INTRODUCTION.

The Letters, from which the following extracts are taken, were all written from Nigeria, and begin at the date of David's arrival in West Africa.

He had received his Commission to the Civil Service in November, 1899, and, having been appointed an Assistant Resident in Northern Nigeria, he sailed on the 2nd of December with his Chief, General (now Sir Frederick) Lugard, who went out at that date to take over the newly-formed Protectorate from the Royal Niger Company, and enter upon his post as High Commissioner of Northern Nigeria.

The selections from the letters having been made with a view of giving, as far as possible, a consecutive narrative of David's life during the eleven months they cover, few explanatory references are necessary; but it may be of interest to mention that the occasional allusions to a "choice" of work, and his regrets at having gone to West Africa, refer to the fact that at the time the post was offered to him he had also been asked by the *Times* newspaper to go out as a Special War Correspondent to South Africa. The South African war had then only just commenced, and, in common with many others, he anticipated that a few months, or at most a year, would see its close; so, although sorely tempted to accept the offer of the *Times*, he thought it would not be judicious to refuse the Civil Service appointment—which might not be

offered again—and thus lose the chance of ensuring work of a permanent nature, opening out a definite career. In this decision however he was not actuated only, or even primarily, by personal considerations. To serve his country by the giving of his best powers was his first thought. He had read and pondered much over the needs and the future of British possessions in Central, East, and West Africa, and when he said "Good men are needed there," it was not from conceit—a quality unknown in him—but because he knew that his training, his capabilities, and his previous experiences had essentially fitted him for the work required in these countries.

Until he had taken up his duties at Jebba he had not, perhaps, fully realised the trial that working in a subordinate position would prove to him. Impatience of control, an almost exaggerated dislike of conventionalism in any form, and, above all, of unnecessary detail, were the defects of his strongly marked qualities of self-reliance and independence, and of his quick, firm grasp of the broad, essential, and practical in every question. Throughout his manhood he had been his own master, working, as he expressed it, "on his own," either in the solitude he loved, or as Organiser and Leader of the Expeditions by which he had made his name as an Explorer. It was therefore all the more to his credit that he adapted himself so quickly and so effectively to the subordinate position in which he began his Civil Service career, and trained himself to bear the months of office work—peculiarly irksome to his free and energetic spirit—that his administrative duties compelled during his stay at Jebba, and later at Lokoja. That the success he gained in Nigeria was remarkable is clear from the testimony of his Chief and Colleagues; that his abilities and personal charm should have been recognised was no surprise, although a fresh cause of pride, to those who knew him and had watched the progress of his short but distinguished career.

David Wynford Carnegie, fourth son of James, 9th Earl of Southesk, was born in London on March 23, 1871. He was a quick and clever child, sensitive, high-spirited, and passionate; even as a little boy the innate chivalry and tenderness of heart that always marked his character, his generosity and unselfishness, gave him a charm that influenced all who knew him; and to know David intimately was to love him.

He went to a preparatory school at Cheam when nine years old, and from there to the Charterhouse. He was not a studious boy, but his power of concentration and exceedingly quick intelligence always enabled him to take and keep high places in his classes; and in subjects that interested him, such as mathematics and geometrical drawing, he did uncommonly well. His chief distinctions at school were however gained in the playing fields. He was admitted to the College Cricket XI. at Charterhouse at a younger age than any boy who had ever been a member of the Eleven, and was also unusually good at football and fives; playing for the School in all these games, as he did also later for the Royal Indian Engineering College. Like all his family he began to shoot when about ten years old, and was all his life a keen sportsman and athlete.

From Charterhouse he went to a private tutor—Mr. J. F. Cornish—with whom and his family he formed a friendship that was unbroken until the end of his life. As a result of his work at Wyberlye he passed, taking a high place, into the Royal Indian Engineering College at Cooper's Hill. He distinguished himself here in mathematical and surveying work, and undoubtedly, although he did not complete the course there, all that he learnt was of incalculable use to him later on. It must, unfortunately, be confessed that his career at Cooper's Hill was not all that might have been anticipated. He was a lawless youth, and high animal spirits, and the irritation caused by the somewhat ill-judged restrictions then prevailing there,

led him into troubles and conflicts with the authorities, from which he emerged the more popular with his fellow students, but unhappily—though perhaps not unnaturally—the less so with some of the tutors and professors. This was not the case with all, and it was the greater tribute to the discrimination of these latter that they believed in his fine character and abilities throughout, and despite, his escapades and the injustice he did himself by them. Eventually it was thought wisest for him to leave the College without finishing the full number of terms, and he was sent to Ceylon, in 1892, to a tea-planter's station. The life there, however, was absolutely uncongenial to his adventurous, energetic temperament; and before the end of the year he made up his mind to leave Ceylon without consulting any opinion but his own, and try his luck in Australia, whither he sailed in company with his friend Lord Percy Douglas (now Marquis of Queensberry).

Thus as a boy of twenty-one he started on an independent life, and shortly after arriving in Australia made a resolution not to leave its shores until he had found a profession, and—if hard work and determination would do so—made a name for himself.

How his ambition was fulfilled the name written across the map of Western Australia, from south to north and back again, will ever show.

The first years David spent in the Colony were years of hardship, ceaseless toil, and varied and rough experiences. As miner, engine-driver on the Great Reward Claim, and prospector alternately David worked, and worked with a will and ever maturing mind and body. His indomitable spirit carried him cheerfully through seasons of ill-luck, and repeated disappointments; as he wrote:—"It is almost a satisfaction when apparently beat, to jeer at Fate—and try again!"

Whether he spoke of privations and poor fare—as when during a famine at Coolgardie he was subsisting only

on dried apples and an allowance of one mug of muddy water per day—or described arduous prospecting expeditions, it was always with a gay philosophy ignoring all discouragements or drawbacks in the mere joy of young, healthy life. He was happier alone in the Bush than among his fellow men, and wrote enthusiastically of the camels who were usually his only companions. "How I enjoy," said one letter, "early in the morning before the sun "is hot, dashing through the Bush on wild little 'Satan;' "one laughs and sings for joy at being alive, hard times "forgotten, poor meals once over as good as a feast. So "few people appreciate the noble qualities of camels. I "love them, with their dear little ears and beautiful soft "eyes. Did you ever examine the pupil of a camel's eye? "It is just like a tea-leaf. I have one camel, quite a child, "about two years old; he comes up to me and rubs his "nose against my hand, and when lying down puts his "great long head in my lap and goes peacefully to sleep. "I call him 'Misery,' because he complains so bitterly when "being loaded, but he carries his 500-lbs. all day without a "murmur, and really after a long day, without water, "I am ashamed to meet his eye."

It was in 1894 that he made his first Prospecting Expedition of any length, accompanied by a comrade from the goldfields, an Alsatian of the name of Luck. He was employed by a London Company, with instructions to prospect the Hampton Plains; but, if unsuccessful in finding auriferous country there, was given a free hand to follow any route he chose. The Hampton Plains yielding no promise he decided to push out into the desert. Making for Queen Victoria Spring—which was struck on April 18th—he turned northwards from there, steering over hitherto unexplored country towards a point, 200 miles distant, where a tract of gold-bearing land was marked on a map of the Elder Expedition. These 200 miles of unknown desert were traversed between April 22 and May 2, over

bad country where water was scarce, and the consequent hardships and dangers from this cause very great; moreover no indications of gold were found. Mount Shenton —the objective point from Queen Victoria Spring— reached, he continued to Mount Grant, and from thence to thirty miles north-west of Mount Margaret; from there he prospected on to Red Flag, where, to the mutual astonishment of both parties, white men, who had come out prospecting from Coolgardie, were met. All this is now, so to speak, civilised country. After a flying visit to Mount Ida, and the pegging out of claims in the Niagara district, he returned to Coolgardie; having been absent ninety days, and covered 850 miles—280 of which were over hitherto untrodden desert. The result of the expedition was nil as far as the interests of the Company were concerned, but satisfactory to himself as being his first journey of exploration and giving him his first opportunity of mapping unexplored ground.

He conducted another, and larger, Prospecting Expedition at the end of the same year—1894; travelling north-westwards to Lake Darlôt, which lies 220 miles in a bee-line north of Coolgardie. Here he was at last rewarded for his many months of unproductive labour, for he struck a gold reef, and located a mine which, after some months of working, he sold at a fair profit.

In 1895 David had a serious illness, falling ill with typhoid fever whilst travelling alone over the desert from Lake Darlôt to Coolgardie. The horrors of that journey can be more easily imagined than described. Racked with pain, delirious at times from fever and exhaustion, he struggled over 300 miles of desert. His progress impeded by the salt lakes that the camels refused to cross, his weakness so great that at last he was unable to eat a mouthful, and scarcely able to swallow the water from the scanty supply in his canteen; at night finding it impossible to unsaddle the camels, only, out of thoughtful humanity,

disburdening them, with painful difficulty, of the bags of quartz that formed the heaviest portion of their loads. Had he been fighting onwards for his own life's sake alone it is doubtful if he could have pulled through, but he was impelled to almost incredible exertions for the sake of the two comrades who had been left guarding the claims at Lake Darlôt, and whose provisions were running so short that it was imperative to send further supplies; moreover he was carrying the hard-won earnings of several diggers who had entrusted their gold to him to be banked at Coolgardie; and with David the thought of others ever came before that of self.

He was in hospital at Coolgardie for some weeks after this terrible experience, and, as soon as he could move, went to Perth to complete his recovery. At this time Lord Percy Douglas, who had shared with him all the vicissitudes of their early days in Western Australia, was in England, and the home which he and Lady Percy had made for David in their house at Perth, was broken up; but he was fortunate enough to have other friends there, and he spent the time of his convalescence with Colonel and Mrs. Fleming, whose care and kindness soon restored his health. Under their roof he had been a welcome guest ever since the acquaintance, formed on his first arrival in Australia, had developed into the close and intimate friendship which coloured with its softening influences all the memories of his hardest days in the Colony, and equally with his great affection for the Douglases lasted till the day of his death.

This visit to Perth was employed by David in drawing up a map, for the Western Australian Government, of all the country traversed and surveyed by him during the time he had been in the Colony; a piece of work which elicited thanks couched in the most complimentary terms from the Surveyor-General. He was also occupied in

thinking over and maturing the scheme of exploration which his means now permitted him to attempt.

Before undertaking this great journey he returned to Great Britain, arriving home towards the end of 1895. He paid but a short visit to this country, only giving himself three months holiday, and spent this time in visits to friends and different members of his family.

He had left home four years before a mere youth, reckless, impulsive, and, in a manner, lacking in self-control. He had returned a man old in many ways beyond his years, but still with all the enthusiasm, all the keenness of youth hidden under a quiet manner that left an impression of restrained force and energy on all those who met him. It was easy to predict success—as far as human power can ensure it—in the venture he had before him, for he had developed all the qualities that make a leader of men, and a leader who is loved, as well as trusted and obeyed.

He reached Western Australia again in April, 1896, and immediately began the final preparations for his expedition.

Ever since 1892 he had thought and dreamt only of accomplishing the feat of crossing Western Australia from South to North. The desert he designed to penetrate lay in the heart of the interior, and comprised, broadly speaking, 150,000 square miles of unexplored country, bounded on the North by Warburton's Great Sandy Desert, on the South by Giles's Desert of gravel, on the West by the strip of well-watered country lying along the coast, and on the East by the Adelaide-to-Port Darwin telegraph line.

All previous explorations of Western Australia had been conducted from East to West, or *vice versâ*. The first traveller who succeeded in making the overland journey from South to Western Australia, being the celebrated Eyre, in 1841. After him, during the seventies, came Warburton, Giles, and Forrest, each following lines further

and further northwards. Between their tracks lay great expanses of unknown country, and to journey from the South to the North meant the crossing of these routes at right angles, and consequently deriving no benefit from the experiences of previous travellers, unless the point of intersection should occur at any recognisable feature, such as a hill or lake, when a comparison of positions on the chart would be of some service.

Over and above crossing the unknown between Giles's and Warburton's routes, beyond this latter lay an unexplored tract one hundred and fifty miles long, by four hundred and fifty broad, before the settlements on the Kimberley goldfields—the objective point from Coolgardie —could be reached. David moreover had a harder task before him than his predecessors, in that they were able to travel along the furrows between the gigantic sand-ridges that traverse the desert from East to West, whereas his line of direction would take him across their crests.

It was in no rash spirit of mere adventure that he undertook this formidable journey. He had planned out his route, and considered his project thoroughly and carefully; his intentions being thus concisely defined in his own words.

> "*First.* To ascertain whether or not auriferous "country existed between the Coolgardie and "East Murchison goldfields in the south, and the "Kimberley goldfields in the north.
>
> "*Second.* To find out the nature of the large ex- "tent of unexplored country between Forrest's "route of 1874, and Warburton's of 1873.
>
> "*Third.* To ascertain the feasibility or other- "wise of a direct stock route between the two "goldfields; or between the Coolgardie goldfields "and the central portion of South Australia."

Few unacquainted with Australia, its desert travel and its problems, can quite realise all that is contained in these short sentences. In them there is no indication of the magnitude of the task he had set himself, and, except to students of Australian exploration, no hint of the distances and dangers involved. It is alike surprising that such mature realisation of the needs of the Colony, and depth of thought over matters leading to its best advancement, should have occurred to one who was so young, and who had spent but four years in the country. To the furthering of this daring scheme he had directed all his efforts, and welcomed every experience, however hard or disappointing in its material results, as fitting him better for the object he had in view. To this end he had saved every penny he had made by the toil of his hands and the sweat of his brow. The gold he had won from the earth should, he declared, go back in another form to the soil from whence it had been wrung. Small wonder then that when, on the 20th of July, 1896, he beheld his party set forth from Coolgardie—the first Australian expedition that had ever started, both equipped and led by the same man—he should describe himself as feeling "near to bursting from pride."

The caravan was a comparatively small one, consisting, besides the Leader, of only four men:—Messrs. Breaden, Stansmore, and Massie, and "Warri," a native boy. Of the string of nine camels eight carried pack loads, and one was retained for riding purposes. Beside them trotted little "Val," David's fox terrier.

Civilisation was left behind when at Doyle's Well—not far from Cutmore's, some fifty miles south of Lake Darlôt—a north-easterly course was steered, and the barren Unknown lay before them. The first stage of the journey was over a range of small diorite hills; and through a flat, mulga-clad country, broken by low cliffs of sandstone, and covered with scrub and plants that afforded good feeding

for the camels. Water was also found in sufficient quantities to keep both men and beasts on full rations; but the march was necessarily slow owing to the delays occasioned in crossing the salt lakes that lay on their path. Through these the camels had to be driven or coaxed; and hours would be spent in negotiating a channel perhaps less than a quarter of a mile wide; the animals sinking in the mud, and having to be dragged out by main force; the loads, which altogether weighed about 5,000-lbs., carried over piece-meal; and re-saddling and re-loading gone through only to find that the whole process must be repeated on reaching yet another lake or muddy creek.

On July 31st, one hundred and ten miles from Cutmore's Well, the desert proper was reached; and from this point the story of the journey becomes a record of an undaunted struggle with almost unrealisable difficulties, privations, and dangers.

The last water supply was left on July 29th, and, carrying 62 gallons in casks and water bags, the little party began what proved to be the longest stage without water they experienced during the expedition. The country was found to be absolutely waterless; rock-holes, soaks, and creeks were all dry. Before and around them stretched an endless monotony of sand-ridges and sand-flats in alternate belts of about ten miles wide. Breast-high grew the Spinifex, through which they forced their way, toiling heavily in the deep loose sand underfoot; and upon them beat the pitiless sun. Day after day they struggled onwards, undeterred by any thought of the agonising and lingering death that awaited them should no water be found. Well indeed was it for David and the success of his expedition that he was accompanied by comrades so staunch and true; for, when feeling it his duty to do so, he had, shortly after entering the waterless area, offered each one the choice of returning on his tracks, or continuing further into the desert wastes, they unanimously and un-

hesitatingly decided to follow him wherever he should choose to lead. And so through the silence, the cruel glare and blazing heat the march was pursued; and at this period David needed all his courage, for he felt his responsibility as Leader and Commander deeply. However, in his soul, he was confident throughout of a successful issue; sustained not by faith in himself, but, as he wrote later of this journey and its influences on him, a faith that Providence would reward his labours with attainment:—"Professing no particular form of religion you silently believe in God, living daily as you do in the eerie and yet thrilling presence of death."

Fortunately the camels were able to find enough food to keep them alive in the Quondong, Mustard Bush, and Acacia Salicina plants that grew in scattered patches over the sandy wilderness; but of water they could not be spared a drop. The men themselves were reduced to but a mouthful or two morning and night; and exhaustion and thirst made it impossible for them to swallow any food but some of the tinned vegetable they carried, this containing more moisture than anything else among their provisions.

On August 10th, twelve days after the commencement of this terrible march, a native was seen, and, after much trouble, captured. The man was made to understand the needs of the travellers, and eventually—after many attempts at escape, and twice deceiving them by leading the way to empty rock-holes—conducted them to a magnificent spring situated at the end of a long, narrow, underground passage, the entrance to which was by a perpendicular descent through one of three small holes in the ground, concealed by stones. This life-saving water was reached on August 11th, at mid-day, after a drought of thirteen and a half days. David named the well (which lies in Lat. 26° 27′ S. and Long. 12° 25′ E.) "Empress Spring;" this was the first of the only two permanent waters discovered during the journey. Here several days were spent; some

occupied in baling out and hoisting up the water, and a few in rest, much needed by men and beasts.

On reviewing the difficult and dangerous fortnight just passed, David reflected that it had been a useful experience coming so early in the journey; for the behaviour of his party had given him complete confidence in each of the members composing it; had shown him the correctness of his judgment as to the staying powers of his camels; and, as he modestly hoped, and the sequence of events showed, fortified his companions' belief in his capacity as Leader.

From Empress Spring the march was resumed on August 15th; and on the 18th, after a few uneventful days, they struck a fresh water lake (which was named Woodhouse Lagoon), situated not far from Mounts Allott and Worsnop, two prominent hills located on Forrest's route of 1874, and for which David had steered, intending at this point to strike due north through the very centre of the Colony. From Woodhouse Lagoon, which was left on August 22nd, until September 17th, progress lay through a region indescribably desolate. There were neither lakes, creeks, nor hills to break the awful monotony of this vast undulating desert of gravel. So toilsome and hard was the going that the rate of travel only exceeded an average of two miles an hour by a fraction. The supply of water carried from Woodhouse Lagoon had to be jealously husbanded, for each day recurred the same dismal disappointment in finding promising looking rock-holes empty, or so scantily filled that after possibly two nights and a day spent in the hard work of digging to a depth of thirty feet, the reward might be but a few gallons of water. Gallons too which were measured inclusive of the muddy filth—composed of the droppings of birds, and the bones and rotting bodies of rats, dingoes and lizards—which blocked the wells. But still this unappetising liquid—which even the camels refused until its

potency had been abated by the effects of evaporation in canvas bags—was welcome, and with unfaltering spirits, in spite of all suffering, the caravan pursued its way.

In this portion of the desert several wandering families of aboriginals were met, and David made careful note of their appearance, and endeavoured to gather as much information as was possible of their language, methods of life and customs. From their camps he brought away many interesting objects, paramount among these being a pair of Bark Sandals, and the rolled bundles of Bark (which he named "Portmanteaus") in which native treasures were carried—such as fire-sticks, quartz for use as blades of tomahawks and chisels, ochre for painting the skin and weapons, and in one case several strangely-marked stones. The Sandals are unique specimens from Western Australia, and David was inclined to think they might be of the same nature as the "Kurdaitcha" Shoes mentioned in "The Horn Scientific Expedition." He also succeeded in finding a great many of the curious "Ceremonial Sticks," Rainboards, etc., used in religious rites; and some rare wooden ornaments, apparently for placing on graves.

It was during this part of the journey that David decided on the line of action that, undoubtedly, was the means of preserving the safety of the expedition. This plan was to cease to depend on their own unaided efforts to find water, but to make use of the natives; and, while keeping the general direction northwards, to steer for native "smokes" (the smokes rising from the aboriginal camps or from the bush fires lighted for hunting purposes), and on reaching these to try, first by friendly means, to induce the natives to guide them to the nearest water supply; or, persuasion failing, to capture one and keep him prisoner until his own thirst should suggest to him to lead the way to a well.

These methods proved successful; but the natives

were not numerous, and many days often elapsed without the hopeful sign of a smoke on the horizon. Sometimes when one was sighted it took fully two days to cover the distance and come up with the camp. The natives, as a rule, were too much scared at the sudden and terrifying approach of so strange an appearance as the caravan to show any hospitality, and usually scattered and fled into the bush, when it was a hard task for the weary men to pursue and capture one. Needless to say the prisoners were invariably treated with kindness, except on the occasions when they sullenly and obstinately refused to point out water. In these cases it was necessary for them to be kept closely watched and without a drop even of the muddy slime the members of the expedition were reduced to themselves, until thirst compelled the captive to conduct the party to the nearest water. At certain places, however, far from showing fear the natives were suspiciously and embarrassingly friendly, and a careful guard had to be kept over the beasts and the camp day and night for fear of a treacherous attack.

The terrific heat at this time made it impossible for the camels to go for longer stages than a few days without water; but fortunately, as it was impossible to supply them, the sandy waste here produced patches of the Parakeelia plant, which contains enough moisture, in the finger-like projections it bears in the place of leaves, to keep a camel going for at least a day without any other liquid. Of this feed the animals, for many nights, mercifully, found sufficient to supply their needs.

Great areas of burnt ground were next travelled over, and the dust and ashes rising in the hot winds intensified the sufferings from thirst, sand-blight, and "Barcoo rot" (sores: proceeding from the poor state of the blood, for want of fresh food, and the tenderness of the skin under the blistering sun). The worst of the desert was, however, yet to come.

On September 16th a well was reached, yielding sufficient to water the camels and re-fill the casks. This well lay at the foot of a steep sand-ridge, that proved to be the first of a series of parallel sand-banks which, crossing the desert at right angles to the northerly course, extend from Lat. 22° 40′ to Lat. 19° 20′ S. From this date until November 16th the party was never out of the region of these fearful ridges, whose average height was from fifty to sixty feet, many rising far above one hundred feet. Some lay but a few yards apart; between others occurred an interval of nearly a quarter of a mile; but in the main they rose one after the other at so short a distance that, on one occasion, they were being crossed at a rate of ten in forty minutes. Up these precipitous banks the camels toiled with difficulty; dragged and urged onwards they were often obliged, so steep were the slopes, to crest them on their knees. No shade was to be found, and under the torrid sun the sand lay like a brazen floor, scorching the feet of the animals so painfully that they were unable to rest even by standing for a moment, for they could not keep their feet still for an instant on one spot. The soles of "Val's" paws were actually burnt off, and yet so distracted was the poor little dog from the appalling heat that she would not ride on the camels' backs, but trotted, yelping with pain, in the shadow cast by the animals and their packs.

From daylight until camping time neither food nor drink was touched by man or beast, and when night fell their exhaustion was so great as often to make it impossible for them to swallow any food. As for the camels practical starvation was their portion; for one period of eight days, over and above going waterless, there was neither shrub nor plant suitable for their feed, only now and then a bite of Parakeelia rewarded their anxious search. This state of things, during which time David's favourite camel "Misery" nearly fell a victim to fatigue

and starvation, lasted until October 5th, when a small oasis (which David named Helena Spring) was struck—the second of the only two permanent waters found by the expedition—and the discovery was the means of saving the life of "Misery," and giving the caravan opportunity for a rest, without which they could scarcely have struggled further.

Five weeks were yet to pass before the interminable sand-ridges were all surmounted. The desert in which they lay was somewhat broken in the northern portion by the occurrence of sandstone table-lands, but otherwise the travelling day after day presented the same features. By the time the last ridge was crossed, on November 16th, the expedition, owing to the deviations necessary in steering for smokes and water lying miles off the course, had travelled 420 miles in crossing the belt of sand banks which, in a straight line from the starting to the objective point, measured but 250.

Before leaving this terrible desert, misfortunes had overtaken the caravan, first in the serious illness from dysentery of Breaden and Stansmore, who had striven manfully against pain and weakness, but at last collapsed from exhaustion. Providentially a pool of good water was found within an easy stage, and camp was formed beside it until they recovered. The next, a great misfortune, was the loss of three of the camels from eating some poisonous plant. A painful death, from which two others of the string were only saved by swift and strong measures taken shortly after swallowing the poison.

The country traversed when the last sand-ridge had been successfully negotiated was of very different character; and it was with feelings of pride and thankfulness, and in the highest spirits, that David led his expedition into the more hospitable looking land that lay between them and Hall's Creek—the official centre of the Kimberley goldfields. Gum trees, and grass, high and plentiful,

fringed the sides of the dry water courses and creeks that intersected the rocky, hilly country; and on November 25th the party had reached the bed of the Mary River, and found themselves once more in surveyed ground. It was then, when almost in sight of the "Promised Land" that a terrible event cast a deep and ineffaceable sorrow over the whole party; for on November 30th Charles Stansmore, who had left the caravan to follow a rocky track in search of kangaroo or other game, missed his footing on the slippery stones, fell over a cliff, and, the shock discharging his gun, the shot entered his chest and killed him instantaneously.

It was a silent and mournful band that pursued its way after this tragic event; and David was never able to speak without emotion of the death of this brave man, this true and loyal comrade, whose energy and courage had never flagged nor faltered, and whom he regarded with close affection.

Hall's Creek was reached on December 4th, and here the expedition met with a most hospitable reception from the Warden and all the inhabitants. The news of the safe arrival was cabled home, and to the West Australian Government, eliciting answers of the warmest congratulation on the attainment of so remarkable a feat, and alleviating the intense anxiety of all those at home who had been unable to follow the progress of the journey, except with their prayers, during the five months the little party had been swallowed up in the Unknown.

A stay of over three months was made at Hall's Creek. A longer period than David had contemplated, for he had intended to spend some time in travelling over the whole Kimberley district and visiting the wilder portions of the northern end of the Colony. He was anxious to study the natives of this part, and in general make himself acquainted with the country. Necessity, however, kept him at Hall's Creek, for, immediately on hearing of the disaster

that had overtaken the Calvert expedition—two of the party having been lost in the desert—he had placed his services at the disposal of the South Australian Government, and offered to go in search of the missing men. Relief parties were already in the field, and so his offer was gratefully declined for the time being; but he was asked to hold himself in readiness to start should circumstances occur making it appear desirable to despatch another search party. For this reason he remained at Hall's Creek, and the delay was not regrettable, for rest was badly needed by all.

David was deeply interested in the native question, and he had excellent opportunities at Hall's Creek for making observations on the aboriginals, as a large tribe lived in a permanent camp close by the town. From them he learnt much that was interesting, relating to their Marriage Laws—which apparently prevail in all their intricacies and complexities over the native world of Australia—to their trade, weapons, dances, and customs in general. For the last weeks of his stay he was engaged in making preparations for the return journey, which he had determined on undertaking.

No more striking proof could have been given of the love he had inspired in his followers than the fact that this return over the desert was contemplated. At Hall's Creek his men were free to leave him had they wished; it was no matter of gain that kept them by his side, for he could afford them but small salaries, and although, had gold been found, they would each have profited in proportionate shares, their north-going observations had certainly not encouraged any hope that auriferous country existed anywhere in the central deserts. But they knew how his heart was set on extending his explorations, and voluntarily signified their readiness to accompany him again through the perils and hardships of the desert.

On March 22nd, 1897, the caravan started, travelling

eastwards by Flora Valley and over the Denison Downs to Mr. Stretch's cattle station on the Sturt Creek, the southernmost settlement of the East Kimberley district. From thence to Gregory's Salt Sea, where an unusually large tribe of aboriginals was found encamped, and curiously enough among them were some old friends—the natives with the Jewish cast of feature, who had so much struck David on the out-going journey. They greeted him with excitement and friendliness. No doubt he had gained a great reputation as a "medicine man" amongst them, for a boy of the family, who was nearly blind when they first made acquaintance, and whose eyes David had doctored, had quite recovered his sight.

On leaving Gregory's Salt Sea the desert was once more entered, and the same methods of steering for smokes, and capturing natives to lead the way to water, were adopted. In its main features the south resembled the north-going journey, but if possible exceeded it in hardships. The caravan consisted of eight camels (David had fortunately been able to replace three out of the four he had lost), and three horses. The latter, when the worst country was encountered, proved a great encumbrance, for starvation and fatigue rendered them useless either as beasts of burden or for riding purposes, and the possibility of spells of rest would have been a boon to the footsore and weary men; also, naturally, they required water daily, so that in any case they would have been a greater anxiety and trouble than the camels. They had however been bought before David had the luck to replace his camels, which he had only been able to do by a fortunate chance, and were very useful to the expedition before the barren parts of the desert were entered. Out of the three all but one, who succumbed to exhaustion, were brought safely through, and this was a performance of which David was justly proud, and one which redounds to the humanity of the whole party, for it was only by stinting themselves,

not only of water but of food (for to make the beef they carried eatable it was necessary to boil out the salt, and they left off eating it to save water for the horses) that the animals were saved. David loved animals, and his own sufferings seemed to him to count for nothing as compared with those of his faithful beasts. Many (and possibly they would be considered to have shown more practical and worldly wisdom) would have abandoned the useless horses, or at best despatched them with a bullet, but to him to fail a horse or camel that had served him faithfully, and who looked confidently to him for help and care, this would have seemed an unworthy act. So, giving up his own pittance of water, coaxing and petting his ponies, he encouraged them still to follow the caravan, but with lagging feeble footsteps; often, after an exhausting day's march, he would have to return some miles on his track to bring in the poor beasts to camp, and the little food and water that could be spared to them.

He was fortunate enough only to lose one camel on the return journey, but this was a real grief to him, for it was his oldest companion among them, and he wrote of him as of a friend, as indeed he was:—"Poor Satan, my "faithful companion in good times and bad, whose soft "velvet nose had so often rubbed my cheek in friendship, "was laid low by the deadly wall-flower. In spite of all "we could do for him, in spite of coaxing him yard by yard, "Warri and I—as we had done Misery before—for a day's "march of over fifteen miles, we were forced to leave him "to die. We could not afford to wait a day, always on-"ward must it be until another water is found, so, with a "bullet through his head, I left him to find his way to the "Happy Hunting Grounds, where there are no native wells "nor spinifex, only flowing rivers and groves of quon-"dongs! All this about a camel—'a devil and an ostrich "and an orphan child in one,' as we have been told—"but remember that often in the solitary bush one's animals

"are one's only companions, that on them one's life de-
"pends. How then could one fail to love them as friends
"and comrades?"

The wall-flower is the poisonous Gastrolobium Grandiflorum, which luckily was known to Stansmore, or in all probability the whole string of camels would have perished, for the plant was growing in profusion by several of the waters near which camp would naturally have been made. But even in shifting camp there was no absolute ensurance of safety. The only way it was possible for the camels to feed was by hobbling them and letting them loose to range through the night and pick what they could find, and thus "Satan" fell a victim.

The specimens of the poison plant which had killed the camels on the upward journey were unfortunately lost. David thought it was an unknown species, but was not learned enough in botany to be certain. Of flora he brought home but one new specimen, which strangely enough grew nowhere but on the southern slopes of the otherwise barren sand-ridges. This plant was identified at Kew as a variety of Dicrastylis, and was named *Dicrastylis Carnegiei*.

It was not till June 17th that Woodhouse Lagoon—the point where David crossed his own northward track—was reached. From April 22nd until June 12th had been spent in arduous progress over the sand-ridges—which proved to be even worse, even steeper, higher and more numerous than in the region of the upward route—and in crossing a desert whose barren desolation exceeded that of any of the country hitherto passed over. Not a smoke was to be seen on the distant horizon, vanished was the ubiquitous desert rat, neither beast nor bird was seen or heard. No vegetation grew in this deathly region, even the spinifex was unable to rear its head of coarse grass, and the camels were reduced to nibbling at the spiky hummocks which alone dotted the ground, and that but

sparsely. Every rock-hole was dry, and the famished beasts could scarcely drag themselves along. Then again the scene changed to a country of mulga-scrub, growing so densely that the outlook extended hardly forty yards; clothes, saddles, and packs were torn in shreds as a way was forced through the thickets, and, most serious of all, it was impossible to protect the canvas water bags, and through the rents poured the water on which their lives depended. Here it was that the supply fell to but three gallons, and still no signs of water. For the first time David admitted to a feeling of sickening anxiety. They had been in worse positions before, but the months of overstrain, the lack of food and rest, and, above all, the constant responsibility were telling on his nerves, and he needed all his courage to support him. He decided to make for Empress Spring, a fifty mile stage; the camels he thought could do it, they were still staunch; the men were inured to only a mouthful of water morning and night, but all were weak and suffering now; the horses must clearly die. Still he had faith that all would "pan out right in the end," and never allowed himself or others to lose heart. His confidence was rewarded, for providentially on June 11th a creek was struck, and, eagerly following up a native's track which led by tortuous courses along its banks, a few hours of suspense brought them to a pool yielding a plentiful supply of good water. In time too to save the horses. There was no need now to steer for Empress Spring, and the course was shaped instead for Woodhouse Lagoon. After this time no further difficulties in finding water were experienced. On June 15th rain fell—the first rain they had seen in the interior. The nights were frosty, and the men with their light clothing, poor, thin blood, and exhausted frames, were so numbed as to be scarcely able to undo or rebuckle the ropes and straps of the saddles and packs. Haste was urgent, for provisions were running short, and meals were reduced

from two to one a day. Massie was ill, and a short delay was absolutely necessary for the sake of giving him a rest; and a great stretch of desert must yet be traversed before civilisation and relief could be reached. Salt lakes and swamps lay on their track, the camels were perpetually bogged in crossing them, and this caused endless delays, and necessitated the heavy labour of dragging them out and carrying over the packs. But, at last, on July 15th, Lake Darlôt township was sighted, and the journey was practically over. For the last ten days their food had consisted only of damper spread with tinned milk (which had previously been discarded as unfit for use, having turned brown and solid; but that luckily, with a view to all possible emergencies, had not been thrown away), and of these luxuries they had only sufficient to allow themselves one meal a day, at night after the day's march. For a month the party rested at Lake Darlôt, and men and animals recruited health and strength; whilst, taking it easy, they prospected in a desultory way between their halting place and Lawlers.

Coolgardie was reached eventually in August, 1897, after an absence of thirteen months; of these ten and a half had been spent in actual travelling; and over 3,000 miles—of which 2,210 were over hitherto unexplored country—had been traversed.

This remarkable achievement was accomplished when David was but little over twenty-six years of age. It does not detract from the merits of the expedition to admit its disappointing results, in that it was unrewarded by the discovery of either auriferous or pastoral country. Rather might it be said that the credit is enhanced, for that the country traversed was barren and waterless meant that the history of the journey was—as has been shown—a tale of ceaseless strife with dangers and privations that would not have been encountered had the country proved to be, as was hoped, of different and valuable quality.

