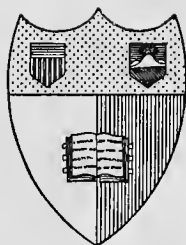




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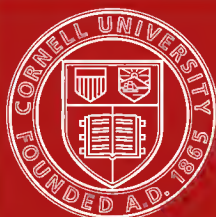
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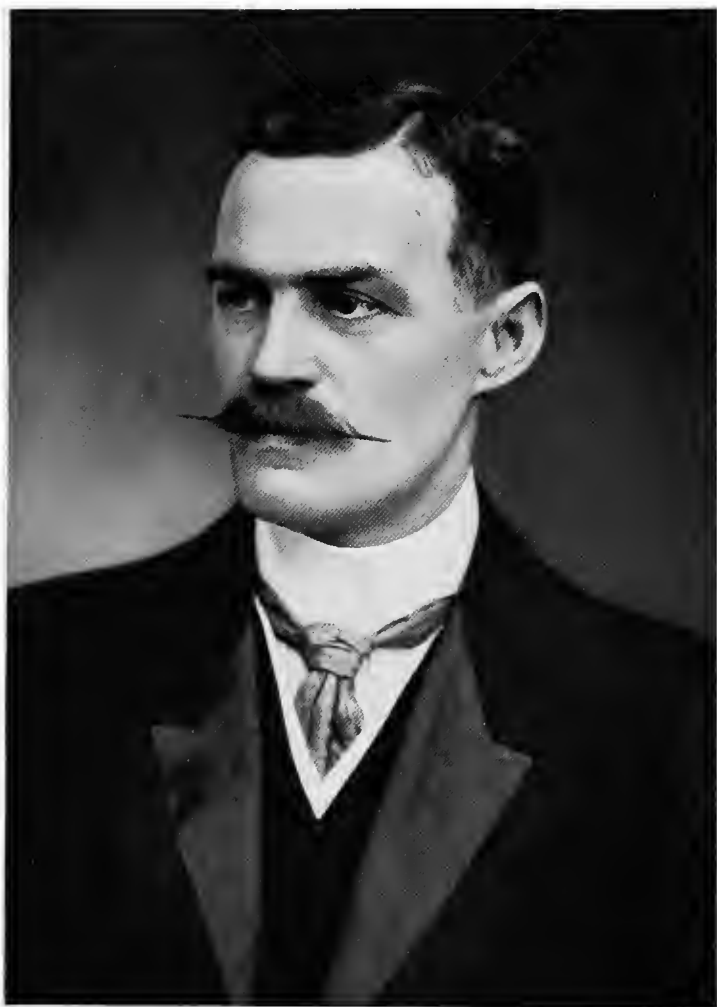
UNIFORM WITH THIS VOLUME

SOME EXPERIENCES OF A  
NEW GUINEA RESIDENT  
MAGISTRATE. BY CAPTAIN

C. A. W. MONCKTON, F.R.G.S., F.Z.S.,  
F.R.A.I., sometime official member of Execu-  
tive and Legislative Councils, Resident Magistrate  
and Warden for Goldfields, High Sheriff and  
High Bailiff, and Senior Officer of Armed Con-  
stabulary for H.M.'s Possession of New Guinea.  
With 37 Illustrations and a Map. Demy 8vo.  
Fourth Edition.

THE BODLEY HEAD





THE AUTHOR, 1907



**LAST DAYS IN NEW  
GUINEA BEING FURTHER  
EXPERIENCES OF A NEW  
GUINEA RESIDENT MAGIS-  
TRATE BY CAPTAIN C. A. W.  
MONCKTON, F.R.G.S., F.Z.S., F.R.A.I.**

**LONDON: JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD LIMITED**  
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TO  
MY LIFELONG FRIEND  
RICHARD FRANCIS LINGEN BURTON  
OF LONGNER HALL, SHREWSBURY, SALOP  
IN MEMORY OF  
DAYS LONG PAST



## AUTHOR'S NOTE

My thanks are due to Mr. Burrows, late Resident Magistrate in New Guinea, for some of the photographs here reproduced ; and to Mr. Justice Herbert for others ; also to Mr. Oldfield Thomas, F.R.S., for the description of the mammals.

C. A. W. MONCKTON.



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# LAST DAYS IN NEW GUINEA







## CHAPTER I

**I**N "Some Experiences of a New Guinea Resident Magistrate" I expressed my intention of continuing my narrative should the book be favourably received. The extremely kind reception that it has met with, and its immediate success, encourage me to continue.

In that book I ended with an expedition over the Hydrographer's Range with Judge Robinson. Shortly after that took place, in September 1903, I was handed over the administration of the Northern Division in addition to the North-Eastern, and it came about in this way.

The Lieutenant-Governor, Sir George Le Hunte, had been away in England for twelve months on leave ; Sir Francis Winter, the Administrator, had resigned and left the country ; the Governor's private secretary, Captain Barton, had been appointed to the dual position of Commandant of the Armed Native Constabulary and Resident Magistrate for the Central Division, either of which appointments could take up a man's full time. Captain Barton

then applied for a year's leave of absence, which was granted. The Executive officers were consequently very few in number. The Governor was away, the Commandant never visited the Northern Division, and the Resident Magistrate there pampered and depended upon alien police from the Western Division—men hated by the local tribes. He incidentally quarrelled with his district officers, the while he spent his time in growing orchids and making pretty gardens.

The Hon. Anthony Musgrave, Acting Administrator, visited the Division, sacked one Assistant R.M., and left, wailing and metaphorically wringing his hands over the state of affairs. Murder, outrage, and robbery were quite common; the death-roll among the miners and indentured labourers was horrifying. The financial affairs of the Division were in a state of chaos; while the miners complained that for two years the goldfields had been unvisited by the Warden.

Mr. Justice Robinson appeared, called upon the R.M. and Warden to resign, and ordered me to take over control of the Northern Division as well as my own Division.

I was not at all pleased. At that time I had a Division where the natives practically governed themselves (with a little advice at times, perhaps):

a Division where a village constable's orders to the populace were just as efficacious as is a traffic-controlling constable's wave of the hand to a Londoner ; and I was now being handed over a Division in which every one of my predecessors had either met with death or disgrace. There was, however, only one thing to be done, and that was to say " Yes, sir," and take on the job.

In twelve months the Division was pulled into order, for which I received the credit. The work really was done by Sergeant Barigi and the men composing my personal escort, which he commanded ; and Captain H. L. Griffin, D.S.O., Bellamy and Elliott, my Assistant R.M.'s. They did the work, I got the credit ; but such is ever so. I have forgotten to mention old Bushimai, the paramount chief ; he reorganized, or really constituted, a new service of village constables for me and stopped crime by making certain the detection and punishment of offenders. A benevolent Government voted me one hundred pounds for my work ; the men who did it, however, got nothing ; that is, in so far as " the powers that be " knew.

The Northern Division was almost entirely populated by the Binandere tribe, a people who, though fierce, warlike cannibals, were also honest, truthful, and moral to the last degree. At the

time I left New Guinea I had nothing in my constabulary, but either Kaili Kaili, from Cape Nelson in the North-Eastern Division, or Binandere, from the Northern Division ; and wished for nothing better. I did not go to the Northern Division as a stranger, for old Bushimai, until his release and return to his people, had been held by me as a prisoner during the King's pleasure for murdering a former R.M. and waging war against the Government. As a matter of fact old Bushimai when captured had asked the Governor to send him to me, in spite of my having once ordered him to be flogged for a particularly outrageous offence. Possibly, however, the fact that two of his sons were serving in my personal escort influenced him to make this request.

Both the Kaili Kaili and Binandere tribes adopted me. The former tattooed on one of my arms a mark to guard me from devils ; and the latter tattooed on the other arm a tribal totem, as a sign that I belonged to their people and not a foreign race. Both things stood me in good stead in my work, for the natives, who had no time for silly white men's laws, simply said when I told them to do something or stop from doing something " The Man has ordered it." · A nice, simple method of governance ! In my later years in New Guinea I was never





BUSHIMAI, HIS WIFE, AND SON OIA



allowed out of the sight of two men, either Binandere or Kaili Kaili ; even at Government House or a Mission Station, Bushimai and old Giwi (chief of the Kaili Kaili) took no chances !

I well remember on one occasion camping near a Mission Station in Collingwood Bay. The Missionary sent and asked me to stay with him at the Mission House ; accordingly I went, to the displeasure of my men. When the time came to go to bed my orderly appeared and remarked :

“ I have loaded a revolver and put it under your pillow, your rifle is loaded and alongside the bed. Privates Kovi and Arita sleep on the veranda.”

The Reverend Percy Money remarked to my man :

“ This is a Mission Station ; your precautions are uncalled for.”

The worthy orderly looked at the Missionary and said :

“ No one can see into the belly of a man.” Then to me, “ Your arms are there, Sir, and Kovi and Arita on guard.”

The same sort of thing occurred at Government House in Port Moresby. On one occasion a formal dinner party was in progress, when Privates Ogi and Maione marched in, in spite of objecting servants and the glare of the Governor, supplemented by

scandalized squeals from the Private Secretary. Both men were fully equipped and paid not the slightest attention to the protests their presence aroused ; instead, to me they blandly remarked :

“ Sergeant Barigi sent us to see whether you were all right or needed anything.”

“ Clear out ! ” I remarked. Whereupon they gravely saluted me, ignoring every one else, and retired outside.

The Governor was peeved, the P.S. was vexed, the dinner party was shocked. The Governor said :

“ I will not have your savages forcing their way in here.”

I told him simply that my escort was in the habit of coming to look at me whenever they thought fit, and had not the fear of or regard for officials in Port Moresby that they should have had, only recognizing me. Whether this soothed his Excellency or not, I am not aware !

As a matter of fact, my people of the Northern and North-Eastern Divisions had a fixed opinion that Port Moresby officialdom had on several occasions treated them with injustice ; they had an idea, whether right or wrong is not for me to say, that once or twice, perhaps, Port Moresby had put expediency ahead of their just rights, also that



GIWI AND HIS SONS



some men went to gaol who really should have been pardoned, while others escaped by whom gaol was richly deserved. A savage tribe understands strict justice, it understands severity, it understands mercy, but it does not understand weakness ("political expediency"), or why one man should not be punished, while another is, for the same offence.

Take the case of Tabe, village constable of the Opi, as an instance in which the people held that an unjust sentence had been inflicted. I related his case in my previous book, "Some Experiences of a New Guinea Resident Magistrate," when Tabe tried to cure a particularly evil sorcerer by immersing him in water for twelve hours. Tabe received a sentence of two years' hard labour from Mr. Justice Murray upon a committal from me for manslaughter. He was a thoroughly meritorious and worthy member of the community and highly respected by his tribe. I went to the Administrator, Captain Barton, and pointed out that though legally Tabe was rightfully convicted and the Chief Justice could do nothing else, it was really a case for the Royal clemency, and I asked for a pardon accordingly. When a responsible district officer in the past had appealed to the Governor in such a case I had never heard of the request being refused, certainly not by Sir William MacGregor, Sir George

Le Hunte or Sir Francis Winter. The request was, in its small way, parallel to the Home Secretary recommending a pardon to the King. His Excellency, Captain Barton, flatly declined to entertain the petition, and at the same time pardoned a most damnable murderer, Igi of the Doriri, then lying under sentence of death, and in whose favour not one single argument could be used. Natives can not understand this sort of thing.

Neither could I, to a certain extent, myself. Barton was an intimate friend of mine, in fact he was my best man when I married ; he was a man of untarnished honour and strict integrity, but he had a sort of haunting fear that he might lean towards his friends, and therefore always decided against them on principle, and usually decided wrongly ; and on the converse side he was so afraid of being unjust that he invariably let off people by whom punishment had been richly deserved, because he either disliked them or was afraid of appearing prejudiced.

One peculiar habit the people of the north-east coast had was never to speak aloud the name of a man they held in respect ; whether the man was one of their own chiefs or a foreigner they merely referred to him by implication, as in my own case as " The Man " ; or if it was absolutely necessary





IGI OF THE DORIRI, WITH HAIR DIVIDED AND WOUND ROUND WITH  
LONG STRIPS OF BARK



for them to mention the name, for instance in a Court of Law, they did so in a whisper, and always through a second party. In the whole course of my experience in the north of New Guinea I never, to my knowledge, was addressed or referred to by name by my men, nor were such chiefs as Giwi of the Kaili Kaili, Bushimai of the Binandere, or Oigoba Sara of the Baruga. For instance Toku, son of Giwi, in referring to his father would use such an expression as "The Man's Shadow"; Oia, son of Bushimai, would refer to his father as "The Watcher of the Man." The custom was universal throughout the Division. No chief affiliated to the Station, and of any importance, was ever referred to by name by another or by their people, but always by some symbolical title they had adopted or been given by the tribes. I always referred to them directly by name, but I fear me it was regarded by the people as a *bêtise* on my part !

Another peculiarity was that in direct conversation no actual names were ever used. The Kaili Kaili and Binandere would address me directly as "Giwi" or "Bushimai" or "Paitoto," and address their chiefs as "Missi Montane," their nearest approach to my name. The impression I gathered from this was that they regarded us all really as one, and in a sense cleverly conveyed

that impression to the ruler they were dealing with.

These curious customs, and others that I usually learnt of by accident, would never be revealed to the most careful of inquirers casually visiting a tribe ; but I lived alone among the people of the north-east coast, was regarded by them as one of themselves, and knew therefore of practices and customs with which no stranger could possibly become conversant. For instance, when the wife of Corporal Bia was in childbirth he came to my house in the middle of the night, and asked me to come and touch his wife on the forehead. I went and touched the woman, followed by Sergeant Barigi of the constabulary and Giwi of the Kaili Kaili ; and was told that my touch meant that the child to be born would have the strength of the Government, Giwi's touch that it would have the wisdom of the chiefs, and Barigi's that it would have the courage of the constabulary.

This reminds me of another occasion when my orderly was dragged before me by Sergeant Barigi and Corporal Bia. The man was pallid with funk, and was charged by them with practising sorcery against my life. The worthy non-coms. wanted the man's life. What had happened was this. When my hair was cut or I clipped my nails, my orderly



TWO BINANDERE MEN



carefully gathered up the fragments and burnt them, lest they should fall into the hands of a sorcerer who might work evil against me. In those days I wore a waxed moustache, and one morning cut off the ends. Ogi, who was my orderly, carefully picked up the ends, placed them in an envelope and put it in his cartridge pouch and did not burn them ; the others noticed him doing this and seized him as he left the house. Ogi's explanation was that he did not intend evil against me, and that I fully believed, for Ogi was a man in whom I had implicit faith, but that he had taken the cut-off waxed ends of my moustache to shove down the throat of his infant son to make the said infant strong in war ! That infant, owing to the vigilance of Barigi and Bia, I think had a fortunate escape !

From these tribes to whom now I practically belonged, my constabulary were recruited, consequently it became a sort of family party, and I knew I could rely on them utterly. Their bravery was only equalled by their steadiness under command.

I remember on one occasion when this was severely tested. I wished to get into touch with an island tribe at the head of Goodenough Bay not far from Cape Vogel, in order to establish friendly relations with them before any white traders or prospecting parties blundered in and got into

trouble ; and also the Anglican Mission was extending its work towards the head of the Bay. I called upon the Reverend Samuel Tomlinson of the Anglican Mission, who was a friend of mine, and who was stationed at Cape Vogel. He was a very small man with a still more tiny wife, but the courage of both was in inverse proportion to their inches. I asked him whether he could lend me an interpreter, as I had none. The only interpreter he had got was a man who spoke a language only known to Mr. Tomlinson, besides the language of the villagers we wished to visit ; the result being that I had to beg Tomlinson to come with me as a Government interpreter and to bring his boy. Mrs. Tomlinson was quite alarmed, and took me on one side and begged me to see that nothing happened to her hubby ; her idea being plainly that she did not want to lose her man either in the interest of the Government or the Mission—an attitude of mind with which I fully sympathized. I pledged the honour of the constabulary that we would return her husband safe and undamaged.

We went to the head of Goodenough Bay, where we landed in a small cove and built a stockaded camp ; leaving some of the police there, Tomlinson and I, with the interpreter and the remainder of the police, went inland. We marched up a long





THREE BINANDERE WOMEN



spur not more than twenty feet wide on the summit, and found the villages of the tribe I wished to visit ; but they were inhospitable and assailed us with sling stones, and greeted us with howls of defiance and the blowing of war horns, whilst armed men came running towards us down every spur. The voice of Tomlinson's interpreter charmed in vain, though we yelled words of peace, and waved cloth and green branches.

" I am afraid there is going to be a fight, and you had better be out of it," I said to Tomlinson, for I remembered my promise to his wife.

I then picked out Corporal Bia and Sergeant Barigi to stop with me, and told the others to run for the camp with the Missionary, while we covered their retreat. The protesting little man was taken off by the police ; and after allowing them a fair start we set off after them, hotly pursued by a swarm of natives, who, however, could only come at us in single file. My rage was great when, in the first few minutes, I came upon Tomlinson and the police calmly waiting for me, he having refused to go on.

We tore back into camp, and I withdrew my men behind the line of the stockade. The natives were crawling in the scrub all around us, yelling ; we shouted back overtures of friendship, but that

apparently only made matters worse. The constabulary were drawn up with loaded rifles and fixed bayonets, waiting in silence and with tense nerves for the expected rush ; but also waiting until we were really pressed before doing anything. Being a very fine fighting force they would not for a moment dream of turning on men that they knew could not have a possible hope against them. The attitude of my men was really that of a Company of the Line being stoned by a mob, namely, " You poor dam fools, you don't know what you are doing ! " The natives chucked stones, they threw spears, and they yelled ; also they hurled insults at the Missionary and his interpreter, which were only understood by them, and which later produced odd results. As the night drew on, the natives pressed closer on the constabulary line, who were still holding their fire, but getting impatient. Suddenly I heard a yell of laughter pass through the line, and heard a delighted cry of " Oh, Missi Tomlinson ! Oh Missionary ! " I turned round, only to see little Tomlinson, pale with excitement, brandishing a huge sword-like knife of mine behind the line of men.

" Mr. Tomlinson ! " I exclaimed in a shocked voice.

" I don't care," said the reverend gentleman,



CAPE VOGEL WOMEN



“ missionary or no missionary, I’m not going to be put in a pot ! ”

I knew that these people were afraid of the dark, and did not like fighting in it ; whilst I also knew that, if I could frighten them away without hurting any of them, the following day, patience on our part and curiosity on theirs, would probably end in our getting into friendly relations with them.

“ We want peace,” yelled our interpreter; “ but if you must fight, come on ! ”

The only answer was more yells. I then took half a dozen dynamite cartridges, and picking a mass of rocks among which there were no natives I hurled a bomb at them, at the same time ordering the police to lie down and fire high among the trees. Boom went the bomb, chips of rock flew through the air, crack went the rifles, and as the noise ceased (also the blood-curdling yells of Mr. Tomlinson), we heard the sound of the feet of stampeding natives. A few brave spirits came back, and gave us a disturbed night by blowing horns at intervals in the scrub close to the camp ; but we knew that they must be blue with funk of us and fear of devils, and dare not attack.

Next morning I sent for some coloured calico, beads, tobacco and small zinc mirrors, and had them deposited on the track leading to our camp. A

little later a great chatteration told us that our gifts had been discovered, and half an hour after that a peaceful deputation was in the camp, presenting us with a pig and some vegetables, each side ignoring the manner in which our acquaintance had begun. One foxy old gentleman even went the length of apologizing for our disturbed night, and explained that the spot on which we were camped was infested with devils, who had an annoying trick of blowing horns all night. I rather suspected the gentleman of being one of the " devils " himself !

Tomlinson found that they had a curious council in their tribe called the " Spirit of the Spears," which decided upon peace or war. It did not consist, as one might suppose, of the elders or chiefs, but of an odd man here and an odd woman or so there ; how it was appointed, or the method of the selection of the members, we could not ascertain. Having established friendly relations with them, we left them some presents and sailed away.

Speaking of missionaries reminds me of some private theatricals I once attended at a Mission Station. The occasion was a great one in Mission eyes, being the first marriage between native Christians of the Station ; and I was asked to come in pomp and pride, failing any one better. The





ARMED CONSTABULARY. CAPE NELSON DETACHMENT



marriage was performed, and the play came on ; it was a show full of morals, two of the characters being a good missionary and a ruffian trader (also enacted by a missionary). The play went on, the good missionary always foiling the intended crime and deceitful wiles of the scowling, pistol-armed villain. Eventually the ruffian was landed in gaol, where the good missionary reformed him, and by whose efforts he was released from gaol and died in the odour of sanctity, not forgetting as he died tactfully to exhort the audience always to pay heed to the good missionary and subscribe to the church, instead of selling all the coco-nuts to wicked traders ! Before this happy ending was reached it was necessary that the ruffian be arrested preparatory to gaoling him. I was asked to enact the part of policeman, and as it was only a "walk on one minute" part with one line I consented ; and this led to an unrehearsed incident in the play. My police were seated at the back of the hall ; the villain had again been foiled by the missionary, he scowled, he muttered, he fingered his pistols ; the missionary walked on to the stage followed by me, the missionary pointed at the ruffian.

" Arrest that man ! "

The ruffian uttered dreadful imprecations. I advanced.

“ In the King’s name ! ”

There came a yell from my police, and over the heads of the seated audience they came with a rush. The play stopped, while I yelled at them to go back, and the villain explained to the audience that it was all gammon !

## CHAPTER II

**I**N 1906 it became necessary for me to make a journey to the far Aikora and adjacent districts, situated on and round Mount Albert Edward, in order to visit the outlying tribes of Gagara and Kambisa and other unknown peoples, and to map Mount Albert Edward for geographical purposes.

With the exception of the Gagara, recently visited by Captain Griffin, D.S.O., my Senior Assistant in the Tamata District, none of these tribes had been seen ; no one knew their strength, and no one could place correctly the locality occupied by them—one just guessed how many there were, or where they lived.

Many complaints had been sent in by miners ; some of whom had been killed by raiding natives, while many camps had been looted. The miners squealed, they howled, they wrote letters to papers, they said I was entirely responsible, and they had questions asked about me in the Australian Parliament, very rude questions ! No doubt the men

complaining had genuine grounds for their squeals, but they never made allowance for the fact that my District Officers seldom lasted more than two months. The politician making an impassioned speech never remembered that death or sickness were things beyond our control ; or, if it did cross his mind, he conveniently forgot it again.

Mount Albert Edward was the key position to the whole of the Aikora District. From that point I could map the whole country and locate every tribe or raiding peoples. Mount Albert Edward must be ascended. Unfortunately I could not take a single officer from any of my districts to accompany me ; and yet a second white man was imperative, for otherwise, supposing I went sick, the whole of my work would be wasted. Bishop Stone-Wigg, however, came to my assistance and lent me one of his missionaries to go with me, the Reverend Percy Money.

The entire success of the expedition was due to Money : he sketched mountains, he took observations when I was sick, he kept my people cheerful, and he carried the Bishop's boots to the top of the mountain ! For Stone-Wigg had declared that, though he could not go himself, certainly his boots should reach the highest point of New Guinea ! I have heard nothing of Money since this expedition,

other than that the Reverend Samuel Tomlinson told me he had got married to a she missionary. He always was a brave man !

I was rather handicapped in the ascent of Mount Albert Edward, as the following extract from my official report shows, giving the composition of my party : " The detail of constabulary consisted entirely of raw recruits under the youngest non-commissioned officer, Lance-Corporal Arigita, as owing to the inexperience of the District Officers, and their apparent inability to control or manage any but the oldest and most reliable men, I had been forced to break up my own escort among the various patrols and detachments of the Division."

On the 17th April, 1906, I left Ioma Station accompanied by ten regular constabulary, all recruits, six village constables (ex-constabulary), and about one hundred Binandere to act as carriers.

On my way to Mount Albert Edward, I called at a gold working on the Aikora River ; a claim there being worked by two men called Bruce and Erickson. Their claim was situated just under one of the main spurs of the mountain ; and here I found a funny thing. On the side of the hill the workings had disclosed small caves full of stalactites and stalagmites, and they told me that they had washed out a number of animals or reptiles resembling large

lizards with hairy or furry skins. Unfortunately they had preserved no specimens, and I was unable to discover one. I left the miners a small tank of spirits in case any more should be found, as, if the description given to me was correct, the animal was probably new to science. It was most regrettable that no more were ever discovered. The stalactites and stalagmites were formed of a white substance resembling silica, in some cases hollow ; and ranged in size from the thickness of a darning needle to a foot in diameter. Some were joined in the middle as though they had grown together. There were no geometrical forms among them, but, instead, they rather resembled melted wax candles. A partially made stone mortar had also been dislodged by the mining operations from where it must have lain for untold ages. There was also a carved, broken, and somewhat elaborate stone implement which was dug up by a miner lower down the river, plainly, I think, an ornate form of pestle.

Mr. Bruce informed me that a miner had recently gone over the Range to Kambisa, but had been so alarmed at the number of villages he had seen and the attitude of the inhabitants towards him, that he had gathered up his chattels and fled back in the night with his boys.

Bruce's claim, I found by boiling point, to be at a



height of about 2000 feet, the most out-of-the-way and the highest gold working in New Guinea. The peaks of Mount Albert Edward were not visible from there, owing to their being obscured by a high spur over which ran a native track, a track I at once followed. This was the path by which the native raiders descended on the goldfields. With the miners I left thirty-two mats of rice (a mat of rice is nominally fifty pounds), as a reserve for which to send back if necessary.

That rice sticks in my gizzard now, when I think of it ! For the Government Store-keeper worked a very slim trick over it on the North-Eastern and Northern Divisions. We were the only Divisions constantly carrying large quantities for many days' march ; he, accordingly, on the pretence that fifty pounds weight was too much for a man to carry, ordered mats of forty-five pounds, and supplied us with them at the old rate of forty mats to the ton. I think it was about twelve months before I discovered the dodge, and then New Guinea resounded with my outraged howls. The same old thing occurred ; I had to retract "highly slanderous" letters concerning the Government Store ; the Government Store-keeper glowed with excess of virtue ; but my people had been chiselled out of ten per cent. of their rice ration ! In the rice

affair, my generalship was bad ; for I was indiscreet enough to write a private note to the Governor, in which I prayed for " but one hour of Sir William MacGregor to deal with Port Moresby officialdom ! " Manning, the private secretary, wrote to Oelrichs and said they were getting very sick of the fusses I made over nothing !

After leaving Bruce's claim, we steadily climbed until camping time. There was plenty of rain, but no water, for the rain ran into moss in the earth. We collected some filthy water from our very dirty tents, and boiled it. From now on we climbed higher and higher, until we struck some native villages at about 9000 feet. Off bunked the natives, as we marched in ; and good cause they had to bunk, for we found in their houses revolvers, mining tools, and many other articles that had palpably been looted by them in raids. Ginana was the name of the village I had entered, and on the following day I was successful in inducing about a dozen of the male inhabitants to come in. From these men I bought a pig for my carriers, also some native food at a very high price. The beggars were by no means friendly. I made some of the older men presents, which they received in a suspicious and distrustful way ; of course the blighters knew that they had been murdering and looting among the miners'

camps, and consequently suspected my gifts. I also guessed that they were a set of murdering thieves, but up to the present I had no direct evidence to that effect.

The natives, however, showed me a track that led to the summit of Mount Albert Edward, a track running in a direct line from Mount Victoria. This was undoubtedly the one upon which Sir William MacGregor had sent the late Amedeo Giulianetti from Mount Scratchley on the fruitless attempt Giulianetti had made to reach Mount Albert Edward. We, however, hoped for better luck.

I was not at all satisfied with the position of my camp, as it would be commanded on three sides by arrow fire should the uncertain attitude of the natives develop into one of open hostility ; but, as my carriers required rest, and as it was the most convenient place from which to start forty of them back to Aikora to fetch my reserve rice, I remained in it for the day.

On the 26th of April I dispatched two village constables and forty carriers back for the rice ; a local native volunteered to guide them by a better track via Gagara. I was exceedingly doubtful about letting them go down the densely populated valley ; but as they were all picked men and, like all Binanderes, first-class fighters, I eventually let

them have their own way, and go by that route ; a piece of weakness on my part that later caused me anxiety. Shortly after the carriers had left, I, with half a dozen men, crossed the gorge and scaled a precipitous track leading up to a large village opposite, in search of a better camp. The track was so bad that in places I had to use a rope ; the difficulty of the ascent not being improved by the knowledge that a couple of bowmen on top could pick us off like so many crows, were they so inclined. Upon reaching the top I found a village of forty large houses, which were all deserted ; but a few natives were dodging about on the spur at one end. Eight other villages, large and small, were visible from here, and there were some seventy or eighty houses scattered over the spur I was standing on. Very few natives were visible, and they kept aloof.

One of the old men now appeared, to whom I had given a shirt, accompanied by an old woman who wore exactly the same dress as he did—the only instance I have known of both sexes dressing alike—a broad bandage made of the paper mulberry cloth being worn between the legs, and closely resembling the Suau kapiteri. The old dame was not at all nervous, and later brought some native food for sale. I noticed in the village two pairs

of boots, such as are worn by miners, a light steel pick, and other European articles ; and there was a sexagonal and very brilliant stalactite, which the old man said had come from beyond the mountains to the north-west.

As my carriers were now beginning to bring across some of the camp gear, I left a couple of A.N.C. to guard the top of the track, and moved lower down towards a few houses, where I purposed making a fresh camp. Some old men now came and assisted the carriers to bring down the gear. A few truculent-looking young men put in an appearance, and offered to assist in cutting poles for the tents ; but, on being supplied with tomahawks for the purpose, at once bolted with them. Shortly afterwards Mr. Money and the remainder of my party came into camp ; and the former, accompanied by several police, at my request went to photograph a remarkable pine which I had noticed growing on the ridge above the village.

Village Constable Oina now came to me. He had been collecting articles stolen from miners in the upper village, and he showed me a spear which he stated had been thrown at him, and which had narrowly escaped hitting him. I did not pay much attention just then, knowing Oina to be a person well able to take care of himself, for at the time I was

occupied in taking bearings, and ascertaining native names from the old man of the shirt.

When Mr. Money returned, he told me he had seen, as he climbed to the village on top, a number of armed men dancing about ; but, as he had wisely grabbed one of the apparently friendly old men, and had insisted on his remaining with him until he returned to camp, neither he nor the police with him were molested. As, however, I did not wish to provoke the people or give them cause for offence, I gave the old man some tobacco, and told him that he could return to his people if he liked ; a permission of which he quickly availed himself. Shortly afterwards Private Kia's uniform, which had been placed in the bush to dry, was stolen ; whereupon I told two men, by whom water was being brought to us, to return to their people and tell them that unless the stolen articles were at once returned, I should kill their pigs and loot their gardens in retaliation for the loss of the things. The two men said that they should be returned at once, but neither they nor the articles appeared ; instead of which a group of armed natives began to dance upon the hill above.

I could now plainly see that, do what I would, I must sooner or later become involved in hostilities with these people, for I could not possibly submit

to having spears thrown at my men, or goods stolen, without very soon having the natives treat us with entire contempt ; at the same time, to remain on neutral, if not on friendly, terms was of extreme importance to the success of my mountain work. And, again, my party was not equipped for fighting, having no reserve of ammunition, the sole supply being thirty rounds in the men's bandoliers ; and in addition we were encumbered with a large and heavy transport. I also feared that, if an open rupture took place and bloodshed occurred, my returning carriers would be attacked unwarned, even though it is not an easy thing to catch a Binandere off his guard in a strange country !

As night drew on, more natives appeared dancing on the hill above my camp ; we shouted to them to bring back the stolen articles, but this request on our part they treated with contempt. It was now dark, but a keen-eyed Binandere noticed spears moving in the grass ; whereupon into that spot I fired a fowling piece loaded with small bird shot, and also ordered the constabulary to rush the place. The spearsmen hastily fled into the dark.

Upon the following morning I again moved my camp to the crest of the hill ; for during the night we had discovered that the present site was well within arrow range of the top. I am not as a rule

a particular person, but I had a peculiar aversion to arrows, barbed or otherwise, being dropped from the skies among us at night ! The site to which I now moved had been well sown with spear pits and other traps for the unwary ; beastly things, but easily discovered and avoided by my men. My temper by this time was getting a little ragged ; accordingly I ordered the villagers' pigs to be shot and their gardens to be looted, just as a small hint to the mountaineers that we were not cock angels, but people quite capable of turning very nasty, should the provocation we were enduring continue. Village Constable Oina, while commanding a looting party ravishing a garden, captured a middle-aged man whom he brought to me, and whom I detained as a hostage for the safety of my absent carriers.

The whole of the houses and villages in this locality swarmed with large and vicious fleas—thousands of them. I filled a test tube with the beasts, thinking that they might be new ; the test tube was mainly filled from the inhabitants of Money's and my shirts ! I was, however, told later by the British Museum people that the fleas were just the same as the common English flea. I have seen people in England kick up an awful fuss about one flea. I just ask those people to imagine what thousands of hungry fleas are like in one's



clothes and one's blankets. Poor Money was a missionary : he could treat spear pits and barbed arrows with contempt, as could also the rest of my party, but I fear me the ejaculations that stained the atmosphere as we struggled with the fleas made him sometimes wish that he also could express a really candid opinion concerning the brutes. I told Money that if the fleas were new I would ask the Museum authorities to call them the "Pulex Moni," or something of that sort, but even that did not soothe his scarified skin !

In a house near our present camp we discovered the body of a man lying in state ; he had been dead for many days, so we buried the corpse. We were not disturbed that night by arrows, and in the early morning a larger body of armed men came in. I went to speak to them, but unfortunately my constabulary and carriers disapproved of the proceeding, and massed into a solid body and crowded close on my heels. I cursed my people and ordered them away, but the visiting natives did not like their looks ; and I must confess that they were looking both distrustful and warlike ! Accordingly our visitors fled a few hundred yards down the hill. Money then went to them, escorted by a few police. I could not go, as nothing would induce my people to remain behind while I went. After a little

parley, Money persuaded the men to return to talk to me.

There were about thirty of them, and we then discovered that they called themselves Biaga and Agora, and that they came from a village about two miles away. The two young men by whom the tomahawks were stolen on the previous day were with them, and with amazing impudence were actually carrying the stolen tools ! While others were wearing fragments of the serge and red braid of the stolen uniform as head ornaments ! While in the camp several of the men made attempts to steal other articles, but were promptly checked. I was not made easy, regarding the detached members of my party, by discovering fresh blood-stains on the head of one of the clubs carried by one of our visitors ; and my difficulty was increased by not knowing the road by which my carriers might return, and by which I might send police to meet them. He of the stained club seemed a most intelligent man, and freely talked about the various tracks and where they led to, and kindly informed us that his name was Kamioda.

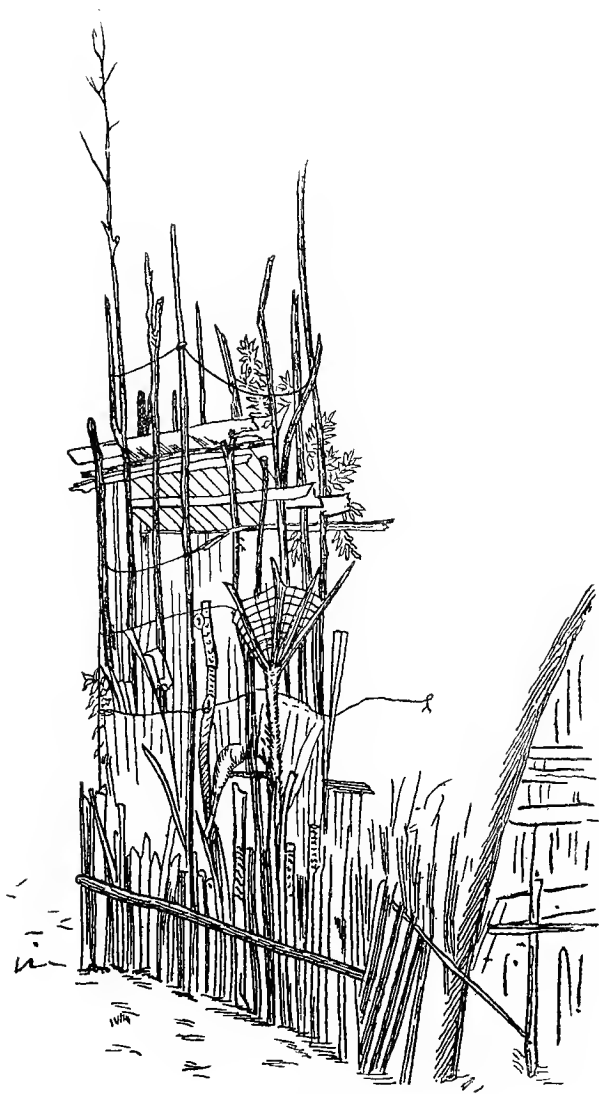
Most of these men had paint on their faces and bodies, and appeared fatigued, as though they had recently returned from a long journey. Some of them were induced to go and bring us water from a

creek half a mile below ; the water of the camp not being of the best. But while so employed, they fell in with a party of my carriers likewise engaged, and a fight nearly took place between the two parties ; the carriers afterwards telling me that they had been bullied and threatened with spears. The man captured on the previous day was now produced, in the hope of making a good impression, and I found that they had previously fancied that we had killed him. Unfortunately they, I think, regarded his being handed over as but a sign of weakness on our part. Shortly after this our visitors departed, first taking from behind a bush the remainder of the stolen uniform, and removing it with them.

As they proceeded down the hill they fell in with a score of Binanderes and their village constables returning with water. My attention being attracted by a sudden clamour, I was just in time to call out and prevent my carriers from charging the natives ; the former complaining that they had been threatened with spears, and that arrows had been fired among them. At once I ordered the carriers into camp, whereupon the visiting natives squatted lower down the hill, and while we were at breakfast suddenly lodged a flight of arrows into our camp, but without doing any harm. Beyond telling the men to keep a sharp look-out, I took no action ; and shortly

afterwards the visitors took their departure, being hastened therein by a shot fired at a bird, which they evidently thought was intended for themselves, judging by the hoots and yells they gave !

The people here had customs and clothes differing from any I had seen before. One of the clubs carried by the men in the morning had a curious carving of a man upon it. The men were a short, stout, well-set-up lot ; they wore mulberry bark cloth, one strip being tied round the waist, and another tucked into it in front, passed between the legs, and tucked in behind. The front was made to bulge out with padding. In some cases the hair was tied up in a bunch with string, in others it was bound up in various styles in native cloth. One man had a short, thick pig-tail like a German sausage, which stuck out stiffly behind ; others had small plaits over the forehead, which were in some cases intermixed with orchid fibre. They apparently did not bury their dead, but placed them in cylindrical enclosures nine feet high and about two and a half feet in diameter. The bodies of infants were placed in small constructions of the same nature. These " graves " were of split slabs of timber set up on rough poles. Tobacco plants were growing around each " grave," but whether placed there by accident or design, I could not say.



