would draw. I told him that I had heard there was a big duty on most of my stuff and there would be very little profit after I paid the duty to the Dutch at Java and Sumatra. He said he knew how to dispose of the cargo without paying any duty, and if I cared to take the risk he would dispose of the whole cargo. I told him that my life was made up of risks, and reminded him of the risk I ran on my trip through from Bagamoyo to Lake Kivu and back to the coast.

These three men used to get me yarning to them about my big game shooting and native and Arab fights. They had many yarns to tell me about the islands, and I thought that they also had taken some big risks in their time. I agreed to go on a trading trip and told Ferguson that I would let all three of them share in any profit I made, and asked him to make out a list of stores we might require. I got a list of what it would pay me to trade from Ali ben Musa's brother, who told me what goods would be best to trade with, and exchanged a lot that I had for others more suitable. I warned my Indians and the crew that I was going to shoot and trade on the islands where there might be some fighting, and promised them higher wages for the trip through the islands ; those wages to stop when we returned to Singapore. They were ready to take

risks for higher wages, so I got Ferguson to arrange matters with them. I told him to order any arms he thought we might require and to lay in a store of ammunition. I bought a boat for use on some of the rivers at Sumatra. I had found boats very useful in South America, and expected much the same country and forests in Sumatra.

#### A STORM AT SEA

Three weeks after putting in at Singapore, Ferguson reported that he was ready for sea again. I asked him to set his course for the mouth of the Siak River, Sumatra. We only had a short distance to go, and were nearly always in sight of land. I had letters of introduction given to me by Lord Northbrook, who was then Viceroy of India, to the Governor General of the Straits Settlements, to the Governor of Borneo, and to the official head of the Dutch East Indies, stating that I was shooting specimens for the Museums and asking them to assist me in getting what I was out for.

Sailing down the East coast of the island one can see the peaks of Suseh, Abong Abong, Mt. Passaman and Dempo. I saw smoke distinctly coming out of Dempo. The east coast is flat, the main range, Burkit Barisan, runs near the middle of the island. It is of basic formation; there are two or three parallel ridges which enclose very fertile plateaux and valley. The forests abound in game, and are very dense in most parts. I saw hippo and crocs in several of the rivers. The natives that I met with were mostly Malays, and I ran into quite a number of Chinese traders.

At this time the Dutch Government had just started to sell estates for plantations. Up till now most of the produce had been grown by the Government, and forced labour had been used by them. They did not seem to take kindly to leasing and selling the land to private individuals. There were very few private plantations on the island at this time.

Two days before I landed we got caught in a very bad thunder storm. Ferguson told me that he had seen a good

many storms in these parts, but thought this was worse than any he had been caught in. The lightning was very vivid, and several times I thought we had been struck. Flashes came with and right on top of every clap of thunder. It was an awful job to keep the ship head on to the storm. It only lasted a couple of hours or so, but during those two hours, things looked bad. We were heading for a point of rocks, and it seemed to me that we must go right on them. Afterward, Ferguson told me that the only danger we ran was from the lightning. The day following this storm I saw a water spout for the first time in my life. I did not feel scared at this; it put me in mind of some large whirlwinds I had seen in Africa. I mentioned this to the skipper, and he said that these spouts were only dangerous when there was no wind to enable a ship to tack and get out of the way. 'But,' says he, 'if that spout happened to hit the schooner, there would be no hopes of any one reaching the island.'

I asked Ferguson if he knew any rivers other than the Siak where I could land without having to see any Dutch officials. He told me that the island was cut up into seven or eight districts; that I could enter almost any of the rivers, but would be sure to hit government posts somewhere on them. The natives always built their villages on the banks of the rivers. It would not matter what river I tackled, I was sure to have a run in with officials unless I was very careful. He did not know much about the interior of the island, but he guessed I was capable of taking care of myself. I did not feel like going on to Batavia to see the Governor, and thought I would risk landing on my own, and if it came to a show down I would have the letter to fall back on. I did not expect to do much collecting on this short trip and wanted to have my letter present when I had time to spend a year on these islands later on.

#### THE SIAK

When we arrived off the mouth of the Siak I had the schooner hove to, and went off in the boat to have a look round and get

an idea of what the country was like. I went up the river a few miles and picked on a place to make my first camp, then went back to the schooner and started getting up what I would require for a three months stay on the island.

Da Silva, Ali and my staff of Indians were glad to get on shore. Life on board had become irksome to the lot of us. I looked forward to having three months exploring, prospecting and shooting, in a new country, and I think the others were doing the same. Before the sun rose next morning, I had got my goods, arms and staff landed, and everything wanted for a three months' trip was laid out on the bank of the river. I had arranged with the after guard of the schooner that they and the skipper took the schooner on a trading trip, and returned here to take me on board three months from that day. Ferguson had full charge of the ship and cargo to do what he liked with. I had the agreement drawn up and witnessed before we left Singapore. This gave him freedom to act as he thought best for all concerned. He promised to be here on the day I mentioned, and to stay on this coast of the island for one month or until I signalled him.

I sent Ali and two Malays I had engaged at Singapore up river to look for a village and boats, with orders to engage boats and crews to shift my stuff and staff up river to where I could make a base camp. I told Ali to inform the natives that I wanted if possible to do my shooting and leave the island without running into any of the officials, and to offer good pay to any natives who were willing to act as porters and take the risk of a dust up with any government party we had the misfortune to meet.

While Ali was away, I had a good talk to Da Silva. I told him I was going to try and make a full collection of what the island contained, game and birds and reptiles. To do this in the ordinary way would mean going down to Batavia, having to pay duty on stores and arms, and perhaps being refused permission. I told him it was not the value in cash I objected to, but the waste of time and the chance of being refused permission, while there was more fun when one took

the risk of the game and also the risk of having to bag a few officials or getting bagged by them. I would, when I was finished, try and find out the cost of licenses, duties, etc. and send the full amount to Java. I told him to warn our chaps to be sure to keep on friendly terms with the natives, and to act generally as if they stood the chance of being arrested at any moment ; not to take the offensive if we did run into any Government party, but to act as they saw me act. Also to tell them, if we were caught, I would see that they did not get into serious trouble or get put into gaol. That I would pay all fines if we were captured.

I put all hands at work packing stores into forty and fifty pound loads. By the time Ali came back, we were ready for a start. He returned after three days and brought with him half a dozen canoes and a crew of four for each boat. He also brought the chief of these natives. He had found out that there was no Government station within seventy or eighty miles, and that if we got a move on and got up this river without being seen by any of the village people above this chief's part of the river, we would be able to shoot for a year and none of the officials any the wiser. I had a long talk with the chief and he told me that if I could get up stream fifty miles he could take me inland to a place where I could camp and shoot for a year. No officials visited that part of the island, and there was everything in the jungle and forest that could be got on the whole of the island. He would supply boys and accompany me himself ; he did a lot of hunting and trapping and sold what he got to the Chinese traders. There were several troops of jumbo, rhino and bear near to the hills ; also goats, deer and plenty of tigers to be found where he could take me. He hated the Dutch and would help me all he could. He said he would send some of his band to other parts of the island to buy curios and others to keep an eye on the soldiers. He asked me if I would fight if it was necessary, and seemed pleased when I told him I certainly would if there was no way out of it. I promised to pay him and his men in dollars or in English gold or in kind, and struck a bargain that he was to

receive forty dollars per month and his men ten dollars ; this to include use of boats, and he and his men to find their own food.

Foh Chandu, the chief, promised to return with all the boys that would be required. I enquired how far from the river the place we were to camp at was. Foh said we could get our boats up to a creek running into the main river to within two miles of the place he was talking about.

#### UP THE RIVER

Two days after this talk I was on my way up river with eight dugouts and my own boat. We did no shooting until we arrived at the camp, and we only travelled during the night. For the first forty miles I noticed we passed villages and trading stations very frequently. After that they became less frequent and for the last two days we did not pass any. Several times I heard tiger when we were travelling at night, and at one place where we camped during the daylight I heard jumbo trumpeting and saw two orang-outang, and was sorely tempted to try and bag them. But Foh said I would get plenty where he was taking me. Birds of many colours and variety we saw at every camp, also crocs, and once a couple of hippo. Once I heard rhino coming down to drink, but he got our wind and made off, and I did not get a look at him. Foh told me that the soldiers were having trouble with the natives on the other side of the mountains I could see to the west. The jungle was very thick and the forest very dense. I saw some lovely timber ; teak was more plentiful than any other kind of tree.

On the eighth day Foh said he would go ahead and get a camp ready. I sent twenty of my men with him. He told me I was safe beyond any villages and he thought I would get good sport if I went out shooting. He told the guides to take me out and follow him next day. I went out, but only managed to bag three deer and one pig. We saw rhino and jumbo spoor, and once I heard a tiger grunt as he made off when



we disturbed him. Several times I heard a noise I could not place. The guide said it was a male orang-outang. I was more keen to bag a few of these than anything. We went in the direction of the sound but did not see any. Next day we moved up under the range of hills and found a decent camp ready for us. Foh said he would act as guide and tracker, and from then until I left the island he was with me almost every day. He was a good hunter, and the first day he took me out I bagged a pair of orang-outang. The male was a very large chap and the best I got during this trip. On our way back to camp I bagged a panther and two pigs.

Da Silva had been busy among the feathered folk, and was so busy from now on that I had to tell off eighteen of my askari to assist him. Foh asked me if I would take stores and make a trip three days to the north. He promised me good sport at rhino, jumbo and tigers. I started off next day and killed two rhino that evening. I left boys to take the skins, skulls and what was necessary back to Da Silva. Next morning I killed my first jumbo in Sumatra. He gave no trouble ; these jumbo are the same as those in India and Borneo. This one carried tusks weighing eighty three pounds the pair. Foh advised me to camp near by and visit the carcass early next morning, saying he was sure I would get a tiger. I left boys to get out the tusks out and take what meat they wanted and scouted round with Foh and two boys. I bagged two very fine deer and on our way back to camp, killed my first bear ; a fine big male with a splendid skin.

We got back to camp late and found that the boys sent back with trophies to Da Silva had returned and followed our spoor. They had a note from Ali, saying that he had heard shooting to the north of our base camp and he had sent out some of Foh's boys to find out who had fired the shots he had heard. They had taken one of the dugouts and had gone back towards the Siak. I told Foh what Ali had written, but he said there was nothing to get worried about. Probably some natives were out hunting ; that these parts were poached by several bands of natives. We might have a dust up with a band of these

poachers ; in fact we would have to fight if we did run into a band of them. His boys would find out what band it was and their numbers before they returned to our base camp. There was no fear of them hearing our shots, and the sound of Da Silva's bird guns would not be heard by them even if Da Silva fired them during the night.

#### TIGER

Next morning Foh called me before it was light. He wanted to get to jumbo before anything feeding at the carcass left. I did not like the idea of going through the dark, but did not like to tell Foh so. I followed him and we got to the kill when it was just light enough to shoot. At first I thought we had drawn a blank. The carcass was lying in grass near three feet high, and the grass had been trampled for about twenty or thirty yards round about. I could not spot anything and was just going to say so to Foh, when he put his finger to his lips and pointed to near the head of the kill. I looked but could see nothing. Foh signed for me to be ready, he made a noise with his lips, and I saw a fine tiger rise up from where he had been lying. I got a beautiful shot at his shoulder and dropped him. Just as I was aiming at this tiger a second got up and sprang for the grass. I only got a snap at this one, but heard my bullet tell, and heard the tiger grunt when the bullet hit. He went off and was out of sight before I could get at my second gun. I went and looked at the one I had dropped ; it was a tigress and a very good one. Foh said the one that got away was the male, but to me the one that got away looked much smaller than the one I killed.

We had a look round and soon picked up a blood spoor. By this time about a dozen of Foh's boys turned up. They had been following us at a distance and came on the run when they heard my shots. After following the spoor for a few hundred yards, I saw that this beast was hard hit. The blood seemed to be coming both from the wound and the mouth. It was not a nice bit of country to be following a wounded tiger in, and I

mentioned to Foh that he had better be more careful. I said he and some of his boys were apt to get hurt if they scattered so much. Foh, in his pidgin English, answered that the beast would be dead when we came up to it. Certainly the brute had lost a lot of blood, but I remembered a tiger I had wounded in India ; it too had lost a lot of blood and I thought to find it dead, but it was very much alive and severely hurt two boys before I could finish it. These Malays seemed to have no fear ; they barged through the jungle in any order. The grass and undergrowth was generally so dense that one could not see more than a few yards ahead. In some places it was fairly open, and I expected every moment either to see or hear the wounded animal.

At last we spored it out of the jungle and into some open country. The spoor entered a rocky gully. Foh and his boys spread out. The pugs were hard to follow over this country. We were nearing some large boulders. Foh and one boy were leading and got behind a group of boulders. I heard a roar and then two shots. I was just turning one of these boulders when I heard another roar, saw the tiger in the air and snapped twice. I got clear of the boulder and saw the tiger on the ground and Foh was just getting up. Also I saw at a glance that the boy who was with Foh was dead.

Foh had been knocked down or had tripped and fell. The tiger was dead ; one of my heavy bullets had got it in the head tearing half of the skull away. The other had hit it in the neck breaking the bone, both killing shots and stoppers. There was a wound far back on the ribs and raking forward. I examined the dead boy. His skull was smashed, and he had a bullet wound in his chest. The tiger had sprung on the boy and was biting his head when Foh had fired both barrels of my 12 bore, hit the boy with one shot and missed with the other. The tiger had left the dead boy and sprung at Foh when my two bullets stopped him. Foh said the tiger knocked him over and there was some blood on his chest and legs. I fancy he tripped backwards and the tiger fell near and spurted blood over him ; there was no mark on him. He seemed to be quite pleased

that one of his bullets hit the boy, remarking that he had come near hitting the tiger, and saying that if the tiger had been a rhino or jumbo his bullet would have killed it!

I sent these trophies back to Da Silva and a note to Ali, warning him to keep a good look out for any Government parties and ordered him to send me news when his scouts reported to him.

#### SMOKED OUT

I went for a trip with Foh to the mountains. On the way back I came up to jumbo three times, but did not see a decent tusk. Foh was keen on my bagging a few, but I was not taking the life of these big chaps just for the fun of the thing; I could get ivory in Africa that was heavy and worth while killing for, but these jumbo were not worth the trouble. While I was looking at a troop of cows and calves, I saw a sounder of pig. They came towards the jumbo and the jumbo stampeded, screaming and trumpeting like the deuce. Before I got back to camp I killed several wild goats; the flesh was not very good eating. I also bagged several cats and two panthers, and the day we arrived at camp I bagged a very fine tiger.

This chap gave us some fine sport. When I first saw him he was making off, and I only had time to snap at him. The bullet hit him on the hind leg. We spoored him through some very nasty country and came up to him in the bed of a dry creek. I got a running shot at him and missed. My bullet struck a rock just in front of him. Somehow some of the rock chips hit and turned him and he charged straight at us. I fired my left barrel at point blank range and jumped to one side. He passed me and went right on up the bed of the creek. Foh and the boys being on the bank of the creek he missed them. After resting for half an hour, we followed the blood spoor. There was plenty of blood and the spooring was easy. Half a mile up creek from where he charged me the spoor led into a bit of a cave in the bank of the creek. We circled round this cave and could not find any spoor, and came to the

conclusion that Mr. Tiger had gone to earth in the cave. I took up a position in front of the cave and sent the boys to stamp round on the other bank. The tiger took no notice and did not even growl.

After about half an hour of this playing around, I crossed the creek and had a look at the ground above the cave. After stamping round for a bit, I found a place that sounded hollow under foot and put the boys to dig a hole there. Nothing happened until the hole was some four feet deep, then one of the Indians said he heard the Tiger growl. I recrossed the creek where I had a good view of the mouth of the cave, and told the boys to keep on digging. A few minutes after I got to my position, I heard growls ; then I heard a boy cry out, and get out of the hole he was digging and clear. The rest followed him. I could still hear growls coming from the cave. I waited, expecting to see the tiger bolt, but he did not. Foh crossed and examined the hole we had dug, and I heard him giving orders for the boys to collect grass to light a fire. He came over to me and said the earth had caved, falling into the cave and leaving a hole large enough to force in grass, and he was going to try and smoke our quarry out.

They started a fire and I waited for a long time before anything happened. I saw smoke coming out of the mouth of the cave, but it was fully ten minutes after that when the tiger bolted. When he did come he came like the devil, roaring and kicking up the deuce of a row. I fired just as he showed at the mouth of the cave, and missed him. I sent my second shot at him as he hit the bed of the creek, but did not stop him. He was out of sight before I could get my second gun and we had to spoor him again. We came up to him in a few hundred yards ; he was half hidden behind some reeds. I could see his striped hide through the reeds and fired two bullets into him. He did not move or growl when the bullets thudded into him. Those last two shots were not necessary ; he had only just managed to reach those reeds, and had died there. This was the largest tiger I killed on the island. He measured nine foot eleven inches from tip to tip.

## PURSUED

We got back to camp that evening. Da Silva and Ali and the boys were glad to see us. Da Silva had been very busy; beside having prepared two of every species I had bagged, he had made a very fine collection of birds and reptiles. The scouts Ali had sent to find out who had been shooting had not returned to camp. I asked Foh what he thought was detaining them. He said they were probably watching some Government party, but that no tax collecting party was due at this time of the year. He said I had better remain here, and he would take a canoe and a crew and go and try and find out what had detained his boys. He was sure of his own boys, they all hated the Dutch and would not tell any official about me even if they had been arrested.

Foh left camp early next morning. He advised me not to use any of my heavy rifles until he returned, or I heard from him. I had bagged several of every kind of bird and beast I wanted, so had a quiet rest in camp reading, and writing up my diary. Da Silva had been down with fever while I was away, but all the rest of my crowd had been keeping fit. I waited three days for Foh and did not fire a shot, but on the fourth and fifth days I went out and bagged some birds. I went out again on the sixth day and bagged two very fine queen pigeons and a kanchil, a small deer. This was the only one of that species of deer I got on the island; I also bagged two zibeth—civet cats—and one musang.

Foh returned on the seventh day. He reported that there was a Dutch official and some Malay soldiers hunting a Chinese trader who had cleared out from Java with the proceeds of a robbery. He was said to have a valuable parcel of pearls and other gems on him. This officer had been landed from a gun boat that had chased a junk and lost her, and it was thought that the junk had entered the Siak.

This was bad news. I had ordered Ferguson to return and pick me up in three months, and nearly ten weeks had passed

since I landed. Foh said this officer had come up the river in natives' boats and that he had left the boats thirty of forty miles down river. His boys had tracked the party over the central ridge and the officer was then heading for the Mandeling District. Da Silva said he would be ready for packing his specimens in two or three days. I told Foh to send his canoes down river to spy out the land and see that the river was clear of officials and soldiers. He could wait and travel with me.

We started two days behind the scouts and made good time for the first fifty miles. Then we had to do as we did coming up the river, lay up in daylight and travel at night. We got along safely until we had arrived within two days' paddle from the coast, and then had the hard luck to run into this Government party.

We were rounding a bend and ran into two canoes coming up river. We turned and ran for it; both canoes fired at us, as we swung back up river, but we soon got clear. Foh, who was in my boat, cried out a command to his own boys who were manning the canoes. I did not know what the command was, but the canoes soon left my boat behind. Foh told me that none of our people had been wounded and that he had ordered them to go up a creek on the left bank of the river, where there was a chance of the Government party missing us.

We did not hurry. There was a lot of work to be done before the canoes would be able to enter the creek, reeds and mangrove branches to be moved carefully, so that they could be replaced to hide the mouth of the creek. I could not hear any boats behind us. Foh said they would probably wait until morning before they took up the chase. The Government chaps were camped and had only manned their canoes when they heard us coming.

We reached the mouth of the creek, and found our party clearing the entrance. It was just breaking day when we got the last canoe and my boat through. Foh lost no time in getting the loads out of his lightest canoe, throwing in some nets. He called eight of his boys. I could not understand what he was saying to them as he was speaking in his own

language. When everything was ready, he told me he was going to draw the chase away from us. He thought the Dutch party might think that they had fired on a fleet of canoes going to the coast to fish. He would paddle up river and watch for the two canoes that had fired at us, and if he saw they were making a search of the river, he would make as if he was running away from them, and would keep them chasing him for a couple of days, and then slip past them during the night and join me at the mouth of the river. He asked me to give his wages to one of the men if he did not get back before I left in the schooner. I asked him if there was any chance of him being captured, and he said there was, unless he could get back past them before he got up to his own boundaries.

On hearing this I told him I was going with him. Ali soon had some food and my mosquito net and bedding put on the canoe. I told him to wait until night, and then slip down to our old camp and wait for me. If the schooner arrived he was to tell Captain Ferguson what had happened, and tell him I would be at the coast as soon as I could dodge the Government people. I took my two 12 bore rifles, a couple of flasks of powder, wads, bullets and caps, in case I had to defend myself against the Dutchmen. We got word from the scouts Foh had sent down the river along the mangroves that the coast was clear, and pushed out into the main stream.

#### THE FALSE TRAIL

There was a fine reach up river to the first bend. We paddled up to the bend and then had a view of half a mile clear water. We had been there half an hour when the two canoes came in sight. It was only the matter of a few minutes when they sighted us. I could only make out one white man, the rest were Malay soldiers and natives, and there were about fourteen in each canoe. The white man sent a bullet up stream as soon as he saw us turn and run for it. Foh was standing up waving upstream to make the white man think he was warning our boats to run for it. I had put on a dirty sarong



belonging to one of my askari, and had borrowed a grass hat from one of the native boatmen.

Three times the Dutchman fired before we began to round the bend, and just as we were getting out of sight his soldiers fired a volley. Foh's canoe could move, and next time I got a sight of our chasers they were nearly a mile away. We waited until they got half a mile from us before we moved off again. All that day we led them on. Three or four times I let them get near to us, and every time I did this they opened fire. Once the Dutchman made a fluke and nearly hit our boat.

Near sundown we got into a narrow part of the river, and after waiting half an hour we saw the Dutchman go into camp. They made a camp on both banks, one canoe to each camp, hoping I expect to get us if we tried to pass down during the night. The moon was in her third quarter, and did not rise until after midnight. I think we could have got through if we wanted to, but Foh wanted to lead them up river as far as he could. That night we paddled up to where Foh's people had their canoes tied at the mouth of a creek. He sent to his village, and ten or twelve boys came back with his messenger. He gave them orders off his own bat, and told me these chaps would be out fishing next day when the Dutchman got this far, and he had told them to tell him that they had seen more than a dozen canoes pass up river a few miles ahead of him. Foh sent boys down river with canoes. He had ordered them to make fires six or seven miles down stream, and make the place appear as if we had camped there.

Next morning we waited in a place where the river was wide and the banks reedy and low. We sighted the canoes about six hundred yards away. I noticed that there were not so many passengers as there had been, and mentioned it to Foh. He said it was fortunate that he had ordered eight canoes to go ahead of us up river during the night. These people who had chased us had evidently sent a party along the bank to try and get some shots at us, and to try and find out how many canoes we had. But he said they could not pass this place on

foot ; there was a large dangerous swamp on both sides of the river and it extended for miles.

We pushed off up river again and had only gone a few hundred yards when a number of shots were fired at us from the reeds where we had been waiting, and I saw the white man and six or seven soldiers get on board of their canoes. I told Foh I thought we ought to try and slip back that night. He said he had thought of a reach where we could manage to do it. He had sent his empty canoes ahead, and they would pass a trading station during the night, and would be singing a boat song to attract the attention of the trader, who would be sure to cry out and question them. They would not give any answer but would continue on up river, and then slip back down when the trader had gone to bed. He hoped the trader would tell the Government party that a fleet of canoes had passed, and that the Dutch officer would continue on up river. I hoped so also ; I was a few days late by the date I had promised Ferguson I would be at the coast, and it would take us at least four days to reach it from where we meant to try and give the other party the slip.

That afternoon we got caught napping. I had gone on shore, and made a feed and some coffee, and the boy who was told to watch must have either fallen off to sleep or was seeking honey or bird's nests. I heard Foh calling, and before I could get on board the Dutchman rounded a bend only four hundred yards away. He fired at us before we got under way and one bullet hit the canoe.

We had to leave the two boys who should have been on guard watching below the bend of the river. I thought the other party had the heels of us ; they kept up a target practice at us for nearly half a mile and some of their lead came too close for my liking. I did not want to show my hand, but Foh said our two boys had passed up river along the bank and we would have to stop a moment or two to pick them up. We could not make speed enough to get out of range of the Dutchman's rifles and pick up our boys, so I took a couple of quick shots, trying to drop my bullets near enough to the

canoes to make them stop paddling for a few minutes. My first shot hit just in front of the canoe that the officer was in. He was standing up, aiming a shot us, and the water from the splash of my bullet must have hit him, for he sat down on one of his paddle boys. My second shot went closer than I wanted it to. I saw chips of wood fly off the prow of the other canoe. Both canoes made for the bank of the river ; this gave us the time we wanted. We picked up our boys at the next bend of the river, and before the two canoes that were chasing us rounded that bend we were leading again by half a mile. I think my shots had made the Dutchman angry ; he kept shooting at us when we were in sight of him. Several times I was tempted to return his compliments, but did not wish to let him know there was a white man with our party.

That night we managed to drift past where he was camped, and when we were out of sight of his camp fires, got a move on, and by sunrise were a good twenty miles down towards the coast. We passed the creek where Foh had his village without calling, and made the creek where we had fooled the Dutch party last evening. There was no reason for hanging up in the day time, so we made my old camp three days from the time I gave the Dutchman the slip. My people were on board the schooner and Foh's boys had a note for me from Ferguson, telling me he would be back at the mouth of the river every morning about sunrise.

#### FOH

Foh had a good talk to his boys. They told him Ali had paid them and given those who had been up river one month's wages as a present. Foh seemed pleased to hear this. He asked me where I was going. I told him through to Borneo, touching at any island where I could add to my collection, then to China and back to Singapore. He asked me to take him with me. He said his village could be run without him ; he had originally come here from Borneo and knew most of the islands, though he had never been on the mainland. He said

I had saved his life when I killed the tiger that had killed his boy and then charged him, and that perhaps he would be useful to me if I went inland at Borneo.

I had taking a liking to Foh. He had done his job well and more than well. I asked him if he would make the full trip with me and return from Singapore. Yes, he would. I told him I could not take any of his boys, he would have to go alone. That was what he wanted to do. He told me his people were Dyaks and he wanted to get back and have a look at his own country. I asked him how was it that he was chief of Malays in Sumatra if his people were Borneo Dyaks. He said his mother had been head of the people he was chief of. She had been captured by his people and had married his father; then his father had fallen out with his clan in Borneo, and had come to Sumatra with his people, and had mixed with his mother's people. They were as much Dyak as Malay.

He told his boys they could return to their village after the schooner left here. Next day I got on board and told Ferguson I was off to Borneo. I took Foh on board with me, and so finished my first shoot on the island of Sumatra.

After we got started, Ferguson asked me what part of Borneo I was going to shoot and explore. I told him to run through the islands and get as near the south west coast as he could. Foh knew a river, and by going up this stream I could miss Pontianak, Simpang and Banjarmasin, and would not meet any Government officials. I could see that Ferguson did not like the idea of putting me on shore, so went into accounts with him and heard that so far the trip he had made while I was shooting had paid handsomely. He had not used half of my trading goods, and reckoned he had traded spices, shell rice, camphor, gold and silver work, curios, etc. to more than pay twice for the whole cargo. I told him the better he did, he, Harris and Fraser would benefit the more.