Neither was its importance lessened from the Geographical and Scientific point of view. David's route was carefully mapped (he excelled in surveying work), and the configuration of the ground accurately described; and his shrewd and detailed observations were alike of service to the anthropologist, geologist, and botanist. From what might be called a negative stand-point, his journey was also valuable for, as he expressed it:—"As being of benefit to mankind my work has had no better result than to demonstrate to others that part of the interior that may best be avoided."

The originality and worth of his work was strongly accredited by the Government of Western Australia, and fully recognised in the Geographical World; and, considering the nature of his expedition, by the general public, for it must be admitted that from the latter, as a rule, the toils, trials, and perils of Australasian exploration receive but scant acknowledgment. Unless of gold no sensational discoveries can be expected. The desert yields no exciting surprises in the shape of new flora or fauna; its arid monotony is broken by no majestic mountains, no stately rivers; but the land of "Spinifex and Sand" has contributed many pages to the world's history of heroism. It has witnessed deeds of endurance, indomitable courage, and unselfish devotion that can scarce be equalled; and that David should return to civilisation to find his name placed amongst the highest on the glorious list of Australasian explorers was the greatest reward the fulfilment of his noble ambition could have gained.

Early in 1898 David left Australia. He was occupied immediately, and for some time after his arrival, in giving lectures before the various branches of the English and Scottish Geographical Societies, on his explorations and experiences in Western Australia. His first reading was

given in London on February 14th to the Royal Geographical Society. On this occasion the President, in reviewing David's work, of which he spoke with the greatest admiration and approval, remarked that he fully deserved the Gold Medal of the Society. This sentence, for some unknown reason, although reported in the newspapers at the time, was omitted from the account in the "Journal of the Proceedings" for that month, and when the yearly honours were distributed David was only rewarded the "Gill Memorial." This was both a disappointment and surprise to his friends and family, and it would be idle to pretend that it was not also so to him. But he was a cheerful philosopher, and withal modest, and only hoped for "better luck next time" that he should compete for this, the Blue Ribbon among Geographical honours.

His book, "*Spinifex and Sand:* A Narrative of Five Years' Pioneering and Exploration in Western Australia," although written during May, 1898, was not published—owing to various vexatious delays for which he was not responsible—until January, 1899. He was an extraordinarily rapid and fluent writer, with great, although untrained, literary abilities. The whole volume was written in three weeks, and his MS. was almost without corrections. The book made its mark. Apart from its inherent interest it had an unusual charm in the unconscious revelation of character that permeated its every page. No very deep insight is required to discern in it the self-effacement, unselfishness, and inflexibility of purpose that characterised the author; and throughout all runs the unfailing sense of humour that marked David's general outlook on life. During this year and 1899 he also wrote the articles on Western Australia for Professor H. R. Mill's "International Geography," and for Messrs. Kegan Paul's "British Empire Series;" and contributed papers to the Journals of the Anthropological Institute and other Societies.

The readings, that have been already referred to, were

given in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee, Aberdeen, and Newcastle, during the spring months of 1898, and, later in the year, in Brechin. Whilst writing his book David was staying principally in London. He was not in very good health. The hardships of the Australian journey had told upon him; and moreover he was suffering from an internal injury of long standing that had been aggravated by overstrain during his explorations. He spent a great part of the summer of this year with his friends at Newstead Abbey; and later, his headquarters of course being at home, occupied the autumn months in shooting, visiting all his friends and relations.

The newspaper correspondence and discussion which arose during this autumn over the notorious de Rougemont—who had been entertaining the British Association and a credulous public with a history of his thrilling adventures in, and around the shores, of Australia—was a great interest and amusement to David; but his intervention in the controversy, by means of a long letter to the *Daily Chronicle*, was not so great an amusement to the hero himself. This letter was the main factor in exposing the impossibility of these preposterous inventions; and after the appearance of de Rougemont's answer, which consisted of nothing but impertinent abuse—for the publication of which the *Daily Chronicle* apologised—no more was heard of the Münchhausen of the Antipodes.

In the winter of 1898-1899, the injury, which has been mentioned, obliged David to have an operation, which although of a simple straightforward nature, and successfully performed, caused him to be laid up for many weeks; and it was some months before his nervous system—a highly strung and sensitive one, exhausted from overstrain—recovered the shock. During this time of convalescence and enforced quiet he took lessons in Arabic, for his thoughts of future occupation were now turned to Africa. Idleness was abhorrent to him, and, though rest and holi-

day had been not only necessary but enjoyed, he was beginning to crave for work again, and for the freedom and solitude of the wild life to which he was accustomed by habit and drawn by nature. Some months were yet to pass, however, before he received the appointment to the Civil Service for which he had applied. It was fortunate this was so, for it was not until June that he had fully recovered from his illness and the depression caused by weakness and other causes.

From July until December, 1899, when he sailed for Nigeria, David was, but for short visits, staying at home at Kinnaird. His health was now excellent, and, as he wrote afterwards from West Africa, he looked back on this time as the happiest of his whole life. He was not alone in so finding it. To the one with whom his time was spent in closest companionship—to all who loved him—it is an inexpressible happiness to remember that he was thus able to think of this, his last, stay at home.

David was such a companion as is rarely met with. Pre-eminent in his character stood out his unselfishness. Whether in the merest trifle, or in actions of self sacrifice that may affect a man's whole life, he was influenced invariably by the thought of what was best for others regardless of himself. Strong and self-restrained there were but few who knew the mainsprings of his being; suffering, mental or physical, should be endured, in his estimation, with a stoicism that gave no outward sign of what lay below. He had an almost feminine faculty of intuition, and perception of the feelings of those he loved. His understanding sympathy, whether silent or expressed, was of that rare quality that strengthens as well as comforts. With all his shrewdness, his instinctive and acquired knowledge of human nature he had retained an ideality that drew out the best from every character with which he had to deal. This was the secret of the great influence he

gained. His own standard of conduct was so high that he could not realise, or if he realised did not choose to act as if he believed, that others moved on a lower plane; he trusted, and showed his trust, in those with whom he was thrown, and so great was the confidence he inspired, so compelling his example, that rarely was that trust betrayed. Conscious—almost morbidly conscious—as he was of his own failings, he had a large and enlightened toleration for those of others, and infinite patience. He was hard only on himself. To the opinion of the world in general he was indifferent; he had no love of publicity nor popular applause. It was with difficulty after his explorations that he could be persuaded to give time to interviewers from newspapers, or encourage anything that might savour of self advertisement. It seemed to him that his personality was of no consequence, the fact and results of his work were all that could be of public interest. All that really mattered to him was that he should win the approbation of those he loved; and he cared really for but few, but these he loved with all the depth of his loyal sensitive heart. With a certain grimness of humour that was partly natural and partly the outcome of a philosophy acquired in meeting the realities of life at so early an age, he had a vein of sanguine boyish spirits that came as a surprise to many who had chanced to see him only, or oftenest, in general society, where he was, as a rule, silent and reserved. Among his friends, however, never was a better or more popular comrade. His ideas were as original as his methods of expressing them, and his spirits when enjoying himself, light-hearted and high. With cant of any description he had no sympathy; and on shams, conventions and empty forms he turned the whole force of the quaint and vigorous phraseology which gave his conversation a unique charm and individuality. His courage it is needless to mention—his whole life speaks for this—but with the physical went, hand in hand, a moral courage that never

faltered, a soul as proud and fearless as honourable. With all this David was no "prig;" he was a man of imperfections and strong human passions; but on a natural foundation of unselfishness, generosity, and bravery, his character was perseveringly and surely built up, until, all unaware of his own worth, he became one who might stand as an exemplification of true manhood.

David's life in Nigeria is here told by himself in the letters, and better told than it could be by any other. But, as will be seen, the letters are not given in full. No doubt all those parts omitted, which enter intimately into all his feelings and opinions, and show his thoughtful tenderness and affection, would have given a more complete picture of him than can be gathered from the extracts that are printed. Nevertheless these letters were only intended for the one to whom they were addressed, who feels it as impossible to break his confidence now, as it would have been whilst he was still living on this earth.

From what he wrote himself, and from what has been told of him since his death by his colleagues in West Africa, it is easy to gather how quickly and comprehensively he grasped the new situation in which he was placed. Deliberate as he was in speech, none was swifter in reflection, decision, and action. He concentrated his mind not only on his own immediate work, but on its consequences and on the theory of administration. Doubtless some of his opinions would have been modified in the course of time, for he had an open mind and a power of adaptation and assimilation that prevented his determination from ever degenerating into obstinacy; but on most questions he came independently to conclusions which, when acted upon, produced a success which was their practical and triumphant justification. It would be impossible to exaggerate when speaking of the influence which he gained over the natives, for those best qualified to judge could only describe it as "magical." His broad sympathies, justice and strict ad-

herence to his word, no matter what the consequences, were all calculated to win the affection of the people over whom he was set, but beyond this was the personal interest he took in each individual. By intuition and study combined he gained not only an insight into the characters of those he had to deal with, but invariably won their love and respect in a degree that astonished even those who knew and understood the natives best. He treated his black "boys" as friends, encouraging them to confide in him, trying to learn their ideas, and inculcating his own on them upon every subject fitted to their comprehension. But he was stern nevertheless, he understood the nature of the black man far too well ever to allow him to forget that if friend he was also master.

The broad principles on which he acted as administrator, were that the natives should be ruled by and through their own Kings or Chiefs (who should be established in accordance with their own laws, under the approval of the British rule, on which they should be taught to rely for support should their authority be set at defiance within their own dominions, and to which they should turn for guidance, always showing implicit obedience); and that their own laws and customs should be interfered with as little as was consonant with abstract humanity and justice. He had no belief in any sudden or forcible engrafting of so-called civilisation upon so highly intelligent, and—as in the case of the agricultural population—so peaceable and law abiding a people. He thought that the Native Courts of Justice should be upheld, but purified and worked of course under Government supervision. With missionaries, although admiring the self-devotion and sincerity of the individual, he had not much sympathy. Before converting to new dogmas it seemed to him that it was incumbent on the white man in general to prove by his conduct that he was the moral superior of the black. That thus, conscious or unconscious imitation would lead

the natives to convictions that would be unlikely to result from direct proselytising, which he looked upon as rather in the nature of premature interference with liberty of thought. This was all in accordance with his own religion of spirit rather than form, conduct not creeds.

Though aware, as he could not fail to be, of the domination he exercised over the native mind, he was not, in his modesty, fully conscious of the amount of this influence to be conceded to the personal equation. He suggested and carried out a variety of reforms during his administration in Illorin and Lokoja, which, as was afterwards said by one of his colleagues, were entirely successful under his direction, but which no other man could have worked. To carry out his systems of government such an influence over the natives was required as seems to be possessed by few, but which—as in the case of Doctor Livingstone, David's most admired hero—proceeds from something inherent, and partly indefinable, in a man's nature and character.

That after only eleven months of administrative work General Lugard had intended to promote him from Assistant Resident (though it is true that almost from the beginning he had done the duties of full Resident) and appoint him to the Province of Bassa—which the High Commissioner himself described as by far the most important division in the Protectorate—is a practical proof that David's success in Nigeria was not estimated less highly by his Chief than has been indicated here. And as to the devotion of the natives—if any doubt existed on this point after reading David's letters, which are full of incidents showing their affection for him—the conduct of his followers when he was killed, and the grief manifested by the native people, who (an unprecedented circumstance) sent a deputation to Mr. Gollan, Acting Resident at Lokoja, to express their sorrow at his death, are evidences of their love for him. In commenting on the courage and devotion shown

by his followers at Tawaré, Mr. Gollan wrote, "Only those who know what these people are can fully appreciate how much of this was due to your brother's influence over them."

In the Appendix to this volume will be found the first accounts that reached home of David's last expedition and death. Since these were received a few more details have been gathered, but none which shed much light on the motives which led him to retrace his steps to Tawaré.

His last letter was written on November 22nd, 1900, just before he started to attempt the capture of the brigand Mama Gana. Not even Colonel Lowry Cole—to whom he applied for the ten men of the West African Frontier Force who, with his own four servants, made up his escort—knew the direction or purpose of his going. This secrecy was always his practice, and a very necessary one in a country where the white men are always surrounded by a net-work of native spies. Mr. Alastair Davidson, then Chief Justice of Northern Nigeria (a great friend of David's, who is now unhappily also dead) wrote:—"You will notice that your brother kept what he was going to do a secret. That was a peculiarity of his which other men might have copied with advantage. Your brother *never* said what he was going to do—he went and did it."

Two days—from the 23rd to the 25th—were spent in pursuit of the fugitive; David's march being from Koton Kerifi, on the banks of the Niger, north-eastwards to a fortified town called Tawaré, where he arrived at such speed that he effected a complete surprise. The natives fled; he searched the town and carried off the contraband rifles and ammunition that he had learnt were in the possession of the King, Dungara, and of which the seizure was one of the objects of his expedition. From Tawaré, still in hot pursuit of Gana, he went westwards again to the Niger, and down its banks back to Koton Kerifi; thus completing, roughly speaking, a triangle, Tawaré at the apex, the base

lying along the river. During these days it is noted in his pocket book that 59 miles were covered in 19½ hours of actual marching, and this through dense bush. At Koton Kerifi he learnt that Gana, who had fled before his coming, had finally eluded him. So far all is clear, but after this it is difficult to discover with any exactitude what took place. The King of Koton Kerifi—a friendly chief—was apparently so terrified at what had occurred that, when he was questioned by the officials who went to inquire into all the circumstances after David's death, he gave vague and varying answers. As far as can be ascertained however he had complained to David that he had received a message from the King of Tawaré threatening to come and burn his town and harry his lands. This message was (apparently) accompanied by one of an insulting character to David himself. This is not proved, but whatever actually occurred David made up his mind that it was absolutely necessary that he should return to Tawaré.

In all probability his intentions were to march so rapidly as to surprise the King by his sudden appearance; to insist on having a conference with him; and, if he found him rebellious, to arrest and remove him by a *coup de main*, as he had done the King of Igbete some months before. Knowing his theory that a small party, by not arousing the hostility or alarm of the natives, was infinitely the most efficacious for such deeds, which he invariably wished to carry out peacefully and without bloodshed, it seems *possible* that it was against his wishes that the King of Koton Kerifi despatched a body of 200 of his own men with him; and this knowledge might account for the King's reluctance to make any clear statement as to what had passed between him and David. It also seems the more probable as it is certain, from the account given by Paniki, the Interpreter, that David was anxious to send the escort of soldiers back to Lokoja and go to Tawaré accompanied only by his own four servants. Had he done this possibly

the venture would have had a different ending, for to be accompanied by this large body of Friendlies must have retarded the march, and also given the impression that he was approaching with the intention of attacking Tawaré. Speculation however is vain, and what his reasons for the final determination can never now be known; as he would have said himself, his "time had come."

He left Koton Kerifi at 3-30 p.m. on November 26th, and, marching apparently without pausing by the way, reached Izeegu—which is about 6¾ miles from Tawaré—at 9-25 p.m., and, passing through the town, camped a mile or two beyond it at 11-20 p.m. This is the last entry in the blood-stained pocket book in which, with difficulty, the details of his march can be deciphered.

At daybreak on the 27th Tawaré was entered. The surprise was complete; but the King unfortunately fled, escaping only by his fleetness of foot. The bush was too dense to make pursuit practicable. David burnt the King's house, as a sign that he fallen under the white man's displeasure, and started on the return to Koton Kerifi. On issuing from the town a road through the bush was entered, and here, barring their progress, and on each side of the path, a crowd of armed natives sprang up from the long grass in which they had concealed themselves on deserting the town. David went forward fearlessly alone, making signs of peace; and, to show that he had no hostile intentions, fired a round or two of the repeating Mauser pistol he carried into the air. The natives, apparently accepting his overtures of peace, allowed him to approach unharmed until he was within some sixty yards, when they treacherously discharged a flight of poisoned arrows. One of these struck him inside the left thigh, close to the femoral artery. Realising that fighting was inevitable he ordered all his men to advance and fire volleys, but meanwhile the enemy had rushed in between his own followers and the Friendlies, who had not followed

closely in line, and drove the latter back into the town, so that no assistance came from them. The small escort rallied round David, who was defending himself with his pistol, but his strength left him almost at once, the poison and loss of blood having taken immediate effect, and he died only fifteen minutes after receiving the wound. His men behaved with splendid gallantry, showing a courage and devotion which tells of his influence over them. They would not abandon his body; his servants bore him in the centre; the soldiers formed up around; and, forcing their way determinedly through the bush, fighting for several hours before the enemy was beaten off, they carried him to Lokoja, where he lies buried.

He had spoken but little after he was hit. After emptying his pistol of all but one charge, and giving orders to his men, he sat down, wrenched the arrow from the wound, and tried to stop the bleeding with a tourniquet. Paniki lifted him on to his pony, but he could not stay there, and saying, "I am dying," he sank back on to the ground. Just before losing consciousness he turned to his black boy, and said, "John, this wound has been sent by God."

These were his last words. In a few moments he was dead; dying as he would have chosen—swiftly, in the doing of his duty, and under the open skies.

To those near relations and friends for whom these Letters have been printed, this foregoing sketch of David's life and character may appear an impertinence, and must appear inadequate. But the day must come when all who knew him, all who can recall the magnetism of his personality, will in their turn be gathered to the past. Then, but not till then, his name may be forgotten; and although he will live, making the world the richer for all time, through the endless consequence of his deeds and influence,

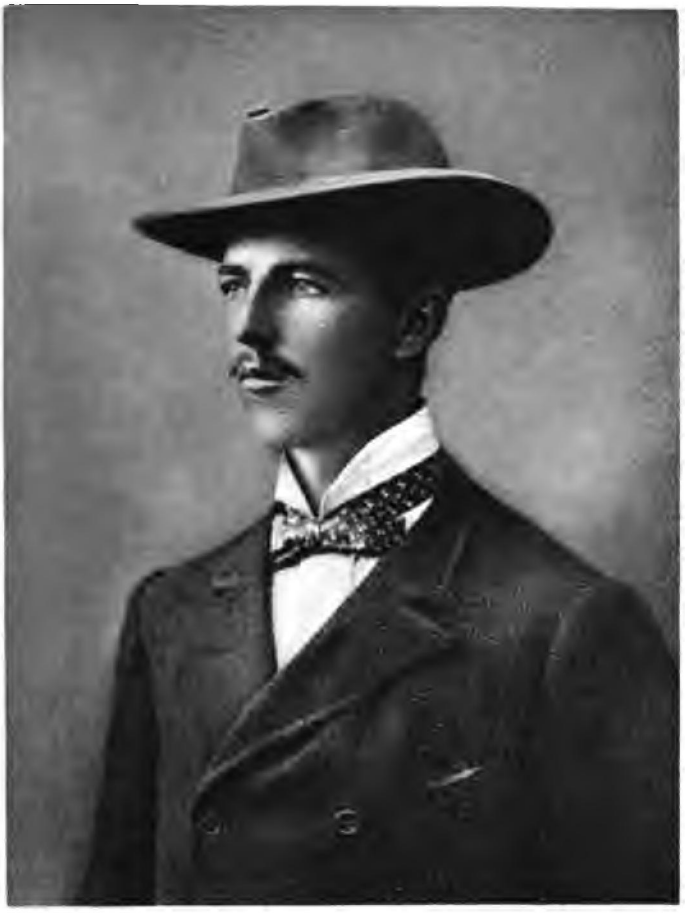
it seems fitting that some record, however slight, should be made of a life so short, but so full of accomplishment, so steadfast in high endeavour.

To give a life-like presentment of such a character and nature is not in the power of one who can claim no gift of language, but who can claim only, with pride and gratitude, to have known and understood him better than any other. For these reasons: as a memorial of a great love; and that, in the distant future, those whose eyes shall chance to meet these pages may know what manner of man was David Carnegie, these imperfect words have been written—for the written word endures.

HELENA M. CARNEGIE.

DAVID WYNFORD CARNEGIE

From a Photograph 1906



DAVID WYNFORD CARNEGIE.
From a Photograph, 1896.

LETTERS.

(To H. M. C.)

December 21, 1899.

R. Forcados.

. . . . . Here we are at last ready to tranship into the "Empire" and the "Liberty" stern-wheel flat-bottomed steamers. We shall get on board to-night, so that we may get off by daylight to-morrow, for we tie up at nights. This is a magnificent expanse of water (and only one of a score of mouths!) about three miles wide, flanked by mangroves—dull-green, thick, bushy trees growing up above the water showing the roots. I have no time for more than a scrap, as I have to find provisions for us all, about 18 white men, for our journey up river. I am to be at Jebba for certain for a time. We stop at Lokoja for the great ceremony of handing over the territory from the Company to the Government.

It is fairly cool to-day, that is for this place, which is generally reckoned an inferno. We had a job at Accra getting servants and clerks; all black, horrible, cheeky civilised niggers. They, the clerks, objected to travelling on deck, and wanted second-class cabins. One said to me—"Really I can't think of going deck and mixing with the common people [also black], besides without a cabin where am I to put my dressing case?" I told him he'd better take himself and his case ashore again, but he thought better of that. I *must* stop now. . . . . .

(To H.M.C.)

December 28, 1899.

S.W. "EMPIRE."

Half-way between Asaba and Ida.

. . . . . This is the first letter from the Niger proper, a truly magnificent river. First I will describe this boat (S.W. = Stern Wheeler.) It is awfully hard to write, as the vibration of the paddles is so great. On the upper deck we (*i.e.*, twelve of us) live, eat, sleep, etc., also the kitchen, etc., is on this deck. The lower deck carries black passengers, crew, cargo, etc. There is also a hold. There are no cabins except one for the Captain and another for the white engineer, also a sort of loose box which Lugard inhabits. We pitch our camp-beds and mosquito nets anywhere we can find room.

On transhipping to the "Empire" we found absolutely nothing in the shape of food, except some boxes of rations which Lugard had left behind him when last out here a year ago. However we managed to get a little 'chop' (Australice—'tucker.' Anglice—'food') from the "Axim," and latterly bought a bullock at a village; they had his throat cut and the beast on board in about 20 minutes. Five miles from where we left the "Axim" we reached one of the R.N.C.'s big stores—Burutu, and since then have passed several of their posts. One cannot fail to be impressed by their number and evident importance. It is quite marvellous to see what a vast trade the Company has established, and all with a handful of men. White men are dotted at intervals (long ones) all up the river; and, on the thousand and one creeks running in and out of the river, trading is carried on. We saw one cheerful station—a hulk anchored in mid-stream, I believe because the natives on shore are too hostile, and on this dismal old ship a poor devil lives month after month alone, trading goods for palm oil and palm-nut kernels. Think what a

life! and yet *this* hulk must be a paradise to some, for occasionally launches and steamers pass by!

The Forcados Branch is most beautiful, I cannot adequately describe the wealth of growth of timber, creepers, hanging creepers, palms, and bushes of all sorts of shades of green. Some very large trees (cotton trees) built on the buttress principle so to speak, with heads like gum-trees, only thicker, line the banks; beautiful white lilies grow down by the water's edge like great hands spread out with thin straggling fingers hanging from them. Now the river is low and one sees a part of the bank on which at intervals villages are seen, all in the same style, thatched and walled with mud and sticks.

The natives are all great fishermen, and under every village one sees canoes (dug-outs) and nets put out to dry —long nets which they use as stake-nets on poles, just as we do at home. We bought some fish like a big perch, coarse and full of small bones of peculiar structure almost as delicate as feathers. As well as fish the natives eat bananas, and all along the banks, at intervals of perhaps 1½ miles, are cultivated patches of small extent, surrounded by impenetrable jungle. They travel nearly entirely by water; there are paths about one foot wide, but on the delta few white men have landed, and in fact anyone doing so would be dead sure to be attacked and probably killed, and if killed most certainly eaten, for the Delta people are savages of savages, go in for *Ju-ju*, a sort of mystic religion, have human sacrifices, poison people, and in fact practice all manner of uncomfortable habits. The *Ju-ju* men are priests who belong to the secret society that exists all along the W. Coast, and have great power; *e.g.*, a witness often refuses to speak because forbade to do so by the *Ju-ju* man.

Right near the sea the mangrove swamps are practically uninhabited, except by reptiles and mosquitoes—here it is that these latter are said to carry a man off from his

bed and devour him at leisure! The delta is simply a mass of creeks and rivers, the number of which no man knows, or is ever likely to. The Forcados is the biggest branch (or deepest, I'm not sure which), and now nearly all the steamers call there, and, though this is the dry season, there is little to show that the river is not full, for the water spreads out into so many channels that the difference in level is distributed, if you follow me, and it is not until the branching point, or the apex of the delta (*i.e.*, when one gets into the Niger proper) that the banks are bared. Below the junction of the Forcados branch (called the Wari Creek on some maps) every creek one sees is running out of the Niger; above the junction every creek is running in. Above the junction the river, which at this season is of a varying width of ¾ to 2 miles, is a trifle monotonous. On one side a steep bank about 15 to 30 feet high running back to a dead flat, which is covered with dense jungle (without the highest cotton trees that we see lower down) —on the other side a great expanse of bare sand, and beyond it another bank, jungle-topped as before, to which the flood-waters reach. So it goes—high bank on the right, sand-bank on the left; high bank on the left, sand-bank on the right. Numerous islands of sand are dotted about, and an occasional angry looking snag.

So circuitous is our route that we put on quite 50 per cent. to our day's run (no travelling at night except at high water and then only with a moon), and it is marvellous piloting. Two natives stand at the wheel and the pilot beside them (also a black man), he never speaks but gazes immoveably at the surface of the water, and with his hand beckons starboard or port. He goes entirely by surface reading, for however well the course is known, yet so constant is the change of position of sand-banks and snags that no rule can be made for keeping so much to the right or left of certain points. It is quite fascinating to watch the stolid darkey (each pilot has a beat of so many miles,

and is then landed and returns to his starting point by next boat) and try and follow his eyes as they move from ripple to smooth; sometimes we dart off at a right angle, and only just avoid a bank, sometimes we slow down and the leadsman is beckoned by the pilot;—8-ft., 6-ft., 4-ft., so he goes; at 4-ft. we know we only have a few inches to spare, for we draw 3-ft. 6-in. Often the boats get stuck on the banks for days at a time; that was the fate of a French gun-boat that imprudently, and against all rules of decent behaviour, attempted to go up river to "do" the Company. The French were surprised that the Company did not stop them or even object, the R.N.C. knew the sand-banks! and they had to send an English Captain to get her off again, though the French hung out well, and almost starved before they would ask for help!

Animal and bird life is fairly numerous. We have seen three hippos, one old chap "blowing" like a whale; and all along the sand-spits crocodiles' tracks can be seen. Storks, ibis, geese, hawks, and piping snipe-like birds are fairly plentiful.

The climate now is quite nice, but very peculiar and certainly trying. This is the "Harmatan" season, *i.e.*, a cold dry wind blowing off the Sahara; as it comes down the river it gathers moisture, and so, while it lasts, everything is soaked as if it had been in the heaviest dew. The wind begins about 2 a.m., and blows till 11 a.m., and woebetide the man who has made no preparations for it, but has gone to bed in the belief that the oppressive greenhouse heat of the early night is going to continue. No matter where you put clothes they are wet through in the morning. I put mine under my blankets, and so have them dry to put on in the morning. A box of matches, unless put away in a tightly closed tin, is useless the next day. One's top blanket is wet enough to require hanging in the sun during the day. The Captain tells me he has often seen so dense a mist that the banks (we anchor in mid-

stream at night so as to avoid the mosquitoes as much as possible) are invisible, and he has to wait for the sun to penetrate the white mist. We have not seen the sun rise for some days now, about 10-30 or 11 a.m. a red ball appears way up above the trees, and gradually the haze lifts and goes, and presently the juice is melted out of one. Of course away from the river this wind would be an inestimable blessing, as it would bring cold alone, and no damp with it.

The Niger water is dirty, but quite drinkable, though it is said that washing in it brings out *Kraw-Kraw*: a skin disease; however we chance *Kraw-Kraw*, for life wouldn't be worth living if one had to be always taking precautions. In fact this is *the* country for Christian Science!

We stopped at Asaba last night; that is the Company's headquarters. A pretty place I should judge, but we arrived just at sundown. Here we met one Sloane Stanley (in some cavalry regiment, used you not to know him?) commanding some Hausas. He kindly gave us some fowls and bananas.

Asaba, though the capital, and though in existence for I daresay 15 years, is not absolutely civilised, for only the other day an expedition had to go and punish an erring chief only ten miles in the bush. I think it was on this occasion that a man, called Wake, did a cute thing. In bush fighting the niggers always dig pits on, and across, the little narrow path, clearing an avenue in the jungle to do so. When the White man and his Hausas appear, up jump the niggers and fire, and then squat down again in their pits, the usual answer to this is a volley from the Hausas when the enemy next appear, though this cannot be effectual owing to the narrowness of the path. Wake, instead of firing volleys, charged with the bayonet, and the Hausas had a rare time in those pits.

There are only three white residents at Asaba, though others come and go. Opposite, across the river, is a R.C. mission station, and a coffee plantation. At Asaba we picked up our Attorney General—Davidson, who used to share lodgings with Jack Dove Wilson in Edinburgh—a nice chap. Curious number of our countrymen in important positions. Wallace—Senior Resident and acting High Commissioner when Lugard is away. Kerr—Colonial Secretary. Davidson—Attorney General. Gollan—Private Secretary; and others in minor positions. The R.N.C. have a marvellous man called McTaggart (by a Scottish sergeant out of a Maori woman) who has been here for years; has been in all sorts of extraordinary places, has done all sorts of "unofficial" work (which means work for the Company of which no record is kept, for obvious reasons—such as punishing refractory chiefs with no half measures) has been lost in the bush, captured by natives, tied to the stake, tortured, almost hacked to pieces, left for dead and only rescued by chance. A perfectly authentic story, and no coaster's yarn.

Indeed this seems a weird country, and already I feel a sort of friendship for this great river, and can quite understand how men come back to it again and love it, and yet when we arrive at Jebba we shall only have seen a fraction of its length. I can't believe it is as unhealthy as they make out. Why even the swamps at the Delta are beautiful, and where I expected to see vast banks of slimy ooze and mud there appears dense masses of the most delightful green vegetation.

To-morrow we should see hills on either side, which will vary the rather monotonous sand and sandy banks. I simply pine to get off this boat and get away into the bush. I long to be off with a party of "boys," I feel sure I shall get on with the Hausas. Oh! the joy of being a "vagrant" once more with my own little colony. How I pray I shall be sent off to look for a new site for Headquarters,

but everything is so unsettled as yet, and the Assistant Resident's services may be turned to another channel.

So far I have been unable to get a cook or a boy, indeed we are all in the same state. I shall end by getting a Hausa lad and teaching him to cook. The High Commissioner (he is not called Governor) has his old cook, such a nice man, son of the King of Lokoja, *i.e*, if his father had his rights, according to John's (that's his name) account. Then he has a ripping Hausa boy, about 15 years old, such a smart little chap. If I can only get one like him I shall be satisfied.

There is a great brown goose flying with his neck out to the setting sun—"Wa-Wa" the wild goose; it brings back the schoolroom and . . . . reading Hiawatha. If only I were in the bush. I feel somehow nearer to you all than when amongst fellow-white men.

I shall finish this to-morrow, as it is hard to write at night, when the lamp attracts all old friends, such as flying ants, who fly at the light in hundreds, fall on the table and drop their wings off. So far the climate generally is very like the N. coast of Australia, I mean we find here the same "bugs:" mosquitoes, flying ants with long yellow bodies, white ants, big black flies (I was going to say as big as thrushes!) that drive their stings in and draw blood, and other sweet works of nature.

The camp-bed Dolly and I chose at the stores is a very good one, I feel quite at home on it as I sleep on the plaid and have your woolley Australian rug over me, as well as a jaegar blanket in the early morning.

We have a Maxim Nordenfeldt 1½-inch gun on board, but there is no use for it now, I expect though a few years ago these boats were often fired on from the banks, and then there was no competition for the place next the lamp at "chop." It really is marvellous how this enormous river has been exploited and kept open by the few men the Company employed. No one at home can realise what

work they have done; you must see the large stores and factories and the thick population, and then think what Northern Nigeria has before her—15 million Hausa-speaking people to be kept in order by about 200 white men. Anyway you may have absolute faith in Lugard.

I really can't see any more, and my hand is quite cramped from trying to work against the vibration. . . . . . *December 31.* "Sana Lagia" = Good morning. We arrived here, Lokoja, last night, and the mail leaves 8.0 this morning, also all our baggage has to be ready to go off this boat in a short time, as she returns to Forcados whilst we remain here for some days as the Chief has much work. The greatest difference is noticeable in the scenery after leaving Ida (pronounced Id-ah, not like the name) and N. Nigeria appears in fine form—rocky hills, with huge boulders and all sorts of queer rocks, pinnacles, and peaks line the banks, black iron-stone rock, red, grey, and all colours. As a fact I saw it only on occasions, as I was working like beans all day to get a map of the river (copied from the Captain of this boat's sketches) finished. You can judge from the writing of this letter how easy map drawing is when travelling! however I got him done before sunset and only had half an hour's work by lamplight. The sun is just risen and lights up the hills at back of Lokoja, very pretty flat-topped hills. We arrived at sunset and came up close to the bank. Officers of the W.A.F.F. (West African Frontier Force) lined the bank. L. had to jump from the steamer to the shore. I trembled lest he fell in, he just cleared it! I must close this now as we have a lot to do. I daren't write about South Africa, it makes me too sick, and I can take no interest in anything so far except by exercise of force of will. . . . . .

(To H.M.C.)

January 17, 1900.

LOKOJA HOSPITAL.

. . . . . Don't be alarmed at the address because I am well again and will be out in two days. Just the usual fever laid me low. Everyone gets it, and nobody reckons much of it. I had a rather worse go than most, as I fought the beastly thing for three days, working hard. I was just packed and ready to start for Jebba when I collapsed, and as my temperature was about 105 degrees, it was considered necessary to send me here. Its a most unpleasant illness, though luckily of not long duration—aches, pains all over, head perfectly ghastly, making one quite stupid. Cure—quinine (heaps of the stuff) and fenasatine (which I can't spell), and piles of blankets until one sweats it out, and how it does pour! disgusting. However I am assured that next time it won't be so bad. The mail came in yesterday . . . . . The mail leaves this afternoon at 5.

Curious how one meets people. Here are two English nurses, one of them nursed . . . . when she was ill about a year ago! As she has a tremendous affection for them we have great talks together. This is a good place, one great room all of wood (sent out from home, and same style as the officers' quarters and mess room) built on iron supports, resting on concrete pillars. Floor about seven feet from ground, with a verandah all round. There is another at Jebba.