NATIVE GRAVES



Their dogs differed from those I had seen elsewhere. They were sturdy little animals—black, with white chests and bellies, and bushy tails, and fairly thick coats. Calabashes, bound in networks of twine, were used for carrying water. Some of the men wore small netted bags around the neck, in which small articles and charms were carried ; a different mesh was used in the nets to that in the low country. Their drums were similar in shape to those of the north-east coast, *i.e.* modified hour-glass shape ; but the skin differed in being made from the bladder of an animal—possibly pig—and some of cus-cus skin, instead of the iguana skin used by other natives. Adze handles were of the usual pattern, except that the stone head was lashed direct to the handle, not to a wedge of wood as is usual. Tail feathers of two of the *Paradisea* were worn in the hair ; and we saw a large cane frame for mounting a head-dress ; it was about 4 feet 6 inches long, and bound with narrow strips of tapa cloth, and had two tops, one apparently meant to stick out behind.

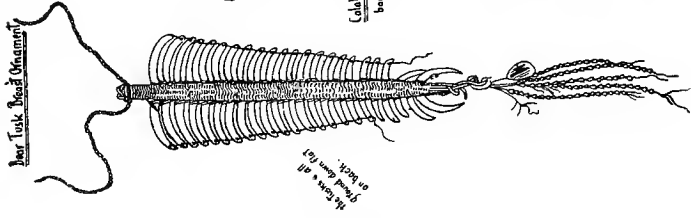
We found carefully cleaned and preserved skulls in some of the houses ; one pair, an exceptionally fine one—male and female—I should have liked to have taken for examination by experts and preservation in an ethnological museum, but I feared the

construction that the natives later might have put on such an action. Natives howled at us from the hills during the day, but beyond placing out pickets I took no notice of them.

On the morning of the 29th of April I sent four police towards Gagara to meet my returning carriers, in case they should come by that route. Oina and some carriers were sent to take food from the gardens. They brought in a pair of trousers, a flannel shirt, and an enamelled billy-can, which they had found. I sent Corporal Arigita, and Constables Baru and Duiwa, to the top of the hill to examine the country for tracks ; at about 4 p.m. Arigita returned and reported he had crossed the hill and discovered two tracks leading in different directions. While they were sitting down at one point, natives had sneaked up behind them, and one of them had thrown a spear which had passed through the corporal's jumper without touching him ; the second spear he turned with his rifle. Baru then, in obedience to Arigita's orders, shot the spear-thrower dead ; and the remaining natives hastily fled.

In the evening the police sent to meet the carriers returned and reported seeing nothing of them. They also said that the track to Gagara was a very rough one, and that they thought the





Netted Hammock

Rough sketch to show size

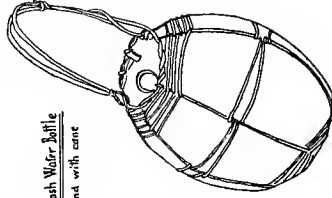


Detail of Netting



Note This stitch is all used in making bags.  
In making another style of bags the reef knot  
is used

Galebosh Water Bottle  
bound with cane





carriers would return by the track along which we had originally come. Some unripe tomatoes were brought to me by some of my people, the seed of which had probably been obtained by the natives from miners, and I identified the variety as a well-known European one. I discovered one of the Binandere with a badly suppurating leg ; he had scalded it with a bucket of hot chocolate some days before, and had said nothing. The man was clearly unfit to accompany us up the mountain.

The next day we found some tapa beaters, and a bow-drill pointed with bottle glass ; also a stone pestle covered with red powder, some wooden wedges used for timber splitting, and some fire-making material. The pestle, which was a small one, appeared to me to be similar to some ancient ones that had been dug up in the Yodda Valley by some miners, and also as some which were found at Cape Nelson. I refer to these in a later chapter. The red powder might mean that it had been smeared on, and the stone used as a charm—as those found at Cape Nelson were used—or it had been found useful for grinding bark to obtain red dye. I do not think that it was of local or modern manufacture.

Two of my scouts discovered a very large war party going westward, and incidentally they found a track leading up the mountain. The report of the

scouts, who by the way were two of my most trusted men, threw me into a fever of anxiety as to the fate of my absent carriers. Therefore I dispatched two chosen men, accompanied by a dozen Binandere, to find my missing party. These men had orders to descend as far as the miner's claim, and should they fail to discover my lost ones to return at once. No natives were in sight as my party left the camp, though many fire signals immediately went up from different points, showing clearly that their movements were watched. I became annoyed. I now had many men absent or missing, men who had committed no offence against the inhabitants of the country ; accordingly I dispatched patrols with definite orders to shoot at sight anyone resisting them. Native raiders are like politicians and labour agitators, only dangerous when not opposed !

The next day V. C. Iauwo came in at dawn, and reported that the carriers were camped about eight miles away. He also reported that eight Gira men were missing, and that one sick man had been left at Gagara. I sent off the police to meet and escort the men, and the whole party returned at about 7 p.m. bringing letters from Messrs. Oelrichs and Beaver, A.R.M.'s, and Mr. Bruce. Beaver reported murders by natives at the Yodda, and a generally disturbed state of affairs. The carriers had been

threatened by the Gagara, or an intermediate tribe, but as they had shown a bold front, and threatened the people interfering with them with severe punishment at my hands should they be interfered with, the aggressive natives had withdrawn without actually attacking them. They reported having seen papers and miners' tools along the track between the Aikora and Gagara. A local man with them had told them that a white man named Davy had been killed on the Lower Aikora, together with six of his boys, but their informant had bolted just before getting into camp. If this story was correct, it would necessitate a change in the whole of my plans, and my immediate departure for the Lower Aikora and the scene of the alleged murder. I decided, however, to await the return of the police from Bruce's claim with confirmation of the report before making any change of plans.

At this time we saw the following articles : A native hammock made of twine, netted (a common bag mesh being used in the net), a calabash bound with cane like a sparklet bottle, and a pair of bamboo tongs for lifting live coals from the fire. A baubau (native pipe) was brought to me by V. C. Oina, in which the entire inside was almost closed with incrustations of tobacco juice and ash, resembling

a cake of Indian ink, and possessing a peculiarly aromatic smell instead of the usual nauseating reek. Kambisa people only count on the fingers and up to ten, not on the toes and up to twenty, as other natives do.

On the 4th of May the police arrived from Aikora, but they brought no confirmation of the murder of the white man at the Lower Aikora. I therefore determined to treat the report as a native rumour. On Mount Albert Edward I was doing a lot of most interesting survey work : I had reached the king pin of New Guinea, the spot that Sir William MacGregor had tried to reach, when I got the letters containing the loud squeals from my Division. Beaver wrote and said that battle, murder and sudden death were going on in his district ; Oelrichs wrote from another, and begged me to return at once ; while Elliot simply sent a yelp and an *ad misericordiam* appeal to me to come back. I was not pleased with any of them. I had given them all my best men to carry on with, and now their yowls spoilt my work. Accordingly I sent imperative minutes to each of my officers, together with an order to Sergeant Barigi to collect my personal escort at once and to go to the Aikora and there await further orders. Never afterwards did I allow my personal escort to be broken up.

I also sent instructions to Beaver regarding the disposition of police and arrangement of patrols at Kokoda, together with directions as to Mr. Seymour's work and movements. I likewise directed Oelrichs, should he ascertain that the somewhat alarming news sent by Beaver of the state of unrest of the Yodda tribes was correct, to call up the time-expired men of the constabulary for service in that district. I did not, however, think that there was any necessity for alarm. These letters were taken by my sick or weak carriers whom I sent under escort to Tamata.

### CHAPTER III

**I** NOW having collected my party again, barring the eight missing men (weaklings I discovered, whose hearts had failed them at the sight of the big mountain, and who had accordingly deserted), struck camp and moved up the Chirima River in the direction of the mountain path discovered by the two scouts. *En route* we passed three fair-sized villages, all abandoned by the inhabitants, in which were many articles looted from the miners by the natives in their forays : revolvers, picks, shovels, clothing, miners' dishes, and such-like ; no wonder the inhabitants had guilty consciences and fled before me. It was a beastly nuisance that they had done so, for I wished to get into contact with them and find out something about the relations of the tribes one to another, and also what they knew of the mountain paths. The finding of miners' articles in their villages was not sufficient evidence that they were the actual murderers and raiders ; for, highly improbable though it might be, there was still a remote chance





PANDANUS PALM



that the articles had been acquired in the way of trade from the actual raiders.

I went into camp again on the bank of the Chirima at a spot upon which many natives had previously camped. Here, for the first and only time in New Guinea, I found pandanus trees bearing the taboo mark, such as are placed on coco-nut and areca-nut palms. The taboo is shown by the leaves of the plant being plaited round the stem, and signifies "Touch this tree and be cursed"; the equivalent of our English notice-board, "Trespassers will be prosecuted." The taboo was probably placed on these particular trees because their leaves were used to thatch the roofs of the native temporary lean-to shelters.

I found traces of gold in the river at this point; also the rocks were very highly mineralized; but the waters were much too cold to permit of alluvial gold ever being worked by native labour, or for that matter by white men accustomed to the tropics. The country travelled over by my party during the day's march was very rough, and with abundance of white quartz outcrops; hungry-looking stuff enough, with no sign of gold. We spent five exhausting hours in making three miles.

We crossed the Chirima, and started to ascend a spur leading to the junction of the Wharton Chain

with Mount Albert Edward, the point from which I had determined to attempt the ascent of the main peak of the mountain. Two hours we spent in crossing that infernal icy torrent, for which we all later paid in fever temperatures. A short distance up the spur the track was so narrow that it was only possible to ascend in single file. We passed a large native rest house, showing signs of recent occupation.

A commotion among the carriers, as we steadily climbed, made me halt and pass them forward with the advance, until the rearguard came up, with whom was Mr. Money. Then I was told that armed natives had suddenly appeared on the flank of the line—bowmen—whereupon the carriers had dropped their loads and had rushed at them with their tomahawks. Promptly had the bowmen fled ! The carriers were taking no chances with them ; and, owing to the nature of the country, the latter had to come very close indeed to use their bows, or else keep away beyond arrow flight. Shortly afterwards the scouts reported bowmen ahead, but nothing further was seen of them. At noon we halted to rest, but had no food, as water was unobtainable on the spur. Later in the afternoon, the track we were following suddenly turned down the side of the spur at right angles to the direction I wished to

follow : accordingly we cut a line along the top until we emerged into another native track following the crest of the spur, which we followed until dark, and again went into camp without water and therefore food.

We had been steadily climbing since 6 a.m., and all this time had been without water or food, for the one meant the other. We had reached an altitude of 9000 feet, and a thin, icy breeze blew from the top of the big mountain, chilling my carriers, who had been sweating hard all day, to the bone. Firewood, however, was there in plenty. But prospects at present of breakfast there were none, and I knew that unless I could soon feed my men the cold and starvation would cause them to fall in heaps under their loads and go sick, with consequent disaster to my attempt at Mount Albert Edward.

At dawn some police scouted ahead, the while the carriers, Money and myself, shivered round the fires. Clever constabulary : they discovered a soakage of bad water oozing from a marshy patch, from which we were able to collect enough to give every man in the party a pint of hot pea soup, which cheered them all considerably. The police sang as the advance guard moved forward, and the carriers chattered gaily as they swung up their

loads. What a difference a pint of hot pea soup makes to a cold and empty tummy !

“ Money, old chap,” I remarked, “ the church, the devil, and the pagan are going to succeed where MacGregor’s men made their only failure.”

Shortly after leaving camp, we struck a big, empty, native travelling camp of seven large houses, with a plentiful supply of water. Here we halted and gorged. A robin hopped into the camp, like the New Zealand robin, only larger ; unfortunately I was so interested in watching it that I quite forgot to shoot it as a specimen. Perhaps the robin was just as well pleased at my lapse of memory ! Here also we found the playgrounds of the bower bird set side by side like circus rings.

From the native camp the track led through mountain bamboo, grass and cane, until we emerged on to the summit of the Wharton Chain, from whence a clear view of the whole of the surrounding country could be obtained. The whole of the forest on the top of the Range had been killed by an extensive fire, and wherever we looked the eye rested upon gaunt, dead trees. Here, tobacco plants were in evidence, remarkable for the length and fineness of the leaves and peculiar fragrance ; but whether indigenous or grown from seed dropped by natives I do not know—I incline to the former view.

At noon I halted at a large native rest house, in order to allow my carriers to close up : they were straggling badly, and suffering from a difficulty in breathing due to the—to them—unaccustomed rarity of the atmosphere. At this point I obtained magnificent views of the Yodda and Chirima valleys, and also of Mount Albert Edward (see sketches). The carriers were so long in closing up that I decided to camp for the night in order to rest them. The native rest house at this point was 117 feet long and 20 feet wide, thatched with bark, heather and grass ; the floor was a foot deep in dried heather and bracken, with small clear spaces for fires, an ideal warm place for my weary men. Grunts of joy they gave, as they came up and flung themselves into the heather bed, while the first arrivals busied themselves making fires and starting the cooking pots. The afternoon was spent in taking photographs and making sketches ; the former unfortunately were afterwards all lost in the post on the way to Australia. White and purple heather, wild strawberries, raspberries, and berries I did not know, were there ; also buttercups and daisies in the grass patch.

The next morning brought a day of fog and rain. Accordingly, for the sake of the carriers, I remained in camp all day ; much though I grudged its loss. However, we got the skylark reported by Sir William

MacGregor on his Mount Victoria Expedition, and some finches. The police shot two pigs. The height of the camp, by boiling point, corrected for temperature of the atmosphere, was 10,877 feet above sea level. We were getting on. During the day the peculiar howls of an animal were heard, probably those of the wild dog reported by Sir William MacGregor. I have heard the dingo of Australia howl, and also the howl of the Papuan domestic dog, which much resembles the howl of the dingo; but this particular howl was nearer akin to that of the Indian jackal, and came in a similar chorus.

On the following morning we moved uphill again, and sighted a large mountain in the Central Division, which later I identified as Mount Yule in the Mekeo District. Again I went into camp, at a height of 12,524 feet; from here I could see a long valley studded with woodlands and lakes, that is to say, if one can call a depression in the ground at the height of 12,000 feet a valley! At one end of it we were camped, while the other end extended beyond the Column—visible from Ioma—far into Kaiser Wilhelm's Land. The waters from these lakes flow both east and west into waterfalls, and these form the variable white patches visible both from the sea and from Ioma, which had



always been such a puzzle to observers. Who would have dreamt that the summit of the main range contained a wide lake-studded valley, more like the Highlands of Scotland than anything else?

Here we found the tracks of a very large, heavy, cloven-footed animal; an average spoor was measured by Mr. Money, and proved to be four inches by four and a half inches. There were others much larger, but we took an average. Excrement smaller than, but in other respects resembling that of a horse, but otherwise strange to me, was very plentiful. The herbage had been grazed, and in some places turned up.

The tracks and excrement of a fair-sized carnivorous animal were also seen: the excrement consisted of masses of fur and hair, mixed with crushed and splintered bones; in one case a splinter of bone two inches long—of a large animal—was imbedded in the deposit. In another the complete, though disarticulated, skeleton of a large rat, unbroken except at one point, where it had apparently been bitten through the spine, had been passed in a mass of fur. The tracks varied in size from those of a foxhound to those of a terrier. The latter is, I think, identical with the wild dog reported by Sir William MacGregor, and shot by him on his

Mount Victoria Expedition. I now quote verbatim from my official published report :

“Reefs, leaders, and outcrops of quartz were visible in every direction one looked, but I could discover no trace of gold in them. A large proportion of my party were now suffering from violent coughs, due to atmospheric conditions. Mr. Money and V.C. Ade climbed one of the nearest peaks to try and locate the highest—a matter of some difficulty. Later I left camp with three police for the same purpose. I found a well-worn native track running over one peak, and to the N.W., and several more lakes round the edges of which were the footprints of natives. A dense fog came on in the afternoon that nearly resulted in the police and I being stuck out all night. At night the howling of the wild dog was heard, but the animal was not seen. At 6 p.m. the thermometer stood at 39 degrees, but plentiful issues of a very sweet, strong chocolate and pea soup kept the native portion of my party happy.”

I well remember that occasion when we heard the brute, which I have just referred to in the Report. It was about ten o'clock, and the night was pitch black and an icy thin wind was blowing. My tents were pitched in a circle, in the fashion of a Boer laager, with the sentries inside the circle

peering out through the crevices in the tents ; the constabulary and carriers were gathered round the fires chatting and smoking. They were all men of the tribe described by the Lieutenant-Governor as " brave to a fault " and " the fiercest fighting tribe in New Guinea." That howl came. A dead silence fell upon the camp, the while every carrier grabbed his axe or tomahawk, and every private or constable seized his rifle. The howl did not come again.

" What is it ? " asked my people. " A devil ? "

" God knows," I replied, " but it has a voice like a Kiwai song ! "

The men laughed ; and so to sleep, as Pepys says.

A few nights after this I played a little joke upon them. Money and I were sitting in my tent by the fire when I suggested to him that he might crawl under the edge of the tent, go a few feet, and emit a howl or two and see the effect on the people. The reverend gentleman did so, and emitted some howls which surprised even me ! These produced an unexpected result ! For immediately half a dozen police and a score of carriers flung themselves flat on their bellies and proceeded to crawl out into the night to slay the intruder !

"Stand fast!" I yelled, so soon as I saw what was taking place. "It is only the missionary playing the fool!"

Money came in looking quite peeved.

"You might tell them you asked me to do it," he remarked.

"Oh, Missionary," said my people, "such foolish gammon is not safe."

On the 10th of May I sent V.C. Oina and Private Ogi towards the north to follow the track seen by me on the previous day. Most of the day was spent in taking bearings and photographs; and late in the day Money and I, with two police, went down to a lake some 600 feet below us, to ascertain the cause of a disturbance in its waters. It proved to be a pair of ducks. We separated to go to different sides of the lake; but Money unfortunately discovered that he was without shot cartridges, and being afforded an opportunity of shooting the duck tried a rifle without success. The ducks were new to me. I could discover no signs of fish in the lake, but insect life was very plentiful. The tracks of dogs and a cloven-footed animal were very numerous about the lake.

Upon our return to camp I found that Ogi and Oina had not returned, and became extremely anxious, especially as a bitterly cold wind was

blowing, with thin, icy, driving rain, and the night promised to be intensely dark. A lamp was suspended from a tree on a prominent point, and men were sent out to fire shots in the hope that they would hear them. At last, to my great relief, the shots were replied to, and later the missing men were brought in; Private Ogi being carried into camp in a state of extreme exhaustion. Oina said that he and Ogi had separated to follow different tracks some three miles out; when it was time to return home Ogi was missing, and he had gone in search of him. He found Ogi lying down, as he put it, "nearly dead." Ogi had told him an amazing story of an encounter with a "devil pig," and had refused, or was too weak, to walk home. Oina, with the assistance of two carriers who had accompanied the police, and who were fitted with some old shirts and coats of mine, and therefore better able to stand the cold, tried to drag Ogi home. At last, in desperation, Oina cut a stick and beat him until he stood up; then, by dint of the carriers dragging him whenever he stood up and Oina thrashing him whenever he lay down, he had got within call of my outposts.

Ogi, when in a fit state, related his adventures thus: After he had parted with Oina, the carrier with him had pointed out two enormous pigs feeding

on a grass patch. He had gone within thirty yards and fired at one, but said that his hand was shaking so much with cold that he could not hold his rifle straight. At the report of the rifle, the smaller of the two animals moved off; the larger raised its head, and turned round and looked at Ogi, who perceived that there was something unusual about it. At the same time the carrier called out "Those are devils, not pigs!" While Ogi, partly paralysed with cold and fright, was fumbling with a second cartridge, the animal that had at first moved off called to its mate, which at once trotted away.

What took place after this was beyond me to discover! Whether Ogi chased the animals, or they chased him; or whether he and the carrier fled in different directions until they were exhausted and found by V.C. Oina, I don't know! The description of the beast (which I beg to remark is that of the police, not mine), culled from a mass of statements, is that it is about 5 feet long, 3 feet 6 inches high, has a tail like a horse and cloven feet, black or dark skin with pattern-like markings, a long snout, grazes on grass and turns over moss with its snout, and calls with a long, shrill note. The description faintly resembles that of the hog-deer, "*Sus Barbirusa*," indigenous to the Indian Islands. The description of Ogi and the carrier,

owing to the funk they fell into, is not of much value. Oina, unfortunately, did not see the beast. The fright of the men seems to bear out their story of a strange beast, as either of the men in question would assail the largest wild boar with no better weapon than a spear. I give the story as it was told to me. The only statement that I personally make is that the tracks of a large and very heavy cloven-footed animal are to be found on Mount Albert Edward. It is perhaps worthy of remark in this connection that Sir William MacGregor, in his report of the Mount Scratchley Expedition, makes an allusion to a "long snouted animal" being seen.

At the time my Report was published I sent a copy of it to Sir William Macgregor, knowing how interested he would be in the matter, the more especially as some of the police attached to that great Administrator's party had told me that, during his ascent of Mount Victoria, an enormous animal had rushed through his camp in the dark. Sir William in his reply, in the course of a personal letter to me, wrote :

2nd November, 1906.

Government House,  
St. John's,  
Newfoundland.

. . . . if I remember aright in my dispatch reporting my first ascent of the Owen Stanley Range

there is mention of the tracks of a large animal being seen at about 9000 feet on Mount Knutsford, the animal I never saw, but it was there, and not a small one either."

I have the original of this letter in my possession. At the time of the publication of the Report by me of the animal's existence, various witty scribes referred to the beast as "Monckton's Gazeka," the name I believe it still bears ! The evidence of the existence of the beast is however incontestable, even though neither Sir William MacGregor nor myself personally saw the animal.

At the time I should have reported more of my observations as to the evidence of its existence, only for fear of the infernal liars who seized upon a small fact, magnified it into an absurdity, and then fathered the yarn on to me ! For instance the long queues worn by the Doriri were turned into "tailed men" ; the Agaiambu were converted into "web-footed" people ; and Ogi's pig was eventually turned into a rhinoceros ! The public at large did not see the official Reports upon which the lies were based, so I got the credit of tales told by men who had never been away from a town or Government Station.

Mention of the Agaiambu reminds me of another curious lot of water-dwellers that once existed on a lake called Koena, situated between the Opi and



Mambare Rivers. These people were Binandere, but owing to an inter-tribal quarrel, due to an erring wife in the first instance, they had been forced to take refuge from their own people. Accordingly they made great rafts, on which they built houses, and at night-time they moved their houses into the middle of the lake for safety. After a lapse of years, the quarrel died out, the people came ashore, and the rafts with the houses were abandoned.

I visited the lake, accompanied by Bishop Stone-Wigg, and later by Mr. Justice Robinson, and I mapped it. We looked at the abandoned rafts, on which the remains of the houses still stood, and talked to the descendants of the people by whom they had once been occupied. Now, apparently, an amazing yarn has come about that the Koena lake-dwellers were people driven there by invasion of the Binandere !

Another extraordinary statement has been made about the Binandere. I have seen it in various papers, and also heard it said at the Anthropological Institute by men who really should have known better, that the Binandere were a people originally situated at the head waters of the Kumusi River, and from thence were driven out by mountaineers. Of all foolish statements none is more ridiculous

than this. No tribe in New Guinea has ever been a match for the Binandere, and none ever succeeded in driving them from country once held by them.

I remember on one occasion giving a tea party, at which my guests were Bushimai, Giwi, Paitoto, Oigoba Sara, and several gentlemen who were temporarily released from gaol to attend ! But at our tea party we ignored the fact that several of my most honoured guests were also His Majesty's ! The entertainment consisted of large buckets of very weak tea, containing pounds of ration sugar, also the strongest and vilest of trade tobacco. Toku, son of Giwi, sat at my feet, and Oia, son of Bushimai, stood behind my chair, to interpret when my guests talked too fast or used words that I could not understand.

The talk flew East, the talk flew West, and then I asked old Bushimai the question:

“ From whence came the Binandere ? ”

“ From over the sea,” he replied. “ When I was a very small boy, my father's father, who was a very big strong man, told me that he remembered as a boy being told that once a great sickness had fallen upon the land in which they lived, which had killed most of the men, but not the women. So they gathered up all the women into canoes and fled, and journeyed until they found New Guinea.”

"That is the reason," casually remarked Oia, "why, until you came, we killed all the sickly boys, for we did not want that sickness among our men again."

The Binandere only occupied the richest soil of the most favoured spots on the best rivers, but what they seized they held, until such time as increase of population made them conquer some other choice situation.

Giwi then told a tale. I have related in my previous book how he had built a fleet of light canoes and held the coast. Giwi said that he had gone out to fish on the reef with his fleet; the fishing was good, and no one bothered to keep a look-out, for like Admiral Blake of old he commanded the seas, and knew that he could outpace, outrange, and outfight any one venturing near his canoes. Suddenly one of his men gave a yell of horror, and looking round he saw at about a mile distant an enormous white devil canoe (steamer), pouring out volumes of black smoke, and coming against wind and tide! Giwi collected his canoes; he looked at the appalling devil canoe; he did not know whether to fight or fly; then suddenly his men yelled, "The men in that devil canoe are *white*!" Flesh and blood could not stand that! Whoever had heard of a white man!

“ Scatter and fly over the reef ! ” was old Giwi’s order ; “ the thing of death is upon us.” The canoes reached the shore. “ Marry off all the virgins at once, without payment to the fathers ; kill all the pigs, and hold a great feast, for to-morrow we die. The thing of death has come,” ordered old Giwi as he landed. Giwi’s orders were obeyed ; but in the morning there was no sign of “ the thing of death.” And according to his statement, his talents as a diplomatist were strained in settling the affairs of the married daughters and the slaughtered pigs ! Toku permitted himself a remark :

“ My father always was hasty ; he always hit us before he said anything.”

“ Oia,” I remarked severely, “ clump Toku’s head.”

Toku’s head was clumped, the while my tea party smiled approval, and Giwi passed up his cup for more tea.

## CHAPTER IV

**B**UT I must now return to my account of the ascent of Mount Albert Edward. The statement has been made that the interior of New Guinea, and especially the mountain ranges, were uninhabited. Port Moresby officialdom was responsible for the statement; but here I now had the clearest evidence that the highest point in the interior was constantly occupied and used by natives. Officialdom is very often like Mr. Bumble's law—"a h'ass !"

The 11th of May was a very foggy morning. I sent two of the constabulary, two village constables, and twenty-six carriers back to Ioma, as they were more or less suffering from pulmonary troubles, due to fog and the high altitude. We then struck camp and moved three miles to the north-west, and pitched camp again near where Ogi had his adventure with the animal. We found many fresh tracks of a cloven-footed beast and, under rocks, several beds and sleeping places of the wild dog. I found many rat and mice holes in the heather, but they had

apparently been vacated when the heather was last burnt. The whole of the summit of the Mount Albert Edward Range appears to be a native hunting ground, and the grass and heather had been regularly burned during the hunting drives for many years. Two ducks, of a species strange to me, were shot by Mr. Money ; but, though I spent the afternoon in hunting, no sign was seen of Ogi's " pig." A heavy storm of rain occurred in the afternoon.

I now spent three days in surveying, whenever the weather permitted ; also in hunting hard for Ogi's " pig " or the large carnivorous animal, but with no result. The police were hunting with the keenness of terriers after a rat ; but fogs and rain gave us, unfortunately, a visibility of but a few yards, except in the very early morning or evening ; and the times when the visibility was good were unluckily the times when the animals were not in evidence.

One morning I had my tent taken out, and planted on the eastern side of the Range, in order that I might take bearings on the distant mountains in the Central Division and towards Dutch New Guinea, if opportunity offered through the clouds. I left my main party encamped in our camp, as though it was necessary for Money and myself and a couple of police to get frozen it was not

necessary for the whole party to undergo that disagreeable process. The morning broke bright and clear, but intensely cold ; I got my bearings, but we could not wash as all our water in the camp was frozen, and also the surrounding pools.

After bearings and photographs had been taken, Money and I started for the Column, while the police and carriers removed the tent back to the main camp. We left about 9 a.m. and, after rough climbing, got to within about 500 yards of the Column at about noon, when bearings and photographs were taken. I did not go any closer, being very knocked up, and suffering severely from the effects of the rarity of the air. Money, however, clambered right round the Column, which is a strange, natural feature visible from the sea as well as from Ioma Station. Imagine the Nelson Monument in Trafalgar Square lacking Nelson, and five times the diameter. Well, that would resemble it. It is about 60 feet high, with a diameter of about 20 feet at base, and very little, if anything, less at the top ; it is not climbable. A solid, flat-topped terrace extends for about 200 yards in a northerly direction from the Column, the clean-cut sides of which give the whole thing the appearance of some vast, ancient church ; a vein of quartz once connected it to the terrace, but this has now decomposed

and dropped away. Huge masses of rough rocks were strewn about in heaps around the base of the terrace and the Column, among which the tracks and sleeping places of the wild dogs were very numerous.

The afternoon was spent in returning to the camp. Private Wawaia and myself got in long after the rest of the party, as we were now both very seedy. We slept under a rock, cuddled up close together, back to back, in a cave where an underground stream emerged, and where some animal had made a bed, in which we slept, or rather groaned. "Oh why," wailed Wawaia, "did we leave Cape Nelson to wander in this land of devil pigs and rocks, where water turns to stone and day becomes wet night and you sleep away from your people? Truly we are mad, mad unto death."

The spot Wawaia and I slept in was approximately 12,000 feet up, and yet a large stream flowed from a cavern about 6 feet wide and 5 feet high; the stream was crystal clear and only a few inches deep, but on the sands at its side many tracks of the larger carnivorous animal led into the darkness. We had no candles, and besides we were very tired, so we made no attempt to penetrate farther than the immediate entrance. I meant to return with men and candles, but never did. Wawaia and I crawled



into camp in the early morning, and found Corporal Arigita and the rest fussing extremely. Arigita complained bitterly. He said :

“Oh where are Sergeant Barigi, and Corporal Bia, Maione, Kovi, Arita, and the rest of the Man’s people? I am the only one here, and I am left in charge of the camp, whilst he sleeps like a pig in the bush with a fool like Wawaia. Au ! Au ! Au ! If the Man dies from some of these madnesses, Giwi will say that I let him go alone while I stopped in the camp with a missionary. Au ! Au ! Au ! Where are Barigi and Bia ? It is too much for me. I have heard horns blown and seen signal fires, while the Man slept in a pig’s nest with Wawaia. Au ! Au ! Au !”

On the 16th of May we struck camp in the early morning in order to chain a base line from Round Hill to the central peak of Mount Albert Edward. A bird, resembling a snipe, was shot during the day, the only one of its kind seen. We had a very raw and wet afternoon, but in spite of it the chaining of the base line for survey purposes was completed. We pitched a tent on the top of the central peak in order to obtain early morning bearings. The police and carriers camped at the foot of the peak in a sheltered spot, as it was not advisable to expose them to the thin, icy, dawn wind.

Money and I, with the aid of a couple of constabulary and a fire, turned our tent into a frowst house in which we could defy the cold. We did not know, however, when a sudden fierce squall might blow our tent away ; in which case, of course, the only thing to have done would have been to crawl down in the night and join the remainder of our party. We were lucky, however, for just as dawn broke I was successful in securing bearings on Mount Victoria. Then a fierce storm broke, rendering further work impossible, and crumpling me up with malaria ; with the result that work ceased, while I spent two days in bed. After which we shifted camp for a couple of miles towards higher peaks.

Here we found a well-worn native track leading over the highest peaks towards the Chirima River ; and we got many valuable bearings and photographs. Tracks and signs of Ogi's " pig " were both fresh and plentiful, as were those of wild dogs ; I believe both to be nocturnal in their habits. The height of our new camp was 12,883 feet ; and the thermometer in the tents stood at 34 degrees Fahrenheit at 8 a.m. The comparatively fresh remains of fires made by natives were found, though the natives we did not see. The carriers reported hearing horns blown and seeing the smoke of fires.

The bones of an animal were found, but I believe them to have been those of a real pig.

On the 20th of May we climbed the main and highest peak of Mount Albert Edward, and there found, near the summit, two deep blue and beautiful lakes, but of no great extent. From the summit bearings were taken of Mounts Victoria, Victory, Trafalgar, Lamington, and many others, as well as the different peaks of Mount Albert Edward itself. The height was found to be, by boiling point—six carefully tested tubes being used— $188.2$  degrees. Thermometer,  $48$  degrees Fahrenheit, equal to  $13,230$  feet above sea level. From this it would appear that Mount Albert Edward is the highest mountain in British New Guinea, being  $30$  feet higher than the height assigned by Sir William MacGregor to Mount Victoria. Sir William MacGregor had always expressed a doubt as to which was the higher of the two mountains ; but had made certain that the highest point in British New Guinea should bear the name of the Sovereign by naming one after Her Majesty and the other after the Prince of Wales.

On the summit I shot a pair of rails and another bird strange to me, and a carrier brought me a new species of cuscus, all of which were preserved. The thermometer fell during the night to  $26$  degrees

Fahrenheit, and all water was frozen solid in the morning. The faces of the carriers when they were ordered to chop the water required for their morning meal out of the creeks with tomahawks were a study in expression ! Some of the police and carriers stowed lumps of ice away in their packs to take back and show their relations, and were fearfully disgusted on being told that it would not stand carriage. I found again that native carriers, plentifully fed on highly-sweetened chocolate and pea soup strongly dashed with "Lemco," were, if supplied with vaseline with which to grease their skins, quite as capable of enduring cold as the clothed police, and more so than myself. Future expeditions should carry sufficient supplies of these articles. Pea soup for carriers is made thus : Water, 2 gallons ; pea flour, 1 lb. ; Lemco (Liebig Meat Co.'s extract of meat), 4 oz. ; to this the men add rice and birds, meat or pig, as it can be obtained. Two ounces of solid chocolate will do a man a day. In case the reader imagines that such luxuries were provided at Government expense, I may say that they were paid for by me out of my personal pay. In fact, a heavy expedition frequently left me in debt for months !

The next morning was spent in trying to signal to the Government Station at Ioma, and in taking

bearings ; after which, as my mountain work was now completed, we started on our return journey. Money narrowly escaped drowning in a mountain lake into which he had ventured in order to recover a duck that he had shot, the intense cold of the water nearly paralysing him. From this point we followed a native track, which led, as I hoped, in the direction of the highest point of the spur, from which we descended into Kambisa. Corporal Arigita saw a red, long-tailed bird of paradise, which, from his description, was new to science. We camped during rain at 1.30, Money having developed a sharp attack of malaria.

The following day was spent in descending the spur by a native track, and in taking bearings. A peak of about 11,000 feet, situated between the Albert Edward Group and the Wharton Chain, was named by me after the Bishop of New Guinea, Mount Stone-Wigg, to mark the fact that a member of his lordship's staff had formed one of the expedition to reach the summit of Mount Albert Edward. It is, from its peculiar half-wooded summit, easily identified from any point, and forms one of the points on which the bearings for my map depend. I note in a late Annual Report of Papua (New Guinea) that the mountain named by me after Bishop Stone-Wigg has been rechristened Mount

Murray. Doubtless Mr. Murray wishes to leave his name on the cartography of Papua, but why take the mountain of a great pioneer churchman? Surely there are plenty of unnamed mountains in New Guinea!

I was greatly disappointed at having to leave Mount Albert Edward without having secured specimens of its mammalia. The last reports I had received from the Kokoda district, and the disturbed state of the Lower Aikora, made it, however, imperative that I should return, with as little delay as possible, to the lower country. Since returning to England I have many times been reproached for not staying and securing the beasts; some of my friends of the British Museum and the Royal Societies being especially talkative about the matter. Return, however, I had to, for the screams of my officers were urgent. In the Kokoda district the tribes were fighting like the fabled cats of Kilkenny, and in the intervals murdering white men and native employés, and looting camps; while in the Lower Aikora, from the reports I received, no life was safe, white or brown. My officers were good men all; but they feared to take strong action in my absence, for fear of what Port Moresby would do to them afterwards, however right or justified they might be. I fully sympathized with their fears and attitude, for,

extraordinary though it may be, there are always a number of Members of Parliament and others who shriek "The patriot fights for his countryside," whenever some native villain starts a career of murder, ravishing, burning, and torture ; and who howl for the head of the unfortunate officer compelled to deal with the said patriot.

My party remained in camp until 1 p.m. in the hope of securing a specimen of Arigita's red bird of paradise, but without result. At that hour camp was struck, and we descended to a height of about 11,000 feet, where I again camped for bearings to be obtained. I may mention that a plant closely resembling the edelweiss of the Swiss mountains was found on the higher peaks of Mount Albert Edward, and that blackberries, very similar to the English variety in appearance, but devoid of flavour, were also met with.

On the next day we again followed the spur, stopping to take bearings at intervals. A fine view of the coast line and valleys of the Chirima and Yodda were got at one point and photographs were taken. At about noon bearings were taken on the Kambisa villages, and the height we were then at showed that we were close to the junction of the spur and the track down which we had first descended to those villages. After a little hunting about, the

police discovered a track a couple of hundred feet below us, which we then followed, and emerged at Messrs. Bruce and Erickson's claim on the Aikora at noon the next day.

Here I found the village constable of Gagara and some Gagara men ; together with V.C. Gaina of Bongata, who, I found, had stepped into a spear pit and had been speared through the foot while coming down through Kambisa with my returning sick men. He had been left at Gagara unable to walk, from whence he had been brought to this point by the Gagara village constable. I heard here, with regret, of the death from chest complaint of one of my carriers, who had been sent down sick with the first lot. He was a minor chief on the Gira, and had been a most cheerful and willing man. My native carriers, however, seemed to regard the death as a necessary sacrifice to the big mountain ; as did later the man's own relations and fellow villagers, when I went to apologize for his death and to pay compensation.

"The big mountain with the cold heart only took one ; it might have demanded many," was their expressed view. "It is no fault of yours."

The Binandere, like the Kaili Kaili, were a most generous-hearted people, and never blamed one for a loss impossible to foresee or prevent ; also they



knew quite well that I never hesitated to expose the lives of my personal escort to great danger in order to prevent a minor danger threatening a carrier ; and the carrier reciprocated, for when, as sometimes happened, we were hard put to it for food, and snakes, grubs, and lizards, roots and what not, went down the throats of the constabulary and carriers alike (food, of course, of no use to me), then if any man got a bird, or a fish, or a root that my false teeth could tackle, they invariably brought it to my cook with a simple "For our Man." The giver's reward came afterwards in his village, as they all related their exploits by flood, jungle and mountain. "You have heard what the others did," he would proudly boast, "but at such and such a place when the Man was hungry, I, and I alone, found him food ; and this all men know !"

Later another of my carriers collapsed suddenly, and I was obliged to administer stimulants and inject morphia. Mr. Bruce kindly offered to take the man into his own boys' camp, and look after him until he recovered. Later he turned up safely at Ioma. I here received a letter from A. Parkes, complaining of outrages and robberies at his camp ; but my party was now too travel-worn to permit of my proceeding thither. I accordingly wrote and told him that I would dispatch an officer and patrol

to the Lower Aikora immediately upon my arrival at Ioma, and that the patrol would deal with all the complaints in that portion of the country. I had now collected sufficient data to know whence the raiders of the Aikora camp probably came, and had also located the tracks and mapped the country ; hence the patrol would now have every prospect of success, as in the past it had every certainty of failure.