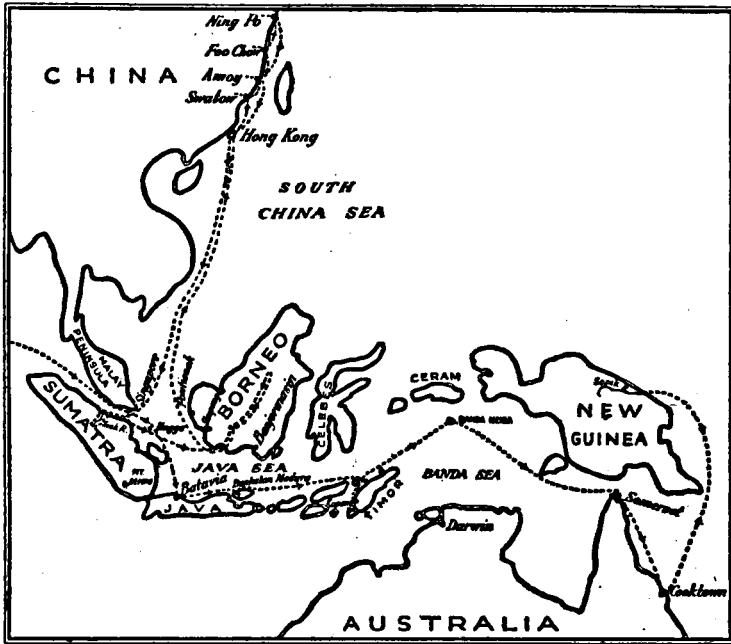
'So far as I am concerned, I do not give a rap how much you make,' I told him. 'I am out for sport and adventure. You put me ashore and then do as you think best, until you come back to take me on board.'

He said that Java and China seas were tricky, both for weather and Dyak, Malay and Chinese raiders and pirates ; that if I was not careful I stood the risk of losing my head and he the ship and cargo.

‘ You will get very little more than you have got in the way of trophies,’ he told me. ‘ The game on these islands is very much the same. You did a smart trick in Sumatra ; why not trade the cargo and return to India ? ’ I told him I had contracts to fulfil to my agents, and one of them was to shoot what I could in Borneo. Then why not go to North Borneo, he asked, where the British hold the country, and go into the country with a strong party ? I told him there would be no fun in doing as he suggested. I would have to take a route that was known and I did not like going over known country ; I preferred picking my own country. He said he did not like the idea of my taking Foh. I told him Foh was born in Borneo. He knew that ; the two boys that had been engaged at Singapore had told him. The first day Foh worked for me they had heard Foh talking to his own people about me, and they thought Foh was going to do harm to me. I told him not to worry, that I had taken a liking to Foh and thought that the boy was straight, and I had proved him to be a good spoorer and a trustworthy gunbearer, and had it not have been for his cunning and knowledge of the river, I would not have got away from the Government official so easy as I did.

‘ But why not present your letter and get the officials to help you ? ’ he asked. ‘ They would probably send some of their soldiers with you, and you would run less risks from the natives.’

I told him I would have to run into Batavia to do that, and perhaps be refused permission, and to have Dutch soldiers would be worse than travelling with a British escort. I did not want to put him to the trouble of running to Java. He said he could see that I was going to have my own way, and it was up to him, Harris and Fraser to do their best for me. ‘ We will put you ashore any place you choose,’ he said, ‘ and keep our appointment to the day if possible to take you off



MAP TO ILLUSTRATE EPISODE THREE  
*Dotted line shows route taken*

again, and if you are not at the coast, two of us will come to look for you. But take my advice, and do not trust that boy Foh too much.'

I promised him I would keep my eyes open and if I did find Foh up to any trick, I would see that he got his ticket.

#### INTO BORNEO

We ran through the Straits, passed Lingga and headed for the south west coast of Borneo. We passed near to several of the islands, but did not put in anywhere. Ten days after we crossed the equator, we were running along the south west coast of the island. Ferguson was continually on the look out ; he asked me to keep Foh on the look out during the day, and he hove to during the night.

Three days after we first sighted the coast Foh said we were at the place where he wanted me to land. We ran in quite close and Ferguson sent in two boats. About mid-day the boats disappeared, and I guessed they had found the river. The coast was quite low here and by the mangroves I took it to be swampy, and so it proved. When the boats returned they reported having found the river. Foh said it would take a whole day to get up to a place where I could make a camp, as down at the mouth of the river the swamp extended for miles on either side. I got Ferguson to send off all the boats except a small gig or dinghy, as he called it. It was four days before I was able to get on shore. I took four boats. I left the two Malays whom I engaged at Singapore and who were with me on my shoot at Sumatra. I armed every man this trip, taking spare guns from the schooner for my personal servant and Foh. I bade goodbye to Ferguson, Harris and Fraser. I asked Ferguson to come back in twelve weeks and to lay off this spot for a few weeks, if I was not at the coast when he got back.

My first night ashore was far from comfortable. The mosquitoes were wicked. I slept in the boat, and my party slept on the bank, if one could call the mud island the bank

of this river. Foh said we would hit the real river and higher ground in a day from here. I made an early start, eight of us in each boat, and before sundown we came to a bit of good dry country. All day we travelled through mangrove swamp, and the going was not too good. I had my tent put up and the Indians threw up some shelters. Next day I sent the boats back for the rest of my stores, and busied myself killing birds until the boats returned. Foh said I would be in good dry hilly country in ten days, and that there was no natives living there. He had been up this river years ago with his father, hunting, and there were lots of game of all kinds. The nearest villages were three days to the west, and those on the north side a six days' journey away.

When the boats returned I loaded them with a portion of all the stores, and again started up stream. I found the current getting stronger as we climbed the river, and in less than eighty miles the river became unnavigable for the boats. The country was becoming broken and hilly. I made up my mind to camp and go on foot to have a look at the hills. Up to the present I had not seen a native. Game such as it was was plentiful; I had bagged several tapir, one very good wild boar, two bantang or wild cattle, and two leopards. Of birds I had bagged two kinds of pheasants, flamingo, queen pigeons and doves, also some parrots and pea fowl. Two or three times I heard tiger and orang-outang, but had not seen any on the short trips I took from the banks of the river. I saw some very large moths, larger by far than I had seen in Africa, India or Sumatra. Da Silva collected a few of them. I had only seen a few deer and bagged three of them. I also got squirrels and lemuroids. Leeches troubled us in the swamps, but higher up the river they were not so plentiful.

I made camp and took fifteen Indians and Foh and started out north from camp, taking only my bedding, prospecting outfit, food and rifles. The first day I killed two wild pig and one bantang. I camped where I killed the bantang and sent the skin, head and leg bones back to camp. That night panther visited camp and I got one by moonlight, a very good skin.



The next day I put in shooting round this camp and saw a very large orang-outang. I followed him for several hours but did not get a shot at him. I got back to camp just before sun down. The chaps I had sent back had returned. Ali had come with them. He said Da Silva had sent him, that Da Silva had told him to go to me and keep with me until I returned to camp again. Da Silva sent me a note in which he said he could manage his work with ten of my Indians, and thought he was safe enough. He sent forward five of those I had left with him, and had given them loads of skoff to carry. He hoped I would not go too far from camp.

Next day I wandered off travelling almost due north to a range of hills. I saw rhino, bantang and deer that day, but did not try for any. The day after we got to the hills and I did some prospecting. I panned quite a number of small creeks, for blanks. I did not get a colour of gold. The concentrates contained a fair amount of iron and a few garnets.

During the night I thought I heard natives singing and beating drums. I called Foh and asked him to listen. He heard it and said these natives must have come in from some of the settled districts. Next day I headed for where I thought the natives had their village. This took us out of the hills on to some flat country. About ten o'clock we heard natives and from the top of a low rise I made out the village. Foh volunteered to go forward and investigate. I told him I would go with him. Ali asked permission to accompany me. I said he could follow us at a short distance behind, and told him to be ready in case of accidents.

#### NATIVES

We managed to get within speaking distance without being seen, then I hid behind a palm tree. Foh showed himself and cried to the natives. At first the men bolted up to their houses ; these were built on piles and the floor stood about five feet from the ground. When these chaps reappeared, they were armed with bows, spears, long sword-like knives, a few flint

lock guns and blow pipes. These people were Malay. Foh made some kind of a sign to them and advanced to meet three or four who had walked to meet him. I stood ready for anything that might happen. I would not be able to save Foh should they make a sudden attack on him. But I would have bagged those who did get him. This, however, was unnecessary; after a while they lay down their arms and Foh called me. I gave Ali the signal and he came up with our party.

As I said, these natives were Malay. They had come there from Amuntai in the south east. They had tired of being forced to work for no pay and a whole clan of them had cleared out, and had been settled here five or six years. Twice during that time they had been raided by some head hunting Dyaks, and had lost their houses. They lost very few people; rather than fight they had cleared into the forest and came back to find their village burned down. They had buffalo, sheep and goats, also pigs and fowls. I saw some tame pea fowl and pheasants at this village. The natives did not grow large crops of food stuff. I saw mealies, ground nuts, betel nuts, rice and sweet potatoes, and some sugar cane and plantains. Cocoanuts grew wild in most of the parts I travelled. I also saw sago growing wild. The natives seemed to be friendly. There were only three villages. The whole clan, men, women and children only mustered about three hundred.

I ordered Ali to try and get carriers to go back to camp and move our things to one of these villages. Ali got Foh on the job and reported that they could get carriers. I asked if they would take cash or goods in payment for their service. I only had a few loads of trade truck. I had taken two or three canoe loads with me at Sumatra and had used very little, so had only sent about ten loads on shore here. Ali said they wanted goods. I had my tent fixed on a rise about five hundred yards from the village and had the natives help my men to build a good skaram, the first I had made since I left Da Silva. I wrote Da Silva to make a high platform at our base camp and to leave all the trophies he had prepared there, and to

come on with trade goods and skoff and only to bring skoff to last six or seven weeks.

#### THE GIRLS OF MALAYA

After the carriers had started with a couple of my people to guide them I got into conversation with the head of this clan. He told me through Foh that the range of mountains I could see to the west was the end of Dutch Borneo, on the far side the country was governed by a big white chief as was that right north from there. The Dutch had several towns to the north east and south east, but between here and those places the country was ruled by native sultans, and the natives were fighting tribes who robbed and murdered each other and the small clans like this one. There were some wild hairy men in the forests and also a lot of jumbo. I asked Ali did he mean the orang-outang when he said wild hairy men? Foh who heard and understood me said no; that there were wild hairy men in the forests, and he had the cheek to tell me that the large orang-outang I had followed and could not get a shot at was one of them. Rot! I saw that chap and although he was a foot taller than any I had seen, he was an orang-outang right enough. But no; the natives insisted there was a wild man in the forest, and he often stole women from the villages. I asked could these people show me one? Yes, they could, I would be sure to see some when they took me to kill jumbo and rhino.

Da Silva told me that he had left a collection at the last camp that it would take three boats to shift here. He had killed four leopard and two panther with a trap gun, had made a collection of birds and reptiles, and had collected some moths and butterflies. I had not collected these insects up till this trip, and now I left it to Da Silva to do the collecting and pinning. I would be able to tell from this small parcel whether this line would pay to trouble with. Da Silva had been very fit; he had not had a bout of fever since we left Sumatra. I told him I was going on a trip north east, and that

I would leave ten askari to help him, and he could engage a few Malays if he required more help. I warned him that we were in a strange country, and that now we had met with natives it would be better for him to be always on the look out for trouble. These natives seemed friendly, but I did not trust them. In Sumatra we only had boys belonging to Foh, and I had Foh with me on all my trips. Here it was different. If I could get the head of this clan to go with me things would be better. They had very few guns and they were flint lock contraptions, but they used the blow pipe, which was silent and deadly. I told him and the askari to be ready at all times and have a night guard at the camp, and to shoot if they had to, and keep on shooting to kill if they were interfered with. I warned the askari not to mix too freely with these Malay and to be sure to have nothing to do with the females. It is from them that most of the trouble starts all over the world and more so amongst the savage tribes.

This is particularly true of the girls of Malaya. Compared to those of Africa, the Solomons, New Guinea and other parts of the east, they stand out like exotic flowers in a patch of clover. A wise plant will only wear one of those flowers. It is impossible to wear a bouquet; their perfume will not blend pleasantly, and they are apt to poison the plant that tries to wear them. A plant can only wear a bouquet in the towns of Malaya. In the country one bud, one plant, is the strict custom, and it is very dangerous to try and break that custom. The flower is the finest and most charming of eastern blooms; its charms, perfume, beauty, form and gracefulness make up a creation that it would be impossible to imitate or cultivate. To its own plant it is charming, coy, attractive and sweet. Its charms and perfumes are lavished on its own plant. Other plants can admire it from a distance, but should any of them try and benefit of its charms and perfume, the perfume would become poisonous, and the charms a nest of hornets, with pain giving stings. The petals of the Malayan rose expand and contract only on its own stem and improves as the bud blossoms, giving such a pleasant sensation to its plant that it can be

remembered by the plant when the stem has become dead wood. But should the plant try and wear more than one flower when in its own bed, the rose becomes as dangerous, swift, and deadly as a cobra.

#### THE WILD MAN OF BORNEO

Two days after Da Silva got here I started on my trip. I did have the headman along with me and I engaged his people to carry my loads, which gave me my Indians to act as askari in case of trouble. I told Da Silva he could send out a couple of askari to hunt meat, and advised him only to have out two at any one time, and told him to engage Malays to go out and carry in anything shot by the askari. We travelled about fourteen miles the day I left camp. I saw pig, tapir, deer and bantang, but did not try to bag any. I had meat and had good specimens of all I saw on this first day's trek. The country we trekked through was broken and hilly.

Next morning I headed west for the large range of hills, hoping to camp at the foot of them that night. We climbed one fairly stiff range of hills, in the first trek. These must have been nearly three thousand feet above sea level. I saw a few limestone caves ; there were flocks of the edible nest swallows in one of them. We had to cross a plain to reach the large range, and while working through the heavy forest a jumbo charged right at us. I was not prepared and had not a rifle in my hand. Before I could get any rifle from my gun bearer jumbo was chasing one of the Malay carriers and looked a winner. The boy dodged round a tree and jumbo went a distance before he could turn, and when he did turn he had lost sight of the boy he was chasing. He was about sixty yards from where I was standing and I got a good look at his tusks. I had never seen a pair like them ; one tusk had a curve that seemed to make the point of the tusk stick into his trunk, the other tusk was almost straight. Had he been an African jumbo the tusks going by show of ivory would have weighed well over one hundred pounds each, and I really thought they

would weigh that. I fired for the brain and dropped him first shot, but he got up. That gave me a side on shot. I aimed for his shoulder, and before he got out of sight sent two blue whistlers to rake him. We spooed him for half a mile and found him laying dead. I had to camp by him, the boys could not get the tusks out that afternoon. These Malays were not as good as my African boys at cutting up a jumbo and getting the tusks out. It took them well into the next morning before they had the tusks ready, and they were very disappointing, one weighed fifty seven and one sixty-three pounds. The curved tusk was the heaviest and it formed a complete half circle; the other was as straight as a walking stick. As I intended to return to the base camp from the next camp I carried the tusks along.

We left this camp early in the afternoon and headed for the hills. At about four o'clock the headman pointed ahead, saying something to Foh. It took me some time to see what they were pointing at, then I saw what I took to be a native, but Foh said it was a wild man. I took a 12 bore and walked towards this object, Ali, Foh and the headman following just behind the boy who carried my second rifle. I got within about two hundred yards before the thing took any notice. Then it screamed and came towards me. I could not get a clear sight of it, but it looked to be too tall for an orang-outang. When about one hundred yards away, it turned and went off into some bamboo. I came up near to the bamboo and could not locate it. After circling the clump of canes I saw the spoor leading off towards the hills, and spooed it until the sun went down, but failed to get a sight of it.

Just before it was time to get into camp for the night, I saw another of the large apes. I got within fifty yards of this one and saw it was an ape. It seemed larger than any of the orang-outang I had killed. I was too far from the village to send it to Da Silva, so did not interfere with it. I thought at one time that it was going to charge me, it gave several barks and grunts, then made off and entered a large cane brake. I told Foh to tell the headman that it was an orang-outang,

but the old chap would not be convinced. It was a wild man ; he had seen houses built in trees and it was these wild people that built them. I do not know if these apes builds houses or nests, if they do I never saw any while I was shooting and collecting in this part of the world.

#### DYAKS . . .

We had only been trekking a couple of hours next morning when the headman, who was in the lead, stopped and became very excited. He had cut the spoor of what was evidently a fair sized party of natives. The headman and Foh said they were a gang of Dyaks and they were out on a raid. I said they were more likely to be out on a hunt. I had not seen a village during this trip and no sign of natives, and if anything the party were fewer than my own party. The headman reckoned that the party outnumbered us, and told Foh to tell me that he wanted to take his people and travel back to his villages. His people had been raided twice by Dyaks from the British side of the island, and he had lost several of his boys killed and quite a few girls and women, and had got back from the forest to find the villages robbed and burned.

I told Foh to tell him that we would follow the spoor, and that if we found these Dyaks had raided the village, I would help him to give them a dressing down. We took the spoor and before night came to the place they had camped at the day before. I had a walk around while my tent was being pitched, and saw the spoor of several natives. Evidently these chaps hunted game. I came to a place where they had killed a deer. I found some bits of skin and saw where they had gutted and cut up the meat.

Before daylight next morning the carriers were up and ready for a start. At midday we came to another camp. I knew then that these natives were not more than half a day's trek ahead of us. I ordered Ali to send out two or three scouts ; two of my askari and three Malays with the headman went ahead, Ali for some reason stayed with me as did Foh. I let the ad-

vanced guard have a full hour's start and then started on the afternoon trek. At sun down we found the scouts waiting for us at a stream near a low range of hills. They had been to the top of the range and returned here to wait for us. We were on the trek before the sun rose next day, scouts ahead, as on the day before. We stopped for skoff about midday and had not caught up with our scouts.

Soon after we had started the afternoon trek an askari came back to us, and reported that the gang we were spooring was only a few miles ahead. They were a large body of Dyaks and all of them carried guns. I was glad to hear this ; if they all had guns, they had not I hoped brought their blow pipes along, and if it came to a scrap I would rather face guns than those deadly tubes. I ordered the askari to call in the head man and his boys, and told the askari to keep in touch with the Dyaks until I came up to have a look at them. When the headman came back I questioned him through Foh. He said that these Dyaks were the same that had raided his village on the two occasions he had told me of, and they were on their way to make a third raid on his village. I knew we were trekking in the direction of my camp and the village, and thought the old chap was right. I took Foh and moved ahead to have a look at these people, ordering Ali to follow me, but to keep a good distance behind. Ali thought it would be better for him to go with me, and let the old man come along with our ulendo. I told him to do as I told him. Presently he made an excuse and called me over to where our loads were stacked.

I asked him what was biting him. He said he did not like the idea of my going alone with Foh, and reminded me that Foh was half Dyak and that he carried my 12 bore. I asked him if he had any reason to doubt Foh. He had. Foh had intended killing and robbing me when I was shooting on Sumatra. The boys that I had engaged as guides for Sumatra at Singapore had heard Foh talking to his people and planning it. These boys had told him when I had been with Foh fooling the Dutch officer, and he, Ali, had told Captain Ferguson when



he got on board at the mouth of the Siak. I told Ali not to worry ; that I would have Foh in front of me and I thought I could be as quick with a rifle as half a dozen Fohs. Personally, I never doubted Foh's loyalty to me.

... ON THE WARPATH

We came up with my two askari about four that afternoon. The Dyaks were only a few hundred yards in front. I slipped along with Foh. We left the spoor and got between the Dyaks and a range of hills. They were trekking parallel with this range. I kept on the range side of them, and soon I got a look at them as they trekked over a small open plain. I counted thirty-seven men ; they all carried guns and each of them had a kris. I did not see any blow pipes or bows. They crossed the plain and started to gather firewood, so I guessed they were going to camp there. I sent Foh on ahead and followed him, but could not get near enough to hear what they were talking about. We went back to the askari and I sent them back to tell Ali to make camp back on a stream I had crossed two miles away. I stayed with Foh. After dark we crawled up close enough for Foh to listen to what the Dyaks were talking about. He listened for some time, then touched me and signed to me to move back.

When we were clear of the small plain and into the timber he told me that these Dyaks were the real thing in head hunters, and that they were on their way to raid the villages where I had made my camp. I was surprised. These Malays where I was camped could muster at least eighty men, and here was a small gang of less than forty Dyaks on their way to raid them. I mentioned this to Foh, and he said there were more than we counted ; some of them were travelling in advance of the party, and had crossed the little plain before we got there. He thought there were fifty or more. I asked him did he hear them talking about how they were going to attack and when ? He had only heard them boasting about the number of heads they expected to harvest, and of women and girls they expected to capture.

They had boasted that they would make a clean up of the whole clan.

We got back to where Ali had made camp at about ten o'clock that night. After dinner I called Ali and told him to bring the Malay headman and Foh up to my tent. I questioned both of them as to how the Dyaks attacked. They said they would get close to the village and attack in the early morning. That is how they acted the two times they had raided the village. I asked the head man if he had managed to bag any of the Dyaks on the other raids. He said he had not ; his people cleared into the forest and allowed the Dyaks to work their will on the villages. The first time they had raided the villages, they had captured seven girls who were panning gold, killed two old men and burned the villages. The second time they only got one girl, killed four men, wounded six others who died of their wounds, and burned the houses. That time the headman had fired at the leader and wounded him. He could not get his people to fight. The live stock had been out feeding and they had managed to warn the herders, and the goats, sheep, and buffalo had been saved on both former raids.

I told the headman that I would drop a note to Da Silva, telling him to expect the Dyaks and telling him what to do and when to expect me, and that the old man could go ahead with two of his boys to warn his people of the coming of their old friends and attackers. I warned him to make a wide detour and arrive at the village from the south, so that the Dyaks would not hit his spoor, and so be put wise that they had been seen. I told him to send the women and children away and to keep his men at the village, and tell them they would have to fight the Dyaks ; if they did not make a stand they would have to fight me. I would help them, but they would have to face the music themselves.

I wrote Da Silva to expect the Dyaks and to expect me right behind them. I told him to look for a good place to spread his askari, and warned him to get in the first shots and to tell the askari not to brown into the bunch, but each to pick his

man and to let the Dyaks get close enough to allow them sure marks. I told him I would be close enough to be in at the first volley.

It was nearly two in the morning before I turned in. I was up again before sun up, and sent scouts on to keep in touch with the Dyaks. I kept my party well behind the Dyaks. In the late afternoon I heard several shots fired. I moved forward and met one of my scouts, who reported that the Dyaks had killed bantang, and that they had made camp. I returned to the ulendo and told Ali to ask Foh to enquire from the carriers how far it was to the village. Foh said if we camped here we could make the village before eleven next day. I ordered a return to the nearest creek, then told Ali I would leave him with a dozen askari to trail the Dyaks, and I would push on through the night and prepare a trap for the Dyaks at the village. I told Ali to keep as close to the Dyaks as he safely could without being discovered, so as to take them in the rear when they attacked and he heard me start on them. I knew I could trust Ali to do his part, but was not sure of Da Silva. Da Silva would be game enough I knew, but he might not make the most of his chance.

#### THE SCRAP WITH THE HEAD-HUNTERS

It was a nasty trek that night. Twice we had to skirt swamps, and we had to make a detour wide enough to ensure the Dyaks not hitting our spoor. Luckily we did not run into a rhino or tiger; had we have done so and I had to shoot it, it would have given us away to the Dyaks. We arrived at my camp before daylight, and I was careful to whistle to Da Silva before I got too close. Da Silva was up and he had a guard mounted.

I sent Foh to warn the headman that I had arrived; and he returned to my camp, bringing the headman and a dozen Malays with him. I told the Malays I was going to look round and place the village in a state of defence. A few of the youths and the old men could leave at daylight and take the women

and children into the forest out of harm's way. The buffalo, sheep, and goats would have to be left at the village, as I wanted the Dyaks to think they had caught the village unprepared. I ordered the headman to have his men ready by the time I got down to the village, and I would tell them what to do. I talked to my askari and told them to be steady, pick their man, and try to down him. I placed them in pairs, one man to discharge his rifle at a time to give the other a chance to reload. I went down to the village, and counted seventy-two men, including the chief. All of them had bows and arrows, and a few had flint locks. I had the guns put to one side; I did not like the looks of any of them. I told the chief to depend on the arrows, and if it came to close up fighting they could use the kris, a deadly weapon in the hands of a man who knew how to handle it. I told him to let the Dyaks make their attack and then to do what they could with their bows, but not to expose themselves more than was necessary. I would attack with my askari and Ali would be up to attack them in the rear. I was building a lot on Ali's attack. I knew if we once got them scared we had them in a clove hitch. I told my men that there was no need to expose themselves to the Dyaks' fire, and if they kept their heads there was very little chance of their getting hurt. There was good cover on the side where I had built my skaram, between the villages and the water. There was a strip of gardens, bare at this time of the year. I told the chief to leave the live stock penned up and to have the cooking fires going just as if nothing was wrong; pots on the fires to make it look as if every one was at their usual everyday work. I had plenty of time to make my preparations, and made the most of my time.

The attack came off in grand style. Those Dyaks just came along as if they were paying a friendly visit. When they got to the clearing they made no attempt at concealment. They charged up yelling like a lot of fiends and I'm sure that every mother's son of them emptied their guns at the houses. The leader was dressed to kill. He must have been wearing silk, silver and gold enough to keep his family in skoff for five years.

He was my meat ; I dropped him at over one hundred yards, and got his mate with my left barrel. Foh dropped one man and the askari shot well and so did those little Malay chaps. In less time than it takes to write about it, the whole band turned to run, leaving nearly twenty of their men on the ground. Ali met them as they turned, and we got them when they turned again, then the Malays got them with a flight of arrows. Twice I saw Foh get his man. None of them came my way until Ali sent his second volley at them, then a crowd charged in my direction. My askari dropped five in one volley. I held my fire and only shot when I had to in self defence. Foh seemed to be an old hand at this style of fighting ; he never left his tree, which was close to the tree that covered me. Six times I saw him aim and fire, and he dropped five Dyaks with these six shots. A bunch of a dozen charged right past where I was hidden behind my tree. I fired at one who cut at me with his kris and dropped him. Da Silva who was in the line of their charge bagged two of them, and the askari bagged three or four. The remainder got into the bush. I heard the chief hooting his men after them and I saw the other Malays chase after a few that broke away to the east. I had ordered my men not to follow if the Dyaks cleared.

The whole show was over in less than half an hour, and it turned out as I said it would. None of my chaps stopped a bullet, and only two of them cut by kris. The Malays lost four killed and seven or eight wounded.

There were nearer sixty than fifty Dyaks engaged and they left thirty-three dead in and near the village, and the Malays who chased those that got into the forest said they accounted for ten more. Eighteen of the dead Dyaks had arrows stuck in their bodies and eleven of these also had gun-shot wounds. I was surprised at the force with which these arrows struck ; some of them were buried over six inches in the bodies. I could have accounted for an easy twenty had I wished, but after dropping the leader and his mate when I opened the ball, I only shot in self defence. I did not think these Dyaks would

raid this village again. This was a severe slogging they got. I doubt if more than a dozen escaped, and if any who escaped were wounded they probably pegged out in the bush and never reached their homes.

#### PEARLS

I had the bodies burned as it was more easy to collect wood than dig a hole large enough to take the whole of the dead. I got a fine collection of Dyak clothing and arms. I also got some fine diamonds and gold, and silver mounted arms from the two I dropped at the beginning of the fight. Ferguson told me that diamond cutting was carried on in parts of this island when I showed these things to him after I got to the coast. None of the natives were seriously wounded and my two askari had only received slight cuts. There was very little stitching and dressing to do. I made the Malays drag away the dead Dyaks and by the midday after the fight the bodies had all been burned.