Well now I have got to try and tell you everything since December 31.

On arrival we were given tents about 7-ft. by 8-ft., arranged close to what is known as the C.S.T. headquarters, meaning the Royal Niger Company's Constabulary (which now no longer exists). A good house this, of stone and

wood (very ratty and ricketty), built by the R.C. missionaries a long while ago and sold to the R.N.C., who turned it into mess room, etc., for their officers. Here Major Burdon (Huby's A.R. on the Benue) lived, a very nice fellow indeed. Originally the Company's soldiers, officered by Imperial officers, were the only ones out here, until, three years ago, Lugard came out to form the West African Frontier Force, known always as "The Waffs." Now of course everything except men trading is debarred to the Company, so the C.S.T. men are handed over to swell the ranks of the Waffs. The natives call them the "Dogo Numbers," dogo meaning long, because every soldier wears a numbered brass label hanging round his neck and hidden in his clothing.

Our first duty was to attend a farewell dinner given by the retiring C.S.T. officers to the W.A.F.F. officers and the few other white men. This dinner also saw in the new year, which saw me in bed.

At 7-30 a.m., January 1, the largest parade on record took place, viz., about 1,200 troops, awfully smart chaps: dark blue tunics, loose open jackets, with red braid round the edges, dark green or red cummerbunds—I don't know who were green and who the other—loose blue knickerbockers, with narrow red stripe, green putties, no boots, a red fez, with a dark green tassel. They are wonderfully smart sturdy chaps; some Hausas, some Yorubas (N. of Lagos), and not a few Senegalese deserters from the French. They, the Senegalese, are said to be the finest troops in the world, *i.e.*, of coloured people, simply don't care a rap what they do; even the French have not managed to spoil them.

Well to continue, the troops, including artillery and maxims, were all drawn up, the band playing away—another marvel, a year or two ago wild bushmen, and now real bandsmen, playing all the marches, etc., one usually hears, entirely by ear, and playing well too, excepting slow tunes,

and certainly "God Save the Queen" was rather painful. They ought to have pipes, of that I am convinced, though as neither the Governor nor Commandant are Scots it is not likely to come about. 21 guns' salute was fired as the old Company's flag was hauled down and the Union Jack run up. Then L. read proclamations and things, and he and the Attorney General, Colonial Secretary, and Senior Resident (Wallace) took the oaths of office, and each swore his oath on the Bible, and that Bible was my old Cheam Bible!

Then the High Commissioner made pretty speeches to the officers, an interpreter read the proclamation to the assembled natives and troops, more band, cheers, etc., finis.

Then work began and continues unabated. The C.S.T. officers went home, and we occupied their mess and ante-room. I had to organise a civil mess. Oh! what fun. No servants, no crockery, no money, no food, everyone growling, self nearly mad; however, by dint of begging, borrowing, stealing, and financing the show myself, by which I reckon I shall lose about £15, I got it under way, and I must say it was creditable, and our first dinner fairly surprised them. The staple food of the country is fowls, ducks, goat, mutton and beef occasionally. The Niger Company sell grain and tinned stuffs (when they have them), also soda water at 6d. a bottle, and gingerbeer ditto. Luckily some men going home had stores to sell, which I grabbed at once. Everything is most expensive out here, absolutely ridiculous. Eggs 1d. apiece, 1s. for a fowl no bigger than a bantam, etc., and all this when a year ago or so money was unknown, and a lb. of salt would buy a kingdom almost. . . . . .

On the night of January 1st a large banquet was held at the Mess of the "Waffs," in honour of the new administration, and to it nearly 70 white men sat down. All officers, who could be spared, from all parts of the country,

came down for it; speeches, praise, flattery, wit, sentiment, etc., galore. Having got our mess into working order I asked for three days leave, as there was nothing for me to do for a bit, so Brown (Lugard's pal) and self started off on a shooting trip. We expected great things, as we hoped to have with us an old hunter who had been with Lugard in Borgu, when he raced the French for the country and beat them; he getting through with about 20 soldiers and making treaties with Chiefs, whilst they fought their way with small armies, and then were too late. Anyway the man from Borgu had, amongst other services, pulled a poisoned arrow out of L's head, and saved his life with some mysterious antidote, and came to Lokoja to see his old friend, bringing with him a "dash" of some fowls (splendid word "dash," means—present, tip, exchange, and so forth). Lugard told him to come with us and show us game, which he promised to do, however the old scoundrel failed us, and we went without him; hired a "dug-out," three boatmen, one cook, and three "boys" for camp, etc. Canoe travelling is comfortable enough but wearing, as one lies down all the time on mats and things at the bottom, with a tilt of mats over one's head and body. With two it is cramped, as we lie head to feet and the canoe is very narrow. The boatmen paddle away like fun and then rest, then on again and rest, no continuous work. As they paddle they make most extraordinary sounds with their lips. We got about ten miles down stream to Beaufort island, where a famous palaver took place, at which about 10 white men were massacred by the natives. "Palaver" is another excellent word, means—fighting, talking, business, etc. We stopped at a village to get fresh food, etc., but they wouldn't sell, the brutes, which annoyed us very much, but couldn't be helped, and we went across the river to another, where the boatmen reckoned there was plenty of game. There we camped: a funny little conglomeration of grass huts stuck about on granite rocks just above the

river banks. That evening we toiled, and all next day, and got nothing. There were no signs of game, and the grass was still standing: great coarse yellow stuff above our heads, almost impossible to get through; later on it is burnt, and then one can get about for shooting, but until then one can only go quietly along native paths about 18-in. wide, and chance meeting some beast.

The natives have a most amusing way of saluting each other: they bob down to the ground and go through the motions of spreading dust over their faces, and then in turn make weird noises; that is very polite, but in ordinary cases, *i.e.*, in passing, they keep up a regular fire of sounds, thus A and B go on.

A. "Ough, ough, ough, ah, ah, ya, yi, oh, ah." B. meanwhile ditto alternately with A. both slowly, and with rising, pleading voices. Then suddenly one, changing, brings out a new word, which the other repeats—"Oh, oh, ah, ah, okoo, ah, akoo," then the other chips in with "aboo, aboo, aboo," and so on they go. I had a villager out with me, and suddenly we met three natives travelling along the little path; great salutings, and after we had parted, far away in the distance we heard plaintive "oughs" and "ahs," which I and my man answered.

The "King" of the village put a hut at our disposal, full of rats and fleas and other delights, and as the bush was not clear around we made use of them and pitched our beds and mosquito nets in the verandah. We had rather fun though no sport. It amuses me to be alone amongst a lot of niggers, they are such comical chaps, and the children are amusing. I won their hearts by giving them sugar. The King 'dashed' us three hens, and we bought eggs and fowls and goats for various articles (these were unsophisticated people and knew not money). On leaving we 'dashed' the King a number of empty soda-water bottles, which delighted him.

On arrival I had lots of work here, surveying ground

belonging to the Company, making out mess accounts, and doing the work of the marine superintendent who had gone sick, and for a day or two I didn't know whether I was on my head or heels I was so hard-worked, up to 2 in the morning—paying crews of river-boats their wages, engaging others, overhauling boilers, and all sorts of odd jobs. Then I got orders to go to Jebba, had to pack all my things, take stock of mess provisions, hand over to someone else, and all the time see that two steamers were ready to sail at 12 (noon), having received orders at 8, the same morning. I could hardly see then, but I got *everything* done up to time, and then collapsed, and here I am. I am getting awfully tired now, and can't write much more. This is the first time I've been allowed to sit up, but the mail goes to-day and I can't miss it. . . . . .

. . . . . .

(To his Mother.)

January 24, 1900.

STEAM LAUNCH "BORGU."

. . . . . The good ship "Borgu" is carrying me, the only passenger, to Jebba, which by this boat is about five days' journey. She is a paddle-wheel launch, 100-feet long, flat-bottomed of course, and drawing very little water, even so we bump into hidden sand-banks now and again. I only hope we shall not get stuck, by no means an uncommon occurrence when the river gets low; it is low now, but gets much lower yet before the rains come to replenish it. It's rather a fraud, for it looks a grand and imposing body of water, and is in reality very shallow and spread out between very far apart banks.

From Lokoja to here, *i.e.*, just past Egga, the scenery is dull and monotonous, hardly a hill to be seen, sandy banks, and dense forest and jungle all the way. Of

course there may be, and probably are, hills in the near distance, which at high water one would see, but the river being so low one can only see hills that abut right on it. I have seen several great big crocodiles, which being repulsive reptiles I have had no compunction in shooting at, though even if killed one has little chance of retrieving as they sink to the bottom. One comes on them lying on low sand-spits basking in the sun, and often one approaches within 100 yards before they take alarm and slide head-first into the water with hardly a splash, and there lie with perhaps only the tip of the nose showing. In anything less noisy than a paddle-wheel steamer one could get quite close quite easily. I believe the throat is the only vulnerable part. Hippopotamuses are not very numerous as far as I can judge, but we have seen one or two.

Before I forget I must tell you of one of the most peculiar birds I have ever seen or heard of. It is common on the Niger, but I believe is very rare anywhere else. It is a kind of night hawk, and comes out after sunset, and its peculiarity is that from the point of the wings a long single feather stretches out, *quite bare*, except at the extreme end. When seen flying these feathers give the impression of two small birds following and darting at a larger bird. The birds fly and swoop and dart about (after flies I suppose) in a most easy and beautiful manner, then with a sudden dash they move so fast that one can hardly see the little feathers at the end of the long pinion. I am sure there are many birds here that would well repay anyone who had the time to collect them. I saw a lovely black-and-white kingfisher yesterday, and this morning two enormous crows with white breasts came hopping about.

I am finding a lot of trouble with servants, they are a hopeless lot. Some willing but ignorant, others knowing, but dishonest and lazy. I had a boy I liked the look of, "Mama" by name, who came from Yola, up the Benue River, he was an excellent boy, but after losing a pair of

boots (a serious loss out here), and finding him with his hand in my sponge bag, which I had converted into a money bag (as at present all money is in bright new 3d. and 6d. pieces—the only coin the few natives who understand money will take; most buying is done by bartering cloth, salt, etc.), I reckoned it was time we parted. I could not be certain he meant to steal, as of course he said "look for sponge," and beyond giving him a good shaking and no wages I let him off. However when in hospital he came and squatted by my bedside and said "I come Jebba with you," and looked so humble and dog-like that I nearly took him back. Now I have a boy from Bida, a Nupé boy, rejoicing in the name of Biuru (but I call them all John—it's always a John who valets me at home, so it comes natural and is much shorter), who, so far, has behaved well; barring such trifles as wiping plates, knives, etc., with my towel, and so carefully putting away anything he sees that it takes him hours to find it again, he has committed no crimes.

Then I have a cook, a huge cook, a Hausa, and a horrible chap, but I had to take what I could get, having little time at Lokoja after coming out of hospital. As a man he is annoying even to look at, as a cook he is useless, though so far he has had nothing more artistic to do than to boil the miserable fowl of the country (to ribbons), make porridge (very thin and always burnt), and boil eggs (this is his forte, he boils them with a will, as hard as rocks; which is just as well as they are generally anything but fresh.) He has not shown his bread-making capacity yet, because there is no flour to be got, luckily I have a great sackful of ship's biscuits, which give my jaws exercise. No doubt when I get settled at Jebba I shall be more comfortable, and perhaps will be able to get a respectable cook, a most essential thing in this country, because a bad cook simply means that you eat nothing, besides the worry and trouble about a subject that interests me very little.

Job was a patient man, but I feel sure he was never on the Niger. The motto for this country ought to be "Nothing matters, nobody cares, time's no object," one can't see 24 hours ahead. One can't depend on anything arriving or happening as it ought. I have not the faintest notion when this letter will get down the river, it depends upon when a boat goes down, which depends on when one comes up river; a very vague thing to depend upon, as any boat is liable to run on to a sand-bank and get stuck for days, even weeks. In another month or so nothing but canoes will be able to reach Jebba, and then things will be more vague than ever. . . . . .

Even now I cannot tell you exactly what my work will be. I shall have to do magistrate at Jebba I know, amongst other things, but you see in a new country like this, where the administration is short-handed to a degree, one may have to do anything. I hope and pray to be sent into the bush, for I hate these semi-demi-civilised places like Lokoja or Jebba. They are so much like "boardship" where one can't fail to meet everybody there is, and from whom there is no escape. I dislike having others' company forced upon me, if you understand what I mean. I am sorry for some reasons I am not going up the Benue River, the Resident and his Assistant there are both exceedingly nice chaps, and that part of the country is better in every way, better climate, plenty of game, and wild interesting tribes to deal with, besides being on the way to Lake Chad, which I have long set my heart on. Of course to be under Wallace—whom I like, and who will before long have Kano and Sokoto to administer—is a good thing; but, as I said before, one never can tell what may happen in this country, and on arrival at Jebba I should be quite undisturbed if I were told to pack up and go on somewhere else.

I enclose some very poor sketches, which may serve to give you some idea of parts of the country. This morning

was quite cold, and it is now 11, and I am sitting in pyjamas, with a great-coat on and a blanket over my shoulders, and have not so far summoned up courage to have a bath! Of course it is not really cold, only in comparison to the heat of the later day, but after fever one feels the cold very much. The 'Harmatan' is still blowing, and is a most mysterious wind; some say it is a hot wind blowing off the desert, which gathers moisture from the river, which makes the mist and cools the air; others, and the majority, tell one that it is a cold wind off the Sahara which carries with it minute particles of sand, so fine but yet in such a quantity, that a white fog is formed, which extends all over the country, and not only over the river; this I believe is correct. Curiously enough the fine dust is so fine as to be almost unnoticeable, though if you rub your finger over a book, or glass, or anything smooth, you will see a smudge on it, and quite a coating of fine white dust on your finger. The harmatan obscures the sun, one never sees it rise, it appears, like a London sun, a round red ball, at about 10 to 11 o'clock, through the white veil, to disappear again about half-past three; but its power is felt all day long, and one can feel a sort of suppressed blaze and glare of heat. It is very curious, especially if one thinks of the distance the dust has travelled; it's an intensely dry wind, at least on shore, and curls up paper as one writes and dries the ink. No rain falls now until June, I believe, though we may expect tornadoes which come swooping and rushing along, leaving destruction and ruin behind them.

We are stopping for wood at a place called Shonga, one of the Niger Company's trading stations. Here there is a telegraph office on the line from Lokoja to Jebba; no white men here, only Christianised clerks from Sierra Leone and the Gold Coast (an abominable race as a rule, cheeky, and full of swagger, and imitation of white men's ways and habits, in fact they make one doubt very much

if civilisation for the black man is not a huge mistake); in fact Egga is the only place between Jebba and Lokoja where there are white men, there is one telegraph clerk and one Niger Company's clerk.

I will try and describe just what I can see at the present moment. I am sitting in front of the one small cabin on deck (where by the way the rats quite banish sleep) with about four feet of clear deck in front of me (the only available space for exercise!); on my left about 50 natives are squatting in all sorts and conditions of ragged cotton robes, thrown round them loosely; some with great native-made straw hats, some with dirty sort of turbans. At this moment they are all laughing consumedly because I happened to look up and smiled at one most comically ugly chap. An aged lady is beseeching me to buy Cavassa—native onions; and my boy is testing eggs in a tin basin of water. The gallery watch me most intently, and beyond them on the sandy bare bank are great heaps of wood, ready cut and piled up, from which small children carry fuel for the launch. Their hair is cut in a curious way, shaved on both sides, leaving a strip of curly coarse wool down the centre from forehead to neck like a cock's comb. Beyond them again are several corrugated iron buildings —the Niger Company's sheds—and several mud huts. The ground is all cleared of timber, and is quite bare and sandy.

I notice most of the men carry swords or daggers of rough native manufacture. To my right is the river, and native town on opposite bank of a new style of hut: round mud walls roofed with a conical cap of grass. Crossing the river is a canoe full of sheep, funny lop-eared beasts, like the "fungus rabbit" on the lawn. Just reached shore is a very large canoe, dug out of a solid block of timber, from which are being landed some 18 donkeys, small but sturdy looking. They look so comical with nothing but their heads showing, with their white muzzles all looking

the same way. A native stands in the water to drive the "jaki" ashore after the men in the boat have cast him overboard. Another great canoe, crammed full of people, has just arrived; it must be market day. Here they punt their canoes with long poles very skilfully. They are great folk to trade, and every day and all day we pass canoes, full of people and trade of one sort or another, going from place to place.

On the banks here are numerous temporary huts, formed by placing a long piece of matting over a cross-piece supported by poles, making a little shelter like a card house. Women are washing themselves and clothes, and filling gourds with water. They are not Venuses, in fact I have not seen more than one even unrepulsive female.

. . . . . .

My boy has just bought some of the most enormous bananas I ever saw, and enough to last a month, supposing they would keep! Sixpence was the smallest coin I had, though the purchase was only about two penny worth.

There was an awful commotion on board yesterday; the only other passenger, an Accra Clerk (black, and whom I keep at a greater distance than any native of this country, owing to his being civilised!) came in a great state to say "That one Engineer and Captain they fight." I could hear a great row going on, and answered, "Well let 'em fight." Unfortunately they did not relieve the monotony by coming to blows, but came to me with their grievances: it appears the engineer would pay no attention to the Captain's signal to slow down, and stop, when we were going alongside to get wood. They argued away and yelled and gesticulated; at last I stopped them and decided that they were both idiots, but that the engineer was the worst of the two, and they retired to think over it. In the meantime the pilot, who was watching the proceedings, forgot to direct the man at the wheel, who was also watching, and in consequence we were heading straight for the

bank, and only just managed to turn in time to avoid anything worse than a severe bump, and that nearly upset the whole ship.

The Captain is most important, really rather a good chap, but he speaks little English, and can't read or write, so has to consult any passenger who happens to be on board as to the destination of any letters or mail bags! The sand flies are awful here, and are nearly devouring me, little wee things not as big as midges.

January 25, Jebba.

I have now slept one night in my house. A nice enough wooden house raised from the ground about four feet on iron supports. So far I have it to myself, but Doctor Craster and a man by name Harrison (Treasurer) are coming in too, so we shall only have one room apiece, and shall have to feed in the verandah I expect! My room is about 12-feet by 14-feet, and has to serve as office as well. Our houses are well situated on the top of a rocky hill, about 200 feet above the river; just below us is an island on which the military camp, barracks, etc., are. From my room I can see miles (or could do so but for the mist) down the river, a really pretty view. Behind is a bare rocky hill with hardly any vegetation at all, below is a native town.

I am now finding out my duties, and I never felt so hopelessly ignorant before. I have to run the post office; 20 labourers who clean up the place about our houses (five in all); 20 civil police who know nothing of their work, being lately soldiers; and try all manner and sorts of cases; I feel quite overwhelmed, and hardly know where to start, I am so ignorant of any *official* work, but time no doubt will work wonders!

The mail leaves to-morrow morning early, so I have little time for more writing, and I expect this is the last long letter I shall manage for a bit. . . . . .
. . . . . .

(To H.M.C.)

January 30, 1900.

JEBBA,

NORTHERN NIGERIA.

. . . . . Yours of December 15, arrived yesterday. Being postmaster I sorted the mail bags, and you may imagine how I looked out for anything for myself. I can only too well understand how all your thoughts are centred on South Africa, for nothing but work keeps me from brooding over what little news we get, and all the consequences and possibilities. It's dreadful, and you can't think how one feels being stuck right away in a beastly hole like this, thinking all the time that one might be helping one's country with the health and strength Providence has provided one with, instead of stewing away doing all sorts of jobs that seem of little importance. But of course some one must be out here, and I came of my own choice like a fool, and now having had my growl—and it does one good to let off steam—I will see what I can tell you.

I will give you my day's work of yesterday as a sample:—5-30 (getting light) arise, cup of cocoa and a biscuit. 6-0: Labourers—who do all scavenging and sweeping and other interesting work—muster and complain about something always; these gentlemen are Yorubas and Nupés. Having set them to work my 20 policemen appear (they are at present building their houses of wood frames and grass sides and roof. Corporal Suliman wanted a large house as he has five wives. They are quite decent fellows, but of course awful rogues, and when they are let loose to do duty in the native town are bound to stir up strife and blackmail, and generally cause pandemonium); I take them down our hill to the river level and lay out houses; a long job, as they are very slow and stupid, and would far sooner build the houses crooked than straight. This is the plan, enclosed, forming a sort of barrack square.

A lot of people had houses built on the ground, and having been warned to move them, and not having done so, they had the pleasure of seeing them pulled down. Then my stalwart police woke up, and a savage joy came over their faces, for destruction and looting are what they love above all things.

About 9-30 I return up to our hill, a stiff climb—in spite of a very good path—of about quarter mile, and partake of porridge and a boiled fowl and eggs and tea; after this I find numerous people, who have been squatting all round the bungalow, waiting with complaints and accusations against others, and now the judge-palaver begins. One lady has had her children stolen; another claimed 12 bags of kowries or 30 bags of salt from a man; then the headman of Jebba village, which is composed of Hausas, Yorubas, and Nupés, each with a chief, wants to know something about the way the court is going to work; next, a boy is brought up for stealing four pieces of cloth and 4s. 6d., and is convicted and sentenced. Then my cook is accused of stealing a red silk handkerchief, and is searched and protests. All these things I must settle by the light of nature, as so far no ordinances have been circulated. I have not the remotest idea whether I can give a man six months or 60 years or what! Apparently this barbarous country is to be administered according to the laws of England! . . . . . The only penalty the natives understand is a flogging dealt out forthwith, as for fines and imprisonment they are not yet civilised up to such a pitch. . . . . At 1-0 or thereabouts I go to Government House (a wooden house just the same as this one) for lunch, for, having no proper servants yet, Lugard kindly invited me to "chop" with him whenever I wanted. Then at 2-15 the mail came in, and three great bags were deposited on the verandah, for no post office yet exists, and with the help of a black clerk—perfectly useless as they nearly all are, being the sweepings of Lagos and Gold Coast, etc.,

who couldn't get work there—I sort the letters and papers, and send over the W.A.F.F. letters to the island. Then all the day memos are brought from various people,—"Herewith communication from the King of Kiama (in Arabic) please have translated,"—"Herewith 10 Kru boys who are to work under you, please get them houses, rations, pay, etc."—"Referring to your memo. No. . . . the police should not be paid in advance, money must be refunded," and all manner of like things. All sorts of stupid red tape. If you want a spade or a nail or some paper you must write a requisition which passes through the Colonial Secretary's office, and so on to some one else, and probably finally gets lost. I suppose all Government offices are the same, but it's a great nuisance and does not appeal to me a bit. In fact there are lots of things to do and one has just to get through them as best one can; I go to bed fairly tired out at about 10 or 10-30, and sleep sound as a rule, in spite of the heat which, now that the harmatan is coming to an end, is bad both day and night. Mosquitoes abound, but don't bother one, as of course one has a net over one's bed.

I do not anticipate getting away from here for some time. Survey parties are being sent up country to look for a site for new headquarters, also a boundary commission to work with a French party. L. said he would have liked to send me as Political Officer, but there was too much to do here, so no bush for me, worse luck, as yet!

. . . . . No parcels have yet arrived for me, but I am told that anything up to six months is a comparatively short time to wait. Now the harmatan has lifted I can see for miles down the river, and very nice it looks too, though flat. I have discovered that Wallace comes from Arbroath! He is a very nice man indeed, he was here for a few days. He was very willing—out-of-the-way willing—to give me hints and tips and advice generally. He has great power and influence with the natives, and is looked up to and respected by them as well as feared. He

has had a most interesting career out here, and has done many a gallant deed. . . . . .

(To his Mother.)

February 14, 1900.

JEBBA.

. . . . . I am stealing many valuable minutes of Her Majesty's Government's time to write to you, but seeing that one of our difficulties is how to fit 25 hours into the 24 I may be forgiven! I have been much more contented the last week or so, as I have been unhampered by red tape and officialdom, and have been able to "run my own show." A great lot of people come daily to have "palavers" (a general West African term for dispute) heard and settled, and one's task is made none the easier by having to employ an interpreter, whose English is far from perfect. In some cases the natives use a language he does not know, and so a second interpreter has to be used. It is curious and interesting to note that already people are coming from a distance of three and four days' journey to have the benefit of a white man's decision. Men in my position have the somewhat ill-sounding title of "*Bum-bum baturi*," which means literally the "Big man from the north west." *Baturi* also means—Arab, and Stranger; but I believe it originally referred to natives of a part of Borgu higher up the river, who are known as the "Cow Fulani," being wandering keepers of flocks and herds. They have Arab blood, and are of much lighter colour than the Hausas. Some came here the other day with a "palaver" that had been handed down from their grandfathers! I have left this for Mr. Wallace to deal with, he says it is not likely that it will be settled for ten years or more!

Yesterday I played sort of fairy godfather. I returned a sorrowing husband his wife and two children, and made the wrecker of his happy home pay him 90 heads of kowries (somewhere about £4). I also protected a slave girl who had run away and came to me for help. One of my policemen had been despatched on a three days' journey with a summons to a man accused of robbery and other things, and on his way back he was met by the slave girl, who, hearing that a new lot of white men had arrived who would assist those in distress, came along with him. Her master followed, but, on finding that she had come to me, retired without showing himself. The poor little thing, rather a pretty girl of about 15, had been made to grind corn from sunrise to sunset, and was generally bullied; the climax was reached when her master gave her to his son, whom she hated, so she escaped. Of course to give her protection was one thing, but what to do with her in the future was another. However, I suggested she should find a husband amongst the police as she had first been helped by one of them. She was quite pleased, so I chose her a husband, and assured her that she would not be molested any more by her late master, at which she fell on the ground, and, so to speak, washed her face in the dust, and called me "Father," and showed various other signs of gratitude, and then rose up and saluted me in military style (evidently told to do so by the police, who are all old soldiers, having served five or six years with the R.N.C.). It is certainly rather pleasing to be in a position to do such things.

I have hardly been off the hill since I wrote, only when on business over to the Island, or down to the police camp. H.E., the High Commissioner, gives a dinner party every Wednesday. One week his servants were sick so his Secretary and I did their work, that is, all except the cooking. It was a great success. He, the H.C., has been rather ill lately, poor man; he simply slaves away without

rest all day and half the night, and I am afraid he will break down under it.

I am alone now for the time being, my late house-mate, Dr. Craster, being suddenly ordered up river. If I was alone in the bush I should be quite happy, and could learn the language in spare time, here, however, so many tongues are spoken that it is impossible to get any more forward. I started talking to my boy John, who comes from Bida (or rather from beyond Kano, on the outskirts of the desert, from where he was taken to Bida as a slave), but he is ill and has had to go to hospital. Since Dr. Craster left I have doctored several people, usually with Epsom salts whatever the complaint, with good results. It is very hot now, and "takes a lot out of one;" in the coolest part of my house it is about 80° at night, and 97° during the hottest part of the day. I find it hard to sleep, especially as I am, just for the time being, all over "prickly heat," which makes one feel as if one had on a suit made of nettles; as a rule it does not last long. Otherwise I am very well, and eat heartily in spite of the monotony of the food, always fowl. Mutton or beef is obtainable once a week, but of course will not keep. It is extraordinary how people collect round one's house; nearly always I find children and women and people (eating usually) squatting under my house—all the houses are about four feet from the ground; I am afraid I am not harsh enough, but I always feel that after all they are doing no harm, and they usually belong to people working about the place. . . . . .

(To H.M.C.)

February 14, 1900.

JEBBA.

. . . . . The Colonial Secretary's official letters are not ready yet, so I cannot close the mails, and therefore

take the opportunity of supplementing my scanty letter of yesterday. It's surprising how large a mail we have, about 400 letters as well as parcels, etc., all of which I have just sorted and bagged according to their destination. My post office clerk, who in any case is useless, has a swollen jaw, and is on the sick list. I have been sitting cogitating and smoking cigarettes on the verandah for a few minutes, but was driven in by mosquitoes. It's a lovely night, with a full moon staring straight into the house, and shining on the bosom of Father Niger, and I was lying back in a chair with my legs cocked up on the railing of the verandah thinking and wondering, and was rather glad to be ousted by the "musketeers." However they are just as bad inside the house. I have on such a pair of boots as your soul loveth—long boots of red leather (from Kano, where a great part of "Morocco" leather comes from!) with a great star cut in on the sides, as a butcher marks his sheep carcases by slashing the outer skin, the feet of same red leather of no particular shape, and the soles made of antelope hide with the hair outside. Splendid boots! cost 5s. Then I have a great pair of green and blue leather sandals "*Takerimi*," in which I walk from my bath (your India-rubber one) to my room. . . . . My first job in the morning is to go down to the police and make them work at clearing the barrack square. They hate that kind of work, and unless watched by a white man, would suffer any punishment rather than do it. . . . . I've had a lot of bother about paying the police and labourers, and they were all in a semi-mutinous state—not able to understand how such a thing as unavoidable delay could occur with white men. Every morning I have had to pacify them. They appeared with sullen looks and growls, and I had to invent new jokes to make them laugh, and they would go away quite happy. The best score I had was when they said they were starving, not having money to buy food, and I noticed one chap had new sandals on, so I promptly

answered that if they preferred covering their feet to filling their bellies they could not be very hungry. They are simple-minded folk, and little things like that turn them into the right groove, where any amount of punishment would fail to do any good. At last I paid them (all in 3d. and 6d. pieces), peace was restored, and how delighted you would have been to see Mr. Oguyami, the head labourer, decked out in new garments the next day. I laughed till I cried. Imagine a great nigger dressed in a brightly ornamented print dress—a woman's! with great blue flowers as a pattern, and on his head a long parti-coloured woollen cap, like a brewer's drayman; on his feet, sweetly peeping forth from the folds of the slavey's best cotton, two huge blucher boots! Yet saw I never a prouder man. The ambitions of a constable soared to further heights, and led him to purchase an alarum clock, which he set going and couldn't stop, and, being on duty at my house, he was evidently a little anxious, so to avoid my notice retired with his clock under the house, and away went the alarum like a runaway horse until I think he got frightened and at last came out and begged me to stop it. Another did the same thing with a musical box, as I think I told you. I can't remember what I have said before. The gramophone that Street gave me, is a great success, and on Saturday nights I have played all the tunes. The favourite with the boys is one called "Morning on the Farm," in which cocks crow and donkeys bray, etc. "The Cock o' the North" is also much appreciated. I am told that the Hausa has a sort of bagpipe of his own! . . . . . .

(To H. M. C.)

March 1, 1900.

JEBBA, W.A.

. . . . . We get a mail every fortnight now, Elder Dempster run fast (?) boats every fortnight, but, as well as these, others come out in between, so that we get odd mails arriving at Forcados, which lie at Burutu (the settlement at the mouth of the R. Forcados) until our mail steam launch fetch them. I've had a longish day, end of month reports to be sent in, pay day for all my children, two mails to despatch up country, and on the top of it all another mail suddenly arrived. . . . . I can't possibly let this mail go to-morrow without a line. I am so "flumoxed" (that's the only word) at all your news that I don't know where to begin or what to say. Good old Bob . . . . . I almost wept with pride and joy when I read the paper extracts, I am longing for next mail to see the *Aberdeen Journal*. It was in the *St. James's Budget*, which so far has arrived punctually. Of course your letter being so long ago I know that he is getting on all right. Poor old chap I hope he hasn't suffered much, though the neck wound sounds nasty. We have just got a wire saying "Cronje and whole force surrendered to Lord Roberts unconditionally." It can't be long now before we hear of Ladysmith relieved. I can't express what I feel about Magersfontein. . . . . .

I am rather pleased at having captured a highway robber and eight of his gang. (I was going myself, but couldn't at last minute, so sent some police under a corporal). These robbers had been a curse to the countryside, holding-up people bringing produce to market, extorting money, and generally maltreating the inhabitants. Oudu Kaukashi, the leader, had been in the employ of the Company, and so knew all about white men, used to wear

an old Company soldier's uniform, and say he was an Agent of theirs. Anyway he is a prisoner now, in a mud prison I have just had built. The very day after he was taken market-people streamed in, compared with what they had done before. Some, who had been accustomed to look upon him as a sort of King, even when they saw him in handcuffs, could not help bowing down to the ground and saluting him!

A distant Emir writing the other day to the "Whitemen of the Queen," said he did not mind them to trade with, but he would *not* have "a house put up, with a pole sticking up with a bit of cloth on it," his way of describing a Residency with the Union Jack hoisted! However, I don't suppose he will be consulted. There is some fighting going on near Bida where the Survey party is. Also on the Benue, still in the Mitchi country, where poisoned arrows are, but I am not the least likely to go near either places. I fancy Wallace is on his way to Bida, but as I said before one hears nothing. People go about quietly, and then suddenly one learns that something has been done. While Wallace is away here I stick. I shall take root soon on this blessed hill, but it's all in a day's work. .

. . . . . .

(To H. M. C.)

March 14, 1900.

JEBBA, N. NIGERIA.

. . . . . Yours of Jan. 29 and Feb. 5, arrived yesterday. The last mail almost that we can hope to get up to time, as before long the river will only be navigable to canoes, excepting right at the mouth. Curiously enough when the river is lowest the rains are going on here, but of course the rains here don't help it, as we are practically at the mouth of the river. I believe the water takes

almost a year from the time it starts at the head of the river until it reaches the mouth, so much time is wasted around Jenna and Timbuctoo where the waters spread out, inundating miles of country, at least according to a French writer. Thanks so much for the *Daily Mail*. Bob's charge must have been particularly uncomfortable to the Boers. I wonder if he had his rabbit-spearing expression on his face!

. . . . . .

I am just being puzzled by my interpreter (save the mark!) who a paternal Government supplies me with, and whose English is very hard to understand, which by no means lessens the difficulty of making out what people mean. At present he sits like a bird on the verandah railing, and to keep him quiet I gave him a map to study, on which is the North point, shown in the usual way, and he tells me some weird tale, evidently taking the red North point for a cross:—"There was a big man Malladama, who know book, know Arabic and Hausa, he live for Accra. He said, 'When I die three days time, 7 o'clock in morning time, you will see this (the cross) in the sky there (pointing East):—And we saw it there and knew he was a great man—after that, 22 years ago a great war broke out." I can't make out what he means, but I think it is worth further questioning.

"Illorin people come to Oga and war big war. Three days before I look (see) man in sky, man carry spear for hand. I look (see) him (touching his eye). I no lie. When we look (see) him we fear too much when God do like that then we all fit to die. Illorin people go for Ibadan, Ibadan drive them, Oga people help Illorin men and they kill Ibadan people, but in the end Ibadan win. All men see cross for sky, and all men fear." So spake another witness, a policeman, of this strange phenomenon! It sounds rather strange, I must ask Wazeri. You don't know Wazeri yet, such a charming man and so ugly. He comes from Kano, and is most intelligent. He is called a "politi-

cal agent," takes messages and spies. I'm sure he likes me, occasionally he comes on to the verandah, and I say "Zona Akassi" (sit down), and he jabbers away in Hausa. He is very keen for me to learn, but I have not got on at all well. As I told you nearly all speak Yoruba here.