Upon my return to Ioma I at once dispatched a Mr. B. with a strong patrol to the Aikora, with instructions to make the miners and their native employés safe, and to deal with the raiders. Mr. B. had recently been sent to me ; he was fat brained and fat bodied : he spent five days in getting to the Aikora ; and then, finding that two fresh murders had been committed, spent another five days in returning to the Station at Ioma in order to report the fact. I was by this time seven days' journey away in a different direction, with a waggon-load of troubles on my hands. Oelrichs forwarded me Mr. B.'s report with the curt memo. " For your information." I sent back a blistering curse, with instructions that a copy should be sent to the Lieutenant-Governor, together with orders that B. was to return at once to the Aikora and catch the murderers.

He did not succeed in doing this, neither could he really be blamed for his failure, for he had been but a few weeks in the country and knew nothing of his work ; but I had no one else to send. This, however, did not prevent the usual howl going up from the miners that I had left them to the protection of a young, newly-arrived assistant, instead of coming to their help myself. The miners appeared to think, as did Port Moresby also, that I possessed a frame of catgut and steel wire, together with the wings of an eagle and a faculty for being in several districts at the same time !

A curious discovery I made on the Mount Albert Edward Expedition was that low-country men crave for salt at high altitudes. I had taken about forty pounds weight with me for use as trade in case I should come into contact with the mountaineers, for in Papua hillmen desire salt above all other things ; but the whole amount was consumed by my own party, men who under ordinary circumstances would not look at it.

Another remarkable thing was, that though I discovered many different kinds of quartz, crystalline, dirty yellow, pure hard white, and a discoloured decomposed kind, nowhere could I find a trace of gold or mineral in it. At one spot on the rock

spur my compasses were affected by the presence of some strong local attraction, probably iron, though I could discover no sign of it; the attraction was extremely local, and noticeable nowhere else.

## CHAPTER V

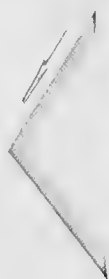
**I**T was with great regret that I felt compelled to return to the lower country before completing my work on the mountain, but my return was rendered necessary by the disturbed state of the Yodda and Aikora Districts, and the inexperience of the officers then in charge. This is no reflection on those officers, all were loyal and good men ; but two of them had only just come to the Possession, namely Wilfred Beaver and F. H. Naylor, A.R.M., who in later years were killed while gallantly leading their Companies in France. A. E. Oelrichs, A.R.M., had just been transferred from the North-Eastern Division, where he had done excellent work for some years ; but in the first instance he was strange to the district, and in the second, owing to his great weight, incapable of marching.

These officers had but recently replaced three of my very best, Captain H. L. Griffin, D.S.O., late R.H.A. Senior A.R.M. ; R. L. Bellamy, B.A. and B.Sc. Cantab. ; and Alexander Elliott,

A.R.M. at Kokoda. All these officers had a short time before received well-deserved promotion to other parts of the Possession; but, however good such changes might be for the Administration as a whole, the transfer left me very much in the lurch, until such time as the new men could take hold.

Naylor was an Australian; and without exception he turned out the very best Assistant that I ever had—and among my Assistants I had some fine men. He was loyal, sober and obedient, young, strong, active and well educated, and he feared nothing on earth; he had served in South Africa, and was a good “drill” and disciplinarian. If one told Naylor to do a thing, one felt a happy feeling of security that it would be done, and had not to worry as to what idiotic blunder would be achieved in its doing.

In sharp contrast to all the above men is the type of officer with whom occasionally I was cursed, but who, I may add, never remained very long in my Division. A beauty was sent to me, whom I will call Mr. Blank. At the time, Griffin was my Senior Assistant at the Kokoda Station of the Northern Division, with Elliott and Bellamy as Juniors. Mr. Blank arrived there while I was away at one of my other Stations, Tamata or Cape Nelson.



SUR G. LE HUNTE  
CAPTAIN BARTON C. A. W. MONCKTON  
THE RESIDENCY, CAPE NELSON





"Well, Griffin," I remarked upon my return to Kokoda, "have the powers that be seen fit to wake from their trance and send me another man? I am short-handed in every district."

"Mr. Blank has arrived," answered Griffin, "I have sent him to the goldfield to attend to some postal business; he will be away two or three days."

"What is he like?" I asked. "Does he seem a good man?"

"Oh, he writes a good hand and is well educated," replied Griffin.

"I don't want to know that, or whether he has been vaccinated or can play the banjo," I snorted. "Can we turn him into a good officer?"

"I prefer you to judge for yourself," said Griffin dryly.

The conversation took place in the Kokoda officers' mess-room, with the other two present, and I saw them look at one another and smile; I knew that smile! Then my eyes lighted upon a box of cigarettes; I opened it and took out one.

"Who smokes these things?" I asked. "They are a compound of Egyptian tobacco dust, camel dung and opium; a self-respecting harlot would not be seen dead with them."

“ Mr. Blank,” growled Elliott ; “ they stink like hell.”

“ What does he drink ? ” I demanded. “ Boiling brandy and peppercorns, absinthe, or what ? ”

“ He only drinks sarsaparilla and water,” said Griffin.

“ Yes,” added Elliott, “ and has a strong taste for laudanum and chlorodyne, for fear of dysentery.”

“ This sounds cheerful,” I grunted. “ Bellamy, what have you to say ? ”

“ The beggar uses scented soap and I found him collaring sal volatile for his tub from the Station drugs ; I am in charge of them, and they are scarce enough, God knows ! ” said Bellamy, with whom the matter of the sal volatile was apparently rankling. “ Besides that, he reads novels in bed, and then tries to come to breakfast unshaved and in his pyjamas.”

“ Griffin, what did you do ? ”

“ Sent him back to shave and dress, and had breakfast cleared away before he was ready,” said Griffin. “ I told him that it was lucky for him that you were not here, or he would probably have found himself being violently shaved and dressed by the constabulary.”

“ Look at his books,” said Bellamy, “ they are holy snorters ! This is no young ladies’ seminary,

but taken as a whole they are too strong for our stomachs ! ”

I sat looking reflectively at the three of them, and casting a mental eye back upon some little incidents of which I had been told in the ante-New Guinea career of the whole trio ; and certainly some of their performances were lurid enough for anything, and by no means such as one would care to relate to a spinster aunt ! Eventually I remarked :

“ I suppose I must endeavour to preserve to you what innocence you have left, though I don’t suppose the joint stock is a discoverable quantity. Bellamy, bring all Blank’s books here.”

The books were brought ; and an unsavoury lot they were, written by some of the modern authoresses inflicted with the hearts of harlots, and a moral leprosy that causes them to desire to wallow in filth, and see nothing good or pure in the relation of man to woman, or the marital bond.

“ Well ? ” said Griffin, when I had finished some of the choicest morsels they had dished up for me.

“ That garbage is to be locked up in one of Mr. Blank’s boxes as soon as he returns, and the key left in your keeping, until such time as he either sends it away or goes himself. I seem somehow to have struck a nice specimen of a diseased-

minded, decadent, neurotic young waster, from what I can learn about his tastes. You must comb him out, Griffin," I remarked.

"That process has already begun," said Griffin, "but if you must have it, I don't mind saying that he is one of the most promising specimens of rotters that I have yet met !"

The Yodda patrol, with Mr. Blank, returned in due course. It crawled in late at night, and the non-com. in charge was brought by Sergeant Barigi to my house.

"Mr. Blank," he said, "is no good ; he can't walk as fast or as far as a fat sow, he is frightened of the streams, he is frightened of snakes, he is afraid of the men, and he is afraid of the diggers ; he makes us ashamed."

I walked over to the mess-room.

"Where is Mr. Blank ?" I asked Griffin.

"Gone to bed ; he says he is ill and he certainly looks like a wet rag," replied Griffin. "I can't find out either that he has done any work at the Yodda."

"Oh, all right, let the beggar alone till the morning and then send him to me," I answered.

Morning came ; I was working in my office with Griffin and Bellamy, when it suddenly occurred to me that I had not yet seen Mr. Blank.

"Where is Blank?" I demanded. "I told you he was to be sent to me."

"In bed," laconically replied Griffin. "I have sent Elliott to fetch him."

"I'll fetch him myself, unless he is damned quick," I said. "He seems to have an idea that he is the Governor of New Guinea!"

No Blank appeared; accordingly I walked over to the officers' quarters. As I went up the steps, I heard the voice of Elliott profanely admonishing some one:

"Come out of that — bed, you blank blankety scrimshanker! The old man is always in a hell of a temper on the first morning of his return to the Station, and you are to be the sacrifice on this occasion."

"I'm too ill," came a feeble voice; "that dreadful road!"

"Too ill, you lying swine! Too ill to come to breakfast, and then you eat four tinned sausages on top of a beaten-up raw egg, not to speak of God knows how much buttered toast! You blankety well get up, and do your share of work!" Elliott's language as usual verging on the coarse. "Ah! here is the R.M.," he went on, as he discovered my presence. "This is the new officer, Mr. Blank, sir."

“What is the matter with you, Mr. Blank,” I asked, as I gazed at the fish-belly-white pallor of an unwholesome countenance, accentuated by the contrast of a black four-days’ stubble of beard.

“A feeling of debility and sinking ; I think it is fever. I am not fit for work,” Blank said.

“Fever be damned,” quoth Elliott, “pulse and temperature are normal ; I have taken them both. Laziness and skulking he’s suffering from ! He thinks if he shirks enough that we shall have to do his work as well as our own.”

“I think perhaps he might require rest and treatment,” I said, in the kindest voice I could assume. “Lie there in the meantime, Mr. Blank, and I will send you a tonic, and see the mess cook about your diet. You will find that my treatment will assure you an astonishingly quick return to health.”

“The Senior Assistant has taken all my books ; he says they are not good for me,” snivelled Blank.

“Dear me, dear me,” I replied, “that seems very unkind ; but never mind, I will let you have some very nice books as soon as you are well enough ; books that you will find it very difficult to put down for many moments.” I left them ; catching as I went down the steps again a departing remark from Elliott to Blank :

"I know the old man's ways ! He is going to be better than a father to you ; you will never forget his kindness."

"Good Lord ! Where did Barton catch the animal ?" I said to Griffin, "I am surprised at him."

"Barton didn't catch him at all," replied Griffin. "I had a note from the P.S.; the Australian Government caught him, and His Excellency promptly shunted him on to you."

"What medicine is Blank to have ?" asked Elliott, as he came into the office, "I have told the cook to come to you about his food."

I wrote a prescription, and handed it to Elliott with instructions to make it up at once and administer the first dose.

"Castor oil, calomel, rhubarb and aloes," he read out, "to be well warmed and shaken before taken. Administer half an hour before each meal. My God ! You will kill him ! Anyhow he will work harder spitting than we shall have to at our ordinary jobs."

Elliott went off to prepare and administer the bolus, and I went on with my work. Presently he came back again.

"I have given Blank his dose, sir," he said. "He tried to be sick, but I held him ; he is damned

ungrateful to you, and said between his spits that you had forgotten something in your tonic. I asked him what it was, as you were a first chop doctor, and he said then that you had forgotten to add the stink ! He says that he will not require any lunch ; has the cook seen you about his diet ? ”

“ No,” I answered. “ You had better see him about it ; tell him that it is to be purely vegetarian ; pumpkins, sweet potatoes, and taro or plantains, boiled to a soft mush, so that it can be eaten with a spoon. For drink, clear spring water flavoured with a teaspoonful of Epsom salts and a few grains of quinine—on no account pure water, that might be fatal—and tell him that at the end of a week or ten days I hope to welcome him in the office in a state of fully restored health.”

“ He will buck at the next dose,” said Elliott.

“ Then, Mr. Elliott, unless you wish to do his work as well as your own, I think you will know what to do,” I said coldly. “ Of course, if a patient under your charge becomes violent or delirious, a moderate amount of force is necessary in the patient’s own best interest.”

“ Oh, very good,” said Elliott, “ if the wind sits in that quarter, I’m on. I told him this morning I thought he was likely to smell hell ; now, I’m sure of it ! ”





A COCOANUT GROVE



A very few days saw Mr. Blank at work in the office, where I received him with bland benevolence, and handed him a copy of certain interesting books, such as "The Justice Act," "The Mining Laws," "The Ordinances of British New Guinea," "The Treasury Regulations" and a few other trifles, and told him that in his spare time he was to learn a certain portion each day and repeat the same to Griffin at night.

"Damn it all," said Griffin when he heard of it, "am I to hear that effete object's lessons?"

"You are, my dear and valued Senior Assistant," I said, "and you will soon see the reason; but first answer me one question. Is the man ever likely to be of the slightest use to the Country, the Service, or the Division?"

"He can never become of any use to anyone or anything; he is rotten bad and useless," replied Griffin.

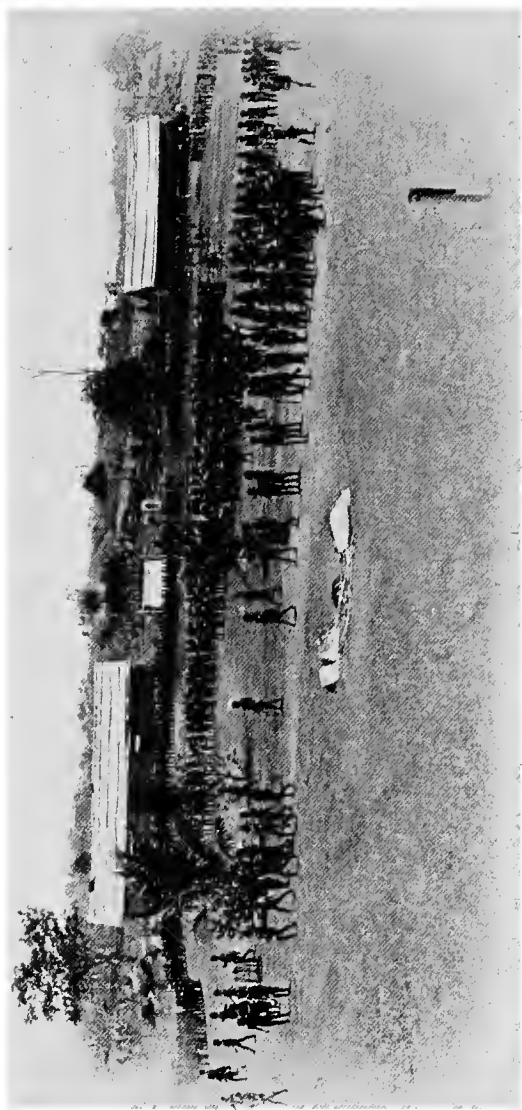
"What in the devil's name ever induced the animal to obtain work here?" I asked.

"Oh, he had visions of steaming in' the *Merrie England* among palm-clad isles and coral beaches, lying in hammocks and being fanned by beauteous maidens, and sitting in lordly state, surrounded by glittering uniforms, dispensing the high, low, and middle justice; and at nights, across the dinner

tables of palatial bungalows, holding familiar converse with Governors, Judges, Bishops, and other titled personages. Work, especially our work, he had no conception of ; why, one Senator in the Australian Parliament said New Guinea R.M.'s could only be compared to little princes, and some fools accepted the statement as true ! ”

Mr. Blank remained but a very short time, and then handed me his resignation, which I took upon myself to accept on behalf of the Government. He then left the Division and the country, and what became of him I never troubled to ask. Probably he became either a Member of Parliament, a labour agitator, or a writer of sex problem books—they seemed about the only three occupations for which he was suited.

This man was, however, in no sense even a specimen of the officers sent to me. Most of them were splendid men, and nearly all those who were not dead when I left the Possession have since left their bones on the battlefields of France. Oelrichs, for instance, who was too heavy for the district work, would sit up till four in the morning filling up the interminable forms required for the payment of the constabulary and village constables. It took, for example, twelve forms to pay one private of constabulary !



KAILI KAILI AT CAPE NELSON STATION



I well remember on one occasion when, in his lighter moments, Oelrichs tried to play a joke upon me. I had just returned to Cape Nelson from the second Doriri Expedition, a very trying one and jumpy to the nerves, and had handed over my revolver, a Webley hair-trigger match pistol, to my sergeant to be cleaned. During its absence the sergeant placed in my bedroom an ordinary heavy-pull service revolver. I went to bed very early, with that pistol alongside my bed. I was groaning in my sleep, when Oelrichs came into my room, thought he would play a joke, jumped on the floor and gave a loud yell. I woke ; instinctively my hand reached for my pistol, and as I pulled the trigger recognized it was Oelrichs, and let the arm fall from my hand. Oelrichs turned pale ; I turned paler still ; for had it been my own hair-trigger pistol, instead of the substituted revolver, Oelrichs would have been a dead man. As it was, the pistol did not explode. I cursed Oelrichs very solidly, because if he had been found in my bedroom with his brains blown out it would have been absolutely impossible for me to explain the circumstance.

Writing of Oelrichs reminds me of an officer by whom I was caused great tribulation in a different way. At this time there existed in our Service a

very strict rule that district officers should not be married men—a rule that I was mainly instrumental in getting passed. The reason for it was, that in Divisions such as the Northern or North-Eastern, where long, dangerous, and arduous patrol work was necessary, it was impossible for a man to take his wife with him on his journeys, neither could he leave her alone at his Station ; the result of this was that such a man would neglect his work in order to remain with his wife, or some unfortunate bachelor would have to do double duty to keep the district work going. Well, I wanted a new Assistant at Tamata, and a man was sent, whom I will call Jay. Sir George Le Hunte engaged him in Brisbane ; his qualifications were good, he was young, active and strong, and in reply to the question as to whether he was a bachelor, he replied “ Yes.”

Time went on, and Jay was doing good work, when one day, to my surprise, Judge Robinson said to me :

“ By the way, Monckton, there is one thing about Jay you ought to know ; he is a married man.”

“ But he told His Excellency that he was not married,” I answered, “ or he would not have received the appointment.”

“ He got married half an hour after he left His Excellency,” said the Judge. “ I heard of it





HIS HONOUR CHRISTOPHER STANSFIELD ROBINSON, CHIEF JUDICIAL OFFICER



through a confidential channel, and therefore would not make official use of my information ; but I think you should know."

"Oh well," I replied, "he is turning into a smart officer, and his wife is far enough away. The best thing that we can do is to continue to know nothing about the affair."

One day, months after, I returned to Cape Nelson and received from Oelrichs a long account of district affairs. Then, the fat Machiavelli said :

"Now, I have some news that will surprise you ; but I advise you to first help yourself to a drink to sustain you under the shock ! Mrs. Jay has been here ! She spent the night, and has now gone on to Tamata. Tamata, of all places !" said the fat man.

Freely then I cursed, while he listened.

"Yes," he said, "I told her you would go off pop, when you heard of it, but she did not care. What are you going to do about it ?"

"Send Jay a 'district order' to send his wife away at once," I said. "The matter after all is simple. Then I'll send him on patrol in all the beastliest parts of the Division. I'll make him smell hell for this !"

"She told me Jay did not know she was coming," said Oelrichs.

“ Oh well, that counts in his favour,” I said. “ He can send his wife away by the boat that took her there.”

“ Hm ! Hm ! ” said Oelrichs, “ that’s easily said ; but my money’s going on the young woman stopping there ! ”

“ Look here, Oelrichs,” I said, “ which is the worst Division in New Guinea to manage ? ”

“ The Northern,” said he. “ I suppose the reason why you have managed to keep it in order is because the natives think you would taste very sour, and the diggers that, if you went, they might get some one even worse ! ”

“ Well, do you think I am going to be defied by a Junior Assistant and a young woman ? By the way, how old is she ? ” I asked.

“ About 22 or 23. But as regards the rest of it, if you were dealing with turbulent miners, cannibals or head hunters, or district troubles of any sort, I would back you against any one ; but the removal of a young woman, who is sufficiently strong-minded to follow her man into the Tamata District of the Northern Division, of all God-forsaken spots in the world, is a proposition that you, my dear R.M., will find presents some interesting features ! ”

“ Pooh ! ” I said, in my innocence.

Jay got my order, and wrote telling me that his wife had come without his knowledge or consent, and that he was sending her back to Australia by the next steamer.

"There you are, Oelrichs!" I said. "Quite a simple matter!"

"Wait," replied he.

I waited a month, and nothing happened; then I went to Tamata, and talked severely to Jay and Mrs. Jay; incidently, I did some patrolling that Jay had neglected. He then swore that she should go by the next boat, and she explained to the miners and store-keepers that I was a brute! After this, as she still remained, I asked Bishop Stone-Wigg to go and reason with her, and explain that it was out of all reason for her to expect to remain in a constabulary camp. The Bishop went and reasoned once; I don't know what Mrs. Jay said to him, he would not tell me, but he then washed his hands of the affair! Months went on; the fat man said:

"I told you so. That woman will beat you!"

"Hell!" I remarked, "I'll bring Jay before a Court of Inquiry."

And I told Jay that I should do so. He replied that his wife would not obey him, and refused to go, and that he was helpless in the matter.

I reported Jay to the Governor, Captain Barton, and asked him to take the affair in hand. He consulted the Executive Council, and all they did was to refuse emphatically to have anything to do with the case. The Governor then replied that I must attend to the matter myself, and make Mrs. Jay go ; he said he regarded the affair as purely a divisional one, and that it was a question entirely in the hands of the R.M. I cursed myself nearly into a fit ; much to the joy of the fat man.

"Damnation, Oelrichs," I said, "what am I going to do with the woman ? I can't send a detachment of constabulary to haul her to the coast, and put her on a vessel ! And nothing short of that will shift her. The district is going to hell for want of patrolling, and I can't send Jay on patrol and leave his wife alone amongst a lot of dissolute miners and half-savage natives. Jay ought to face a Court and be suspended."

"Don't see what you can suspend him for," said Oelrichs. "He did not bring her here, and says he orders her to go away, and that she won't go. If you ordered him on patrol and he did not go, you could then suspend him yourself."

"But he would go, blast him !" I said. "And then there would be a howl against me from one end of the country to the other ; and if

anything happened to that infernal woman, I'd never live it down. Supposing Jay happens to die or get killed, I shall be left with a strong-minded young widow on my hands ! I'd sooner deal with a mad Bengal tiger ! She would quite likely collar another of my officers ! ”

“ Yes,” said Oelrichs, “ that's what His Excellency and Council see ; that's why they shunt it on to you. They don't want to be howled against by every paper in Australia and possibly by Parliament, for brutality to what they will call ‘ a pair of brave-hearted young Australians ! ’ There is only one thing possible that I can see, and that is transfer Jay to a healthy district, where there is no patrolling, and his wife can live with him.”

“ Yes ! ” I said, “ promote him for disobedience and shirking his duty ! ”

Months went on ; bitterly I reproached Captain Barton for leaving the affair to me ; and he replied :

“ You remember when there was a difficulty between two Missions ? ”

“ Yes,” I said, “ it caused a lot of trouble, and no one knew what to do.”

“ Well ” he replied, “ the matter was referred to the Minister of External Affairs in Australia, Sir George Reid, and he minuted ‘ This is a burning question in New Guinea, we do not want it made one

here. 'Tell Barton to put out his own fires.' That's what I am telling you to do."

I was in black despair, when relief came. Mrs. Jay had been eight months in the Division, when, fortunately for me, she had to fly south to produce a baby; and I rejoiced, knowing that she could not bring a young child back to Tamata. But she had gained for me, among the white women of the Possession and the civilian population, a character in comparison to which those of Judge Jeffreys of the Bloody Assizes or Cæsar Borgia were those of haloed saints! Then Mr. Jay, Assistant R.M., when weekly reprimands were his lot, and all the unpleasant tasks of the Division were given to him, learnt the folly of having inflicted a worrying eight months upon his Chief!



## CHAPTER VI

**T**HE foregoing incidents were a little light interlude in one's work, but as I have remarked in my previous book comedy and tragedy are always interwoven in one's life in New Guinea. Now follows a different incident taken from my notes for proofs of evidence in a murder case. It is transcribed from the original notes taken at the time :

“ Kivoileita of Wagiga, affirmed, says, ‘ Lagadi was a sorcerer, Lagadi is dead. Five moons ago my brother Marabuia came back from working at the Mambare. Marabuia had a good garden. Lagadi demanded of its produce, Marabuia refused to give him anything. Lagadi made medicine (poison) and killed my brother. Satadeai, the village constable, took several men and killed Lagadi. I asked Satadeai to do it. I am a chief and a big man, I took no part. I stopped at my house. Satadeai took his men and went to Giaivia where Lagadi lived. Lagadi before this had killed four men by sorcery. Satadeai and his men seized Lagadi and killed him, while Taulilasi

broke Lagadi's arms with a stick. Then they buried him ; he was not dead when they buried him and cried very much. He stopped crying after he was buried.' "

Kivoileita and Satadeai got six months' hard labour ; Lagadi remained in his grave. Both the offenders, as did their people also, regarded the suppression of a sorcerer as cheap at the price !

Sorcerers were sometimes comic birds. For instance, they would be haled before a Court by indignant chiefs or village constables, charged with some manifestly absurd and impossible crime, such as causing a virgin in a distant tribe to produce still-born twins, or the moon to alter its course and colour, with a consequent devastating influence on a certain crop. One would read the absurd charge to the sorcerer with the remark,

" You have heard the charge of so and so ; before I take evidence are you guilty or not guilty ? "

" Guilty," they would sometimes reply.

" Don't say that," I would say, " the evidence cannot possibly convict you. Plead ' Not guilty.' "

" But I am guilty, I did it," would be the answer. " I should not be much of a sorcerer if I could not do a little thing like that ! "

The sorcerer would get a fine or a few months' imprisonment, and thereby establish his reputation

as a man capable of marvellous things, a man to be feared and conciliated with gifts ; until, in rare instances, some infuriated man would take the law into his own hands, as Tabi did, and slay the sorcerer or witch.

New Guinea was the only country under the British flag in which adultery and witchcraft were recognized crimes punishable by law, the reason being that these two offences were regarded by many tribes as the most heinous possible ; murder, manslaughter and robbery in their eyes were venial in comparison ; while of course cannibalism was regarded as an ancient custom and no crime at all. It was therefore necessary for the Administration, if all respect for white man's law was not to be disregarded by the native, to treat the commission of either as a crime. In the case of adultery, for instance, unless the aggrieved party could appeal to the magistrate for justice, he would do one of two things, either slay the paramour, and accordingly be run in for murder or manslaughter, or else summarily divorce his wife and throw her back on her father's hands, coupled with a demand for the return of the payment originally made for the woman. In such a case, the father-in-law would in his turn either demand justice against the paramour or take vengeance with a spear for his damaged and

disgraced daughter, and also be run in for murder. Or, if the father-in-law escaped trial, the clan of the slaughtered paramour would take to their spears to avenge the death of a tribesman, and so the trouble would be endless.

Unfortunately, however, the substitution of the lighter legal punishment of payment of damages and imprisonment, for the ancient tribal law of death for the guilty couple, led to an increase of infidelity ; but that could not be avoided. In the case of sorcery the law lessened very considerably the numbers of witches and sorcerers ; the weaker spirits among them being eliminated by fear of punishment. But it encouraged the bolder few, who could escape death at the hands of the outraged tribesmen by surrendering and seeking sanctuary in gaol, for seldom indeed would the direct evidence of their ill-doing justify hanging.

Many writers of books of travel in New Guinea seem to take a delight in depicting the natives they have met as of a childish form of intelligence. This quite likely may be right of the men the writer of the book has met and talked with ; just as a hypothetical visitor from Mars might try and discuss foreign politics with a Sussex yokel, or the higher mathematics with a costermonger, and then report to the Martians that the inhabitants of the Earth



NATIVE CLIMBING COCOANUT PALM



were all fools. Men such as Bushimai of the Binandere, Giwi of the Kaili Kaili, Paitoto of the Mokuru, and Bogege of the Maisina, were really men of a high order of intelligence, and withal unselfish ; no poverty, as poverty is known amongst us, existed under their sway. The forlorn and friendless widow was housed, fed and protected, just as well as one of the chief's wives ; and the orphan was adopted and treated exactly as if of the blood of the family into which he had been admitted.

In relation to the habit of adoption, a curious custom existed on the north-east coast. For instance, a small male child would be sent by the Kaili Kaili to the Winiapi and be adopted by some prominent man amongst them ; or the Okein might send one to the Arifamu for the same purpose. When that child grew up, however bitter the hostility or warfare raging between the tribes might be, he took no part, but freely passed from one tribe to the other, bearing messages, or living with either as he saw fit.

Though family affection was very strong among the people, loyalty to the man they for the time being served was even stronger. I remember on one occasion a particularly striking instance ; it was while I was on the Mount Lamington Expedition with Mr. Surveyor Tooth. On that expedition

I had with me a man named Maione, a private of constabulary, recruited from a tribe on the Kumusi; a tribe from whom I had no other man. As he was friendless in the detachment, according to my usual custom I appointed him as an additional personal orderly to myself, until such time as he should be once more at home in his surroundings.

On the expedition we suddenly marched into a party of Maione's people returning from a raid, and carrying the bodies of their victims preparatory to a feast. After a small scrap, we seized the chiefs responsible and buried the bodies of the victims. During the fight Maione grounded his rifle and took no part, explaining afterwards that the people we were scrapping with were his own relations. That night my scouts reported that an attack was being prepared against the camp, with the object of rescuing the men in my hands. My sergeant came to me, referred to Maione's inaction during the day, and suggested that he should be disarmed in case he should desert to his relations and, from the darkness, use his rifle against us, in which case we should be in a parlous fix, as Tooth, myself and the non-coms. could easily be picked off by a rifleman in the scrub. I declined to allow Maione to be disarmed, but gave orders that a man should be detailed to watch him without his knowledge, and



with instructions that when the night attack came, should he show any signs of bunking to the enemy, he was to be shot.

Night and the attack came ; it was a hot attack and pressed home upon us. I joined the firing line ; and quickly had to weaken my line to reinforce Tooth at the rear, where he was being badly pressed. Suddenly I was conscious of a rifle banging just behind me, a rifle, too, that was making uncommonly good practice and helping much.

"Who are you?" I jerked over my shoulder as I was recharging my magazine.

"Maione," came the reply.

After the fight was over, I asked Maione why he had fired upon his own people, and he replied :

"I did not intend to until it became a question of their killing you ; then I had to take a hand."

Maione then became my permanent personal orderly, and began his duties by soundly larruping on the stern with a belt the private of constabulary who had allowed him to escape and get behind me. Maione performed this rite with relish, pointing out to the faithless watcher between his whacks, that he—Maione—might have easily blown out my brains, and then "where should we have been?"

The natives had an extraordinary fixed idea as to

communal responsibility for individual offences. They knew that the Government only held responsible the particular person or persons by whom the act had been committed, but to their minds this view was a wrong one, and they always acted as if they expected it to be suddenly changed to accord with their own. If a crime was committed, they argued that it had to be expiated, "paid for" by some one, and provided some one "paid for it" it really did not matter who the "payer" was.

In one particular instance I heard of a murder in a remote part of Paitoto's district. I waited for old Paitoto to take action, but the murderer was a friend of his, so the old villain did nothing. I then sent Corporal Arigita and half a dozen constabulary on a recruiting trip through Paitoto's country, Arigita having certain private instructions from me as to his course of action. Arigita in talking to Paitoto casually remarked :

"The Man has heard some tale of a murder in one of your hill villages ; of course there can't be anything in it, or you would have reported it by now."

"What will the Man do if there happens to be any truth in the tale ?" asked Paitoto.

"Oh, probably send me orders to pull the uniform off you and fetch you in in handcuffs,"

carelessly replied the Corporal ; " I should be sorry to do that as you are a friend of my father's."

" I have heard a tale of a murder three days' journey away ; I will go at once," said Paitoto. " You go and tell the Man that I was just leaving to attend to the affair when you arrived."

Paitoto left ; and when he reached the village he found the Chief, the man by whom the murder had been committed, very weak and ill. He had had pneumonia or something of the sort. Paitoto said to him :

" I am very sorry, but the Man has got wind of that killing affair of yours ; I hoped he would not hear of it, but now Arigita says he is quite likely to take away my position and gaol me for it. That is a nice fix to get your friend into ! It can't be helped, but I am going to run you in, for you will be got sooner or later."

" Paitoto," answered the Chief, " you speak truly ; but if I am taken over the hills in my weak condition I shall surely die. I don't suppose either you or the Man want that ! "

" Well, somebody's got to pay for that dead man," said Paitoto, " what about your son ? "

Brilliant idea ! The son was summoned, his part explained to him, the evidence collected, and the whole brought to me. The hearing of the case

began ; the witnesses told a straightforward tale, the prisoner pleaded guilty, all was apparently clear, when Sergeant Barigi smelt a rat, and with my permission began to question the witnesses. In a few minutes we had the truth, and the prisoner was released to his immense astonishment.

“ Why am I let off ? ” he asked.

“ Your father must pay, in person, for that dead man.”

“ But he is ill, and would die ; he can't pay, keep me instead.”

I sent Sergeant Barigi to see whether the man was really ill, but Barigi found he had solved the problem by dying.

“ Now then, you old reprobate,” I said to Paitoto, “ what do you mean by humbugging me like this ? My gaol is yawning for you.”

I then discovered that Paitoto really thought that he had been doing the best for all parties ; and that the law would be fully vindicated in the eyes of the natives by the punishment of the innocent son for the crime of his father. Unjust ; of course not ! Nothing could be more reasonable or just !

I have written about a homicide by a native, but apart from the fact of the homicide (for which I believe he had good reason according to his ethics),

the perpetrator was a gentleman, even if a native. Now comes the case of a white criminal, a most unutterable blackguard, named Joseph O'Brien. This interesting individual appeared on the gold-fields of the Northern Division during my absence on leave, and played hell generally. He resembled the type of the American bad man : he ravished women, he burnt native houses, he assaulted and in one case shot at a village constable, he did no work, and he wound up by robbing Messrs. Whitten Bros. of about £1000 in gold. White men and natives alike were afraid of him, and the Government officers in the district in which he was carrying on were a recently appointed pair of weaklings, who simply sat down and wrung their hands and prayed for my return.

I heard about the blighter from Robert Whitten, as I passed through Samarai on my return from leave ; I also heard about him from the Buna Bay village constable whom he had shot at ; also from a woman with her own particular grievance ; also from four owners of burnt houses ; also I heard that the miners were betting on the result of the shooting when O'Brien and I met, as he had sworn to kill any blank policeman attempting to arrest him. I arrived at Kokoda Government Station ; the gold-field was ten miles farther on, and no white man knew

of my return. O'Brien's crimes had been committed in the Tamata District, and my Kokoda officers, Griffin and Bellamy, knew little other than having heard about them, but they knew that he was on the Yodda goldfield.

"Bellamy, you are to come with me," I remarked. "I intend to arrest O'Brien, and if all we hear is correct there will be a shooting match to which I want a witness ; also if he should happen to bag me" (the chap, by the way, had the reputation of being the best revolver shot in the Northern Division), "I want you to see that Barigi, Oia & Co. kill him cleanly out of hand, and don't indulge in any Binandere luxuries by way of avenging me."

"Give me a warrant, and let me take him," said Bellamy.

"No, you don't," I replied. "Every European and every native seems to think that the affair is between O'Brien and me, as I gather O'Brien himself thinks. I shall honour the blackguard by arresting him or shooting him with my own fair hands !" I took precautions, however, for apart from the match revolver carried in my holster I had a small automatic pistol in my jacket pocket.

We arrived at the field. The police located

O'Brien's tent, in which we could see a man sitting.

"That is O'Brien," said Bellamy, who knew him by sight.

I walked quietly up to the tent with my hand carelessly in my jacket pocket. It is quite easy to shoot through a pocket, and much quicker than raising one's arm to aim. O'Brien looked up suddenly.

"Who are you?" he demanded.

"The Warden of Goldfields, and Senior Officer of Armed Constabulary," I remarked. "I have a warrant for you. Put up your hands!"

O'Brien glanced at the hand in my pocket, guessed what it held, and surrendered; with the remark, as his eyes fell on Bellamy and the police all with finger on trigger:

"You need not have brought all those blank bastards; don't let a nigger put the irons on me."

"You shall have the honour of being handcuffed by me in person," I said.

I gave O'Brien two months' hard labour on one charge of assault, and committed him for trial before the Chief Justice on the other charges. He never came to trial, however, for though I detailed two privates to guard him while doing his hard labour, viz. chopping down trees, Griffin, during my

absence, was idiot enough to reduce the guard to one man ; O'Brien suddenly turned on the one man, split his skull with his tomahawk and escaped into the forest. The escape was not discovered for some hours, and by that time all trace of him was lost other than the fact that he passed through the Yodda field apparently on his way to German New Guinea. By the time I returned to the Station he had obtained too big a start. Many Europeans in New Guinea declared, in fact one stated so before the Papuan Royal Commission, that O'Brien had been run down and shot by my police. This, however, is quite untrue ; for, though the police or I would now have shot him at sight, we, to our regret, never had the opportunity of doing so. I think he was probably killed by natives, who kept quiet about it ; for they all knew that, in so far as I was concerned, he was now a wolf's head.

O'Brien was one of the two greatest blackguards and general all-round criminals I have met with in a somewhat extensive career ; but even he had a good point. For once when a friend of his, suffering from delirium tremens, wandered off into the forest, and search parties of miners had long since given up the hunt, he stuck single-handed to his quest until he eventually found his friend in a native



village and brought him safely in. This was the only white act I ever heard of in a thoroughly black life ; and it shows that even in the worst characters there may be a gleam of something better, tiny though it may be.

As a contrast to Joseph O'Brien, criminal, follow these two simple-minded good fellows, also diggers.

Half-way to the Aikora, in a valley named Finn's Gully, there lived and worked two diggers, whom I will call Bill Smith and Sam Brown, men who had worked as partners together on most of the goldfields of the world. One day I received the following letter from Bill Smith :

finn's gully  
Jan. 2nd, 1906.

dere Sir

Mister Warden I take my Pen to Hinfor you mister warden and opes mister warden you well as it lives me that me maite Sam Brown wich is name was Samuel john is ded hand i want sumthin dun, sam had fever wich is age was fourtey sevin is Yorine was black hand spued continus bluddy. Carl Svenson hand wich is a dutchy and wot stoled a klok in Cooktown wich e ses is a bluddy lie hand i makkin a Corfin ses has you mister warden will require a hinkeston is father's naime was Samuel mathew hand e was a salemaker by Trade and a brittish hand dyded hof a chumar hand the corp

wont keep in this hot wether sumthin sudin mister  
warden plese do

Yours respectively

mister Warden

Bill Smith

Miners Right No ooo.

I think it mought ave bene a kiddney hand a  
yere ago e hadd hearach orfull. Sam e was a good  
maite e owed the store wich is bluddy rober fiveteen  
Quid hand wich is last Words was, mak me a good  
corfin old maite.

I sent a reply to him, and told him that the body  
could be buried at once, as there were no circum-  
stances necessitating an inquest, the man having  
palpably died from blackwater fever. Three weeks  
later I called at the men's camp and talked to Mr.  
William Smith.

"How are you doing?" I asked.

"No blanky good," he replied, "the blanky  
mudhole petered out a week before poor Sam died ;  
it helped to kill him."