The night of the fight the women in the village kicked up an awful row. I sent for Foh and asked him what ailed them. He said they were mourning their dead. I sent him to tell the chief to quiet them or gag them. I could not get a sleep with that noise being made.

Ali came to me next day and told me the chief had some pearls and gold he wanted to sell me. I told him to bring the old man to my tent and to tell Da Silva I wanted him. I was telling Da Silva to get packed ready to move down to the coast when Foh, Ali and the chief arrived. The chief had about twelve ounces of gold and fifteen pearls. I asked Foh where the pearls came from. He said there were pearls to be got off three coasts of Borneo. That this Malay came from the south east coast and had been diving there. None of the pearls were of any great value, the largest only weighed fifteen or twenty grains. I asked the chief what he wanted for them. He wanted one of my rifles and some trade goods. I told him I had no guns to sell, but offered to buy the lot and pay with

trade goods. Foh then said the chief wanted to make me a present of the pearls for helping him to save his village and people from the Dyaks. I chose a couple of the pearls and said I would accept them as a present, and would buy the rest for goods or cash. Cash was no use to the chief ; he had not been to the coast or a settlement in years. I bought both gold and pearls for cloth, hatchets, beads and knives, and gave the chief a present of a good hunting knife, burning glass, flint and tinder box. I showed him how to use the flint and steel and how to get fire from the glass. I also gave his wife and daughter a present of silk.

I asked Foh to enquire how it was he had allowed the Dyaks to injure him and his people twice without putting up a scrap. He said his people would not fight. I told him they fought well the day of the fight. Yes, he said, but your medicine made them strong and brave. I told him I had no medicine, that it was a case of stand and scrap instead of running, and asked did he think the Dyaks would come with a stronger party to get their own back. He thought not, and if they did, his men had fought and won and would fight again. I told Foh to tell him I wanted his men to help me get my goods back to the coast. He said he would do it and charge nothing. I had helped them to beat the Dyaks, and they in turn would help me. He was sorry I was leaving the country. If I cared to remain longer he would show me other creeks where I could get gold, and where there were jumbo, rhino and tigers and the wild men. I had collected all I wanted from Borneo this trip and it was time I set off to the coast to keep my appointment with Ferguson. I could be ready to make a start in three or four days, and his boys could have the job of carrying my stuff up the river.

#### FOH'S STORY

The following day I was out with Foh looking for bantang. I killed two, and had sent the boys home to bring carriers to get the meat home, and was resting on the bank of a creek,

when Foh said he wanted to make me a present. I said O.K. He drew out a small bag from under his shirt and took out two beautiful pink pearls which he had wrapped in cotton lint. I could see at once, though my knowledge of pearls was not great, that either were worth a couple of hundred pounds. I told him I could not accept them as a present ; they were worth a lot of money. I said I would like to buy them from him. He said he had others that he would sell me, but he wanted to make me a present of these two. I asked him why he did not sell them ; there were plenty of men who would buy them and give him a good price for them. He said his father had offered these pearls to a white man on the north east coast of this island, and the white man had had his father arrested, accusing him of stealing the pearls ; that his father had escaped and had followed this white man, murdered him, stolen all his pearls and money, and had then left Borneo with his wife and family and settled in Sumatra. His father had been a big chief among the Dyaks in the north east of Borneo. After he had done for this white man his own tribe had attempted to hand him over to the Dutch and claim the money offered by the Dutch for his capture. His father had warning of the plot and had killed three of the ringleaders before he cleared out. His father had given him the pearls and some other gems before he died, but he never tried to sell the gems and pearls, fearing to meet with the same treatment that his father had met with.

He had been to Singáporé, Java and most of the islands during his father's life time. He could understand, read and write English and Dutch. He only used the pidgin English to traders and officials. He wanted to avenge his father, and his ambition was to wipe out the clan who had tried to hand his father over to the officials. When he had accomplished that, he intended leaving Sumatra and settling somewhere in the Straits Settlements. He had plenty of money at his village. When his father had murdered the man who stole these pink pearls, he had got away with over a thousand pounds in gold and half that amount in paper money, besides pearls and gems.



Foh had managed to change the notes for gold while he was on his travels. He asked me if I remembered three old men who came to my first camp on the Siak. I told him I did not. Those were his uncles on his father's side, and they all had lots of dollars, and they were with him in his plan to knock out the clan who had betrayed his father. 'Captain Ferguson tried to put you against me,' he said. I asked him how he knew of it. He had heard the skipper warning me against him. 'You took no notice and still trusted me and let me carry your rifle and accompany you on your trips after game. Last week your headman Ali tried to put you against me; I heard him after we hit the Dyaks' spoor and you went with me to find out the strength of the Dyaks. You were out in the forest at night near the Dyak camp, and you knew that I am half Dyak and you trusted me to find out what their plan of attack was, and you had just been warned against me. You are not much inclined to take advice, even from the captain of your schooner, and you are a brave man, though you are much younger than me. Ali told me, when you sent him to my village to seek boats and crews, about your shooting and fighting in Africa, and how just you were to the natives after you licked them. My uncles came with me to look you over and it was they who advised me to accompany you on your trip. I was talking about you to my uncles when your Singapore boys heard me. You had said you were going to Borneo and China, and I told my uncles that I was going to try and get you to take me with you. Ali is the same religion as I and he should have known that a Mahommedan would never injure the man who had saved his life. You saved my life from the tiger in Sumatra and from that day my life belonged to you. If I can ever pay that debt with my life, I will do so willingly.'

I told him that he had more than paid me when he dodged the Dutch officer.

'What do you really want?' I asked him. 'You talk of avenging your father; to do that you want arms. Why have you not tried some of the traders there, men who would bring you rifles and ammunition if you paid them?'

Yes, he wanted arms and ammunition, but he would not ask me to run the risk of getting them for him. If the Dutch caught a man dealing in arms with the natives they would clap him in jail, and keep him there for years. I told him I did not give a hang for the Dutch, or even for the British. I would have sold him arms if I was dealing in them, but he had seen what I came to different countries for. I came to collect specimens. But when this trip was finished I would let him have what guns and ammunition I had on the schooner at Singapore and buy others, and would make him a present of the 12 bore he carried for me. I had three others by the same maker and would not miss it. I only had two 8 bores and required them. I could not be sure of getting others until I returned to India. I would have taken him back to Sumatra, if I was running the schooner myself, but could not ask my men to take the risk of gun running in Dutch territory. I said that if he had told me in Sumatra what he had told me that day, I would have let him have the guns there. He said he did not tell me then because of the Dutch officer. We were lucky to get to the mouth of the Siak when we did ; we missed a Dutch gun boat by about ten days. He had five sea going junks on the Siak, and had told his uncles that he was returning to Singapore with me, and they would have a junk waiting at Singapore for him, and if I handed over the guns at Singapore, he could get them to the Siak. I told him I would do so, and thought I could manage four or five hundred caps and bullets for each rifle, and powder to throw that number of bullets. He asked me to accept the pearls and the bag containing the other pearls and jewels. I told him I would consider the rifles paid for with the two pink pearls. He would not agree to that and begged me to take the bag, saying he had got them from his father, and they were enabling him to avenge the wrong done to his father. He promised me that the guns would not be used against any white man, unless he got licked and they fell into the hands of the Dyaks that licked him. He handed me the bag of gems and pearls before we returned to camp.

## BACK TO THE COAST

I took it easy on my trek back to the river. The chief accompanied me and through Foh I learned quite a lot about the Dutch rule in the east. I have heard yarns of cruelty to natives about the Belgian officials in the Congo, and the Germans in East Africa, the Dutch in South Africa, etc. and I have witnessed a few things in our own portions of the globe. I do not think there is much to choose. The early treatment dished out to savages by all the nations was very much alike, and in my own opinion the parts of the world I am writing about would have been much better to-day if this same treatment had been continued. I do not mean that the savages should have been cruelly treated and made slaves of, but with firmness and justice they could have been brought to know that they were servants of the white man and had to obey his orders. They ought to have been kept in that position. Also their chiefs should have been allowed enough power to treat certain crimes and try civil cases, and the right to refuse our missionaries if they did not want their teachings. But this is not the case. I have heard chiefs blackguarding the mission teachers and their schools or churches, and asked them why they did not refuse permission for the schools being built. The answer was always the same 'a opa Boma,'—I am afraid of the Bwana in the Boma, *i.e.*, the Native Commissioner. The settlers are finding it difficult to obtain native labour, and when it is obtainable wages are such that many of the settlers are unable to pay for what they require.

There is very little to record of my journey down river to the coast. I paid off the Malay carriers before Ali got back with the boat. The schooner was not there when Ali left to bring the boats back to me. On the way down I added to my orchid collection, killed two tapir, three or four deer, two crocs, and a number of edible birds. I arrived at the coast two or three days before Ferguson got there to pick me up. He had been chased by some junks, and had run out into the China

Sea until he lost them, then had hit the coast on the south end of the island and run up until he saw my smoke signals. I went on board that day and left Ali to see to the loading of the goods. Foh, at his own request, stayed with Ali. Da Silva went on board with me.

While Ali was getting the collection on board, I swapped yarns with the Captain and afterguard. Ferguson had not done so well as on his first trading trip. He had traded a few pearls, some gold dust, shell, spices and other native products that I could get a good market for at Hong Kong or Singapore. There was still a quantity of my original truck in the holds. I told him that I was finished with Borneo so far as collecting trophies went, and thought I would land on the China coast and try and get a few things there. I particularly wanted a couple of long haired tigers. Ferguson said there were risks to be run. He had got clear of the junks that had chased him, but there were gangs of pirates all along the China coast, and I stood a good chance of losing the ship and cargo. I proposed that we ran into Hong Kong to dispose of part of the cargo, and then ran the schooner in ballast while I was working the China coast. I would not want to go far inland, and if I did get what I required, I would only want to stay on the coast for a few weeks.

Ferguson said the risk was too great. He said it would be cheaper and wiser for me to take a passage in some coaster and get what I wanted. I asked Charlie Harris what ailed the skipper. Charlie thought the old man had the wind up because the junks had chased him. I asked him if he thought the junks were really pirate craft. He said there was no doubt of it. They got very close at one time, and he counted scores of Chinese and Malays on board of one. Why did they not fire on the schooner, I asked him. He told me that the junks did not carry any cannon, they used rifles, kris and pistols. They had heard of three schooners that had been captured and burned by these pirates during the last year. 'Ferguson has a nice cheque to draw,' he said, 'and he will not take the risk if he can get out of doing so.' I told him I would go into

accounts with the skipper as soon as we got the hook up, and then the four of us could talk the matter over.

#### PIRATES

We got away that day and in the evening I looked through Ferguson's accounts. Making a rough calculation, there would be about two thousand to two thousand three hundred pounds profit on the trading done during the seven months Ferguson had been running the schooner trading round the islands, making roughly three hundred pounds each. I talked to the three and offered to pay them three hundred of their wages, and they could have the cheques at Hong Kong. I offered them double wages for the time we would be laying off the coast of China. They agreed to this. Ferguson asked me how I had got on with Foh, and I told him I never wished to have a better gun bearer and a more trustworthy servant.

Ferguson did not like Foh. I did not mention the deal I had made with him. It had nothing to do with Ferguson and the mate and supercargo. I only agreed to give them equal shares in the profits they made, and that over and above their wages was a good thing for all three of them. Ferguson hated the China Sea, not so much for weather conditions, for he was a good seaman, but he dreaded Chinese and Dyak pirates. I asked him to give me a list of what arms and ammunition he had bought at Singapore, and the prices paid for them. I had settled the bill, but he had dealt with one firm only and I had no idea of what the price of the different articles were. He had bought eighty rifles and eight hundred pounds of powder, ten thousand bullets and one dozen cases of caps. The lot had cost me a few pounds under seven hundred. I looked at the rifles ; they were all very good as rifles went in those days. I told Ferguson he had better open all the cases, and I would see the rifles were ready for use if we required them.

The day after we got started, it fell calm and we were not making much headway ; we were only a few miles from the

coast. The skipper hardly left the deck. I was busy with the rifles, and had all my askari oiling and cleaning them. Fraser was helping me and we were yarning about my trip inland. I was telling him about the large apes that the natives said stole women and took them away into the forests, and the women were never seen again. I told him that the two pointed out to me were orang-outang ; Fraser said it was a common yarn along these islands, and the natives all believed that there were wild men in the forests of Borneo.

Ferguson called me and handed me his glass, and asked me what I thought of the three junks that were laying nearer the coast to the north of us. I could not make out any craft and told him so. He called Harris and Fraser and put the same question to them, but they could not make out any boats either. Ferguson said he had seen three junks, and they had their sweeps out and were coming down the coast from the north. I looked again and could only make out the mangroves and trees. Ferguson had another look and admitted that he could not locate them, but he swore he had seen them just before he called me. Fraser said he thought the skipper had really seen the junks. I began to think that Ferguson would not shape very well if we did meet these junks that had tried to overhaul him a few days before he picked me up.

While we were down at tiffin the watch reported junks coming out from the coast. Ferguson went up and soon after called down to me that there were three boats bearing down on us, and they were using their sweeps. I went on deck, and sure enough there were three large boats on their way to visit us. They were about seven miles to the north west of us. I could not make out what they were, but Ferguson and Harris said they were junks, and they believed they were the same three that chased the schooner when they were on their way to take me off the island.

I looked through the glass, and said they did not strike me as being large enough for junks. Harris said they were a good few miles away ; they would surprise me when I saw them at close range. I had just made out another three,

nearer the coast, and said so. 'These are fishing boats,' I told Ferguson. 'There are seven.'

Ferguson took another look and said he could make out the other three, but he still said they were junks and in his opinion they were pirates.

I gave orders to my askari to load the rifles. I told the skipper that if we did not need them I could draw the charges, or I could have a bit of practice when the rifles were loaded. I told Foh to have a look and see what he thought the boats were and to report direct to me. Foh did not take to Ferguson. He came to me and said his opinion was that the boats were Dyak pirates and probably they were the clan of which his father had been chief. They were not Chinese, of that he was positive. I told this to Ferguson. He asked me what I was going to do. I told him I was going to knock those seven boats into a cocked hat. I asked him what there was we could do but fight; there was not any chance of getting away unless we got a slant of wind before the boats came alongside.

'They will come alongside, you can bet on that,' he told me, 'and,' says he, 'I believe you are glad there is going to be a scrap.' I told him I would rather get some wind and get away. 'There is no hope of that until the sun goes down,' he said.

'Right oh, let us get ready to give these chaps a surprise,' I answered. 'They do not know that I am on board. They will think there is only the crew, whereas I have the whole of my crowd on board.'

I asked Ferguson what his orders were. He said he was taking orders if there was a fight. 'I am under your orders until I get the clothes on her, so get ahead and make your own arrangements,' I asked him how long it would take for the boats to get within range. He did not know what I called in range; they would have to be right on board before he would be able to hit a man. But they will be alongside in two hours if the wind holds off that long. I asked him how many men he had. If it was the crew I was talking about, they mustered, including cook and steward, thirty-one. Including my Singa-

pore boys, I mustered thirty-three. I asked him if any of his lascars could use a rifle. He did not know, he had shipped them at Singapore, when he took the schooner to Zanzibar. 'Cheer up,' I told him, 'we have sixty-five men and four of us to boss them up.'

I asked Harris to muster his men. I was O.K. here; they all understood Hindustanee. I asked them if any had served in India. Sixteen had, but the others had never handled a rifle. I served out rifles to the old soldiers, and told Da Silva to give the others a kris each, and to unpack all the arrows we had captured in Borneo. Harris said there were two cases of cutlasses in the chart house. I told him to serve them out. I told the crew that the captain had given the defence of the ship to me, and that if the boats approaching were pirates, we would have to fight to a finish. I would give one thousand rupees to the wife of any of them who were permanently disabled, and the same arrangement to the widows of any that lost their lives. They were fighting if we were attacked not only to protect my property, but for their own lives. The Dyaks collected heads and never gave quarter, so it was up to them to fight to a finish.

#### THE SEA-FIGHT

By this time four of the boats were within a mile of the schooner, and were waiting for the three which were nearly a mile and a half from them. I ordered our men to keep under cover and not show themselves all together. I did not want the Dyaks to know what they were up against. I ordered the cook to have every pot he could muster filled with sea water, and to see that he kept the water boiling. I thought this would be of use if the Dyaks did get right long side, but as it turned out we had no time to use the water. I told the skipper and Harris and Fraser what my plans were, and asked them if they could think of a better means of defence. They were all satisfied with the plans I had made. The skipper would look after the men who could not use a rifle, Harris would have a



shift of riflemen, also Fraser, and I would have my own men. I would do the shooting at long range once we were sure these boats were going to attack us. Harris and Fraser would load my rifles for me.

When the boats were five hundred yards away, the skipper hailed them. Their answer was a volley. There were between twenty and twenty-five men in each boat. These were not the dhows that had chased the schooner. They were Dyak pirate boats, and they only raided along the coast. I started shooting when the leading boat was four hundred yards away, and emptied my rifles half a dozen times before the askari opened. Three of the boats pulled right up to the schooner, and it was hot work keeping the beggars from getting on board. We were having quite an easy job ; our shooting was good and I thought the Dyaks had given up, but they only drew off to enable them to cram into three of their boats. These came on with a rush. I shot quickly and always had a rifle handed to me as I finished one. The askari volleyed in squads and made good shooting, but the last rush reached us and nearly fifty of the Dyaks boarded us.

There was some sharp give and take with kris, cutlass and iron bar. I was holding the port side, and two boats grappled on this side ; it was a case of cut and thrust. Over twenty gained the deck, but only to be knocked on the head. I saw Harris having a rough time. I yelled to Ali and Foh to follow me and only arrived in the nick of time to save Harris from being thrown over the side. I used my Colts for the first time since the fight started. Harris had his back to the bulwarks and six or eight Dyaks were trying to cut him down. I saw him throw his empty gun at one chap. He had knocked the stock off his rifle and had emptied his revolver, and it was this I saw him throw at a Dyak. I emptied my Colts and the ship was soon clear in this part. The skipper was busy aft near the companion hatch. We went to his assistance, but the Dyaks had had enough when they saw us coming. They went down over the side, and the decks were clear of the pirates.

I was walking towards the skipper when I felt a blow land on my head, and remembered nothing else. I woke up with a terrible headache and a burning thirst. I was laying in my bunk and I could hear the water rushing past the sides of the ship. I tried to get up and was awfully sick. I lay back and tried to think, but fell off to sleep. Next time I woke Ali was standing near my bunk. I lay looking at him, and as soon as he saw I was awake he came over and bent over me. He took a compress off my head and replaced it with another. My head was still aching. I tried to ask him a question but my throat was too dry. He saw what was the matter and brought me a drink. I could hardly swallow the soup he placed to my lips. I lay a while and must have gone to sleep again. Next time I woke Harris was in my cabin. He brought me a drink as soon as he saw me open my eyes. He put some soup to my lips, and when he saw I had difficulty swallowing it he fed it to me with a spoon. My head was still throbbing but I felt stronger and not so sick. My eyes were better too. I could see quite well. I asked Harris what the devil was the matter with me.

He said I had been knocked on the head by a Dyak who had been laying on the deck shamming dead. When I passed him on my rush to help Ferguson, this chap had risen behind me and banged me on the head with a club. Ali who was a few steps behind me had cut the head clean off this Dyak. Ferguson and Harris told me that the Dyak's head hit the deck before his body fell. They had never seen such a powerful stroke. Ferguson said it seemed as easy for Ali to cut this Dyak's head off as it would have been for him to cut the head of a thistle. I asked Harris how the fight went after I got bowled. He said the fight was over ; the last two blows struck were the blow that bowled me and the one Ali made when he snipped off the Dyak's head. I enquired about the wounded. He said twenty-seven of our chaps had been cut a bit and three had been killed, but none of the wounded were bad. Fraser and the skipper had managed to attend to them. He himself had two or three cuts, but nothing to grouse about.

The skipper and Fraser had escaped without a scratch. The skipper was quite bucked up, and was full of fight. He would not care a rap if the three junks appeared, he would wait for them and fight them to a finish. I asked him what time it was. He said nearly morning, and the skipper wanted to know if I would put into Hong Kong or go right up to Singapore.

I told him I would let him know in a day or two, I felt too queer to go into that matter then. Harris said I would have to let him know at once; if I was calling at Hong Kong, I would be able to go ashore that morning. I asked him what he meant, and he told me I had been laying in my bunk for twelve days, and the skipper was making for Hong Kong to get me to a doctor. They had all thought I was going to peg out.

What really happened at the finish of that scrap I never found out. The afterguard all said that I had received the last blow, and Da Silva, Ali and Foh said the same. Except for the three lascars who had been killed, I had been the worst hurt of any. When I did get about again, which was sixteen days after the fight, I saw that most of the wounded were back at their work. Ferguson, Harris and Frazer tried to clap me on the back and give me the credit of saving the ship. But this was not so. So far as I saw of the fight, every man, black and white, was doing his bit, and doing it as if it was all in a day's work. None of them lost his head, and to see the way they handled their men one would have thought they were brought up to the work. Ferguson told me that he was sorry he had doubted Foh. He saw Foh fighting, and would be very glad if I could get Foh to stop on the schooner, saying that he would pay him thirty dollars a month on top of his wages. I told him Foh would not work on the schooner because he wanted to go to the Straits Settlements and buy land and settle. I did not tell him that the reason Foh fought so well was because he was fighting with the clan who had injured his father.

This, however, was the case. Foh had come to see me several times after I came to, and was keeping in my berth. He told

me that these Dyaks were the same clan who had treated his father so badly. He said that almost every fighting man of the clan had been present when they attacked my schooner, and that the one Ali had decapitated was head of the clan. He was going to have an easy job to finish what he had promised his father he would.

I would rather have one of these chaps a friend than have him my enemy ! I asked Foh if he did not think he had avenged his dad. He admitted that more than half of the clan had been wiped out, and he had taken his part in the wipe out. But no, he would wipe out the whole clan, kill all the males and capture and make slaves of the women and girls. I told him he would not be able to keep slaves in the Straits Settlements ; the British would not allow him to do so. He said the women would not have a chance to see any British officers and after they had been with his people a time, and had taken husbands, they would not consider themselves slaves and would be quite contented.

I do not know if Foh ever got through with his contract. I fancy he would manage it ; he was a good man in a scrap, and he had intelligence and cunning. He could act for himself when he was cornered, and was a very determined chap.

#### HONG-KONG

We put in at Hong-Kong. I did not see a doctor and warned our chaps to say nothing about my shooting trips. Ferguson reported the attack on the schooner, and brought two or three Chinese merchants on board to see me. He showed me a list of what he had traded, and the cost and the price he was offered for the stuff. Fraser, who had been at the job several years, told me the prices offered were A.1. I told Ferguson to do as he wished. They had better work together and not study me. So long as I got the price of my goods and a bit of profit after paying expenses of schooner and wear and tear, I was contented. He sold everything they had traded. I told him to have the gold dust, pearls and gold and silver work valued, and I would

take it over at the price offered, and gave him a free hand to buy a fresh lot of trade goods.

I told one of the Chinese merchants I was going along the coast for a shoot, and asked him to try and secure a couple of boys who knew the coast. I specially wanted to kill a few long haired tigers. Several Chinese offered their services and eventually I engaged a boy named Nam Wong, who said he knew the coast as far as Ning Po. He told me I would get good shooting at Foo Chow, Amoy and Ning Po.

Ferguson finished disposing of the cargo, and we went into accounts. After deducting price of trade goods and cost of running the schooner, there was a profit of roughly eleven hundred and eighty pounds. I gave Ferguson, Harris and Fraser three hundred each, and paid them their wages up to the end of the current month. Ferguson said he would rather wait until we returned to Singapore before laying in a fresh lot of trade goods. He could get a cargo for up the coast, and asked me if I was willing to take on cargo. I told him he could do as he liked so long as it did not interfere with my shooting. I would not be going inland as I had done at Borneo and Sumatra, but only thirty or forty miles, and would want the schooner to wait for me at each place I went on shore. Nam Wong said he could take me to tiger country within twenty miles from the coast up as far as Ning Po. I would only take a few men each trip I took, and hoped to be back from each of these trips within three or four days of leaving the schooner. He said he could arrange for me to do this, and would start loading a cargo at once.

I went on shore once or twice. Hong Kong did not appeal to me. I would say the island was not a health resort for Europeans. 'The Island of Fragrant Streams'—the fragrance of most of them resembles that of a sewer.

Nothing very exciting happened on my trip up the China coast, though I bagged a very fine specimen of the long haired tiger near Foo Chow. I had to sack Nam Wong; he was a chancer and knew no more about the coast than I did. We came back to Hong-Kong, and lay there until the cargo was discharged.

## FOH'S DEPARTURE

I was asked to take a cargo to Singapore, and told the merchant to see Ferguson. I had nothing to do with the working of the schooner. Ferguson told me he could get a contract to deliver cargo at Penang, Singapore and other Straits ports, and he could be sure of a two years' supply at good prices. He asked me what my plans were for the near future. I told him I expected to return to India from Singapore. I had been away from India since 1872. He could make his own arrangements for one and a half or two years, but not in the way of a charter on the schooner. I might want the schooner at any time, and wanted him to be in a position that would enable him to pick me up at any old time he got a message from me. He was to hold himself in readiness to sail for any port I happened to be at when he got my message. I wanted him if possible to arrange that he would call at Singapore every three months. I thought the best plan would be for him to take a cargo here for Singapore, and then if Harris and Fraser agreed they could sign on to trade for me for two years. I would supply the capital and they would trade about the islands, and so arrange their trips that they would call at Singapore every three months. Our old agreement would terminate when we arrived at Singapore, and I would draw up a fresh agreement, and allow them to share half of the profits and pay them the wages current in these parts of the world. I had my agents at Singapore and they could deal with them for any trade truck they required. I wanted to hurry back to Singapore and get my trophies shipped to my Calcutta agents.

Six days after putting in here, Ferguson reported all ready for our run to Singapore and enquired if I wished to touch at any of the islands. I did not, and we made Singapore after a very fine passage which lasted twenty-two days. I had several talks with Foh, and tried to put him off his trip to Borneo to scrap with the Dyaks. He would not budge; he

had promised his father to wipe out that clan and was going to keep his promise. He thought that he would have an easy job, and after it was jobbed, he and his family would be able to settle down. He pointed out a large dhow as we were running up the harbour and told me that that was one of his five, and his uncles would be on board. I told him to go on board and make his preparations to take over the arms and ammunition I had promised him. That night I told Ferguson I was going to send all my arms and ammunition over to Sumatra. There was a dhow in the harbour ready to make the transfer for me. Ferguson did not ask me any questions as to what I was going to do on Sumatra. But I think he knew I was supplying the arms to Foh. He said that once the arms and ammunition were off the schooner, he could not be held responsible by the authorities.

That same night two boats came long side, and Foh slipped over the side of the schooner and I handed eighty rifles and the ammunition to him. Two of his uncles came on board. Each of them presented me with some fine pearls, and I presented them with two good rifles and ammunition. I said farewell to Foh and them, and was very sorry to lose Foh. They got safely away with their cargo, otherwise I would have heard about their capture.

#### BULLY HAYES

I went on shore to see my agents and arranged for the shipment of my collection to Calcutta. I did not go to an hotel but returned every night and slept on the schooner. Three days after we arrived at Singapore I heard there was going to be a public execution of four Chinese. I had never seen an execution, except those I had ordered myself. I asked Ferguson if he would accompany me to witness this one. He was too busy so I got Harris to go with me. One of the three always accompanied me if I went on shore in the evening.