Wazeri was an agent of Wallace's. He is about 5-ft. 3-in. high, and has a shaved black head, a face like a monkey, and a sort of goatee beard, but a most taking smile, and dancing eyes. He dresses in many *tobes*—a garment of large flowing dimensions, like a huge night shirt without sleeves, but in their stead sort of wings that can be turned over the shoulder leaving the arms bare, or dropped over the arms covering hands and all. When he got his pay he bought several *tobes*, and wears them all at once, and looks absurdly puffed out and hot, and as time goes on he turns up his various garments like turning the leaves of a book. He brought me a bit of salt that came from the centre of the Sahara. He talks fast and yet very impressively, not lightly like Yorubas, in fact life seems a solemn performance. When he goes away I say "Sai Gobi" (good bye till to-morrow), and he answers "To-Toh" solemnly.

I wish I could get away for a few months alone in the bush, I know I could learn far more about the natives there than ever I shall here. I have long talks with Corporal Suli of the police, he is Yoruba, but Mahommedan. He says "I no fear die." "What happen to you Suli suppose you die?" "Ah! Mamadu take me, suppose I die for war Mamadu take me." "Where he take you?" "There (pointing East). White man he no fear die, he trong (strong) he no fear." Then he strips off his shirt and shows wound "When I go wah (war) for Company! there, there, there! but I no fear. I cry Allah Akbar! I no fear to die. White man no fear die!" and he gets fearfully excited. . . . . If I were allowed to wander at

will here I should be quite happy. . . . . .

. . . . . .

So they have been curling, well we curl up, here! or rather are curled up by the baking heat. We had a tornado the other night, and now the Harmatan has come back, and my eyes ache and are quite sore from the minute dust in the air. You need not be the least nervous about me on account of any fighting in this country, there is some going on, and will be more, but you may think of me safely stuck on this d—— hill. . . . . I have two turkeys awaiting execution, and hope to give a large dinner party of three to meet them and the gramophone, when they are fat enough. Joseph Fagbile, my boy, shapes well in spite of his Bible and Prayer Book. I lost a cigarette case (aluminium, value 2s. 6d., but like silver) the other day, I knew it must have been stolen, so I called the household —the cook, the cook's mate, Joseph and a small boy—and told them that next time anything, even a pin, was missing, I should hand them over the "balalas" (hippo-hide whips) of the police. All of them. The cigarette case reappeared about half an hour after! . . . . . .

P.S.—It was a comet. [*Refers to the mysterious Cross seen in the sky by the natives*].

. . . . . .

(To H.M.C.)

March 28, 1900.

JEBBA.

. . . . . The provincial Court goes on the same as ever, and fate seems against my getting away from this place. I shall be well qualified for a post of lighthouse keeper before long.

The prisoners now number 20, including one female, and one lunatic, 'M'chankachi' (Hausa). A rather curious story his. He was a slave, and came to me for protection,

having run away. I thought at once that he was a bit "off." Presently his master appeared to claim him, however I would not allow him to get the boy back. He, the master, said "Yes, he was mad, and had been so for two months." The reason being that he encountered two large snakes and had a desperate fight, finally killing them, but at the cost of his senses. "Whenever the new moon appears he breaks out and becomes unmanageable" etc., this the master swore. After all why should not the moon affect people as well as the sun, which gives sun-stroke.

The only other interesting case was a land palaver, between two Kings, and they brought crowds of witnesses, for whom there was only just room under the shade of the tree, which stands close to the verandah where I sit and try and look important, and not laugh (for they are so ludicrous sometimes), nor get angry (for they are most annoying, and think nothing of making a long statement for about 20 minutes, and then spending the next 20 in contradicting every word!). The land went to the powerful King Ajidungari. I was sorry because I like to see the *poor* chaps score, but in this case there was no help for it. However it does not do to wonder too much whether one has given them justice really or not, for that is apt to make one hesitate too long, and I am sure what they appreciate is a rapid and unqualified decision one way or the other. In "women palavers," which are the commonest, I always give the lady her choice, and, having decided that one is to keep the woman, the other always claims so many bags of salt, or kowries, with which he bought the woman, and this amount I always average. The woman swears that only six bags was paid for her, and the man claims perhaps 30, and eventually gets 18.

I have bought a pony, a nice little chap, with a pretty head and neck (£5 10s.) an entire. He's bound to die as soon as the rains come, so I can't take much interest in him yet; besides the fact that there is nowhere to ride except

in travelling along a native path. I bought him from Suliman, my police corporal, who got him (at least so I am informed) as a bribe from a chief to catch a man for him, Suliman being out at the time after some robbers. It was a bad crime, because Suli said the Whiteman had sent him! I was awfully glad not to be able to *prove* the case against him, as I am fond of the old rogue, and he is an excellent constable, and I should have been obliged to turn him out of the force, having promised that punishment to any police found taking bribes. At last I have got their lines clean, but it has cost a lot of trouble and patience, but, by dint of threats and promises, I have got the houses and square so clean that you could hardly find a bit of grass even. I take rather an interest in making the place clean, because the police look such "scallywags" (having nothing but rags!) that no one ever fails to remark on their disgraceful appearance, forgetting that the disgrace rests on the Crown Agents at home for failing to send uniforms. Their houses are rather nice, grass-matting walls and grass-thatched roofs with a floor of cow-dung, which sets into a material like green-stone, and makes a capital floor. I make each man responsible for the cleanliness of the part of the square opposite his house, and he makes his wife, or wives, responsible in their turn. They are really a very good sort of people, and I am sure that my 20 police, "scallywags" as they look, would attack a thousand men if I told them to, and led them. I may be quite wrong, but that is my impression; though I would not be so sure of the pagans, the Mahommedans I am quite sure wouldn't "give a damn" what they did.

Some of the Yorubas wear "Jujus," and one I saw was a splendid specimen of human credulity. It consisted of a number (perhaps twenty) of square pieces of leather sewn into the front of a shirt, just leather and nothing inside. Then there were twelve leather squares, which contained Arabic writing on bits of paper wound round and round

with string and coloured cotton thread. And finally two little leather bottles, about four inches long, dangled down. One held a black powder, an infallible charm against poisoned arrows, the other a brown powder which prevented the wearer from being slain by a gun. (Lee-Metfords barred though!) This garment cost the owner £2, but I could not get him to part with it at any price. . . . . .

. . . . .

For the last three Sundays I have been shooting (for the pressure of work has relaxed) or rather walking and hoping to shoot. The first time Kerr came, and we went to a little village called Paku, and shot nothing. I tramped miles, I suppose 25 good, and was only rewarded by the instantaneous appearance and disappearance of the back-side of some animal unknown, as it dashed away in the long grass. The next Sunday I went alone and discovered a little village, about five miles away, where they live by selling "tombo" or "pompo" (palm wine). They are Hausas who left Illorin after it was "broken" by the Whiteman. It was an awfully pretty little place. After travelling over several successive ridges of stones and rocks, covered with scrubby trees and rank grass, we suddenly struck the head of a little glen with the wildest and most African vegetation, little trees, big trees, huge trees, masses of creepers and vines, and all a splendid green. As the little valley widened, palms fringed the bank of a little watercourse, and leaning against each tree were branches forming ladders, and slung round the tree just below the head, if there were leaves at the top, were calabashes into which the palm juice trickles from a slit in the stem of the tree. It's not at all bad, and the natives get quite drunk on it, as they do on "Peto" or native beer, made from corn. I reached the village, only about 20 grass huts, on Saturday night in the dark and managed to find a fairly clean grass shed to camp under, for I don't burden myself with a tent. The "King" (if there were only two Hausas one would be

"King"), promptly "dashed" me a fowl and a bowl of tombo, and I dashed him about three times the value in silver.

I was up before daylight on Sunday, had breakfast, prepared by the faithful John Pugh (cook, or "cuckoo" as they are called) and the faithful Joseph. I am afraid to praise them for they are sure to die or commit some crime, but, in confidence, so that the Fates may not be annoyed, I may tell you that they are excellent servants, and of Joseph I am quite proud and fond, and try hard not to spoil the boy. But there is something extraordinarily taking about some of these black chaps, they have such cheery smiles and work willingly (not all alas!) and don't bother one with talking unless you want them to. In fact I think any man with a kindly side to his nature wants something to be fond of, and if he can't have a wife or a monkey or a dog, he falls back on his black dependants! Then again they put such faith in a white man that he can't help being pleased and flattered by it, and of course there is nothing like flattery for making a man pleased with things in general.

Interrupted by a palaver, which I must see to. There is no escape from them when dwelling-house, Court-house, and office is all the one room! Well, they have gone, so I can continue.

Joseph is anxious to go home, and wants of course to see the Queen. "Black man tell me suppose I see Queen I faint, I fall down; Queen all gold;" which is about the same idea of the dear old lady that we used to have.

I found a hunter at the *tombo* village and away we went, he with a yam for lunch, and I with a chicken (cold) in a bag. We walked and walked and sweated and sweated over rocks and hills, through bush and scrub, all deadly dull and ugly, yellow dry rank grass and dried up trees, and no beasts to be seen, though tracks of antelope and buffalo (bush cow, I believe the Congo buffalo) were

there, made in the rains. Of course the only chance is to find their feeding ground, which at this time of the year is on any part where the grass has been burnt and young shoots come up. All of a sudden we came on a delicious little river with beautiful rocky pools. I never enjoyed a scene so much before—always excepting water in West Australia—for it was about noon and we were very dry. We lay down under a tree, I having taken my shirt off to dry in the sun, and discussed our meal; rather amusing, as neither could speak to the other, but we were the best of friends, and I exchanged half of my fowl for a junk of yam, and had a glorious drink in the river. Its name is the Awo, and it joins the Niger about 4 miles above here. All along the banks, and on the dry bed (in places) were tracks of deer and buffalo and crocodiles. It must be a fine place in the rains. Oh! what joy to be unfettered in the bush once more! The only times I have felt a regard for this country are when alone in the bush, and, almost seriously speaking, I doubt whether I can long hold out against the desire to go off into the bush and wander across to Egypt. I believe Wazeri and I could do it, I do really, and I don't believe anyone would harm us either. I'm so afraid of being stuck in this ——— place until I lose all heart for anything. As a fact my two Sundays alone in the bush, with just my own little lot of people, have quite upset me, and brought back all the wandering spirit and hatred of control. Lately too I have not had enough work, and that leaves one too much time to think and get generally disgusted.

Well, to resume my "hunting." We came in about 4-30 fairly well tired out, and not a shot fired. I drank an enormous calabash of *tombo*, which resulted unfortunately, not in intoxication, but internal pangs, etc., etc.

During the following week an old Congo soldier came asking for leave to start a village near here. He was a Hausa who had enlisted at Lagos. He produced his cer-

tificates, which I asked for—they were somebody else's marriage certificates in the Congo Free State! but he thought it was all right. "Oh I lost my own (which were soldier's discharge and such like), and so got these instead from a friend." One paper is as good as another to these chaps. I then put him through a catechism, and made him show me how the Belgians drilled him. "En avant—Marche—Presentez ar-r-r-rmes" and so forth he roared, and made me laugh to see an old black Hausa with all his front teeth knocked out, in a long flowing robe, strutting about and talking French. On Sunday I went to find his town with him. My little party consisted of Wazeri (who got fever and had to be left in a village on the way, and who has since had his house burnt down, poor chap, but as you may guess that shan't cost him much); Salu (the Congo soldier) and a friend of his, John the cook, Joseph, three carriers, doki-boy and pony, cook's mate, and two small boys (servants of my servants). It's a new way of travelling to me. I suppose the old original method by which Adam and Eve carried their garden produce to market, viz., on the head. One carrier had my gun-cases, a second my camp-bed and bedding in one big roll (I shouldn't care to carry it), the third a box of pots and pans and provisions, the cook's mate carries other kitchen things surmounted by live fowls, poor brutes! which are tied by the legs and hang head downwards or anyhow, which is a beastly plan. Then the cook's boy carries the cook's bed, and Joseph's boy his bed, and the horse-boy carries guinea corn for the horse—and off you go, at single file at a very fine pace. Joseph, a great swell in a white suit (short breeches), and as happy as possible because I let him carry a cartridge belt, and a big knife, and my watch.

Everyone was in rotten training, and none were sorry to halt at a village, a Nupé village called Kalima, on the way. First we crossed the river in canoes, and swam the pony across. Then climbed a range of granite hills, very

like parts of W. Australia—bare granite with *Namma* holes. Then down and reached Kalima, a sheltered village amongst granite hills. The houses all built of mud, round, and about ten feet high, with conical grass roofs. Splendidly built, the Nupés "pass all men for making houses." First they mark out a circle with their feet and put a ring of stones down, on this they put lumps of mud and chopped grass about as big as cricket balls, then another layer of stones, and so on, and then the wall is faced and backed with mud, which is slapped on and smoothed over with the hand. Most delightful work. Around the village are fields of guinea-corn and yams, and sheep and goats wandering about. We rested under a big tree in the market place, and here was to be seen the native barber at work shaving people's heads into queer patterns like old yew hedges, or poodle-dog's backs.

In the evening we reached the site of the new village —a pretty spot on an island, formed by the splitting of a little river. Fine shady trees on the banks. The village is to be called "Taguayen Erafi," rather a poetic name, meaning "The twin children of the Brook." I made my camp, viz., bed and mosquito net, under a fine big tree and went out in the evening without success. A Nupé boy, a hunter, came with me the next day, we started by moonlight, and walked for hours and hours, resulting in one small antelope (an oribi), and I confess I was quite knocked up, partly from the heat and from having no water, for my water bottle was soon exhausted, and I almost repented of my taking pity on the Nupé boy. The fact is that the sun here is less powerful than in W. Australia, but whereas in W.A. we get the absolutely pure air of the desert, here we get air tainted with centuries of malaria, and that plays the devil with any man. I had to get back that night, as I had some work early Monday morning, and consequently arrived back so exhausted I could hardly get my breath, all the more that the cook had dysentery, and I

had to put him on the pony, and then when we reached the river, being dark, I thought it best to put the pony on a canoe, and of course, as always happens, the black man fails and the white man has to do the job himself. I had fairly to wrestle with the beast. That night I felt simply reeking with malaria, and the next day too, and think how I cured it! I knew exactly what I felt would do it, and swallowed whiskies and sodas for all I was worth with heaps of quinine, and to-day I am as fit as possible, and I am sure that under any other conditions I should have been drunk three times over. I have a theory—based on what Lancelot once told us about being fearfully bitten by mosquitoes and sweating out all the poison, and suffering nothing from the bites—and, in putting this into practice, nearly every night walk into the bush, and run home until I am wet through with sweat, then I am very careful when I get home to sit inside until a little cool, and then a hot bath and change for dinner. And I assure you I feel as fit after it as possible, and no malarial germ could survive such treatment. Fever is nothing really, only such a bore, and of course not strengthening! but I must protest against your reading anything about Blackwater Fever, because it can only make you anxious and do no good. Of course men get it here, so do they get run over by trains at home, or die of influenza, and no one calls England a "White man's grave." . . . . . Don't get into your head that everyone gets Blackwater; always remember that Wallace has been here 22 years, and he comes from Forfarshire too!

March 29. Lugard not arrived yet, so the mail launch has gone down river to see if, as is probable, he is stuck on a sand bank! Rather ignominious for a High Commissioner to be left high and dry on, and very unpleasant, for he will be devoured by mosquitoes and broiled by the sun. It is now 10 o'clock, and any palavers will have to wait until I have finished this letter. I was up at 5-30, paraded the scallywags (my bobbies), went down the hill

and set the prisoners to work, some carrying bricks up the hill—hard work, ten bricks at a time on their heads, up this very steep path about quarter mile. Others carry stones for foundations of a canteen. The rest are cleaning up round our houses. Nobody seems to mind untidiness, and I have all the horror of Papa on sighting a bit of paper lying about. I expect they think I am mad, for how can it matter that harmless paper or empty tins lie about the ground!

Having pottered about down below I came back about 8, dressed, shaved, etc., etc. I rather like to appear clean and spick and span when I hold court. I think one ought, and so I don white boots, white trousers, white shirt, white sun hat, with blue line round top of puggaree, and blue cummerbund. Nice and comfortable, for I never wear a coat.

When people come with palavers Kudjo (interpreter) stands on my right in the corner of the verandah, on the left Raji or Suliman (Sergeant and Corporal), the prisoners are on the ground below, so that sitting on a chair my knees are about on a level with their eyes. Then a crowd of witnesses and hangers-on squat in the shade of the tree near by. My clerk—a civilised black man from Accra, whom I dislike intensely—sits at the table and writes down evidence, as a rule all wrong. There is something about these "whitemanised" niggers that makes my gorge rise. Nasty cheeky brutes, though as a rule quite cute enough not to show any cheek that one can get hold of, it's just the manner. They don't like Nigeria a bit. On the coast they have been utterly spoiled, and are as good as white men; here they are kept in their place, and I trust always will be. The other day I was taking the mails off to the launch in a great hurry and jumped into a canoe that was discharging passengers, amongst whom was a black clerk, looking as insolent as possible, sitting on his box. "Hurry up now, I want to get the mails on board," I said.

Not a move, just an insolent stare. "D—— you, get out of this," and chucked his box ashore, and gave him a good whack on the —— with my (your) cane, as he landed. "'Ow dare you, what for you flog me, I Sierra Leone man, I good as white man, I summons you, I take you before magistrate," and so on. "Yes, you had better, and see what you will get!" And on discovering that he would have to come before me to complain he thought better of it! . . . . . .

As I was going shooting on Sunday we met a company of "Waffs" coming in from an outlying station. They look such queer black little devils marching along in single file. Dark blue jacket and knickerbockers, and brown blanket round their shoulders, and black faces. The total blackness being relieved by great straw hats, much as I described before, with red, green, and black leather let into the top and sides. One white officer was riding, and three white N.C.O.s behind, also riding. Then a lot of carriers. There is something very ancient-looking about men carrying loads. As you go along you meet numbers of travellers coming to market, or trading, or carrying for hire; on their heads the load, over one shoulder a sort of open bag with personal belongings, and in one hand a long stick or pole, and its use is this—If there are many carriers each assists the next to put his load on and off his head, and there is always someone without a load to help the last man, for it is very hard to lift up the load, if heavy, alone. But if a man is alone when he wants to rest, he finds a forked tree or branch of handy height, puts one end of the load in the fork, under the other end the pole he carries, and steps from beneath. Then when ready to start he walks under the load, raises it and catches the stick and away he goes. It looks queer to see these bundles stuck about in the trees. I don't know how much they carry, but I fancy about 40 to 60-lbs.

The pups are doing well, and squeak away lustily, but it's hot for them poor things. No rain yet, but awful gales of wind. We had a door blown off its hinges last night. I was asked over to the Mess last night, but it means a late night, and really it's an uncomfortable business unless one can get a bed over there, and that means a lot of time wasted. I always feel—well! anywhere one can go out to dinner, but in a strange country it is much more amusing wandering in the bush. I did go over to dine with Colonel Willcocks, the Commandant, a very nice chap, and very nearly got a ducking going across, for we got caught in a gale. There are very few officers left at Jebba now, they are mostly on detachment up country, so that the white population of Jebba consists of about 8 officers, 8 N.C.O.s, 2 nurses, 2 Army Medical Corps, 1 doctor, and we 4 on the hill, also one Niger Company's clerk in their canteen. Not a large population for the Capital! I don't suppose there are 200 white men in the whole country, and Heaven knows how many black.

The Brechin Almanac is a great treasure. No other place could have produced it. . . . . Sad tales of the "Peps," I should like to turn him on to the black clerks. I feel it is useless discussing the war, and so mention it not. Now I must say good-bye for this fortnight. . . . . Your letters are *the* only joys of present existence so never suggest they are dull. Hunting for gold is nothing to hunting for your letters in the mail bags! I have rambled on so long I have nothing left to tell anyone else. . . . . .

(To his Mother.)

April 8, 1900.

JEBBA, N. NIGERIA.

. . . . . I am off on Thursday on a month's, or perhaps two months' tour of my district, and

shall travel from town to town and village to village, letting all men know that the Great White Queen (the Queen of London, as one chief called Her Majesty) rules the land, through her faithful and well-beloved subject General Lugard; taking my "Court" with me, and meting out justice (or as near as I can get to that almost mythical quality) to those who may require it, and generally spying out the land. I shall take an escort of ten soldiers, and eight police, to inspire respect and arrest malefactors; ten carriers to carry provisions, bed, tent, etc., my cook, a boy, a horse boy (*maidoki*, in Hausa, rather a nice word) and interpreter. I am looking forward to it as you may imagine, for this hill gets wearisome.

Some days I have had too much work, others not enough, and that is bad, for it makes time run slow. No amusing cases have relieved the monotony of the last fortnight. In one case I had to exercise the Solomonesque trick of dividing a child in two. Two fathers claimed the infant, and the mother was doubtful, poor thing. So I put the fathers a few yards apart and the child in the middle, and they both exerted all their powers of fascination to attract the child. It was quite exciting watching the little savage moving first towards one, and then towards the other, and the onlookers were intensely interested. Finally the child made a decided advance and was caught up in the arms of the lady's husband No. 2. The performance seemed to take the fancy of the audience, as well as of the contending parties, and was, I think, far better than tossing up a coin, as I first thought of doing. It was really a fair way, because the woman had lived with neither man for some time.

We had another flight of locusts last week, they come on exactly like a snow-storm, and flying straight at the house make one anxious lest they come into the rooms, however they shy at the houses for some reason of their own, and rise at them like partridges over a high hedge.

Luckily they don't stay here (it's too barren on the hill), but rest and pass on right across the country to the coast, when they vanish out to sea.

A great hen hunt has just finished. Having no fowl-yard the hens wander at will under and round the house, and this means a rare chase to catch one. The boys and dogs and puppies all join in and have a splendid run.

I am debating whether to take my gramophone into the bush; it would mean an extra carrier, for which I should have to pay about £2. The interest would be well worth the amount, but with tornadoes and rain-storms coming on often there would be a great chance of spoiling it, and though personally I am sick to death of the tunes, other people who have been out for some time are simply delighted with them. The other night I dined at the Mess on the Island, and had to play every tune (nearly 50 in all) at least twice, and some three times over! Giving pleasure to others is not at all an unmixed joy, at least where the gramophone is concerned! . . . . . .

(To H.M.C.)

April 11, 1900.

JEBBA, N.N.

. . . . . Yours of February 26 and March 2 safe, thank goodness, after a perilous journey, owing to the low state of the river. Twice the steam boat stuck on sand banks, and *the* one boat in N.N. was sent down to bring off the mails, and she stuck too! Fine river! Eventually the mails arrived by runners (from a distance of about 50 miles), to whom I paid 7s. 6d. apiece. The letters were all soaked, owing to upset of canoe in crossing the river, however they turned up all right, which is the main point, at 6 this morning; and I will guarantee that no mail was ever sorted quicker, for I could *not* find my letters,

and got into a regular fever of disappointment thinking they were in another bag, which was left on the way. At last I found them lurking in a corner. It is always a sad struggle between self and duty at such times, for I can hardly resist sitting down to read my own letters and letting others wait. You should see me read them. I just dash at them like a terrier, and first time over hardly see half what is in them. I was particularly anxious about this mail, as I ought really to have missed it, as I am off, at last! into the bush, and should have been gone some days but hung off in the offing until the mails were heard of. I am so delighted at getting away from this place, I don't think I could have stood it much longer, and even a month away from it will work wonders. Illustrating how little I am hampered by any one in authority now, I must tell you that I have had absolutely no instructions as to my forthcoming journey. Wallace wired me one day, "Suggest you make tour of district, taking escort of soldiers and police," and that's all. No directions as to time or anything. Splendid man Wallace. If he only knew it, and perhaps he has divined it, he has gone about it in just *the* way to get the best work out of me, and I mean to try my level best to make the best report on the general state of the country that any district commissioner has made. Of course I am prepared for disappointment, and perhaps will make a botch of the thing. If only I can keep as fit as I am now I shall have a good chance I hope and trust, for I seem to have "moulded" here for ages, getting rusty and useless.

To-day is the Mohammedan "Christmas" Day, and I have given the police a holiday, and in fact everyone under my charge (barring prisoners). It seems only fair, though I believe not generally done. There was certainly great rejoicing, and this morning a great crowd, headed by Sergeant Raji and Corporal Suliman (on splendid horses), and the sort of Prime Minister of the King of Illorin, swarmed

up to our house, heralded by the noisiest of tom-toms. The drum is slung over the left shoulder, the curved body is held under the arm like a bag-pipe, and the drum-stick is banged away by the right hand, while the left is used to alter the tones as on a banjo, and to give an occasional drum on its own account. Everyone was dressed in tremendous robes, some even of velvet, green with gold braid and plaited gold string. One of the horses was a perfect beauty, a big bay stallion. I am sure that I could not resist it if the King were to 'dash' it to me! That would be trying a Government official too high. If I were the Governor I should have the regulation that officials may not accept presents, *but* I should add that 'dashes' of horses are not included! For how could a man resist a good horse?

They had a great dance in the police lines the other night; most interesting, but unfit for polite discussion. Old Suliman, the corporal, absolutely brought the house down with his part of the performance. Of course the whole dance illustrates the one passion above all others that characterises the black man (and woman). The women danced gracefully, but as a singer may sing "at" one, so these ladies danced "at" me, which would have been most embarrassing to anyone not gifted with the Brechin spirit of pretended unconcern. One dance was very interesting, and, though I had no chance of asking at the time, I am sure it represented a cock and hen making love. The man strutted round, making chucklings at intervals, with one shoulder up and the elbow of the same side bent up above his head, whilst the other shoulder and arm were hanging down just like the way a cock droops his wing. The lady in the middle, round whom he danced, went through all sorts of gestures and postures of coyness and fascination—and that is as far as the dance can be decently described.

Would you like to hear what I am taking with me? Here is a list.

One sergeant and ten W.A.F.F. soldiers. One sergeant and seven police. One cook, one cook's mate, two boys, interpreter, and 12 carriers, carrying as under:—

One, for bed and bedding. Two, for tent and fly, etc. Three, for provisions (the usual tinned stuffs, which are of course supplemented by fresh 'chop' when passing a village). One, for gun, table and ammunition. One, for theodolite. One, for box of various instruments, photograph plates, paper, ink, etc. One, for box of clothes. One, for gramophone and camp chair. One, for servants' beds, etc. One spare man in case of sickness, etc. I have a pony to ride, and so has Mr. John Pugh the cook, and Joseph, my boy! I fancy this is a good plan, as when finishing a march my servants, instead of being tired and sulky, will be fresh and willing, though of course people say that such treatment spoils them. So far——

I have forgotten what I was going to say for I am constantly interrupted:—suddenly a gentle voice is heard from behind one's back, "What for lunch, please Sah?" "Oh! go away for Heaven's sake and cook yourself." Then a note saying, "Please have English mail ready for despatch overland to Lagos by 6-30 to-night in case the 'Heron' (that is the show boat of the Government) can't get up." I expect she will lie on the sand bank until the river rises months hence. That is their usual fate. I also have to finish packing up, and pay men to the tune of £285. And all the time I want to write to you. It is curious how things come with a rush. As soon as I started getting ready for the bush, palavers came in numbers and have continued to do so. However to-day I say that a Xmas holiday cuts both ways, and so refuse to hear any cases. . . . . .

I walked with Lugard the other night, and of course talked Transvaal, as we all do even with our scrappy cablegrams. He talked of Bob, and said he had been very much interested in him (apart from the fact that he was my

brother), was so struck by his coolness and pluck, and, though there were no doubt many deeds of gallantry done on that day, yet Bob stood out as *the* man who had kept his head and known what to do, and when and how to do it. In fact the longest sentence I ever heard him speak. Anything has to be really the very 'tip-topest' before he would call it good.

This house will be empty in a day or so now. Doctor S. is going up the Kaduna river with the Survey Party. They are having some fighting there, but I think it won't be serious at all. We are awfully short of officers, both civil and military, and none can be spared to send out here. I really don't know what will come of it; 13 officers and N.C.O.s went home (their time up) last week, others are being invalided, and soon there will be none! The Commandant of Artillery is doing the following duties:—Chief Staff Officer, Station Staff Officer, Keeper of Magazine, Mess President and Cantonment Magistrate! Subalterns are doing Major's work and so on. The soldiers have had no uniform for goodness knows how long, going about in rags. The Commandant issued an order the other day that two of the most disreputably clothed companies were not to wear their trousers any more. So now one sees them in loin cloths and tunic! . . . . . I don't know when I shall have a chance of writing next, but will of course do so first possible opportunity, so you must not be anxious if you don't hear for six weeks, though equally I may be able to send a runner with letters in time for next mail. I really don't know exactly where I shall go, except that it is S.W. from here, for I want to find out amongst other things where the boundaries of Illorin lie, and which are the furthest out towns that pay tribute to Illorin. I have several palavers waiting for me to settle on the spot, and have lately heard rumours of villages burnt by raiding Fulanis, which of course can't be allowed. If all goes well I shall have an

interesting and enjoyable trip. Please tell dear old K. I am so sorry about the bed. It was really a clerical error, as I always associate Kass and Camp-beds! . . . . .

. . . . . .

(To H. M. C.)

April 21, 1900.

AGODI.

. . . . . I hope this will catch the mail, I am sending in a runner to Jebba. Just back here, having been away to westwards about four days, to queer place called Igbete: a huge granite rock 600 feet high, "so slippery no man without bare feet can walk up it, so high that all in the land can see it, and so steep that none but the bold dare look back as they climb"—the native account, and substantially correct. Interesting place, and could be made quite impregnable. We went there to take the King, who has been "doing bad." He sent message "I will not be taken, my people will fight," so I said "to-to" (very good). However he was not quite game enough, and I made what the papers would call a "smart capture." I impressed 50 natives from neighbourhood, with huge trade-guns, this with my own escort combined made a great army! We marched through the night, and reached the rock in the morning, and had to skirt right round the base, about three miles, to find a passage up the face, so they had ample opportunity of seeing our numbers. At last we found the track up an awfully rough and steep path, then great boulders and narrow lanes, and over bare, slippery faces of black, shiny granite, and reached the top without any opposition. I saw men sneaking about furtively with trade guns and spears and things, and hoped, I mean thought, they meant business. On reaching the town I asked for the King. He was in his house, a

mud house with all sorts of alleys and open courts and dark passages. I put guards all round and walked boldly in—really in an awful funk lest a trade gun full of slugs should send a charge into me. I reached an open court where I found a number of evil-looking men squatting; they glared and disappeared. Then I found myself outside again, and the King, an awfully evil, though fine looking man, very tall and imposing, waiting with a crowd of people. I saw we could do nothing hurriedly, so I pretended unconcern, and said I had come to see him and his famous rock, and would be glad of a house, so his sort of Prime Minister led the way, and took me to a beastly dirty place, full of pigs and filth of all sorts. I was very wroth and swore at him, and the King, in such good Queen's English that he actually trembled, and soon showed us a nice, clean, mud house and court-yard, etc. Until 3 o'clock I lay low, to lull suspicion, and the King was doing the same, for a spy came and said he was preparing to escape at night, after first promising to come with me. So I asked him to come to my house and have a talk, and we were very friendly until I suggested that he might lose the road, and to guard against this I intended making him a prisoner. He was disgusted, but saw I had the whip hand of him, as I had a guard outside my room waiting, and in no time, in the most gentlemanly way, I had the handcuffs clicked on his wrists. He was quite cowed by the situation, and I put them on him myself, with nobody but my 'boy' (interpreter) in the room. Then I invited Sariki, his adviser, to come and join our discussion, and, my house being quite shut in, nobody suspected anything, and the King and his Prime Minister's game was to lull my suspicions. So Sariki came smirking and smiling (a brute who is credited with at least 13 murders; a *ju-ju* man who can make himself invisible; so much believed in that my own people doubted if we could catch him.) However, he too was in "bracelets" in no time. He was covered with *Ju-jus*, but I wouldn't keep any

as all my men were so scared of them, and begged me not to touch them. Sariki's house was said to be full of blood and bones and horrors, but I had no time to spare, not really wishing for a row, if possible to avoid. So, having previously made all ready for departure, as soon as we had caught them, off we marched with the King and Sariki in handcuffs; out of the town and half way down before the people realised what had happened, for I had given out that we should be there that night. It really was quickly and quietly done, and I shall never forget the pathetic sight of the top of the great rock lined with people gazing over the precipices at the last of their King. We marched all that night, so as to get well away.

I have a highway robber and a murderer to try, cheerful! and am awfully pressed for time, so no more. . . . . I have such a beautiful pony, about 14. 3. Creamy chestnut, with four white feet and one white stocking, and white star on his forehead, a stallion and rather fierce, but simply a lovely beast, with a fine waving tail. You would love him. He is called "Sibu." . . . . . .

. . . . . .

(To his Mother.)

April 27, 1900.

ILLORIN.

. . . . . As I write now I am the sole representative of the White man's power at the capital of Illorin. Here am I the only white man in a town of which the population may be judged from its extent, viz., 15 miles in circumference at the lowest estimate, and in it the people are as thick as rabbits in the north of the park! Rather a curious position, and I think a unique one even for this country, for though all garrisoned posts have only one officer, yet they have several white men in the shape of N.C.O.s and hospital men. As a rule this

town has a detachment of 100 men, under a white officer, but, as it happened, on my arrival I found them all packing up for departure to Lagos. There is some trouble on the Gold Coast, I expect Kumassi again, and our Hausa troops, *i.e.*, 500 of them, have been asked for and sent, leaving of course several places without garrisons, this amongst them. So here am I alone in my glory with ten soldiers to take the place of 100.

The night of the day on which I wrote to H.M.C I heard the officer was ordered from here, so, wishing to see him, had to do a march of about 25 miles that night. Nothing the least extraordinary to anyone accustomed to the mode of travelling, but looked at with the eye of inexperience it is rather a remarkable feat for men to march that distance, with only 1½ hours halt, carrying loads on their heads, varying from 40 to 60-lbs. weight.

The country round here is a delightful change from the everlasting scrub and bush; here we have miles of open country, grass country, and yet not grass country like at home, for in place of turf we have each tuft of grass growing by itself, and uncovered soil between it and the next. At this season the grass is tender and soft and green, the late storms having brought it to life, later it becomes rank and head-high, to fade and dry until it crackles and is burnt. I think the open country is due to years and years of clearing of the bush, and is not natural; in any case it is pleasant to look upon, with little farms built under shady trees every here and there. Sheep, fowls, turkeys, goats, cattle, yams, guinea corn, maize, onions, are the farm products. The joy of fresh milk!