"What the devil are you stopping here for  
then?" I asked, "You look as miserable as a  
bandycoot ; you will be dying next, and getting my  
district a bad name, as well as giving me a lot of  
trouble."

"I thought poor old Sam might feel lonely if

I cleared out too soon," he replied. "I made him a fine coffin, would you like to see it? The boys will have it up in half an hour."

I hastily declined to inspect the coffin.

"Well then, come and look at the grave and the tombstone I writ," said Bill.

I went with him to the grave, and there on a solid slab of teakwood I found nailed the side of a kerosine tin, on which was punched in holes :

"Here lys the Boddy of Sam Brown  
He was a Good Maite  
Durst to Durst Hashes to Hashes "

"What did you put the last line for?" I asked curiously.

"It was the ònly bit of the Bible I knew," answered Bill. "I read it in a story in the 'Bulletin.' Don't you think it right?"

"I think it splendid," I replied. "'He was a good mate': I hope I shall get as good a one. Now pack up and you can travel with me to the Yodda, where you can get some fair ground. Sam won't miss you now."

The following is an example of a typical miner's Saturday night on the Yodda goldfield. I marched in late one night; my men were pitching my tent, while I went to the store. There I found this sort of scene. One large room, Mr. William Ivory

presiding over a poker table at which some five or six sober diggers sat and gambled, some fifteen to twenty others were leaning against the bar talking and drinking, a gramophone was screeching, the wreck of what once had been a gentleman was standing on a bench reciting "Marmion" to an audience that paid no attention, the while the store-keeper's native wife (not belonging to the Division) sat on a mat and discoursed sweet music on a Jew's harp; two gentlemen, too drunk to stand, were settling their differences on the floor, every one carefully avoiding treading on them.

"Good evening, Warden," every one civilly said, as I entered and carefully side-stepped round the gentlemen on the floor, and moved up to where the store-keeper was safely ensconced behind the counter.

"Have you or the men anything for me, Mr. Hancock?" I asked. "I march at daybreak." The store-keeper always acted as agent for the miners and did their legal business.

"Nothing," he replied, "other than your signature to a few 'Miners' Rights' and 'Extensions of Claims.'"

I was signing the papers, when bang behind my knees came the struggling pair on the floor, and bump on my stern went I! The card party was

shocked ; it got up, it seized the fighters by the heels and dragged them outside.

“ Have a little common sense,” the card party remarked to the fighters ; “ we don’t mind the Warden juggling you for bumping him, as he might do, but if you put him into too great a rage he might go off without signing our Rights ! ”

“ Good-night everybody,” from me as I left.

“ Good-night and good luck, Warden,” from the miners.

Then a squeal from the reciter of “ Marmion ” :

“ Are you going to bed, Warden ? ”

“ No,” I replied, “ it is not worth while as I march at daybreak.”

“ Then may I bring my chess-men and play one game with you ? It is the only chance I get of one, and I am sick of playing games by myself out of the paper.”

I hope I have drawn a fair picture of the New Guinea miner, or digger, as he preferred to be called. They were a most extraordinarily contradictory lot ; in playing cards they would cheat one another with an utter lack of scruple, yet they would leave their gold about in the most careless way, and no one would touch it. They would subscribe liberally to a Mission fund, and yet I have never heard one say a good word for Missions. They spent a

lot of their time in blackguarding me, and getting questions asked about me by Labour Members in the Australian Parliament, mainly attributing to me ignorance, corruption, bias, or an over-bearing nature ; yet when they had a case in my Court they invariably refused to have assessors, a form of jury drawn from the miners, both plaintiff and defendant always agreeing that they preferred me to hear the case and deliver judgment alone.

I remember on one occasion the Lieutenant-Governor was directed to take a referendum among the white population as to what would be the effect of Prohibition in New Guinea ; and one question was, " What effect would such have on the Missions ? " " Very bad," replied one digger on his paper. " As no one would subscribe to a Mission unless he was drunk."

Talking of miners leads me with a jump to what was to me a very interesting thing, namely the discovery of ancient pottery, carved shells and stone implements ; all of which clearly belonged to a race existing long prior to the Papuan. The first discovery of this nature was made by the miner, William Ivory, who dug up from under the debris of a pre-historic forest and a stratum of gold-bearing gravel an obsidian battle-axe, where the thing must have lain for untold centuries. Obsidian (volcanic



CARVED SHELLS FOUND WITH ANCIENT POTTERY AND  
HUMAN BONES IN EXCAVATIONS AT RAINU IN COLLING-  
WOOD BAY, NORTH-EAST COAST





glass) is not used or worked by Papuans, and the shape of the axe was exactly that of an ancient Saxon or Danish axe, and certainly not that of any weapon or tool used by savages. This axe was given by me to the Hon. David Ballantine, by whom later it was presented to the British Museum, where it now is. Obsidian is worked and used to this day by the natives of the Admiralty Islands, for tipping their spears and arrow points, but not by Papuans.

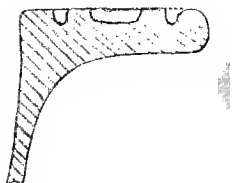
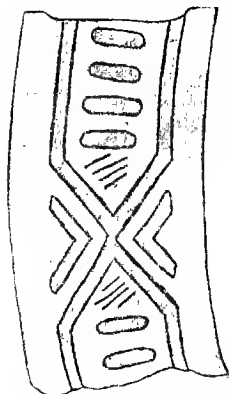
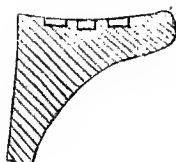
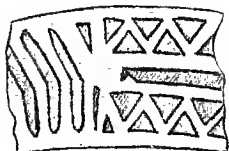
The next discovery was a large stone bowl about two feet in diameter, and a pestle, which was also washed out from a mining claim. Then, while I was surveying the site for a new Mission Station at Rainu, in Collingwood Bay, a very extensive deposit of ancient bones, skulls, carved shells and pottery was discovered. The bones and skulls crumbled as soon as exposed to the air; the pottery and shells I collected and sent to the British Museum.\* Later I was told that this pottery was almost identical with that of the oldest form of pottery extant, pottery dug up on an island in the

\* Dr. Charles Seligman, then Pathologist at the Zoo, now Professor Seligman, F.R.S., sent me a lot of gelatine with directions as to how it was to be melted and poured round a skull so soon as it was exposed, and before it could crumble. Unfortunately, however, the jelly would not set in the tropical heat, and I left the country before another plan could be devised.

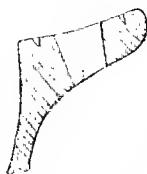
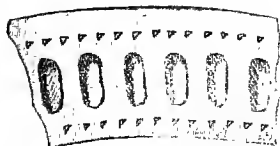
Mediterranean. In the Northern Division, at a later date, natives brought me several large pestles found by them in digging their gardens ; while miners there worked out many more large bowls, pestles, and curiously carved objects with pestle ends, such as birds with outstretched wings and snake heads. Huge stone two-handed swords were also discovered ; all of a fashion and an art entirely unknown to the Papuan. In fact, when shown the things, the people always said, " That is stranger's work, not ours." My friend, Mr. P. Black, of the firm of Burns, Philp and Co., Sydney, has, I understand, a very good collection of peculiar and interesting objects dug up by the miners in New Guinea, and purchased for him by their firm's manager. The collection should certainly be examined by a scientist.

I remember also that while I was on the Waria Expedition in 1906, my men discovered to the north-east of Mount Albert Edward a solid stone pillar, about three feet in diameter and four in height, very weather worn, and crowned by an enormous and very eroded stone bowl. Its purpose or history we could not discover.

Professor Seligman, F.R.S. and Professor Haddon, F.R.S., Dr. Strong and the Austrian, Dr. Poch, also that keen observer, Mr. Chinnery, have



Examples of Sculptured Designs on Rims.



Example with Perforations through Rims.

ANCIENT FRAGMENTS OF POTTERY FROM COLLINGWOOD BAY,  
NORTH-EAST COAST



written much regarding the discoveries of ancient stone implements in New Guinea in the journals of various learned societies ; they have also propounded interesting theories thereon, in some instances quoting me as an authority. Personally I am of opinion that we know as little of the origin of the ancient relics dug up or discovered in New Guinea as we know of the origin of Stonehenge or the ruins in Easter Island. When the wise men have solved these two problems, then perhaps they might attempt that of the recent discoveries in New Guinea.

Another curious thing was the discovery of wooden plate armour in a deserted village at about 6000 feet, on the Owen Stanley Range ; the incident is referred to in my report upon the Waria Expedition, but I never met the people by whom the armour was worn. It was made of a very light tough wood, was shaped to fit the body, and was about two inches thick and quite arrow proof ; the holes in the plates were so placed that they could be lashed together on the wearer. Long gauntlets of plaited cane and fibre were worn with the armour. The armour was considerably thicker and stronger on the left side of the body, the side most exposed by a bowman in action ; and the size showed that it had been designed for men of good height and

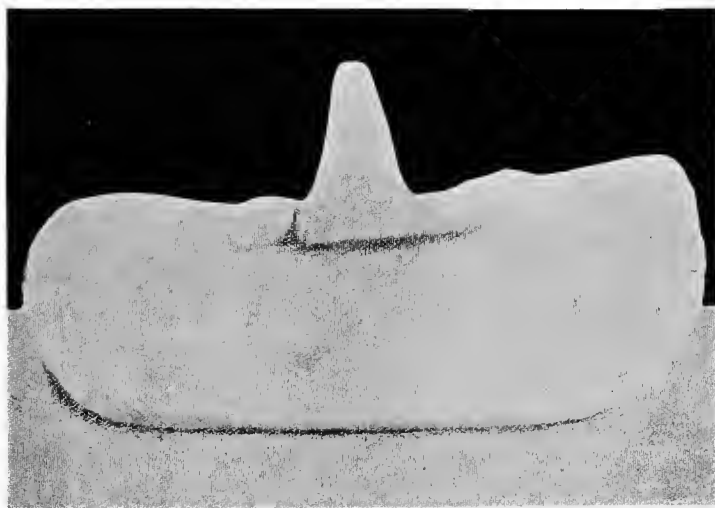
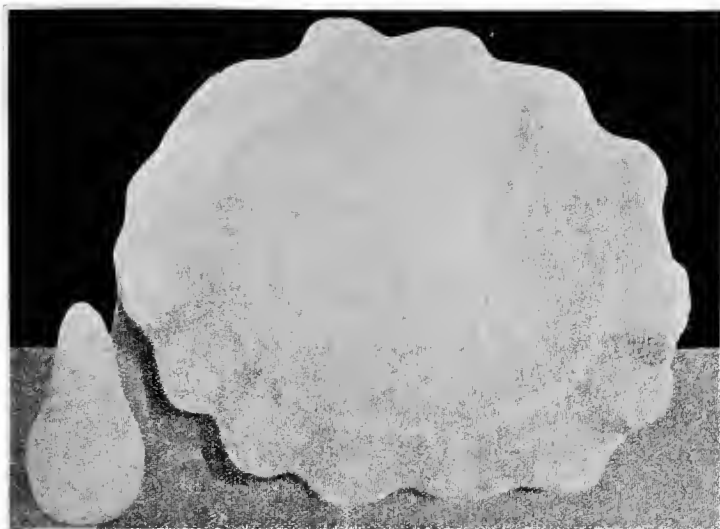
physique. Who the people were by whom it was worn I do not know ; I describe their abandoned villages in a later chapter.

My people had no traditions as to the use or origin of the discovered relics ; but folk-lore among them was very peculiar. Once, for instance, I was moving up the north-east coast in a whale-boat ; the way was long, the sun was hot ; Sergeant Barigi sat in the stern sheets and told me stories to kill my boredom. Suddenly a shoal of trevalli appeared, upon which at once descended a flock of tern.

"Look at those dam fool birds," I said to Barigi, "squeaking and spluttering, and never catching a fish."

"Oh," said Barigi, "they don't want to catch one. The trevalli and tern once were husbands and wives, but the wives wished to gambol and dance and have no children, whereupon the good spirits became angry and placed the wives in the sea and the husbands in the air, saying 'For ever owing to your wickedness you will wish to join, but for ever shall you be parted, and for ever will you strive to join one another.' Hence the trevalli always leap to the surface and the tern descend."

Then we came to the Mitre Rock, the one-time



ANCIENT GRANITE PESTLE AND MORTAR FOUND IN GOLD WORKINGS AT  
YODDA VALLEY, NORTH-EAST COAST





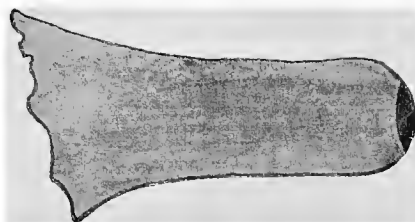
recognized boundary of the Possession ; and Barigi pointed to it.

“Mark that rock,” he said, “and its split crown. To it is attached a tale of awful iniquity. Look inland, and you will also see two strange, bare coned rocks.” (One was fifty yards from the beach, and the other about one hundred.) “Well, ages ago,” went on Barigi, “there lived a man near here ; he lived with his wife and his mother-in-law, but he fell in love with his mother-in-law and she with him, and they fled together towards the sea. The wife got angry and appealed to a powerful spirit, who pursued them. The mother-in-law ran fast, but the son-in-law ran faster. The mother-in-law was caught and turned into stone, but the son-in-law escaped into the sea where the spirit caught him and split his skull, saying ‘Stay here.’ The son-in-law is the Mitre Rock. Then the spirit returned, and changed the injured wife into a stone also, saying, ‘Stay here and watch your husband and your mother, whom I have transfixed as an example for all time.’ ”

I can't say I quite follow the justice of turning the wife into a stone ! But Barigi thought it was all right !

## CHAPTER VII

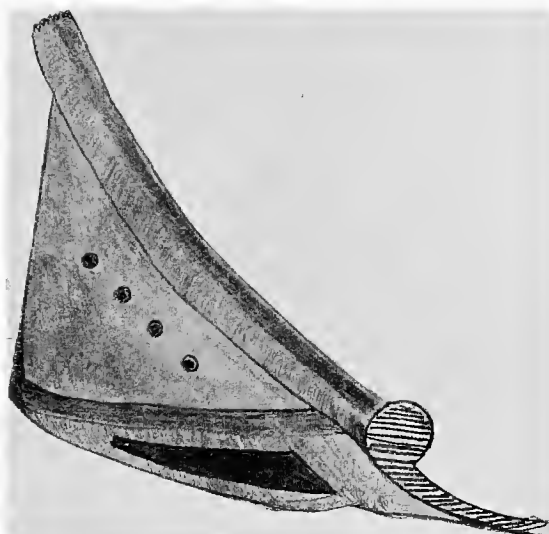
SO much vagueness seems to exist in the public mind as to where New Guinea is, for people are always too lazy to turn up a book of reference, that at the risk of being boring I now give that information. It lies about eighty miles to the north of Australia ; it is the biggest island in the world with the exception of Australia, and has a width of nearly fifteen hundred miles and a depth of some four hundred. It has an estimated population of a million ; this estimate being in my opinion much under the mark. No one knows whence the Papuans came ; they are of many different tribes and languages, and no one knows their numbers. Sir William MacGregor once said casually that he believed the interior of the island to be uninhabited. This was a remark made by him years before he left the Possession, and everlastingly quoted, though Sir William had seen fit subsequently to change his views. Speaking from personal experience I do not believe that there is even a small extent of this vast island which has not



Neck of Water Bottle



Handle or Lug of Pitcher



Lug or Handle for suspending Cooking Pot

ANCIENT FRAGMENTS OF POTTERY FOUND WITH HUMAN  
BONES IN EXCAVATIONS AT RAINU, IN COLLINGWOOD  
BAY, NORTH-EAST COAST



been traversed, used or occupied by Papuans ; for I ascended higher than any man had done previously in New Guinea, and penetrated deeper into the country, and I never found a tract of country lacking occupation by natives.

Also no one knows the height of its mountains ; for, though Sir William MacGregor measured that of Mount Victoria, and I that of Mount Albert Edward, the Snowy Mountains, a range at the head of the Fly River, were never measured, for the simple reason that the summits were clothed in everlasting clouds ; and if a rare glimpse was caught, before one had time to get measuring instruments, the clouds had closed again. Commander Rothwell of the *Merrie England* on one occasion caught sight of a very high peak and took a sextant angle ; he got a second angle after the ship had steamed about a mile, before the clouds closed again. From this he made out that the height of the peak sighted was between 27,000 and 28,000 feet ; in which case, of course, New Guinea contains one of the highest, if not the highest, range of mountains in the world. Unfortunately the visibility was bad, the base line upon which the observations were determined was very short, and though the sights were entered in the *Merrie England's* log no definite statement could be made as to their accuracy.

Personally I am of opinion that Commander Rothwell's sights were correct, for he was a most accurate navigator and surveyor, and pedantic to the last degree in his work. Unfortunately, however, the then Lieutenant-Governor cast doubt upon his eyesight, and though the Commander's eyes were subsequently examined, and certified as fit to pass any naval test, his report as to the height of the peak sighted in the Snowy Range was washed out. For in the first instance it depended upon his individual observation, and in the second doubt had been cast, not upon his honest belief or upon his ability, but upon his eyesight. I quote the case of Commander Rothwell simply because I like every man to get his due, and when the Snowy Range in the future is found to be well over 25,000 feet, as I believe it will be found, Rothwell's name should stand as the first man to mention the fact that New Guinea possessed a mountain range possibly rivalling the Himalayas.

When Rothwell took his sight upon the peak of the Snowy Range, I happened to be on deck, glimpsed the range, and called to the quartermaster to bring me a sextant from the chart-house. The quartermaster went in and grabbed the Chief Officer's sextant and brought it to me, the which I used, and my angle tallied exactly with that of



PORT MORESBY





Commander Rothwell. I, however, only got the second sight. History later will show whether he was right or a liar. The mountains won't shift.

Rothwell was in some ways a peculiar man. He was one of Sir William MacGregor's chosen, and his mistaken idea was that he was appointed to his job to see that the *Merrie England* never touched a reef, to chart the unknown seas he sailed, and to maintain a man-of-war's discipline among the *Merrie England's* crew. This was a perfectly monstrous idea on the part of Commander Rothwell, so he got the sack. After which we had men extremely clever at parlour tricks and landing the *Merrie England* on a reef on an average about once a month, with a consequent heavy bill of repairs ; but that did not matter, if they could look pretty, turn a nice compliment, and form one of a dinner party. Commander Rothwell's dinner jacket was a horror, bridge he knew not, and his conversation, except on the subject of marine surveying or a ship's domestic economy, was simply a series of grunts ; but he knew his work and did it ; hence, foolish man, he lost his job.

New Guinea, when I first arrived in the Possession, was under the control of the Colonial Office ; but later, at the end of the Governorship of Sir

George Le Hunte, it was handed over to the Commonwealth of Australia for administration. During both *régimes* there existed an Executive Council, and during Sir William MacGregor's time it largely consisted of experienced District Officers ; but since the departure of Sir William MacGregor this had slowly changed, and consequently a period of trouble descended upon the head of the Governor, Captain Barton.

Departmental heads had taken the places of the Resident Magistrates on the Executive Council, and however able these men might be in law, medicine, accountancy, or whatever else their professions might be, as a general rule they knew little or nothing of the conditions of New Guinea, apart from their Departments or away from Port Moresby. The discovery of gold on the German frontier, followed by a rush of miners, with all the consequent potentialities of international friction involved, mildly interested them, but left them quite cold. They were occupied by two burning questions : one, as to whether the natives of the villages at Port Moresby should be compelled to wear clothes ; the other, as to what additions could be made to their offices with money saved by reducing the constabulary rations and uniform, and starving the road votes. The question of the



ELAVARA VILLAGE NEAR PORT MORESBY



frontier goldfield was left to me to deal with as best I could.

Complaints against the Administration, the merits of which I do not propose to enter into, became so frequent, that at last, in desperation, Captain Barton wrote to the Governor-General in Australia and asked that a Royal Commission be appointed to inquire into the affairs of Papua (as the territory was now named), and clear up the complaints once for all. Barton's request was acceded to, and a Royal Commission consisting of a soldier, Colonel Kenneth Mackay, C.B., Mr. Justice Herbert, and Mr. W. E. Parry-Okeden, I.S.O., arrived in New Guinea in September, 1906. I do not propose to enter into the work of the Royal Commission other than to remark that it resulted in the retirement of the Administrator and three Departmental heads.

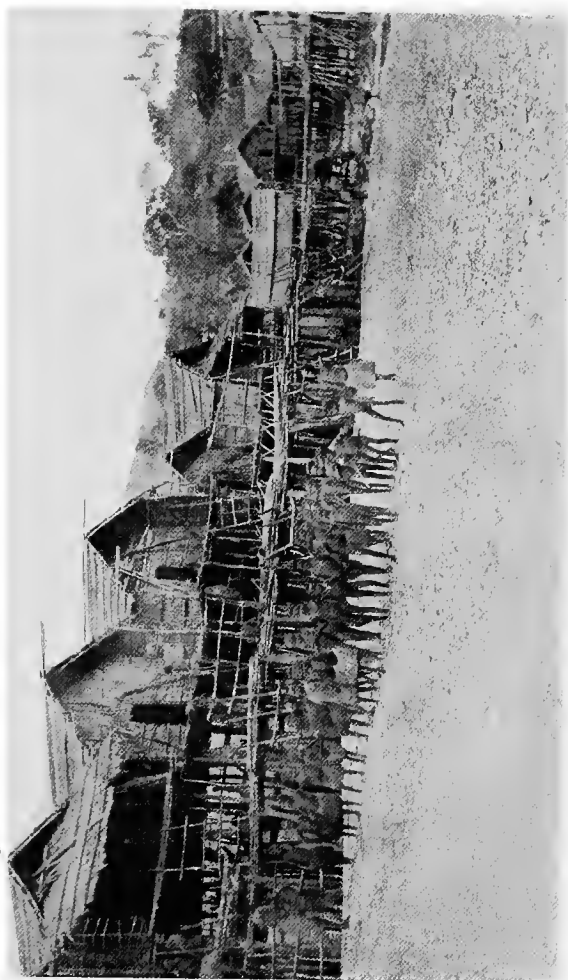
Upon the arrival of the Commission I was ordered to conduct two of its members, Colonel Mackay and Mr. Justice Herbert, to the Yodda goldfield and thence over the main range by the mail route to Port Moresby side again. Of course, as the tracks in Papua are rough and hilly, and sometimes very bad, a cavalry colonel with a game leg had been selected for the job ; but his pluck and grit and cheerful nature made up for the game leg.

The Royal Commission arrived at Buna Bay in the *Merrie England*. I groaned, for Buna Bay was one of the most stinking malarial spots in New Guinea, surrounded by swamps, and with no decent fresh water supply available. It was absolutely poisonous and a death trap to strangers ; also it simply swarmed with anopheles, the malaria-giving mosquito. I had fought violently against its being chosen as the headquarters of my Division, but had been overruled by men who had never seen it. Accordingly I went off to the *Merrie England*, and addressed the Royal Commission thus :

“ You have been placed in my charge, and I am responsible for you ; if you linger in the vicinity of Buna Bay, or within five miles of it, you will certainly get loaded up with a most malignant brand of malaria ; in such a case, of course, I can carry you to Port Moresby, but you will be unable to walk.”

“ Really, R.M.,” said Colonel Mackay, “ you paint a dismal picture ; but we must do our job. We place ourselves in your hands ; do your best for us, and for God’s sake keep us clear of malaria. I have had sufficient of that in Africa and India.”

“ Very good, sir,” I replied. “ I will keep you clear of malaria ; but the only way I can do it is by marching you beyond the fever belt, so don’t squeal if the pace is severe.”



NATIVE CHILDREN, ELAVARA VILLAGE





I now quote Colonel Mackay from his book "Across Papua:" \*

"Passing through a village we tramped along a narrow track which would have been a quagmire in bad weather, through tropical forest broken by open patches of high, coarse grass, Monckton forcing the pace to get us through the 'anopheles' belt, and eight miles out crossed a broad but shallow river, and camped in at least comparative safety, as malarial mosquitoes were not so numerous from now on. . . . We found the tramp trying, being out of form, and came in soaked with perspiration. Still, the experience was all fresh and full of interest. Round our camp the forest rose, and from it came the familiar cry of cockatoos and the unknown songs of other birds.

"We had a fly each and a taut canvas hammock covered with a suffocating cheese-cloth net, ordinary ones being useless to counter the onslaught of a Papuan mosquito; but the rest of our camp was picturesque, the carriers having in an incredibly short space of time transformed the road into a street of palm-thatched 'lean-to's,' where, on platforms raised two or three feet above the ground,

\* From "Across Papua," by Colonel Kenneth Mackay, C.B., M.L.C. Witherby and Co., 326, High Holborn, London. 1909.

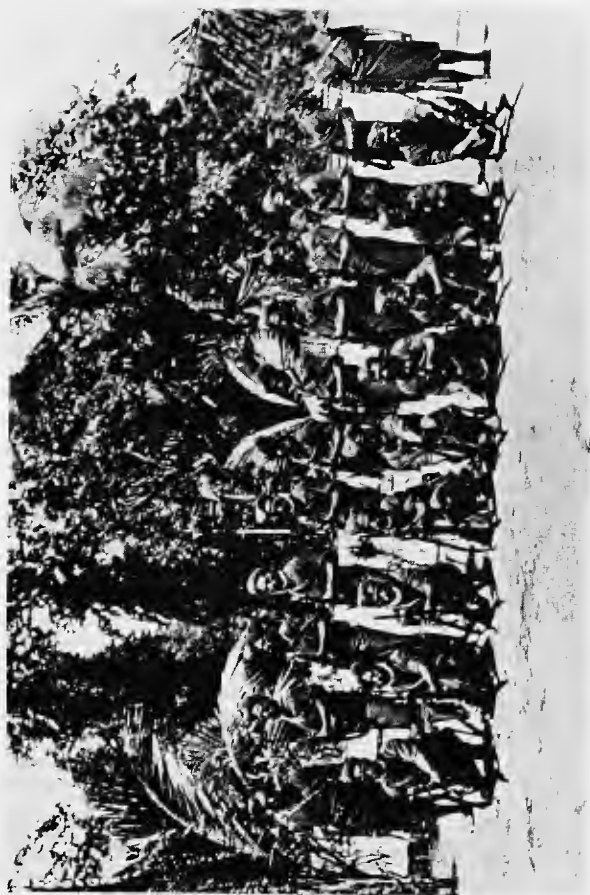
they sat and ate and made merry, and slept huddled together, the clean utterly indifferent to the presence of those scaled with skin disease. Under this platform they often built a small fire, and in the high altitudes I have seen them packed round it as well as on the stage above. Camp seems for them to be a continual feast, for often in the night, if they wake, a fresh attack is made on anything handy. In their quick erections of shelters they are greatly aided by the soft and easily-split timber and the broad leaves which grow ready to hand for roofing.

"In our party were nine men in chains, about to be tried for eating a mail boy. I was told they would get about a year apiece, not an excessive price to pay it struck me, particularly if they were epicures.

"Our carriers were of the Berindiri (Binandere) race and men of splendid physique, probably because until a few years ago they always killed weak and deformed male children ; strange to say they let all the girls live, holding that weak women might still bear strong sons.

"After a wet night, day came in fine, and striking camp at 7.15 we almost at once left the main track and plunged into primal Papua."

At the end of the second day's march from Buna Bay I took Colonel Mackay and Mr. Justice



KOKODA SQUAD



Herbert off the Yodda road to the village of Kandarita, in order that the Commission might see an unspoilt village. The village had only twice been visited before, first by myself, and secondly again by me, accompanied by Bishop Stone-Wigg; the inhabitants, of course, were quite crude savages, still in the Stone Age. I had but twelve constabulary with me, consisting of my personal escort of ten, and two others who were guarding some prisoners. Night came: my single sentry was posted; Colonel Mackay gazed at him with his soldier's eye, then he looked at the hundreds of stalwart natives in whose midst we were preparing to sleep.

"This seems to me a devilish risky proceeding," he remarked; "your dozen men could be swamped in an instant. I suppose, however, the prestige of the Government renders things safe."

"Nothing of the sort," was my reply. "But in the first instance these people have no quarrel with me, and in the second, supposing cupidity or desire to kill strangers overcame them, they would be deterred by the moral force behind my escort."

I then explained that my personal escort was composed of men belonging to the Division, and were all sons or near relations of powerful chiefs such as Bushimai, Giwi and Oiogoba Sara.

"Nothing can happen to me in this part of New

Guinea until these ten men have been killed, and if they and I were killed, the news would spread fast, and from the German frontier to Cape Vogel the tribes would march to take a bloody vengeance. Lucky indeed would be the man who fell into the hands of the Government, instead of those of Bushimai or Giwi ! That small escort of mine is but the point of many a thousand spears, and the people know it."

Colonel Mackay grasped my point, and afterwards the following remark appeared in the Official Report of the Royal Commission: "New Guinea is held by the personal influence of a few officers."

This was not quite correct of the Northern Division, for Sergeant Barigi, commander of my escort and senior non-commissioned officer of the Northern and North-Eastern Divisions, was to be taken into account. Colonel Mackay refers to him as "A non-com. beyond price," and he certainly was that. In serving with my regiment in India I had some splendid non-coms., men that Kipling calls "the backbone of the Army," but I never had a better man than the Binandere ex-cannibal, Barigi of the Mambare. Sergeant Barigi could deal faithfully with the roughest and most truculent of savages, even in the mass ; he feared neither man, ghost nor devil, nor any peril in Papua, but he walked



SERGEANT BARIGI





in awe of a small, lean, shrewish wife ! Barigi, who held more real power and was regarded by the tribes with greater respect than any one of my European District Officers, would sometimes, I regret to say, suddenly appear in my room wearing a worried look.

“ Well, trusty old warrior, what is the matter ? ”

“ That wife of mine ; she has cut up my best uniform jumper, she has broken all our cooking pots, and hit me over the head with a dead fish ! ”

“ What for ? ”

“ Some liar told her I had been philandering with another woman.”

“ There are sticks in the bush,” I remarked.

“ Some day you will know better, Taubada,” replied Barigi. “ The last time she carried on, you told me to handcuff her. I did ; and she behaved like a bush devil for a month afterwards. I think, if you don’t mind, I will give your orderly, Maione, a couple of days’ leave, and take on his job myself. I prefer to be with you in your house.”

Mrs. Barigi was a woman of parts ; she ruled the women of the Station with the asperity of an Elizabeth and the austerity of an early Victorian chaperon. Bruce, the Commandant, on one occasion brought me three Kiwai privates of constabulary whom I did not want and had not asked

for, all married to Port Moresby women, all of whom were English-speaking and bad hats. The Kiwais always married the bad hats of Port Moresby, as they could not get other wives owing to their being aliens from the Gulf ; while my men were married to the strictly virtuous women of their own tribes. Afterwards I found that Bruce had brought me the men because he wanted to get the wives away from his own barracks !

I sent a party, including Oelrichs, Barigi and the three Kiwais, to Collingwood Bay on some mission that would take them four or five days. One night at about twelve I was sitting in a bath preparatory to turning in, when I heard the sentry at the foot of the steps challenge, and a woman's voice reply:

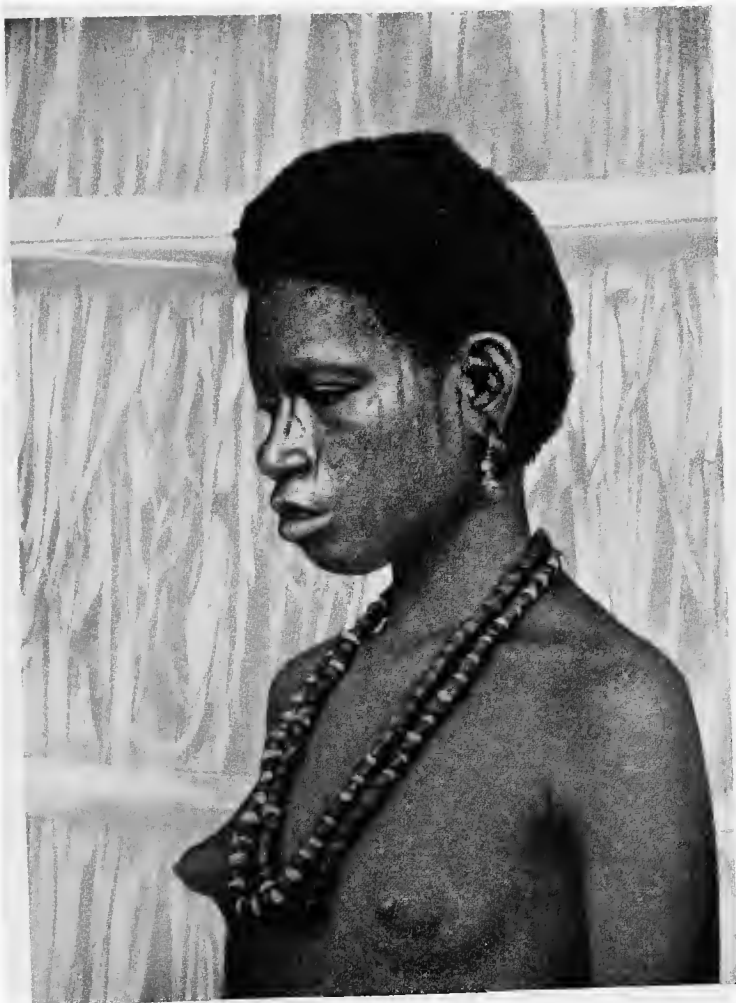
“ I want the Man.”

“ You can't pass; go to bed, you foolish woman.”

There came the sound of a clouted ear, followed by a second clump and the shrill tones of an excited woman. Maione and Toku were in my room. Then came a wail from the sentry:

“ Ohé Maione, Ohé Toku, Mrs. Barigi is fighting me ! ” Maione ran down the steps, while Toku in the interests of decency hastily threw towels and a rug round me.

“ I want the Man,” said Mrs. Barigi to Maione, as she ceased biffing the sentry.



WOMAN OF CAPE NELSON



"You can't see him, it is too late," remarked Maione in scandalized tones, and pushed the lady away.

Maione got clawed and scratched, and yelled for help. I sent Toku down to bring in Mrs. Barigi.

"Well, Mrs. Barigi, what do you want at this hour? Have you no respect for your character?"

"The indecorum of these Port Moresby women is beyond belief; they are female dogs! They are all out of their houses and I can't get them in; they defy me. I want them all locked up in gaol until their husbands return."

"Certainly, Mrs. Barigi, here are the keys of the police cells; they are empty, and you can take the wives of the Mambare police to assist you, and lock up the ladies for as long as you like."

Mrs. Barigi was satisfied and departed, and soon the air was filled with shrieks and screams as her detachment of constabulary wives dragged the wanton ones to durance vile.

"Oh," said Toku, as I resumed my interrupted tub, "Sergeant Barigi is having a holiday, and we suffer for it!"

Barigi and the husbands returned in due course, the latter's spouses still being in the cells as the best place for them.

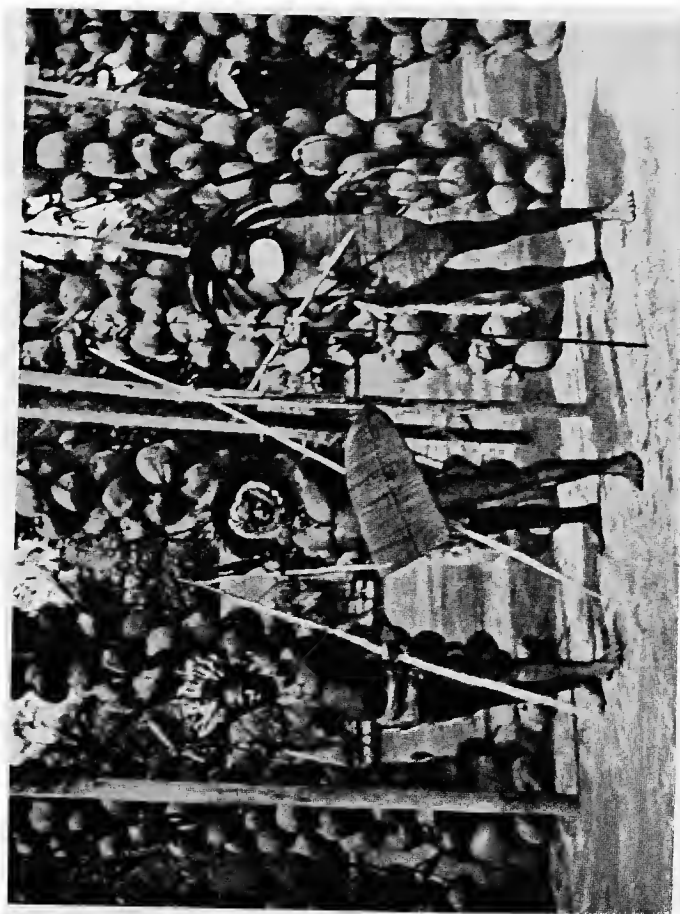
“ Why are our wives in cells ? ” they asked me.

“ Ask Mrs. Barigi, she can release them when she chooses ; she has the keys,” I replied.

They went to Mrs. Barigi.

“ Certainly I will let the strumpets out now you are back ; but first you must consent to Corporal Bia’s wife giving each of them three cuts on the bare stern with the Corporal’s belt.”

Corporal Bia’s wife, I might remark, was a well-nourished woman of about twelve stone ! The husbands consented as the only possible way of retrieving their wives. Mrs. Bia carried out the execution ; and peace and order reigned once more, while Mrs. Barigi’s star blazed brighter than ever !



WARRIORS AND COCOANUTS AT KANDAKITA





## CHAPTER VIII

**B**UT after this digression I must return to Colonel Mackay and quote again from his book "Across Papua" :

" We camped in the middle of the village, which was built on a circular piece of land near a stream, and surrounded by tropical vegetation, and, while the houses were flimsy, and of poor construction, the ground they stood on was absolutely bare of grass, being swept so clean that a man might literally eat his dinner off it, save for the danger of getting his head cracked by the nuts which every now and then fell from the trees dotted over it. Strolling about we noticed twelve poles set in a row, completely hidden by coco-nuts from base to summit, and were told that this was done partly as a sign of prosperity, partly as a means of storing the nuts for future planting. All the men we met were most friendly, but when one began to feel my arms in a creepy, affectionate, approving sort of way, I began to realize with a pang that I was the only decent eating in the party !

“ Another humorist began to lift his leg over imaginary obstacles to the accompaniment of painful contortions suggestive of pain, and in a moment I remembered that I had been helping my ‘ gammy ’ leg over the logs we met with that day. Doubtless one of the carriers had told the story, and I fancy my mimic had reacted my hobbling only too well, judging from the effect he had on Herbert and Little. But he was a good-hearted fellow for all his fun at my expense, for he took us to a little deformed child, and I am sure tried to ask us if we could help it. Indeed, they all seemed ready to take or make a joke, which, of course, on either side had to be cracked by gesture, facial or otherwise, and I thought they were very nice and polite to laugh at some of Herbert’s efforts.