The execution was not very impressive. The four Chinese stood on a plank under a beam to which the ropes were

fastened. The plank was knocked from under their feet, and they crossed the barrier together. I expected to see something more spectacular, and to witness large crowds of natives. There was a very small gathering to witness the show. I had a far larger crowd to witness the execution of the first witch doctor I hanged in Africa. I noticed one man who seemed to enjoy the sight and pointed him out to Harris, and remarked that he seemed to enjoy looking at the four Chinamen swinging.

'Yes,' says Harris, 'that is Bully Hayes, the owner of the *Mahami* schooner that is laying half a mile from us. He is a regular hard case and has hanged and shot many a Chinese, Malay and Kanaka, and if one can believe all one hears he has killed many a white man in the South Seas. Hayes is the pirate and buccaneer of the islands. He is a bad lot and people say he would hang his own brother if he could get a patch of shell by doing so.'

'Do you know him?' I asked Harris.

'Yes, I have spoken to him when I have met him here and round the Solomons and other parts of the South Seas.'

I asked him to introduce me. He refused to do this, saying he would not introduce his worst enemy to Bully Hayes. I took a fancy to Hayes and made up my mind to get to know him if I could. I told Harris that I would go out and visit the *Mahami*. Harris told me to cut it out. 'You will only see the two mates,' he said 'Hayes is having a carouse, and it will last for several weeks. He always leaves the schooner to the mates until he has had his spree.'

I told my agents that I was leaving Captain Ferguson to take charge of the schooner and trading, and would draw up an agreement which would enable him to dispose of the cargo he traded and buy trading goods; that he would account to them after every trip and hand over to them my share in the ventures. The agreement was drawn up, signed and witnessed, and I advanced a further two thousand pounds to obtain the necessary trade truck. I had the schooner overhauled and saw that everything necessary for her upkeep for two years was sent on board.

Two nights before she was ready for sea I met Hayes. The



meeting was very abrupt. I was walking down to the docks to go on board when I saw four or five Chinese attacking a white man. They had knocked him out and were robbing him before I was able to do anything. I got in a blow or two before they saw me, and then they turned on me. I could see that I would have to shoot and fired at one who was coming at me with a kris. Three shots were all I fired, when those chaps turned tail. I examined the man they knocked out and was surprised to see it was Bully Hayes.

I did what I could for him. He had a nasty cut on his head which I bandaged with his own and my handkerchiefs. I soon saw he was not hurt seriously ; he had been knocked out with one blow. I had to stay with him until he recovered. I could not leave him to seek assistance as there was a chance of the Chinese returning and finishing their job. I knew that three of them carried my lead. I had not shot to kill and I guessed I had placed my shots where I had intended to.

It was nearly daylight before Hayes came to, and soon after I helped him to get on his feet. He did not remember getting knocked down, and he had seen nothing of the chaps who had knocked him out. I told him I saw him being robbed, and had knocked down one of his assailants and had winged three others, but they had all got away. I had expected some one to turn up after I had fired, but during the four or five hours I had sat by him no one had passed. He thanked me and said there was no likelihood of any one turning up in this part of Singapore, the police gave these parts a wide berth during the dark hours, and he wanted to know what I was doing out alone in Singapore. I was a stranger, was I not ? I told him I had been ashore here several times and that this was my fourth trip to the island. I always had the skipper, mate or supercargo with me as a rule, but for the last few nights I had been doing the round of the town on my own. I did not think it necessary to tell him I had been doing so to try and get his acquaintance.

I asked him if he had been robbed. He had not ; he had made sure of that before he let me know he had recovered. He asked me if I had wounded any of the robbers seriously.

I said I had not fired to kill any of them, but I was sure that three of the robbers carried my lead. I had fired to wing them, and had hit every one I fired at in the right shoulder. I had seen them go off and every one I had fired at was holding his right arm. I saw how he had been struck down so easily. The Chinese had been hiding in an old shed and had struck him with something heavy when he had passed them. There was a good moon and one could see quite well. I had recognised him as soon as I saw his face.

#### SINGAPORE NIGHTS

Hayes was soon able to walk and asked me to accompany him to a place he knew of and have a drink. I went with him and he showed me the house and asked me to knock the people up. I banged on the door with the loaded end of my cane several times and got no answer. 'Let me show you,' he said. He gave several sharp taps at the door, and I was surprised to see the door open almost at once. I followed Hayes into the house. He opened a door and we passed through a room to another door. Hayes opened this door and we entered a room where about twenty Chinese and white men were gambling. Hayes led me to the end of the room and told me to be seated. He signed to a well dressed Chinaman and they talked in what I took for Malay. I could only understand a word here and there. Hayes seemed to be accusing the Chinese of doing something. After a few minutes a waiter came up with a bottle of whiskey and glasses. Hayes asked me to help myself. I told him I did not drink whiskey, and he told me to order what I fancied. I ordered a bottle of claret.

It was daylight by this time, and I told Hayes I was going on board. He asked me would I dine with him that night. I told him I would and he told me he would meet me at the docks at seven o'clock. I went on board. Ferguson was just starting off to seek me. He asked me where I had been and I told him having a night with Bully Hayes. 'Hayes is no good, and you will be wise to cut him out,' Ferguson told me. Ferguson

seemed to have about the same opinion of Hayes as did Harris. I told Ferguson how I had met Hayes and that I was dining with him that evening. I was warned not to have any dealings with Hayes. I asked Ferguson when he would be ready for sea, and he said not for a week or ten days.

That evening I went to meet Hayes, and he was on time. Except for the two head bandages, he looked quite fit. On our way to his quarters he told me that he had found out three of the men who had attacked him. They were set on by a rich Chinese merchant, who blamed Hayes for the loss of a schooner, and cargo of pearl shell, and a box of pearls. The schooner had left the islands for Singapore and had never been sighted since. Hayes had arrived at Singapore somewhere about the time this schooner was due, and he had brought in a cargo of shell and a parcel of pearls, and the merchant reckoned that Hayes had murdered the crew, scuttled the schooner and stolen the cargo.

'You shoot very well, don't you?' he asked me. I told him that that was one of the things I did do well and about the only thing I considered myself perfect at. He thought I had been ragging him when I said I had only shot at the chaps who had attacked him to disable them. He had found out that the three Chinese were disabled and had their right arms in slings. One of them, who had been his cook, admitted that they had attacked Hayes, and that the above-mentioned Chinese merchant had engaged them to do Hayes in. If they had finished him, they were to receive a thousand dollars each, 'and now I am going to make the blighter pay me,' said Hayes.

He took me to his diggings and gave me a good dinner. We got yarning and he told me a lot of his adventures; he had done everything from blackbirding to fighting for a bed of oysters. I told him I had just completed a three years' shoot in Africa, Sumatra, Borneo and China. He was tickled when I told him how I had fooled the Dutch officer on Sumatra, and interested in my African adventures. I told him I was returning to India, and that my next trip would take me to

Australia and the islands. He asked me what islands I was going to shoot on. I told him I thought of going through the Moluccas, Timor and New Guinea, and probably a part of Australia. When would I be making this trip? I told him in eighteen months. I had agreed to let my skipper use my schooner for that time, trading round the islands. He asked who was skipper of my schooner, and I was surprised to hear him say he did not know Ferguson. I asked him if he knew Harris, but he did not remember him.

We did the town that night, and I learned more about Singapore in the next two days than I had done in three visits to the island. Hayes invited me to share his quarters. I had my things sent on shore, and told Ali to bring his men and camp with them in the compound at the back of Hayes' place. Da Silva got quarters with a fellow countryman he had met. Hayes asked me what boat I was going to India in. I told him the first I could get. I had several tons of trophies that I was taking with me. Did I have agents in India? I told him I had. Would I care to have a pearling trip? I said I was not anxious to do so. Would I consider a trip with him? I said I would not mind having a trip with him, but I had been away from India more than three years. Did I have a house there? I had one at Serampore. Who was my partner? I had none. Who was looking after my house? My agent at Serampore. Why not make my trip to the islands now? He was going through the very parts I had mentioned, except New Guinea, 'and if you take my advice, you will cut New Guinea out of your programme,' he told me. I asked why cut it out? He said New Guinea was a bad place, very unhealthy and the natives were fair devils, cannibals to a man and head hunters.

Eventually Hayes talked me into going into partnership with him for one trip. I talked to Da Silva and the Indians. They all agreed to accompany me. They refused to draw their pay, but they took advances to get clothes and other kit. Ali I knew would only be too glad to accompany me. He considered himself my slave from the time I captured him in the Rufiji country. Ferguson and Harris did not like the idea of my

joining Hayes, and both of them swore that they would come and look for me if I was not back at Singapore in eighteen months. I told them I was only going as far as New Guinea with Hayes. I would only touch at Java, Banda and Timor, then at Darwin and Cook Town in Australia and go straight over to New Guinea.

#### PREPARATIONS

Ferguson had put off to the islands before I left Singapore. It took me three weeks to get ready for my trip to New Guinea. I agreed to give Hayes six hundred pounds for a half share in his schooner, and to put one thousand pounds worth of trade truck on board. Hayes was in fairly low funds at the time I met him.

I did not believe half of what I had been told about the island, still I painted it worse to my own people. I wanted them to understand what they were up against and give them a chance of backing out. Hayes agreed to take my party and he advised me to take more armed men than I proposed taking. He gave me advice and helped me to buy my goods, saying it was better for me to take articles that I might not use than to happen to want them and not have them. It was he who added two long cross cut and one pit saw to my stores, and he bought the two large boats I was going to use for river work. He looked through my list of stores and added several items to what I had purchased. When he failed to turn me against landing on New Guinea, no father could have been more careful to see that his son had proper equipment for a journey than Hayes was. He thought of things that I had not dreamed of, and which came in very useful to me on the island.

Ali bought cattle and sheep. These were slaughtered by my Indians, and preserved for use on the island. I warned Da Silva to be sure to take provisions enough to last him the trip. When we sailed from Singapore I had nearly seventy tons of stores on board. Just before we sailed Hayes asked me if I would finance him for a year's pearling trip. He would dive for pearls, and shell and also buy them. I asked him

how much he would require, and if he would require goods or cash. He named the amount, and he would want half goods and half cash. I visited my agents and asked them to get me a buyer for the jewels and pearls I had brought from Borneo. With half of the proceeds I obtained for those I was able to satisfy Hayes. He said he would double my money for me and make a very nice sum for himself. He asked me what it had cost me to finance my own venture with Ferguson, and said I had allowed more than would be necessary, and wished Ferguson luck.

Ferguson and his afterguard came to wish me good-bye before they sailed, and I heard him tell Hayes that they were coming to seek me if I was not back at Singapore. Hayes asked me what they had told me about him. I said Harris had told me he had met him several times, 'Yes,' he said, 'and he told you I was a pirate and no good, I bet the schooner on that.' I told Hayes that a rumour was a lying jade, and I took no notice of her. He had signed an agreement with me, and my agents had witnessed it. The agreement was registered here at the office and I was satisfied. Who or what he was was no concern of mine; he was my partner and I knew he would play cricket. He had the handling of the venture, let it rest at that.

#### PARADISE

Three weeks from the time I met Hayes we were on our way to Batavia. I had one day on shore. I did not like the town. There was very little to see that I had not seen at other towns on the islands and in Malaya. From there we ran to Bankalan, Madura. I sent Ali on shore with his men to give them a run round. They did not like being cooped up on the schooner. I had many yarns with Hayes, and Metcalf and Munroe, his afterguard, and heard of recruiting trips in the Solomons. Hayes always reminded me that the natives I would have to deal with on New Guinea were worse than any he had told me about. He tried his utmost to put me off my trip.

We ran on to Timor. I went ashore at Kupang, hired a

horse and went inland a few miles. The natives cultivated fair gardens. I saw maize, millet, sweet potatoes, yams, pumpkins, etc. The country is very hilly; some of the mountains must rise to over eleven thousand feet above sea level. Hayes bought a few pearls. One black pearl weighing about forty-five grains he gave me, telling me it was a luck gift, and remarked that I would want the devil's own luck to keep my head on my shoulders if I did go inland at New Guinea. We ran and went past a lot of islands. Twice Hayes at my suggestion put in and I gave my party a run on shore for a few hours.

At last we entered the Banda Sea and ran for Banda Neira. This group of islands is the best I saw on this trip. I will never forget the sights I witnessed there. The water was as clear as crystal, and the sea bottom could be seen through twenty feet of water. We passed through a narrow entrance into a beautiful little bay. There was no other ship in. A few native fishing craft, and dugouts paddled by natives was all the bay contained. I could see there was a wharf and buildings near it, and others to be seen on the side of the hill. The vegetation was very dense, and I could see houses peeping out of the foliage from terraces on the hill side, and the ruins of an old Dutch fort on the top of the hill. The whole place looked very picturesque. When we put in I could see that the wharf was very ancient. Old grey stone steps, that put one in mind of home, led down to the water. Quaint old houses lined the narrow streets, all heavily built. Some were roofed with tiles, some had sloping roofs and overhanging gables. A few houses were thatched. A medley of many races occupied these houses and the spice gardens; Arabs, Chinese, Malays and a few Indians, and blends of all these nations. There were very few Dutchmen left and the white blend was working back to colour. Banda must have seen some gay old times when the rich Dutch merchants lived there. When I was shooting through the spice gardens, I saw Corinthian pillars and marble floors; all that remained of the beautiful mansions that these old settlers lived in. I visited the old fort. Parts of it were still in good shape.

I killed a couple of deer, one pig and half a dozen opossums. There were numerous birds ; the finest I bagged was the fruit eating pigeon. This chap is dreaded by the men who own the nutmeg gardens. It has a powerful beak and can pierce the outer skin of the nutmeg, and damages a lot of fruit. The natives say that this bird is responsible for the wild nutmegs growing on the other islands. He carries the seed, and nutmegs grow where they were never seen in the early days. I saw a lot of nutmegs drying and being made ready for transport. They are covered with lime to preserve them from insects during transport. Cinnamon, vanilla and cloves are also grown, and all kinds of tropical fruits. I had some very fine custard apples, mangoes and pineapples while there.

Banda must have been a great place in the early days. The buildings, fort, and ruins of great mansions go to prove it. The labour was forced in those days, and even when I visited the islands the labour was forced to a great extent. I saw warehouses that would hold twenty times the amount of produce that was then being grown. On Sunday morning I heard the church bells ringing, and when I went on shore the streets were deserted. Later I saw the people returning from church. I could almost have thought I was in another part of the world. Gone were the half-naked natives ; they were togged out in all kinds of old time costumes, and most of them wore thick boots and carried heavy brass-bound bibles under their arms. They looked a different race altogether.

The spice gardens grow on terraces from one hundred to one thousand feet on the side of the hill. What I enjoyed most was to take a boat and let my man row me round the island. Leaning over the side I could see wonderful submarine gardens. The groupings were very beautiful ; one could almost think they had been done by artists. I could see clear to the bottom, shell sponges, patches of coral, sea weeds of many colours, submarine trees, lovely coloured flowers in bud and in full bloom. These were sea stars and their colours blended very well ; yellows, pinks, reds, blues and whites ; and swimming amongst and in and out of coral caves of pink, amber and white



were swarms of fishes, large and small, and of all colours of the rainbow. Jelly fish floated over these gardens, and the effect of these things combined gave the whole a lovely sparkling exquisite beauty. I never tired looking at these sea bottoms. I have seen many botanical gardens in many parts of the world, but nothing to compare to the sea bottoms at Banda. I think Banda would be a good place to finish a long life.

I bade good-bye to Banda with regret ; I would have liked to have made a longer stay there. Hayes asked me, would I like to go to New Guinea via Ceram and round the north west of the island and down through the islands on that side, or through the Banda sea, across the Gulf of Carpentaria, round Cape York and approach the island from the south east. He knew the Australian route best. I decided to go via Australia.

I was very seedy on this part of the trip and hardly left my berth for a couple of weeks. It took us nearly five weeks to finish the trip. We put in at Somerset, ran down to Cook Town and then right over to New Guinea. We touched at two islands. The natives on one of them were light coloured and had straight hair. Hayes told me that he had often traded on that island. The natives worshipped a school of sharks, and when a native pegged out the body was cast into the sea to feed the sharks. Awa was the name of the island. I could see the Sepik river some time before we reached the mouth of it and as we neared the coast the water changed from deep green to a dirty yellow. Hayes told me we had arrived, and for a whole night tried to persuade me to throw up my trip and accompany him. I told him I was determined to try my luck on New Guinea. No white man had been in these parts, and I wanted to be the first to shoot and prospect the upper Sepik. He promised to land my men and goods next day.

## EPISODE IV

NEW GUINEA, 1875-1876

### THE SEPIK RIVER

My partner Captain Hayes, better known in the South Seas as Bully Hayes, had dropped anchor here four days ago. The last of my stores had been landed and my boat was long side to put me ashore. Including Da Silva, my taxidermist, my party numbered forty-nine. I had brought arms to arm more than double this number. Hayes and his afterguard, Metcalf and Munroe, had tried to get me to abandon my trip. They had told me all sorts of yarns about the natives and how deadly the country was. But I was determined to land and make a collection of birds, reptiles, and any game the island contained, and do some prospecting for gold.

'You are a damned fool,' said Hayes, 'but I will put in here one year from to-day. Your share of this venture I am on will be safe. But honestly, I do not expect to see you or your Indians again. Boss up the boy I have given you and you will find him very useful. He knows the language, so you will, if you do not lose your life, be able to understand the natives. And mind I have not been drawing the long bow; the natives are devils.' These were his last words to me.

To remain where I was for long was impossible. Our camp was on the banks, if the mud could be called banks, of a creek flowing into the Sepik river. The place was surrounded by mangrove swamps. It teemed with life. Flocks of birds of many colours and sizes, butterflies of many colours and shapes, flitted from plant to plant. Crocs, lizards, snakes, crabs and other reptiles crawled, squirmed and glided amongst the roots of the mangrove and on the branches, or basked on the mud

banks. Leeches became a nuisance. If we came into contact with the foliage of the trees overhanging the banks of the river, they made a landing on our clothes, and from there found their way to different parts of our bodies, and the wounds left when they were pulled off became painful. Mosquitoes attacked and fed on us day and night and made life miserable. The whole country round camp was gloomy and forbidding. The mud and rotting vegetation exuded unpleasant aromas and mists that were unhealthy and depressing, and gave one a feeling of impending disaster. There was something else about the Sepik that I had not noticed elsewhere. Several of my men had heard the sound of drums during the nights. Ali and Da Silva also told me they thought they had heard the drums. I had not heard them myself, though I did not sleep very soundly; the mosquitoes made sleep impossible when they managed to get inside my net.

I had been up river about ten miles and had seen no sign of habitation. But the vegetation was very dense and I found out later that most of the villages were hidden away in the dense scrub at a distance from rivers and creeks. It struck me that if I wished to keep my men in their then cheery and healthy state, I would have to make a move.

Da Silva had started work as soon as he landed, and was busy preserving birds, reptiles, butterflies, and even fish. The mangrove fish is worthy of mention. Those chaps might easily be called the jumping fish. They skip about on their front fins which are bent like elbows. They can climb over roots and keep their goggle eyed heads raised, and judging by the time they keep their heads raised above water, must be able to breathe through their tails.

Ali was kept busy getting goods made up into portable loads, and sorting out rations, arms and ammunition. Some of the men went out in the boat catching fish with our drag nets, others went after game, and although every hunt after game had been abortive and our only fresh flesh was birds, they were all in the best of health and spirits.

I was at work mounting a swivel gun on each of our boats.

Hayes had made me a present of the swivels, telling me that he had found them useful when he sent his boats in to trade on the islands. He used them on what he called his covering boats. The covering boats lay off ready to assist those that had been beached, should the natives attack them.

I picked thirty men and Hayes' boy to accompany me, and as was always my custom told them to expect trouble and how to act when trouble came our way. Loading the boats with stores, I left Ali and Da Silva in charge, and proceeded up river to look for higher country to build my base camp.

#### A FORETASTE OF TROUBLE

It was easy going while the tide served, but very hard work when the tide turned. The country was flat and banks of the river low ; vegetation was dense, very much the same as on the rivers of Sumatra and Borneo. The progress became so slow that at last I decided to make camp round the next bend. But when we rounded the bend we ran into seven dugouts crowded with the ugliest brutes of naked natives I had ever seen. As soon as they saw us they started to yell and make for our boats. They outnumbered us at least two to one and were armed with spears and bows, and a number of them had queer shaped shields.

There was no need for me to tell my men what was expected of them. They had scrapped too often for me, and knew my ways. The way they acted in this first run in, in New Guinea, would have made an onlooker think they had been drilled specially for it. At about sixty yards, and when I saw the cannibals getting ready to use their bows, I gave the signal. Both swivels raked the canoes with buck shot, and my chaps volleyed with muskets loaded with slugs.

The natives could not have heard firearms discharged before. At the first volley all of those able to do so abandoned their canoes and jumped yelling into the river. I made up my mind at once to try and account for the whole force, and gave orders for my men to shoot to kill. Some seemed to sink and not

come up again. Probably the crocs got them ; I do not think any of them reached the bank of the river. Had there been twice the number, and I could have done it, I would have killed them all. They were undoubtedly the ugliest and wickedest lot of natives I had ever seen. I ordered my men to recover the dugouts, a task easily performed. After throwing dead bodies into the river and cleaning out the dugouts, we returned back down river to Da Silva and Ali, taking the dugouts with us.

The New Guinea cannibals had tackled us and we had won the toss. Also the means of transporting our party and goods. A couple of days later saw my whole party on its way up river with most of our stores. What stores the boats and dugouts failed to take were packed on a strong platform built on the bank of the creek flowing into the Sepik, well away from the bank, well hidden in the dense bush, and well covered to protect it from rain. All my party were in good spirits. I felt better now I had got started. But I still had a feeling that was new to me. I felt that I was up against something entirely different from what I had been up against previous to then.

#### PIGMIES

It was fully fifty miles up that we found the first village, and only found it when we captured a small dugout with three natives in it. These natives were very short of stature, the tallest only measured five feet three. They were filthy, ugly little devils. The boy Hayes had loaned me could talk to them, and through him I found out about the village. I tied these three natives up and they acted as guides. They said there was a great sickness at their village, that a number of them had died. I took twenty of my men, leaving Ali in charge of the fleet. Had we not have captured these natives we would never have found their village. They took us along several paths ; one path would peter out and they would cross the bush and pick up another path. This happened three times before we reached the village.

I sent one of the guides forward to let his chief know we were friendly, and that I would do anything I could for the sick natives. Hayes' boy explained this to the guide. We came to the village, and I found that the natives were suffering from dysentery. It was a queer place. All the huts were built on piles, and the natives had to climb a ladder to reach them. The huts were scattered, and the village covered quite a few acres of the bush. They were built in two storeys, with a platform underneath the hut, and a ladder leading from the hut to the platform. They were a filthy lot, and more than two thirds of them suffering from dysentery, and unable to get about. In all there were about three hundred and eighty men and youths, the remainder women and children. The women were even shorter than the men; the tallest did not stand more than four feet ten inches, or five feet in height. They were dressed in kilts made from the bark of the sago palm.

I sent back to the boats, ordering Ali to look out a high place and make a camp, and send my medicine chest, tent and kit along. I made up my mind to stay with this crowd until I had beaten the dysentery. This turned out a good move on my part. I only lost nine cases, women and children, and in three weeks had all the rest on their feet.

These people used stone axes and knives, and seemed to take great care of their stone implements. I found out after that making a good axe or knife took weeks and sometimes months of time and work.

Their food consisted of sago, yams and bread fruit. Also fish and birds when they could shoot or trap them. They used bows and arrows, the arrows tipped with bone; also spears. Some of the spears had flint blades, but most of them had bone blades.

There was a devil devil house, and a platform. The platform I heard later was called the Sing Sing Platform. They had an idol in the devil devil house, made of reeds, about four feet high. This was covered with clay, and there was a human skull with a clay mask, very much like the face of boar, covering it, with boar tusks and crocodile teeth. The eyes were made of

mother of pearl, and the edges of the frame were fringed with plumes of cassowary and birds of paradise. There were a few human skulls and crocodile skulls in the devil devil house, and seven or eight drums, some long and some short. I saw lots of these houses later, and always set fire to them. I hated the looks of the wretched things.

After I became friendly with this crowd, I learned of several other villages and sent presents to the chiefs, asking them to visit me at my camp. I had shifted from the village to my camp as soon as I had the dysentery well in hand.

#### CANNIBALS

Three of the chiefs came in to my camp, and I managed to get altogether sixty carriers from these people. I started from these villages with fourteen dugouts and two whale boats to go further up the Sepik.

The first day after leaving the Pigmies, we had to scrap a party of head hunters on the river. They did not get near enough to do any harm. We opened with our rifles, and I did not think the report of a rifle could terrify people as these people were scared. They simply left their dugouts, swam to the bank of the river, and disappeared into the dense bush. It was hopeless to try and follow them.

I saw numbers of crocs on the sand banks, yet I did not notice any of the natives dragged under when they jumped out of their dugouts and swam for the bank.

I went up the river about one hundred and eighty or two hundred miles, then hid the dugouts and boats in a small river running into the Sepik, and started with the carriers to try and cross the island to the other coast.

Two days from the river I sent four of my men out to try and shoot meat for the carriers. One returned with a spear wound in his arm, and reported that the other three had been wounded and captured by a large party of natives. The boy loaned me by Hayes questioned the carriers and discovered that there was a large tribe of cannibals living in this part of

the island. Leaving Ali and fourteen of my men to guard the camp, I went forward with forty carriers and thirty-two of my own men, to look for the people who had captured my men. It was a nasty job ; we had a lot of cutting to do through the bush and undergrowth, and had to camp in the thick bush that night. I did not enjoy that trip, Snakes, scorpions and centipedes were very plentiful, and mosquitoes swarmed. I killed two snakes and several scorpions in my tent. I was giving quinine to my own people and taking heavy doses myself. I expected to see some of my Indians go down with fever, but up to the present time none had suffered. The heat was terrific during the day, and the work of cutting a path in some places very hard.

The following morning we came on a path leading up a ridge and followed it for about two miles, when we heard natives beating drums and kicking up an awful row. I took three men and went forward. I saw the village through the bush, which was more open on this ridge, and also saw that there was a dance in progress.

Returning to my men, I sent one half under Da Silva to attack the village from the other side. After giving Da Silva time to get round to his position, I rushed the village from my side, firing as we charged. These people put up a good fight and several of my carriers went down and some of my Indians stopped arrows. I had one or two narrow shaves, two arrows lodged in my shirt and one knocked off my hat. I heard Da Silva shooting on the other side of the village, and saw some of the natives who were resisting us clear out. We had some close up fighting after that, and then it was a hut to hut fight. The natives seemed to lose their heads and cleared into their huts. The fight was won after about one and a half hours from the time I gave the signal to rush the village.

We captured fifty-eight full grown men, forty youths and nearly one hundred and sixty women and children. I gave orders to the carriers under Da Silva to search the huts and try to find our men, and with the aid of Hayes' boy I started to question our prisoners.



One of the prisoners said he was the chief's son. His father was killed. This lad denied any knowledge of our men. They had not been on the warpath for many moons. After a lot of talk, he said there was another village between here and the river, and it must have been them that had been on the warpath, and captured my men. While we were talking, Da Silva came back ; his men were dragging a filthy-looking native. Da Silva looked quite ill. He had discovered this old devil in the devil devil house, and he also discovered the heads of our men there. Some of the carriers brought further proof. They had found two hands and a foot of the missing men.

#### WITCH-DOCTOR SENTENCED AND EATEN

We tied up all the men and youths and put the women and children into some of the huts. I was very angry at the fate of my chaps, and determined to put a stop to this kind of thing if I was able to.

I had a talk with Da Silva and told him I was going to make an example of the witch-doctor, for so his prisoner turned out to be. I would make these people kai kai the brute. I told Hayes' boy to tell my carriers what I had determined on doing.