The town itself is enclosed by a red wall of mud with a ditch. Inside it is not like a town, for it is a vast jumbled mass of plots of ground, on which are built houses and out-houses. Every house has its little bit of ground, and all is enclosed by a wall. The streets are very narrow, and are in fact by-ways running alongside blank walls, except-

ing where a house-door (or rather the door into the court-yard) is seen. There are of course open spaces, the market places, and an open square in front of the King's house. All houses are of red mud with browny-yellow grass roofs; nearly all the women are dressed in dark blue cloths thrown round the waist and over one shoulder. It makes a pretty contrast—the red, the dark blue, and the intensely green shady trees (for, sensible people, the trees are left standing in the town, so much so that at a distance the town has the appearance of a forest enclosed by a wall). The Yoruba, with his dye, is like a schoolboy and his paint box of three colours, everything must be dyed, and dyed blue. All shades, but always blue. It is indigo they get I think, leaves of a bush which they pound up and boil, and when the dye is made they soak cloth in it and beat it into the material with mallets, the cloth resting on a great beam of wood on the ground. You can hear them all over the town: "beat, beat, one, two," mixing with the quicker "thump, thump," of a party of women crushing yams in a wooden mortar with a heavy wooden pestle.

We entered the town by the North gate (a poor gate, but I believe the old gate, before we took the town two years ago, was quite presentable), marched right through, and out by the South gate to the barracks, which lie just outside the town. The men's quarters are grass huts, and the officers' mud houses with grass roofs, very cool, and in my opinion far more comfortable than the more pretentious wooden houses at Jebba. Lizards of course abound in mud houses, but no rats, thank goodness. We stand about 1200 feet above sea level here, and I am sure it is a far healthier place than Jebba.

The late officer here said he had no work to do. Since my arrival I have hardly had a spare minute; palavers all day long. It is a curious thing that natives very soon take a like or dislike to a white man; if they dislike him he may

sit and kick his heels in his Court or office from week to week and never get a case to hear. For some reason or other they see something they like about me, and consequently since I have left Jebba nobody goes there with complaints—they heard I was coming to Illorin so they waited! It's so easy to bully and dismiss people and settle things off hand, but I have really tried so hard to find out everything before giving a decision, that I can't help feeling pleased. I may find I am mistaken, but I believe I have the gift of managing black men without brute force. Some men have it, the same as some have a bump of locality; some have it not, and never can acquire it. I may have a rude awakening some day, but at present I really believe that the black man likes and trusts me.

The second day after my arrival the King of Illorin (Suli by name) came to visit me, accompanied by quite 200 chiefs on fine horses; really some were beautiful animals; they get them from the north and prize them, no man will sell his horse, he would first sell his wives and sons and daughters. They, that is the horses, live in the houses and are sent out at night to graze on the grass. By a special mark of favour on the King's part, I was allowed to buy one, really a great favour. I bought a fine big horse, a dark speckled grey, for £4, a horse that the owner could get £15 or more for in, say, Jebba. I promised to buy a horse for Mr. Davidson in Jebba, and intended this for him, however I heard that the King would be much hurt if anyone else had the horse, so of course I kept him, and now there is nothing for it but to send my adored biting Sibu in to Davidson and use the big horse myself. The native rides in this fashion—he has a cruel bit that will pull up a horse in its own length at full gallop almost, and they love to dash off madly at full speed yelling and waving their arms, turn the horse at some impassable obstacle and then rein him in suddenly, pulling him on to his haunches. When they arrived with the King they charged my house helter-skelter

like lunatics, and then drew rein, dismounted, and became grave and solemn chiefs.

Before the King marched men with drums and trumpets, and two wild-looking men with *Busas*, that is the Hausa pipes. It is simply a chanter with about six notes, and has a great resemblance to the pipes. I "dashed" them each 6d. on the strength of the likeness. The King arrived, dressed in voluminous, spotless white gowns, with a white turban which had the ends drawn across the lower part of his face, and surmounted by a queer hat, exactly like a second-rate wedding-cake. I can't describe it better. I invited him in to the house and gave him a chair, and all his chiefs squatted on the floor round us, and we had a talk and made friends, and then he went back.

The next day I visited him, my retinue being in strong contrast, for I took my Sergeant of police, the Hausa Sergeant of the ten soldiers, my boy and cook, and two policemen! A queer mixture to go calling with. Oh! and I forgot, one man bearing the gramophone! The King's palace is in the town, about half-hour's ride from here, and is a conglomeration of mud houses and grass roofs, well built and clean, very clean. After walking through all sorts of alleys and courts we came at last to a wall with a hole in it, not more than three feet high. Through this door we crawled in a most undignified manner, to find ourselves in a little court with a shed running along one side. In it were two stools, on one of which I sat awaiting his Majesty. Presently he crawled in, followed by his chiefs, and I got up and shook hands, which he liked very much, and then we sat down and palavered. I had many things to discuss, because I have had many cases to decide in which the King was more or less mixed up. I took a great liking to the man; he is a tired looking person with mild brown eyes and a pleasant smile. Before long I found myself advising and telling him how to settle certain things! It seems so absurd, one white man sitting in the house of the King of

hundreds of thousands of subjects and dictating, and not only that but being attended to and obeyed! And this is the power the white man has, what it is I can't say, but whatever it may be it is that power, and not all the black troops we may raise, that enables us to stay in the country. It is a very curious thing to think over, but here we hold this vast country (and it is the same of course all over the world) simply by will power, or whatever it may be termed; by nothing else, for the natives could rise up and drive every white man into the sea to-morrow if they wished. At home one does not realise what a protectorate over a savage nation means. I am beginning to realise it now I am here.

After we had finished talking business I produced the gramophone, which caused intense wonder, and eventually enjoyment. There was one old chief who sat glaring at the machine as if he would like to pounce upon it and worry it, then he started edging away, sort of sliding along in a sitting position, in a most amusing way. At first they thought the machine was a blind, and that I was ventriloquising, they watched my mouth intently until by talking during a tune I convinced them that the machine made the noise. I started with the Bugle Calls, which of course they appreciated, being used to the soldiers here. Then a thing called "Morning on the Farm," in which cows and donkeys and cocks and hens and other beasts made their particular noises, and this they were hugely pleased with. But "The Cock o' the North" was the prime favourite, and I told them how my countrymen used a bag under the arm combined with the chanter or "busa." Oh! Madelah! they were greatly pleased. That is a very handy word, and means various things according to the accentuation:—Madelah — All right, implying that it can't be helped. Mādelah—Why of course! Madelāh—Oh capital!

The gramophone finished, I asked to see his house, and

the King showed me round, taking my hand, and so we walked about hand-in-hand in the most affectionate manner. He has some 300 wives, not including slaves, but he would not show me these, nor indeed did he show me his private dwelling, though he pretended to. I knew he was humbugging me, but of course it was his house, and even with a black man it would be hardly good manners to pay a call and insist on being shown his private rooms!

The tornadoes are becoming more frequent, and are a great nuisance. One can never tell when they are coming; suddenly clouds bank up, and then wind and rain come rushing along at thousands of miles an hour. The temperature drops many degrees, and one feels perished with cold, and then probably the night is so hot that one cannot sleep.

I live well here! Sheep, fowls, turkeys, and fresh milk (which the King sends every morning), and beef (the King also sent me two bulls which will be slaughtered presently). Of course unless there are plently of people à "cow," as all cattle are called irrespective of sex, is wasted, as the meat won't keep. Bird life here is confined to big, black and white crows, the usual hideous carrion vultures, and a number of pretty little reddish-grey doves. There is no game excepting a few oribis—small antelope—within any reasonable distance. A few lions are said to exist away to the westward. If I go that way from here I shall hope to see something of them.

There are two monkeys who live here. They both were tame once, but, their owner having left, they now wander about at will, and though amusing are a great nuisance, as they are continually stealing; the little one plays all sorts of antics to attract attention whilst the big one sneaks into the kitchen and grabs something, and then, with a chuckle, dashes off to the town wall and sits on the top until the other joins him, and then they share the plunder. I have no idea how long I shall be here nor

where I shall go next; so long as I have plenty of work I don't mind being here, but without work it would soon get rather trying. . . . . .

(To H. M. C.)

April 28, 1900.

ILLORIN.

. . . . . Hope you got my hasty letter from Agodi. I am afraid I have raised a slight rumpus by taking that King, because it appears that Oyo, in Lagos territory, claims Igbete, and of course the Lagos Government doesn't like Kings who are under it being grabbed by Northern Nigerian people. However, my pal, Suli, King of Illorin, also claims it, and I think he is right. Incidentally I remarked that it was a pity Igbete was not under Illorin, as in that case it would be close to a White man, who could look after it, which is badly needed. Without meaning it, I was implying that Lagos could not look after it, and I think they are a little annoyed at being told they can't manage their own towns! All correspondence has been by wire so far, so one can't tell really. In a short time however this, and other disputed boundary towns, will be fixed up, as I hear from Lugard to-day that he arrives here to-morrow to meet Sir W. Macgregor, Governor of Lagos. Something in the wind, but I don't know what, for they would not travel all this distance to talk only about a boundary. It may have something to do with all these troops being suddenly sent off from N. Nigeria to nobody knows where; it is surmised that Kumassi is the objective, for of course that is a country that in spite of former British expeditions has never been subjugated. I am heartily glad I am not going. At this time of year marching there means wading through water and swamps for several hundred miles, and at any time of the year walking for nearly 300 miles through forest in which the sun is never seen, excepting from the clearings where villages have been built. The

path is like a tunnel, and that is the country where the enemy march on a parallel path known only to themselves, sniping the advancing column all the time through previously prepared holes in the jungle-tunnel. Cheerful country! We talk about "taking towns" and breaking the power of such and such native states and tribes, but it is seldom we really give them a good drubbing. They can't be got at. They tell one so themselves:—"White man come, he fire big gun at our town, we walk away, he walk in, burn town and go away again; soon as White man go we come back and build houses till he come again." This place was fairly well smashed because it stands in the open.

I told you I had a murder case to try here. I am glad to say I found the man had done it in the heat of the moment, during a town riot, and was wounded badly himself, so I gave him six months. The other man, the "Ju-ju" man Sariki, I had to let go for want of evidence. I am quite convinced he is a regular Jack-the-Ripper, but such is the fear of "Ju-ju" amongst the people that when it came to the point not one would witness against him. One man started off to retail some story of murder and mutilation, Sariki just looked at him with his mild expression and he was silent at once, and when at last he spoke again it was to say that Sariki was "a very good man, a farmer!"

You will be pleased to hear that the King says he wants me to stay here. He is going to ask the Governor. "I don't want other white man. I want you because people tell me you are a good white man.". . . . . My own opinion is that alone you could walk from end to end of this country. So also could you with 100 men. With 20 men you would be attacked probably, with 300 certainly, for the number would drive the people to fight from panic and desperation. Of course up north they have hosts of men on horses, but they form a huge mob, nothing more. I will leave this open till another opportunity.

May 5, Jebba.

Alas! back again at this charming spot. What a change the last three weeks have made in the river. From my verandah, in place of the mighty flowing river, I see innumerable bare sand banks with trickles of water here and there between; centuries of filth daily exuding from the banks and flats as the water deserts them. Mungo Park is said to have shed tears on seeing the Niger, I feel inclined to do the same, but for a different reason! I hope I shall not be here for long. The present plan is that I join Sir W. Macgregor, Lagos Governor, and the Ibadan Resident (also belonging to Lagos) at a place called Kishi, to westward of this. From there we travel S.S.W-ward to Ogbomosho, settling on the way to which colony the towns along the so far unfixed boundary belong. It will be interesting I fancy, but I feel a bit doubtful about my ability to combat such a hard-headed old Scot as Macgregor, he knows exactly what towns he wants, and I am sure won't budge an inch; but after all two can play at that game, and it will resolve itself into Forfarshire v. Aberdeen!

It will take about ten days to reach Kishi from here probably, so that unless the thing falls through I shall not be long in this place.

. . . . . Splendid dear old Queen! I try to think I am working for her, and whenever I get a chance I tell the natives about her greatness and goodness. When I give a letter with "On Her Majesty's Service," I explain that it means that the Whiteman's Queen will know what has been done and will praise or blame according as the contents of the letter are good or bad! They are always greatly impressed. I tell them the Queen knows everything that goes on in her dominions.

. . . . . I am delighted to see that

it is a Montrose man who has the *record extraordinary* wound! Where is Brechin? Surely not left behind. . . . . .

(To his Father.)

May 7, 1900.

JEBBA,
NORTHERN NIGERIA.

. . . . . I am sending you a very rough journal from which I have written my report for the time I have been away. Of course it is quite unfinished, and much has to be added and some taken away. I am almost ashamed of sending you so uncouth a production, but I cannot at present see when I shall have a chance of refining it, and so send it as it is. I expect to leave again shortly on a boundary commission between us and Lagos. I find plenty of work, and what with that, and letters for the mail, have been stationary at this table since 6-30 this morning, with only short breaks for food; it is now getting dusk. Here of course we have very even days and nights. Six to six, roughly, all the year round covers daylight and darkness.

I hope you are keeping well and strong, but it has been a terrible time for all at home. You can hardly imagine how "out of it" one feels here, but vain is regret, and I am always consoled by the thought that by not going to South Africa I lessened the load of anxiety that a second member of the family out there would have made. . . . . .

Journal.

1900.

April 12th. Started from Jebba with escort of 11 W.A.F.F. soldiers, 7 police, and 15 carriers. Travelled along Illorin road as far as Beri-Beri, a small Hausa village eight miles from Jebba, passing on the way a small Yoruba village—Pako. The country passed over was for most part

rocky ridges—granite, quartz, and ironstone conglomerate—covered with scrub. The country rises and falls rapidly, Beri-Beri being some 250 feet above the level of the R. Niger's bank. A range of hills, some 200 feet higher, encircles Beri-Beri on the western side. Storm and heavy rain at night.

April 13th. Continued along the Illorin road for 4½ miles over similar country, then turned westward to Ajidungari, passing numerous villages, chiefly Yoruba, all of which appeared prosperous, though not large, 200 houses being a rough estimate of the largest. Much of the country is cultivated—guinea-corn, maize, yams, chilis, and onions. All the villagers were very friendly, bringing water and food for all the men. The ridgy character of country continued, no ranges of any size or defined course occurring.

Ajidungari is recognised as King by all villages west of, and including Eyatoro, and from all accounts seems to be a peaceful and well-meaning man. On arrival at his town (of same name) we found a small party of "Waffs" with a number of men enlisted as carriers. At this season it is hard to get men to leave their farms, as they are engaged in sowing corn. However, all that the soldiers had engaged seemed willing to go, excepting one man whose wife was sick. I told the Corporal in charge to let the man go, which he did.

April 14th. At Ajidungari. Had talk with the King, who expressed himself as very willing to please the White man in all things. He acknowledges Illorin as King, and pays him a yearly tribute (which I find later the King of Illorin denies), but objects to the system whereby he has to send all produce to Illorin for sale, instead of sending it to Jebba, where his people would get a higher price (this also the King of Illorin denies, saying he never even sees Ajidungari).

Ajidungari is subjected occasionally to raids from men purporting to be from Government, who seize yams, etc. The King desired me to give him a letter which he could show such men to prove to them he has the protection of the White man. This I gave him, at the same time including a clause by which he agrees to employ a ***Mallam***, and make a monthly report of all cases settled by him (for it has been his practice to act as Judge for his people), and to settle no important case without first consulting the proper Authority at Jebba.

Several cases of no importance were brought to me for settlement. In the evening an entertainment, consisting of dancing and acrobatic feats, was arranged, to which I contributed by playing the gramophone. The town, including some outlying farms, contains some 600 men, is clean and has a fairly large market.

April 15th. Having had complaint from King of Agodi that his people were constantly being raided by one Mussa and his gang (mostly Fulani people), I travelled to his town. Several more small cases—in nearly all of which the plaintiff wanted either his woman, or her price, back from another man who had taken her—prevented an early start. Leaving Ajidungari in a S.S.W. direction we passed numbers of farms, usually situated near the foot of isolated granite rocks, which form the double convenience of giving a solid floor for granaries and a water-supply in the shape of hollows in the rock, or of wells at the foot. All the farms have sheep and goats, ducks and fowls, some cattle (this is not common), and now and then a horse. A certain amount of the country around the farm is cultivated, and blue dye is made and shea butter collected.

The King of Ajidungari accompanied us as far as the River Awo: a stream with deep banks, some thirty yards apart; water was running. There is a fall of 200 feet from Ajidungari to the valley of this river, before reaching it a

distant and prominent hill was seen, Oyo by name, forming one of the Okebarbar, or hills of Barbar. This Oyo is the limit of the Illorin kingdom in this direction, and formerly was a valued possession. The people, being Barbar people, were turbulent, and their town was broken by the present King of Illorin's father. Since that time the place has been of little importance, the bulk of the inhabitants removing to Oyo, in Lagos territory. One town gave the name Oyo to the other, but which is the original town I was not able to ascertain.

According to Ajidungari the Kishi people raid the country to a distance of one day west from his town, and in consequence no farming or cultivation is carried on with any success. The King and his train left us at the Awo, and soon we were in country claimed by Agodi. Very fertile country, numbers of small farms and several villages of 100 houses. This part of the country is most noticeable for the excellence of the paths—in many places the trees having been cut down and the scrub cleared—and the size of its women, who at each village welcomed us by dancing along the road towards us.

Budoha (the prefix *Bude*, or *Budo*, meaning 'village' is often left out in talking of a place; similarly *Oke* 'a hill') is the first of the Agodi towns, all of which appear prosperous and the soil rich. The soil is red, and derived from the ironstone conglomerate rock, which also gives rise to the gravel of dark red, and black ironstained nodules of clay. This red soil seems to be the most productive, more so than the rather sandy soil in the granite country, though at the base of the granite rock a dark, almost black, soil is often found, and this is excellent.

On reaching Agodi we missed the usual welcome, and in fact found the town deserted and much of it burnt. As soon however as the King, who was with us, sent messengers to assure his people that I had come to help them, they came in. After making inquiries I found that Mussa and his

people lived close by. Taking three men I went to his house, a single hut in a deserted village, surrounded by ruins and land that had once been tilled. Some fifteen men were living together, and these, with Mussa, we took in to Agodi, where I held an inquiry into the whole case. Many witnesses were called, and the story resolves itself into this:—Mussa's father and Agodi's father quarrelled about the ownership of the land, and Agodi prevailed, and his son succeeded him. Since the deaths of their respective fathers Mussa and Agodi have always wrangled. Mussa has always been a rover, and has tried by force to turn Agodi out, and has burnt his villages. Mussa's claim to the land his father lost was backed by a man of some power in Illorin, and he therefore felt justified in trying all means to regain the land. The present King, Agodi, is a good enough man, and is popular, and his villages are clean and prosperous. Mussa on the contrary lived by thieving and extorting farm produce from the people, and is a worthless creature. But for the fact that he had a certain amount of reason for thinking the land should be his, he deserved a heavy punishment. I sentenced him to four months. Great satisfaction was expressed by all the Agodi people, not only in that town but in the neighbouring villages. Mussa's gang I acquitted, as from their point of view there is little harm in living as they were doing, and my point of view will be sufficiently impressed on them by their having seen their leader in custody.

April 16th. A woman's complaint that she had been robbed of two cattle, combined with the wish to find out how far the Illorin Kingdom extends in this direction, decided that we started in a S.S.W. direction. Reaching the village of Yuregi (the last Agodi town on this road), after considerable trouble and patience we induced the people and their chief to come to us, and learned the reason why they, and all the inhabitants of other villages we had passed,

had fled on our approach. The reason given was that they all feared Mussa, who had threatened to bring soldiers from Illorin to burn their villages. They seem simple and confiding people, who wish for no more than to be left at peace on their farms, and are easily bullied into believing that even a man like Mussa has the power of bringing soldiers. They were in ecstasy when I told them that Mussa was in handcuffs, and I explained to the chief that I had come to help the people and find out if they had any complaints, or if any man treated them ill. I enjoined him to come at once to Jebba if any man committed any wrong in his town, and at his request gave him a letter, which, should he fall ill and so be unable to travel, he would send with a messenger at any time he should require assistance or advice.

Past Yuregi the next habitation of any size is Malete, a prettily situated little town in open country, on which cattle in fair numbers were grazing. This place, in common with most of these farming settlements, is formed near what in Australia is termed a "blind creek"—that is to say a water-course with no very defined channel, pools of water alternating with grassy flats and swamps. In the beds of such streams yams are grown, and wells are dug should there be no permanent water-hole. Malete has a small market; from what the people say it would appear that the King of Illorin, or his advisers, do anything but encourage country markets; their policy being to cause all produce to come for sale to Illorin. It seems to me a bad policy, as many outlying markets would otherwise be started, and this would encourage more farmers to start, and the whole country would benefit and so of course Illorin, for the more the villages the more tribute would the King get. After leaving Malete, from which there is a direct read to Illorin, Arabadi is the next village of any size; here we camped under some large shady trees. I noticed that every settlement is situated close to a group of big leafy trees, known in Yoruba as the *Igba* tree. From the fruit (in shape like long beans)

a sort of yellow flour is made for use in soup, and it is often eaten alone. Every farm has *Igba* stored in granaries, but whether the trees attracted the settler to build his farm there, or whether the farmer planted the trees I could not find out. All said, "the trees and the farm were here when I was born." A noticeable feature of this part of the country is the extent of land passed over that once had been cultivated and now lies neglected. At first one thinks that formerly the country was much more thickly populated, and that the inhabitants have been driven away, but the true interpretation I believe to be that every year new ground is farmed, the old being left to run wild until its turn comes round.

April 17th. A few miles through the same class of country as before—fairly open scrub and occasional large trees with frequent clearings and small farms—brought us to Alapa, a scattered settlement of Yoruba farms. Leaving this we turned N.W. to Adisa, a most pleasantly situated settlement of Yoruba farms, and Fulani cattle camps, which are nothing but camps, the houses being merely grass huts of a very flimsy nature, in strong contrast to the solid mud-built barns and houses of the farmers. About this district are numbers of such camps, and cattle must be plentiful. So far the people have not learnt to sell their beasts, they seldom kill them even, and reckon their riches in cattle. They live on milk and butter, and on what they get from the Yorubas by bartering the produce of the cow for the produce of the land. I tried to induce some owners to drive their cattle for sale to Jebba, but they fear robbery on the road for one thing, and for another they do not seem to have any desire for money. They (these Fulani people) are a thin and small-boned lot, and many are diseased, and all look ill-fed and poorly.

From Adisa the Okebarbar can be seen to the Northward, also a single hill called Riba, and away on the N.W.

horizon the hill of Igbete stands up alone and prominent. A certain air of mystery attaches to this hill, dark deeds are supposed to be done there, slaves sold, and other barbarities. Nor is the hill itself like other hills, for according to the native account, "It is so high that no horse can reach the top, so steep that climbing it no man dare look back, so slippery that none but naked feet can stand upon it." It was also said to be the last town before an uninhabited stretch of bush was met with. I decided to visit the place, as it seemed to promise interest, and as I had not yet reached the last Illorin town.

Shortly after leaving Adisa we fell in with three soldiers from Illorin, on a mission from the O.C. there to bring in the King of Igbete—why he was wanted they did not know. They travelling with us, we soon reached a village called Oshabbelu, and here the first thing that greeted us was a riot going on in the market place, where some half-dozen men seemed to be in conflict with the rest of the village. On our approach some of them fled, the riot was stopped, and we learned that the cause had been an attempt on the part of the half-dozen men to capture the King of the village. I promptly had the leader arrested, and questioned him. He said he had been sent by the White man at Ibadan to catch the King of Igbete. So here was a second party after the same King. What then were they doing at Oshabbelu? The King of Oshabbelu had been king of Igbete, and they were taking him to Igbete and thence to Oyo. The leader of the party was dressed in a shirt with "R" sewn on to it, and had in his hand a baton with a brass crown at the top, but, in spite of this apparent mark of genuineness, his answers were so unsatisfactory that I felt justified in keeping him until I could communicate with Ibadan. At the time I did not know that Oyo had any claim on Igbete, seeing that it lies only 30 odd miles from Illorin, and over 60 from Oyo; but in any case Oshabbelu is an Illorin town, and I could not see its King seized by

such a suspicious character, who had amongst other threats said he would burn the town. From the people of Oshabbelu I heard that Igbete was a town that harboured robbers and other evil doers; that the King was a villain, and his head-man a murderer; that the King of Oshabbelu had been driven out by him, had complained to the O.C. at Illorin, who in consequence had sent for the King of Igbete.

Shortly after camping a messenger came from Igbete to say he would not obey the White man, and would fight if soldiers came. I decided therefore to waste no time, so marched through the night, reaching Igbete in the early morning, when we could see that the native account was at least founded on fact. The hill is an enormous block of black, slippery granite; precipitous for nearly the whole of its circumference. It stands 600 feet above its base (at the base on the S.E. side is a good supply of water), and 1820 feet above sea level, and is unscaleable excepting by three paths: of which the first is almost sheer, the second is very steep and defended by a wall crossing it at right angles, and the third, though exceedingly steep and rough, is negotiable by horses. The rock, if required, could be easily made absolutely impregnable, the only available path for an attacking party being often only a foot or so wide between great boulders of granite. Had the King really intended fighting I cannot say, but we walked up the path and into his town unmolested, though a number of men with trade-guns sneaked away on our approach. The town is almost on the summit, and is of solidly built mud houses, with numbers of covered passages and open courts, the home of many pigs. I walked into the King's house, but he was absent, and presently we met him at the head of his people in the town. I explained that he was wanted in Illorin; he put a house at my disposal and promised to pay me a visit. In the afternoon a spy informed me that the King was making all preparations to escape with Sariki, his chief man, but that they would come first to me and promise to accom-

pany me to Illorin. I had not wished to use force, but the King was wanted, and his chief man had many inquiries to answer concerning the numerous murders credited to him. Therefore I sent messages saying I was ready to have a talk with the King and his chief man. When they arrived we took them and marched out of the town before the inhabitants realised what had happened. Not wishing for a disturbance we marched through the night again, leaving the town as far behind as possible, as soon as possible.

I have made the fullest inquiries into the whole case, and this is what it amounts to :—

The present King of Igbete is named Sheabola, the ex-King is named Omadijo, or Dijo, and each has driven the other out more than once, continuing the common practice of their fathers. Which man's father had a right to the town and hill of Igbete it is impossible to say. Which of the present claimants is in the right is of course equally impossible to find out. The situation is further complicated by the fact that whereas Sheabola pays tribute to the Alafin of Oyo (and sometimes to Illorin), Dijo paid only to the King of Illorin. Sheabola maintains that Igbete is an Oyo town, whilst Dijo maintains that it is an Illorin town. In this opinion he is supported by Sariki, who has remained the chief man at Igbete under whichever of the two Kings was reigning. The King of Illorin says that Igbete has always been an Illorin town, that he wishes Dijo to be reinstated, and that he would have done so before only that he heard Sheabola had been put in power by the Resident of Ibadan.

From the position of the town, viz., 32 miles N.N.W. from Illorin, and 64 N. from Oyo (speaking approximately) it seems strange that Oyo should have any claim upon it. There is one good reason why the town should be allowed to remain under Illorin, and that is that from its situation, on the summit of an inaccessible hill, it will always be, what it is now, the home of robbers and idlers, who, having neither the land nor the inclination to grow corn, or yams,

find it a safe harbour from which to plunder travellers and neighbouring towns. This being so the less distance anyone in authority has to travel to it the better, and moreover it is unlikely to be often visited from Ibadan, as the country between Igbete and Oyo has no towns of importance. It would also form a fine boundary landmark. That the occupants lay waste the country is testified to by the number of ruined farms on the road-side.

As to the guilt of Sariki I can only form an opinion, and that is that during constant fights between Sheabola and Dijo he has always managed to keep on the winning side, and is hated by all, and therefore their evidence is likely to be biassed; that he is an undoubted scoundrel, and that the number of murders he is credited with are only exaggerated. However it is quite impossible to get any evidence, so superstitious are the people, and so firmly believing in his powers of working *Juju*. I was earnestly warned that he could not be caught, having the power of disappearing at will. Though both at Igbete and Oshabbelu many persons gave me long and likely tales of his atrocities, murders and mutilations, yet at Illorin, when I tried him, not one single scrap of evidence was forthcoming against the man; and those who before had spoken of him as a fiend now assured me that he was a peaceful farmer. Sariki has an extraordinarily mild appearance, yet that he exercises some powerful influence over the people cannot be doubted. One witness began a tale of bloodshed, but was cut short and silenced by a glance from Sariki. In fact I could get no one to speak. The messenger from Ibadan I sent back with a letter, explaining why I had detained him, having received a wire from the Resident on arrival at Illorin.

April 19th. Only travelled a short distance, to Adisa and rested there for remainder of day. Settled several small cases.

April 20th. From Adisa to Malete—seeing a little

more of the country by leaving the road at Arabadi (to settle a dispute about a child), and rejoining it at Malete.

April 21st. Arrived at Agodi, where I had left half my party, and some police guarding Mussa and other prisoners awaiting inquiry. Settled several cases and left at midnight for Illorin, having heard from the O.C. that he was leaving, and wishing to see him *re* Igbete case.

April 22nd. Arrived at the Barracks, Illorin, at 11 a.m., in time to see the O.C., who left following day for Lagos. Numbers of cases awaited me, which were heard 22nd and 23rd.

April 24th. King of Illorin (Suli) and hundreds of followers on horse and foot came to visit me. Found the King most pleasant and friendly. More cases in the afternoon.

April 25th. Visited the King and discussed several matters. Settled several disputes, in which he was more or less directly concerned. Reinstated Abelude as King of Saro at his desire. Conversed on the evils of gin drinking, and obtained his promise that he would tell off men for the special duty of stopping smuggling. After much time, and talking, I managed to arrive at some idea of the extent and boundaries of the Illorin kingdom.

A great want of knowledge of their own country was shown by all present. The King himself being both ignorant and indifferent on this matter. Otherwise he seems a most amiable and well-meaning man, and showed himself most friendly and obliging. The gramophone interested him greatly.

I found a man charged with murder awaiting me, the O.C. having held a short inquiry before my arrival:—

Oke, charged by Ladi, King of Ofa, with killing Onoala, the King's brother; that he then wounded himself and came in to Illorin, telling the O.C. that he had been attacked.

The O.C.'s statement was that Oke came in and said he had been attacked and wounded. That the next day Onoala was brought in, and died the following day from wound in head.

Evidence showed that, during the celebration of some festival at Ofa, an altercation had arisen between the King of Ofa and a man who claimed to be King. That a general riot ensued, during which Oke struck Onoala on the head with a machete. From the nature of Oke's wound it was clear that it was not self inflicted. Evidence showed that Oke killed the man, but did so in the heat of the moment, and that afterwards he was himself wounded. I sentenced prisoner to six months.

April 26th. Hearing small cases all day.

Composition of Native Court at Illorin.

(1) Chief Judge (*Alikali*) Sumanu, a Fulani man.

(2) Chiefs—numbering 60 or 70, each of whom rules a certain number of the inhabitants.

Small cases are settled by the Chiefs—all such cases as those concerning women and their husbands, petty debts, and so forth. Any plaintiff may go direct to the *Alikali*, except he be a Yoruba, in which case he goes to his King (Oniakoi), but the usual course is for plaintiff to go first to his Chief, who settles the case if small, or passes it on to the *Alikali*, who settles it, unless very important, and then he consults the King of Illorin (Suli).

The Hausas used to have a Judge (under control of the *Alikali*), but he is dead, and they look for a man of sufficient worth to put in his place.

The Yorubas have no Judge. They wish for one. The immediate Chief settles small cases. Important ones are

passed on to the King (Oniakoi), who settles it, or submits it to King Suli and the *Alikali*. No records are kept. The only book used is the Koran, on which litigants swear to speak true, and from which, in delivering judgment, the *Alikali* purports to read a text applicable to the case before him, so covering the most glaring injustice by the announcement that it is the judgment of God.

Court fees are paid according to the wealth of the litigant. If two rich men go to law the highest bidder wins the case. If one rich man and one poor man go to law the poor man wins, and the rich man is bled for the benefit of the judge, who may give the poor man a trifle.

Since the advent of the White man people fight shy of the native judges.

Houses in Illorin. A new settler in the town pays for his house at once and outright. One inheriting house and land pays nothing, though in all cases of death the successor pays a certain proportion to the King.

Money-lending. A man lends money to another. He charges no interest in money, but, until the debt is paid back, half the debtor's time and labour is for the benefit of the lender, and half at his own disposal. (?) Thus every borrower pays 100 per cent. for his loan. For by the time he has made by his half-day's work sufficient to pay back the loan, he has also paid the lender all his other half-days in labour. In the half-days belonging to borrower he must make enough to feed and keep himself and sufficient money to pay off the debt.

[*Unfinished*]

(To his Mother.)

May 19, 1900.

JEBBA.

. . . . . I can't think of anything interesting or amusing to tell you. Every day is the same: the same miles of sand glaring at one from the river; the same miles of bank and rock on either side; a broiling day followed by a most terrific tornado at night, which shakes the house, breaks the windows, and dashes the rain through every chink and crack in the wooden roof or walls.

Last Saturday I took a few carriers, tent, etc., and went shooting; tramped miles and miles and saw nothing. The bush is pleasanter now than before, instead of the parched bare soil and the yellow grass everything looks green and fresh, and the ground is covered by splendid grass about one foot high. Alas! it is growing rapidly, and in another six weeks the bush will be practically impenetrable, shooting will be out of the question, and the one solitary recreation of the country is gone! Where I was shooting we came on a very pretty little river, on its banks most beautiful white lilies, very large. I have transported three, and they now grow in front of the house; one is in flower, but the change has done them no good. The bulbs are as big as those round, red, Dutch cheeses, or as an Eton football: monsters. I shall send the seeds to you and hope to manage the bulbs too. Then there is another pretty lily, with crimson stripes running up each petal, but there are few flowers here. Following up the bed of the river we came to a lot of crocodile tracks leading from a pool up on to a sandbank: tracks of the parent crocs. and young ones, evidently not long hatched, for we followed the marks to the "nest" and saw the broken shells about, scattered round a hollow scraped out in the sand.

It's a great relief to get away on Saturday to Sunday night; even to be in the bush away from this place, without shooting anything, is joy enough. This house seems a sort

of harbour of refuge for men and beasts, our latest addition is a monkey, which, bullied by its owner, fled to our verandah. Unfortunately our dog objected, and waited all the morning until hunger brought the monkey down, and then she chased it and nearly killed the poor little beast. "Buturi" the little white puppy is a delightful little animal. I think she will be old enough to take into the bush when I next go. . . . . .