“ The only women we saw were old and past praying for, but one ancient dame fascinated me alike with her ugliness and appetite. She sat under a raised floor of a hut beside a little fire, her head caked over with white clay, her limbs too thin to cast a shadow, and ate, it seemed to me, for hours, solemnly, methodically, persistently. Sometimes a little pig would come along, and she would fondle it against her withered breasts and share a plantain with it, and then hunt it away and reach for a yam. George reckoned she was in mourning for a

husband. I shouldn't wonder ! I only envy him the joy he must have known when death became a certainty.

"The men were Apollos in bronze, and I was told that the young women were, as a rule, of fine physique, but we saw none of them, all having left the village before our arrival.

". . . Monckton told me that only two white men had been in this village before us—himself and Bishop Stone-Wigg—so we saw it surrounded by a practically inviolate rampart of virgin forest, its people as yet untainted, just children of Nature and the Sun.

"As evening fell men and women poured in from all sides laden with plantains, pumpkins, paw-paws, melons, mangoes, sugar cane, taro, yams, and other fruits, and as they reached its borders the whole village greeted them with a rich, deep, booming note of welcome, indescribably grand. Then as I sat writing outside my fly they came and laid offerings of fruit at my feet, and rising I thanked them in dumb show and with all the dignity pyjamas leave a man.

"As I lay in my hammock that night—one of four white men among hundreds of black ones—the other side of the picture rose before me. How these undoubtedly charming people had till quite

recently eaten their prisoners, just tying their arms and legs together like a pig, then thrusting a stick through and cooking them alive by holding them over a slow fire, and how, in proof thereof, some of them had been kind enough that very evening, when Monckton was absent, to show me a charred skull, and, while apologizing for having only one, to explain that there were quite a lot at the next village, and how that afternoon I had seen them roasting pigs not dead, until stopped by the native police ; but who was I to cavil at this last, seeing I belong to a race that boils its lobsters alive in their shells ? Still, all things considered, I thanked God that undeveloped peoples so tersely and truly described by Kipling as ' half devil, half child ' never seemed to realize their strength nor our too frequent weakness.

" . . . On resuming our march, we waded through lakes of grass breast high (the path so narrow that we had to brush the stems aside), and bordered by towering trees ; vines from thirty to forty feet long (and thick as ropes) hanging from them, while over all glowed a wealth of colour, which rain and sun alone can give. Then, hot and sweltering, we reached the end of the last patch, and passing once more into the shaded distances of the forest track, got into camp just ahead of the rain.

“ Before arriving, we passed over the ends of Mount Lamington’s lowest spurs (they were scarcely perceptible by the way), and were told that this part of the road was found by lucky accident. It appears that the officer, seeking in vain for a practicable trek through the ravines, chanced upon an ancient man sitting gazing fixedly aloft into a tree. He promptly secured him, and later, with his help, marked out the present road, the old gentleman when captured explaining that he was the hereditary snarer of birds of paradise, hence the absorbed attitude which resulted in his undoing.”

I was the officer to whom Colonel Mackay referred in the foregoing paragraph, and the facts were these. The Hon. Anthony Musgrave, Acting Administrator, ordered Mr. Surveyor Tooth and myself to find a direct road to the Yodda goldfield. In the way was Mount Lamington whose spurs came down like spokes in a wheel, sharp-sided like a railway cutting, and having at the bottom clear, mountain-fed streams owning the unpleasant habit of suddenly becoming raging torrents. To go round meant a wide divergence in our proposed road ; to find a practicable road over the spurs seemed hopeless. Far and wide, ahead and on each side, I flung my scouts, in hopes of finding a way ; dangerous and trying work for them, as the

Kukurundi, the Sangara, Wasida and Kumusi tribes were fighting like Kilkenny cats, and war parties of one or other of them were sweeping the country ; such war parties having one simple rule, and that was to attack at sight any stranger they met with. Sergeant Barigi spotted a high tree on a spur, a good look-out, and there we proceeded, to find, sitting at the foot, an ancient man, keenly watching snares set in the tree. War parties he paid no attention to, as all left him unmolested to pursue his hereditary occupation of snaring birds of paradise ; the plumes of which, mixed with the stiff feathers of the cassowary, formed the head-dresses of the warriors of the warring tribes.

The tree of his regard was very large and very tall, it was what the natives call " a dancing tree," where the male birds of paradise assembled. Every leaf and every small twig had been picked from the tree by their busy bills, and on the level stage thus made they danced and fluttered and displayed their brilliant plumage and agility to the dull-coloured females sitting on the surrounding trees ; at intervals a female fluttered up, called the mate of her choice, and off they went together. Every now and then an unlucky bird would land into one of the snares or nooses, to struggle there a glittering and glistening mass of brilliant colour until night came, and the

old man sent a boy up the tree to secure the catch, destined to decorate the head of some Papuan warrior.

Some tobacco, a bright steel tomahawk, and a reel of strong thread, secured the old man's goodwill, and soon he was piloting us over the native tracks along which the big Yodda Valley road now runs. Also he explained to me his lack of fear of war parties :

" I, and my father and my grandfather before me, alone among the tribes surrounding Mount Lamington understand the habits of the birds of paradise, and can catch them in quantities. If I were killed, where would men obtain the plumes, by which they look splendid in war and attractive to women in peace ? "

We caught another man up a tree on the same expedition ; he, however, was there for a different reason. We had halted for lunch under a group of very tall trees ; one of my Kaili Kaili carriers was lying on his back gazing up into the trees, when suddenly he drew my attention to a movement in the leaves at the top, and we discovered the face of a man peering down at us.

" Come down," I said, " and talk to me about tracks and roads."

" Thanks," said the individual in the tree,

"I will stay where I am. You are about to feed ; I don't want any place in that meal."

"Fetch him down," I remarked to my party.

Several men hastily made a rope to surround the trunk, and began to "walk up" the tree, gripping with their feet on one side of the tree and hanging on with their hands to the rope, so completing the circle of the tree ; as they got up a foot or two, they wriggled the rope up on the other side, and then repeated the operation.

The gentleman at the top observed the proceedings with interest ; he produced a club and awaited events. He knew a spear could not reach him, and knew nothing about rifles.

"Come down," I told my men. Then, to the inhabitant of the tree, "Will you come down or not ?"

"No, and you can't fetch me."

"Axes," I said to my men.

In a few minutes the chips began to fly. The gentleman at the top watched the progress of the choppers ; he had never seen steel axes at work before. Then he remarked :

"Stop ! I'll come down if you send somebody to help me ; I might just as well be killed by you on the ground, as crushed by the fall of the tree."



He was helped down, given some tobacco and food, and asked why he lived at the top of a tree. In reply he showed me a badly deformed foot, and said that war parties had been so thick and events so lively in his district lately that he had decided, as he was unable either to fight or run away, to live in a tree-top during the day and only come down at night, until the times improved. He could give us no help about tracks or roads, so we found him another tree, our axe marks having made his too conspicuous, and helped him up it. We also left him an old kerosine tin in which to keep water, and some matches, as he said that one of his main troubles was making a fire at night for cooking his food, as he dare not leave live embers about during the day.

Absurd things happened in New Guinea at that time ; I remember one in especial, when we were engaged in cutting the Yodda road. I had with me Tooth, Elliott, Walsh, Bellamy, and about forty constabulary, together with a score of armed village constables, and about three hundred mixed Kaili Kaili and Binandere ; a force that could have eaten anything approaching it. Also I had some sick ; one always had a few sick. Accordingly I built on the banks of the Giritu River a very strong blockhouse, in which to leave them. The walls

were of tree trunks, impenetrable to aught else than cannon ; and in that blockhouse, "Fort Giritu" on the map, I left six village constables, together with my sick, and ammunition and provisions to last for at least a year.

I was camped about eight miles away, and about four one morning was called up by Elliott. I found the whole camp "standing to," listening to what sounded like rifle fire.

"Damn it all," I remarked to my officers, "it sounds like rifles, but other than ourselves and the village constables at Giritu, there are none within hundreds of miles ; also we could not possibly hear rifle fire from Giritu here."

"Perhaps," said Elliott, "the Giritu men are attacked and trying to come here."

"Send out Corporal Arigita and a score of constabulary to pick them up," I said, "if that is the case."

Arigita and his men departed. It was no use sending a white officer with them in the dark over that track. At dawn Arigita returned with the report :

"Nothing moving anywhere ; nothing doing."

Shortly after Arigita had got in, I heard a yell of laughter from my camp, and discovered two village constables from Fort Giritu, heading about

six convalescents, armed with spears and axes, coming into the camp.

"What the devil are you doing here?" I asked.

"Oh, we heard a lot of firing in the night, and have come to your assistance!"

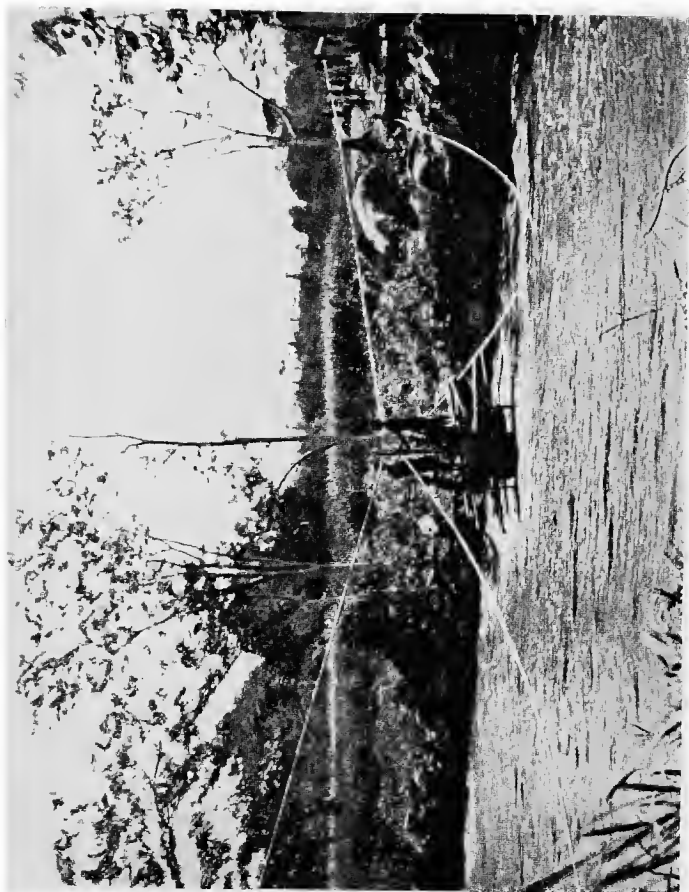
The noise we had heard had been heard by them also; we afterwards found that it was due to curious electrical disturbances prevalent in the vicinity of the Hydrographer's Range. This incident is on record in cold, bald Official Reports. It is typical of the loyalty and courage of the Binandere and Kaili Kaili.

But I have digressed again, and must once more quote Colonel Mackay and his "Across Papua." In this connection I may remark that an angry reader of my last book wrote to me and complained that in the latter part of it I had an infernal habit of putting "Passed to you," and quoting some one else. My reader said it was because I was lazy. I always like to be quite courteous and polite, especially to people who buy my book, but I don't mind telling that reader that he is a damned liar! I quote people when such people's descriptions or writings are far in advance of anything I could do.

## CHAPTER IX

“WE camped on the river bank in a native-built Government house raised about eight feet off the ground, the walls being round thin poles, the floor split soft-wood slabs, the roof palm-thatched, and a covered platform running round the four sides. Just in front, the Kumusi, here confined between high banks, rushed swiftly ; on the opposite shore a meadow of dense kangaroo-grass spread, bounded by wooded ranges stretching away to our right front. On our left rose Mount Monckton, its rugged peak shooting into a cloud-strewn sky. Behind us was the tropical forest, and all about us the palm-shelters of our carriers—now swelled to one hundred and eighty with friends and relations, and all full, and happy and natural, and in the main as naked and as independent of the tariff as Adam and Eve.

“Two of our police, evidently single men, had covered their dark mops of hair with lime to dye it



CROSSING THE KUMUSI



auburn, and it had just the effect of well-put-on powder.

“After dark, and following a great tooting of wooden horns (which means, I understand, ‘don’t shoot, we are friends’), people poured in amid a welcoming chorus from our men, bearing a pig slung on a staff, poles covered with nuts, sugar-cane, taro, pumpkins, and all the tropical fruits that love sun and shower, and laid the whole—the pig undermost—in a heap before our house. Verily this is a land of plenty. This formality over, Sergeant Barigi took charge. Everything was placed either singly or in little pyramids in two rows, and with scant or no bargaining, Barigi (who evidently knew local values to half a pipeful) marched along throwing his price in tobacco on each lot. ‘Take it or leave it’ appeared to be his motto, and in every case they took it and walked off, to all seeming satisfied.

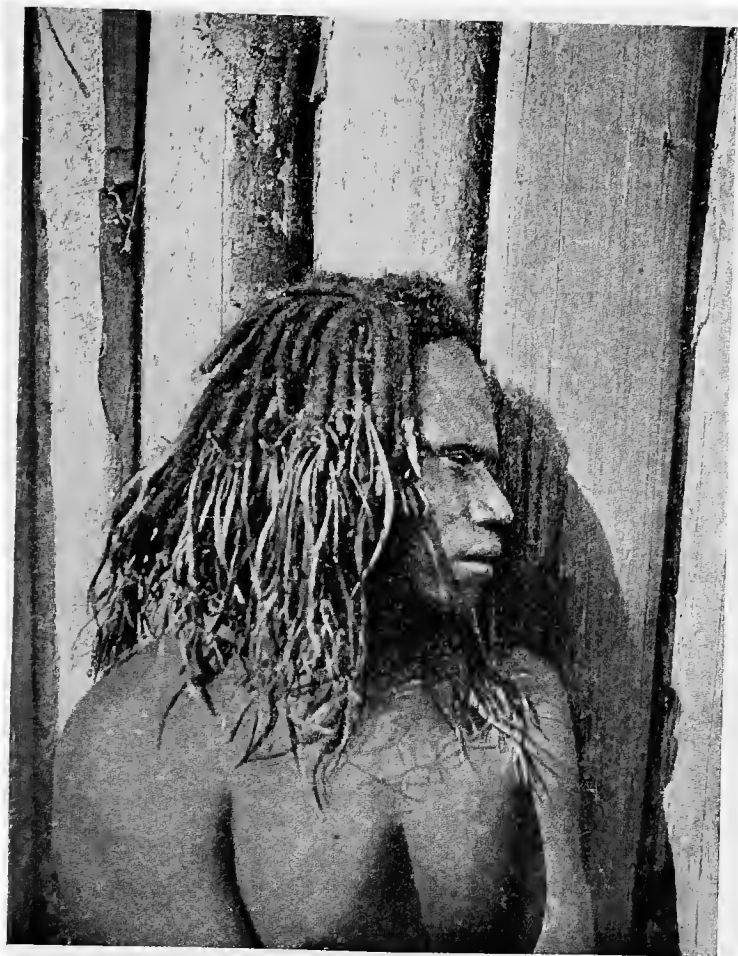
“The hills looked lovely when at 7.15 Little and I crossed the Kumusi in a cage—so called. This cage is in reality a round stick to sit on, with two ropes above to cling to, and is hauled over the water along a single wire rope. Once on the other bank we started, Herbert waiting while Monckton sorted out his carriers and sent the hangers-on about their business.

“Leaving the river, we pushed on for six miles,

passing over several most picturesque native suspension bridges. In constructing these vines are used as cables, and trees take the place of stone or steel towers on each bank. Some have floors of split soft-wood lashed in place with fibre, the protecting rails being vines pulled taut. Others are all cane, three or four being stretched across and tied in places for foothold, while the sides are of an open wicker-work. One we crossed had, I should say, a span of sixty feet, and the way our loaded carriers passed without mishap over its swaying uncertain length, was a lesson in balance I shall not readily forget.

“ After one and a half miles of roasting grass-patch we reached Rocky Creek, to find the bridge washed away, so there was nothing for it but to await the arrival of the rest of the party. Meanwhile our two police began to cut down trees. In a short time up the rest came, and fifteen minutes later had thrown across a bridge of logs, three feet wide and quite sixty feet long, using rocks as rests, and tying the butts together with vines. Over this we all, including the heavily-laden bearers, marched without accident, and as we watched the passage from the farther bank I realized how useful such self-reliant, natural engineers might be from a soldier's stand-point.





NATIVE OF KUMUSI RIVER DISTRICT



“ While Herbert was telling me how Monckton got all his men and stores safely over the Kumusi, with the exception of one of our boxes, dropped out of the cage, but somehow rescued, the chain-gang, hot and weary, came up and plunged into the water ; but one, a sorcerer, stood gazing with gloomy eyes on his companions in misfortune, for if with, he was in no sense of, creatures he could even now terrify with one pass of his manacled hands. His presence reminded me of one of Dr. Jones’ stories. A native who had been employed in Burns Philp’s store at Samarai for over two years, suddenly went sick. He was sent to the doctor, who at once frankly told him he could do no good, the case being one of sorcery. Dr. Jones asking particulars, he explained that his young wife, by means of witchcraft, had put a stone axe, a lot of fishing line, and a cooking pot inside him, and that only a sorcerer could possibly get them out. While professional pride forbade Jones to admit this last statement, he tried to reason him out of the weird belief, but without avail. The man went away, grew daily worse, and one day disappeared. About a fortnight later the doctor met him again, looking fit and well, and after congratulating him, asked how he was cured. ‘ Oh,’ said the native, ‘ it was just as I told you. I went to the village sorcerer, and he took an axe, a

broken pot, and a lot of twine out of my side, and now I am well as ever I was.' This story is interesting, as showing how futile intercourse with white men often is to kill old beliefs, and also the blind faith of the patient, which enabled the sorcerer to make him believe he actually took the articles out through his side."

Colonel Mackay remarks how futile intercourse with white men is to kill old beliefs. There is another thing, apart from beliefs, that it will never kill, and that is the habit of running amok. This cheerful habit of the Papuan is a thing that breaks the monotony of Station life and of expeditions in New Guinea, and he does it without the slightest warning and without cause ; and, when in that cheerful frame of mind, he will slay friends or foes alike, until he is pulled down. I will give one or two out of many typical instances.

First scene. Carriers camped at Kokoda in readiness for an expedition ; gorged and happy they were, all sleeping, when suddenly the air was rent by a scream, and one man rose and violently rushed about, foaming at the mouth, and thrashing wildly with his tomahawk among the packed and suddenly awakened men ; only to be at once grabbed by the ankle by one of them, thrown down and sat upon by half a dozen of his friends ; until I arrived,

placed him in leg irons and handcuffs, and then forcibly dosed him with strong purgatives. In the morning the man was perfectly all right again, his homicidal fit having passed. "I went kava kava" (*i.e.* mad), he smilingly said. "He went kava kava," commented his friends, any one of whom might have been his victim; and the matter ended. It was not a case for punishment.

Scene two. This time a private of constabulary at noon. "Crack! Crack!" Two rifle bullets whizzed across the crowded Station; no one hit. Corporal Arigita and six of the Station guard tore across the parade ground and disappeared into the forest. Sergeant Barigi walked up the steps of the office, saluted, and calmly remarked "Private Damabai gone kava kava; has rifle and bayonet with fifty rounds of ball; taken to bush; Arigita and six men in pursuit." Damabai carried in trussed like a fowl in evening; dosed; resumed duty next morning as office orderly, it being his turn for that duty.

Scene three. Place, Tamata Station. A native store employé walks into the store and tells William Whitten that a native is lying dead some fifty yards away on the opposite side of Tamata Creek. Whereupon Whitten crosses over the creek on the single log forming the bridge, and discovers an unconscious

Binandere man, fully armed with club and spear and plumed for war, lying on the ground. Whitten called to his launch driver, one Otto, to bring him a glass of brandy from his store. Otto procured the brandy, and started across the log ; when suddenly the apparently unconscious native leapt to his feet, gave vent to a horrible war cry, and glared about him. Whitten fled back across the log, collided with Otto in the middle, and both fell into the stream. The native spotted them, and throwing away his club, took to the water after them, screaming like a maniac. Both Whitten and Otto were powerful swimmers ; so was the native, but he was handicapped by his spear. Whitten and Otto made a noise like unto that of two hyenas with their tails shut in a door, and the combined disturbance attracted the attention of Tamata Station.

A corporal of constabulary and three privates went to investigate, discovered what was happening, took to the water, and secured the kava kava gentleman. They proceeded to carry him up to the Station, the while Whitten and Otto came on ahead to air a grievance and try to blame the Government. Meanwhile the gentleman who was being carried lay a limp man on the shoulders of the police. Suddenly he reached down, drew a sharp-pointed, razor-edged, six-inch knife, part of the equipment

of the constabulary, from the belt of one of the men, and in rapid succession stabbed the corporal and the three privates, and then bolted. This occurred in plain view, but happened so rapidly that nothing could be done to avert it.

A dozen constabulary tore to the rescue ; the Binandere showed for a space in a clear spot. "Crack ! Crack ! Crack !" went the rifles. He fell, got up, and ran on. "Crack ! Crack ! Crack !" again. Down he went, and lay quivering. A private reached him. "Take that !" said the private as his bayonet gave the *coup de grâce*. Four good men gone for one lunatic apparently. Only one man died, however ; the others, in some mysterious way known only to the Binandere, recovered from their ghastly wounds.

The Northern people run amok in a sudden unexplainable frenzy and for no apparent reason : in fact I have known men of my own personal escort feel it coming on, and ask to be dosed and shut up or ironed until the fit had passed. But in the west it is sometimes done deliberately, with the sole intention of being killed : a man in the west suffering under some great grief or injury will take his bow and shoot promiscuously at every one in sight, as a means of drawing attention to his woes and getting himself killed.

But now I will let Colonel Mackay resume his tale:

“The scene here was exquisite, the water, to all appearance, rushing out of shadow-land right into the heart of a steep, wooded hill. At noon we again started, meeting stream after stream, clear as crystal, and pure as the source whence they came. How the two police, who carried us shoulder high over some of them, kept their feet among the stones that always strew their bottoms I cannot explain ; I only remember with gratitude that they always did.

“ . . . Soon after, we had to take to the bed of a gorge, clinging by roots to its sides, the foothold being often a matter of inches, then, on crossing the slippery head of a beautiful waterfall, sheer in front of us rose the ‘Divide.’

“It was only about 250 feet high, but so nearly perpendicular that a slip meant a roll halfway to the bottom, and after the level country the climb landed me at the top just a breathless bit of wet rag ; and yet our carriers went up and down it for water as coolly as if it had been a patent lift. Before the rain set in we got from its summit our first panoramic view of the country we had so far left behind.

“During the day we had walked over a ‘purple patch’ or so, not long dry as years are counted.





A DIFFICULT PATH



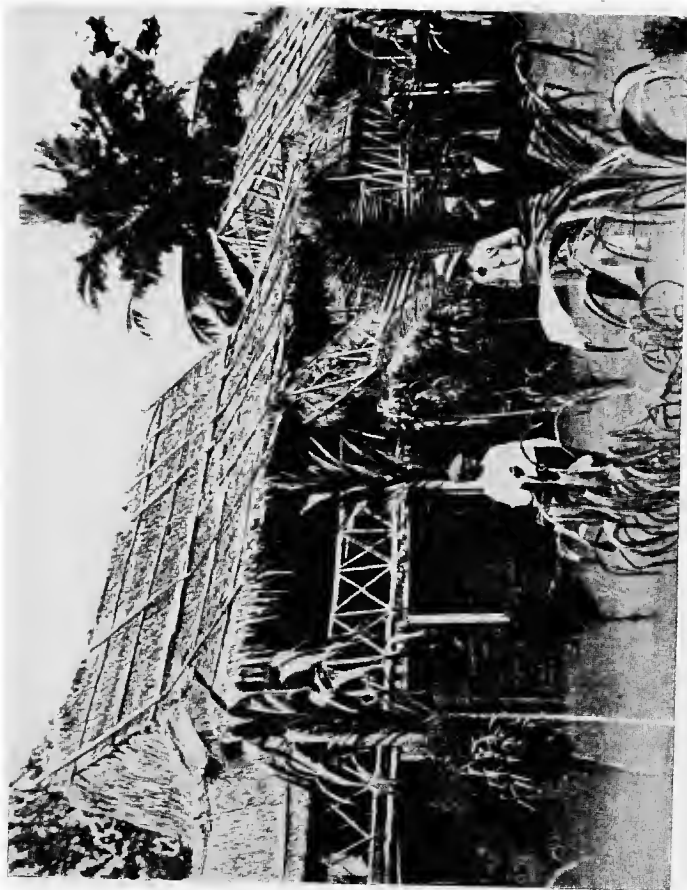
On one, an officer coming up the track had chanced upon a band of natives eating their prisoners by the wayside, and had shot a number of them. On another, the raiders had burnt the village of the victims.

“Leaving the ‘Divide’ at 6.40 next morning we met some rough walking over roots and sidelings, and as usual constantly crossed streams; some spanned by a single slippery log, others by wicker-work suspension bridges, and eventually reached the Mambare, a broad and lovely river running through and over huge pebbles, its water clear as glass. For a time we hugged its right bank, then turning into a native garden, once 300 acres of tropical plenty, now, thanks either to native habit or white intrusion—I am not clear which—a tangled and overgrown waste, we saw above us the village buildings of Kokoda, the farthest inland Government Station in Papua. Here the police, under Mr. Naylor, Assistant Resident Magistrate, turned out and came to attention in great style. Here also we got a hot shower, and an afternoon of rest. That night I thought I had fever, but it proved to be a case of mistaken identity, poor Monckton being the victim, so we left him to fix up for tackling the mountains, and started at eight next morning for the Yodda, Mr. Naylor taking charge for the trip.”

Kokoda Station was established by me in the Yodda Valley to protect the miners of the Yodda goldfield, in the place of Bogi and Papangi Stations. Bogi Station was most unhealthy, officers and men being constantly ill ; Papangi was a death trap if attacked, and in addition was a long day's march from the goldfield it was supposed to protect. The whole personnel of the two Stations was transferred to Kokoda, much to their joy ; for the one lot I pulled out of a rotten fever swamp, and the second from a delightful spot where they had to carry wood and water half a mile, and spend a great deal of their time in cutting the long grass growing all round the Station, for fear of the natives firing it and roasting them ! I did not enter into a long correspondence with Headquarters on the subject : the two Stations were just uprooted.

I will now leave it again to Colonel Mackay to describe Kokoda Station :

“ Kokoda is a most radiant spot, set high on the edge of a small plateau. At the rear and right virgin forests fence it about, in front, in a basin, grow all things that tell of shade—great plantain fronds, broad and spacious as green sails, and many another plant with leaves of varied hue and shape, and all gigantic. About this basin dwell trees tall and stately, courted of lovely parasites. Near by



COL. MACKAY THE AUTHOR  
GOVERNMENT STATION AT KOKODA



the water flows, and then the mountains rise, fold on fold, till Mount Victoria pierces the sky at 12,000 feet. To see the mists rising out of their ravines, rolling athwart their slopes, and breaking into fleecy fragments against their topmost peaks, is to stand with God and gaze with humbled eyes upon the work of His omnipotent hands.

“ The house is native, rambling and picturesque, and the garden full of all rich tones of colour. There are really three houses built on piles, and connected by covered passages, balconies running round all, and quaint porches rising over the steps that lead down into the garden, the whole being evolved from sago bark, palm leaves, and native wood, bound together with cane and loya vine.

“ The morning after our arrival I was awakened by the sound of sharp, familiar words of command, and looking out saw Mr. Naylor putting the Armed Constabulary through some simple movements in the barrack square, and a smart and soldierly lot they looked in their dark blue jumpers, low cut at the neck and short in the sleeves, with red braiding, their sulas held in position by a black bayonet belt, a full bandolier over the shoulder, .303 carbines in their hands, and neat forage caps (with the bird-of-paradise badge) cocked jauntily on the side of their

crisp black heads. These caps have been abolished on the score of economy, and, like their white brethren in arms, the Armed Native Constabulary have bitterly resented being robbed of their plumes. I was told the northern detachment were about the only ones who now possessed them, and that they cherish them, fondly carrying them in safe places, and only sporting them when meeting a bare-headed squad. Personally, I think the saving alike both paltry and foolish, for fine feathers make fine birds, be they white or black.

“ After Naylor (who, by the way, had seen service in South Africa with one of the Victorian contingents and showed all the snap of a smart officer) had shaken them up, a Kawai sergeant drilled them, also by English words of command. Doubtless his vocabulary was strictly limited, still it was a beginning capable, I feel sure, of expansion if only this question is seriously and methodically faced by officials. The work done was, in the main, excellent, and I was told, and quite believe, that these fellows are proud of their uniform, obedient to discipline, and keen fighters.

“ . . . At night some hundreds of natives, and the Armed Native Constabulary, all decked for the occasion, danced in the square to the sound of drum and swelling chorus. Out of the darkness



they came in phalanxes, each dusky band moving in a figure of its own. The rattling of spears struck on the ground, and the guttural cries of the dancers, the booming drums, and weird, uncanny chants rose into the still, cloudless night from out of a setting of tropical forest, and above a scene of primal abandon. I was told these men dance on for hours, once the ecstasy of motion floods their brain, and indeed, as I watched, I could see the same spirit that moves the Dervish to whirl until he sinks to earth with froth-dyed lips, shining out of the eyes of some of them.

“ Everything about Kokoda, police barracks, married men’s quarters, garden, and drill yard, was alike as clean and well ordered as the strictest quartermaster could wish for, and yet it was all so native as to blend with, rather than show as an excrescence amid, its surroundings. Situated at the foot of the main range and 1000 feet above sea level, the climate is, from a tropical stand-point, good, while the plateau is rich almost beyond belief. As an illustration, in the Station garden (thirty acres being under cultivation) there grow taro, yams, sweet-potatoes, bananas (I saw fifteen dozen in one bunch), Indian corn, cocoa-nuts, betel-nuts, paw-paws, granadillas, pine-apples, chillies, oranges, lemons, English cabbages, carrots,

parsnips, radishes, lettuces, French beans, melons, and swede turnips.

“ . . . That night Monckton decided to abandon the route over the Gap and to try a new one just discovered by Mr. Bruce, which a young fellow who had come with the Commandant declared to be, if steeper, and attaining a greater altitude, still more direct. He mentioned incidentally that we should have to walk along the edge of a 2000 foot precipice for a hundred yards or so, but after all a precipice more or less does not count for much when crossing the roof of Papua.

“ . . . At nine o'clock on October 26th we left lovely Kokoda, passing through an avenue half a mile long, plantains and taro growing on each side, and plants with radiant leaves lining the broad straight road. Then leaving it, and parting with cut tracks for good and all, we put the last outpost of the white man behind our backs, and plunging into the virgin forest, scrambled over roots and logs and along creeks for about an hour—and then up the mountain's face. With breathers every 100 feet or so up we went getting foothold as best we could, now dropping for a little, but only to rise again. At noon we halted on a steep slope, and facing about saw Mount Lamington, and all the way we had travelled from the sea spread out before



THE LAND OF MOSS AND SILENCE



us. We were now 3200 feet above sea-level, and had risen 2200 above Kokoda. Starting again we dropped for a while, and creeping along some nervy places reached camp without mishap, ahead of the rain.

“ . . . Starting at 7.15 we (clinging to roots) almost at once dived down into a ravine, and crossing a rushing torrent climbed up a face like the side of a house where a slip meant bruises if not breaks. Reaching the top, winded but intact, we began to ascend a spur of the main range, and after a solid climb of four hours, with frequent breathers—the perspiration falling off hands and face in great drops—we passed into a new world. First the ‘ Brocken ’ and then the ‘ Fairy King’s Domain.’ Here grew pandanus palms, and gradually as we rose the trees became covered in moss until it hung in festoons from every limb, and crowned with great coronets of sparkling gems and living green each lifeless branch. Then all the prone logs became moss-grown couches, while under foot a carpet of springy verdure lay so thickly spread that it bore our weight, while we could thrust our staffs down several feet through the net-work of leaves and root on which it lay.

“ As we moved on in silent wonderment each stem we grasped was soft and cold, while when the

sun broke through the mists the whole magic forest glittered with millions of crystal drops. So ever upward we made our way above cloud and mist alike, and entered the world of the Nature spirits—cold, silent, lifeless, but supremely beautiful in its chaste contours and immeasurable breadth of vision—not after the fashion of the flesh, but rather of a great snow-white soul. Then quickly we fell 1000 feet, and camped in a wondrous spot in the bosom of the hills where two streams met. Here we had barely space to pitch our flies, the usual difficulty in these ranges, where flat surfaces are few and far between.

“Above us the slender tree stems rose, festooned and clad as for the festival of some Titanic race, with garlands and caskets of moss, a radiant symphony in green, while beneath our feet the wedded streams flowed on through fronded ferns, and giant-leaved white and pink begonias. Here, perchance, the fairies, driven by unbelief and men’s strange fear from their old-world greens, still danced on moonlight nights to the music of the rippling water, for it had all the uncanny loveliness of ‘the little people’s’ storied land.

“After a time the carriers began to struggle round a bend and down the slippery, awful hill. How, laden as they were, they ever got to the bottom,



THE MAIN OWEN STANLEY RANGE





save on their heads, I know not. I doubt if the depths of endurance possible to the best Papuan carriers have ever been plumbed, for they have been known to keep up with the Armed Native Constabulary during a pursuit through the hills.

“ . . . Then the trees grew more gnarled, the mosses richer, the silence one that could be felt—and at last we stood on one of the summits of the Owen Stanley Range, 8690 feet above the sea, and out beyond the intervening valleys we caught glimpses of great distances, and saw toothed peaks and broad plains, above and beneath the clouds ; for part of Papua lay stretched at our feet, and part rose in splendid isolation sheer through the mists that floated far above our heads.

“ . . . That night we camped well down the main range at an altitude of 6786 feet, and consequently had a chilly time, but the wood was good, so the carriers could fight the cold and were happy. Monckton, too, was better, and so things looked promising for a good day to Kagi. But Kagi was further than we reckoned, and our guide was either a liar or had woefully, if flatteringly, over-rated my walking powers when he told us ‘ it was five hours away.’

“ Breakfast over, the usual climb began, and ended us on the summit of a narrow ridge which

had been burnt by natives. From here we got a grand view of the mountains we had come over—and away to our left saw, over the shoulder of a spur (down which ran an older track), the original Gap.

“ . . . Starting again at two, word came from the rear that two of the carriers were dying, so Monckton asked us to push on with the guide to Kagi—said by that optimist to be over the next hill—while he attended to his men.

“ Having climbed about 2000 feet and passed through gardens of taro, yams, and maize, we reached the village of Serigina, clean, and with a splendid outlook over the way we had come ; and gazing back at the piled-up peaks I registered a mental vow never to be so foolish again.

“ . . . When not far from the village we saw Monckton entering it, and as he shouted to us to go on, and as our infamous guide still informed us that we had only one more hill to cross, on we went, over another 2000 feet of earth, followed by a whole series, till six o'clock and darkness arrived simultaneously.

“ As our guide when questioned as to the whereabouts of Kagi now helplessly pointed in two diametrically opposite directions, we decided to halt in a basin beside a stream, and presently up came



THE GAP, TAKEN FROM KEVERI VALLEY



Monckton with the sick men and a few police. Then the fun began—darkness, no lamps up, no flies, and a camp to pitch, with the rain, which for the first time during our trip had so far held off, momentarily expected. But our police were wonders, and by the time the moon rose the fly poles were cut and up, and things generally straightened out. Meanwhile George had found some cocoa, but no sugar ; anyway it was a God-send, as we were still in our wet things, and chilled to the bone. Monckton then began to fire, in the hope of locating our missing carriers, and got an answering volley from Bruce's camp, but no response from the faithful Sergeant Barigi, who had been left to bring them along. Fears that they had missed the right spur arose, and Monckton started back into the night to look for them. At 10.30 he returned, and we knew of his coming by some earnest, simple words he let drop as he picked himself up out of the bottom of the creek ; soon after the carriers (who despite Barigi had stayed to feed at the village) arrived. Then we got food, our flies, and a change, and so all ended well. For the first and only time it did not rain at all. Had it done so we should have been in a bad way, for we had been marching from 7.45 to 6 p.m., and were dog-tired and wet through with perspiration, having climbed 7500 feet in

crossing three ranges alone, to say nothing of the ordinary everlasting up and down.

"In the morning one of Bruce's men came in, and leaving at 7.40 we reached Kagi at 9.30, after crossing creeks, clambering over logs and roots, toiling up wooded slopes and through native gardens, with a long, hot, grass hill for the last lap.

"Commandant Bruce, who was a veritable son of Anak, brought his men to attention, and I took an excellent salute as we marched in.

". . . Bruce had been some months quieting the district, and had been marking-time waiting our arrival, as in the event of that happening he was to relieve Monckton and escort us to Port Moresby.

". . . We had lost Little at the Yodda, and now the time had come to part with Monckton. At Buna Bay he had lent me his aluminium water bottle, and which since had been filled with tea each morning, a sip of it now and then being alike a comfort and a stimulant to me during the stiffest climb. . . . I had become quite fond of Monckton's bottle, and so was more than pleased when he asked me to keep it in memory of our trip. Indeed, it was no common or parochial flask, for it had been with him when he climbed Mount Albert Edward, and so stood nearer the sky than any man before him in Papua. . . . No snow crowns this king of all



MR. JUSTICE HERBERT

COLONEL MACKAY, C.B.

C. A. W. MONCKTON, R.M.





the range, its heart is of ice, and its breath freezes the marrow in men's bones, and from its summit Monckton saw a land of forests, and plains and lakes, and tumbled peaks, and winding from behind Mount Yule a track leading towards the Waria. He told me he was going to try to get back that way from the river to the sea. Since, I have been told, he did, wallowing for days in morasses and deadly swamps.

" . . . Next morning, on the first of November, at 7.30 a.m., our two parties were drawn up ready to move off. Our old escort presented arms, and so I parted with that good soldier Sergeant Barigi, Oya the Magnificent, Dambia, Ogi of pig fame, and the rest, one and all smart men, fit to go anywhere, and well led, to do anything.

" With them our 130 carriers returned. Men who, carrying single loads of 35 lb., and double ones of from 50 to 70 lb. over torrents spanned by single logs and swaying vine bridges, up and down innumerable and practically pathless hills and ravines, culminating in crossing the main range at nearly 9000 feet, had taught us a lesson in human endurance never to be forgotten.

" For a moment we stood there, each reluctant to go our various ways, for if the world be small where tracks are beaten with the feet of commerce,

it is large and lonely in untrodden wilds. Then we clasped Monckton's hand, and up into the heart of the hills he marched with his face set to a two months' tramp over unknown and possibly hostile country, there to bear alone the white man's burden—and starting on the last phase of our march, down the deep descent we plunged, Bruce, our new leader, towering 6 feet 4 inches, in front—leaving Kagi to the silence and the mists.”



PORT MORESBY AND KOKODA OVERLAND MAIL.