Those little devils were delighted. Many of their people had been kai kai by this same tribe. I called up the man, who said he was son of the chief, and told him to tell his people that I was going to give them a feast, so soon as they had cleaned up the village, and planted the dead. There were no wounded amongst the cannibals ; my carriers had seen to that. Amongst ourselves there had been twenty-three casualties, nine killed outright and fourteen wounded, only two very badly. I attended to the wounded and had my tent put up in the middle of the kraal, and then ordered the neck chains to be removed from six of the prisoners, and made them tie up the witch-doctor. The women were ordered to get their pots and fires ready. I ordered the son of the chief to kill and cook their witch-doctor. This he refused to do. I asked through

Hayes' boy, did they not kill and eat three of my people? This they denied; they had eaten them but my boys had been killed in battle.

'Right oh,' said I, 'Da Silva, hang this man,' and Da Silva with the assistance of some of the carriers hanged him. I then ordered another man to carry on, and he refused. I ordered him to be hanged, but when he felt himself being pulled up to the limb of the tree, he offered to carry out my orders, and he did so. I then ordered the men to cut off the body, and hand the meat over to the women to be cooked. This was also done. When the meal was ready, I told the men who had been released from neck chains to carry the pots to their friends. They refused to eat. I was determined to give them a dose of their own medicine, and ordered one of the men to start eating. He refused. I ordered him to be hanged, and he followed the chief's son. I had to hang a third prisoner before I could get the others to obey my orders. But they did eat this filthy witch-doctor, and if I was not mistaken some of them seemed to enjoy doing it after they got started.

Then I ordered them through Hayes' man to send forward by the drums news as to what had been done here, and to add that a white man was travelling through this part of the country, and intended to repeat what was done here, in every case. That he wanted to be friends with the natives, pay them when they helped him, and trade peaceably with them. But if the natives attacked him and his people, he would in every case make the natives who killed and ate his people not only kill and eat their own chief and witch-doctor, but kill and eat their own wives and children, capture all he could, and make slaves of the people he captured. This was the gist of the message I ordered them to beat out on their drums. Of course the eating of wives and children was only bluff. But there was no bluff about the other part of the message, as a good many of the witch-doctors and chiefs found out later.

People may think that I took drastic measures with these natives. Let those who do try and put themselves in my place, amongst a nation of cannibals, with no hopes of outside help,

being continually attacked night and day. I did not interfere with the women and kids. I punished grown men and I had to be severe in the punishment I dealt out.

I took the whole of the grown men from this village, and made them carry and do other work for me. I burned down the devil devil house and their idols, and also burned the bodies of the three men I had ordered to be hanged. Da Silva planted the heads and remains of our own three people. We got seven very well preserved heads in this devil devil house. These I kept, and they are now in museums.

#### THE GOLDEN TULIP

We crossed a range of hills two days after we started from here. The highest peaks would be nearly 1500 ft. high. The going was bad, and the carriers had some stiff work. From the top of this range I could see the range of mountains we were making for very plainly, and I also saw a large river to the west. We were trekking west. I managed to kill a few pigs, and birds were very plentiful, so we did not do too badly. I served out salt pork and beef to the carriers. Also I gave every carrier two plugs of tobacco every week. Several times I killed flying foxes, and once or twice I got a few cassowary. The Indians ate these birds if they could manage to cut their throats before they were dead.

The rain made trekking very bad, and in spite of the sun it was very cold when the rains were heavy. The country was rough and rivers hard to cross. We had to make bark canoes several times. Leeches also were a pest on most of the rivers and swamps; mosquitoes not so bad as on the Sepik. I got prospects in several of the rivers, always good enough for proper sluicing, but not good enough for the means I had for winning gold. I was always expecting to see game of some kind, but never did see any.

One day we came to a small Pigmie village at the moment it was being attacked by head hunters. I took a hand and drove off the attackers, killing a number of them. As I was

going up to the Pigmie village I saw a girl of about sixteen years of age standing on the platform of a hut. There was an old man standing long side of her. He had cast a spear at me ; they evidently took me to be one of the party who was attacking them. The girl was aiming at me with a bow and arrow. I took a snap at the old man, and in falling he knocked the girl off the platform nearly at my feet. The young devil came at me with a stone axe, and I had some trouble dodging her. I captured her after dodging the vixen for some five minutes. She was very light in colour and had long red brown hair. Afterwards I christened her the Golden Tulip. I never found out how she came to be living with these Pigmies.

We had some trouble getting the Pigmies to understand that we were helping them and not fighting against them. Eventually we did manage to make them understand, and they joined us in chasing up and wiping out the rest of the head hunters. This was a two days' job. We did not catch up with them until they had gained their village, and they gave us a lively few hours. I could never make out why these chaps did not use the bush when we fought them. Knowing the country as they did they could have picked off a number of us. No, they would cut down a lot of timber round their villages to impede an attacking party, put spiked bamboo in the paths and dig a few pitfalls when they expected to be attacked ; but my experience was that they only used the bush to get away when we took the village. As I have remarked elsewhere, they could not stand the noise of our rifles ; that always seemed to demoralize them, and they seldom put up a decent scrap. My being the first white man they had seen also seemed to help us in our fights with these natives. Here again we captured some men, and they were useful to us.

Fighting these natives was a profitless game, and I began to think that my trip to this island was going to be not only profitless but an expensive affair. I had already had a few bouts of fever. I had managed to get a good collection of birds and reptiles, also a fine lot of arms and curios, but not a pair of horns or an animal of any kind ; also I had already

lost six of my old servants. It was no good my returning to the coast. I had no means of leaving the country if I did, and it was extremely unhealthy down near the mouth of the Sepik. Hayes could not possibly get back to pick me up for another seven months. The rains were beginning, so I made up my mind to make the mountains. This last fight had cost me one more Indian, and fifteen or sixteen carriers, and I had gained nothing but a lot of useless arms, pottery and curios. But there was the satisfaction of having licked the head hunters, and perhaps of having made things more easy for any white men coming after me.

The Golden Tulip was in the last scrap, and right forward in it. I saw her knock at least one head hunter off his feet with her arrow. I did the same at this village as I did at the last ; hanged the witch-doctor. I did not destroy the village, but burned the devil devil house and everything that it contained. I had to camp near the Pigmie village to rest up carriers and attend to the wounded. Da Silva was wounded here.

When I went into my tent, the night I made camp at the Pigmie village, I found the Golden Tulip asleep at the foot of my stretcher. I woke her up and told her to get out and return to her village, and I gave her a blanket. Nothing doing. She coiled herself up on the floor of my tent and made signs that she was going to stay there. I sent for Hayes' boy and a man of the village, and tried to explain to Tulip that I did not want her in my tent. She took no notice, and when I told the boy to take her home and he tried to put her out of the tent, if I had not been quick enough to grab her by the arm, she would have stuck a spear into the boy.

I gave it best and let her stay there, and during my stay in New Guinea Tulip slept on the floor of my tent. She travelled with us everywhere we went, took her share of the work round camp, and nearly poisoned me several times when she insisted on helping my cook. She became a favourite with all hands, and did her share of the fighting when we were attacked or had to attack the natives. She was always at my side when

there was any fighting on, and several times I would have stopped a spear or arrow had she not been on the watch. She made herself my body guard in every scrap and she hardly ever got a scratch herself. Every night she would see to it that there were no scorpions, centipedes or snakes in my bedding, or under the ground sheet. Also she informed us of any plan of the carriers, when they had made up their minds to rebel and try and wipe us out, and it was her timely warning that saved us on more than one occasion. In fact, she became almost indispensable to us.

She was very quick to learn, and before she had been with us six weeks I could understand a lot of what she said, and she seemed to understand all I said to her. She also had a smattering of Bengali, which she learned from my cook. It was after we were able to talk to each other that she told me that the day I shot the witch-doctor who was standing on the platform with her she was not aiming her arrow at me, but at a boy behind me who was in the act of knocking me out with a hatchet ; one of the Pigmies who had volunteered to carry after I had cured them of dysentery. I could hardly believe it myself. I questioned my Indians and could not get any of them who had seen this Pigmie make an attempt to out me. I put the interpreter on to try and find out if it was true, but never got any satisfactory answer. Ali was inclined to believe the Tulip, as also was Da Silva. The Tulip herself always maintained that it was her arrow in that Pigmie's throat that saved my life. But the story would not hold water. In spite of many enquiries I could not find any one who had seen the boy attempt my life. Tulip aimed at me all right, and would have got me had not the dead witch-doctor cannoned against her, knocking against her and spoiling her aim. She was a dead shot with the bow and afterwards shot as well with a gun or rifle.

I do not know what made her attach herself to me from that time to the end of the trip, probably the spanking I gave her. I did spank her and spanked her hard when I had taken the stone axe from her. This I do know, she became like my

own shadow and would hardly let me out of her sight for many months. Yet when I offered to take her away from the island, she refused to accompany me.

The Golden Tulip was undoubtedly the blossom of blossoms of New Guinea. Perfectly formed, beautiful, charming and very sweet. Full of perfume that would be both enjoyable and annoying. Admired and loved by all of us, and not plucked by any. It was unsullied and perfect when we left the island. I heard it mentioned by the survivors of my party in many countries and many years after, showing how much it was admired and loved by them. Other flowers in New Guinea were plentiful, and could be had for the plucking. They were far from beautiful and lacked charm and perfume. Dull and insipid, they withered before the bud had time to blossom, and were only plucked when a tonic was necessary. Little or no pleasure was derived by those who took doses of the tasteless tonic they made. The only flowers taken away from the island were orchids collected by Da Silva.

#### THE NIGHT ATTACK

I made a very strong camp here and put up a number of godowns and huts, as I thought I might have to stay here for that wet season. But when my wounded men were well enough for Da Silva to take care of, I took my tent and stores, twenty-five Indians and sixty carriers, and made a quick run for the mountains. We travelled ten days, crossing a number of creeks, without much trouble. Sometimes we had to cut a path from the bank of the creeks out to the open country. Sometimes the country was fairly flat and sparsely timbered. Sometimes we had open country without bush for half a day. Always the leeches and reptiles were plentiful. I got to a creek with plenty of fish in it, and cassowary and birds plentiful, and I saw the spoor of several sounders of pig.

I made up my mind to camp here for the wet season, and do some collecting and prospecting. I left Ali here with half of the askari and fifty of the carriers, and told him to start

building camp, and to make a good strong job of it. I suspected that the country in towards the mountains was inhabited. We had heard the sound of drums coming from that direction, and I warned him always to have a guard posted, and not on any account to take the chains off the carriers. I asked the Tulip to stay with Ali; she would have none of it, and she advised me to take more askari with me, saying some hunting parties may have hit our spoor, and would if they did strike it warn their people, and a large party would be collected to attack us. I had been over the road and was travelling light, and thought I could make our camp at the Pigmie village in five treks, and in any case I thought it unlikely we would have to scrap. So off we trekked, and I was right; we made camp on the sixth morning, and found everything O.K. All the wounded were able to travel. We remained here one day to rest up and then we all started on the back trek to the foot of the hills and Ali. Da Silva said they had some very heavy rains after I started, but they had slackened off after a few days. However, we had only a few showers on our trek back.

It took us nine days' hard trekking to hit the place where I had left Ali, although we had no cutting to do, but I had unspanned nearly two hundred women to carry skoff, and they could not keep up with us, so we had to make our treks to suit their strength. We arrived late on the ninth evening. Ali had made good progress, and had a stockade built that could not be taken if we had all the tribes of New Guinea against us.

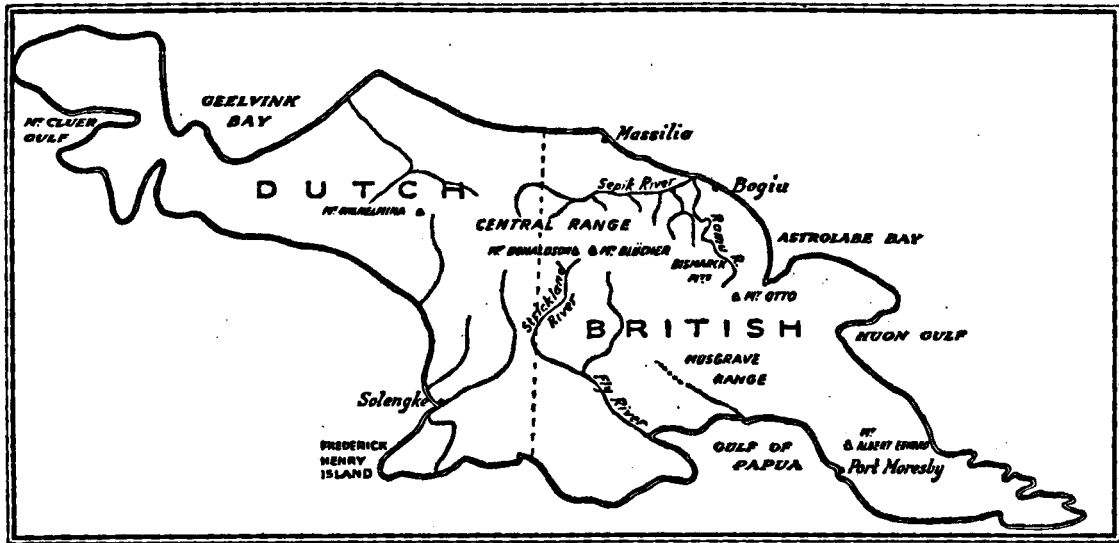
Next day I sent the women back, also sixty Pigmies. They had to make camp at the Pigmies' old village. I saw afterwards that they all went into my stockade and built new huts there. Three days after I got back to Ali I went out accompanied by three Indians and of course the Tulip. That young woman never let me out of her sight if she could help it. We were out after meat. The Tulip was an A.I. spoorer. We hit the spoor of a sounder of pig and were after them, when the Tulip pointed to some low bushes. I enquired what she meant, and



she said some natives had been past and had crossed the spoor of the sounder of pig. I did not take much notice of this. We were not more than one and a half miles from camp, and I did not expect to have the natives attack in daylight in this open country. However, we did not come up with the pigs and worked back to camp. I killed eight brace of pigeon. After getting back to camp I gave Da Silva a hand with some birds he was preparing and then wrote up my diary. I did not mention either to Da Silva or Ali that the Tulip had spotted native spoor.

After skoff I turned in as I always did. It was always my custom to have dinner at near sundown; this saved using a lamp and getting all kinds of flying pests in the soup. I was feeling a bit feverish and was soon asleep. I woke up some time after, threw the net to one side and lit the lamp, to find my quinine to take a dose. I noticed at once that the Tulip was not in my tent. She always slept on the floor of my tent on two or three native mats. I wondered where she was or what tricks she was up to. She was for ever playing tricks on the cook, Ali, Da Silva, or some of the askari. After taking a go of quinine, I looked at my watch. It was nearly 10 o'clock. I got out of bed and went to the door of my tent and had a look round, saw the guard at the gate of our stockade, called the Tulip's name once or twice without getting an answer, and turned in again. I had only been back in bed half an hour, and was just getting off to sleep again, when I heard the guard call out and fire his rifle. Before I could slip on my shoes there was volley firing, and the head hunting brutes outside the stockade were yelling like hell. I walked up to the guard and saw that he had been grazed by an arrow before he spotted the attackers.

These cannibals first tried to rush the stockade, and then brought bundles of lighted grass and tried to burn us out. That was a great mistake on their part, it enabled us to make better shooting. Two of them managed to get into the stockade and they were made prisoners. Those that had topped the wall were shot down. The attack lasted about



#### MAP TO ILLUSTRATE EPISODE FOUR

*The gold discovered by the author in New Guinea not having been exploited yet, he prefers to give no exact indication of the route followed by him on this occasion*

four hours ; several times I thought the natives had retired, but they came back and attacked again and again.

It was only in daylight that we were able to see what damage had been done. The cannibals had lost heavily. We picked up thirty-seven dead and eleven wounded cannibals. Our party came off very easy. The guard had been seared over his ribs by an arrow, two of the carriers had received slight wounds, Da Silva had a nasty cut on his cheek, and my cook had a bit of a scalp wound.

It was the Tulip that had saved us from being totally surprised. She had told the cook about us finding strange spoor that afternoon, and that she thought there was a large body of cannibals near and they would probably attack us during the night. Ali had heard from the cook, and he and Da Silva had taken it on themselves to warn the askari to be ready to repulse any attack that might be made.

I went out the following day and spooed the attacking force, and followed their spoor south for nearly three hours. They evidently had some wounded men with them. I saw where the grass was pressed down, as if a man had made his bed, and saw blood on several places where the grass was flattened down.

#### THE DISPOSAL OF THE PRISONERS

Now that our camp was finished I thought seriously about how I was going to feed the prisoners. This country was not like Africa, where one could always manage to buy skoff. These natives did not cultivate large mealie lands. All I had seen were a few patches of gardens, with taro, bananas, and tobacco. This tobacco was very rank ; the plant grew very low, and the leaves were very smooth and crinkly round the edges, like kale leaves, and the colour was a very dark olive.

I talked the matter over with Da Silva and Ali. The Tulip was there also. She could by now understand a lot of English. I proposed that we released about one hundred and fifty of our prisoners, keeping only those who had their women folk.

Quite a lot of women had followed their husbands. Ali and the Tulip voted against this. The Tulip thought it better that I killed those I did not require. Ali thought I ought to make them fossick food by sending out gangs to hunt for wild yams, etc. I was surprised to hear Da Silva say that he thought the Tulip's plan was the best and easiest way out of our difficulty. There was an excuse for Da Silva ; he had been twice wounded and suffered a lot from fever, and the Tulip was a wild little devil, and had been brought up with the Pigmies who were always being raided by the cannibals, and naturally her feelings must have been that a dead cannibal was a good cannibal.

I, of course, had no intention of murdering the blighters. I knew I could not feed this big gang of prisoners, and I could not find work for them, unless it was trekking. Had we have camped on the Sepik, things would not have been so bad. There the sago palm and bread fruit trees were plentiful. Up here on the foot hills of a large mountain range these things were very scarce, also the wild yam took finding up here. Of game there were only birds and a few sounder of pigs, and fish would become scarce if we continued to use our drag nets too often. I had stores to keep my Indians on full rations for at least nine months, but only enough skoff to ration my prisoners three or four weeks, even if we did have gangs out seeking indigenous food stuffs. At the finish I called up my own people to the tent and put the case plainly before them, and asked them to vote for or against releasing our prisoners. The cast went for hanging on to the whole gang. I had lost nine of my Indians and the rest were a bit nervous. They had never been in a country like this, where there was no game, and the natives did very little cultivation, and collected heads and skoffed their prisoners. In fact, I could see that the whole gang had become rattled, and that I would have to find work for them to do to take their minds off the chances of any of us getting out of the country.

I had not ill-treated any of the prisoners. I had hanged a few and made them kai kai a few of their witch-doctors, and

had burned all their devil devil houses, collections of heads, tamborans and other idols and abominations which these houses contained. But this was only just punishment dished out to the tribes after I had fought and licked them, and was always explained to them. I had always made the subdued tribe or village beat out a warning on their drums to warn any other tribe or village what to expect if they attacked me. I had always tried to make friends with the brutes, and in every case I had to fight to save the skins of my people and my own life. In fact, I consider I played the game from the start.

After thinking the matter over for a couple of days, I had the prisoners brought up to my camp, and through Hayes' boy told them that I was going to send most of them back to their villages, that I would pay them for carrying my loads, and that I would want them to carry my loads back to the river when I was ready to return there. I could not feed them and did not wish them to starve, which they would do if I kept them with me. I warned them that I would punish them again if they did not quit fighting the Pigmies, and the punishment would be more severe the next time I had to fight them or any other tribe.

The prisoners talked amongst themselves for some time, and then my interpreter told me that these men did not want to return to their villages. They were afraid to face the journey while the rains were on, and also afraid of the tribe who had attacked us, and they knew that if they attempted to get back, unarmed as they were, they would be killed and skoffed by the cannibals who inhabited this part of New Guinea. If I would take off their neck chains they would be able with a little help from me to fossick skoff for themselves.

This was what I did not expect and what I did not want. It was bad enough to have to guard these beggars when they were chained in six to the chain, but to have them at liberty, and always have to be on the look-out was a condition I did not like.

Ali, Da Silva and the Tulip and I talked this over, and could not agree. I could not feed this crowd, therefore it was out

of the question to keep them prisoners, and none of us liked the idea of letting them have their liberty and always have to be on our guard.

Eventually, I made them the offer of making a camp for themselves, and planting what they could round their camp. This would give them something to do and also relieve us of their company for a time, and it would be impossible for them to arm themselves and attack us without us getting warning of what they were doing. I gave out some hatchets and tools and put them to work building their camp. This camp was about half a mile from ours and within sight of us. I kept fifty prisoners, and these I kept in neck chains, taking good care that I had prisoners from every gang and not natives captured at one village.

#### CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

Having fixed this matter I started to prospect. In nearly every gully or creek I could get colours of gold, but could get nothing payable near camp. Da Silva was making a good collection of birds and reptiles, and he had added butterflies and moths, a thing I had never bothered with on any of my previous trips. Tulip hardly ever let me out of her sight and accompanied me on all of my prospecting trips, and when I was in camp she spent part of her time in the other camp. I used to bring in something almost every time I went out, sometimes a pig; there were quite a number near our camp, but they were hard to get at. More often I brought in birds, and also gave some of my time to butterflies.

We were always expecting an attack from the people who had already had a slap at us, and never relaxed our guard. I set the Indians and the Pigmies from the Tulip's village in eight watches. This did not come too hard on them, as they only had to do one night watch per week.

The prisoners seemed to be keeping their part of the bargain. They had nearly eighty acres under yams, and a party had made a trip to the last village we had fought and brought over some bananas, tobacco, and calabash plants. They had also

brought a considerable quantity of skoff back with them, and they seemed to get quite a lot of wild yams and fruit.

I kept my own people busy. I had our prisoners digging a trench round the stockade, under a guard, and sent out parties of Pigmies and Indians hunting. They brought back lots of honey, cane rats, fish and birds. A portion was always sent over to the other camp. I inspected the other camp every second or third day, and was kept busy. Fever began to attack my Indians, and I noticed that quite a few of the Pigmies suffered from the same complaint. I myself had my bouts of fever. Da Silva suffered badly from it, more so than myself or any of the Indians. Ali never had a bout of fever. He was always busy, and he kept his men busy. He seldom went out hunting, and I noticed that he took a strong guard every day and visited the other camp. He was always on the look-out. Like myself, he seemed to expect an attack, but he, I think, expected the trouble to come from our carriers.

The Tulip always carried my 16-bore shot gun, and she could use it as well as I could myself. I twitted her several times about her wanting me to murder the carriers. She never made any answer. I asked her if the carriers were keeping their contract, and was asked in return if I did not have eyes to see with.

This sort of life began to pall on me. I wanted to make the fifty miles or there about that separated me from the mountains, and as the rains slackened off, I made longer trips in that direction. One day I was about seven miles from camp. I had panned some wash taken from the banks of a creek that came from the highest ridge between camp and the mountains, and had got a very good sample of gold. The heaviest colour weighed about 12 grains, and there was a good tail of fine gold. I was resting on a bit of bare formation and showing the gold to Tulip, and telling her its value. I could hear the four Indians who had accompanied me busy cutting out honey from a large tree about a hundred yards away. I noticed that Tulip was not paying much attention. I put the gold in a bit of paper, and was on my way to the creek to get some more

wash when I was startled by two reports from Tulip's gun. She yelled to me to hurry back to her. She was busy with her bow, which she always had slung over her back in spite of the gun. I asked her what she was firing at, and she said a cannibal was throwing something at me, that there were two of them, and she thought she had killed both of them.

The Indians had come running up and wanted to know what had happened. Tulip swore that there were cannibals in the bush on the other side of the creek. We all crossed the creek, and sure enough we found that the place where Tulip said she had seen and shot at the cannibals was trampled by some native or natives. We followed the spoor and soon got blood on the bushes. The spoor was going in the direction of camp. We followed it and it hit our own spoor. There was quite a lot of blood on some of the bushes, and I was sure that at least one of these natives was badly wounded.

We came on a native soon after. He had managed to crawl under a bush. He was badly wounded, five buck shots had hit him in the chest. He was one of our own carriers. None of the Indians or I could talk to him, and he would not answer the Tulip when she questioned him. He had a hatchet in his hand, and only that I was ready would have hit Tulip. He seemed to half spring to his feet, and as his arm went back with the axe, I put a charge of buck shot in his head.

Further on we came to the other one Tulip had fired at ; this one was quite dead. There was more spoor, and we followed this right into camp.

I told Ali to get his askari ready, and sent an order to the carriers' camp for all of them to muster, and to muster empty-handed. I expected trouble, but there was none. When they had mustered I told the interpreter to tell them what had happened, and that unless the natives we had followed were pointed out, I would hang six from each tribe, put the rest back in chains, and keep them chained and starve them. There was no time lost ; five boys were pointed out almost at once. These had left the camp that morning, having borrowed hatchets from the other people, saying they were going to hunt



for honey. I could get nothing out of these men by questioning them. They belonged to the village where I had made them kai kai their witch-doctor and had hanged their chief and two men. I had these five men hanged right there as a warning to the others, and told them through the interpreter that I had trusted them and treated them well, had offered to pay them for work done, and send them home, and in return these men had tried to murder me ; that if I had any more trouble, I would hang the whole of the tribe that the trouble-makers belonged to.

Ali asked me to put the whole lot back in neck chains. Just to find out if we would have any trouble, I ordered the chains on, and there was no resistance from any one of them. I then ordered the chains off, and told the interpreter to warn them that I would do what I had threatened, and again asked them to return to their villages. They refused, saying that their lives were safer while they remained with me, and promised to keep a watch on the remainder of the tribe that these rotters belonged to.

#### DISCONTENT

After I had finished dinner, Ali came to my camp and told me he thought our people were discontented. I thought they seemed cheerful enough. They all seemed keen on their hunting and prospecting trips, and none of them had fever at that time, and I pointed out to Ali that we were a lot better off up here than camped at the coast. It still lacked five months to the time the schooner would call to take us away. 'That is what's the matter,' said Ali. 'Will the schooner call?'

'I have no doubts that the schooner will call,' I told him. 'If it does not Hayes will be dead, and we will have to cross the island and follow the coast in hopes of finding some means of leaving. But you can tell the others that we will return to the Sepik and the coast in time to keep our appointment with Hayes. Listen to me, Ali, I have made this trip and so far am out of pocket, and the only chance I can see is for me to find gold. Yesterday I found good pannings in the creek where

Tulip shot the two carriers. I think there is gold, good gold, to be won from higher up that creek, and I am going to try for it. You can tell our chaps that I do not intend to return coastwards until it is time to keep my appointment with Bwana Hayes. I have no objection to our people returning to the coast. They can have rations and some guns and ammunition and trade goods. I believe I can train the Pigmie carriers to be good fighting askari, and I know they will stick to me. I went through Africa, as you know, and used one tribe of natives against the other the whole way, and made a good thing out of it. And I believe I can do the same thing here in New Guinea. You say that our people have become discontented, and we have lost nine men. Give them more to do, I cannot stay in camp to boss them up, and I do not want to use too many on my prospecting trips. Prospecting is all that is left for me to do ; there is no game, except pigs and birds, and I do not think there is what we call game anywhere on the island. You can tell the men that if I do find gold, one half of what we win will be shared by them on top of their wages. But be sure and tell them that I have no objection should they wish to return to our base camp near the mouth of the river. There is plenty of food and trade goods there, and they can help themselves to that lot. But I will not return for at least three months. I want if possible to see what is on the other side of those mountains, and I want to prospect the creek where I got the good pannings yesterday. This is my last word. You keep Bwana Hayes' boy busy, and I will put Tulip on the job of finding out the real temper of those cannibals of ours. That is your job. Da Silva knows that you are responsible for the safety of the camp when I am away, but if you are attacked any time I am absent, take heed of what Da Silva proposes, and act on it if you think his judgment is better than your own.'