(To J. G. T.)

May 19, 1900.

JEBBA.

. . . . . I am quite sad at the death of a Hausa man who used to take messages and letters to Kings and people. He was such a nice chap, such a gentleman, and so ugly, but with a charming smile and a most conscientious servant. Before he died he sent a message to me:—"I have been your servant and what you tell me I do. I cannot come to see you to-day, as Allah has called me. Good-bye," and then he died, poor old man. Curious people the Hausas: his wife and friends came to see me, none expressed any sorrow—"We will all see him again, Allah will arrange all that for us." And these are the people Exeter Hall would convert. . . . . Rather an amusing story is told of the prisoners at a place called Asaba. A tornado blew down a wall of the gaol. The Governor of the gaol was surprised at seeing a deputation of prisoners approach, who, far from trying to escape, came to complain that they couldn't consent to stop in the gaol any longer unless the wall was repaired! . . . . .

(To H.M.C.)

May 21, 1900.

JEBBA.

. . . . . Just a line to tell you that I am off to Kishi to-day. Was out shooting on Sunday: nothing, only a tame bull run wild! About 2 a.m. a messenger bringing a note came to say I was to start to-day. Then a terrible tornado came on and here I am back, 6 a.m., soaked; and oh! charming country, find the roof had started a new leak, and all my papers and things are drenched, and all the ink run. It is jolly and cool though while the rain is on. No time for more, I feel much better, and almost inclined to tear up letter No. 2 (I call it No. 2 so that you may read this first). Hurrah for Mafeking! Poor Wazeri died, very sad. . . . . .

(To H.M.C.)

May 27, 1900.

KISHI, W. AFRICA.

. . . . . Here I am sitting in a mackintosh under the thatch verandah of the *Bale's* (King's) house, with the rain pouring down, and, thank goodness, stopping the thousands of flies, the brutes. The front of the house is a long, bare, mud wall, 40 yards long, with an entrance in the middle. Everyone entering has to step over a long knife stapled down to the floor, stuck in the middle of the blade is some "medicine." Shells and little leather things dangle down on strips of leather from above, so the *Bale* is safe from some evil, though I don't know what! The verandah runs the whole length, and is eight foot wide, with low posts three foot high (at intervals) to which the roof slopes down; a very good plan, as the rain "drives" so that an ordinary verandah would be useless.

Beyond me lie the carriers and police, huddled up for

the rain is cold. You would imagine from the fact of sitting in his verandah that I was pals with the *Bale*. As a fact he is a beast, and only the dispute as to which Government (Northern Nigeria or Lagos) Kishi belongs to, prevents me from giving him a lesson in manners. Here we arrived yesterday after a 70 mile stage of uninhabited country, naturally all carriers and police out of food, for we only carried enough for the road, and arrived here we find it impossible to buy anything. It's there, but the people won't sell, and it was only by threats of taking it by force that I induced the *Bale* to let my men have enough to calm them, but of poor stuff. It's a most irritating position. . . . . Lagos has a garrison here. Sounds well, but it consists of one black corporal and four privates, with a Union Jack floating proudly from a crooked stick. It doesn't do to make rumpuses in other people's towns, so we just sit and wait, but it's humiliating. . . . . .

I feel awfully fit just now, in fact for once in this country I have had seven days continuous health and fitness, and no depression. I have been walking hard and riding turn about, and the glorious solitude and cleanness of uninhabited country has been a regular tonic. (A slight interruption—a sick carrier and a dose of Epsom salts freely and promptly administered—they come to me for everything, quite a patriarchal business).

We left Jebba (15 carriers, 7 police and servants) May 21, at evening time, and got about four miles and camped. Nothing of interest. Next day travelled 7½ hours with spells now and again. 7½ actual travelling I mean. Wonderful chaps carriers; fancy carrying 50 to 70-lbs. on your head for 7½ hours in this climate! Curiously enough they always want a rest about every hour, that is their natural period of carrying without stopping, and it just happens to be one hour. They don't a bit like going on over that time, though it is often necessary, and some men never let them

stop, which is, in a word, brutal. We travelled 7½, 7½, 8, 7, hours; 1½ hours on first day, and 2 hours on last. Further interruption, Sir W. Macgregor and party have just arrived. . . . . .

On leaving Jebba, Ajidungari was our first town of any size. The old King is a great pal, and since my previous visit had had a fine mud-house built for me, and glad I was as it rained like fun. It was nice of the old man, and exemplifies various things I have said to you at different times, for my first acquaintance with him was through a man who had complained that his land had been taken and village robbed, so I sent for Ajidungari. Sergeant Raji said, "he be big man," in rather a hesitating way, so I answered "I don't care how big he is, Englishmen come here to keep order in the land, and if a man does wrong he must account for it," and so Ajidungari was summoned, and came in and was talked to, and has been a pal ever since. I gave him a folding chair, which he will hardly allow out of his sight. There was a big market going on, 500 people or so, and many had not seen a white man; all the children came and sat watching me as I was sitting paying advance money to my men for "chop," and as soon as I got up they all bolted.

Here I engaged a guide to show us the road to Kishi, for it is hardly ever used now. He was a hunter, but an awful fraud. Seldom have I spent a more vexatious day—first Sibu slipped on a granite rock and tipped me over his head; then, in crossing a deep gully, the earth gave way, and he rolled on me, hurting me a good deal for the time; then on reaching the Awo River (a small river) we came on a herd of eight hartebeests drinking, so promptly up went this wonderful hunter's hands in astonishment or joy, and he shouted "Oh! big beef, big, big beef,"—his extent of English—and of course away they scampered before I could get a shot. I followed them for half an hour, but could not spare more time, and that was the only big game we saw.

Then the ass of a guide got lost and handed us on to two other hunters, worse than the first, and up and down we went from village to village, first S. then W. then N. then E., then anything, until I was nearly distracted. Of course I could have struck through the bush to Kishi, and longed to do so, for I hate following a path—one watches the compass and says to oneself, "Why can't people walk straight, what on earth is it turning that way for," and so on—but the bush is thick here, low forest and thick undergrowth and high grass, and it's very rough on carriers, so I was anxious to find the road. After wasting nearly the whole day I at last took charge of the guides and went in our proper direction, through the bush, and, as luck would have it, found our way to a little farm where lived a hunter who really did know the road. The next morning we started fair and made good progress all day; awfully hot when the sun came out about 11 o'clock, until which hour it is often clouded over in this season.

I was much disappointed in seeing no game. We crossed, wading, several rivers, of no great size, but got little wetter than would ordinarily happen, as the grass soaks one in no time. One morning a crowd of monkeys scouted across the trail. Yorubas eat them! the hands, they say, are very good. Then a beautiful emerald-green snake engaged upon a toad had to be slain: very poisonous, for the hunter would not take it for "chop." Before eating a snake they cut off the head and tail, for in the tail lives, they say, the poison!

Great discussions go on about my various instruments. The theodolite was supposed to give one second-sight, until one man propounded the theory, accepted by all until exploded by me, that I was talking to the Governor at Jebba. But a delicious idea was struck with the hypsometer (for taking heights you know)—when boiling the water, to take its temperature, the little machine bubbles and splutters, and Joseph said "Master must be looking at his brother

who go for war. I hear him (the instrument) growl, and think that must be guns!"

We had one scorching day, and I was walking a good deal (for prickly heat, on horseback, with the sun beating on one, is poor fun), when we came on a fine pool in a little river, or two pools, into which we all quickly rushed. It was glorious, I shall often think of that little swim and the glorious drink I had as I wallowed in the cold water. I have 'Nellums' (not named by me) with me, she is a nice little yellow half-breed, half terrier, and half native dog. Poor thing she gets covered with ticks, which often find their way on to me.

I will continue this as we go on. I don't know yet how we will go from here. . . . . Many people think that one can't get about without chronometers and all the latest and best instruments. I, as you know, am a firm believer in the bump of locality and a good compass and watch. Simple necessities that can't well go wrong, and two of which can be easily replaced. Without the first a man, loaded with the best instruments, may, through quite a slight accident to one of them, make some awful error and never know it, whereas the bushman, with eyes in his head, can't get very far wrong, as I have proved. Of course the best instruments and so forth would give absolute accuracy if they could be transported without disturbing their interior economy, but they can't, and so they fail. And for all *practical* purposes it can't matter much whether Kishi, for instance, is placed a mile or two out of position on the map. People have come and gone for the last few hundred years. A far more useful thing would be putting up of signposts; and a map giving approximate positions of towns and the *time it takes* to get from one to another; that's the question always, and the question that no map answers as a rule, because, as I have explained to you before, all distances on a map are horizontal (*i.e.*, bee lines from point to point), and say a distance measured on the map is 15 miles, that dis-

tance, with a twisting road up and down hills, might easily equal 18 miles actual travelling, and thus a man marching with troops would be an hour out in that short distance, and in a long march it might become a serious matter. The people of the country get the hang of things better than civilising strangers. The natives know no distances, everything is so many days, or such and such a period of the sun's daily path.

They are great chaps to walk. When I left, one policeman, an awfully nice cheery fellow (Popoala by name), a very smart chap, was away, so I left word that he was to follow us, and he walked 45 miles straight off the reel. He is a great chap to sing and play the fool and keep people in good spirits, and the carriers need it, poor devils. They are awfully willing chaps and never murmured (about 5 hours is the usual day's march, and we did 7 and 8). I explained that I was in a hurry, and they were quite pleased to go on. I 'dashed' them all a day's pay when we got here, much to their delight. It's getting dark now, so I must leave this now. I was just thinking how an African travelling would take your fancy. We met one fellow with his stick in one hand, sandals in the other, and load on his head, to which were dangling head downwards two live cocks! quite a handsome head-dress.

June 5th. Quite a long time since I have been able to write. Here we are at Ogbomosho, our work ended, on the whole we have had a good time. From Kishi we, *i.e.*, Macgregor, a doctor, Erhardt (Resident of Ibadan), and self went to a little town called Budobere, and there we parted; McG. and the doctor going one way, and E. and self back to Kishi, thence through bush to Igbete, settling the boundary as we went, rather amusing. McG. is a fine chap, most interesting, he knows all there is to know almost about stars, geology, natural history, etc., and about six languages and medicines; an extraordinary man.

. . . . . At Igbete we had a great palaver, and the town goes to Oyo (Lagos), which undoubtedly is right, though I should have liked to get it for Illorin, but the boundary gives Illorin a lot of new country, so I managed all right. We reinstated the old King and harangued the people, Erhardt his, and I mine; then fixed on a little river and ordered the Oyo people one side, and Illorin the other, and I think peace will be the result.

A winding journey brought us out on the Jebba-Lagos road at Buda-Egba, and thence here. Erhardt goes on to-night, and will take this letter; I have been mapping since 7 o'clock this morning, and can hardly see, so I cannot write a very good letter. I must hurry back to Illorin, as I have several things to see about there; also to reprimand the King for not supplying food for purchase for troops, though it is true he had no notice, and no doubt the markets were soon emptied.

I have travelled about 250 miles since leaving Jebba, and I must say it is poor country; round about Illorin, for two days, the farms are thick and much open country (though with trees), but beyond is bush, not real forest as I hoped to see, only low stunted trees and thick undergrowth with occasional real tropical bits. . . . . .

This is rather a nice place: great open tract of undulating country, high green grass, tall palms at intervals, and big shady acacias, blue hills in distance, and red soil. A clump of trees marks the centre of the town (nearly as big as Illorin), it is surrounded by wall of red mud and a ditch, houses all red mud with thatch roofs; rambling place. We called on the *Bale*, not a bad fellow at all. He was surprised and pleased to see the "Resident of Illorin," as the natives now call me (giving me a step!) for Illorin and this town have always fought, and Ogbomosho nobly resisted the Illorin cavalry by forming a double rank. The *Jagoban*, or *Balogun*, *i.e.*, war chief, came in; a great big chap exactly

like a stage pirate. His job is a sinecure nowadays; I told him that all his fun was over now, for the Illorins were all turned into peaceable farmers now. He shook his head and looked theatrically cast down with sorrow (but secretly pleased that he wouldn't have to risk his skin any more).

Whenever the *Bale* coughed everyone went—"Ah! Ah!" and patted their chests. Then there was a deformed boy who played on his fingers, making a noise like a flute, he talks thus, and they understand him. They are said to talk and understand each other on drums. They are a queer people, very peaceable and harmless when left alone, no crime until civilisation teaches them to rob and lie and murder. A curious fact isn't it? Here are these hundreds of thousands of Yorubas and crime almost unknown, police or officials are unknown. In the Hausa states, where Mohammedan civilisation has reached, they have plenty of crime, and police to look after it. On the coast where our glorious benefits of civilisation are spread, vice, and drunkenness, and crime, are common as in London. The same with diseases, the nearer the coast the more prevalent. If we were in earnest about the black man we would leave Yoruba land entirely alone (only protecting the natives from raids, and slavers, and missionaries and gin, though curiously enough they don't take to gin, it's too bad!) and the people would be happy and live in peace and goodwill. The first thing that education does (when, as now, it consists in biblical reading and writing) is to cause the recipient to break the 5th Commandment, for as soon as a boy begins to learn English he despises his parents and refuses to have anything to say to them. That's a grand truth for Exeter Hall to ponder over, or would be if they would believe it. I only hope for the sake of these most amiable natives that gold *won't* be found here.

It's quite cool now in the mornings and nights. The rains (the early ones) are on, rains nearly every day. . . .

. . . . . .

THUNDER WORSHIP.

June 8, 1900, Illorin.

Last night a crowd of people passed shouting and apparently hurrahing. On asking what was going on my boy said that a woman had just been killed by the thunder, during the storm just ended. The crowd were all Thunder worshippers. Their belief is, that if they do any wrong sooner or later the Thunder God will strike them dead, even though they stand amongst a thousand people. When the storm comes on they pray that they may not be hurt; and if conscious of any evil deeds they try their best to explain them away, and ask forgiveness, and promise to lead good lives.

In this case the woman, a stranger here, was proved today to have stolen three balls of dye, had been accused of the theft and denied it. Her falsehood was immediately followed by her death from a flash of lightning. The body lies where the death took place, and none, not even her nearest or dearest, dare touch it for six days. During these six days all the thunder worshippers will gather together at the house of their High Priest in Illorin, bringing each a goat, fowl, sheep, according to their means. These will be slaughtered and a feast carried on for six days. Whilst themselves feasting the Thunder God is not neglected; blood and torn fragments of meat are thrown into the air and lie where they fall. All eat and dance and shout until one, more excited than the rest, is worked into a frenzy and the rest are silent, and sitting down listen to the temporarily insane man's talk. He praises, supplicates, and pours forth rhapsodies about the Thunder God, and exhorts all men to be good, reminding them of the swift and awful punishment that overtakes evil doers. At the end of this time of feasting and frenzy they return to the body, the high priest searches the ground and finds, or at any rate persuades his fellow worshippers that he has found, the thunder bolt that fell and slew the victim.

With this stone the corpse's head is gashed, and the body left to perish where it lies, unless relatives have the courage to bury it.

If the deceased has children they must all become Thunder-worshippers, and are at once initiated. A male child, of whatever age, must have his head shaved, with the exception of a round knob of hair at the back, and into this knot of hair the thunderbolt, or a fragment of it, is securely fastened by plaiting the hair round it. Thus marked the man goes through life, and is not shamed by being branded as the son of an evildoer, whom the Thunder has overtaken, but rather is looked up to as one in closer touch with the God than the ordinary worshippers. Such a man in his frenzy, which at any time may "jump up" within him, is credited with marvellous feats, such as piercing his tongue with red-hot iron, cutting off his tongue and rejoining the severed piece to the stump.

In the case of a daughter being left by the deceased, the stone is broken and powdered and rubbed into cuts at the back of the head, made by a fragment of the thunderbolt. Without these precautions some catastrophe would surely fall upon the high priest and all his flock.

One learns without surprise that the priest requires a yearly tribute from all his people, over whose superstitious minds he holds such sway that he has great power, which possibly may be turned to good account.

Thunder-worshippers require no distinctive mark as they can recognise each other by smell! Some slight thing may bring on a frenzy, such as scraping an iron pot, consequently a Thunder-worshipper is not a desirable person to have about a kitchen. On the first signs of frenzy anyone who is acquainted with the Thunder-worshipper's customs will seize a fowl, kill it, and with its blood sprinkle the head of the possessed, who will be calmed by the process.

(To H. M. C.)

June 17, 1900.

ILLORIN.

. . . . . Too much joy, four letters from you in a fortnight. Splendid, but awfully sad, because now I have nothing to look forward to for ages, as I am off again in a day or two to do the S. and E. boundary. I literally have no time to do anything beyond reports, mapping, and trying cases. I start as soon as I get up at daybreak, and knock off at dark, have dinner, read one of your papers for half an hour in bed, and then to sleep. . . . . . they seem to have been awfully unguarded. They should come out here! the smallest detail is made into a "West African Secret," and we only get news of ourselves out here from London papers, who presumably invent it, for I can't conceive anyone bold enough to give away a real "West African Secret." I believe the idea comes from a fear that the natives may hear things! Great Scott! nothing escapes them. Ever since I have had anything to do with Illorin the King has known every movement, and deed, and word of mine. I don't know about brain telegraphy, but news travels apace, and in every corner spies of the King are lurking and seeing and hearing; therefore when the King asked for me to be stationed at Illorin I was proud, because I knew that he had had me watched, and so to speak put on approval. . . . . I knew you would like Wazeri, I *am* so sorry he died. "Mamadu" means Mahomed, a Yoruba corruption. Of course the pukka Yoruba is a pagan. Suli and Co. are Illorin people, half and half (as to religion). . . . . I have just drunk your health in my one alcoholic corpse reviver of the day, or rather night now, for I have just lit my last candle, and until stores come from Jebba, per carrier's head, shall be reduced to native cotton floating in palm oil, a fluttering light. . . . . .

"Humphrey Clinker" and a jorum of rum have staved off another sickness; having ridden 30 miles to settle a boundary between two villages, and been soaked all day, I came home at night awfully done, and ached all over. I filled myself with quinine (40 grains, or grammes or whatever they are) and a hot go of rum, and slept like a hog. Then a huge dose of Epsom salts in the morning, and "Humphrey Clinker" read between times, and I am as right as possible, and have worked to-day from 6-30 to 6-30 without moving from this chair. And now I am trying to entertain you, but poorly I fear. . . . The cook's wife comes to see me every morning (quite proper!) "Morning Sar! I do come," "Good morning, Monday," (her name), and I talk a lot of nonsense, which amuses me and doesn't hurt her as she does not understand. I tell her the news, and discuss the war and the weather, and she says at intervals "Yes, Sar," and finally I say "Good morning Miss Monday," and away she goes. A nice looking young woman, the only decent looking female I have seen. I call her Monday, for the cook, being rather "dressy" and popular, collected so many women round him at Jebba that we said he had a wife for every day of the week. At the end of every month I see fresh clothes and silver rings about her. The cook's wage being £2 a month, and "chop" money 2s. 6d. a week. I have just finished an excellent dinner of chicken soup, fowl cutlets, and Irish stew, made of yams and the remains of the fowl that didn't make soup or cutlets, followed by three bananas, one glass of milk (real, from a cow), and one cigarette. I had mutton for luncheon, and looked forward to the cold joint (a hind leg), but the dog found it and devoured it all. I was not angry as the poor little beast has been so worried by ticks—great raw patches all over her now, in spite of daily tick-hunts—and has not been able to eat.

I have to go and seize 82 cows to-morrow and hand them over to the rightful owner. Represents about £246, not a bad haul for two black men! We have constant rain

now, nearly every day, fine and cool, but very damp, everything is cold and clammy. The crops are coming on, the maize is about full height now, about 7 feet, but not ripe. It has great ears about 7 inches long, which, before getting ripe, peep out of a green sheath, with fluffy red things hanging round it. When boiled whole they are quite good. You chew the corn out of the outer surface and a skeleton remains, only one layer off the corner. In season for 3d. you can get 40. This is the great staple food, more so than guinea corn, though one is deceived at first as the two look exactly alike until ripe. The guinea corn lives in a wavy bunch on the top, the maize has three or four huge pods sticking out from the stem. They are planted in rows in regular lines, furrowed and ridged with a native-made tool. . . . . .

(To his Mother.)

June 19, 1900.

ILLORIN.

. . . . . But surely it is not too much to hope it [South African War] will soon be over. It can't go on much longer, "God will not agree to it," as my boy said to me when I told him that if he left the cover off the water jar I should be poisoned, and he would lose a master who was too kind to him because he never beat him. Joseph is a source of great amusement to me, during my meals I always have talks with him and tell him about our country, most of which information he puts down as, at least, unreliable.

I have a lot of work here: to-day there are quite 100 people squatting in front of the verandah waiting their turn for audience; every imaginable complaint. The Court was amused to-day a little—a man was defending himself against a charge of not having paid a debt, of 50 bags of kowries, *i.e.*, about £12 10s., some eight years ago. He enumerated

strings of things he had bought and given the other man, amongst them an item of two fowls which he remembered distinctly buying seven years ago; yes, he knew where he bought, name of owner, price, date, yes he knew the colour, everything. He was going on swimmingly, and finally, when everyone else was dying to laugh, I asked this prodigious remembrancer (if there is such a word) quite solemnly, how many feathers each fowl had, and he was actually beginning to tell me when he caught a twinkle in some one's eye, and saw he was being fooled, and then they all laughed till tears came! most simple people. You can egg them on to say anything.

Then I interviewed a gentleman who deals in slaves, quite a nice man. He is really a compact form of servants registry office. He is a *Dilali*, or broker, and sells slaves on commission. If you wanted a slave for your pony carriage, or the garden, I would go to Mr. Badamashi, the *Dilali*, and ask if he could find me a good slave for pruning roses, and he would hunt round the country until he found some one who had such a slave to get rid of, and so the bargain would be struck, he would get a commission from me and from the man who sold the slave, 1s. 9d. from each of us. We are accustomed to think of all slavery as diabolical, chains and blood and torture and all horrors, but here at any rate it is mild enough. A slave, taking the case of a man, often works for his master many miles away. Most of the people who pass here going to and from Lagos, are slaves trading for their masters in Illorin, Kano, Sokoto, and all about. A slave on a farm works half a day for his master, and half for himself, and gets one full day to himself in every week. He can free himself by paying about £4 to his master, which sum a strong willing man can put by in say four years; but as a rule they are quite content to remain slaves; to be free is no advantage, as they have no ambition beyond a full tummy. If a slave pays for and marries a woman (who must be a slave), the children are free from birth. If,

however, children occur without marriage, and without payment, then they are slaves, and belong to the master of their mother.

Of course slave raiding still goes on north of the river Niger, but not here, though I think certainly now and again, or even frequently, slaves raided north of the river are sold secretly in Illorin. There is said to be a night market, but I can't be sure about it.

The Emir, or King, was sick when I arrived, and couldn't come to see me, so I went to him and doctored him. I had an idea that his sickness was a sham, so I meant to pay him out in a harmless way. He was sitting on a beautiful rug, on which was chastely worked a ferocious leopard (from Harrod's Stores at 5s. 6d., I should judge), his feet were covered with an elegant table-cloth such as one sees in cottages. I felt his pulse, prodded his ribs, and looked wise, and at his tongue, and shook my head, and of course asked all the usual intimate questions. All the assembled chiefs were much impressed. Then I produced Nell's medicine chest and gave the Emir several pills called "Livingstone Rousers" by the label; he felt quite well the next day—but surprised. All the chiefs wanted medicine, so I distributed ordinary Beechams all round. Some liked them, others chewed them and did *not*.

I am quite fond of the Emir, he is so gentlemanlike, and after our palaver, lasting about four hours, for I had much to say, and they are slow in all things, he led me to the door holding my hand, and patting it the while, saying "Madelah!" at intervals, and all the people say "Hut-turrah! Hut-turrah!" It sounds fine, but I don't know what it means. I make polite remarks in English which they don't understand, but we are mutually pleased, and it does not take a dictionary to show if one is amongst friends. I wanted to give the Emir a present, but had nothing of value suitable, at last I decided on giving him a green silk scarf with yellow stripes that Nell gave me. I

thought it would please her somehow, and it did the old King, who promptly wiped his face with it!

A "dash" of three goats and about 24 eggs just arrived from Sani, *Bale* (Chief) of Ajisai and Bode Sani (village or town of Sani). I have just returned from settling a boundary between him and another neighbouring chief. The *Bale* is paid yearly rent in kind, as well as current provisions by all the villagers and farmers; he pays yearly rent to the *Balogum* (or Big Chief) who owns the land, and probably lives in Illorin; the latter in his turn pays a yearly tribute to the Emir, and he, theoretically at least, is a vassal of Sokoto. Any man can get farming land (or agricultural land would be more correct) for nothing, so long as he pays his rent, and is approved by the *Bale*. So you see they are quite sensible folk, and don't need the much belauded "White man's Burden." The village is about 25 miles away and the road, or rather path, lay through open country round Illorin town for the first few miles, then open forest with grass, and here were numerous small herds of "cows." It is curious what words have come into general use; cattle are all "cows," so when I asked my Sergeant-Major Raji if the "cows" ever got angry, he said—"Yes, suppose grass no live in dry time cow do get hungry." "No," I said, "angry, not hungry," he could not understand, until, after trying the question many ways, I said—"Cow ever get vexed for man?" "Ah! yes, vexed, now I do undlestum (understand), cow get vexed and do fight one man plenty times." I thought it was a delightful expression.

Lots of small farms were dotted about, and in the evening, with the low beams of the sun shining on them across a brilliant, wavy, green carpet of grass, through the branches and between the trunks of large and stately acacia trees, and striking the deep red of the mud walls, surmounted by roofs of yellow-brown thatch, it made a really pretty picture. We came on one stream fringed with

hundreds of those big lilies I told you of. Alas! not in flower, or what a glorious sight they would have been. The river Weru (equal to two "Pows") was running deep and strong, and the ponies had to be swum across. I am thankful there was a bridge for the carriers and self, because it was raining hard, and very cold, and I did not feel inclined for a swim at all. The bridge is one of the most curious construction. The two ends are merely like ordinary trestle bridges, but the actual water is crossed by two spans resting on a prop of poles lashed together in the middle. The space is spanned by two great baulks of timber, the two halves of a split trunk roughly axed into a flat surface on the up side; an awkward thing for nailed boots to step along, as not only were they wet and slippery but polished like oak by years of bare-footed traffic, the water swirling underneath made it quite nasty. How they ever got them there I can't think, it would take 20 men to move one, and they are quite 30 feet above the water. I think they must have built a temporary bridge in the dry season and gradually hauled the timbers along it to their proper places, fixed them and then removed the temporary bridge.

The ubiquitous drummer of course came at the head of the procession to meet us, and all the women rush at one and shout and clap their hands, and then suddenly bolt, yelling. Then as we passed the "smithy," the blacksmiths beat a welcome on their stone anvils, most cheerful. On our way back we met a woman with a blue veil over her face. Why did she wear it? She was newly married, and veils are worn by all good wives for three weeks. . .

. . . . . .

(To H.M.C.)

July 3, 1900

JEBBA, N.N.

. . . . . As usual in awful hurry. Came in from Illorin last night, mail leaves for home this morning in less than an hour, so I can't write much. . . . . I am now going down to Lokoja, I hope not for long, for it is a vile hole. L. is there, and has wired me to join him as soon as my Illorin successor arrives. There was a little unpleasantness between my pal the Emir and myself before I left. The Illorin people were boycotting me and all my men, wouldn't sell anything, very rude! also they beat one of my carriers, which was ruder, so I sent to say to the Emir that I requested the honour of his company that I might show unto him his folly. He sent back to say he was indisposed, and *would not* come. Really quite too much of a good thing. I was determined he should obey what at first was a polite request, and subsequently an order, so I was a bit flummoxed. Having only two policemen to back any order (a demonstration of two police would be most imposing!) I bluffed the Potentate. I told his messenger (a swell) that the Emir *must* be in my compound before mid-day. "Tell the Emir —I said—that I know he is a man of sense and has brains, and therefore can judge whether he will gain most by obeying the White man, or by listening to the ill counsels of his chiefs, whom I know to look upon the White man as an enemy, and to wish to turn out of the town. Of two things the Emir may be sure:—First, that a White man will remain at Illorin, and second, that it will be an evil hour in which the Emir turns me from a friend into an enemy. Finally he *must* come." And I am thankful to say he came like a lamb. I am not sure what would have happened had he refused, but I was absolutely determined to be obeyed and intended, had he refused to come, to go myself to him, and, if talking couldn't move him, to shift him with a

bayonet. Looking at it from an outside point of view I consider it extremely dangerous to set down one solitary white man, with no protection, and no display of force, in a town as big as Illorin (which by the way I have mapped, though unfinished as yet in detail, and find to be the same size as the Park, viz.—9½ miles round, with a population of at least 60,000, made up of Yorubas, Hausas, and Mohammedans, and scallywags of all sorts and kinds). Mind you one's existence in this country depends on mastering the will of the Chief, and an order given must be carried out, or the White man's power is gone.

The Emir came with heaps of Chiefs, and I quite astonished myself by the subdued but dramatic fire with which I harangued them! You know how fine one's singing sounds in a railway train, it was just the same! I blackguarded the old chiefs, and showed them what fools they were to pursue a policy that could only end in a second "breaking" of their town. They all went away with their tails lying very flat. I got 50 cows too out of the Emir, which was rather a stroke. The H.C. wrote to me to try and persuade the Emir to hand over the cows to a certain Chief, and so finish a long-standing dispute. So I killed two birds with one stone; *i.e.*, pleased the H.C. by getting the Emir to give up the cows, and the Emir was left under the impression that I *fined* him 50 cows for not coming when I wished him to! Rather "slim" don't you think?

The news from Ashanti is meagre, and not very encouraging. 1,200 men have gone from here! as you say, a dangerous move, but unavoidable. The missionaries have been turned out of Kano, and two are dead. The Emir gave them forty donkeys, and fourteen days in which to clear out. Then they tried Zaria—"No, if Kano is not willing to have you we cannot receive you, go in peace—to-morrow!" So they went to another town with the like result, and now they are camped with a detachment of "Waffs."

I hardly like to tell you the depth of criminality to which the Colonial Office can sink (at least it is judged to be their fault, and I *know* it is not the doctor's fault), but this is a literal truth:—*There are no drugs in the hospital either here or at Lokoja.* There are neither salts nor phenacetine, *the* two essentials in fever cases, and even quinine is almost at an end. As for other medicines they simply don't exist! If anyone dies it's pure murder and nothing else.

Another choice item that will delight you. The police uniforms have arrived — that is to say, a huge box of brushes! (presumably for cleaning the boots with which they are not supplied) has arrived alone, labelled "Civil Police." Isn't it delightful? I never used to credit such stories before. The fact is we are simply pigeon-holed, the whole country. What does it matter if a few Britons die away out in Nigeria, "unavoidable, or almost unavoidable." They buck a lot about malarial mosquitoes, and things that sound big and strike the popular fancy. Let the great British Public see the inside, or what one may well call the back-side of the business, and this is what they will find:—That at great cost learned men are chasing mosquitoes to prove that they are spreaders of malaria, when all the time men are being murdered out here simply and solely because they are criminally neglected. D—— the mosquitoes, say I; give men decent quarters, don't shove them into hovels; don't make them travel on boats that are not fit to carry guano; don't cut down their pay so that they can't live decently; don't cheesepare and to save 9d. a day cut down a man's carriers so that he is forced to stint himself, or pay for carriers himself. Oh! one could go on to any length! But nothing, even in Gulliver's travels, can equal the ludicrous and vicious folly of sending out men to prove a theory about a certain disease of which fellow men are dying for want of common drugs! It really makes one laugh. I don't care who knows

what I say, the more the better, for there is too much screening and not telling. Why should people in authority be screened? If the doctors forgot to order drugs they would be kicked out ignominiously, because some one higher is to blame nothing is said or done. You *know* I look at all these things from outside, it's not a personal matter. I don't care tuppence for myself whether there are drugs or not, for I don't hold by them so much as other people, but it makes me wroth and indignant to see the way in which men are sacrificed on the altar of d——— idiotcy. . . . . Perhaps we will spend my leave in Egypt, or somewhere warm. I really doubt my capacity for holding out for another year. It rather shocks one, still I have thought exactly what you wrote; but great Scott! to look forward 24 hours is rash enough.

Coming in from Illorin I had to swim one river with Sibu, he swims quite splendidly. It was cold and raining and dark, and all the loads had to go across on great calabashes, just balanced on top, awful to see one's precious things wobbling about within an inch of being in a rushing torrent. Not one was upset: one man swims on his back pulling the calabash, the other pushes, swimming forwards; awfully clever dodge. I had to wait naked on the bank eaten by sand-flies and mosquitoes, for my clothes got lost in the dark! No fun attached to it! . . . . . .

(To H.M.C.)

July 5, 1900.

JEBBA.

. . . . . Kontogora and Bida have joined, and are holding up Wushishi (120 miles N.N.E. from here), where we have a small force. How much there is in the news can't be said yet. It may be nothing, and it may be the deuce and all. Five minutes ago I got orders to

go up there, and I have so much to do that I shall fairly go mad! 100 men are now starting from here, and I shall catch them up. We go in canoes to the mouth of the Kaduna, thence by steam-launch, if the water is deep enough, to within a few miles of Wushishi. Can't write any more, and can't say when you will next hear. Don't be anxious, for, as I say, it may all blow over. . . . . .

. . . . . .

(To H.M.C.)

July 9, 1900.

R. KADUNA,

Three miles south of Wusisi.

"Heave away! heave away! One time!" etc. etc., ad infinitum. Which means that we are stuck on a sand-bank, and have an army of carriers trying to pull us off. There is to be no palaver as far as we can gather. Bida on one side, and Kontogora on the other, have been raiding and destroying villages, but the White man and detachment at Wusisi (or Wushishi) are quite safe and peaceful.

I left Jebba in a canoe, a bad one, too small and narrow to put my camp bed up in, so I slept on the floor, protected from some four inches of bilge water by a sheet of corrugated iron—not perhaps the softest mattress, but better than lying in water. On board I had Joseph, and John (the small Hausa boy whom I had first, and who got sick, and when I was away went to another man, but he did not like him—"I no like sidom (sit down) with that *Buturi*, he beat me too much." As I was starting John came and stood on the bank and looked disconsolate, so I took pity on him and turned back and took him on), a cook, one policeman, two canoe-men, luggage, stores, etc. Two nights on board and two days took us to Muraji at the junction of the Kaduna and Niger, and there I found H.E. etc., on the "Heron" (late river gunboat, now used for the H.C. to travel about in), and

a lot of troops in the "Empire." The Jebba troops arrived about six hours before me, and lucky for them I was behind, for I overtook a canoe, full of ammunition, the canoe-men of which had knocked up, so I got others for them at a passing village and they ran away, so we had to get more, hence delay. It struck me as being rather an odd thing for a soldier to leave a boatful of ammunition alone in its glory, however I am not a military gent., and was not surprised that my remark that I had always thought ammunition was rather a handy thing in a fight, was not greeted with enthusiasm!