## CHAPTER X

**A**FTER parting with the Royal Commission, who, by the way, in their report recommended me for promotion and a rise in pay, I returned at once to Kokoda to prepare for my expedition to the Waria River and the German frontier, where I had been ordered to go : an expedition which culminated in my going right across New Guinea. Colonel Mackay and Mr. Justice Herbert wished me to accompany them to Port Moresby, stating that they would tell the Governor that I had so accompanied them at the direct wish of the Commission ; but at the time I was rotten with fever, and torn with anxiety as to what was happening on the frontier of Kaiser Wilhelm's Land. I did not want the rushing miners to involve us in trouble with Germany, which I knew they well might do ; accordingly I begged Colonel Mackay to allow me to go off and attend to the affairs of my Division. The Colonel and the Judge, being men of sense, granted me leave to go.

Now comes the account of the "Waria, German Frontier Expedition," the heaviest piece of work I did in my whole official career, and the finest performance ever put up by the Armed Native Constabulary ; though, I must say, I had on this expedition the pick of the constabulary of the Northern Division, who were the very flower of the force in New Guinea. Binandere and Kaili Kaili I took, men simply swaggering with pride of race, and persuaded that nothing on earth could stand in front of them, as truly nothing could in New Guinea. Barigi, Bia, Oia, Arigita, and Ogi were some of my non-coms. on this expedition. I am told that even after this long lapse of years, their names in the eyes of the natives still blaze as something rather more than men. Never before had I been followed by such a team as that I led to the Waria and across New Guinea ; from Sergeant Barigi down to the last carrier, the tribes had given me of their very best.

Now I give a growl, and I hope it sinks into the souls of the men responsible : those chiefly so were the Government Secretary, A. M. Campbell, and the Government Store-keeper, Champion. By and with the consent of these men the most rotten rubbish had been bought and issued as stores ; tents so rotten that they tore to pieces in the slightest

wind, and about as waterproof as a cullender ; bully beef in nine pound tins, that men could not carry in their haversacks, and that had been bought as salvaged stock from a sunken steamer, and after the tins had been repainted was sent to poison my men ; and rice so rotten that it had to be washed in boiling water to get rid of the stink before it was cooked. I referred to all these things in Official Reports at the time, but got sat on. Such trifles as the lives or health of my people were beneath the notice of the quill pushers at Port Moresby ! I really trust that the people responsible for our rotten stores have all died lingering deaths in a Sydney slum, or a garret in the Isle of Dogs ! The probability, however, is that they now sit down in affluence in a suburban villa, and boast of their work for the Empire !

These men might not be great at getting us decent stores, but they were great on ceremonial. I well remember on one occasion when a Governor, who dearly loved ceremonial, even to the uttermost extent of the Government Secretary's heart, was leaving on an official visit to Australia. The Government Secretary decided that a salute must be fired ; but, with the exception of the *Merrie England's* Nordenfeld and a small gun carried by that vessel, there were no guns with which to fire it, and those

guns were departing with the *Merrie England* and the Governor ! The G.S. was not to be beaten by the lack of such things as guns in the matter of a salute, so he called the head gaoler into consultation. That worthy suggested that a noise was all that was necessary, and that he would provide it. Accordingly he buried fourteen empty kerosine tins charged with dynamite or guncotton in the flint hill above Port Moresby, all with a fuse attached. The *Merrie England* lifted her anchor and moved ahead ; bang went an awful explosion, fragments of kerosine tin and flint flew through the air, naked natives fled for their lives, the while the head gaoler ran like hell with a firestick touching the fuses of the other cans !

As coyly as a rakish barmaid accepting congratulations on her marriage engagement, the *Merrie England* waited curtsying on the swell to the "salute." Then, when the last can had been blown to blazes, and the last native had ceased running, she returned the salute, the ensign dipped and the fog horn blew ; *terrump, terrump, terrump*, went her Nordenfeld, and as she had no blank she threw her shot to sea on to the coral reef, where doubtless many a crab was left to mourn his mate. Every one was pleased, myself not the least of all, as I sat in the skipper's cabin and mopped my





MOTUAN GIRLS



streaming eyes ! Pain, however, had a part in my joy, as I knew that no one away from New Guinea would believe my tale of this happening !

This salute reminds me of a tale told me by the master of a merchant ship in Samarai. I was talking to the man, when some one passed by.

“ Who is that ? ” asked my captain. “ I think I have seen him before.”

“ Campbell,” I answered, “ of our Service.”

The man chuckled, and then unfolded this tale.

“ Some years ago I was the chief officer on a ship that called at Tonga to land some cargo. We waited and we waited, but no labour appeared to take out or receive the cargo ; then the skipper got impatient and sent me to stir up the local authorities. I found the man who has just passed by—he was among other things Treasurer and was counting the royal coco-nuts—and told him that there was no one to unload or receive our cargo. ‘ That is soon settled,’ said he, ‘ the first Guards will parade.’ He then yelled, ‘ Guards fall in ! ’ Seventeen men fell in ; and then they had a hell of a time, for try as they would there was always an odd man when they formed fours to march to the ship. Eventually the problem was solved by the odd man being chased off in advance. ‘ Born and

bred a soldier,' remarked the local Field-Marshal, 'can soon settle any little difficulty for you. Have a drink !' The sailor had his drink, and then followed the Guards ; he easily caught them up, as some had donned boots to add *éclat* to the parade, and had halted on the way to the ship to remove those uncomfortable encumbrances."

"What about the cargo?" I asked. "What happened?"

"The crew worked it in and out, while the King of Tonga's Guards sat on the beach and chewed sugar cane. We, however, were so honoured by the fact of their being sent that we did not complain. You see we were not accustomed to King's Field-Marshal's and Guards in our trade!"

During the Russo-Japanese war, doubtless much relief was caused to the minds of the Czar and the Mikado by the King of Tonga's proclamation of strict neutrality!

From Kokoda, after an eight days' march, I reached Ioma, the Government Station nearest to the German boundary. Ioma was another Station established by me, in the place of Tamata, that Station of tragic history, a fever-haunted spot where the graveyard was the principal object of interest, and where the staple joke had been to greet each newly arriving officer by leading him to it, and



TAMATA STATION



suggesting that, as Tamata was nothing if not hospitable, he had better select the spot in which he wished to be buried !

Oelrichs was for the time being my Senior Assistant at Ioma. I had sent word on in advance that I was going to the Waria and German frontier, and he, capable and loyal as ever, had made all preparations.

"Hell !" he remarked, when he saw me, "I shall never see you again ; you are done, and will never return from this job."

Perhaps if the reader will look at the photograph facing page 168 he will see that at the time I was not looking very robust !

On the 28th November, 1906, I left Ioma Station for the Waria River and the frontier of Kaiser Wilhelm's Land ; my party consisting of twenty Constabulary, six village constables, and about one hundred carriers, the latter armed with steel axes, knives two feet long, and spears. Included in my party, for the time being, were the Hon. William Little, M.L.C., and Messrs. Darling and Crow, prospectors for gold, by whom I had been asked for escort as far as the Waria River, where they wished to pursue their quest. Little was the man previously referred to by Colonel Mackay, and was a non-official member of Legis-

lative Council ; the other two were adventurous prospectors ; all three having the intention of trying their luck on the Waria.

The main object of my journey was to obtain information relating to an alleged gold discovery in the sands of the Waria River, and to ascertain how far the course and position of that river lay within British territory ; and, should the gold discovery warrant such, discover the best route for, and cheapest method of constructing, a road to the new goldfield. Crow and Darling had some little time previously reached the Waria, and discovered and reported gold ; they had not worked the gold, however, but returned for fresh stores. Upon receiving their report, I had dispatched Mr. Wilfred Beaver, Assistant R.M., with a patrol, to locate the position of the river and the gold ; but, though he had done his very best, he had failed to furnish me with any accurate information as to the position of either. Beaver's report, though, had shown me that the prospectors were perilously near, if not over, the German boundary ; and also that they were in the vicinity of some very prangly bow and arrow men.

The country lying between the Mambare and Giru Rivers, over which we had to pass, is very low and swampy, and bad at the best of times ; for us, however, at this season of the year, it was at its very



worst ; for heavy and continuous rains had set in. Time I had none to spare, and so for three days my party wallowed up to their waists in mud and water, the while they were being devoured by leeches and stung by mosquitoes.

At Usi village on the Giru River I found two Germans, Kruger and Borg, who had just returned from the Waria. They showed me some heavy "shotty" gold, which they had obtained near Darling and Crow's discovery, but gave very discouraging reports as to the prospects of the field. These reports I did not believe. On my two days' march from Usi to the Waria, I also fell in with a German rubber-collecting party, who had with them over a ton of that article, then worth about four shillings per pound. To show what a keen interest and watch the Germans were at the time taking in our frontier, I may remark that the natives of the village of Damuda, at which I camped, told me that a German prospecting company had been up the river to near this village, and had taken what I easily understood from the natives' description to be solar and stellar observations, and had told the natives that they were just inside our boundary. Very good gold-dredging propositions were evident in this part of the river extending for about two miles, all of which was in our territory ;

while, unless the Germans could secure our part, it was not worth their while to tackle their own lower portion.

In a creek near the Waria, a curious outcrop of a white alabaster-looking stone occurred ; Parkes, a prospector who had once been an opal miner in Queensland, told me that the rock was called " opaline " and only occurred in the vicinity of the opal mines in that country. Whether this is right or wrong, I do not know. Parkes, however, had deserted opals for gold, and in my experience, when once a man starts hunting gold, nothing is powerful enough to drag him away from that quest.

The Damuda natives came and complained to me that large raiding parties from German New Guinea were in the habit of raiding and killing them ; in fact, they said one large party was already in evidence just below us on the river, and asked me to attack the raiders. I was placed in the difficult position of having to explain to our natives that the aggressors were not under the law of the King, and that I could do nothing. The imaginary line of the frontier of course they could not understand ; neither why, if a foreign ruler existed a short distance away, we should not fight him when just cause was given. I, however, advised the people to retire about ten miles back from their present

village, with the promise that then, if they were attacked, my patrols would utterly smash the raiders.

My position at the time was very difficult. Port Moresby would not bother its head about the matter, or listen to me ; I had to protect our people, and yet one single shot fired by me in mistake on the wrong side of the German boundary, would have been nothing more nor less than an act of war, had the Germans so chosen to consider it. Of all the mistakes made by Administrators after the departure of Sir Willam MacGregor, none was more dangerous than their absolute neglect of the conditions prevailing on the German frontier.

At the time of which I write, I always had horrible fears of trouble on that frontier, trouble in which the Germans, by hard lying, might very well put us in the wrong. In common with many naval men, I held the fixed belief that sooner or later the Germans meant to fight us. Sailors held the view that the fight would come on the sea ; my own belief was that a quarrel would be picked about some local affair on the obscure frontier of one of our dependencies. In the light of later history we now know that the German was not ready to fight us in 1906 or 1907. Admiral Fisher and his Dreadnoughts had seen to that.

I well remember one incident that excited my suspicions of the Germans. It was at Cape Nelson. A vessel came in with several passengers, diggers from the Aikora goldfield ; I invited the skipper and mate to dinner, together with any of their passengers they liked to bring, who apparently were all rough diggers. Among my guests was a man who excited my curiosity. He spoke perfect English, better English than the average miner spoke ; his table manners were rather different to those of the skipper and mate ; and, though he was supposed to be a digger, the diggers only knew that he had appeared suddenly among them some months before. I noticed the man's hands also, and though they were now roughened by toil and blistered, they looked like the hands of a man unaccustomed to manual labour. The man carried on conversation with us in the miner's argot ; but once or twice, when I asked him a question suddenly or make a remark to him, he began his reply in the easy, cultured voice of a gentleman, and then would pull himself up and talk in the language of the digger again.

Oelrichs and Macdonald, the district surveyor, were both dining with me ; Toku was behind my chair. I dropped my napkin on the floor, and as Toku stooped to pick it up, I also stooped and

whispered "Barigi." Toku disappeared, and in a moment or two Barigi appeared and stood at attention. I made an excuse to the dinner party and went out with Barigi ; immediately afterwards sending in for Oelrichs.

"What is that strange digger?" I asked him, when he appeared.

"He looks to me far more like a Prussian officer," said Oelrichs, "than a miner ; but we will find out before he leaves."

"Go back and make him drunk if you can," I said, "and ask Macdonald to come to me."

Macdonald came.

"Mac," I remarked, "I believe one of those chaps is a German spy ; I want you to help me bowl him out. When we get up from table, I shall ask you to explain to me the working of a clinometer on a new prismatic compass of mine ; be dam silly about it, and I will show the thing to the others, and if our guest rises—as I think he will—he will then show a knowledge of modern surveying instruments unusual in working miners, but of course a knowledge that a chap such as he must have."

The catch worked like a charm. As we rose from the table Macdonald and I were arguing about the merits of the instrument. I went and fetched

it ; Macdonald handled it clumsily, and I suddenly handed it to our guest, who was listening to our conversation with interest and watching the instrument. He took it skilfully, tilted it to the angle which brought the clinometer into operation, and then hastily gave it back to me with the remark, " Pardon, sir, but I do not understand such things." I, however, had learnt all I wished to know. The man knew how to handle a delicate instrument as well as a Scotch midwife knows how to handle a baby ; knowledge in the one case not acquired by ordinary miners, or on the other by bachelors ! Oelrichs then made the man very tight—Oelrichs having a head like a Roman Emperor—and then the pair of them sang part songs, Heidelberg students' songs and folk songs. We sent our guest off in my boat, and as he left he clicked his heels and made me a most polite bow.

" Well," I asked Oelrichs and Macdonald, as we parted for bed, " what do you make of that man ? "

" No more a digger than we are," was the reply. Soon after the *Merrie England* came in with Barton on board, so I told him about our unusual visitor.

" Certainly," said Barton, " he was a German spy ; but he seems to have been a very silly one to

be bowled out by you. I suppose they want to know what we are doing here."

Spying, however, on our side of the frontier was no crime, and I would cheerfully have given the man all the information he was seeking for the asking ! I suppose, though, the Germans thought that our very openness meant that we had something to conceal.

Following this digression I will now include some extracts from letters written to my wife, which she was foolish enough to keep ! The letters were written at the time and on the spot.

## CHAPTER XI

*Nov. 12th, 1906.*

**W**E are having a particularly beastly journey ; it's in the middle of the N.W. monsoon rains, and every blessed thing in the tent is wet and beastly. I am trotting across to the German frontier to pick up an unmapped and unexplored river far inland, in the lower reaches of which—in German territory—gold has been found, and much more reported higher up. My work is partly to ascertain how much and how far in British territory the upper waters are, and either get into friendly relations with some strong tribes, who drove the miners back, or smash them. I've got about one hundred and fifty men with me and expect to be away two months. There are one or two little complications, of which I think I have already told you. On my report will depend to a great extent the big expedition I told you of before, as asked for by the miners ; and now not only rendered more necessary by the gold discovery,





ARMED CONSTABULARY



but strongly recommended by the Royal Commission. I am running along a compass line to survey round the base of Mount Albert Edward. In point of distance the work is not much, but the country is a mass of ranges and rivers and very dense forest, which are the very devil to cross at any time, but when are added the presence of the wet season, sauced with numerous brown-skinned gentlemen armed with six-foot bows and an exceedingly capable way of using them, you can imagine that the life of the O.C. is not a bed of roses ; especially as my transport carriers are sulking badly at having to go at such a season ; poor devils, I don't blame them ; but make them go I must.

*Dec. 13th, 1906.*

I'm miles away in the interior, up the Waria River. We've crossed the most awful mountain ranges it is possible to conceive, and got amongst a most particularly venomous brand of native : they're as wild as hawks and make most villainous barbed poisonous arrows, with which they can make uncommonly good practice. I can't buy food from the beasts, and as I've only two days' supplies left that I must hang on to to the last I'm obliged to steal from their gardens ; and you can imagine for yourself the feelings of the landed proprietor,

when he sees me lead my band of herring-gutted cormorants into his pet yam patch ! I am mapping the country and protecting a prospecting party, who are on very good gold, and who are uncommonly well able to take care of themselves. We are further into the interior than anyone has been before. The prospectors are camped about five miles from me. There is a rather good chap with me at present, who is known here as " Billy " ; he is a member of the prospecting party, but hangs with ten armed boys under my wing, and hunts for gold in the rivers and creeks. We had one most damnable experience while all the prospectors and myself were together ; we came to a most infernal river, with high cliffs and a raging torrent impossible to cross. In places the natives had suspension bridges over it, made of plaited vines, all of which, with the exception of one, they cut away as we approached ; the one left was so high and rotten, and so generally dangerous, that they left it, thinking we would not dare to cross. Well, we sat down, and a sailor among the prospectors crawled about ten feet out on to it, and then crawled back with a mighty white face, and said the roar of the rapids and the height of the bridge were too much for him. The bridge consisted of two ropes of vines, one for the feet and one for the hands and sloped up at a fearful angle ; I sat down

quietly and said that what was good enough for a sailor to funk was good enough for me also to funk. Billy gazed at the rest of the men, then at me, with a curious look in his eyes, and said:

“ I, of course, could not presume to show the way to a King’s Officer and the Armed Native Constabulary.”

“ Damn you ! ” I said. “ Then we will see if you can follow the A.N.C. ! ” And I ordered my scouts forward across the bridge.

They went grey under their brown skins, but they slung their rifles across their shoulders, and away they went—as they would have gone into the infernal regions themselves, if ordered. Then I took my courage in both hands and got over. Then, file after file, my men crossed, until only the prospectors and their boys were left, and the rotten old bridge still stood. Then Billy crossed, and his face in the middle of the span was the colour of a fish’s tummy, and he had no smile to “ smole ” when he landed. The rest of the party then, for very shame’s sake, could not turn back, but came. When they were all safely over, I read Billy a little lecture on the senseless risk he had induced me, and thereby himself and others, to run ; and told him that, apart from the question of pluck, my life happened to be of some

slight value to the Government at that time, and was not to be foolishly chucked away. To-morrow I'll tell you of a little nigger incident that nearly did for me to-day.

*Dec. 14th.*

I might just as well have sat up writing to you last night, as the bally natives worried us for a couple of hours.

Now for the nigger incident. Late in the day we came to a group of pretty villages, hanging on the mountain-side amongst water-falls and clumps of mountain bamboo ; apparently the people had all cleared out from them, at sight of us in the plains. Well, the police and I climbed up into one of them, in order to cover the rest of the party as they ascended the main track. When we got into the village, I left my six men and started to see what was on the other side of a high bank about thirty feet away in the main street. I got nearly to the top, when I noticed a very fine hibiscus bush in full blossom, a dozen feet to the right, and went to pick some of the blossoms ; after which I passed over the bank and walked fairly into about a dozen men who were waiting at the top for me with clubs and spears. Fortunately for me, they were watching the point at which they expected me to cross, not the one I

did cross at, and I had time to draw my revolver before they turned and saw me. The nearest man swung up his club and fairly sprang at me ; he, poor man, is now in another world. As I fired, I backed into a clump of bamboo ; the others, at the report of the pistol and the rush of the feet of the police coming to my help, bolted ; but if it had not been for that hibiscus bush attracting my attention, I should have crossed in the middle of the track and had my skull smashed before I knew what had hit me.

*Dec. 18th.*

I have wandered over a few more mountains and miles of country, and got on to a distant sort of friendly terms with some natives. The miners have come up, and have found plenty of gold in a river where I am going to leave them, including Billy ; while I try and find a way out that will avoid some of these infernal mountains. I don't expect to reach the coast before at least a month from now, possibly later.

*Dec. 20th, 1906.*

Writing in a camp is not all joy, especially when there is a strong smell of roasting pig from a dozen camp fires, and the chattering of a hundred men, all jammed as close as they can stick round my tent. I have left white companionship behind for some

time I think, and am plunging into the very unknown. If you look at a map of New Guinea, you will notice to the N.W. of Mount Albert Edward an angle in the imaginary line demarking British and German spheres of influence. Well, I am just about at that angle, but whether in Kaiser Bill's land or ours, I'm blest if I know. Then if you look at the Gulf of Papua, you will see a river marked Bailala ; that is the point I am attempting to make across country, but it is a very large order and I may be forced to turn back, which God forbid. My object is to try and discover a route to the new goldfield through British territory, as the present one is impossible for trade ; and, if the goldfield is worth anything, the Germans will, under existing circumstances, collar the track. I am in a splendid valley at present of woodlands and grassy plateaux, but there is a horrid great range sticking up ahead that makes my heart sink when I look at it, and Heaven alone knows what is on the other side of it. One thing though, the cormorants are happy ; for just as we went into camp they succeeded in surrounding and bayoneting two enormous pigs !

*Dec. 22nd.*

We covered about eighteen miles to-day, and have landed plunk up against the big range, and I



fear it's going to drive me too far into German territory ; the beastly thing is about 12,000 feet high. We had no luck in foraging for food either, and the cormorants are putting in their night in trying to make sago from a palm-tree they discovered; they are cursing bitterly. I have acquired a particularly rotten cold on the chest that does not add to one's joy going uphill ; in fact, the general prospect at present is not a cheerful one. I think there is only one happy man in camp, and he's sitting at the foot of my bed cleaning guns ; and he, poor devil, was easily made happy. You see at present I have no private or house-boy with me, my two constabulary orderlies doing everything I require. Well, I invariably pick them from my personal escort of ten, which is entirely composed of men from two particular local tribes whom I first pacified and civilized, and if one of the two is sick or anything he finds his substitute from among the remaining eight. Native forces invariably form pairs of men from the same village or tribe, and most of mine are related to one another by marriage or blood, and if any outsider gets in he has rather a rough time. Well, when I started on this trip, I had attached to my force four men from the extreme west of New Guinea, and in one way or another have parted with three of them ; the remaining poor devil, who I

forgot all about, became a sort of ugly duckling ; he had no chum, and if rations were short you could bet that he was the shortest of the lot ; or if he had a lonely watch there was no pal to share it with him or take him a smoke. Well, he humbly began bringing wood for my fire, or doing little odd jobs that my orderlies do ; but when he got near my tent, or was likely to excite attention, my own two men promptly hoofed him out as an interloper, and life became a weariness and a delusion to him. Late last night, after my light was out, I heard a gentle sobbing in the corner of my tent ; I could hear one of my orderlies snoring on one side of my bed, and by prodding with my foot in the dark I very soon elicited a grunt from the other, so I knew it was not them. Then this sort of conversation took place. “— !— !— ! Get out of this, or I’ll murder you. What the blank blank do you mean by making that noise here ? ” “ Oh Taubada, I’m so lonely and so far from my home.” Then I found out that he wanted to act as my servant, in order that he might have some one to talk to who knew his own country ; as I rather wanted to see the faces of my Binandere when they saw the addition in the morning, I consented, and he insisted upon taking up his duties at once, namely 1 a.m., in order, I think, that I should not change my mind.

*Dec. 23rd.*

It is a case of turning back and trying for another pass. I find that the little food I have for my men—rice and pea flour—has gone bad from the constant wet, and it would be suicidal to attempt the ranges with it. I don't mind taking chances, but this is a certainty of disaster if I go on. But I have now got so far inland that I dare not retrace my steps altogether, for there is no food behind me, and possibly there may be some ahead.

*Christmas Day, 1906.*

I am still wriggling and squirming to get through these infernal mountains, but without as yet much luck ; the cormorants and self are having occasional hungry moments. I wish I could steal a little of your Christmas dinner, for mine is going to be no great chop. I have a sort of faint hope of getting across now without having to turn back, but the chance is so faint at present that it practically amounts to none. This confounded journey has grown into a bigger thing than I intended, and if I get through it will be the biggest thing yet done in New Guinea ; but it's certainly going to be my last if I can manage it. I've wriggled up about 4000 feet, and another six or seven thousand should top the range ; but the Lord only knows what's on the

other side, or whether there is any food to be got. It's getting almighty cold at nights again. I think to-morrow will decide whether I am going to get across or not, but I can't be certain yet.

10 p.m.

I'm having great luck !? It's ten p.m. now, and my sergeant with seven privates, who went out this morning early to hunt for a track up a spur, have not returned ; neither has a private who went off after a wild boar in the afternoon, and the devil only knows what has become of them. Have you ever seen an old hen that has lost some chicks clucking round ? Well, that's how I feel ; and the men have started prowling like a cage full of hyenas. Funny thing is that there is not a native to be seen anywhere. I remember when I was a very small boy once going miles and miles to find where a rainbow hit the ground, under the sweet delusion that there would I find a crock of gold ; until at last the rainbow vanished, and I sat on the ground and howled dismally, before I could make up my mind to face the ghosts and goblins of the long road home. I feel something like that now ; the only thing is, that duty now compels me to present an unmoved face to my party.

*Dec. 26th.*

The missing man, who went after the pig, returned this morning ; he wounded the brute, and it chased him up a tree in such a hurry that he left his rifle at the foot. He spent the night up the tree, and found at daylight that piggy had conveniently died ; he's in a vile temper as it rained and he had a very thin bough to sit on. I'm now waiting for the others to appear. A prospector turned up half an hour ago, from the N.E. German territory, with about forty armed boys. He told me he had come from the coast in nine days, where he had been landed by a schooner, and was making down to where I had left the others. I told him that I ought to arrest him for breaking our customs and quarantine laws, and for having our natives out of the country ; also that he had broken German laws as well, by entering their country with an armed force. Poor devil, he turned nasty at first, and said he'd fight if I touched him ; whereupon I mildly pointed out that he and his men were in my camp and had no earthly chance ; also that he and his boys would, under any circumstances, stand no chance against my trained men ; also that if by any inconceivable stroke of fortune he could beat me, he would sooner or later be taken and hanged. Then he said, " Look here, Mr. Warden, I've spent

eight years in this God-forsaken country scraping together £700, and all of that I've put in this trip ; I dodged the Germans and had a hell of a time generally, fitting out and getting in here through German territory, and it's damned hard luck if you snap me up now. I can't pay several hundreds in fines, and I'd sooner be shot than juggled." I sat on a box and looked at him ; I knew in my heart that I should have done exactly as he was doing, then I said, " Clear out as fast as you can from my vicinity and chase your gold, and don't tell a soul that you met me ; you are nothing better than a blooming filibuster, but you are a pukka man. Shake hands, and get, and may you get your gold." I watched him crawling over the grassy hills with his boys, and I wondered what his history was ; he was, through dirt and rags and all, a clean-bred looking man, but his name I did not ask. My missing sergeant and men are coming, so I must knock off and find out what news they bring. I hope they have found a track somewhere, or there is a woeful time ahead of us ; wild bananas and sago for a diet are not inspiring.

*Later.*

It was a beastly false alarm, and my chickens are not returning yet ; so I can go on scrawling.

It is now again 10 p.m. and raining like the devil, and still no sign of my lost men. One of my search parties thought they heard the sound of a distant shot, but the infernal rain washes all tracks away. I'm going to-morrow in search of them, but the blasted rain has brought out a dose of fever that will probably lay me by the heels by to-morrow night. Apart from the fact that many of them have been with me for many years, and I am personally attached to them, the loss of eight rifles is a serious matter to me. My camp is as restless as a basket of snakes with the incessant prowling. Half my police are sitting about quietly weeping, the carriers every now and then let out a dingo-like howl that would curdle the blood of a mummy, and the men that are going with me to-morrow are scrape scraping at the points and edges of their bayonets, until my teeth are all on edge. There will be precious little quarter given when we meet the natives, if they have trapped the poor men. I feel inclined, when I think of them individually, to sit down and howl myself; brown or white, civilized man or nigger, we are very near together when the basic emotions are stirred; and the down-cutting stab that sends some shrieking wounded savage to his long rest is as likely to come from the sword of the civilized officer as the bayonet of the revengeful

maddened private or the tomahawk of an infuriated carrier. This is the sort of Christmas that is likely to stick in one's mind ; a cheery Christmas tree and crackers, fill up the bachelor uncle with fizz and the kids with mince pies sort of affair ; peace and goodwill—Ah, my orderly has just landed a police cook on the lug, who had started to howl like an impaled jackal. There is as much chance of my getting any sleep to-night as there is of my being canonized or you turning nun. I am going to get two sticks of the strongest and vilest trade tobacco, my oldest and foulest pipe and thirty grains of quinine, and wrestle with blue devils all night. I haven't even got any decent coffee, being fool enough to come away with the vile compound of chicory and sawdust that the stores supply to the fat-headed Englishman, instead of the good locally grown berry. There ! How do you like being the safety valve ?

*Dec. 27th.*

More rotten luck ! Not a sign of my missing men, and the rains have so flooded the rivers and creeks that it's the devil's own work to get across anywhere. I have a sort of a hope that my men are yet all right, for if they had been smashed up by natives I fancy we'd have found some sign by now, or been attacked ourselves. I've got to sit down now





TOKU AND KAILI KAILI



until a beastly river goes down enough to permit a passage. I'll find those men though, if I've got to stay here six months and eat grass like the Biblical person. There's nothing I think more trying than waiting, when one is burning with impatience to be doing something.

*Later.*

My police have just been found ! They got cut off by a lot of German New Guinea natives, and had to make a long *détour* through dreadfully rough country. They say that there appear to be villages and gardens away to the south of west, the way I want to go, but that the country is fearfully rugged and broken. I'm going to tackle it, however, in the morning, for if there are natives there's food, and given that we can get through, for some days at any rate ; anyhow one can't expect to see more than two or three days ahead at this work. I'm feeling in quite a cheerful mood again, now I've got them back ; they look fairly sick and sorry on it though, for they have had mighty little to eat and been exposed to the rains all night.

*Jan. 2nd, 1907.*

*Somewhere in the Wilderness.*

This is very dirty paper, but paper is like everything else with me just now, about as scarce as a

hen's teeth. Well, Heaven only knows where I am, I don't ! I've crossed the range that blocked me, after some awful experiences for myself and the cormorants, only to meet with a bitter disappointment in finding a river that flows the wrong way, and then through impassable gorges. We've struck the country of a curious nomadic people, who wander over the mountains and build villages that they occupy but a year and then desert, leaving the whole show intact. We met them once, but they were very distrustful of us and bolted ; they are very big men and magnificent archers, and their women wear the same dress and are almost as fine as the men. Their old village sites have been rather a godsend, as we got warm houses, and were not too proud to rake round the old, deserted gardens for what kai-kai the wild pigs had left, which as you may imagine was mighty little. We got a good many wild pigs though, and some cassowary ; the latter of which I ate, as my share of a change from wild plantains and wild yams. If you could see me at night, sitting up like the witch in Macbeth, composing some unholy mixture, you would grin ; but if you had to eat the said dish, you would howl ! I think to-day I ate a portion of the father of all cassowaries. I boiled it, I baked it, and I banged it with the back of a tomahawk, and then I fried

it ; and after all I had to bolt it in dice. Half my men are hunting for a track down another awful range, and I am camped in one of the old villages ; it's very full of fleas, but the houses we have patched up are warm, and we can rake a little food out, and they have the advantage of being arrow proof. There is a curious devil-house here, in which I have taken up my quarters, with all sorts of gloomy recesses ; last night my two orderlies, who are cursed with an inquisitive inquiring turn of mind, went rooting and poking into them, and brought out a whole lot of gnawed human bones ; so some one or other has had a banquet of sorts here. We are at about 8000 feet, and the cold, when it rains, is something dreadful, and knocks us over with short, sharp attacks of malaria, which, however, don't last long ; quinine though is getting very scarce. There is usually now anything from three to ten men sending up a chorus of wails and groans, to which occasionally I add my quota ; the whole outfit—as the Yankees say—would be comic, if we were not perpetually hanging on the verge of tragedy. For instance, if the men now fail to find the track we must turn and make a thirty days' march on five days' rations ; which spells death for some, and a mighty rough time for the others. We've made two attempts already to find a passage, but failed ;

the third and last is being made now. Still I feel certain that a way other than the one we came by must lead out of this valley and old village ; the thing is to find it. Do you know I have a horrid longing for cakes and sweets ? Why that should be so, I can't understand ; for one would imagine that one would dream of beef-steaks and things of that sort ; but instead I have visions of a tea-table, and wish I could make inroads thereon ! When I get out of this, I'm going to buy the biggest plum cake that Buszard puts up, and gorge like a school-boy ! The cormorants are better off than I am, because they have no silly fancies, and rats, snakes, eels, roots and dogs, all go down their gullets without scruple ; the beggars, too, will starve forty-eight hours without a groan, while I begin to make a noise after twelve hours. We had twelve hours without water crossing the range, and that brought wails from the lot ; one can't help admiring the beggars though, the absolute unflinching courage with which they follow and face difficulties is simply superb. Especially when one realizes that they have not the remotest idea of the geography of New Guinea, and can't possibly realize that sooner or later we must strike the coast to the S.W. ; that is one reason why I am now praying for a river flowing that way as then they will know

that all we have to do is to follow it as nearly as we can. They have an idea that we are going to get a road, for they are raking in a great supply of roots and things to carry with them ; plucky cormorants !

*Jan. 3rd, 1907.*

The police came back to-night ; all day yesterday they waded up a gloomy gorge with ice-cold water in it ; and at last came to a long spur running down to it, covered with dripping, icy, moss-covered trees, through the middle of which a big cleared track runs away to the west, which must lead to villages on the other side. They suffered dreadfully from the cold, and were eight hours in the water. To-morrow, at daylight, my whole party follow that road once more into the unknown ; and great is the woe and lamentation at the thought of the cold creek, which will surely mean a dose of fever for the whole lot of us. I hope to get through and over the spur in two days, when we can sit down and have our fever in comfort ! Moss and ice, and gnarled trees, look very fine in a pantomime, but they are hellish things for men accustomed to a hot climate and saturated with malaria, as well as being no strangers to hunger. I think, however, we can be counted on to furnish the chorus in the

pantomime, if we don't find any firewood and a place to sleep in ! There's not much of the stoical endurance of the heroic explorers in fiction about us, when in difficulties ; the police and I groan and curse, and the carriers wail ; there is, though, a curious charm in pitting one's puny self against Mistress New Guinea, and beating her. The country we are now tackling, the Germans had a shot at years ago, and all the officers died or were murdered by the members of the expedition ; and the surviving natives came out in a starving condition on our coast, where our people found them, and Sir William MacGregor sent them back to German New Guinea in the *Merrie England*. They were afterwards shot there for murdering their officers ; the tragedy, however, did not end with their own officers, as the ringleader shot the German Governor when he was being arrested. I think the British game of the single white officer, is much the best plan ; but foreigners don't take kindly to it. My plan, if I can carry it out, is to steer S.W. or S. until I strike a river that we can follow until it will permit us to make rafts and drift down ; one can go hungry for quite a long time if lying on a raft. Also we have the chance of striking sago swamps, where we can make sago ; or villages, where we can buy or take food. The difficulty is that at present we are



so far inland, that the rivers are mere torrents running through ranges, and we must find tracks until they improve. I must shut up now for a few days, or there will be no paper left on which to continue this screed.

## CHAPTER XII

**I** WILL now hark back to the time when the prospecting party left me, and give the succeeding events in a little more detail than I had room for in my letters. In my description of my journey across New Guinea I do not pretend to adhere strictly to chronological order ; people who want that can read the official dispatch.

But the mention of the cassowary that I had such difficulty in cooking and swallowing reminds me of the way my men used to make pets of cassowaries, when we were at Cape Nelson ; for these birds, when caught young, make very good pets, and the Kaili Kaili sometimes brought in the chickens for sale to the constabulary. When the birds grew up, they always knew their own particular masters, and they, alas, all met with a common fate ; for when full grown they did so much damage to the Station gardens, or otherwise became such a nuisance, that they had to be shot. They would follow their masters on to the parade ground and, when the men were formed two deep or in fours,



A CASSOWARY



would suddenly be seized with a desire to join their owner and peck at the bare legs of intervening men, which was not conducive to steadiness in the ranks ! They would also go with their owners to musketry practice, without a sign of fear of the noise, and would sometimes catch the spent shells of the cartridges as they flew from the breech of the rifles. The police wives did not care for them, however, for when grown too big they frightened the children by picking at the beads on the children's necks or the ornaments in their ears, simply out of curiosity.

I remember once reading in a parish magazine a most amusing yarn by a missionary of the habits of a cassowary. The missionary I knew quite well, but I entirely dissociate myself from any acquaintance with the rest of the *dramatis personæ* in his story, either the cassowary, the pig, the Papuan, or the tree ! The missionary was lecturing to children ; he got one or two cannibal yarns off his chest, and then he weighed in with this, which I consider a fine effort, an effort worthy of many pennies !

“ In my district,” said the veracious man, “ there are many cassowaries, which is a bird like an ostrich only smaller. Well, one of my people went hunting and killed a wild pig ; he was carrying the pig home, when he was seen by a cassowary, which at once pursued him to seize the pig. The

native ran fast, still sticking to his pig, but the cassowary ran faster ; the man reached a tree just before the pursuing bird, and climbed it. That furious fowl then boomed with baffled rage, and turning delivered a vigorous kick at the tree ; that kick was his undoing, for his claws sunk so deep into the trunk of the tree that he could not extricate them, whereupon the Papuan descended and killed the entangled bird. So the native took home," added the missionary, " not only a piggy, but the cassowary as well ! "

I have seen wooden gods being made to order before now, and read the description of the " history " of the things afterwards ; but that tale of the man-hunting carnivorous cassowary, with claws like steel spikes, stands out by itself as a gem.

After this digression I must return to my journey across New Guinea. I marched into Beri village, the inhabitants deserting it at my approach. We were not surprised at that, as I had two flanking parties marching on it on each side, as I came in on its front. Still, as it had been engaged in hostilities with the prospecting miners, I had to take precautions ; precautions that, in the long run, meant the absence of bloodshed. Beri village was, like most of the Waria villages, strongly stockaded, and with a large temple house in the middle ; the

purpose of the temple house I never ascertained, but it was full of drums and skulls ; also long bamboo tubes that produced a booming note when struck on the ground. We succeeded in getting into intercourse with the villagers, a distant sort of intercourse, as they were plainly distrustful of us, and we did not put much faith in them. But they sold us several pigs, and some other food.

During the course of the night the natives brought up strong bodies of men in close vicinity to my sentries. As they did so, I strengthened the sentries, and threw out a picket of ten constabulary. Nothing happened ; the natives were afraid of us, and we of them ; neither wanted to fight, but each side was suspicious and watchful. I think the men were simply brought up to watch us during the night, and not as an act of hostility against us, any more than my supporting the sentries was an act of aggression against them. This, however, is an instance in which probably a weak or inexperienced party of Europeans would have had their fears so played upon by an apparently threatening demonstration against them that they would, in all good faith, but in obedience to their fears, have fired into the natives, and hostilities would have at once commenced, while each party would have remained under the impression that

they had been made the object of an unprovoked attack by the other.

The main weapon of the Waria people is the bow. That alone stamps them as poor fighters, for the best of the New Guinea warriors rely entirely upon the spear and club. Their arrows are of four distinct types : the bamboo, broad-bladed bayonet ; the plain hard wood spear-point ; an arrow tipped with horn made from cassowaries' claws ; and a most villainous barbed type, smeared with some sticky, evil-smelling substance ; the points of the latter always being carried in a quiver, and covered with many thicknesses of palm leaves. My police assured me that the sticky substance was poison ; I think, however, that it was merely affixed as a charm. But it was sufficiently dirty, filthy, and evil-smelling to produce blood poisoning in anyone hit by it, though I do not think such was the deliberate intention of the men using it.