#### GOLD

Two days after the above conversation with Ali, I took twenty Pigmies, all armed, ten carriers, and twelve askari, and

made camp two miles higher up the creek than where Tulip bagged her right and left. I panned the gravel in dozens of places, and the higher up I went the richer the pannings became. On the second day I found a nugget weighing nearly three ounces. I saw here that it would be easy to turn the creek and made up my mind to do this, so gave my cook orders to pack up ready to return to camp on the morrow. Tulip was just as keen on getting gold as I was, and many times she worked for an hour at a time panning wash, and was very pleased when she was able to bring me nearly two ounces of fine gold. She had told me that so far as she could find out there was nothing to be feared from our own carriers, prisoners or whatever one likes to term them. But she expected we would have to fight like hell, as she put it, against the tribe that had made the night attack at the stockade. She said this was a very strong tribe, that they occupied the country on and near a river almost as large as the Sepik, and that they raided nearly to the Sepik.

I returned to camp after being absent five days. Everything was in order. Da Silva had taken a short trip and had added quite a lot of new specimens to the collection. I warned him to be careful how he left camp on his trips, and told him to always have his own assistants armed, and at least four askari. After having my talk with Ali, I had armed sixteen Pigmies with some of our spare rifles. Tulip took these little chaps in hand and she made good askari of them. Ali said they were quite good and could shoot fairly decently, and he thought it would be a good idea to train another twenty of them. I ordered him to give out twenty more rifles.

I told him I was going to turn the creek I had been panning on and gave him the gold I had won to show our lads. I also told Da Silva, but he did not seem interested. He had suffered a bout of fever during my absence, and did not look very fit. I put the chain gang on to cut a few trees and rigged up a stage to saw them up. At least three of my Indians knew the way to use a pit saw, and I told these off to saw up some planks to make sluice boxes. I also sent some of the carriers to

the creek to build a strong camp there. I may mention here that these natives were all in good condition. They had cost me nothing so far as skoff was concerned, and their gardens had come on wonderfully well. They would be eating their own grown taro in a few weeks. They seemed to be quite happy and contented. However, I could not bring myself to trust them. I always had a feeling that they were waiting a chance to get me off my guard and wipe me out, and I was doing them an injustice all the time.

Ten days' sawing and I had nearly one hundred feet of planks. Things had been progressing A.I. The carriers had built a decent camp on the creek I was going to work, and had started to dig a good deep trench round the stockade.

Ali had brought his small troop of Pigmies into fair shape. Tulip had kept me supplied with birds and fish and had made her band of Pigmies first-class askari. She always kept them busy. She made two or three trips a week to boss up at the new camp, and her chaps seemed to enjoy being bossed up by her. I was risking a lot and was always on the look-out. I knew that if these little devils made up their minds to attack us we were in for a tough time. Tulip scoffed at the idea of her people turning against me. 'You wait-until you have fighting to do and watch them, you will see them fight just as well as your Indians,' she would say. Nevertheless, this always having to be on the alert was telling on my nerves. I longed for a fight to put these little chaps and the carriers to the test.

#### NEWS OF THE CANNIBALS

I got the fight when I least expected it. I had been over to the new camp, slept there one night, and had returned, intending to shift our tools and stores. I was busy putting out loads when Tulip, who had been out hunting with some of her Pigmies, came into camp, and reported that a large force of cannibals was marching in our direction. She had spotted them and had hidden her askari in the bush and watched them make camp about three miles from the stockade, and had then

slipped back to me to give me warning. She thought this force numbered more than us counting all our carriers. They were on the warpath. She was near enough to see that they were painted, and all of them carried their shields and arms. They had a lot of women with them, and these women had cleared back when they had put their loads down at the place where the fighting men had made camp. All this and a lot more she told me. Gad, what a scout this little girl would have made!

I told Ali and Da Silva that I was going to take the risk and issue axes to our carriers. I sent four cases of axes to the carriers who were making the new camp, and Hayes' boy volunteered to go with the carriers, issue the axes, and try and get back to me before the fight started. I advised him to arm the carriers and make himself safe in case these chaps did manage to wipe us out. I had the swivel guns mounted on opposite corners of the stockade. Ali was to work one and Da Silva the other. I loaded each gun with about half a pound of buck shot, and they were mounted so that each gun commanded two sides of the stockade. I warned Tulip to keep out of the fight and keep her sixteen Pigmies to watch the carriers. I was not sure that these men would not try and attack us now they each had an axe. I took the neck chains from the gang that had remained in our camp, so that every man would have a chance to defend himself if the attackers did manage to get a footing inside the stockade. When I had made everything as safe as I could I called up Da Silva and Ali, and told them that we were up against a bad crowd, and that if they captured any of us alive it would be worse than a good clean death from axe, arrow, or spear. I told them to bring up all our own people. I wanted to make them an offer.

When my Indians came I pointed out to them the necessity of keeping cool, and of keeping an eye on our carriers as well as on the attackers. I advised them to fight to a finish and not fall alive into the hands of the cannibals. I told them that from the time I first started big game shooting in Africa, I

always carried on my person a pill (this was cyanide of potassium) that would give instant and painless death, and it was always my intention to take the pill should I get so badly hurt by an animal or wild native that I knew there was no hope of recovering from that hurt, and I had also made up my mind to swallow that pill rather than be captured alive by these cannibals. Should any of them care to have one of these pills, I would give them one. But should we win the fight the pill had to be returned to me.

I did not fear that we were going to lose this fight, and I was sure we would win if every man kept cool and did his best. There was a chance that our carriers would join their brothers, but by what I had learned of these natives from Tulip and my own observations, I thought it very likely that our carriers would be the means of our winning through. Also that if we did win through, I thought it not likely that we would be troubled much more in this part of the island.

Every man asked me for one of my pills and thanked me for thinking of making the offer. I was not afraid of any of them losing their heads; most of them had served in the Indian native army, and I knew that any of them would give his life willingly to save mine. I had a look round and saw that everything was in order, called Da Silva and Ali, told them to boss up things and keep a good watch; that I was going out to try and have a look at the cannibal camp. They did not like the idea of my doing this. Da Silva strongly objected to my going; Ali knew that I had always acted as my own scout in Africa and did not object. He knew it would be useless to do so.

#### THE ENEMY'S CAMP

I left camp after dark, and accompanied by Tulip. It would have been hopeless my trying to get away without her knowing, and to save argument with her I asked her to go with me. We went at a good pace, keeping well to the west of the point I expected the cannibals to approach from, and in about one hour we topped the ridge behind which their camp lay.

We saw their camp from the top of the ridge and judging by the fires, I thought that Tulip had underestimated their number. I asked Tulip if she was game to have a closer look. Her answer was to start off in the direction of the cannibals' camp at once. We got within hearing distance without much trouble. I bumped into a few bushes, but Tulip seemed to see in the dark as well as she could in daylight. We managed to crawl within easy hearing distance of one of the groups, and stayed there for nearly an hour. I did this to enable Tulip to hear as much as she could of their plans of attack. Tulip was as cool as if she was laying on the floor of my tent, talking to me ; at last she caught my arm, signing me to follow her. We crawled about three hundred yards from the camp before we ventured to stand up. It was a trying business ; several times I would swear I heard the hiss of a black or tiger snake. At last we gained the top of the ridge and sat down to rest. Even then Tulip refused to talk. 'Wait until we get back to the stockade,' she said. 'There will be no fighting until tomorrow. They do not know that we know they are there, and they will not attack to-night.'

We got back to camp, and I think I can safely say that all hands were glad to see us there. I ordered Ali to set a double guard and tell the others they could turn in until called, but that just before daylight I wanted a party sent over to the carriers' stockade to light up the fires in it, so that everything would look as if it was still occupied. When he was finished he and Da Silva to come to my tent.

Tulip told us what she had found out from the talk she had heard at the cannibals' camp. They, it appeared, had been spying out the state of affairs. They knew that we had put our carriers in a stockade separate from us. They did not know of the new stockade. They were going to attack next morning in full strength, leaving only a few to kill the carriers, who they hoped would run from their stockade when they heard them attack us. They would have a great feast, the largest collection of heads ever made at one time, and all our goods and arms. With these they could kill and subdue all the

other tribes. They would, if they could, capture me alive, make me kai kai some of my own servants, in return for my making the other tribes kai kai the witch-doctors. They would, they thought, kill and capture the lot of us in one big rush.

I was pleased to hear that their intention was to wipe out the lot of us, if they could manage it. Da Silva and Ali were sent to let our people know what the Tulip had heard, and to inform them that I myself estimated their number at about three hundred, more if anything, but certainly not less. Tulip was sent to tell her Pigmies and the carriers, and to be sure to make the carriers understand that if we are licked they lose their heads and will be kai kai by this gang. Their only hope was to help us, and be ready with their axes if the attackers managed to enter the stockade. 'Tell them to keep close to the ground while the shooting is going on,' I said, 'and you, you young devil, do the same. Your job is to watch these damned carriers. I have no fear of the cannibals outside ; it is the blighters inside that have got my goat.'

The moon was up when Tulip returned to the tent. She told me to have no fear of the carriers, they knew what to expect if those outside won the fight. I told her to get some sleep. 'You makim sleep too,' was her answer, and to please her I turned in under my net. I lay thinking for a long time, hoping the Tulip would go off to sleep and let me get outside and see if there was anything I had forgotten. But it was Ali who awakened me. I had fallen off to sleep, and it was four by my watch when Ali called me to say he had sent a gang of carriers to build up the fires in their stockade, and he was expecting them back at any moment. I asked him to tell the cook to bring my coffee. Our people had finished breakfast, and the carriers were busy cooking a ration of rice I had ordered Ali to issue to them. Coffee and chipaties arrived, and I made shape to have a feed. The Tulip was out tormenting the cook ; that we were all in the way of having our throats cut made no difference to her.



## ATTACK . . .

The next three hours were some of the worst I have ever spent. I expected the attack at daybreak and the suspense of waiting was awful. It did come at last, and strange to say I did not feel a bit funky. I warned our men to hold their fire until I gave the order, and warned Da Silva and Ali to see they did not aim too high with the swivel. At sixty yards I gave the order, and I never saw so much killing done with two shots as was done by the two swivels. Each must have knocked down at least fifteen men. The Indians shot well, each man knocked down one or two, and must have wounded several others. Now the Pigmies opened fire, and they also did good work. Arrows and spears were coming in flights, and a few of the carriers got wounded. By the time I had emptied my three double rifles and my Colts the swivels were ready again, and still the rush came on. Ali was very cool. He waited until he got a chance at a bunch before he let off his second shot. Da Silva let go as soon as he got his cap on. This rush came right up to the trench and a good few tried to jump it. Some landed in the trench and some managed to clear it. These were killed before they reached the stockade, and those who landed in the trench were accounted for as they climbed out. The cannibals started to retreat, and we got a few more before they gained the cover of the bush.

I had cleared the bush for about one hundred yards on all sides of the stockade. I could count fully sixty dead cannibals from the wall of the stockade, and the Indians were taking pot shots at a number of wounded as they tried to get into the bush. I went round our men and found four carriers dead, about twenty wounded, none of them very badly.

Poor Da Silva had got an arrow in his left shoulder. Three Indians had got their tickets, and four more were wounded. None of the Pigmies had got hurt and Ali had escaped. I dressed the wounds of all of them and then attended to two scratches I had received myself. One arrow had hit me on

the brow, a glancing shot, and one had made a cut across my throat. I will carry the marks of those two arrows to my grave.

I had only just finished my work amongst the wounded when the cannibals made their second rush. This time they only attacked one side of the stockade, and they came on, in spite of heavy losses, right home this time. It was here that our carriers got in some good work. Not one cannibal got a footing inside the stockade; the carriers axed them as they gained the top of the fence, and it took some lively work to keep them on their own side of the fence. Our losses were heavy. Ali got a nasty cut on his head. Da Silva stopped another arrow, and the cook got a cut from an axe. Four of the Pigmies lost their lives. I would have stopped a thrown axe, had not the Tulip caught me by the arm and pulled me out of the way. It took us a full hour before we beat them off. Their loss was even heavier than when they made their attack on all four sides. Five more Indians received wounds in this rush, eleven of the carriers got their tickets, and eighteen wounded. There were a lot of wounded cannibals left on the ground this time, and I allowed my men to pick them off as they tried to make the bush.

This time I had more time to attend to the wounded. We could hear the cannibals making a row in the bush. They had lost nearly half their number, and I thought they would clear out. None of my wounded were very bad, mostly cuts and flesh wounds. Still I could ill afford to have my Indians wounded.

I made up my mind that if they did rush us again, I would follow them up when they retired. I told Ali and Da Silva what I intended doing. They were dead against my doing this, but I could see that I would have to do something desperate if I was going to get out of this with any of my Indians left, and it was up to me to do it. I had brought these men into the country, and if possible I intended taking them out. I had now lost twelve of them, and by the way they exposed themselves beating off the cannibals' rushes, stood a chance of losing a

good many more. These chaps now that the fight was on were in high spirits ; had I have ordered them to go out and attack the enemy they would have gone like one man.

I ordered half of my men to get skoff when I had finished with the wounded, and I kept watch with the other half. We had plenty of water, so I cannot spin a yarn of how the wounded begged for drinks. As a matter of fact, the chaps that had received wounds for most part were still able to use their guns and eat a good meal. I told the Tulip to get food and have a lay down ; that there might be all night fighting. She begged me to let her watch with me, and was terribly afraid that I was suffering from the two scratches I had received when we repulsed the first charge against the stockade.

All my men including the carriers had finished a meal, and still there was no further attack. I thought the cannibals had retired altogether. We could not hear them talking, and we could see no smoke from fires that they might be cooking at.

#### . . . AND COUNTER ATTACK

At four o'clock by my watch I told off half of my men to turn in, and ordered Ali and Da Silva to turn in and try and get some sleep, and at half-past four I ordered the other half to do the same. I kept watch with the Pigmies. I made Tulip go to the tent and get some sleep. The little devil tried to argue, but at last obeyed my orders, and she did sleep. I went to the tent two or three times between then and dark and found her fast asleep each time. The cook also turned in until dark.

Ali turned out just before sundown and Da Silva soon followed him. I told them I expected to be attacked during the night, but not the first part. I dressed Da Silva's shoulder again. I had only slipped on a bandage between fights. It did not look too bad ; no swelling and very little inflammation. He said there was no pain to speak of and he could use his arm fairly well. Ali would not let me trouble with his wound, saying my own was worse than his. I ordered both of them to

be careful and not expose themselves more than they could help, and to tell the Indians to be more careful about the way they exposed themselves. They could shoot through the loopholes just as well as over the top of the fence, and even when they had to shoot over the top of the fence they need only expose their heads.

‘We will have to take a chance with our carriers to-night,’ I said. ‘If an attack is made they might gain the stockade in the dark, and axe men will be needed. Put the carriers in each centre of a wall, and keep our own men and the Pigmies at the four corners. Have both swivels on the side the last attack was made on, and warn our men not to fire unless they are sure it is a cannibal they are firing at, and warn every one that there will be no volley firing. Every man must shoot on his own, and make them understand that unless the cannibals charge in a batch, and they can make a good guess at where the bunch is, it is better to wait until they see their man on the stockade fence before they fire. If the rush is made, the same as to-day, tell them to aim low, and only shot to be used. Load every rifle and gun with shot, excepting only my own private rifles, and don’t forget to warn them to shoot low. I would rather have them wait until they can see their man than have them browning at where they think the crowd is. I will take one swivel and Ali the other, and remember that no man must leave his part of the fence until I give the order. If the rush is made on one side only there will be time enough to call help, but I fancy all sides will be rushed at once.’

These were my orders that evening, and I was glad afterwards that I took these precautions. The attack did not come off until nearly three a.m. There was a bit of a moon, and we spotted the attacking party before they gained the trench. Ali and I got in a shot with the swivels and did some damage. Then the fighting became general. Several score of the cannibals got over the trench and climbed to the top of the fence; these were either axed or shot. Quite a few fell on our side of the fence. I was too busy at my corner to know how our side was faring. Tulip was as busy as any one. I

saw her axe several cannibals that topped the fence at my corner of the stockade. It was one continual fight ; the cannibals kept coming the whole time.

Just as it was breaking day, I heard an awful row, yelling and screeching, from the back of the stockade, and thought that the cannibals were being reinforced. My men were nearly tired out, and for a moment I doubted the issue. Luckily for us, the new crowd was the interpreter with the carriers from the new camp. This finished our attackers. I could see they were on the run, and ordered the gates of the stockade to be opened and we went after them. I kept the Indians well in hand and Tulip had good hold of the Pigmies, but our carriers went mad. There was no holding them. There was some smart fighting in the bush. But once we had got the brutes on the run they kept going. I had one or two close calls in the bush and knocked over three cannibals with my Colts. I saw Tulip account for a couple with my 16-bore Manton, and I got a glimpse of Ali and Da Silva doing good work.

When we had crossed this belt of bush and entered the open country I saw the cannibals going like cassowary birds, with our carriers after them. I noticed that our carriers had collected arms and shields from the dead cannibals near the stockade. I kept going until we came to the cannibal camp. They had made a stand here. I counted more than thirty dead cannibals and about the same number of our carriers. The interpreter was waiting for us here ; his men were in full chase after the fleeing enemy, and he said our men greatly outnumbered the cannibals.

There was no gear or skoff worth collecting here, so we had a rest, and I ordered all hands to fall back on the stockade. When we got back I was able to see what damage had been done to my party. Three more of my Indians had got their tickets, seven Pigmies also, and twenty-three carriers. There were no wounded ; most of us had received slight cuts and bruises, but none of us were badly hurt. I left the finish of the carriers to follow up the cannibals. They had as I mentioned armed themselves with shields, bows, and spears from the

dead, and outnumbered the enemy. I got busy throwing the dead into the trench and put the Pigmies to throw earth over them. I counted one hundred and eighty odd dead cannibals, and there were more than four score lying between here and their camp, and a score and a half at the camp.

My losses in this fight were seventy-seven men killed, and fifty-eight wounded, that is, really wounded—nearly every one of us had some marks to show except Tulip; she seemed to bear a charmed life and although she was always in the thick of the fight, she escaped without receiving a scratch or a bruise. There were about seventy women attached to our carriers, none of these got hurt.

Da Silva was worse than any of the others; he had had bouts of fever, and was a very touchy chap. I do not think there was much real friendship between him and Ali. He seemed to think I trusted Ali more than I did him. The reason was that Ali had more to do with me. He accompanied me when I was out after jumbo, and I generally gave him charge of a portion of the askari when we had a scrap on hand. Also Da Silva looked on Ali as a common Baluchi, whereas he himself was a Sinhalese gentleman, well educated, and a trained taxidermist. He was all that, and a very brave man to boot, and in spite of his jealousy I have seen him risk his life to save Ali more than once. But he was in a bad way now, and was continually wishing himself back in Ceylon. This did him no good and his wounds took longer to heal than any of the others.

#### DIGGING

This new camp was in a better position than the last to defend in the event of attacks, but was not so good if we happened to be held in check for a few days. I was nearly three hundred yards from the creek, on the top of a hill about one hundred feet above the creek. I could not sink a well as I had done in my last camp. I had the timber cut down on the slopes of the hill to a distance beyond arrow shot, and put a bit of a trench round the outside of the stockade.

Then I panned several lots of wash to let Da Silva, Ali and the Indians see what I was after. This put them in high fettle. The pannings were really good. In one pan I got two nuggets weighing nearly an ounce each, nearly one ounce of fine gold, and one little nugget of platinum weighing more than a pennyweight. When the camp was finished I got the Indians on making a sluice box, and marked out the cutting to turn the creek from its present course. This creek joined another creek in a dambo about three hundred yards away, and by putting in a deep cut of about two hundred feet long and damming the creek, I was able to turn the water, giving me the bed of the creek and both banks to wash for gold.

This was where my carriers would have been useful, but I had not seen or heard from them since the last day of the fight with the cannibals, and had only their women and the Pigmies to do the work. Tulip took on the job of bossing up these people. She kept them going and worked them hard. When I told her not to be so hard on the women she asked me what were these women for if not to work? 'I had to work at my village,' she said, 'and if I did not hurry, the witch-doctor beat me. You can see I do not beat these women even when they do not work well.' I asked her again who were her father and mother, but she gave the same answer; she only remembered the other Pigmies and the witch-doctor I had shot the day she joined us. I am sure this girl did not belong to New Guinea. She was more like a Kanaka half-caste. She was small in stature, but very well developed, had straight features, was very light in colour, and had long red brown hair. However, I could not get any news from her or the Pigmies as to how she came to belong to the witch-doctor. He himself did not belong to their tribe. I had made too good a shot at him to get any news from him; he was dead before his body hit the ground.

The work was very slow. I had very few tools, one dozen shovels and picks. I broke out a case of trade axes and made the women dig with them. I had some carpenter's tools and a six-foot pit saw. These were no good for digging, but came

in handy for making the sluice box and other things. The women tied the axe hands to handles and they made fair hoes.

I had six or eight gold pans. Some of the Indians used them, and brought the gold they won to me every evening. We had won nearly fifty ounces in this way before we got the creek turned and the sluice box working. I will say here that my Indians were honest, and I do not think that any of them tried to hide any of the gold they found. I had promised them the half of the gold won and this seemed to satisfy them.

#### NERVES

It was three weeks before we got started with the sluice box. During this time we had heard nothing of the carriers, and we had not been troubled with any cannibals. Tulip took shooting and fishing trips. I always made her take a party of armed Pigmies with her. Sometimes I accompanied her myself. Da Silva was busy with the collection; he was always finding something fresh, and was never satisfied with a single sample of any one species. One night at nearly twelve o'clock, Tulip woke me and told me to listen. I thought I could hear the sound of drums away to the east of the camp, and told her so.

'Yes, it is drums,' she told me. 'I have heard them several times, and the people who are beating them will be giving you some more fighting to do. I cannot make out all the message, but I think that those people are going to fight the people that fought us, and if they are they will find us and try and kill and eat us.' So spoke Tulip. I was sorry to hear this. I was in hopes of working this ground and getting back to the coast, without having to do any more fighting. I had always to be on the look-out and the strain was undermining my health. I did not mention this to Da Silva or Ali, knowing that it would make them uneasy. I knew they did not worry much, and never gave a thought about our weakened numbers.

I called Ali and told him about the drums and what Tulip had said to me about them, and told him to put his two best



men and order them to scout round camp every day to look for spoor. I knew the other gang of cannibals had sent spies to get the lay of our last camp, and I wanted to be more prepared this time if there was to be more fighting. We had less men now, and I knew we stood a good chance of being wiped out if a strong party did find us and attack us, and if these cannibals were starting out to fight the tribe we had licked, they surely would be a large party.

I looked at the trench surrounding the camp, and could see that it was no good trying to deepen it. The formation was showing in places, and the ground much too hard to break with picks. I heard the drums several times after this, and Tulip always tried to read the message that was being rapped out. Every day I had the scouts out, and every evening they reported no spoor of natives.

I had got the creek turned and was putting through about fifty tons of gravel, and the results were better than I had hoped for. I had several nuggets weighing seven or eight ounces each. The gravel was averaging thirty pennyweights to the ton, and of platinum about five pennyweights. But unfortunately it took us three or four days to dig and carry enough gravel to keep the box going one day. However, we were getting about four hundred pounds worth of gold and platinum per week, and my Indians were as jolly as a crowd of schoolboys.

I was feeling very run down and anxious. It was hopeless for me to try and get a good night's rest; I was for ever listening for the sound of the drums. I made several trips with the Tulip to look for spoor and we could find none. I had to go once a week to the stream at our old camp to get fish. Tulip found it hard to keep the cook supplied with birds for the mess. My Indians were so taken with the gold fever that it was difficult to make them go out and fossick meat for their curry, and my salt meat was getting scarce. Da Silva was suffering a lot with fever, and it was hard work to keep him in his tent when he had a bad bout. He seemed to be mad about the collection; he would talk half the night about birds and

reptiles, and seemed to think I would make a fortune with the collection, that there would be nothing in the world to touch it. I tried to make him understand that it would only beat any other collection so far as the birds and reptiles of this island was concerned. He either could not or would not understand my argument. I had to let him have his way. When I told him I could get more stuff through the sluice box if I had his men and the guard I always insisted he should take when he was out collecting specimens, he would tell me that I would get more gold for the collection than I would out of the creek.

Once he took a notion nothing would make him alter his mind. I remember the first croc I killed in New Guinea ; when he was dressing the skin he would have it that that croc was an alligator, and even bet me two hundred rupees to one hundred that he was right.

I asked Tulip several times what she thought the carriers were doing. She thought they had followed the cannibals to their villages and had either wiped them out and were having a good time kai kai them or had got wiped out themselves. 'Any how,' she said, 'you need fear nothing from them, they would fight for you not against you.' She had heard them say time after time that they would go with me and fight against any tribe on the island. They would be sure to come back some day, but they would come as friends. Asked if she thought this other lot would find our camp, she was sure they would and fight us when they did find us, but she did not think there would be so many as there were in the tribe we fought and licked. I told her I was worried and thought of getting back to the Sepik. She knew I was losing sleep, but why? She always waited at night to listen for the drums, and would give me warning if she heard anything. Did I not tell her that gold was very good and all white men risked their lives looking for it? I was getting lots of gold, why run away? Had she not told me that she thought these people would not be so numerous as the lot we had fought at our last camp? Even if they numbered twice as many I could

beat them, and so on. There was no thought of running in her make up.

#### DRUMS

I asked Ali if he thought it would be a good plan to make back to the river. He thought it would be a bad plan to leave now that I had turned the creek, and was able to make so much money every week, and he thought we were safe enough. Also the Indians were mad after gold, and he doubted if they would like to go. It was only the beginning of June and Bwana Hayes would not get back with the schooner for at least four months. 'You are worrying,' he said. I told him I was, and gave him my reasons. He promised to try and get the Indians to quit. If he did he was not successful. He came to my tent two nights after our conversation and reported that even if I left for the coast, he thought that my Indians would stay so long as they could find any gold.

I told him to hurry on the work, that I was going to take a short trip towards the hills, or mountains I ought to call them—some of the peaks seemed to me to be four or five thousand feet high. My real intention was to try and get close to the place where the sound of the drums came from. I could not get it out of my mind that there was serious trouble ahead for us if we did not move out of this part of the island.

I asked Tulip if she would like a trip with me for a few days, and act as my cook. Would she! Without waiting to answer, she ran to the kitchen, ordered my cook off to look for gold, and led him an awful dance. I had told her to cook and cook she would. When the cook refused to hand over his job she threatened him with her 12-bore shot gun. The cook came running to me and said his life was in danger, had I told Tulip to take over his job and send him to work getting gold? I had not and told him to go to the devil, and get my dinner cooked. He said he surely would go to the devil unless I went back to the kitchen with him, that Tulip had said she would shoot him if he returned to his work. I called Tulip and asked her what she was up to. She seemed surprised—did I not tell her she

had to cook for me? I had told her she could cook for me on our trip, 'and understand, Tulip,' I added, 'you must not point your gun at the cook, it might go off.' She shrugged her shoulders and told me the cook was a fool, and that was that.

I asked her to get everything ready for a start next morning. She told me that night that she had put together everything we would require for one week. I asked her how many loads and how many carriers we would require, and told her I was going to take some of the women to carry loads, and four or five of her Pigmies. Next morning I was surprised to see our loads. Two small parcels was all Tulip had packed, and these contained bread and some cooked birds. 'What about pots and a kettle, and our bedding?' I enquired. She said that if I wanted to find out anything about the people who beat the drums you listen for every night, we must go alone and take cooked food with us. If we lit a fire they or their hunters would see the smoke, and if we took a large party of carriers spoor would be easy for them to see.