"The Heron" is very comfortable, and H.E. has been, as indeed he always is, most kind, and I feel all the better for a rest of a day or two, and better food than one can get in the bush. A rest, yes! but all the same I have been sitting solid in a chair making a sketch map of this river from daylight until after dark, for we have a moon, and have rashly, but successfully, travelled part of the night. This is an uncharted, even unmapped river, that has never been navigated before but by canoes and small steam-launches, and that only at the mouth, and here we go gaily ahead, even at night, and trust to Providence, but if you think of it it's pretty audacious! The Captain is a Swede, an excellent chap, late of the Swedish navy. He knows a Swedish Carnegie: rather curious.

This is an awfully pretty country, the valley of the river is bounded by curious shaped hills sparsely wooded, blue in the distance, green close to. The country between the banks and the hills is grass plains, covered with clumps of trees. One bank is usually steep, on the other side a long flat, of sand and grass, lies in front. In places it is a mile wide, but as yet very shallow (in the dry season you could walk dry-shod across). It is proposed to make the new Capital somewhere near Wushishi, and I expect to be left there to poke about and sketch the surrounding country. I

shall be glad to get on my own again. If possible will continue this later. May not have opportunity. . . . . .

. . . . . .

(To his Mother.)

July 11, 1900.

S.S. "EMPIRE."

KADUNA RIVER.

. . . . . Now I maintain (though I was not consulted!) that we could have smashed Bida and Kontogora as above, [*Here is a sketch plan in original*] with no trouble. However H.E. has no desire to engage the "Waffs" in a fight just now, so, like the "gallant Duke of York and his 50,000 men" we took the soldiers to Wushishi and now go back. Very stupid I think, if only they would let me arrange things! The sketch shows you just what I mean. When we were at the Kaduna mouth Bida and Kontogora were each as far from home as they will be until next year. We had a grand chance, and I believe ample men, because we would have caught them in the open and not in a walled town. However H.E. says he cannot risk a failure (troops in Ashanti, etc.).

I now find myself in the highly gratifying position of not being wanted anywhere! quite the last straw to break the back of any desire to do one's duty, excepting in the case of one from Forfarshire, when, as you may guess, this is the sort of experience that rouses one's energies to do something for oneself. You see I was going to Bida, to be forced upon him as you might plant a flag in a man's garden. Then I merely stood a good chance of having my throat cut, now I would certainly be tortured! But as I am not going there it is little use saying what might have happened. Curiously enough such is my vanity that I would hail with delight an order to visit Bida, and I believe I would

come through safe and sound. It really would be worth doing, and would result in establishing peace between us and one of the crankiest of our enemies. Alas! no such chance is mine, and I am thrown from place to place like a shuttlecock. Having rushed down here from Jebba, I am now flying down to Lokoja (at least one starts to "fly" but gets stuck on a sand bank). . . . . When I get to Lokoja I am by way of going up the Benue as far as Loko, then inland. You see I am not wanted on the Wushishi side of what would be my district, and am not allowed to go into the central part, so am confined to the Eastern, or Loko side. I must go quickly to the Benue (because I am afraid of being kept at Lokoja); all my belongings except emergency kit are at Jebba. . . . . Most things lying about as I left them. Some day perhaps I shall see them again. . . . . .

I left H.E. on the "Heron" yesterday (both the "Heron" and this boat got stuck about 4 miles below Wushishi), and made a precarious journey in a small boat to the "Empire." I made my "boys," etc., walk, as the boat was small and the river shallow, about a mile. They were rather afraid of crocodiles! . . . . . You can hardly imagine what an army of carriers is required by even a small force. Everything, you see, is carried on the head. At last we started off, but have just put back to the bank as two officers are to return to Lokoja. If we had not stuck on a sand-bank they would have missed the boat. This is a fine boat, and carries plenty of people. About 500 men of all sorts, and a few horses, guns, ammunition, etc., all came up in her, which gives you an idea of the size both of her and the river, here nearly a mile wide, and across it you could easily wade, a regular fraud. No doubt it will rise, but I doubt if it will ever be a satisfactory way of communication. The idea is to put the new headquarters near Wushishi, I don't know why exactly, except that it will be getting away from the Niger, but the country is no higher, and

I fully expect will be just as unhealthy; that, however, only time can show. . . . . We are still in the Kaduna, the water is falling, and we get constantly stuck on sand-banks, necessitating anchors being taken out in a boat and dropped, and then our engines haul against it, and so drag the ship off again. We are getting rather bored, you see we have already been three days doing a journey that I expected would end on the first day; we have also no food to speak of. I have a good deal of work to do, so am occupied, but it is distinctly dull. We had a great concert last night, one of the crew, a black man of course, has a guitar, and he and another sang the regular plantation songs, really most beautifully. They have a surprising gift for music. I have heard gramophone tunes very passably sung and whistled after having been played but once.

The country here is pretty: open grass with clumps of trees, and funny little hills beyond. We see a few ducks and geese and a fine white fish-eagle, and an occasional crocodile sunning himself on the banks, or crossing the river, when only his flat snout appears above water. There are villages, mostly ruins, along the banks, all mud huts, round, with conical grass roofs, very neatly made. Bida and Kontogora have to pay Sokoto a yearly tribute in slaves, and this is the season for slave raiding; I fancy because the poor people are all on their farms, as the guinea corn and maize are coming on. Of course if Bida had fired a shot at the Wushishi detachment we would have "gone for him." No doubt it is as well he did not, for it might have been a big business, which would be awkward just now with Ashanti, etc. Still I am of opinion that a small bold force would rout them, especially when not protected by a town wall. . . . . "Nick of the Woods" has caused the greatest joy to several men already, and he has therefore been a real benefactor to N. Nigeria. We discuss the various characters in a way that would please the author.

The Captain of this boat has a white cat, rather a strange sight out here, she is a nice beast, and has quite taken possession of my bed, and was much annoyed last night by jumping up and being stopped by the mosquito nets. We have a fine variety of mosquito, he is a big fellow with shepherd's plaid trousers on! that is black and white checked legs. He does not dwell on one, but has a furious dig and then rushes off before one can squash him.

I am most unfortunate with my servants, it seems sufficient to take service with me to ensure a broken bone or some disease. Little John had to go to hospital with a bad hip joint, John Pugh, the cook, broke his collar bone, and now Joseph will have to go to hospital as soon as we get to Lokoja. I fear he will be no more use. I am very sorry, for I took great interest in him, and I really believe that (though almost incredible in a black man) he has a sneaking regard for me, and a sense of gratitude.

I am so afraid that I don't write cheerful letters, but you must not think I am not happy and contented. It really is only the effect of a lonely life. And it is lonely sometimes. If you see anything beautiful or interesting, amusing or curious, if you are cheerful and well, or sick and ill, all your feelings, whatever they may be, must be bottled up. There lives a demon in this country who prowls until he finds you are depressed (and who is not sometimes?) and then he whispers all sorts of horrors and paints everything in the worst colours, until he has persuaded you that you are an unfortunate being who wants pity and sympathy, the real fact being that you are out here of your own choice, and must take rough and smooth. I am always greatly indebted to Thackeray, for he says:—"The world is a looking glass, and if you smile into it it laughs back again." . . And if this is taken heed to, then no place can be really miserable. . . . . .

(To his Father.)

July 17, 1900.

LOKOJA.

. . . . . The enclosed will I feel sure give you pleasure. If possible I should like you to keep to yourself the fact that I have again been ill, but the truth is one is seldom anything else in this extraordinary climate, where in consequence good work means a far heavier strain on the nerves and energies than in less benighted lands. I know you will excuse these scrappy letters, but I never know when I may have to start off into the "bush," and so write whenever I find an opportunity, and let the letter catch the first available mail. . . . . .

(Enclosure.)

(Memorandum.)

HON. D. CARNEGIE,

Assistant Resident.

"In acknowledging your report of July 10th, I "desire to express to you my appreciation of the "indefatigable and most useful work you have "done while in the Illorin province, both in political "and in surveying work."

"2. I note with interest your description of the "system of tribute to the Emir, and should be glad "of your opinion as to whether it would be feasible "for the Government to take half this 'rent,' and "the Emir the other half.

(Signed) "F. D. LUGARD.

"July 17, 1900."

(Enclosure.)

Lokoja, 12th July, 1900.

THE RESIDENCY,
MIDDLE NIGER PROVINCE.

HON. D. CARNEGIE,

Assistant Resident, Jebba.

Sir,

I have great pleasure in quoting the following for your information from His Excellency's letter, dated 2nd June, 1900.

> *"Mr. Carnegie has made an excellent tour through "the West of Illorin, where he met me when I "went to meet the Governor of Lagos there. He "submitted a very good survey and report, and I "was pleased with his work. I brought him back "as I considered he was too ill to remain. The Emir "sent messengers after me begging for his return, "and has since sent a messenger for same purpose. "I ordered him to go to Kishi to meet the Governor "of Lagos there, and settle the frontier of Illorin "and Lagos. This will bring him to Bude Egba, and "thence to Illorin. All this with copies of reports, "etc., I presume he has reported to you, or I can "send his report to you.*
>
> *"I have the honour to be,*
>
> *"Sir, your obedient servant,*
>
> *(Signed)* *"W. WALLACE,*
>
> *"Resident, Middle Niger Province."*

[*The letter from which the following extracts are taken, was undated, but was presumably written about the 21st July, 1900, from Lokoja.*]

(To H. M. C.)

. . . . . Here I am under the hospitable roof of "W.W." (Wallace), quite the most kind and open-hearted man I have struck for some time. He has refused to let me do any work, and has fed me on champagne because I was a bit "off colour." He is a most entertaining man (when you can get him to talk of his own exploits), as you may well imagine from his 22 years experience of West Africa. . . . . .

I have had to inquire into and settle many slavery questions at Illorin, and have done so purely on my own lines (since I had no others to follow), and if, as the letter I sent bears witness, I have been at all successful with the people at Illorin, it is due entirely to the sound principles of right and justice, and the true religion of Charity, of which I have unconsciously imbibed a portion when in the company of the best and wisest I know . . . . [*S. and S.S.*] . . . . Wallace has been to Bida several times, but always as a friend, and not in the guise of a "master," as would now be the position of any resident sent there. As a friend, that is, on every occasion but one, and that time he saved his skin by unconquerable Scottish assurance. The question at issue was this:—

Some German traders came into the river and started near Bida. Bida demanded that they should pay him rent, etc., the Germans said—"The Niger Company take all our money in taxes and customs, we must refer you to them." So W.W. went to discuss the matter, and Bida kept him prisoner for 18 days, but could not break his will. "No," said W., "not only shall the Germans not pay you a penny,

but we, the Company, will punish you for daring to keep me prisoner." The headsman was called, and as W. says in a shy cheery way—"He thumped the great sword down between my feet. I was summoned to give in or have my head chopped off—that would have been uncomfortable, but still, you know—anyway I beat the old man, and got away with my head, and a promise from him of future good behaviour." . . . . . Wherever you go in this country Wallace is loved and honoured by the natives, a higher tribute to a man's character one could hardly have. "Our only true friend," "Our beloved Wallacey," "Our friend next to God." There was a charming letter from Bida to-day explaining the Wushishi scare, which was nothing more than an annual slave raid on the part of some of his chiefs and ending by saying—"Our dear friend Wallace, in whom we put our trust next to God, we are in need of some good white cloth for making us clothes and trousers." . . . . . Wallace has just gone up river, so I am Acting Resident, and rather frightened as he slips away without a word, and leaves one to battle alone! not before he thrust the key of the store into my hand and said "Help yourself generously," and off! . . . . . .

. . . . . .

(To H. M. C.)

August 1, 1900.

RESIDENCY,

LOKOJA.

. . . . . Another change! I am going into the Bassa country. It begins just across the river from here, and after two days the country is unknown. The Bassas are pagans, and have been behaving very ill of late. No white man has ever been there, excepting on punitive expeditions, and very few of them. Rubber is the chief

product, but lately all the roads are stopped, and nobody dare come to trade for fear of being robbed on the way. They have even gone so far as to beat one of our policemen, who was sent with a summons. This at our very door! for the Bassa hills stand out prominently from here, quite close. I am to have an escort of 20 men and a sergeant (black), and am looking forward to the trip, as they are wild lawless heathens, and so far know nothing of the White man. I hope they won't be rude!

[*Here follows sketch map.*] That is my new district, with the tribes markéd in from native information. It's big enough isn't it? Unfortunately in this weather there is so much water about that one can hardly get about. So many rivers to cross, and no canoes probably.

The following may please you, it is a letter to Wallace from the man I am taking with me as interpreter. Parts of it are good I think, his calm proposal to slaughter two or three chiefs is delightful! The grasses being "fu up" of course means high and thick, possibly full grown. I am afraid he is an alarmist, for I am sure there will be no necessity to slay anyone!

> "*My dear Sir,—Just a few lines of mine to you to let you know of what you asked me to do. I should like to go with all my mind for sake you. I should go, but the people I was under as a servant did not ask me to go to the places that you are now wanted me to go. And as God has made you great, and all the people knoweth you as a great man, I should like you to make me great by putting more in my payment. All that I had got in a past time you had taken from me for the wrong deeds. That overside (meaning the Bassas) are not good, as the grasses had been fu up the treacherous people will hide in the bush wanted the people whom they shall see by the way to wound and kill, for the people are very wicked. As for the places I know all none perplexes*

me. The White man should be about three or four that will have to go and several of soldiers, for they are very wicked. The works over there are more than one month, five months are not enough at all. Apotos lands were the most fierceful lands, having guns and weapons. Ziger and Sargu have so many rifles and the powder guns. If you want the lands to be peaceful and perfect silence you must kill 2 or 3 of the chief men, then shall the place be perfectly silent. I will kiss the English Bible before I go away, and that to show that I will work with all my heart by God's ability. I write you all these to make you understand more than lip can tell. No more to say.

I remain, your obedient servant,

Audu Momo."

Of course Bida is my place really, only that at present it would certainly lead to trouble to put a White man there, and His Ex. dare not risk a big palaver just now. (Many troops away in Ashanti).

W.W. wanted Lugard to give me a whole company and a white officer (Lieutenant), and let me pacify the Bassa country and make it safe for traders (natives) giving me an almost free hand, which would have been interesting. However L. wouldn't see it at all, so that now if I find that any people must be punished I will have to send in to Lokoja and ask for troops. The Bassas are said to be splendid farmers, it is curious that at the same time they should be so unruly.

. . . . . Don't think of me as wretched, I am all right in the bush, but undoubtedly this country is no health resort, and when you and I go avoyaging it must be on the other side. . . . . I should so much like to be the first Resident at Bida, because I reckon that anyone who could make Bida safe and friendly would do more for this country than anyone supposes. At

present Bida is, so to speak, at the front gate, and when we go out we sneak out by a side one, and every one sees us do it, so they say—"What! acknowledge the White man when even Bida ignores him, not much!"; to smash Bida with soldiers would no doubt be effective, but I am convinced that the greater moral effect on the native mind would be achieved by a peaceful conquest of Bida. Suppose we smash Bida, then Zaria, Kano, Sokoto, will say—"Well it's our turn next," and will prepare to resist all they can. Whereas a bloodless conquest of Bida would show them that the White man can do things without brute force, and that perhaps he is not such a bad fellow after all. . .

. . . . . .

I personally am not sure that soldiers are necessary, and to show you that I am game to back my opinion I may quote the following:—To go into the Bassa country I was to have 20 soldiers, but was to run no risks and not fight, so I have asked that since I may not fight let me have four policemen in place of the soldiers, for so far it has been my experience that the sight of a soldier is sufficient to scatter a whole village, or to "get the people's backs up," and therefore as mine is to be a peaceful mission let me go my own way. Again if there is any chance of being attacked (which I assure you I don't believe), the people are in such numbers that four or five men would be almost as much protection as 20. Therefore give me 100 men, or none.

. . . . . Do you know I really hardly know whether I shall be able to restrain myself, for if I "find the people friendly and run no risks" I may poke about where I like. Now between Bassa and the Katsena is the only *really* unexplored bit of our territories, and it is said to be country full of queer people, living up on high rocks, and cannibals with bows and arrows, and all sorts of queer things, and so I tell you frankly that I do not know whether I will be able to resist the temptation of trying to go right through from Ida to Katsena. (I know that L. wants that country

mapped, but he daren't exactly tell anyone to do it unless he can afford to give him a big force). The distance is not great, but God knows what the country is like, and 200 miles of W. Africa is equal to a thousand of many countries. I tell you this that, supposing you don't hear from me, and supposing that people say I have been killed, you will know where I am, and that at the worst I have a slight go of fever or toothache. I don't want to make you anxious, but at the same time I feel so doubtful whether I can resist the attempt, that of course I tell you.

If I start I shall get through somehow I think, but it's getting started that is so hard. In any case I would sooner feed the hungry stomach of a decent cannibal than die like a rat in a drain at Lokoja, which would probably be the case if I stayed here. It would at least be novel to have a perambulating tombstone! It is so funny to think of the scoundrels one has to employ. Oudu, who sent the above letter, is known to have intercepted £50 worth of goods, sent in as a "dash" to the Resident! but he knows the Bassas so well that he will (probably) be invaluable to me. About my possible journey you must be very circumspect, and until at least two mails have arrived with no letters from me, say nothing about it. . . . . .

. . . . . .

We don't hear much from Ashanti. Willcocks has got his K.C.M.G., and there must have been some horrid fighting, for it's a beastly country, where you either get potted by a trade gun full of old iron at two yards, or fall into a covered pit in the forest path, and get slaughtered at leisure by a gent. with a machete. Not to mention poisoned arrows. Wallace says it's an awful moment when you are hit, and know that whether you die in five minutes, or are merely slightly wounded, depends on whether the poison has lost its strength through age, or whether it has been freshly put on. . . . . .

August 6. I feel better now, having got yours of June 28 and July 6. . . . . In the last lot of photographs you will see Dogerri (Hausa) alone, nearly ½ length. Also poor old Wazeri, full length and grinning.

This place is a perfect pandemonium to-day. Davidson is arriving (to take Wallace's place); W. and another are leaving; and all sorts of stores are being sold and packed and unpacked; at the same time hundreds of natives are waiting around to say good-bye, and really I can't think of what I am writing about. I expect to get started to-morrow, and would have been off to-day but for a touch of ague, that really does one good rather than the reverse, for, to stop it, one piles on blankets and just lies and sweats, and this brings out all sorts of bad things. When I get out into my tent again I will have more time to write properly. . . . . .

(To H.M.C.)

August 17, 1900.

LOKOJA.

. . . . . Unfortunately my departure for Bassa was so delayed that it gave time for the H.C. to return here. I had all my loads packed and laid out ready to start, had my carriers and interpreter, cloth and other barter goods, and was on the point of starting when I got instructions *not* to go. Isn't it too sickening, it really is sickening . . . . . Nothing particular has happened to affect the state of affairs out here, except that a scare has been raised on the Benue, on account of a threatened attack by the Munshis (*the* poisoned arrow experts) on the Assistant Resident, at a place about 200 miles from here. Then Bida and Kontogora are still slave raiding, and fired on a sergeant and section of "Waffs," and finally my successor at Illorin has wired for soldiers. . . . . My

horse-boy comes from Illorin and tells me all the news that others don't hear. . . . . Of course I tell you all my feelings, and am not afraid of your thinking me conceited, so when I am told that all the Illorin people are asking when I am coming back, and that they like me "too much" as they express it, I confess I believe them to be sincere. . . . . Any way here I am stuck now for some time in this very ancient structure that stinks like a charnel house, and emits odours of dead rats, bats and other delicacies. One wakes in the morning feeling as, I imagine, Lazarus must have felt after he had been dead and buried and brought to life again!

At present D. is here in charge. When he goes I shall be again in charge. He is a *very* nice chap indeed, and a very clever man, and being Scottish and dour and very grim we are suited to a T., and converse in a way that makes us happy, but which would probably depress others into their graves. I hold Court usually as he has other work to do. . . . . This is quite a lively (?) place compared with Jebba; there are about six officers up at the Camp, about eight civil officials of various kinds, and a sprinkling of N.C.O.s and civilians of the same class. I am in great request on account of the gramophone, and am contemplating giving it away, I am so tired of grinding it! and I hate to refuse, as it is really immensely enjoyed. Polo is played here, but so far I have not tried my hand at it, but intend to try and learn the game if I am likely to stay here.

. . . . . .

Yesterday I was called away to the centre of Lokoja town to choose a site for a woman's grave! they usually bury them in the floor of the house, which has apparently done no harm to anyone, though it has been going on for some hundreds of years; now however it is considered unsanitary, but of course the people want to stick to their old customs. I satisfied them and my conscience (as far as my duty to Government is concerned) by having a hole dug about 20

feet from the house, in the garden. There were some fifty women engaged for howling, and a like number of men, however they did not want me to see the performance, so after being shown the late lamented, on which they insisted, I departed.

Did you ever experience the mental and physical agony of jamming your toes against something in your boot when putting it on? The other day I ran up against something in my boot, and thought at once of snakes and scorpions and horrors generally—one's nerves being all to pieces as far as sudden surprises go—and it turned out to be nothing more harmful than Joseph's month's wages (£1 all in 3d. pieces) hidden in my boot for security! They are funny boys and most amusing. John Pugh (cook) gives me moral advice about stopping up late playing the gramophone, which I take as a proof of his affection for "Master." I have given Joseph a Waterbury watch, which is the pride of his life, and the envy of all the other boys. They are faithful chaps; when I left Jebba I left my horse with Tieru, the horse-boy, to look after him. There was nothing on earth to prevent the boy taking it and bolting, but he turned up here yesterday, pony fat and well; and he quite an untamed Yoruba, who had hardly seen a white man before I took him as horse-boy.

Thieving is rampant here, nothing is safe. Formerly a thief was sent up to Bida, or some other potentate, who promptly had his ears and one hand cut off, often followed by his head; now, as the old *Mallam* says:—"You Government men are too soft, you make things easy for thieves, your punishment for them consists in putting them into a better house than they ever lived in before, you give them clothes, and food, and all they do is labour of no very harsh character; after a few months they reluctantly leave the gaol and start thieving again." All this is perfectly true and we know it, but so long as people fear to make drastic and sensible regulations, because of the morbid sentiment-

ality of a lot of idiot people at home, this state of affairs will continue. I proposed a "curfew" bell at sunset and a patrol having orders to arrest *anyone* they met, there is no necessity for any Lokoja man to be out after sunset. I don't mean that *in* the town they should be shut up, but that they should not be allowed anywhere near European houses; however that idea would not be stomached. Nothing is safe from thieves here, and we may not even flog them. I discovered a great law the other day, something to do with the "youthful offenders" act, anyway I found that a boy under sixteen could be flogged. Nobody can say how old a man is, as he don't know himself, so any man who is not obviously over 30 I put down at 15 years of age.

Lugard has given me a week's leave for a "health trip" to a table land 1,000 feet high, which extends for miles from the back of this place. So far I have not been able to get away, as Davidson has been sick. . . . . .

. . . . . .

The Government have kindly allowed the natives of Lokoja to build a mosque, the ground chosen faces the Mission Chapel. Behind the mosque will be the native court, very handy for settling any rows between the rival "God palaver" men!

A fine example of prison discipline:—Wallace has planted some young mango trees, some goats came to feed on them, the convict gang was going to work, the goats were sighted, away went the prisoners and chased the goats for about half a mile. The police were not going to run so they calmly walked on down the road. Presently the prisoners returned, never a thought of escape!

Did I tell you my method of keeping two very desperate criminals at Jebba? At that time there was neither gaol nor handcuffs, and I was afraid they would escape, and so bring discredit on me and my police, so I employed them in carrying up some stores on a broiling day, all day, and made that an excuse for "dashing" them both 1s. They were

my most faithful slaves ever after, and never dreamt of escaping. That's prison discipline, and no mistake, isn't it?

I must stop now as I don't know when the mail goes, and I hope to be away in a day or two for my week's trip.

. . . . . .

(To his Mother.)

August 26, 1900.

LOKOJA.

. . . . . The most select and high-toned dinner party ever given in this country came off last night, and was a great success! Davidson (Attorney General) and self invited the three nursing sisters from the hospital to dinner, also one of the officers to make the number even. It really was quite amusing, because the whole thing seemed so out of place. They arrived in hammocks, borne on the heads of four men; as they approached we were filled with consternation, for none of us knew their names; they are always addressed as "Sister" or "Nurse." However, I don't think it really mattered much. The table was beautifully arranged with flowers, chiefly Frangipanni (I don't know its classical name) blossoms. There are two of these trees just in front of the house, imported from Madeira. They are, as I think I told you, covered with nests of sweet little birds of all kinds. My boy caught a beautiful little chap, a humming-bird, with blue and black sheeny feathers, with innumerable shades according as the sunlight struck them. I was sorely tempted to have it executed so that I might send the feathers to Kass to paint, but I could not do the deed, and let him fly away in peace.

They are very plucky women, I think, who come to this miserable river to nurse sick men. They are far ahead of most men in the matter of not grumbling or complaining, and they have to put up with great discomfort and hardships, however well they may be looked after. Just think,

at Jebba there was one poor woman alone for weeks and weeks; no other female (except black) within 200 miles. . . . . I don't think they ought to come out to such a barbarous country, it is neither right nor safe, and in any case men would be better for the job, but all are good nurses. I fancy our friends enjoyed their "outing," it must be deadly dull for them, so that any change must be welcome. . . . . .

You would be amused to see my cook's present costume; where he got them I can't say, but he appeared to-day with a pair of ladies' stockings, apparently some imitation silk, drawn over his trousers outside, and dancing "pumps," a most comical figure. Being Sunday, Rabbi (or John, or Tieru, he goes by all these names) has to say "God Save the Queen," which he flounders through in a very funny fashion.

Here is the beginning of a Yoruba song, which they used to sing in my honour, I can't remember any more than:—

"*Muni Muni koshi ma*
Banni banni loko un"

which has the sense and cadence of the following—"Slavery is ended, rescue! rescue!" with the accent on the "sla" of slavery. First in a low voice, and then in a higher key, repeating it over and over again.

Koshi in Hausa means full, and it is Joseph's custom to call out to the cook when I have finished a meal "*Ya koshi*" —He is full; or sometimes "*Chikki ya koshi*"—His tummy is full. Rather a bald way of announcing the fact.

I have two large black insects, like hornets, which are building in my room. I watch them with great interest; they are slow but very thorough, and so far have made what is evidently the top of a hanging nest, hanging by a thin string of comby-looking stuff from a peg in the wall.

I told H.M.C. in my last letter that I had a few days leave. My holiday was not altogether a success. The bush

is not very pleasant at this season; the grass is long, in many places above one's head when riding, and as rain is fairly constant (though it is by no means as bad as I expected), of course the grass is wringing wet. I find a pair of waders most useful, with them and a mackintosh I can keep quite dry, though the costume is distinctly stuffy when the sun comes out, which it seldom does; just now the atmosphere is exactly like that of a fernery or extra-hot greenhouse. The uncomfortable part of the business is that no matter where you put clothes they become damp and clammy, and as the mornings are cold it is quite uninviting to see and feel cold, clammy clothes and boots.

I camped near a small village, about 15 miles from here, on high ground amidst rather pretty scenery: undulating country with great round blocks, and queer peaks and cones of granite rising above the bush; the bush being open in places and almost "park-like," as they say in books. The country people about here are most unloveable, in fact I think they are most horrible and annoying folk. There are few things more aggravating than to arrive in a village where countless fowls, goats, and sheep are to be seen, and on asking to buy some to be told that there are none for sale, especially when you know it is done to spite the white man, and is just a piece of "passive obstruction" of which these natives are past masters. The first village I came to I asked for the headman, and told him I wanted to buy some fowls.—"No, he had none, none of his people had any.—Oh! those fowls running about belong to people who have gone away for a few days, all the people you see are strangers, I am really a stranger, though they call me the headman." "Very well then, I said, these fowls belong neither to you nor these people." "No," he said. "Then that being so you can have no objection to my stealing some" (he looked rather blank), and forthwith I ordered my carriers to chase the fowls and capture some, which they did, and I turned as if to go away. Looking rather shame-faced and disgusted,

the owners of the fowls (as I knew they were), followed and claimed payment, which for a time I refused until they confessed and promised to be good in future.

At the second village where I camped, they again refused to sell, this time yams for the carriers, these were soon produced when the villagers saw my men starting to grub up the yams themselves. Before I left I had made quite good friends, but these things are most annoying. These people are mongrels, more Nupé than anything else, but mongrels. There is a saying that—"If White man do good for Yoruba, Yoruba do good for him. If White man treat Hausa proper, Hausa treat him proper; but Nupé man knows only fear," and it is true. I seldom strike a black man, because I have always been able so far to make them do what I want peacefully, sometimes it is absolutely necessary or one's safety might be imperilled, but I am convinced that the only argument which appeals to a Lokoja man is a sound "hammering" before anything further is said or done, first plant a wholesome dread in his bosom and he will be your slave for evermore. It no doubt sounds brutal at home, but conditions of life are so different in these strange lands, and there are certain ways of treating certain peoples that must be adopted for the sake of the safety of the community—a handful of whites surrounded by hundreds of thousands of blacks.

I took two hunters with me, and they were a strange pair. Really there was something fascinating in knowing that the man in front carefully sneaking through long grass, has in one hand a bow, and slung round the opposite shoulder a quiver full of newly-poisoned arrows, a scratch from which would mean death to man or beast. (I tried to buy his bow and arrows, but, and this is the only good trait I have heard of in the Nupé character, he refused to sell at any price, as his bow had been handed down from father to son for generations). Behind me, carrying my rifle, followed one Al Haji (the pilgrim) who has been to Mecca.

He comes from the back of Sierra Leone in French country, and was in their Senegalese army, but deserted. A wild insolent ruffian, young and eel-like, who had all the swash-buckling air of a soldier unused to much discipline (the French troops are allowed to plunder and murder as they please), and had lately come out of gaol, where he had been sent for attempting to shoot a man with whom he had quarrelled; but a very excellent hunter. I knew him by repute, and he was a man to whom fear alone would appeal, and I took the very first opportunity of showing him that he could play no tricks; the shooting pains from an exposed nerve in my tooth added additional strength to my quite legitimate method of teaching him manners. (I have discovered that Scrubb's Ammonia, which we use in our baths to kill beasts in the water, and liven it up, is an excellent remedy for toothache. Cotton wool, soaked in it, causes such insufferable agony that the genuine toothache is perfect bliss and joy in comparison. I am always making discoveries in medicine! I think I should have been a doctor). The way of hunting here is different to that of most countries. Here one's quarry has to be tracked up—one cruises round looking for fresh tracks, and then, having found them, one follows and follows until the beast is seen, usually he sees one first, and scampers off. The "Bush Cow" (Congo Buffalo) is the greatest trophy here, up the Benue River are lions and elephants too.

One day we came on fresh tracks early and followed them for quite four hours through swamps, and grass well over our heads, fearfully hot, and flies of all kinds devouring us, only to see in the end an instantaneous flash of several tails and to hear a rush and crash of a herd dashing madly away through the grass. I managed to secure a hartebeest and that was all. My friend Al Haji quite eclipsed himself, when skinning the antelope he kept up a running fire of remarks on the beautiful meat, and with grunts and groans of delight now and again cut off a piece of flesh and gobbled it

up raw. An unpleasant sight, however he has probably eaten his enemies after a fight, though he denied the impeachment.

I think you may marvel at what I have called a "health trip," but I assure you I am all the better for the hard exercise, in spite of the rain and wet and flies. Perhaps it would not suit all invalids to plough through swamps and bush for some seven hours a day, but I felt that violent exercise was what I wanted, and I certainly got it. It is of course useless to try and disguise the fact that Lokoja is not a health resort, but I live in hopes of leaving it. In this country 24 hours may change the whole face of affairs, and therefore, though I am permanently stationed here at present, yet I have hopes that something will happen that will rescue me from this home of concentrated monotony and depression. . . . . .

My "boys" have all got new clothes, which I "dashed" them for good conduct; they are quite idiotic in consequence, and can think of nothing else. . . . . .

. . . . . .

(To H.M.C.)

September 2, 1900.

LOKOJA.

Still Lokoja heads my letter. . . . . .

You will be glad to hear that I am feeling very well indeed, so much so that I fear—for there are less roses without thorns here than in more favoured spots. I really don't think this fever hurts one after it is over. I don't think there are any after effects. Any way I feel very fit, and would back myself to do a day's work (physical) against anyone out here. I have been surveying for the last few days, am making a plan of Lokoja native town, with a view to apportioning various quarters to various headmen to

keep clean and generally supervise, and surveying is about as trying as anything out here, as you must of necessity be out in the sun working. Though just lately we have had hot sun yet it is generally cloudy. I have a huge crowd watching me, and some with no friendly eyes, for they say—"This White man come to measure, next he will come to cut our houses"—meaning cut broad, straight streets instead of narrow, winding alleys, and though I assure them I am only "making a book of their town, so that I know where all men live," I know in my heart they are right, and that if I had a free hand I should cut broad, clean, fresh streets bang through the town, and plant trees along them. Of course compensation would be given in such cases, and the ordinary straw hut is such an unabiding home that they would not really mind once they had moved them. Yesterday I made Abiga, the King of Lokoja (who has been home and seen the Queen!) tell the people, through the town-crier, that they need not fear me as I only made picture of their town, nor was I putting any *Ju-ju* on their houses or belongings.

Davidson is going to Jebba to-morrow, so I shall be alone in my glory again. . . . . Any native, however savage or civilised, or high, or low must be interesting in some way. . . . . I may inhale a good many stinks in Lokoja, but I see many amusing things, but I am too stupid to describe them. The market is well attended here: regular straw-made stalls in long rows divided off, and each vendor has his, or her, own little place to sit in, with goods spread out in front. Cloth, leather, brass work (a very little, the best comes from Bida—my Bida, alas! that I am not there), iron work, knives, hoes, swords, staples for mending canoes and so forth (iron comes from Bida and country N.E. from here, smelted from surface lumps of ironstone, and ironstone-gravel and sand, brass of course is imported) plumbago, from which they make a black powder, which is rubbed on the eyelids just under and over

the lashes, both to beautify and keep away the flies, potash in great slabs from beyond Kuka, and salt; that is the bulk of the "dry goods."