Then followed the period of struggling over mountains, starvation, and anxiety for the missing Barigi and his men, described in my letters. Some of the villages we came across were very interesting. On one occasion I camped in an old abandoned village, in sight of which there were many villages and much cultivation. The old village in which I was camped was built in a parallelogram within



a square enclosure formed by a strong fence and hedge, at one end of which was a fairly large, well-built house evidently once used for ceremonial or religious purposes. Each of the villages in sight was laid out in the same form and each had the same isolated, fenced, secluded building attached. The height of the village was 5386 feet above sea level. For the first time in New Guinea I found openings for windows in the houses, closed at night or during rain by curtains of native cloth. In the ceremonial, or club house, large stacks of new arrows were found ; one arrow in each bundle was smeared with fresh blood.

From here we marched up a valley S.W., and crossed a wide ravine, on the opposite side of which several large villages were situated, with a big ceremonial house, towards which the track led, and near which natives were massing in large numbers. A stockade of green timber, nearly 30 feet high, had been built in the night across the track, in front of which a wide space had been cleared. It appeared to me that the stockade had been erected to prevent my party approaching the ceremonial house, and as I did not want to offend the people by trespassing upon their secret places, and most certainly did not mean to do so if such action was likely to lead to hostilities, I cut a road round and went wide. I

now found that the top of the hill which I was ascending was held by some six or seven hundred bowmen, apparently waiting for my party to get within comfortable range of their arrows—namely about 200 yards. I could have turned on half a dozen sharpshooters and shot the poor devils down at long range, and so carried the spur they occupied ; but, though I candidly confess I have no compunction in taking life when absolutely necessary, I had, in conjunction with my pukka fighting team, an extreme aversion to killing poor fools who we knew were no match for us.

Accordingly I manœuvred in a blazing sun opposite to them, the while Corporal Bia and ten constabulary covered the sneaking approach on their flank of thirty of my Binandere. I knew quite well that, if the latter got close enough to charge, the bowmen, numerous though they were, would bolt. I sent Corporal Bia and his ten rifles really to see that my Binandere were not suddenly swamped by a hail of arrows. Bia succeeded in placing them and the constabulary, unperceived, within thirty yards of the bowmen. Then, by suddenly exposing themselves as my main party advanced straight up the hill, took the natives by surprise, and caused a panic among them and a general flight. Not a shot had been fired,



A VILLAGE CONSTABLE



not an arrow loosed, and we had obtained our object.

After ascending the hill, I came in sight of a large village into which the natives had crowded, and from which they showed signs of flying as my party approached. I halted for a time, and after a considerable amount of trouble induced the people to come in. Their nerves were considerably shaken after their surprise experience of the morning, and they kept glancing round and sending men to peer into woods and over precipices, as though expecting police to materialize suddenly from thin air! The men who came in were of the Semitic-Western type, wearing the broad bark abdominal bandage of the Gulf people. A racial fusion appears to be taking place at this point between the small mountain natives and the dark-skinned Semitic type. They had steel tools obtained from one of the German rivers to the north, with which they maintained trading relations. They sold me much food and several pigs. Five villages of, curiously enough, exactly thirty houses and a ceremonial house were in sight from here. In the course of the night the grass on the hills caught fire, whether accidentally or otherwise I could not tell, and my camp was nearly burnt out, and a house was destroyed.

The next day we left the camp in the early morning. Natives came in bringing pigs and food for sale, and I asked them to bring it on to the spot at which I should camp for the night. We travelled all day up a valley, passing many villages and camped near a village where more food and pigs were brought for sale. The natives pointed out nine sweet potato gardens full of pigs, to which they said the carriers could help themselves. These people apparently make potato gardens solely for the purpose of feeding pigs in, as yams appear to be their staple diet. They were, at this point, a fine type of people, but somewhat overbearing and truculent, and shot an arrow at a carrier apparently out of sheer devilment.

After this, and after many vicissitudes, we reached the village and the curious devil-house mentioned in one of my last letters, dated Jan. 2nd, 1907 ; and there I went down with a bad attack of malaria and a villainous cold on my chest, which had been produced largely by the rotten, non-waterproof tents with which we were inflicted. In this world I shall never get square with the Government Storekeeper or Port Moresby officialdom ; but in the next, when we are sitting on hot bricks, and Bia, Arigita and Co. bring me a water bottle (as they are certain to do), I shall take great

care that not a drop goes down the throats of the wretches at whose hands we suffered !

At this abandoned village, I, for the time being, broke up my party. The food question was becoming acute ; food behind us we knew there was practically none, except in the few villages of the Semitic type of people ; ahead there might or might not be, but there was no road to follow. Sergeant Barigi took one party in one direction, Corporal Arigita another, and Corporal Oia the third. At night the three parties returned ; Oia and Arigita reporting no luck, no sign of a way to cross the mountains. Trusty old Barigi reported faint indications of a track running in the direction we wished to go, but leading up an icy-cold stream. On the following day I dispatched Arigita with six chosen constabulary to try and locate the track indicated by Sergeant Barigi. He was away two days. In the meantime my men hunted out watery sweet potatoes, much in the manner of pigs hunting truffles. Back it looked as if I must return, with starvation and tribulation staring me in the face, and my work incomplete ; also I should only be able to keep my party alive by looting the food of people already short of it, and looting the gardens meant bloodshed, together with the perpetration of an act of gross injustice on the natives.

As ever, the constabulary pulled me through. Arigita returned on the evening of the second day to report a well-defined track across the ranges, but only to be reached after some hours of wading up an icy stream ; spurs and ravines running down into the stream on each side made walking on the dry land impossible. Accordingly we marched up that creek for six miles, the country now being all uninhabited, but showing every sign of having carried a large population some two or three years previously. It was full of old stone fish-weirs, none, however, of recent construction, and fish were entirely absent in the stream. Old houses also were in evidence, strongly built and well-preserved, with arrow-proof walls ; but what had happened to the people by whom once they were occupied Heaven alone knows ! Fish-weirs and no fish ; houses and no people ; truly New Guinea was a land of mystery !

After leaving this bitterly cold stream, we came to a long spur on which there were two recently constructed temporary lean-to shelters, shelters apparently just vacated by a large body of men. There also occurred here a curious thing ; for, though we had passed through a region of almost perpetual rain, on the spur on which we now camped every evidence was shown of extreme dryness ;



withered dry bracken and a forest showing every sign of periodic fires.

Steadily we travelled S. and S.W. along a now well-defined track across the mountains, that being the direction in which I wished to go towards the Gulf of Papua ; until we eventually descended into a valley from which the waters flowed S.W. We had crossed the main range ; the first party to accomplish that feat.

In the valley we found a village and large garden. The houses were of a totally different type to any with which I was acquainted, being low and squat and surrounded by low fences, inside of which were kept scores of pigs—the swine camping at night under the living houses. The village was apparently deserted, but while my men and I were peering into houses arrows suddenly whizzed past us in all directions. One got Private Karota's ear, one went through the canvas rifle cover slung on another private's shoulder, and I got one in the guts through my Sam Browne belt. How the rest of my men were missed, I really don't know. While I was wondering how I could get the people out of their houses without killing any of them or losing any of my men, and also wondering what effect three inches of arrow point would have upon my interior economy, a man was discovered in a garden

and captured uninjured. Whereupon I left gifts behind for the villagers, and drew off my men to some small uninhabited houses on a hill, beyond the range, I thought, of arrow fire.

This village was situated on the extreme N.E. affluent of the Lakekamu River. These people must have had a very good opinion of themselves as fighting men, for their villages were not stockaded or fortified, though the walls of the houses were rendered arrow-proof by plaited bamboo. Night was fast closing in. I had to defer trying to get on friendly terms with the villagers until morning. A party of constabulary and carriers I sent out to draw water from a stream were driven in by a very strong body of natives, and had to abandon their buckets and thus leave us without water.

Sergeant Barigi, however, in command of a second party, recovered the buckets and brought us water, fortunately without bloodshed ; the natives apparently realized that my second party was composed of angry men meaning business, and so accordingly drew off. I was extremely glad that a fight had been avoided, as getting on friendly terms with them was of paramount importance to my work. Up to the present the only injuries inflicted had been upon us, not upon them. The village people also were lucky, for, had either the

arrow that got me or the one that got Karota killed, there probably would have been a slaughter in that village such as they had never dreamt of.

The natives lay in a circle round us all night, keeping, however, at a distance just beyond arrow range. In the morning I released the man captured over night, with what were to him rich gifts, two long knives and a plane iron, really untold wealth ! I pointed out that we were not enemies, had not damaged the houses, removed anything from them, or touched their gardens, though we were starving. Shortly after the man had disappeared, in the early morning mist, arrows began to drop in my camp, and the mist rising, some thirty or forty men were disclosed on a knoll shooting at us. Eventually their arrows got so unpleasantly close, that I ordered half a dozen shots to be fired at a big rock underneath the bowmen ; with the result that the smack of the bullets on the rock so discomposed the archers' nerves that they fled.

At about midday, despairing of getting into friendly relations with the people, I resumed my march ; first, however, taking food from the gardens and a couple of pigs as payment for the hole in my tummy and Karota's ear ! My men were not pleased.

" These bush rats," they complained, " have

wounded our 'Man,' they have spoilt Karota's ear, they have hurled insults and arrows at us, why should we not loot their gardens, kill all their pigs, and chase them over the hills ? "

" Quiet ! Quiet ! " said wise old Barigi to them. " We take the best way."

Upon seeing that we were leaving, the natives got bolder, and at last ventured nearer ; and, after a tremendous lot of palaver, about ten of them met Corporal Arigita and myself half-way between our respective parties. None of us, I think, were very happy, for the corporal and myself were well within point blank arrow range of a large body of men above us, and the native heralds apparently distrusted the rifles of my men. A few gifts at last gave them confidence, and they ventured into their village ; when, after examining their houses, and finding no damage had been done and that their chattels were intact, they became quite friendly, and guided us down-stream towards other villages, and carried for us. They told me that this river was called the Biaru, but I have since ascertained that this was wrong, and think that Biaru is the name of the people or village.

During the hunger stage, I did better than the others latterly, for while we were ascending the icy stream Private Adadi shot a large cassowary, the

flesh of which the men smoke-dried, and from which they made soup for me at intervals. The Papuan was unselfish ; snakes, grubs or roots, they knew I would not eat, so accordingly they always did their best to preserve some food acceptable to me. As a matter of fact it was a fortunate thing for me that I was quite empty for some time before and after that arrow got me, for it enabled my interior to heal.

## CHAPTER XIII

**A**FTER leaving Biaru, we did some very heavy climbing, climbing made the more difficult from the fact that we were extremely distrustful of the people, and accordingly had to keep flanking parties going on both sides, as well as scouts ahead. Frequently wet to the skin, hungry, crossing awful ravines and clinging on to the edges of most appalling heights, those flanking parties stuck to their job, until we marched safely into a friendly village. At one spot we passed a large native bridge built on engineering lines, and on the cantilever principle.

Here I found the people smoking cigars of excellent leaf, cigars that they smoked through a bamboo holder—the only spot in New Guinea where I have found tobacco used in the form of cigars. Much controversy has taken place as to whether tobacco in New Guinea is indigenous or not. Sir William MacGregor held that it was indigenous; also my people told me that to the extreme length of their traditions tobacco was known. Captain

Cook, who by the way never landed in New Guinea, reported sighting men holding long tubes in their hands from which smoke was emitted ; obviously this was the bau-bau or native tobacco pipe.

By the way, I have frequently been told that the pigs in New Guinea are descendants of pigs left by that great navigator. If the fools who make such statements would only take the trouble to read "Cook's Voyages," the absurdity of this statement would be realized. For instance, on one occasion the remark is made by the diarist that the only animal on Cook's ship was the Purser's dog, who "fell a victim to the delicate stomach of the Commander," then suffering from scurvy !

In the village now visited, the name of which I could not ascertain, all the people remained in their houses, and, though shy, were friendly. I here noticed an alligator's tooth on a man's neck, which he told me came from a point lower down the river, where they made sago. Many gifts of food were made to me ; food, however, of a perishable nature, only good for two days at the outside.

Quitting these villages I found a big branch of a large river ; which I afterwards ascertained to be an affluent of the Lakekamu or Williams River, which I descended. There were no definite tracks on the banks, while ravines and razor-backed spurs

running in at right angles to the raging torrent made our progress very difficult. While descending the river we found two interesting things. One, the great Goura pigeon, a bird as big as a turkey and wearing a crest like a woman's fan—a bird never before reported at such a height as we were at—and secondly, a rushing torrent stream of a bright emerald green colour; clear and sparkling the waters were, but the colour was that of *crème de menthe*. Large death-adders we found on its banks, like the adder of the Yodda Valley road, but differing in colour; for, instead of a dull brown, these adders were of a bright grey colour with dark speckles. Alligators also were very numerous, and very savage, in its waters. One nearly succeeded in grabbing me by the leg as I stood on the bank; but the grab at my leg was unfortunate for the croc., for, as I jumped back, Sergeant Barigi sent a '303 bullet through its skull. I trust the brute died, or at all events suffered from a headache!

We now found ourselves in a fork of the green stream, and the tributary of the Lakekamu, which we were following; and consequently were obliged to cross the former. Never before have I had such a job as we experienced in crossing that stream. It was simply a succession of rapids, in which the strongest swimmers could not possibly live, running





PLUMED MAN OF THE WEST



round huge rocks, underneath which were whirlpools full of alligators ; and then more rapids and more whirlpools, until it fell into the raging torrent of the tributary. We found a point at which it ran between rocks and not more than twenty yards wide ; vines and creepers extended across the stream here, from one giant forest tree to another. Some of my lightest men crossed on the vines ; then simultaneously from each bank we felled trees behind a mid-stream rock. As the trees fell, men rushed out and lashed the tops together ; and my whole party hastily crossed the quivering limbs, just before the gathering weight of water behind them swept the trees away.

From here we clung to the bank of the tributary of the Lakekamu, which I now see by recent maps has been named the "Monckton River." By this time my party was so travel-worn and done-up that I was forced to cling to the river in the hopes of sooner or later being able to make rafts and drift down to the Gulf of Papua, without further exertion to them. In the meantime, hanging on to the bank of the river meant tremendous exertion to my men, now no strangers to hunger.

Eventually we came to some flat, swampy country, and sat down and made sago from palms we discovered ; but we were not able to make much sago,

certainly not more than enough to provide half a meal for my party. The same thing when we got a pig or cassowary, it was only a bite amongst my one hundred and thirty cormorants ! Practically for six days we were without food, unless one apology for a meal occasionally counts as food. The river here ran at about three knots ; and was free from snags. Myriads of mosquitoes we found ; also rain that never ceased. The rain did not fall in drops, it fell in streams the thickness of a lead pencil. The very lightest rain would go through our miserable rotten tents, but this rain simply kept us perpetually drenched, with the result that, from myself downwards, the whole party was racked with colds and malaria.

We made rafts and launched them on the river—a river apparently a smooth-running stream and safe to take us to the coast. But I did this against the story told me by my instruments, for which we duly paid. I fixed the height we were at by boiling point exactly ; I measured the distance to the coast exactly ; by every law of reason I must be right, and there must be a hell of a fall in the river to be accounted for somewhere ; and yet I was fool enough to be tempted by that river and consequently to lose two good men. For the loss of those men, I, and only I, was to blame, through being fool

enough to act on impulse, due to a wish to save my party unnecessary labour.

All rafts were completed by 8 a.m., and, at a signal given by a shot being fired, were simultaneously launched and started off. Among my party I had about twenty-five or thirty non-swimmers, and these men were distributed among the Mambare and Kumusi river men, in case of accident. For about an hour the river was descended in safety, several openings and passages being passed that I took to form islands. In the van my raft led, manned by Corporal Oia and four of my personal escort ; the remainder of the constabulary, village constables, and carriers, were distributed among the following rafts, with Sergeant Barigi bringing up the rear ; and Corporal Arigita dodging about on a light raft between us, he and his crew acting as a life-saving party to go to the assistance of any raft in distress.

The banks of the river became more and more swampy, and the rate of the current increased until it was well over four knots an hour, but still clear of snags ; until we came to where the river forked, as I thought, the left-hand branch being followed by my raft. This branch suddenly turned into a cataract. Out of the stream we could not possibly get, and ahead of us we saw a wall of piled-up timber,

smothered in a sea of foam and raging waters. Nothing could stop my leading rafts from dashing into the death trap, but hastily we yelled back to Barigi, who diverted his rafts to the right branch of the river. My raft dashed into the wall of timber, but was saved by the magnificent courage and swimming powers displayed by Corporal Oia and the men manning it. I clung to it like a flea to a dog, while they guided it into the only quiet spot in that awful swirl of water.

Our shouts of warning were mainly drowned by the roar of the waters, but in any case no human power could prevent the rafts closely following me from dashing into the wall ; and one by one they did, precipitating their loads of men and gear into the torrent ; some smashing and capsizing on snags before reaching the wall of logs and trees. Man after man crawled or was dragged from the water, and from the snags they were clinging to, until apparently all were safe. Later I learnt that two men were never seen again after the capsizes.

Truly now we were in a hell of a fix. Stores, ammunition, all were at the bottom of the river. With the exception of Oia and the men on my raft, the remainder were clinging to the barrier of logs and trees in the stream, destitute of everything, and wailing, " We have found the place of death ;

better to have died in fight than die as we all die now." Corporal Oia cursed the men, he cursed them thoroughly, and once again we pulled ourselves together. Three large crocodiles came and prowled round the logs my party were clinging to, while many others took up strategic positions in the near vicinity ; clearly, wading among the reeds, or swimming, was out of all question, even if the reeds or currents had permitted it.

After we had recovered a little from the effects of the general smash-up we had met with, Corporal Oia, who was a very powerful swimmer, tried to make his way through the reeds and swamps in the direction of the other branch of the river—the one down which Barigi and the other half of my party had gone. Oia returned bringing some crocodiles' eggs, and reported that the swamp was impenetrable, infested with crocodiles, and the current in the stream far too strong for us to hope to make our way against it ; to retrace our steps was therefore impossible. The whole of the river below the point we were roosting on broke up, and flowed through an immense sago swamp, and how far that swamp extended I had no means of telling. Flood marks on the palms in the swamp showed that the log barrier we were sitting on was nightly submerged to a depth of four to five feet by floods due

to the nightly mountain rains, thus rendering our present unhappy position yet more insecure and dangerous.

It was clear to me that I must for a time abandon all thoughts of the remaining half of my party under Sergeant Barigi. The first thing to do was to extricate the men with me. Now the urgent thing was to recover our ammunition, then at the bottom of the river ; a work of great difficulty and danger for the police, who had to dive and make fast cords to the handles of the boxes. While several of the police were engaged at this work, others and the carriers were busy cutting through the barrier of logs, and recovering the material composing our rafts ; as it was plain to me that the only hope of saving the men with me was to take our chance of cutting a way with the current clean through the swamp, on to the other side, for to retrace our steps or extricate ourselves in any other way was quite impracticable.

The sole food we now had left was one mat of Government store rice, bad to begin with, and now saturated with water.

I could get no reply to shots fired by me to attract the attention of Sergeant Barigi's party, and therefore could not tell whether they had met with disaster similar to my own, or had gone sailing



safely down a clear river. I firmly hoped the latter, not only for the sake of the men themselves, but also because I knew that missing me that night they would surely endeavour to return to our rescue.

After about an hour's heavy chopping, carriers and police relieving one another, and all spurred to great exertion by the knowledge that if the river rose and caught us in our then position we must inevitably perish, the barrier was cut through, and my raft started, cutting and forcing a way through the flooded forest and sago palms. The remaining rafts, as they were repaired, followed in our track, and then sent men to help us in cutting, hauling and pushing the leading raft through, or saving it from crashing into clumps of palms or trees against which the current would perpetually swirl. Once a dead tree, whose fall was fortunately broken by a sago palm, fell right across the raft and had to be cut into sections in order to release it.

After a day of awful toil for the men, we emerged into a reed-surrounded lagoon with miles of swamp on every side, but where the rafts could float without danger of swirling currents. Here also the place was infested with crocodiles and literally humming with mosquitoes. We tied the rafts up to reeds, while shots were fired, and efforts made to collect as many of my party as possible before night, which

was now fast closing in. Oia flopped through the reeds and water to where a clump of bigger timber seemed to promise dry land, and at last yelled that he had found a place big enough to pitch camp on, with dry fire-wood ; and there, after an awful struggle through the reeds and water, I went.

Shortly after, a raft appeared with Sergeant Barigi and two privates of constabulary. He said that, in obedience to my warning yell, he had taken the right hand branch of the river, only to find it closed and barred in the same way as mine. He had managed to get his rafts into the bank on the side nearest to the branch I had taken, and prepared to follow me. Whilst so doing he had met a flying party of panic-stricken carriers under the leadership of a private of constabulary, endeavouring the hopeless task of breaking out from the swamp, and making for the hills over which we had come. They told him of the apparent utter disaster I had met with. Barigi ordered them to follow him on his track to me ; an order they were too frightened to obey. Village constable Gomadeba, from whose village the flying carriers had come, repeated the Sergeant's orders, and as the people still refused to obey, turned his back upon them and followed him. Barigi had swum and crawled through the reeds to the point at which I had met with the smash-up,

leaving a well-defined line for the remainder of his party to follow, and then, finding where I had cut my channel through the swamp, had constructed a raft and followed.

A glad man was I to have Sergeant Barigi again safe and sound, the more especially as he assured me that the remainder of his party would surely follow on. I now counted my men, and found Corporal Arigita and Privates Ogi, Ingara, Damona, Damabai, and Village Constable Heru, together with forty-three carriers, all missing ; an appalling loss if true, but I still had hopes of recovering some. Shots were fired at intervals during the night, and to our joy at about midnight we got an answer, and also heard the distant voices of men howling in the swamp.

These we later found to be Ogi, Damona, and Ingara, with about a dozen carriers. They, however, owing to the impossibility of penetrating the reeds in the dark, were obliged to sleep, or rather watch, on their rafts all night, in deadly fear of crocodiles ; and such a cursed hole for crocodiles none of us had hitherto dreamt of ! The three privates came in at dawn with their carriers. They reported passing Corporal Arigita on the previous afternoon, collecting stray carriers and following my line ; they had heard shots fired by Arigita in the night and replied to them ; they said a lot

of things about crocodiles, similar remarks to those usually made by Thomas Atkins concerning lawyers !

For me the only thing to do now was to wait. So accordingly I set my men to work making sago from the sago-palms, for food we now had none, the last mat of rice having been eaten. It was impossible for rafts to stem the current in search of my missing men. Should they not turn up during the course of the day, the only chance was to get out of the swamp as soon as I could, go right round and back to the point at which we had entered the danger zone, and then come through with the current again, taking due precautions, and thus hope to find the lost ones. Barigi went off on a raft with a private to try and find a way out of the swamp. No sign of Arigita and his men at sunset.

The next morning Arigita turned up, bringing with him the missing men. He had had great difficulty in compelling the men under Private Daimaba, the men reported by Sergeant Barigi as panic-stricken, to follow him farther into the swamp in search of me. He reported Daimaba for cowardice and disobedience of orders. Daimaba was told that he would be dismissed the force as a coward, once we were safely home again. The prospect of dismissal did not appear to distress

him, but Corporal Oia's belt *did* appear to cause pain to his feelings ! Arigita's party had eaten nothing for two days, so accordingly they devoured the entire stock of our recently made sago.

I now found that two men were still unaccounted for ; and I sent as far back as we could go in search of them. Inquiry, however, elicited the fact that they were last seen at the time of the capsizing, and it was but too certain that they had been grabbed by crocodiles while under water ; for, if they had been drowned, their bodies would have been washed against the barrier, or their struggles have been noticed.

Oia and Ogi devised a way of making canoes from the trunks of sago palms, much handier things than clumsy rafts, for one could drive them against an ordinary current, though they were just about as fragile as craft made of glass would be. Also we made a great store of sago, for we were not having any more hunger if such could be avoided ! Barigi returned, reporting no way out of the swamp other than by water. He had discovered, however, a deep, swift stream flowing south-west, the direction I wished to follow.

We had a hell of a night, happy though we were at being together again, with plenty of grub of sorts—personally I have never eaten sago since—

for a great flood came on us during the night, submerging our camp ; and we had to build platforms in the palms, and sit on the top of them in the rain until morning ; the while millions of mosquitoes took care that we were not dull. The loss of the tents did not really matter much, as we did not get much wetter fully exposed to the rain than we did in those infamous Government tents.

In the morning Oia, together with a chosen crew, went off in his sago canoe to explore Barigi's stream. I could not part with Barigi again, as I had developed a most malignant bout of malaria and had no quinine. Six police under Ogi went off also in a sago canoe, in hopes of finding some trace of my two missing men, with no result. I forgot to say that our sago-making tools were fashioned from wood, the cutting edges being burnt in a fire until hard, and then scraped.

Oia returned, reporting that Barigi's stream entered a very large river, into which he did not venture on account of the difficulty of forcing the canoe back against the current. Deliverance was now in sight ; and as the floods showed signs of increasing, and there were flood marks on trees four or five feet above our platforms, I was truly thankful.

On the night of Oia's return we had a fresh interest, something to keep our minds off the

mosquitoes and the rain ! For a violent gale blew, and palm-trees crashed all round us, fortunately none hitting our camp, and none of the trees fell to which our platforms were affixed. The sound of the trees falling, however, was one continuous crash.

At daylight the whole of my party took to the sago canoes, with the exception of a few mountain and Kumusi river men, who still put their faith in rafts. The usual accidents took place at the start : first, the leading canoe crashed into a partly submerged tree, which had been felled by the carriers into the river—of course without giving a word of warning as to what they had done—and it sank, this necessitating overcrowding all the others. Then I suddenly found that V.C. Gomadeba, who was about as helpless in a canoe as a turtle would be on a tight rope, had been crowded out of each one, and I had to squeeze him into mine. I gave strict orders that all the canoes and rafts were to keep in close touch with each other, but no sooner was my canoe round the first point than they were straggling and landing men to hunt cus-cus, which were very numerous.

After all I could not blame the men very much, for after one has starved a cannibal and then nearly drowned him, and finally wound up by feeding

him on a beastly sago diet, he naturally becomes meat hungry, and will chase, at sight, anything in the form of flesh he sees !

About an hour after leaving the swamp, we emerged into a big river navigable for large launches, and perfectly safe for either canoes or rafts. This afterwards proved to be the Lakekamu.



## CHAPTER XIV

**I**N the swamp I discovered traces of a previous expedition, that of von Eylus in 1896, a German expedition that had come to utter grief. In the light of later knowledge, I now know that von Eylus must have descended the river in the same way and met with a similar disaster ; the only difference being that, when the disaster occurred, my men remained loyal and stuck by me, whereas those of the German, von Eylus, had mutinied, shot their officers and "thus finished," as the Papuan says. A few native stragglers from the expedition reached the coast and were returned by Sir William MacGregor to Kaiser Wilhelm's Land, where they were tried and shot for murdering their officers.

I travelled about twenty miles down that clear river, and then camped very early in the day, in order that I might again collect my party. The position of a New Guinea R.M., on an expedition of this sort, was really that of an anxious clucking hen perpetually endeavouring to collect her chickens !

All my regular constabulary turned up at the camp, but sundry canoes and rafts containing about thirty carriers and village constables were missing. Private Arita and another man, who were in charge of that particular lot, came into camp about two hours later and reported that, as their canoes and rafts were overcrowded, they had delayed to build fresh ones.

What had really happened was that they had smashed a canoe, a fragile sago thing, whilst poking in amongst the trees after cus-cus ; and had then been obliged to overcrowd already overloaded canoes. The banks of the river were simply a tangled mass of torn and twisted limbs of trees, due to the hurricane we had experienced on the previous night, and highly dangerous to approach, the more especially when the current ran strongly as it did there. There, however, was no need for my infernal carriers to go near the bank ; still, they had done it, and now I had some thirty missing.

I could not get up-stream to them, neither could I delay in moving on to the coast ; food of sorts (sago) I had in plenty, but I had as well a very large number of sick men, whom I was extremely anxious to get to the sea. Another thing was that, owing to the lack of quinine, both myself and my non-coms. were rapidly collapsing ; we all could

carry on provided we had plenty of Jesuits' bark, but when that was done we also were done. Accordingly I left four of my constabulary, strong men who seemed immune from fever, together with the whole of our food supply, to await our missing carriers, and fled down the river with the remainder of the party.

We camped that night on the bank of the river, foodless and damned wet, and not at all pleased with our missing and erring ones. The missing ones' village constable threatened the vengeance to come, but old Barigi simply remarked, "That is to come ; but I wish we had some food to put in our bellies, and some tobacco to lighten our discomforts."

The next morning we travelled down the river, and some five miles from the mouth discovered a "plantation" of sorts, owned by a man named McGowan. I landed in the hopes that he might have some European grub ; but I was much disappointed, for I found that he was an extraordinary bird who lived on sweet potatoes, and anything of that sort he could get. He had come out in a yacht called the *Ariadne*, owned by one Kelly ; a yacht that apparently had been a sea mystery and had put up some scandals. Somewhere at the back of my mind I had a dim recollection of hearing

the name of the yacht, and about a law-suit over her ; but the details I could not remember. Perhaps it is just as well I could not, as at the time I was sharing McGowan's sweet potatoes ! Afterwards I recollected that one of the *Ariadne's* crimes had been to go into Marseilles, buy a lot of wine, and then bunk without paying, with the wine on board.

Here I rested, the while I sent orders to Captain Griffin's village constables, in whose division I now was, to bring canoes and go up the river in search of my missing men. Four of my village constables turned up with some of their people, reporting, however, that two men had been drowned in consequence of venturing too closely into the bank of the river in search of cus-cus, with the result that their canoe had become entangled among the fallen trees in the swift current with disastrous consequences. I was mad with rage ; already I had killed two men by my own damnable folly in neglecting the warning of my instruments ; and now again two others were lost by equal folly on the part of some one else. It had been the pride and boast of the Northern Division that I had never lost a life ; and now I had lost four, and carriers at that ; for sooner would I have lost the pick of my constabulary.

I remained at the plantation for over a week,

until I had collected all my police and carriers, with the exception of my poor lost men. Then I sent them on ahead of me down to the beach to a village called Motumotu, being determined not to lose any more if I could help it.

When I finally arrived at Motumotu myself, I found that my people had had a row with the local village constable and a Samoan mission teacher over a pig, and a wild pig at that ! I had given them " trade " to pay for food, and the local natives had taken the " trade " but not delivered the food. Then my men had begun to fish in the sea ; immediate objections from the local Mission natives, incited thereto by a Samoan teacher of the London Missionary Society, who said they were Germans ! Then my unfortunate people wandered into a swamp to make sago ; they were starving but still peaceful. In the swamp they killed a wild pig, which the Samoan teacher demanded, while the villagers, through the local V.C., claimed the sago they had made.

At the time I was most damnably sick with fever and the beastly hole in my tummy which wouldn't heal, but when I got the report of my poor ones I sent imperative orders that the Missionary, and the local chiefs and the V.C., were to be dragged before me in irons.

A change came over the scene at once. The Missionary, handcuffed and leg-ironed to the village constable, was carried to me half dead from fright. Corporal Arigita patrolled the village with six of his chosen men, while Corporal Oia seized the largest house, in preparation for the Court at which justice should be done. "Our Man," announced Sergeant Barigi to the people, "may be sick ; but we are not sick, and when he gives the order you will wish that you were all dead !"

I cursed that village constable and the Missionary most thoroughly ; after which I let them go very chastened men. I then chartered a small cutter, owned by a man named Max Assmann, to carry myself and my sick to Port Moresby ; the remainder of my party marching on the beach. As a matter of fact, the Government afterwards made me pay for the hire of the cutter.

Upon my arrival at Port Moresby I was ordered to march my party again across the main range to my Division. I had arranged with the owner of a steamer to take them back at very small expense, five shillings a head I think it was, nothing really serious, certainly much less than the expense entailed in our marching overland. Colonel Mackay's description shows the sort of country my exhausted party was now again doomed to traverse, for they



AQUATIC VILLAGE NEAR PORT MORESBY





were all the same men who had escorted him over it before, and now, after having accomplished the biggest journey ever done in New Guinea, and in their manifestly exhausted condition, they were ordered to march over those mountains once more.

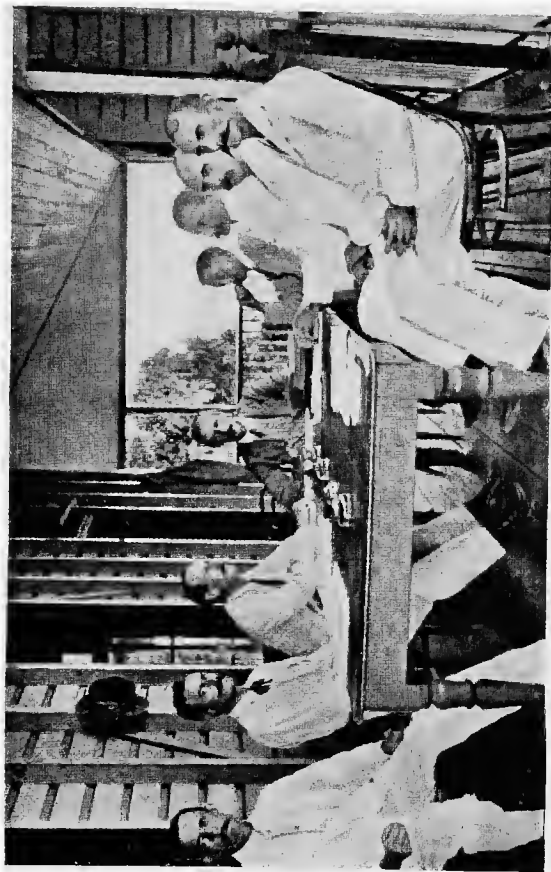
Campbell, the Government Secretary, gave the order, and Barton, the Governor, confirmed it. Under ordinary circumstances it would have been a death warrant for most men ; but my men were tough and had no intention of dying, and I had no intention of losing any more of them if I could help it. The order, however, had to be obeyed. Sir William MacGregor never spared his officers, but he would never have given such an order as this.

It now behoved me to get supplies for my men, but as I was ordered to march the next day I had no time to go through all the routine necessary to draw stores from the Government Storekeeper, and therefore went off to Burns, Philp's store to buy private supplies out of my own pocket for the men on our journey across. After which I called on Bramell, R.M.

"What is the matter?" asked that worthy, as his boy set out drinks. "You look like a thunder-cloud!"

"The blasted Government," I answered. "Here

I have no sooner finished a heavy Kumusi expedition than I am haled away to Samarai, to sit in the Council and fight the Judge and non-official members ; then I ascend Mount Albert Edward ; then I am detailed to escort the members of the Royal Commission from Buna Bay overland to Port Moresby, and told what will happen to me if any accident occurs to them ; I was then a cross between a Cook's tourist agent, a courier, and a monthly nurse. From that I am ordered, without a day's rest from incessant marching, to go and define the German frontier and locate a goldfield, all over most ungodly country ; then, when after months of freezing on mountain tops, blistering on grass plains, floundering in swamps and morasses, living on roots and grubs, and being more or less drowned in rivers and cataracts, not to speak of incidents with poisoned arrows, spears, clubs, native suspension bridges, etc., hurricanes and falling trees, millions of mosquitoes, hornets, biting ants, scorpions, death adders, and other pests, also being nearly grabbed by an alligator, I crawl in here having done all the work I was sent to do, and with my party so worn and thin and fever-stricken, and so covered with boils and sores as to make Job a Sybarite in comparison to us, I am metaphorically speaking kicked on the bottom, and



#### THE FIRST LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL

HEAD—The Administrator, Capt. F. R. BARTON  
 LEFT—Judge MURRAY (*Chief Judicial Officer*), Mr. MONCKTON (*Resident Magistrate*), Mr. WEEKLEY.  
 RIGHT—Mr. BALLANTINE (*Treasurer*), Mr. CAMPBELL (*Resident Magistrate*), Mr. WHITTEN, Mr. LITTLE



told to get home to my Division and do some work ! Damn it all, Bramell, my skin is so full of sores, ulcers, and holes, as to hardly hold my bones ; let alone my principles ! I am going to sit down and squeal, and tell a few home truths to these fat-gutted swine in Port Moresby, who make us do all the sweat and work, while they sit down and grab all the kudos. I have spent all my pay in instruments, drugs, lemco, pea flour and chocolate, for my men—and damned good men they are ! But I wish to God there was another Royal Commission for me to give evidence before, and I would make somebody howl ! ”

“ Look here, old man, I am chock-full of grievances also, but—— ” Bramell began, when his orderly came in.

“ A white man wishes to see you, sir,” he said.

“ Send him in. You don’t mind, Monckton ? ” said Bramell.

“ Oh no,” I answered, “ go on with your work. I will in the meantime meditate on my grievances.”

Two minutes later Bramell called to me :

“ This gentleman wishes to see you, not me, Monckton.”

A finicky young man, in immaculate white drill, then came up to me and handed me a card, with the remark :

"You are Mr. Monckton? I represent the 'Cooktown Independent,' the 'Brisbane Courier,' and the 'North Queensland Register.' I understand you have made a most interesting journey across New Guinea. I called at Government House to find you, and was told that, though you are staying there, you were then away at the barracks; at the barracks I was told to look for you here. It is no doubt a mutual pleasure that I have run you to earth." And then he pulled out a pocket-book.

"What do you want?" I asked in surprise.

"To interview you," he replied. "I may say that your reputation is very great here and you have even been heard of in Australia!"

"You can go to hell!" I said.

"What! I represent the Press!" he exclaimed.

"You can represent what you damned well please, but you are not going to interview me."

"Think of the advertisement!" said that enterprising reporter.

"Think of hell, blazes and damnation!" I answered. "Surely, Bramell, I have gone through enough lately without finding a fresh pest in your house!"

"Here, get!" said Bramell, taking the man by the shoulder and pointing to the steps.



NATIVE HOUSE NEAR PORT MORESBY





"There was your opportunity of getting square with some one," said Bramell.

"Pooh!" I answered. "When the Northern Division stoops to receive help from a pup like that, or permits the Australian Press to fight its battles, I trust I shall be in my grave. And after all Barton is not altogether to blame: if my party had got wiped out, he would probably have had some devilish awkward questions to answer for sending a single officer on the Waria job; and as it is, when my Report goes in, these Royal Commissioners are quite likely to draw attention to the matter. Now Barton can say that I exceeded my instructions, and was punished for so doing; and at the same time the Government has the benefit of my work."

After leaving Bramell I went back to my men and explained to them that we had again to march across the main range. They, of course, thought that we were being most damnably put upon, and that a most cruel and callous order had been given. They knew perfectly well that most of us would spend our time in carrying the sick, sick that would increase every day, until we were merely an ambulance party. I was done, and had to be carried; Sergeant Barigi was done, and in a similar state. Really about twenty hale men dragged

our party across the mountains to Kokoda, which we finally reached without losing a man.

At Kokoda, I wound up my work, and with fresh men marched for Ioma, ten days' journey away ; and sorry I was to part with my trusty team, who had been with me so long. There I found Captain Barton, who had come round by sea in the *Merrie England*. On the recommendation of the Royal Commission, he had been asked to resign as Administrator, and was leaving. Personally I was very fed up with the Service, and handed in my resignation as a Commissioned Officer.