The weather was fine, so I let her have her own way, and we started off, carrying our own skoff and guns. I also carried my two Colts. I did not like the idea of sleeping on the ground, and added two mosquito nets to our equipment; these would keep out snakes and other crawling things.

We started off, Tulip leading. She was wonderful in the bush. It was fairly open, and we made good time, and that night camped a good twelve miles from the stockade. We saw no spoor, and that night we did not hear the drums. Next day we had some bad hills to climb. I killed the largest python I had seen on the island. It measured nearly twenty-four feet and was as thick as my thigh. I would like to have taken it to Da Silva. I skinned it and took the skin for him. From the top of a ridge we saw a fair-sized river and some small lakes or lagoons. We camped under this ridge and oh, what a night! Three times I heard the hiss of snakes, and more than a dozen scorpions and centipedes climbed my net. We heard the drums. They sounded further off than at the stockade. Tulip said she could not make out any message, and that we

would have to strike towards the mountains next day. We travelled west next day and at midday we heard the drums again and much closer. Tulip said the people were having a dance, that no message was being tapped out.

The same night she got the message. I distinctly heard several drums at what seemed to me different distances. Tulip told me that what I heard was drums at different villages sending the message through, and that messages were always sent during the night. The message she read was to the effect that this tribe would send a war party to raid some other tribe next full moon. She did not know what tribe or in what direction. The name of the tribe to be raided was Walloon or Wali. She did not know a tribe of that name, but she thought the women at camp might know. Judging by the times the message was tapped out she thought there were about ten villages. I asked her if it was worth while going further, and she thought not.

#### GOLD FEVER

I spent another bad night. The Tulip, who had set up her net at my feet, seemed to sleep like a baby. Next morning I killed four large scorpions on my net. I told Tulip I wanted to get as near to the mountains before I returned to camp, and if possible climb to the top of one of them. She was willing enough, and we started direct for the highest peak, and travelled a full ten hours that day over extremely rough country. We had to hang on to the roots in some places to pull ourselves up the side of the hills. I thought that night that the wretched hills seemed further off than they did in the morning, and proposed we made back to camp. Anything I proposed seemed to satisfy the Tulip, so we started back, and we made camp without finding any strange spoor. Tulip stalked and shot a cassowary and I bagged a dozen pigeon.

We found everything O.K. so far as the work was concerned, but six of the Indians were down with fever, and Da Silva was very sick. Ali brought up the gold won during my absence; about one hundred ounces of fine gold and nearly eighty

ounces of nuggets, weighing from half an ounce to eleven or twelve ounces, and fifteen ounces of platinum. This for nine days' work. When the cook brought me my dinner he handed me a nugget weighing more than two pounds weight. He had found this in a pot hole in the bed of the creek. I totalled up all the gold won and it weighed nearly fifty pounds, and there was nearly fifty ounces of platinum. I called up the Indians and showed them what their share was and asked them if they were willing to start back to the Sepik river. Not one of them was willing to go and leave this chance of making a fortune. I pointed out to them that there was a powerful tribe of cannibals living within eighty miles, and that Tulip was sure that this tribe would be out on the warpath in a few weeks, and that if they found our camp would surely attack us; that fever had started to attack them now, that none of us could hope to escape the fever, and if the cannibals did attack us when half of us were down with fever, there would be small hopes of the rest being able to defend the stockade, and that we had no carriers to act as axe men.

Nothing I could say would make them alter their minds. The whole of them were smitten with the gold fever. There was the gold for the taking, they argued. Why not take and be rich for life?

Da Silva soon threw off his bout of fever, and would insist upon carrying on with the collection. I felt mad enough at times to burn the whole lot that he had collected. I had a talk with him and Ali, and put the case before them. Ali, I think, was now of my opinion, that we ought to get out while the going was good. Da Silva thought he would be able to finish his work here in a month. Ali proposed that we finished the creek bed and then moved. He thought that the Indians would be getting tired by that time. He told me that the Indians had said that I had brought them to this devil country, they had lost a lot of their countrymen, and now that they had a chance of making a fortune, I was trying to take them away from that fortune. None of them believed the cannibals would molest us, and what if they did? We had our guns against

bows and spears. These Indians would not give the carriers any credit for what they had done during the attacks at our last camp, whereas I knew that things would have gone very badly for us had we not had their help during the night attack.

I had to let things go at that. Had it not have been for the chance of being attacked there was no need to hurry. We could make the river easily in three or four weeks from here, and it would only take us another two weeks to get down to the coast from where our boats were hidden.

Things went well for three weeks, and there was very little more wash to put through. Almost every man had had his bouts of fever, and I was getting things ready for trekking when that confounded cook of mine found two nuggets higher up the creek. The Indians went mad. They would go up and camp there and get more gold. I told Ali to tell them to go to the devil and go where they wished, and to tell them that I was leaving for the Sepik in one week. I ordered him to double the scouts, two to scout south and west, the other two north and east. I let the Indians have tools and the gold pan, and they cleared off up the creek. I told Ali to tell them they could keep any gold they found. All this time Tulip stuck to her job bossing up the women and Pigmies, between whiles fishing and shooting and scouting with me.

A few days later the sixty Pigmies that I had sent back when we made our first camp up here came to visit us. They had about one hundred women with them carrying loads of skoff, and they told Tulip that three days' journey from here they had a further supply, which they were going to bring along later.

I told Ali to fall in with the Indians at my tent one evening. I had a good talk to them. Da Silva could not attend, he was down with a bout of fever. I told the Indians that it only lacked ten weeks to the time we were to meet the schooner, and that there was only seven or eight weeks' rations left, that there were over six hundred ounces of gold won, that Ali had finished cleaning up the bed of the creek, and the gravel left in from both banks was only yielding about three pounds to the ton. That there was a lot of overburden to get at the pay

dirt, and we would have to work very hard to make one hundred pounds per week. I was leaving in two days ; they could please themselves.

Ali also talked to them, and told them that if Hayes arrived before time he would only wait until the year was up and then sail away, and we would be stranded here on the island without any chance of getting off. 'Then what good will the gold be to you?' he said. 'Tell them to dismiss,' I told Ali. 'I will not listen to any talk. We begin packing loads to-morrow, and I start as soon as the loads are ready.'

#### THE ATTACK ON TULIP

Tulip told me that there had been no fighting between here and the Sepik river since I licked the head hunters that had raided these Pigmies, and that the carriers had not passed through to the river that way. She thought the carriers made good kai kai for the tribe they had followed after our scrap. She did not know if our boats were in the place we had hidden them, but thought they would be. The people up river would have followed us had they have heard we were in the country. There was plenty of food at the Pigmies' village and also at the villages that I had subdued. The people I had subdued had visited the Pigmies and had made friends with them, and we would not have any trouble on our trek back unless we met the war party we knew of.

'But I thought you were going to cross over the mountains and look for gold,' said Tulip. I told her that I had promised to meet the schooner at a certain time and we did not have food for our people even if I could prolong my trip. 'Why take people? We could travel by ourselves. There are plenty of fish in the rivers, and plenty of birds in the bush, and sago palms, bread fruit and yams.'

'And also plenty of cannibals,' I answered. 'No, Tulip, I must get back to the coast and I must look after my people. I brought them into this country, a good many have been killed, and they have their wives and children in their own country. I must get them back to the coast and out of this



land. The schooner would not wait more than a few weeks, and it would take more than six weeks to get over the mountains and back.

She would have talked the whole night had I not pretended to sleep. I noticed that she was not so cheerful the following day, and during the morning did not go near the kitchen. She took two of her Pigmies and went out to hunt. I was busy that day getting things fixed for an early start the following morning. Da Silva was too ill to walk, as was one of his assistants and two Indians. I made hammocks to carry the sick men, and by two o'clock had made up and counted loads. I found I would either have to leave a dozen loads of Da Silva's stuff or the same amount of trade goods, and made up my mind that I would leave the truck; I knew it would hurt Da Silva if any of the collection was sacrificed. The women and twenty of the Pigmies that had carried in the skoff had not returned with their second load. Had they been here I would have had more carriers than I required.

I was sitting down to a late lunch when I heard two shots fired. These were followed by two more. Ali came up and asked me if I had heard the shooting? I had. Was it the scouts? No, the morning scouts had just reported and the relief had not left camp. I told him to get the camp ready to hold back an attack in case it was necessary, and to call in all his men. Ten of these had gone up stream that morning to have a last try for gold. I took my rifle and started out in the direction the shots had been fired. I had my Colts on; I never went out or walked about camp without my revolvers. I had got in the habit of doing so in Africa, and the habit remained with me up to twenty-five years ago. I scouted about, being careful to keep as much in the thicker bush as I could, and whistled at intervals. I could not find the spoor Tulip would have made when she left camp.

I had been doing this for nearly an hour when my signal was answered, and shortly after one of Tulip's Pigmies came dodging through the bush to me. I tried to ask him where Tulip was, but could not make him understand. I could only

speaking a few words of their lingo, and he was very rattled and excited. He had been wounded by an arrow in the leg. I made signs, trying to make him understand that I wanted him to take me to Tulip, and he started off towards a creek that drained the country between the hill we were camped on and the first ridge. At the creek I saw where the attack had been made. There was blood about on the grass and bushes and a lot of spoor. I tried to make this blighter understand by signs, and at last I thought he wanted to tell me that the Tulip was dead, and that his mate was also killed and had been carried off by the natives.

When I understood him to mean this I was very agitated. I pointed to the spoor and signed to him to follow it. He would not or could not understand me, so I made signs for him to return to camp and come back with help. I followed the spoor myself. I did not even think of what I would do. Even if I did not get reinforcements from camp I was determined to find out what had happened to the Tulip, and I found out quicker than I expected.

About half a mile from where Tulip must have been captured I came up to the brutes that had her. There were eight or ten of them, and they had already started to kai kai the Pigmie. I was within forty yards of them when I saw them. I opened with my rifle, dropped it after firing both barrels, jerked out my Colts and charged at them yelling like the devil and shooting with both hands. I dropped a swine at every shot. Three made a dive for the thick bush, and I dropped two before they reached cover, and emptied my guns at the other, but missed him. I went a few yards along his spoor and could find no blood, so I gave it up, and went back to where these brutes had been cooking parts of the Pigmy.

There I found poor little Tulip. I thought at first she was dead; she was covered with blood. To my relief I found that she was only stunned by a wound over her right brow, and she had been slightly wounded in two places by arrows.

While I was attending to her Ali came up with half of his men and about thirty Pigmies. I had some trouble bringing

Tulip out of her faint. She came to for a few minutes and went out again. Ali had been counting up the damage I had done, which was eight dead cannibals. I had killed three with the two shots from my rifle. Only one of the slugs had killed a man from one barrel ; two from the other had taken a life each, and the Colts had accounted for five. These chaps did not even reach for a weapon to attack me. I had taken them so suddenly all they tried was to escape, and one of them did get clean away. I sent Ali to spoor him to see if he was wounded, and he followed the spoor for a quarter of a mile and did not find a blood spot. The bush was so thick here that he was sure to leave blood on the leaves, had one of my forty-five man-stopping bullets found him.

I made the Indians carry Tulip back to camp, and told Ali to light a few fires and tramp the grass about them, and put what remained of the Pigmy on these fires, to make it look as if cannibals had made a camp and had cooked the Pigmy and the other chaps. It did not take the Pigmies long to slice up the dead cannibals and stick joints about the fires. We carried the heads with us, and I had them planted on one of the gravel dumps on the creek at camp.

#### THE NIGHT WATCH

Tulip had recovered and was conscious before we reached camp. I dressed her wounds and put her on my own bed. I would not let her talk.

I went out and saw things made ready to repel the attack that I was sure was coming. I had a talk to Ali and the Indians. Da Silva had crawled out of his tent, but I sent him back to his bed. He looked awful ; there was no doubt about it ; Da Silva was a sick man. I told Ali and the Indians that I expected to be attacked at any moment and I blamed them ; that if they had not gone mad about getting gold, we would have been well on our way to the Sepik by now, that it was through their foolishness that our lives were endangered this trip, and it was up to them to do their best to hold the stockade

to the last man. I had written a letter to Hayes, telling him the fix I was in, so that if I was killed he would know it was no fault of theirs, and I made them promise me that if I did get knocked on the head they would see the Tulip got safely back to her village, and give her all the trade goods that were left over after paying our carriers, and to leave her all the spare arms and ammunition. They all swore that Tulip would be treated as though she had been as one of their own children, and that they would hang on and fight to the finish.

I ordered Ali to try and find some more pots or anything that would hold water, and to put a good man to guard the water when the fight started. After having a look at Da Silva and two sick Indians, and seeing that Tulip was comfortable, I went towards the bolt hole of the stockade, and scouted out towards where the scrap took place. The sun was just going down, so I hid in the bush until it was dark. About a mile from camp I heard some talking, and after going another quarter of a mile could make out talking enough to satisfy me that there was a fair-sized crowd of natives somewhere in front of me. I got back to camp just as the moon got up, and told Ali what I had discovered. Tulip was still sleeping.

I called the cook and told him to bring me dinner and to make a pot of strong coffee, and to take a plate of soup to Da Silva. I did not expect to be attacked until morning. I knew the cannibals would first scout round and find out how we were fixed, and during the night make their plans. I mentioned before that the stockade was built on the top of a hill, and that the bush was cleared for a good hundred yards on either side. This made it hard to charge, and the attacking party would be fairly blown when they reached the fence. I had three guards, eight in each guard, and four hour watches; one at each corner of the stockade fence, and one in the centre of each side of the fence. I had ordered Ali to break out two boxes of hatchets and arm the women. I missed the Tulip. It took the interpreter a long time to make the women understand what was expected from them. They had seen their men use the axes at the other camp, and I had hopes that they

would make some use of their axes when it came to close quarter fighting.

I was sleeping in my chair when Tulip woke me ; she seemed in her right mind and was firm on her feet. There was a nasty lump on her brow where she had been struck down. Only for that one would not have known she had been hurt.

She asked me if the cannibals had made an attack yet. I told her no, but that they had found the place where I had killed eight of the nine that had captured her, and that I did not expect they would attack during the night. The moon was nearly full, and they could not hope to take us by surprise. I got the cook going, and he made or rather warmed up some soup for her. She said she was thirsty but did not want anything to eat. I made her take some soup and a dish of tea, and told her to go and lie down again. She did what she was told for about the first time since I had known her.

#### THE FIGHT AT THE STOCKADE

The night passed and nothing happened. I saw that all hands had a good breakfast and had some myself, went my rounds and dosed Da Silva and my sick Indians. By that time Tulip was awake. I had a look at her wounds and dressed them. The arrow wounds were mere scratches, but she had a nasty knock on her head. I made her take some breakfast, and gave her a dose of quinine. I had dosed her before and had trouble doing it. This morning she took it like a baby. She seemed somehow different ; I never saw her so subdued as on that morning. She was just telling me about how she had been captured, when the first shot was fired.

She grabbed for her gun and was as keen as mustard to get going. No other shot was fired just then, so she continued her yarn. She had been out to try for some birds and had followed cassowary for a distance, and was unable to get close enough for a shot. On her way home she was resting on the creek when the cannibals had surprised and rushed her and

the Pigmies. She did not remember firing her gun, in fact, she remembered very little until she woke up in the tent, and wondered how she had got on my bed.

Ali came up and reported that he had fired at a cannibal who was spying on the camp, and had missed his man. I ordered him to tell the others not to fire. I did not want the cannibals to know at what range we could kill. I would rather hold off a rush than be penned up in the stockade. 'It was a good job you did miss,' I told him. 'Let them charge and get within good range. Let them make the attack; tell the men not to expose themselves too much, and be sure they are not all shooting at the same mark before they fire. We will not know what we are up against unless we can see them and make a guess at their numbers.'

I went out and had a look round, and could see cannibals on every side of the stockade. They were keeping in the bush, and I hoped were getting ready to rush us. They did rush about half an hour after this, and not a shot was fired until they got within thirty-five yards. I got the first shot in with one of the swivels, Ali followed with the other.

Then the shooting became general. I emptied my three rifles and then got home on a few with my Colts. The rush was checked, the cannibals pulled up and sent a shower of arrows at us. I managed to reload the swivel and was surprised to see the Tulip loading my rifles. There was another rush, and I got home again with the swivel and my rifles. This rush got right home, and there was some lively axe work by the Pigmies and the women. By gad, they were fighting better than their men did. My Colts were empty, and I was using one of my rifles, and clubbed several cannibals as they topped the fence. Tulip was busy loading my two rifles. I heard Ali yelling and knew some of the cannibals had got into the stockade on his side, but I was too busy on my side to go to his help. I had knocked the brains out of one chap when two more topped the wall and jumped straight at me. Both came at once. I got home on one and the other would have got home on me, had Tulip not have blown half of his head off

with her own gun. She pushed a loaded rifle into my hand, and I was just on time to stop two more from jumping on me.

I could only see the two sides I was defending and we were holding our own. Ali was having a rough time on his side. I could hear him cursing and yelling and cheering his men on. Every now and again a few shots were being fired, which showed me that the Indians were keeping cool. Four times Tulip loaded my rifles, and three times she fired her own gun. I had smashed one of my rifles and was swinging one of our felling axes. Several times I felt the sting of something hitting me, but was feeling no ill-effects. Two more climbed the fence. As I was dealing with a big chap that tackled me I heard two shots, and those on the fence fell inside. I had the chap that closed with me by his wrist, and was pushing my axe into his face. He had me by my throat. I heard two more shots and was very nearly out, when the brute relaxed his grip on my throat and fell dead, dragging me to the ground with him. Tulip had pushed a knife into his heart, and when I got to my feet was loading her gun as if she had not just a moment before saved me from being strangled.

The fight was slackening off, I could tell that by sound. I was half blind with sweat and blood. Ali was making less row and the Pigmies and women were not yelling so much. Tulip handed me a rifle, but there was nothing to fire at on my side. Steady shooting was going on from Ali's side, and what few Pigmies had kept their heads were shooting on my side. Tulip had a look out, and before I could call to her had swung the swivel to the right and pulled the trigger. She almost threw a somersault from the corner bastion where the swivel was mounted.

We had beaten off the attack, and by the first clear sight I got at the inside of the stockade, at a great cost to us. Tulip handed me a rifle and I got a couple of shots at the blighters before they gained the bush. Ali was shooting on his side. I found out after that Da Silva had been loading the guns for Ali's side.

## THE DEAD

The fight was won, and not at a great loss to us, that is as far as my Indians were concerned. I found three of the Indians dead, eight wounded, two very badly. Both died before morning. Ali had a few scratches, two of Da Silva's assistants were wounded, and he himself had received another slight wound. Fifteen women had been killed and eleven wounded, none of them badly. Nine Pigmies were dead and sixteen wounded; three died that day.

We found fifty-two dead and wounded cannibals in the stockade, and just under the fence and in the trench; I could count nearly three score of them between the stockade and the bush. I ordered Ali to get these bodies dragged from the stockade and as far as possible down wind, while I attended to the wounded, and to work with a strong covering party in case there was another attack. Of the cannibals wounded there were only two that had any chance of recovering, and I gave orders for the others to be put out of their misery. There was one Pigmy that I eased of his pain.

This fight lasted about two and a half hours, and we were all very rattled and tired, but it was absolutely necessary that we got rid of these dead bodies as far as possible from camp. We were surrounded by cannibals and did not know how long we would be penned up here, and dead bodies in New Guinea were not nice things to be penned up with.

By the time I had finished fixing my wounded Ali had cleared the trench and stockade of the dead. He had not been attacked while he was doing his job. A few arrows had been shot from the bush, but the range was too great for good shooting. Tulip had gone to the tent while I was attending to the wounded, and I went there to dress her wounds. The lump on her brow had gone down considerably, and the other two flesh wounds looked healthy. She was very quiet and had little to say. When I thanked her for her help she would have none of it. Had she not allowed herself to be captured? And



had not I gone out single-handed to seek her and risked being killed? She seemed to think it an awful disgrace. It was her job, she said, to look for native spoor, and she had failed. I tried to cheer her up and told her that I had four Indians who had nothing else to do, and they had failed to find any spoor. I asked if she was hungry. No, but she was very thirsty. I went out to get her some water, and here I saw was our greatest loss. Nearly half of the pots of calabashes had been broken. We would have to get to the creek somehow if the cannibals did not clear out the following day. I took Tulip a drink and told her to try and get some sleep. Why did I not sleep? she asked. I had been up most of the night, and she had slept the night through. I told her I wanted her to sleep until after the moon rose, and then I would wake her and she could watch while I was sleeping. She seemed pleased at this. I wondered what had come over the kid; she who had been the life of our camp was now like a good little schoolgirl. The wounds she had received were not serious, and now that the swelling had gone down the head wound was not troubling her a great deal. I had asked her if she had pain in her head, and she said no, she was not in pain anywhere. Hanged if I knew what made her so quiet and subdued.

When I saw she really meant to turn in I went to Ali and took him over and showed him the water, and told him to help me to carry some of the pots into my tent. I was determined that the sick and wounded would not be made to suffer more, and I knew what it was to be down with wounds and fever and lack a drink; I had been through that in Africa. I felt stiff myself. I had been hit three times in the scrap, two arrows in the fleshy part of my right side and a stab in my leg from a spear. I had not said anything to Ali about it; I did not want Tulip or the Indians to know. I ordered Ali to get away and have some sleep. I would boss up until after the moon came up, I told him. I felt as if I was in for a bad bout of fever, and I would rest better if I knew that Ali and Tulip were on the watch.

At sundown one of the Indians died. I put on some Pigmies to dig a grave at one corner of the compound, and while they were at it I climbed both bastions and had a look round. Several arrows were shot from the bush ; three of them just got into the stockade, three or four hit the fence and dropped, all the others dropped well away from the fence. I did not see any of the cannibals who shot them. I told off four Indians to get the body of their chum ready for the grave, and ordered the cook to bring me my dinner. Before I had finished the other wounded Indian handed in his checks. I planted the two in one grave, and put the Pigmies on to dig another grave. One of them had pegged out, and I knew two more would not see the sunrise again. Before I called Ali I had planted the three. I had still another grave dug. I knew that four of the wounded women were due to peg out before morning, and I thought it better to have the grave ready for them. I knew that all the other wounded would make it ; in fact, in this kind of scrapping a man either got his ticket or was only slightly wounded. Some of the bone-tipped arrows did very little damage if shot at a range of more than thirty yards or so, and the flint-tipped ones were also only good at a fairly close range, and these were the only weapons these people were armed with. They could kill a man at not more than seventy-five yards. It is at close quarters that the cannibals become dangerous.

#### WATER

We were not attacked that night. The guard fired a few shots that night at cannibals they saw trying to creep up to the stockade. The following morning I found most of my wounded Indians suffering of fever, otherwise they were doing nicely. I saw to the water ration. There was only sufficient water to last the day out. The creek was some three hundred yards away, and the cannibals had one of their camps on the creek. We could see the smoke of their fires. I was not sure how many cannibals had attacked us, but I could see the smoke from four different camps, and had things been more

favourable, I would have taken a chance and attacked them in the open. As it was, I had too many wounded and sick to take any risks.

Several times during that day I thought the cannibals were going to make a rush. They mobbed on the fringe of the thick bush and did a lot of shooting with their bows, but only a few arrows reached the inside of the stockade. Once when I was standing on the bastion, an arrow hit me square on my chest. It hardly penetrated through my shirt.

I would have to get to the creek that night and do it before the moon came up. I was telling Ali that I would make the attempt, when the Tulip came up to where we were talking. She offered to get the water. She reckoned that if she took her Pigmies and some of the women she would manage it without trouble.

Two women that had been wounded when the cannibals got into the stockade pegged out during the day, and one Pigmy followed them. I had to plant them in the stockade. None of my people gave trouble ; they seemed to take the fix we were in as all in the day's work.

I had everything ready to start for the creek at dark. There was a good path from the camp to the dam, but more than two hundred yards of the path ran through very heavy bush. I took twenty pigmies, all armed with guns, and Tulip made them understand that there was to be no shooting, unless I myself fired. Then they had to shoot five at one time. I ordered Tulip to stay in camp, but she would not hear of doing so, and rather than argue I let her come. Ali would be ready to assist us if there was any trouble. I do not know how the Pigmies or the women who carried the pots for the water felt. I myself did not feel any too good, and to tell the truth I was in a devil of a funk.

We managed to reach the creek without being discovered. The cannibals were camped on the far bank and not more than fifty yards from the dam. I was surprised when the Tulip caught my arm and whispered that all the women had started back with their pots of water. It was too dark to make out

anything but the glimmer of the fires at the cannibal camp. I whispered to let the women get a good start.

It was just after that the accident happened that might have cost us our water and some of us our lives. One of the Pigmies, trying to get a drink of water, accidentally discharged his gun. Then the remainder of them, thinking it was I that had fired, let go with their guns. The cannibals were after us at once. Tulip dragged at my arm and started to run for the stockade. She yelled some order to the Pigmies, I do not know what, but it was a case of every man for himself now. We were half way through the clearing before we overtook our women, and there I tried to stop the rush of our Pigmies. The moon was just rising, and I could make out figures between us and the bush. I fired at several with my rifle and Colts, and Ali fired a swivel from the stockade, more to make a noise than in hopes of doing any damage to the cannibals. We got safely back, and I will give the women their due ; not one of them dropped her pot of water.

#### RELIEF

We now had water to keep us for two days, but when Tulip counted the Pigmies, seven were missing. We could not give them any help, even if we knew they were prisoners to the cannibals. Tulip thought they had cleared into the thick bush and would escape to their village, that they would not try and get back to the stockade. I attended to my sick people and had a talk with Da Silva, who was normal, and on the mend. Then I had some dinner and turned in, leaving Ali in charge. I heard a few shots fired during the night, sentries firing at what they took for cannibals, and were probably tree stumps or bushes, and did not get out of my bed until I relieved Ali at three next morning. That night passed quietly enough. The majority of my people had a good rest, and the sick and wounded had improved when I attended them. Tulip was fit again and at her old game of making the cook miserable.

I think I was the only one in camp that took note of what we might have to suffer if these brutes did not make another rush

and give us a chance of licking them. I could get the smell of the dead cannibals when the wind blew from that direction, and it was far from pleasant. Also I knew that getting water a second time was going to be a very tough job, and I doubted if we would manage to get any more, unless we rushed the camp on the creek. That would cost a lot of lives and probably lead to our all being killed. My sick and wounded was where I was handicapped.

All that day, the cannibals did not make a move. The moon came up at ten o'clock, and I hoped they would rush us in the dark hours, but they did not make any attempt to do so, and another night passed.

Next day at about ten o'clock, the rush came, and from one side only. This time I fired the swivels at eighty yards, and they did more damage than at thirty-five yards. The shot scattered better at the longer range, but did not kill many. It wounded quite a number and put them out of action. We fired every gun we had, and I was surprised to see the cannibals bolt before they had got within fifty yards of the stockade fence. They seemed to be fighting among themselves. Tulip yelled to me and she had to yell to make herself heard; the din outside was terrible. She made me understand that the cannibals were being attacked by some other tribe, and she thought it was our carriers. I ordered the stockade gate down and we made out and attacked these brutes in the rear. The fight was soon over; the cannibals bolted in all directions. I did not follow them into the bush with my people, but let them fight it out between themselves.

Tulip was right; it was our own Sepik people who had turned up. When the chase was over nearly two hundred of the carriers turned up at the stockade. They told their story, and it appeared they had followed the cannibals who had made the attack on our other stockade right to their villages, and had licked them, killing all the fighting men. There were only a few fighting men left at the villages, and they won through with hardly any loss to themselves, and they had subdued that tribe. They were on their way to join me and ask for the loan

of my canoes and boats to bring their families up river. They intended keeping the country they had won, and abandoning their old villages on the Sepik river.