Then we come to the *Me-nama*, the "Flesher" who displays little heaps of meat on slabs of wood (rather neat: *Nama*—meat. *Me-nama*—a butcher. So, *Doki*—a horse, *Me-doki*—a groom. *Haribi*, to hunt; *Mekaribi*, a hunter; *Mekaribin-nama*, a hunter of game, etc. */n* signifies "of" thus *Vijia*, a well—*Vijian Helena*, Helena's Spring).

While I remember, Abiga, who saw judges at home, describes them as "putting the hair of a ram sheep on their heads." Hausas apparently have no word for feather; *Gashi* means hair, but they talk of "*Gashin Kaza*," *i.e.*, hair of a fowl. . . . . .

To continue the market—the chop market. We find all kinds of funny things, peppers and other hot things, guinea corn, maize, vegetables of sorts, yams, flour (of yam, casava or corn), dried fish, snails, long fried caterpillars, snuff, palm oil, shea butter (for lamps, with a wick of rag), and other luxuries. It is an amusing scene. . . . . .

. . . . . .

I bear up well, but this is a deadly dull place, and what makes it worse is that one cannot even take an interest in one's house, for this house is probably to be sold back to the Company. . . . . Anyway, if one had a garden or trees, or something of that kind, it would do a little towards relief, but certainly one does not want to beautify a place that may be sold in a few weeks. I hang on from day to day, hoping to be sent into the bush. . . . . The Court palavers are too civilised to suit me. . . . . More than ever I am anxious to visit Bassaland, because yesterday I had some messengers from a town called Benehi (accent on the *hi*) which has a most Scottish ring about it! . . . . . I am awfully sorry that old Suliman (the policeman) has come to grief, and now languishes in gaol. I had enough

against him to have jugged him, but he was an excellent policeman, and had been a fine soldier, so I forgave him, but this time he went too far, taking bribes, extorting money, etc. I am very sorry indeed about the poor chap, because I know it is not his fault so much as that of our idiot system. When Suli was a soldier in the Niger Constabulary he was an excellent man, and was kept so by floggings for small offences. Our benevolent system he so little appreciated that, being free from the fear of the "balala" (hippo-hide whip), he indulged in all manner of crimes, and has succumbed. I will leave this open to the last minute in case the mail comes in.

Monday. . . . . Still a few hours before the mail goes, so I may get yours in time to acknowledge. Am just in from surveying (12-0) started 7-0 a.m. broiling sun, it is now raining like fun, straight down in torrents; these storms come on so suddenly, and the rain is so heavy and perpendicular, that one can only describe them by supposing that, without warning, a string has been pulled and an infinitely gigantic shower-bath has been started. . . . . Surveying is about the only job in which one cannot avoid ugly places; your line must go straight whatever. I make John Pugh and Joseph do the chaining; they are creditable pupils. Tieru (horse-boy) carries poles, etc., and anyone I can commandeer carries the instrument when not in use. Thus I save the Government the wages of four men at 1s. a day (or £73 in a year!) not that I use my own "boys" with that object, but because I like teaching them things, and making them handy, and they are delighted at doing something that they can "crow" about to their black pals. . . . . .

(To his Mother.)

September 12, 1900.

LOKOJA.

. . . . . So little happens here, every day is much alike. The arrival of two doctors on a "malarial-mosquito hunting expedition" has been an event. They were most anxious to examine the blood of as many children as they could get hold of, so I did my best for them, but made them understand that I could only make the coming forward of the children voluntary. About 25 were bold enough to be operated upon—the operation consisting in the drawing of a drop of blood, by a needle-prick, from the finger. Each child was rewarded with some beads or a sham tin watch. I thought they were very brave to come at all, for they could have no idea of what was going to happen. I hope none of them will happen to die just now, or I shall certainly be accused of putting a *ju-ju* on them! They have great and wonderful theories these scientific gentlemen, and are going to make this country a perfect health resort, on paper! Presently Strathpeffer will be deserted, and "Cheap Trips to the Niger" instituted, and at least Niger water would be on an equality with that of Strathpeffer from all accounts. . . . . .

We have been having most beautiful moon-light nights; as the full moon rises its light is cast right across the Benue and the Niger, with a gap in the middle, and it looks weird and imposing, rising at full speed, like a monster search-light. These nights are devoted to dancing and games in Lokoja, drums predominate.

I am just going to hold court (8 a.m.), have just had breakfast, and before that set men to work on a cricket ground. I don't believe in half measures, so have a gang of 70 men at work, they ought to make a difference in the appearance of the ground. You must forgive a short letter this time. . . . . I have little to tell, and am fairly busy. . . . . .

(To H. M. C.)

September 13, 1900.

LOKOJA.

How would you adjudicate on this:—Shipada, an Igbirra woman from Ejikaku, demands three children from Igbunu of Lokoja. Shipada had a sister Kasola. Kasola married Anene, and by him had two girls, Alumomuyi and Bazama, and one boy, Okuto.

Anene died, and Kasola married Igbunu, and by him had two children, boys, Abukani and Zanakorni. Nine months ago Kasola died, and Igbunu has kept all the children.

Is Shipada entitled to her late sister's children by first marriage?

I thought the names might amuse you. This sort of case must go by native law, which we abide by, unless obviously unjust. Such cases are sent to the *Alkeli* (native judge), he sends back his decision, which is confirmed, or not, by us. I should give the three first children to the sister, and fancy that is what the old judge will say. He is an old, old man, nearly blind, and awfully wise, and really does know Mahommedan law.

I had another abortive shooting day last Sunday. Nearly got upset into the Niger crossing in a canoe with my pony. There is not much room except in large canoes, and pony began to get restless, and all but upset us; by hanging on to his tail and head we saved the situation. I had taken the precaution to lash my rifle and camera to the canoe, in case of a spill, which the natives could not understand at first, but after I explained, by signs and Hausa words mixed, what I was driving at, they were delighted at my forethought, a quality that they lack.

Al-haji, since I beat him to the destruction of my hand, is my firm friend, and we have great talks in a mixed dialect of pigeon-English, Hausa, and signs. It's wonderful how one can get on. I rode until we got to where game was

expected, and then sent the pony home, and then the plodding through high, wet grass began, over rough granite hills, hardish walking, and makes the perspiration run! It is almost useless though, for one cannot see a beast at any distance, and tracking is very hard, as you cannot track forward, but can only see the tracks actually where you are standing. Of course in open ground you track perhaps ten to twelve yards ahead. As ill-luck would have it I had taken the "Eye-opener," judging that I could expect only a snap shot; alas! I had a splendid chance at a Cobus Cob (a red antelope of fair size), which was standing on a rock on the opposite side of a valley, about 200 yards away, too far to make sure with the "Eye-opener," who is only meant for 100, and I aimed too high by some inches. Not much to tramp through high grass, well above one's head most of it, for several hours, but if one doesn't try one can't hope to shoot anything.

I always take out the same lunch, viz., a cold boiled fowl and some hard-boiled eggs, and fried yam. Al-haji gets the carcase, which he eats like a dog, bones and all, but he thinks it poor food compared to raw quivering flesh. I got back here about 5 p.m., starting at 7 a.m. On return I always plug myself full of quinine, usually 20 grains, washed down by a strong whiskey and soda. I fancy it's bad for the in'ards rather, but you will see that I am still energetic enough to tackle a day's shooting, and you won't find many who are, least of all after nine months in this climate, so you must be assured of my fitness please, though I confess to having been unwell at times.

The hot sun is coming out again, and the rains are nearly over, except for isolated storms. On the whole the rainy season is not formidable here, nothing like Ceylon for instance, more like Northern Australia, but it is horribly stuffy and muggy. All leather becomes mildewed in one day if neglected; boots and saddles, etc., must be cleaned every day. Now we must expect isolated storms; next, another

spell of tornadoes; then the harmatan, when everything crinkles and cracks from the dry dusty winds from the Sahara. So we have plenty of variety in seasons.

I am sending you a badge that came off the coat or shirt of one of Rabbi's soldiers. The natives all call him Rabbi (pronounced like Cabby), though I notice papers call him Rabah, or those who wish to be particularly knowing, spell it Rabeh. I have heard Lokoja talked of as Loko*jah*, by way of being "in the know." It is really *Lo*koja, with a distinct, but faint, accent on the *Lo*, but this is so un-English a way that we call it Lo*ko*ja. To say it really properly you must think of some awful calamity, and then, slightly shaking your head, say with impressive sadness and mystery, LO-KO-JA. Try it, and you will soon feel quite low-spirited.

Wallace left his interpreter here, Panaki by name, a charming chap, who comes stealthily to whisper in one's ear some dread secret, as if the fate of Empires hinged upon his words, and one learns that the Court is ready, or maybe he has only come to say Good-morning. He has a ram sheep that follows him like a dog, which came into Court with him the other day, and I threatened to try the sheep for contempt of Court, and at first Panaki was quite anxious. One must joke tenderly with such as Panaki. . . . . .

. . . . . .

I have found a new relief from the monotony of the ordinary "palavers:" of all cases I keep an account (as well as the shorter record that goes into the Court books) and I now write them *à la* half-penny newspaper, in regular journalese style. Yesterday I had a fine one headed

A LOKOJA LADY
PAYS THE PENALTY OF PETO.*
WARNING TO "WAFF" WIVES.

The case concerned a right royally drunk soldier's wife,

*Native Beer.

whose face and demeanour were too funny for words. She complained of a policeman striking her, and certainly was hurt. I dismissed the case, and "dashed" her 1s. for the laughter she had caused.

They are queer chaps these blacks. A Yoruba man I had as carrier suddenly appeared here, having walked from Jebba (12 days), because he wanted to work for me. I found him carrying firewood one day, quite happy. He just came and started work as if it was quite natural and proper, grinned when I asked him what he was doing at Lokoja and continued his work. Presently he turned up at the house and announced that he had come to work and had already brought in one day's wood, so of course I took him on, at 9d. a day, but I don't really want him. He is the Thunder Worshipper I mentioned before; Onishongu (Yoruba—belonging to Thunder) he is called. I suppose they get used to one's ways, otherwise I can't think why he should walk all that way when there is plenty of work in Jebba. Possibly he is following the thunderbolt on my ring which I showed him! I should like to think that anyway.

The ostriches have laid another egg right in the middle of the market place. "Jimna," the ostrich. They came as presents, from Zaria I think, some time ago, and belong to the Presidency apparently. They wander about all on their own, and are not confined (except when laying eggs!) One of them ate six napkins of Wallace's as they hung out to dry after being washed. The other loves to upset the trays and things in the "chop" market, and annoys people greatly. I daily expect its death. . . . . .

(To H. M. C.)

September 30, 1900.

LOKOJA.

. . . . . I have a guest, a Frenchman! Mons. ———., Administrateur Adjoint des Colonies, Chef de Secretariat, etc., etc. (or something to that effect). He has been here two days, is waiting for a ship to take him to Jebba, thence to Bajibo, where for some occult reason the French have an "Enclave," which means—exactly what it means I don't know. Not quite a trading station, because it is the Government's. Probably the result will be a fort gradually strengthened and garrisoned, and a lot of trouble in the future. The idea, is, I believe, that they should have Government depôts, one at Forcados, and one at Bajibo, from which they can supply their officers on the Niger above Illo (the boundary) by direct waterway, instead of overland from Dahomey. Anyway, there it is, and here is Mons. ———., on his way to inspect it.

His English about equals my French, so you may imagine what amusing conversations we have. He is a good chap, and interesting, having been 12 years out here and in French Congo. He says openly that the French are "trop dur," and with many clicks, and grunts and ahs! makes as if he were screwing something into, or out of, a native. Their duties must be infinitely easier than ours, for they have one policy, viz., getting all they can out of the black man by force. All through Dahomey and the hinterland they have a yearly poll tax, and every man has to pay. "Chief say I no pay, whoop! bang! pouf! palaver finish, war r r r, plenty war r r r. Senegalese fine soldier. Ah! he love the fight, in barracks no good, but for war r r r magnifique!"

They (the Senegalese) are the very best soldiers in the world I believe, absolutely cruel, but brave, and staunch

and bloodthirsty. There is no doubt the French are d——d plucky chaps, the way they dash about with a handful of men and make war on anyone they come across. Their Spahis (mounted Senegalese with carbine and sabre) are demons to fight. My pal's description of how he dashed through Gandi (pretty big town) with ten Spahis was splendid. He had to get through, to be in time to thwart us up near Illo at the time of all the squabbling. How different are their methods to ours! They are too cruel, we too soft, they too volatile, we too cumbersome. Which is the better I can't say! but ours at least savours of fair play, we develop trade where they only grind the natives. . . . . .

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," that is a sound maxim, and I am taking it to heart, and feel all the better for having emerged from my shell (I shall return to it again before long), I should easily become a hermit without watching myself, and after all one can't be meant always to take life seriously, so I have become quite young again, and feel keen on cricket and other games, and have started polo (the most magnificent game ever invented), and acquitted myself so tolerably that I was astonished. I really believe that with practice and a good pony I should become quite fair, so Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, 5 p.m. polo, about ¾-mile from here. . .

. . . . . .

I feel most awfully well, so much so that I was almost confessing to you how many times I have had fever, for I fear I have not been quite honest about that. Lokoja is a curious place, sometimes everyone is sick, natives too, at others it is a regular health resort. Lately I have seen two men invalided with blackwater come down here to await a boat, and in a week or two they have gone away quite new men. I honestly think that at the present time the majority are as fit as they would be in any hot country. Lately the nights and mornings have been quite cold,

really bitter to us! and I eat like a horse, and sleep like a top, whereas a month ago I was sick every morning. If I feel as well as I do now when my year is up, I really think I shall stay on another six months. . . . . .

. . . . . .

(To H. M. C.)

October 13, 1900.

LOKOJA.

. . . . . I feel very dull and have no news. Work rather scarce just now, as all the rivers are in spate and travelling "no go," so people don't come to court. I've collared a lot of smuggled gin and some slaves lately, which is something; fined one chief £4, another £10 (all paid) for not coming when I told them; and have two others in custody now, pending the production of six slaves that were known to be in their town for sale. I think they will learn some day that it would be good to obey. The cricket ground is finished, and we have played two matches. . . . . There are five old "Slaughter-housers" [*Carthusians*] out here (three soldiers, Gollan—I told you he was before I think, good chap—and self), rather a large percentage considering our numbers. Also Lowry Cole (Col. of 2nd "Waffs") and self are the leading lights at cricket. He is a fine specimen for exhibition from West Africa, fit as a fiddle, and desperately energetic. . . . . .

Awudu is a gem. (Oudu is wrong, it should be Awudu, a contraction of Abudu'llahi. Abudu Allahi—servant of the Lord). We are great friends, he comes and sits on the floor, is doing so now. A wonderful chap, and has great and curious power over the Bassas (whose country he has made a special study of), he brings me people from places to which I dare not send armed police. Through

him I have at last succeeded in inducing the biggest Bassa man to come and see me (also the second man). He is an old chappie, very ugly and smelly, with a big bump on the side of his head. He has promised to build a house for me, though I doubt if I ever get away from here! Somebody must be here. . . . . .

I fully expect to be asked to stay out over my time, perhaps three, or even six months, but it is such a strange country that one can't make plans two months ahead. . . . . If I might only have a district and be left alone for a year I would be quite happy, and would guarantee an advanced and peaceful country to show at the end of it. This d———d office work kills me. . . . . .

I am writing in the midst of many worries, latest interruption a man writing to know where he can get a coffin. I have not any in stock! Grim tale—Colonel ordering tombstones from home, "Ah! let's see, we had better order them with the names ready," "Well Sir, but we don't know who is going to die." "Tut, tut, let every officer have one." "Even then, Sir, we can't put the date on beforehand," "True, how tiresome, never thought of that." Rather nice piece of humour I think. As a fact the climate is maligned, it's not so bad really, and as conditions of life become easier there will not be nearly so much sickness. . . . . .

(To H. M. C.)

October 23, 1900.

LOKOJA.

. . . . . I have just bought "Lokoja" from Cubitt (Tom Cubitt and I are great pals), such a fine horse, but a devil to fight. He is always muzzled, and rather puts one into Coventry, because one dare

not risk his savaging other horses. He jumps and dashes at one, and all the time is trying to bite one's legs through his muzzle, but he is a fine pony, bay, with two white feet. He comes from Kuka (Lake Chad). The people call him "Sarikin Dawaki" (or "Doki")—King of Horses. "Sibu" is better, and I think will live. Many horses are dying now, not so much white men's but natives' ones. I have been giving "Sibu" physic three times a day, fever mixture, Epsom salts, arsenic, blankets over him—took great care of him in fact. The time before last at polo I was in great form (for a beginner) and shot three goals. It is a grand game, but of course takes a lot of learning. I have been a lot with the soldiers lately. . . . . .

I expect now that I have bought another pony and am building a stable, that the H.C., who is to be here shortly, will send me forth into the bush, and extraordinary as it may sound, that is a prospect I do not look forward to with joy just now. Why I can't say. Perhaps I am getting too fond of comfort! Getting soft I suppose, the effects of sitting down here for so long.

Last Sunday I went fishing from daylight till about 12-30 in an open canoe, and the sun was awful. We caught very little, but I took the opportunity of stopping every canoe and looking for gin or slaves, but found none. The Nupés make excellent nets of all kinds, and use them just as we do at home. Cast nets, hand nets, big drag-nets, etc. Along the banks one sees fishing towers. A sort of scaffolding is built with a roof on the top, and a seat quite twenty feet above the water. Opposite the tower a high, strong pole is fixed in the bed of the river, a big net, tied to poles at each end, swings between. A rope fixes the pole of the net to the upright pole in the water, the other end of the net is attached to a rope which the fisherman holds. He drops the net into the water, and lets it rest on the bottom for some time, and then slowly hauls on his rope until the net is above the surface, and his pal in a canoe

comes to see if any fish have been caught. Slow, but effective! I have had a great blow—Joseph is in prison awaiting trial, having stolen £4 from me, clothes, stores, and all sorts of things. They all do it, I don't think they can help it really, but it is sickening after treating a boy well, as I always have Joseph, taught him many things, and made a sort of pal of him when in the bush alone, and then to find that, with all his professions of faithfulness and liking for his master, he has been stealing right and left. Of course he was handicapped at the start by his missionary schooling. . . . . I will not try him myself, so he languishes in prison until Davidson returns on the way home. . . . . Four more Illorin men arrived yesterday, old carriers of mine that I left with my successor. . . . . .

(To H.M.C.)

October 31, 1900.

LOKOJA.

. . . . . Sometimes I feel I really cannot stand it any longer out here, and then when I think things over I wonder what to do if I chuck it. The climate is bad, but not insupportable absolutely; the work, if one was alone in a district, would be most interesting; the pay one way and another is not so bad, though I think it should be higher, but what I hate is this station life, office work all day long. . . . . .

. . . I have another scheme, for cleansing Lokoja, which L. has been good enough to approve (it annoys me awfully to have to get any man's approval!) I am going to divide the town into wards, put a headman over each, let each headman get a small tax from the people, and make him responsible for the cleanliness of his ward. Any offence will be punished by a fine, imposed on the

headman of the ward. Thus by plenty of fining we shall get a revenue without imposing a direct hut tax, nor will it cost anything to collect. That's the outline; I rather look forward to making streets, etc., only of course one would like to be doing the same things in one's own kingdom. . . . . I have done what I was afraid I would feel bound to do (just as you said), viz., have agreed to stop on after my leave is due, anyway until Wallace returns, and possibly longer, that will be about the end of February. You see I could not desert the ship when I know how undermanned she is. Talking about the future the H.C. has again held out Bida (Resident there) as a bait for my return. Of course it would be a most interesting billet, and a much coveted one, as well as important. . . . . .

Mons. ——— has returned, and gone again. His farewell was most touching. He and others dined here the night before he left, and he got awfully excited, and said, slapping his heart:—"If any man French, or other, ever says a word against the English in my hear he shall fight me the duel, he shall never speak badly of your countrymen again." Then he wept, real tears, and but for company would have embraced me. He was a real good chap anyway, and I really believe was touched by the way we treated him. . . . . .

I am well and strong now, though curiously enough at the time you last wrote saying you knew I was ill, I was so, and was actually to be invalided, but I held out against the doctors and refused to go, and here I am all sound again. . . . . .

(To H. M. C.)

November 15, 1900.

LOKOJA.

. . . . . For the last fortnight I have lived with all the discomforts of a railway station round me, without the compensation of having a train to anywhere. H.E. is here, and I have continual memos. notes, and minute papers. Also, in an unwary moment, I guaranteed to have a map of part of Lokoja ready for sending home by this mail. I reckoned I could just get it done; however I had a fearful sweat to get through with it, as I had my right thumb nearly broken at Polo (the nail is coming off, and in this climate the thing will probably go very gamey!) For two days I did about ten hours in the sun, and nearly killed my black surveying assistants (they have never done anything of the sort before), but I got it through, both by hard work and hard swearing—for my temper and language have become, if possible, worse than ever—still you know a black man likes a man who nearly eats him, and perhaps shakes him as a terrier does a rat, and whose passion is merely a "rush of blood," and passes in a moment, and who afterwards "dashes" the fellow and jokes with him. I am really very fond of some of these chaps. Awudu is the name of several of my hangers-on; it is of course a very common name. Awudu Mama is my Bassa man, and Awudu is a funny old head-carrier, who just lives around my house. Talking of stars I was interested to find that Venus is known as "Zara Matelli (or Matan) Worta," which means "Zara (her name) the Wife of the Moon" (or Month). I have quite got astray from what I started on! . . . . . My poor pony died in spite of all. I sat up with him one night, and have nursed him day after day without avail. . . . . It's a curious and terrible scourge, every year at the change of

the seasons men and horses all go sick. Poor Atieru when he announced the pony's death fell on the floor and sobbed his heart out. I cried too for sympathy. Dear fellow Atieru, Yoruba savage as he is, I'd trust my life with him. Then he cried again because he thought that the pony being dead I should have no further use for him. Baba Abba ("Lokoja's" horse-boy) is a fine old man, every one knows him, he come from Baghirimi, next door to Wadai, past Lake Chad, and it's awfully amusing to hear him reasoning with "Lokoja" who often tries to eat him! . . . . . .

(To H.M.C.)

November 22, 1900.

LOKOJA.

. . . . . This is the meanest on record, but I am called off to talk seriously to a King near Koton-Kerifi (close to here), and may miss the mail. . . . . I am off with ten soldiers and some of my own "nondescripts" (hunters and that sort), but I am afraid the whole show will be "given away," there are so many traitors in the place. One-and-a-half days' canoe journey. I feel a beast for writing like this. Good-bye. . . . . .

THE END.

APPENDIX.

From H. C. Gollan, Esq., Attorney General, Northern Nigeria.

December 1, 1900.

LOKOJA, NORTHERN NIGERIA.

Dear Lord Southesk,

I trust you will allow me, both as an old school-fellow of your son David, and as one who had seen much of him out here and had a great liking for him, to write and express my sympathy with you. Everybody out here recognises that we have lost in him the most promising of our Political Officers —and this fact is brought into great prominence by the sincere grief felt by the natives at his death. A deputation of the principal men of Lokoja came to me on Thursday morning, and it was very plain that he had, in the short time that he had been out here, gained a great hold over the native mind. The natives followed him where other men would have had to drive them. All of us out here recognised this, and we were proud of the success which had been attained by one who was a favourite with all.

I am writing to you also as I think you would like to hear the circumstances of his death. I was staying with him when he set out on his expedition, and know, consequently, much of what was passing in his mind at the time, and the motives which influenced him. A man of the name of Mama Gana had been raiding, robbing, etc., in the country around Koton Kerifi, a town some 25 miles up the Niger from Lokoja, on the left bank. Your son started from Lokoja on the 22nd inst., accompanied by 15 men armed with rifles, ten of them being soldiers and the rest servants, interpreter, etc. He reached

Koton Kerifi on the afternoon of the 23rd, and heard that Gana was at Tawari, a Bassa town some 25 miles inland from Koton Kerifi. In the hope of effecting a surprise he made a night march, and reached Tawari about 5 a.m. on the 24th. News of his approach had reached the place however, for on entering it he found that Gana and all the townspeople, including the King, had fled into the bush. He searched the King's house and found a quantity of ammunition and old rifles, which he seized and took away with him. Still continuing his pursuit of Gana he went on to Girinia, a large village near Derri, at the mouth of the Guarara, and then returned to Koton Kerifi on the evening of the 25th. He failed to catch Gana however, but the latter curiously enough fled to Lokoja, where he was recognised and arrested on the 27th.

The King of Koton Kerifi, on seeing the guns which had been seized appears to have said that the Tawari people had a number of new rifles which had escaped capture. He also, in the course of a long conversation with Carnegie, seems to have complained very strongly of the conduct of Dungara, King of Tawari. I gathered from Paniki, the interpreter, that these two facts determined your son to return to Tawari with the object of seizing both Dungara and the new rifles. The interpreter tells me that he represented to Carnegie the danger of returning with such a small force to Tawari, as the inhabitants of the villages dependent on it had most likely gathered in the town as a result of the first visit to it. But Carnegie had decisively made up his mind that it was for the good of the neighbourhood to seize Dungara and the rifles, and he characteristically refused to consider the danger. He therefore again made a night march to Tawari, accompanied by his fifteen men and 200 Friendlies, who from all accounts were absolutely useless.

He reached the place about 5 a.m. on the 26th, and marched straight into the town, only to find it empty a second time. Hearing a lot of drums beating in the bush all round, which the interpreter told him meant that the people were gathering to attack him, he determined to return to Koton Kerifi. He headed his party and was closely followed by his fifteen men. Then there was a small gap in his line, caused by the Friendlies

not having closed up as they were ordered to do. The smaller party had hardly got well clear of the gate when a body of Tawaris rushed into the gap and drove the Friendlies back into the town, with a loss of 22 men killed. The rest of them appear to have escaped in small parties to Koton Kerifi.

Simultaneously with the rush into the gap a large number of Tawaris in the bush began firing arrows at a distance of about 60 yards at Carnegie and his small following, and the former was almost immediately hit in the left thigh. He then gave the order to fire, and his men started volley firing into the bush, for they could see little or nothing of the people who were shooting at them. Your son died about 15 minutes after he was hit, but his example had had its effect upon his men, and although two of them were wounded, one of them, his cook, dangerously, they behaved splendidly. They had to fight their way through a most difficult country, surrounded by invisible enemies, but they stuck to their leader's body. At the end of about two hours' fighting they shook themselves clear of their assailants, and reached Koton Kerifi at 4 a.m. on the 27th. They brought your son's body to Lokoja, where he was buried on the morning of the 28th.

The day before yesterday Colonel Lowry Cole, who commands the troops at Lokoja, and I started for Koton Kerifi in a launch. We reached the mouth of the creek, at the head of which Koton Kerifi is situated, that evening, and sent for the King. He came down to see us yesterday morning, and we asked him all about the country with the view of discovering the best road for an expedition to go by. He did not, however, although I questioned him very closely, tell me anything more that I knew already about Carnegie's movements during his expedition, largely, I think, because he was afraid he might be blamed for his death. I trust the expedition will be ready to start in a day or two.

Faithfully Yours,

H. C. GOLLAN.

Copy of Despatch to the Secretary of State for the Colonies from General Sir F. Lugard, K.C.M.G., High Commissioner of Northern Nigeria.

Sir,

It is with deep regret that I have to report the death of the Hon. D. Carnegie, Assistant Resident. Mr. Carnegie was in charge of the Bassa Province, in which for the time being Lokoja was included, and the heavy duties there had prevented him from personally visiting his district; though he had done much by means of messengers, and deputations of Chiefs and others who had come to Lokoja. He pressed upon me the necessity to redeem his pledged word to visit the people, and I concurred in his making a short trip of a fortnight. He telegraphed to me on the 22nd saying he was leaving Lokoja.

2. It appears that he proceeded on the 22nd to Koton Kerifi, the telegraph station on the left bank of the Niger, whence the line proceeds up the Binue. This district is not in the "Bassa Province," and I have no recollection of his intimating to me his intention of proceeding thither, nor apparently was it known to others. He took with him an escort of ten soldiers, and with five other men proceeded to a Bassa town named Tawari to arrest a man named Gana, who had given much trouble. He reached Tawari on the 24th instant, but the man had fled. Mr. Carnegie seized a quantity of powder, snider cartridges, two sniders, and a breech-loader of French make, and some trade guns. He then started to go back. The Tawaris were in the bush near the gate. They allowed Mr. Carnegie, the soldiers, and the other five men to get out of the village, and then rushed between and cut off the friendlies, whom they shut up in the town and apparently captured. Mr. Carnegie was wounded in the left thigh at this moment, and died in about fifteen minutes; two others were also wounded, of whom one is Mr. Carnegie's cook, an Accra man, who was very sick and was left behind in village one hour from Koton Kerifi. The Corporal in charge, who behaved extremely well, drove off the Tawaris by volley firing, and eventually the party reached Koton Kerifi, the King of which was much afraid that the Tawaris, who are very powerful, would attack him. The escort appear to

have behaved most bravely and brought away the body under a very heavy fire, which lasted two hours. The funeral took place at Lokoja on the morning of the 28th.

3. I intend taking the absolutely necessary measures to avenge the death of Mr. Carnegie, and to protect Koton Kerifi, without delay; but the absence of troops and the attitude of Bida and Kontogora makes the situation one of some anxiety.

4. I cannot speak too highly of Mr. Carnegie, or over-estimate his loss to this Protectorate. His strong common sense, his carelessness of personal risk, his ability to handle natives (with whom he was most popular), and his skill as a surveyor and traveller all combined to make him an ideal resident in a country like this. He had, first in Illorin and later at Lokoja, achieved remarkable success, and there was no officer in Northern Nigeria of whom I had hoped more. I had intended to recommend him for promotion next year. In private life he was beloved by everyone, and the news of his death has been a great shock to us all.

5. I trust you will communicate with his relatives, and that you will inform them of the great estimation in which he was held here.

I have, etc.,

(Signed) F. D. LUGARD.

December 10.

News received last night of the safe return of the punitive expedition under Lieutenant-Colonel Lowry Cole after burning the town of Tawari. Our casualties two—no Europeans.

(Intld.) F. D. L.

From Colonel Lowry Cole to H. M. C.

January 15, 1901.

WELLINGTON CLUB.

. . . . . We were all very fond of your brother; his genial, manly disposition attracted everyone. Personally I had only known him at all intimately for about

four months. He was civil administrator of Lokoja latterly, which was the Head Quarters of my battalion, so I naturally had many dealings officially and otherwise with him, but apart from that we found him such a good fellow in every way, and he joined so zealously in all our occupations and amusements, that we became very fond of him, and saw much more of him than of his other fellow civilians.

The account which I have read in the papers for the first time to-day gives, I think, rather an erroneous impression of what happened; perhaps there may have been reasons for so stating it. There can, I think, be no harm in giving you my account. I think the difference important as it testifies to the extraordinary fearlessness of your brother's character. I don't know if, as the papers say, he was despatched on this errand, I should imagine not, as otherwise I should have been asked to provide him with an escort I think larger than that which he actually took. My idea is that the scheme was his own. He kept the matter quite secret, and when he asked me for a party of ten soldiers as escort, only stated that he was going to interview a chief on the other side of the river, and left the impression on my mind that he was going in quite a different direction.

He had with him ten soldiers and four of his servants, armed with rifles. He left Lokoja at about 3 p.m. one afternoon, and by daybreak next morning entered the town Tawari, which is a strong fortified town. The people, I suppose, were completely surprised, and probably thought he had a much stronger party outside. At any rate, they all ran out of the town. He searched the town and secured a quantity of arms and ammunition, and returned to the river by a different route unmolested, sleeping a night on the way. He stayed a whole day with a friendly chief on the river, and had a long interview with him. It was difficult to ascertain exactly what passed between them, but the result was that he decided to return to Tawari and try and capture the chief, who was a notable raider and disturber of the peace of the district. This he, according to the account given by his interpreter, proposed at first to do with only his own four armed followers, wishing to send my men back, as he knew I was very short of men for duty. His inter-

preter told him that this would be madness, and he eventually consented to take the soldiers, and I think must have made arrangements to be accompanied by a contingent of armed friendlies, though this the Chief denied.

He again made a night march and entered the town at daybreak, completely surprising the inhabitants, who fled out, the chief only succeeding in escaping by running for all he was worth. He burnt the Chief's house, and started to return by the same road that he had done so by before. The path which leads out of the gates of the town, after about ten yards of open ground, passes through some dense reed grass, and over a little stream. He issued from the town with his servants and with the soldiers following, and had not gone many yards when suddenly a crowd of armed natives sprang up from the grass and fired a volley of arrows at him. One arrow pierced the inside of his thigh. As the interpreter described it, he wrenched it out, ordered the soldiers to advance to clear the way, and defended himself with his pistol. The effect of the poison soon began to take effect; he must have made some attempt to stop circulation with a tourniquet he had. His servants tried to put him on his pony, but he was unable to stay there, but sank down, saying "I am dying." His interpreter said (he says) "No, sir; don't say that." He apparently by now lost consciousness, and died in a few minutes. The little party formed up with three soldiers in front, two on each side, and three in the rear, and fought back their way for two hours till they reached a friendly village, and then back to the river and to Lokoja, where they arrived about 4 a.m. on the following day.

Your brother had, I understand, while administrating the Illorin district arrested a very turbulent chief with only a handful of police most successfully, in much the same manner in which he attempted to when he met his death. He had great ability in managing natives, and was most popular amongst them, and no doubt thought to accomplish by a bold stroke what would probably have been impossible to accomplish in any other way. The dense character of the bush at the time of year gives so many outlets of escape for a criminal even when all other circumstances are favourable for his capture. . . . . .

His cook, who was only slightly wounded in the foot, is recovering. Your brother bore a very high character as an official; he had the rare gift of getting on with everyone. . . . . .

. . . . . .

Yours very truly,

ARTHUR LOWRY COLE.

From Sir F. Lugard to H. M. C.

January 20, 1901.

JEBBA.

. . . . . I fear I have little or nothing to add to the account of your brother's very sad death which I sent to the Colonial Office. Mr. Gollan, who was living in the same house with him, and was very intimate with him, has also written fully to his father. There was no European with him at the time of his death, but the small escort he had with him behaved *extremely* well, and I specially promoted the corporal in charge for his gallantry. Under a heavy fire and overwhelming odds they safely brought away the dead man, who was buried in the Cemetery at Lokoja. . . . . .

There was no officer in the Protectorate of whom I hoped greater things. I was about to recommend him for promotion to a very responsible position, and had promised him the Bida district—by far the most important here. He was only to make a short trip to Bassa to fulfil a promise he had made to do so, and then to take up his new post, which he was extremely pleased about. There was not a man here either who was more popular and loved by all than he was. His loss is a great one, and apart from my sorrow for a private friend I do not know how to replace him as an official. . . . . .

Sincerely yours,

F. D. LUGARD.

Printed by Black & Johnston, Brechin.