My reasons for chucking in my hand were simply that, after the departure of Sir William MacGregor and Sir Francis Winter, no Administrator seemed strong enough to cope with the strangle-hold that the headquarters' Bureaucracy apparently were getting on everything, including commerce, mining, agriculture, and the pacification of the country. Sir George Le Hunte might possibly have squelched them, for he had both the knowledge and the training ; but then he had been almost perpetually absent ; for instance, in an Administratorship of four years he had been away from the Possession for no less than two of them.

For an example of this strangle-hold the Survey Department had in their employ six surveyors at

salaries above those of the Resident Magistrates, and each with an Assistant drawing more pay than an Assistant R.M., and each with a large native establishment, and yet during twelve months they had only done work to the value of £125 in the aggregate ; while at the same time an outside surveyor had, by contract during the same period, done work to the amount of £1400, for which he was paid by Government.

Another instance was that in 1900 I had applied for a vessel for the North-Eastern Division, a vessel being very badly needed. The application was approved, and money voted. The ship could have been bought or built in Australia or New Zealand in three or four months, but the Bureaucracy at Port Moresby intervened, decided to build the boat at Port Moresby where there were no shipwrights, no timber, and no iron workers or others connected with shipbuilding, and no one capable of supervising such work. They imported carpenters at rates much higher than those prevailing in the adjacent countries, they imported timber and iron-work through the Government Store and almost invariably the wrong article ; they spent six years in building the vessel, while I wailed and cursed and got on as best I could, and then the damned thing sank as soon as it was launched !

For a time there was a gleam of hope, for Chief Justice Christopher Stansfield Robinson had arrived, and had shown a keen interest in the doings of MacGregor and Winter and an anxiety to copy their methods strictly. He, however, was downed and dead. The shameful way in which this was brought about, I described in my other book. Now we were to have, in succession to Captain Barton, a lawyer as Governor, absolutely ignorant of anything to do with natives or the governance of a new country, and openly professing a dislike of MacGregor's officers, of whom, including myself, there were only two left alive.

This potentate was to be assisted by another, also a politician ; a worthy man who had spent his life in a telegraph office in Australia before becoming a Labour Senator ; now he was to assume charge of lands, mining, etc. The next senior official, the Secretary to Government, was to be a man who had been confessedly a failure in other countries, a man who was entirely ignorant of New Guinea and who had never done work in New Guinea proper. Then came the Treasurer, who had been the Government Storekeeper, a Sydney youth who had never been outside Port Moresby ; the man had come to New Guinea as a junior clerk in the service of a commercial firm.



MEMORIAL TO JUDGE ROBINSON AT SAMARAI, ERECTED  
BY PUBLIC SUBSCRIPTION



I cast my mind back to the memory of General Sir Peter Scratchley, Sir Francis Winter and the great Scotchman and Administrator, Sir William MacGregor. I thought of Moreton, Hely, Armit, De Lange, Green, and the rest of the small but brilliant team trained by MacGregor. I remembered the self-sacrificing work that was now to be destroyed, and decided to leave. One could not prevent fools destroying good men's work, but one need not witness the process.

In the last Annual Report for Papua I note that the adult male European population amounts to 772, of whom no less than 106 are permanent Government Officials, 104 missionaries, 101 store-keepers, and 44 traders ; as against 66 miners and 104 planters. The over-population of non-producers is appalling. No wonder that periodically the whole of the revenue is spent on paying salaries, or that the country now rejoices in a large public debt and the natives in a poll tax ; while such unfortunate Europeans, from the British New Guinea Development Company downwards (a Company with many thousands of British capital invested in it), as were unable to flee the country, spent their time in inditing petitions to the Commonwealth authorities praying relief from the Bureaucratic octopus.

As it is the largest island in the world, my

belief was that it might have proved to be one of the richest tropical islands, becoming to the Commonwealth of Australia what Java is to Holland. Minerals, oil, timber, rich planting lands, all these it possesses ; and what its wealth is in rapidly growing soft-wood trees suitable for making paper pulp is incalculable. Its magnificent rivers would furnish millions of the cheapest form of power for any purpose. But the country and its people seem fated to become but the private estate of a blind and fatuous Bureaucracy.

No Government would for a moment dream of suddenly appointing a politician or a lawyer to drive the engine of the Flying Scotchman, or suddenly place one in charge of a vessel sent to navigate uncharted waters, work requiring experience and skill only acquired by many years of special training ; yet any British Government in these days seems to think nothing of committing the destinies of large countries, and the trade and well-being of their peoples, to men whose sole qualification appears to be extreme skill in the use of the weapon with which Samson slew the Philistines, together with a capacity for spending public money to the least effect. Any fool can criticize as I am now doing, but I get rabid with rage when I see the work of MacGregor and Winter wasted.





LARGE AGATE IN THE PORT MORESBY CHURCHYARD



There is still hope for New Guinea, for I see that the Australian Government has been wise enough not to put their mandated territory of Kaiser Wilhelm's Land under the control of the present Administration of British New Guinea. I suppose they thought that one expensive puling infant was enough to carry, especially as that infant refused to grow under the treatment it received, and to cost more to keep every year.

There is still also a little hope that New Guinea may become an asset to the Commonwealth of Australia instead of a drag, but it can only be done by, firstly, making it a definite rule or law that only a fixed proportion of the revenue be spent in salaries or allowances to officials, any above that proportion to be spent in development work. Secondly, that members of the Governor's personal staff be not eligible for permanent appointment to the Service. This regulation has existed for years in the Colonial Office, but in New Guinea it has for a long time been consistently ignored. Thirdly, that the bulk of the irritating frivolous regulations and ordinances passed since the year 1907 be repealed. Such regulations, for instance, as those forbidding plantation native labourers to have their wives on the plantations, and not allowing native women to be employed, are in the first instance a

hindrance to the employment of native labour, and in the second a direct incitement to immorality on the part of both men and women.

My first proposition, namely the limiting of salaries of officials to only a fixed proportion of the revenue, would mean that only efficient officers whose work led to a direct or indirect increase in the revenue would be retained, instead of a host of drones engaged in writing minutes to one another, consuming the revenue, and running the country into debt.

Such enterprises as Government plantations, mineral or oil-prospecting parties, shipbuilding, etc., are far better left in the hands of private enterprise ; if the latter can't make them pay, certainly the Government won't. After all, the Administration is supposed to exist for the community at large ; whereas if the people are merely to be considered in the light of tax-paying machines for the benefit of a rapacious, ever-increasing horde of officials, perpetually devising new restrictions and new schemes for competing with private enterprise, sooner or later the latter must die, and with it the country, so soon as that country's credit for borrowing is exhausted. The Commonwealth of Australia has been kind to New Guinea in the matter of loans, doles and subsidies ; the kindness, however,



SAMARAI FROM THE RESIDENCY



is parallel to the mistaken kindness of a slum mother in giving gin to her infant when it squalls ! She likes gin herself, therefore let the poor kid have some. The result of both actions can be seen either in New Guinea or the slums of London.

Much discussion takes place as to the Australian policy of a "white Australia," its possibilities and its drawbacks. The Labour politician in Australia, and there is now no other sort of politician in that country, stands upon his hind legs and bellows, "Under no circumstances will Australia permit alien immigration !" The Labour Unions roar back, "That's right ! Good old Bill ! No ruddy niggers !" The politician in England—the war has shown that statesmen are an extinct breed—says, "Hush, hush, child ! You must not hurt other people's feelings, but you shall not have any niggers."

The fact that the Northern Territory of Australia is waste and vacant, and can never be occupied by a purely European population, and that a powerful military and naval power in the near vicinity simply must find an outlet for her surplus population, is for the time being ignored.

Then some soldier or sailor suggests that in all human probability the next naval war will take place

or be decided in the Pacific ; and “ Wow ! ” yells Miss Australia, “ I shall be burgled ; what are you going to do about it, Ma ? ” Ma promptly replies, “ You have struck out your own line and occupy, or rather fail to occupy, about a hundredth part of your house ; I can’t protect empty portions of all my children’s houses. Why don’t you fill up your empty rooms ? ” “ Because I can’t,” wails Miss Australia. “ The only people that I consider suitable won’t stop there ; they complain that it is hot and smelly, fatal for children, and that there are no servants. Heaven only knows what undesirables may go and camp there.”

I remember discussing this very question with Colonel Kenneth Mackay and Mr. Justice Herbert, who was then Resident for the Northern Territory of Australia. Colonel Mackay remarked that the problem seemed insoluble, as on the one hand Australia had firmly made up its mind to be purely white, while on the other hand it was impossible to occupy a large portion of the northern portion with a purely white community, and at the same time a large unoccupied portion constituted a grave danger.

I ventured a suggestion ; and that was that the country could be occupied, made rich, and a defence to Australia instead of a danger, the while





IN SAMARAI



Australia remained white. "How?" asked Colonel Mackay. "Get out of your heads the fact that Australia is an island continent bounded only by the sea," I replied. "Have one land frontier. Cut off from a given point on a line from east to west the portion of the continent in which native labour is necessary for its development or to assist white women; then ask the Imperial Government to devise a scheme by which that portion should be thrown in with New Guinea and the Solomon Islands—in fact all that group—under a Crown Colony system of government. Little difficulty need occur in forbidding all immigration from the new Crown Colony into Australia proper; and a tariff could be put on to prevent the goods or produce of coloured labour competing with purely white labour in Australia. The country would be filled with coloured immigrants, by whom a market would be provided for such products as only Europeans can supply; and with native labour available, many Europeans would settle there, for the country is apparently very rich; and if a direct line of railway was built you would not only shorten the distance to Europe, but would have a means of rapidly rushing troops to your vulnerable point. Also you could probably develop a valuable trade. White women, too, could live there, as in the hot season

they could go south or to a New Guinea hill station, exactly as the Mem-Sahibs do in India." "All very fine," said Colonel Mackay ; "but your scheme would require a Cecil Rhodes to carry it out, whom, unfortunately, we lack in Australia."

Apart from all this, there must be a base for any fleet intended to command the Pacific. Geographically New Guinea provides this base : it lies midway between the East and Australia ; it has most magnificent harbours, very easily protected ; the harbours of the north-east coast would shelter the fleets of the world. I have seen the two best harbours of the world, Rio de Janeiro and Sydney ; but the harbours of New Guinea are second to neither. In regard to Sydney, with the increasing draught of battleships, it is doubtful whether any ship drawing more than thirty feet could enter at certain stages of the tide.

The Germans saw the value of New Guinea as a base for attack upon Australia. Von Spee's squadron left there upon its last cruise, and had the German rush upon Paris succeeded, Australia must undoubtedly have surrendered to his squadron, or had her main cities blown to blazes.

As I am an inconsequent person, I will now conclude by referring to some mammals discovered by me in New Guinea ; they may be

seen in the Natural History Museum, Cromwell Road, London. I much regret that the little spare time at my disposal during a long and busy official life did not permit me to devote more time to the subject. Any enterprising young man, with a taste for natural history and a small private income, has yet to find in New Guinea fauna a rich field in which he may build for himself an undying monument. I know of no other country in the world offering such an opportunity to the enterprising.

The young man with an inclination to take up the work might begin where I left off. I have asked the British Museum people to give me a list of the things I found. Here follows the list, and an answering letter from Mr. Oldfield Thomas, F.R.S.

“British Museum (Natural History),  
 “Cromwell Road,  
 “London, S.W.7.

“MY DEAR MONCKTON,

“The best answer to your request is to send you copies of the two papers in which I described your things—you are welcome to make any use of them you like. I was sorry you didn't look in again—as I found that beautiful *Crossomys Moncktoni* almost immediately after you left. You can see it any time you are up. . . . How I wish

you were back there collecting—we are still so badly off for New Guinea material.

“Yours very sincerely,

“OLDFIELD THOMAS.

*On some Mammals from British New Guinea presented to the National Museum by Mr. C. A. W. Monckton, with Descriptions of other Species from the same Region.* By OLDFIELD THOMAS, F.R.S.

The British Museum owes to the kindness of Mr. C. A. W. Monckton, Resident at Port Nelson, N.E. British New Guinea, a small collection of mammals obtained by him at about  $8^{\circ} 30'$  S. lat.,  $148^{\circ}$  E. long., and these prove interesting enough to deserve a list being published of them. In working them out I have also examined and made notes on some specimens sent by Mr. W. Stalker from the Gira district, further to the north-west (lat. about  $8^{\circ} 20'$  S., long.  $147^{\circ} 30'$  E.), and have, in addition, described a fine *Uromys* obtained many years ago by Mr. C. M. Woodford in the Solomon Islands, and a *Dasyure* from the Aroa River collected by Mr. Meek.

Unless otherwise stated, all the specimens mentioned are Mr. Monckton's.

*Mus ringens*, Peters & Doria.

♂. ♀, 5.

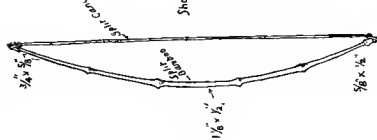
“Native name ‘Kura.’”—C. A. W. M.

This is the Papuan representative of *Mus*

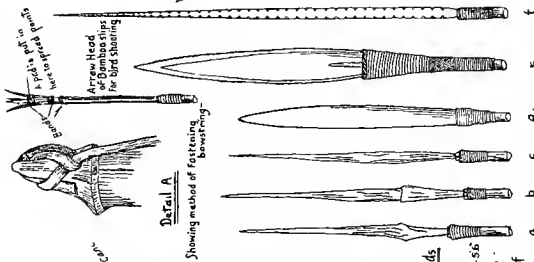


## Carving on bow

### Bamboo Bow



### Kambisa Weapons

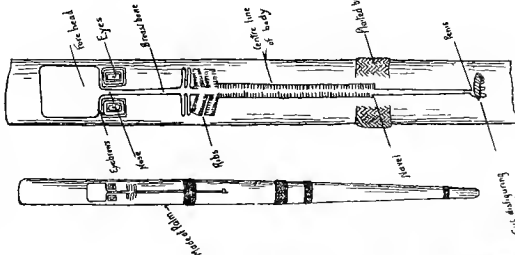


### Types of Arrow Heads

Recessed in shaft length 4.5-5.5  
a b c are tipped with palm  
d e have knife-blade tips of bamboo

Note: The ends of arrows are not attached for bowstring.

### Wooden Club



### Wooden Club



### Typical Yfene Club

Common  
Yfene

1.

2.

3.

1. Barbed  
2. Long pointed  
3. Barbed  
on 2 edges

### Types of Spear Heads

Note: There were only a few of these here, they were probably got from other parts.

Showing carving

Split cane

Note: The inner face of Bow is the outer face of Palm

Palm Bow

Bow 1 1/2 x 5/8 in centre tapering to 1/2 dia at ends

## I. MOUNT ALBERT EDWARD EXPEDITION





*terræ-reginæ*, Alst., with which it may have to be united when enough material exists to justify the expression of a definite opinion. Both may be distinguished from their allies by the yellow mottling of the tail.

*Mus mordax*, sp. n.

♀. 16. 14th November, 1903. Type.—B.M. no. 4. 8. 3. 1.

"Native name 'Kaisi.'"—C. A. W. M.

Closely allied to *Mus prætor*, Thos., of which it appears to be the Papuan representative. Fur coarse, harsh, and spinous, with many longer bristles intermixed. General colour above of the same coarsely grizzled bistre-brown as in *prætor*, becoming rather more tawny on the rump. Under surface soiled clay-colour, the bases of the hairs dull slaty. Ears short, uniformly dark brown. Upper surface of hands and feet brown. Tail coarsely scaled, 9—10 scales to the cm.; dark brown throughout; its numerous hairs rather over one scale in length. Mammaræ 2—2=8.

Skull broad, rounded, smoother and less heavily ridged than in *prætor*; supraorbital edges square, faintly beaded, the beading forming a distinct postorbital projection. In *prætor* the supraorbital ridges are evenly divergent, without postorbital projections, and are more strongly developed on the parietals. Palatal foramina parallel-sided, not or scarcely more widely open in the middle than at the posterior end, reaching back to the level of the

front edge of  $m^1$ . In *prætor* the foramina are widely open at their middle, narrowing to sharp points behind as well as in front. Incisors unusually broad, smooth, and rounded in front, not specially deep antero-posteriorly. Below they are equally thick and their roots are carried up nearer to the coronoid notch than is the case in *M. prætor*.

Dimensions of the type :—

Head and body 190 mm. ; tail 136 ; hind foot (s. u.) 32.

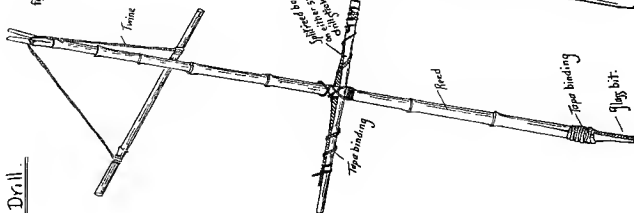
Skull : tip of nasals to front angle of interparietal 36·5, greatest breadth 22 ; nasals  $16 \times 5\cdot1$  ; interorbital breadth 6 ; palate length from henselion 19·8 ; diastema 10·5 ; palatine foramina  $7\cdot6 \times 3$  ; length of upper molar series 7·2.

This species is no doubt very closely allied to *M. prætor*, but differs by its peculiarly thick incisors and differently shaped palatine foramina. Besides the typical specimen mentioned above, Mr. Monckton has sent an imperfect skull showing similar characters, while Mr. Stalker obtained in the Conflict Islands, off the S.E. corner of New Guinea, an example of what also appears to be the same species. *Mus prætor* is found in the Solomon Islands and New Britain.

*Uromys Moncktoni*, sp. n.

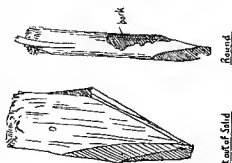
♂. 8. B.M. no. 4. 8. 3. 4. Collected 12th September, 1903. *Type*.

Two young specimens.

Drill.

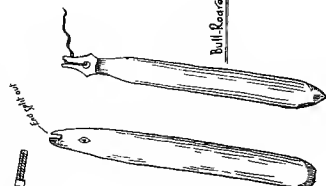
### Wooden Wedges

for splitting slabs of wood to line houses

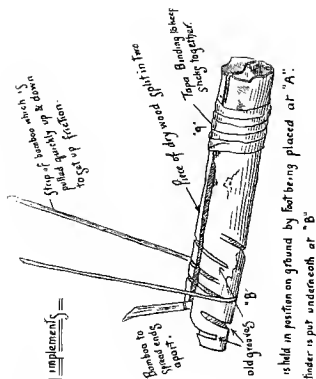


### Split out of Solid

Note no. heads are burred over

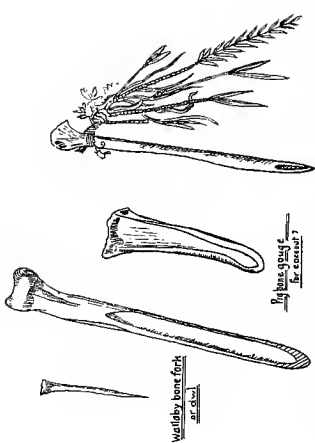


### Bull-Boaters

Firemaking implements =

Note: This is held in position on ground by foot being placed at "A".  
The finger is put underneath at "B"

### Bone Implants



Pigbone gauge  
for cement?

### Cassowary leg bone time spoon

Crane leg bone hair skewer (for head-dress,



Allied to *U. levipes*, Thos., but with shorter feet and more hairy tail.

General colour above of the same dark brown (Prout's brown) anteriorly as in *U. levipes*, and similarly passing into russet on the rump. Under surface dull soiled pinkish buff, the slaty bases of the hairs showing through; lower part of flanks more distinctly buffy, the line of demarcation not sharply defined; no hairs on belly without slaty bases. Head rather greyer than back. Ears small, rounded, naked. Upper surface of head and feet dull creamy white; feet decidedly shorter than in *U. levipes*. Tail different from that of any other *Uromys* by being to a certain extent hairy, each scale having three or four hairs, as long as itself or rather longer, projecting from its hinder edge; in other species if any hairs are present they are rarely one third the length of a scale; in colour the tail is dull brown, scarcely lighter below.

Skull very much as in *U. levipes*, the palatal foramina and tooth-row each slightly shorter than in that species.

Dimensions of the type :—

Head and body (in skin) 160 mm.; tail 127; hind foot (s. u.) 30.5; ear 16.

Skull : greatest length 38.5; zygomatic breadth 18.2; nasals  $12.8 \times 4.4$ ; interorbital breadth 6.1; palate length 16.5; diastema 10.1; palatal foramina  $5 \times 2.6$ ; length of upper molar series 7.

This species is no doubt closely allied to *U. levipes*, but is distinguishable by its buffy instead of

clear greyish belly, and by the unusual number and length of the hairs on the tail. Even then, however, as in other species of *Uromys*, this organ appears to the naked eye to be practically hairless.

*Pogonomys Forbesi*, Thos.

♂. 14 ; ♀. 13 ; and two young.

These are the first specimens of this interesting species that we have received as skins, the previous ones having been prepared from spirit-examples.

*Petaurus breviceps papuanus*, Thos.

♀. 11, 18.

" Native name ' Kaioyo.' "—C. A. W. M.

*On Three new Mammals from British New Guinea.*

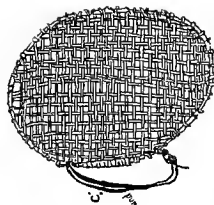
BY OLDFIELD THOMAS, F.R.S.

In a further consignment of small mammals presented to the National Museum by Mr. C. A. W. Monckton, Resident in Northern British Guinea, there are examples of the two following new Rodents, one of them forming a new and most striking genus to *Hydromys*, but even more highly specialized for an aquatic life.

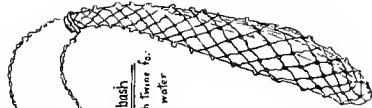
The collection also contains specimens referable to *Macroglossus australis*, *Pseudochirus corinnæ* and *Forbesi*, and *Phalanger carmelitæ*, all being valuable acquisitions to the Museum.

In determining the last-named animal, a new

Split Cone Vegetable Tray

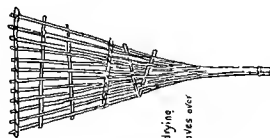


The vegetables are laid on this tray & then roughly netted over with strips of bark & carried by handle 'C'.



Calabash  
netted with fine barks  
carrying water

Split Bamboo Grid



Used for drying  
tobacco leaves over  
the fire

Wooden Tapa Beater



Edges worn much  
beating Tapa

Cone frame for Head-dress

Used in fusi operation on Tapa

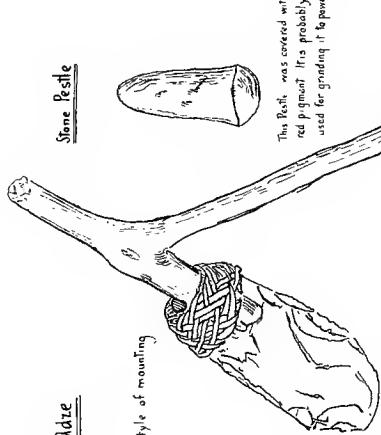
Stone Pestle



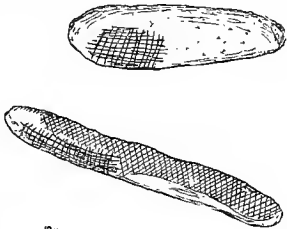
This Pestle was covered with  
red pigment. It is probably  
used for grinding it to powder

Stone Adze

Note the style of mounting



Stone Tapa Beaters







*Phalanger* allied to it has been noticed and is now described. It was obtained by Mr. A. Meek.

CROSSOMYS, gen. nov. (Hydromyinae).

A highly specialized aquatic form. Fur thick, soft, and very woolly. Ear-conches practically aborted, a mere rudiment, 1-2 mm. in length, being all that is left of them. Whiskers not so thick or long as in the allied forms. Fingers free, toes rather more broadly webbed than in *Hydromys*; claws, both fore and hind, small, delicate, strongly curved; hind feet broad, more twisted than in *Hydromys*, those of *Parahydromys*\* being less so; sole-pads broad and smooth, a large part of the elongate hallucal pad visible in an upper view of the foot. Tail provided with a strongly marked swimming-fringe below, formed of hairs about 8 mm. in length, the fringe bifurcating into two lateral ridges on the proximal inch of the short-haired part of the tail.

Skull with a proportionally short slender face and very large, smoothly rounded, broad and low brain-case. The distance from the supraorbital

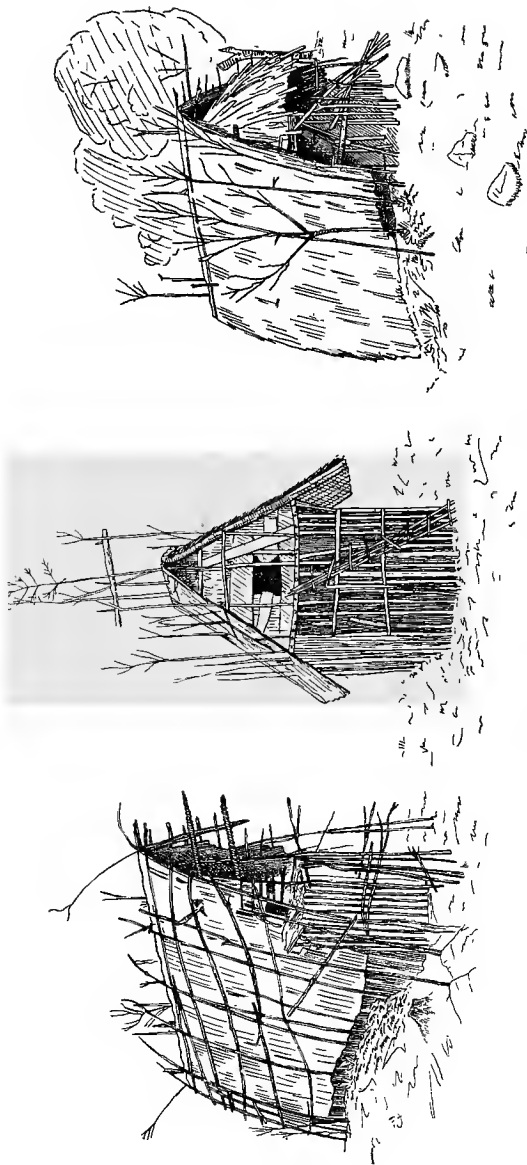
\* Described as *Limnomys*, Ann. & Mag. N. H. (7) xvii. p. 325 (1906). This name being preoccupied (Mearns, 1905) the genus was given (Zool. Anz. xxx. p. 326, 1906) the clumsy name of *Parahydromys* by Poche, to whom a perusal of page 14 line 10 of the Stricklandian Code of Nomenclature (1863) is to be recommended. My own substituted name of *Drosomys* (P. Biol. Soc. Wash. xix. p. 199, 1906) was a few months later in date.

foramina to the occiput is therefore greater instead of less than that to the tip of the muzzle. Nasal and interorbital region slightly built, not broadly swollen as in *Parahydromys*. Cranial ridges practically absent. Interparietal sutures almost obsolete in the type, which is an old specimen. Structure of ante-orbital and palatal foramina as in *Hydromys*, the latter not so far forward as in *Parahydromys*. Bullæ very small, in correlation with the abortion of the external ear-conches.

Dentition as in *Hydromys*. Upper incisors narrow, considerably bevelled laterally. Molars small in proportion to the size of the animal ; in structure like those of *Hydromys* except that the laminae are more directly transverse and the middle lamina of  $m^1$  is scarcely broadened internally.

Type *Crossomys Moncktoni*.

This beautiful animal forms a most striking new genus, and Mr. Monckton is to be congratulated on its discovery. In specialization for an aquatic life it far surpasses *Hydromys*, as indicated by its woolly fur, aborted ear-conches, twisted hind feet, and fringed tail, in which last character it resembles the European water-shrew (*Neomys*, long known as *Crossopus*). Indeed in the accumulation of these characters it stands at the head of all rodents, for while *Fiber* has an even more specialized tail and the same fur and feet, it has retained its ear-conches. Perhaps the nearest analogue to *Crossomys*, both in structure and habits, is *Anotomys*, from the torrents of the high Andes, which has altogether lost its



4. MOUNT ALBERT EDWARD EXPEDITION



ear-conches, has equally aquatic fur and feet, but in which the tail, although longer-haired below, has not such a specialized swimming-fringe.

The structural modifications of the Beaver are of so different a nature as hardly to come into the comparison.

*Crossomys Moncktoni*, sp. n.

Size considerably less than in *Hydromys*. Fur soft and glossy, the comparatively sparse longer fur of the back about 18 mm. in length, the wool-fur very thick, soft, and close, about 10-11 mm. in length, resembling that of *Fiber*.

General colour above grey (grey no. 6), washed on the back with pale yellowish olivaceous, the longer hairs with black tips and isabella subterminal rings ; the wool-hairs silvery white or greyish white for seven-eighths their length, their tips black. Under surface silvery white, the line of demarcation well-marked, high up on the sides, the hairs white to their bases or very faintly greyer below the tips. A narrow line down front side of arms like back, the remainder white ; upper surface of hands pale brown, the fingers naked. Feet practically naked, the few minute hairs glossy white. Tail grey throughout on the short-haired part, the swimming-fringe white.

Skull and teeth as described above.

Dimensions of the type (measured in the skin):—

Head and body 205 mm. ; tail 220 ; hind foot (wet) 48.

Skull : greatest length 40·5 ; basilar length 31·5 ; zygomatic breadth 22·2 ; nasals 11·4 × 5 ; interorbital breadth 5·8 ; breadth of brain-case 19·7 ; height of brain-case from basion 12 ; palatilar length 17·3 ; diastema 10·8 ; palatine foramina 5 ; length of upper tooth-row 5·3, of  $m^1$  4·2.

*Hab.* Serigina, Brown River, N.E. British New Guinea. Altitude "not less than 4500 ft."

*Type.* Adult female. B.M. no. 7. 5. 22. 3. Original number 36. Collected 12th October, 1906, and presented by C. A. W. Monckton, Esq.

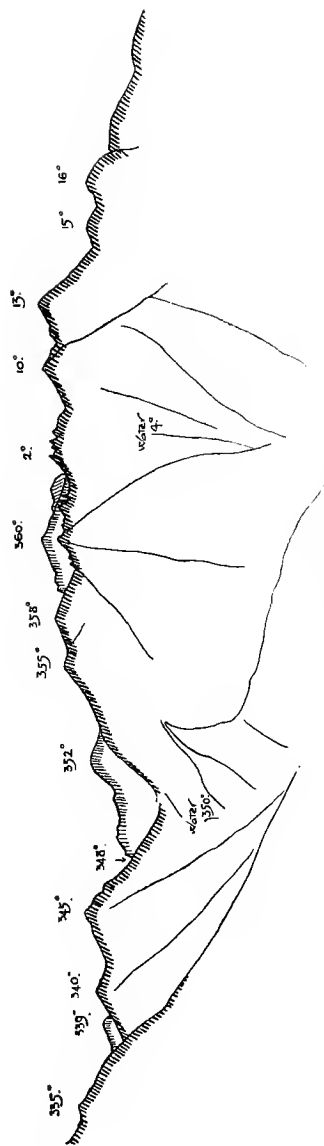
"Iris dark brown. Caught while swimming down a rapid creek."—C. A. W. M.

*Uromys anak*, sp. n.

A very large species with a wholly black tail.

Size largest of the genus. Fur harsh ; longer hairs of back 28–31 mm. in length, underfur about 20 mm. General colour coarsely mixed grey-brown, becoming bistre on the middle back and rufous or burnt-umber on the rump. When first appearing the hairs of the fore-back at least are really grey, that is ringed with black and white, but owing to the bleaching of the black to brown, and of the white to buffy white, the general tone soon approaches bistre. Under surface mixed brown and whitish, without sharp line of demarcation, most of the hairs brown with whitish tips, but a certain number along the median area white to their bases. Muzzle and chin dark brown. Ears short, naked. Arms

*Outline Sketch of Peaks of Mt. Albert Edward (from south).  
Showing Trend of Spurs & positions of water.*



5. MOUNT ALBERT EDWARD EXPEDITION





grizzled brown, like body, the inner aspect rather lighter ; upper surface of hands reddish brown. Hind legs dark rufous, becoming browner on the metatarsals ; toes naked, except for the few brown hairs at the roots of the claws. Tail long, of the usual *Uromys* structure, wholly black, except for the short basal furry portion, which is deep reddish.

Skull large and heavy, but otherwise as in the other members of this group. The molar series markedly longer than in any other species.

Dimensions of the type (measured on the skin):—

Head and body 310 mm. ; tail 400 ; hind foot (wet) 69 ; ear (wet) 24.

Skull : palatilar length 38·5 ; nasals  $27 \times 8\cdot6$  ; interorbital breadth 10·3 ; diastema 23·5 ; palatine foramina 7·3 ; upper molar series (crowns) 14·2.

*Hab.* Ifogi, Brown River, N.E. British New Guinea. Altitude “not less than 4000 ft.”

*Type.* Old male. B.M. no. 7. 5. 22. 2. Original number 27. Collected 2nd October, 1906, and presented by C. A. W. Monckton, Esq.

“Iris dark brown. Native name ‘Felek.’ A ground animal, living in burrows, though occasionally found in the hollow of a leaning tree.”—C. A. W. M.

Under the names of *Uromys validus*,\* *Hapalotis papuanus*,† and *Mus barbatuas*,‡ three members of

\* Peters & Doria, Ann. Mus. Genov. xvi. p. 703 (1881).

† Ramsay, P. Linn. Soc. N.S.W. viii. p. 18 (1883).

‡ Milne-Edwards, Bull. Mus. Paris, 1900, p. 167.

this group of the genus have been described from South-Eastern New Guinea, though it is possible that all of these names, or either two of them, may be synonymous with each other. I have examined the types of the first and third, and find that their upper molar series measure 11.3 and 11 mm. respectively, and each of these has the terminal portion of the tail yellow.

The case of "*Haplotis papuanus*" is not so clear, for nothing is said as to the colour of the tail, and the skull and tooth-measurements are quite inconsistent with each other. However, both upper and lower tooth-series are said to be "0.49 in." (= 12.5 mm.), and if this be taken as correct the size of the animal would be little larger than in *U. validus*, and considerably smaller than in *U. anak*.

*Phalanger sericeus*, sp. n.

A dark brown species like *Ph. carmelitæ*, the fur very long and silky.

Size and general characters as in *Ph. carmelitæ*, to which the specimen had been hitherto referred. Fur very much longer than in that species (hairs of back about 38 mm. in length instead of 27 or 28), exceedingly soft and silky, quite unlike the rather coarse close fur of the allied species. Colour essentially as in *carmelitæ*, chocolate-brown above and pure sharply defined white below, but the brown above is darker and more glossy, resulting from the

comparative silkiness of the hairs. The median dorsal area blacker than the sides, but no defined stripe perceptible. A patch of paler brown just above the base of the tail. Ears very small, thickly clothed internally as well as externally with short brown hairs. Tail with the proportions of the hairy and naked portions about as in *Ph. carmelitæ*, but the proximal part of the latter is smoother and less shagreened.

Skull and teeth very much as in *Ph. carmelitæ*, except that the secators, both above and below, are less developed, their apical ridge, which has three or four distinct crenulations in *carmelitæ*, reduced above to an indistinctly bifid point, and below to an undivided one. Molars rather narrower than in *carmelitæ*. Coronoid process of lower jaw rather higher and less slanted backwards than in the allied species.

Dimensions of the type (measured in skin) :—

Head and body 455 mm. ; tail 310 ; naked part of tail above 170 ; hind foot (s. u.) 57.

Skull : basal length 75 ; greatest breadth 51 ; greatest diameter of upper secator 4·3 ; combined length of three anterior molariform teeth 16·5.

*Hab.* Owgarra, Angabunga River (near the Aroa River), S.E. New Guinea. Altitude 6000 ft.

*Type.* Adult male. B.M. no. 5. 11. 28. 23. Collected 30th October, 1904, by Mr. A. Meek. One specimen.

This *Phalanger* was placed on arrival with *Ph. carmelitæ*, but the further material since received

from Messrs. Monckton and Meek shows the Angabunga specimen to represent quite a distinct form.

As soon as I had wound up the affairs of the Division, I departed, having some leave due to me, and consequently being able to get away at once. Therefore I left for Sydney via Samarai. In Sydney I went to Government House and tendered my resignation as an Executive Councillor to Lord Northcote, the Governor-General of Australia, under whose control New Guinea was supposed to be, and from whom I had received the appointment direct.

There I joined Captain F. R. Barton, the retiring Administrator. We were always firm friends privately, even though we sometimes might have had differences in our official capacities; and from there we travelled to England together. Thus ended my experiences in New Guinea.

Committee of Mr. Albert Edward.

le.

e. All bearings magnetic.

pute followed shown thus

Relative Track " "

amps " "

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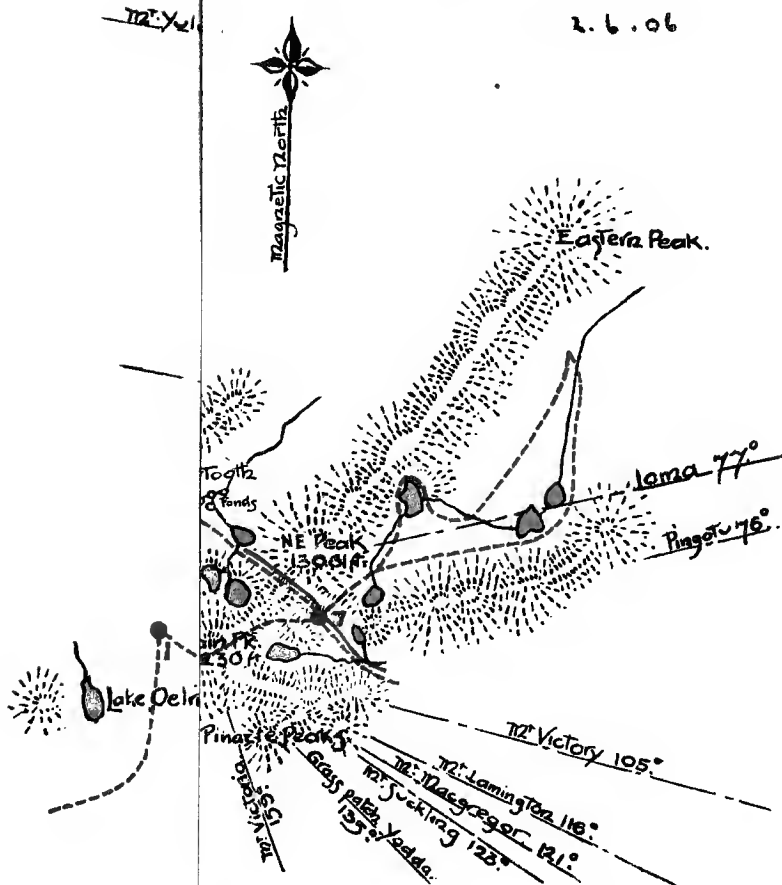
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C. A. W. Mondleton, R. M.

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