#### THE HOMEWARD TREK

This plan of theirs suited me. I would now have plenty of help getting my sick people back to the boats, and all my goods and collection. We had no one wounded in this scrap, and the carriers had only lost seven men killed and a few wounded, none of them so badly wounded as to make them unfit to travel with us.

We fixed everything that day, made hammocks for our sick, and camped next day at our old stockade. We dug up what remained of the cultivation, and every man except the Indians carried their rations tied to the load they were carrying.

We made the river in fourteen treks, getting food from the Pigmy village and the villages I had subdued on my way up. I lost nine of my wounded on the way to the river, five women, three Pigmies, and one Indian. The others were all doing well, and by the time we arrived at the Sepik most of them were able to get about. Da Silva was walking three days before we got to the river. He was a wreck, but would insist on carrying on his work. He bought paradise plumes from the Pigmies and natives when we stopped a day to rest and get food at a Pigmy village. He had collected several bundles of these plumes on the river, and had shot several scores of the birds. I did not know at the time what his idea was and pulled his leg about it. I did not know the value of these plumes until I returned to India. I could see then what his idea was. He must have known that the plumes had a value and a good market.

We arrived at the Sepik river on the second of September, and found our canoes and boats safe. It was eight months and a few days since we left this camp. We left here forty-nine strong and had lost twenty-two of my servants. All of them died fighting or from wounds received while fighting, and nearly

one hundred Pigmies, carriers and women had been killed or died of wounds. I had only had to hang five men, and show these people that a white man was just in his dealings with them, and now I could call on at least seven hundred to carry loads or fight for me. This was fifty-three years ago, and yet to-day I hear there is still a lot of ungoverned country on that island.

#### DA SILVA

I loaded our boats and dugouts and dispatched Ali with a dozen men, with crews for the boats and dugouts, to our base camp, and told him to send a look-out to the mouth of the river to watch for the schooner, then to return the boats with what the carriers wanted to bring up. I ordered the crews to hurry. Hayes was due sometime this month, and I wanted to be there to meet him.

Da Silva was busy during the time we had to wait collecting birds and reptiles. I killed a few crocs, but none of them were as good as the specimens I had killed at the base camp, and we let them drift down river. Tulip was in her best trim. She brought in scores of birds and loads of flying fox. These people eat the fox and seem to enjoy it. I had a few trips out and bagged several new specimens.

I was out one day with Tulip and did not return until nearly sundown. One of Da Silva's assistants came to meet me when I was still a few hundred yards from camp, and told me Da Silva was dead. He had been bitten by a snake and Da Silva had cut his hand off with an axe. I hurried to Da Silva's tent. He was lying unconscious on his camp bed. I examined him; he had cut off his left hand, had it bandaged, and had a tourniquet fastened about his wrist. I rubbed permanganate of potash into the hand and dressed it, and gradually released the tourniquet. He looked very bad, he had bled quite a lot, and he could ill afford to lose the blood.

He regained consciousness during the night, and I managed to get some brandy into him. He was very weak and wandered a lot, but near daylight he brightened up and asked me if I had

been with him all night. I told him I had. He wanted to know if I thought he would recover. I told him he had every chance in the world. He seemed to doubt this, and told me he had made his will, months ago at our old camp, when he thought the fever would beat him, and that he had written a letter to his partner, who had a tea plantation in Ceylon. Would I take charge of these documents? He had also written a letter to me. He had done this in case he was killed.

I told him not to worry, that he would be at Ceylon himself in a few months. But I knew he would not see the sun rise again. The shock had been too great for him in his bad state of health. I asked him if he suffered. No, not worth mentioning. He was suffering; I knew it. I told him not to tire himself talking, but he seemed to know that he was for the high jump and insisted on talking; he said it took the thought of what was bound to happen off his mind. He told me a lot of his history.

Poor chap, he had been through the mill in his life, and now it was drawing to a finish on the banks of the Sepik. His grandfather had been a Hindu. He told me that the part of his life he enjoyed most was the few years he had spent with me. 'You have treated me as an equal,' he said, 'and I am sorry I cannot live a few more years and serve you.'

'Is there anything I can do for you?' I asked.

'No, you will know what to do when you read my letter; and do not forget this. The collection you take away from this island is valuable. It is worth double the price of any collection you have made since you engaged me to work for you. You will find a list of everything we have collected in my papers. I have a dread of being eaten by these cannibals; promise me you will burn my body.'

I told him there was little chance of his being eaten here. But he seemed so dispirited that I promised him I would. I sat with him until he passed over. This he did just after midnight. He bade good-bye to his assistants and the Indians, and made them promise to help me burn his body.

So passed Da Silva, the best taxidermist I ever had, and a



jolly good man, a splendid fighter in any kind of a scrap, and a good chum and friend. We burned his body next day, and I really think that Tulip and her people thought we were going to eat it. Anyhow they cleared out and did not turn up for some hours, and the body was then nearly consumed. I explained to Tulip that the Hindus always burned their dead, and that Da Silva's grandfather was a Hindu. I also told her of Da Silva's fear of being kai kai. She said she thought burning the dead a good idea, that she would order her people to burn her body when she pegged out.

Da Silva's letter contained his will, which he had had drawn up before we left Singapore. He left everything he died possessed of to me. I had no difficulty in proving his will, and benefited by it to the tune of five figures in Indian money. I am not repeating what was said in his farewell letter to me. He seemed to have had an idea that New Guinea would be his last trip with me, and had made everything correct before he left Singapore.

The boats made a good return, and we all managed to get on board this trip. I had sent all the women home with presents of axes, knives, beads and cloth, and a plug of tobacco each, except seven who still wanted their wounds attended to. These could return later when the rest of the people belonging to the carriers left to take up their new homes. I had a note from Ali saying that he found the goods at the base camp O.K., except a little rice that had got damp. The Pigmies were glad to see them return safely. That a cargo left every morning to keep a look-out for the schooner. The Pigmies were all anxious to see Tulip; she, he said, was a kind of a Queen amongst her own people. The little devil never said a word to me about this, and always led me to think she was a captive of the filthy old witch-doctor I had shot the day she joined my party. I had wondered at times why the Pigmies up here obeyed her orders so promptly.

We took five days to reach camp and join Ali, and it seemed to me that we made fifty miles some days, and one day when we caught the outgoing tide, we must have made nearly

seventy miles. Ali was O.K., and the stores and goods seemed not to have suffered from moisture. Ali had had most of the goods out in the sun for a few days. He told me that he and the men had several narrow escapes from snakes, scorpions and centipedes, when they were taking stock and moving the stores and goods. He was genuinely sorry when I told him how Da Silva had lost his life ; it was hard lines after coming through all the scraps with only a few slight wounds.

There was a great how do you do when Tulip arrived. They started dancing that night and kept it going for a week.

#### OUT OF THE WOOD

It was now October 4th and Hayes had not turned up. Ali had been here more than a fortnight, and a boat went down river every day. I made the carriers a present of the dugouts and gave them some cloth, beads, axes, knives, and tobacco, and I made them a present of a few burning glasses and showed them the way to use them.

Soon after I arrived at the camp, Ali brought me nearly two hundred ounces of gold. This had been found by the Indians when I told them they could have all they found, the time they refused to return to this camp. He said they wanted me to accept it as a present for having to fight their battle, meaning the last fight we had, and for attending them when they were ill or wounded. I accepted it, and put it in the pool which I halved, sharing one half amongst the survivors of my party, and the other half amongst the widows and friends of those who had lost their lives in this damned country ; and it is a damned country.

I had everything made ready to go aboard when the schooner arrived. I called Tulip from the village where she had gone for the dancing, and made her a present of two whale boats and all the trade goods, and I got the people started on a house for her to live in. I asked her if she would like to go away with me and go to school. No, she would not leave her people. 'But why don't you stay?' she asked. 'My people

will work for you, and I will show you where there is lots of gold.'

'What do you know about gold?' I asked her. 'You never saw any until I found it and started to dig for it.'

'You wait, I will show you,' she replied.

She went into the tent and dragged out a trunk I had given her, and brought me three nuggets. The three would weigh fully sixty ounces. I asked her why she had taken it, thinking she must have pinched it from the sluice box. She became really angry, and told me she found it, and a lot more on the day she went scouting with her Pigmies. That was after I got back from our nine days' tramp in quest of the cannibals who were sending out drum messages. She said she would take me to the place, if I cared to send my men off on the schooner and remain behind. I told her that I would not make the same journey and go through what I had come through if I was sure of finding enough gold to sink the schooner, and I meant every word of what I said. I was as nervous as an old maid and a wreck of what I was when I landed here just over one year ago.

I had collected more than three hundred species of birds, reptiles, insects, butterflies and fish. Most of this collection went to America. Of minerals I saw gold, platinum, iron, copper and lead, and at one place iridium. There is no doubt in my mind that there is a wealth of precious and base metals to be found in New Guinea.

I got, I think, about two hundred and fifty miles from the coast. I travelled nearly two hundred and fifty miles by the river, and then in a south-westerly direction two hundred miles. I was one year and six weeks on the island. I think I was the first white man the natives had seen. It was only after subduing them that I managed to get on friendly terms with them. Then I think I could have depended on the natives I did capture to have fought for me, had I have continued living on the island.

While waiting for the schooner I built a good house for Tulip. She was now a queen indeed, rich in everything that was

coveted in this part of the world. I left her about forty loads of trade goods, all my tools, about forty-five guns of various kinds, including the two swivels, nearly half a ton of different grades of shot, three full cases and one open case of gun caps, and nearly three hundred pounds of gunpowder. The powder was in one pound tin flasks. We had shifted our goods and my collection of birds, reptiles, fish, plumes, and curios down to the camp where we landed, and still the schooner was not sighted.

#### THE SCHOONER

It was five weeks and six days overdue when it did turn up. Hayes was very glad to see me. He told me I looked ten years older than when I landed here a little over a year ago. I told him about the gold and showed him the three nuggets Tulip had found, and asked him would he care to have a trip after it. He said he would not go into that part of the island if the nuggets were diamonds instead of gold. He was satisfied with doing a bit of pearling, trading, and recruiting, and so long as there was a pearl to dive for or be bought, or a nigger to be caught or recruited, the interior of New Guinea would not see him. 'Damn it, man,' he said, 'look at yourself. You are an old man now. If you had another year of this confounded country you would be grey-headed and useless. How the devil did you do it? I would not go into the interior of that confounded country if I had a full regiment of soldiers at my back, and a battery of guns to back them up. How you managed it is a marvel to me. You have done a thing that has never been done in the islands. We are all contented to see the shores and do our work from the boat, and then we have our covering boats; but to travel inland and stay there for more than a year! It is not done, lad, and will not be done again in your life time. Why, the Government don't do it!'

I told Hayes about Tulip and how useful she had been. 'Why did you not bring her along with you?' says Hayes. I told him she refused to come. 'Refused hell,' says he, 'why the devil did you not carry her? Hang it, I think I will go and

get her.' I told him that I thought he would have no hope, that she seemed to be Queen of all the Pigmies along the Sepik. He saw I did not like his way of talking, and he said he was only pulling my leg. I told him I had left her my trade goods, and arms and boats, and that if any white man tried to do as he had jokingly said he would, that man would probably have a rough house. He agreed with me.

I had bid Tulip good-bye when I left her village. She had collected a lot of curios and paradise and osprey plumes, and gave them to me as a present, and she gave me a well-preserved head of a white woman. She said this was the most treasured possession of the witch-doctor I had shot. So maybe I was not the first white man to travel in this part of new Guinea. I dug a grave and put the head in a box and buried it, and only Tulip and I knew where it was buried.

Hayes only stayed here until my goods had been brought on board. I asked him if he could spare the time at Darwin to let me go inland and try for a buffalo. I had heard on our way here that there was buffalo on some swamps, about one hundred miles from Darwin. He asked me if I had not had enough of cannibals. 'There are some there, and you will probably run into them,' he told me. I thought not, but he insisted there were. 'You can inquire when you get there,' he said. 'I am not telling you this because I don't intend to put in there. If you really mean trying I can easily wait a couple of weeks for you.' I left it at that.

We often spoke about my fights in New Guinea. Hayes, Metcalf and Munroe never tired of the yarns I had to tell, and his boy told our adventures to the Kanaka crew. I was looked upon by them as some kind of a devil, I think. I told Hayes, Metcalf and Munroe about the head and how I had buried it. We talked a lot about it, and we all came to about the same conclusion. Tulip and her witch-doctor did not belong to New Guinea. They must have emigrated from some other island, or have been cast away, and eventually got stranded on New Guinea. The witch-doctor brought the white women's head with him. Tulip had told me it was or

used to be his greatest treasure. She did not remember anything outside of New Guinea, and must have been very young when she arrived on the island. They might have come there from any of the Spice Islands, and the head could have once adorned the body of the wife or daughter of a Dutch official or settler. Hayes told me he knew of cases of girls and men being blown away from their own islands when out fishing and landing hundreds of miles away, and it was not uncommon for natives to take long sea trips in sea-going canoes.

He said there was an island that had light-coloured, straight-haired people somewhere near New Guinea, and Tulip may have come from there. I asked him, could she be a half-caste, and he said quite easily; that several schooners traded at the island he mentioned and that he had put in there himself several times.

I often wonder what became of Tulip. Did she leave the Sepik and go to live inland as she had said she meant to do? I wonder.

\* \* \*

I am told that what I have written so far will make a fair sized volume in itself. But I am still on the job, and I hope to bring this narrative down to recent years. The reader should bear in mind that what I have already written only covers a period of about eight years. When I left New Guinea I was only twenty-nine years of age, and most of my life was still before me. I have yet to tell of adventures and tight corners as exciting as any I had passed through.

How, for example, I poached pearls and shell in Ceram, and nearly got nabbed by a Dutch gunboat. How I wandered in the Never Never of Western Australia for nearly two years, suffering damnably from thirst, tortured by ants, and threatened on one occasion by the natives.

How I visited Africa again, and wiped out the Arab slavers at Fort Tengora, and set the natives against the Baluchi employed by the Sultan of Zanzibar.

How I ran in with the M.M.P. in Mashonaland in 1892, was captured, escaped, and was re-arrested. How I was sent through to Salisbury, tried for highway robbery and culpable homicide, and sentenced to two years in gaol. How I refused to accept my liberty on the terms offered me by Rhodes and Dr. Jim. How I escaped after a few weeks, footed it to Blantyre, surrendered myself to the authorities, and was eventually given a free pardon.

How I accepted an offer from Major Forbes, first Administrator of Northern Rhodesia, and opened up the Wa Wemba country. How I met Robert Codrington, third and best Administrator of North-Eastern Rhodesia ; and how I had a row with him ; and how he afterwards became my friend.

Some of this I have written about already. I will have done enough to make up a second volume before I leave England to resume my travels, and there will be more to come, if the reader has not by that time got fed up with the adventures of Kachalola.

## APPENDIX A

### THE AFRICAN BACKGROUND

THE part of Africa covered by this narrative—roughly bounded on the south by the Zambesi, on the west by a line running east of Lakes Nyasa and Tanganyika, and on the north by another from Lake Kivu to Zanzibar—had no clear political delimitations in the year 1868. The southern part, as at present, was under Portuguese influence, extending north as far as the Rovuma, and east along the lower Zambesi. Northwards lay the large but undefined regions of the Sultan of Zanzibar. The partitioning of Africa among the European Powers had not yet begun. It was not until 1876 that Leopold II of Belgium, the first man to appreciate the commercial significance of Stanley's discovery that the Congo was a navigable waterway reaching the heart of Africa, summoned an international conference to consider the exploration and civilisation of the Dark Continent, thereby awakening Europe to the possibilities of opening up new markets and founding or adding to Colonial Empires. Up to this time England, following the happy instinct which has always led her to acquire territories of the greatest ultimate value, had concentrated on the southern part of the Continent, and her interest in the rest was confined to the activities of societies and private individuals organising missions and making journeys of exploration.

David Livingstone, of course, combined the two, and for three reasons it may be well to remind the reader of the ground he covered. Firstly, because the last five years of his life were contemporaneous with Doctor Broomfield's first two African journeys. Secondly, because much of the ground he went over from 1858 onwards was the same as that described in this book. Thirdly, because one of the great aims of his life was to stamp out the slave trade carried on by the Arabs.

Just about the same time that Doctor Broomfield arrived at Quilimane, Livingstone discovered Lake Bangweolo. From there he proceeded to Ujiji on Tanganyika, where he was found by Stanley, and after exploring the northern end of Tanganyika the two went eastward to Unyamwezi. From here Stanley left for the



coast, and Livingstone, some months later, set out on his last journey to Bangweolo. This was in August, 1872, a month before Doctor Broomfield reached Bagamoyo from Ceylon. If it had been a year later an encounter would not have been unlikely, for it appears from Doctor Broomfield's narrative that he must have passed through the Unyamwezi country during this second trip.

Most of Livingstone's work of exploration in this part of the country belongs, however, to his second period in Africa, from 1857 to 1864. During his first journey he had discovered Lake Ngami, and crossed the Continent from Loanda to Quilimane, discovering the Victoria Falls on the way. The second journey, consisting of expeditions round the Zambesi and northwards, though perhaps less spectacular and of smaller geographical range than the others, was possibly even more important from a utilitarian point of view. In 1858 he explored the Zambesi above Tete, especially the Kebrebaso Rapids. The next year he spent exploring the Shiri River and Lake Nyasa. In 1860 he did further work round Nyasa, and in 1862 he went 156 miles up the Rovuma. All this time the activities of the slave traders were constantly being brought to his notice. In 1864 he returned to England, and his remaining explorations in this neighbourhood were made during the early part of his final expedition. This time, starting from the Rovuma in 1866, he ran south-east to the south end of Nyasa, and then, striking north-north-west, crossed the Loangwa and reached the southern end of Tanganyika. From there he made his expedition to Mweru and Bangweolo, going from the latter to Ujiji, as has been already noted.

To the work of Livingstone must be added that of Burton and Speke, who visited Tanganyika in 1858, and Speke and Grant, who reached Victoria Nyanza—which Speke had sighted on his earlier expedition—in 1862, and proceeded northward to clear up the mystery of the sources of the Nile. Stanley's great trans-continental expedition, which among other things threw further light on both Tanganyika and Victoria Nyanza, did not commence until 1874.

It will thus be seen that Doctor Broomfield's first two expeditions were undertaken while the process of putting Central Africa on the map was at its height. As he explains for himself, he was neither a professed explorer nor a scientific observer. He was a simple hunter and trader whose business carried him into many strange places, where he had no intention of making anything in the nature of a survey. Unlike Livingstone, Stanley and others, he was without any backing, whether from financial corporations, missionary societies, or powerful newspapers. Always he was

alone, and always he was at pains to avoid contact with Governments and Government officials. Throughout he was inspired by the spirit of adventure. Any profit he might make by his journeys was a secondary consideration ; his aim was to go wherever his spirit led him, and by so doing to make things easier for the next white man to follow him. He has in conversation described his early expeditions as a big bluff. Where certain famous explorers would hear of hostile natives and make a detour to avoid them, Doctor Broomfield's way was to carry straight on, and take any fighting that might come to him ; and perhaps it was this supreme confidence that carried him through.

Bearing all this in mind, it will be understood why Doctor Broomfield put on record no discoveries comparable in geographical importance with those of Livingstone, Stanley, and Speke, although he was actually the first European to visit many parts of the world. But there is one discovery he made in Africa to which it may be worth while calling attention. According to the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* (latest edition) Lake Kivu, though heard of by Speke in 1861, was first visited by a white man, Count von Götzen, in 1894, *i.e.* twenty-one years later than Kachalola.

With regard to the slave trade, Livingstone, as a missionary and a man of peace, was neither physically nor perhaps morally equipped to deal with the matter by the direct methods employed by Doctor Broomfield—although on the famous occasion when he was the impotent witness of a massacre by the Arabs at Nangwe, he expressed an impulse ‘ to pistol the murderers.’ His representations to England did, however, lead to pressure being brought to bear on the Sultan of Zanzibar in the hope of putting an end to the slave trade. This was in 1871, and through the efforts of Sir John Kirk—who must have been the British Consul with whom Doctor Broomfield dined at Zanzibar on returning from his first journey—a treaty for the suppression of the trade within the Sultanate was concluded in 1873.

How little effective this was is indicated by parts of Doctor Broomfield's narrative at present in MS.—it would not be fair to instance his pitched battle in the Nika country described in Episode Two of this volume, as this took place in the latter part of the same year. But it may be pointed out that if, as Doctor Broomfield heard on apparently the best possible authority, the Sultan was financially interested in the ventures of the Arabs, the treaty was almost bound to remain a dead letter, until some external force was applied—until, in fact, the Sultanate was dismembered some years later. In 1870, when Bargash ibn Said became Sultan—it

would be Bargash who was so enraged by Doctor Broomfield's exploits—his dominions extended from Cape Delgado to Somaliland, including some of the Somali ports. By his death in 1888, Italy had acquired the northern part (Somaliland), Great Britain the central part (now Kenya), and Germany the southern part (now Tanganyika Territory) together with Mafia Island. What remained—the islands of Zanzibar and Pemba—was shortly afterwards declared a British Protectorate, and the legal status of slavery therein was finally abolished in 1897.

## APPENDIX B

### HEAD HUNTERS AND PIRATES OF BORNEO

THE name 'Dyak' is often loosely applied to all the natives of Borneo, but in the language of the island it is used to signify the people who are not Mohammedans and who live in the interior. The head-hunters with whom Doctor Broomfield came in contact, and perhaps also the pirates by whom he was attacked on his way to Hong Kong, probably belonged to the tribe known as 'Ibans,' or Sea-Dyaks. This is the only race which makes a habit of taking heads for the sake of glory, and of attacking friendly villages or casual wayfarers to obtain heads. To-day the practice is much less prevalent, owing to the spread of European influence and the fact that the Ibans are mostly found near Government Stations. Among other tribes, heads are as a rule only taken from enemies, slain or captured in battle. Since the real use of the heads is as a part of religious ceremonial, these tribes are often satisfied to borrow them when required for certain rites, as the mourning of a dead chief, or a harvest festival. Indeed, in certain stations the Government keep a few old heads which are loaned out when wanted. The custom of head-taking is actually not quite so remote in time and space as is commonly believed; as late in 1912 it was observed in the Balkan Peninsula, until the taking of noses was substituted during the Balkan War of 1912-1913.

Piracy off Borneo was generally carried on by Mohammedans and certain tribes encouraged by them, chiefly the Ibans. It was through his partial suppression of them that Rajah Brooke—the 'white chief' mentioned in Episode Three—began his association with the island. As a reward for his efforts Brooke was ceded the district of Sarawak by the Sultan of Brunei in 1841. After a battle in which the British Navy engaged the pirates at Maruda Bay in 1845 it was hoped that the nuisance was at an end, but in 1849 Brooke had to undertake another expedition against Dyak sea raiders. Piracy among the Dyaks died slowly, and Doctor Broomfield's adventure took place as late as 1875. To-day, however, the only pirates remaining in Asiatic, or any waters, are Chinese, working from headquarters at Bias Bay, near Hong Kong.

## APPENDIX C

### NEW GUINEA

WITH the exception of the Polar regions and the Amazon basin, the island of New Guinea is probably less satisfactorily mapped than any other part of the world. It is only since the annexations that any proper surveys have been made, and these are far from complete. The wildness of the country and the savagery of the inhabitants is attested by more than one tragedy, suggesting that any one going far from the coast still does so at considerable risk.

To give the most recent example, in October, 1926, four Australian prospectors were massacred in the Nakanai district of New Britain, a neighbouring island. Two others escaped into the bush. A punitive expedition, whose armament included a machine gun and bombs, was undertaken, and resulted in the arrest of sixteen natives, after some fighting.

Of all parts of the island, least appears to be known of the north-eastern quarter, the scene of Doctor Broomfield's expedition. This is the Territory of New Guinea, formerly German New Guinea, but now administered by Australia under a mandate from the League of Nations.

At the time of Doctor Broomfield's visit—1875-1876—the official annexations had not been made. The Dutch claimed sovereignty over the western half of the island, but their right to it was not admitted until 1885, when the conflicting claims of Germany and Great Britain in the eastern part were also adjusted, and the boundaries fixed. Up to that time there had not been a single white man living in German New Guinea. Exploration had been almost confined to the coast, and it certainly appears that Doctor Broomfield must have been the first to get any distance into the interior. At about the same time as he made his journey Schleinitz, the German explorer, visited the north coast and the islands, but no expedition up the Sepik River is recorded until 1885, when part of it was explored by Otto Finsch. The first complete journey, from head-waters to mouth, was only made in 1927, by H. W. Champion and C. H. Karius.

It will be noticed that the route taken by Doctor Broomfield is not marked on the sketch-map of New Guinea, as with the others. He hopes to return to the island in a short time, to locate and start working the gold he found near the Sepik River, about fifty-five years ago. For this reason he does not wish to be too particular at the moment.

## GLOSSARY

### OF AFRICAN AND OTHER UNFAMILIAR WORDS

<i>Askari</i>	-	-	Native soldiers or police.
<i>Boma</i>	-	-	Fort, Government station, Stockade round dwelling-house.
<i>Bwana</i>	-	-	'Sir,' white man, boss.
<i>Capito</i>	-	-	Foreman, boss boy.
<i>Chikoti</i>	-	-	Whip of hippo or rhino hide.
<i>Chirundo</i>	-	-	Four yards ( <i>e.g.</i> of calico).
<i>Chisowi</i>	-	-	Relish.
<i>Chitundo</i>	-	-	Basket ( <i>e.g.</i> of meal).
<i>Chuma</i>	-	-	Trade truck.
<i>Daga</i>	-	-	Clay, mud, plaster.
<i>Dambo</i>	-	-	Savannah, open plain.
<i>Donga</i>	-	-	Watercourse, small ravine.
<i>Ghee</i>	-	-	Refined butter.
<i>Godown</i>	-	-	Shed, small warehouse.
<i>Kai Kai</i>	-	-	To eat, particularly of human flesh.
<i>Kapolo</i>	-	-	Slave.
<i>Kerri</i>	-	-	Club.
<i>Kris</i>	-	-	Malay dagger.
<i>Kumbilumi</i>	-	-	Hunter.
<i>Lusaka</i>	-	-	Belts of thick tangled bush near rivers.
<i>Machilla</i>	-	-	Hammock, litter.
<i>Makuis</i>	-	-	Vultures.
<i>Mandui</i>	-	-	Ground nuts.
<i>Mapira</i>	-	-	Millet.
<i>Maranda or Mlandu</i>			Conference, argument, complaint, <i>e.g.</i> 'While I was having this maranda with Chimsakasa, Chifumbi came along and said he had a maranda' = 'While I was having this discussion with Chimsakasa, Chifumbi came along and said he had a complaint to make.'
<i>Mkokwis</i>	-	-	Grain bins.
<i>Mkwala</i>	-	-	Medicine, magic.

<i>Msasas</i>	-	-	Camps.
<i>Mtengi</i>	-	-	Grass shelter with open walls.
<i>Ndaba</i>	-	-	Argument, affair, racket.
<i>Nsalu</i>	-	-	Cloth, calico.
<i>Nsima</i>	-	-	PorrIDGE.
<i>Pombi</i>	-	-	Beer.
<i>Singa</i>	-	-	To grind.
<i>Skaram</i> or <i>Scherm</i>	-	-	Bush enclosure made round camp for protection from lions, etc.
<i>Skoff</i>	-	-	Food.
<i>Ufa</i>	-	-	Meal.
<i>Ulendo</i>	-	-	Caravan, force, trek.