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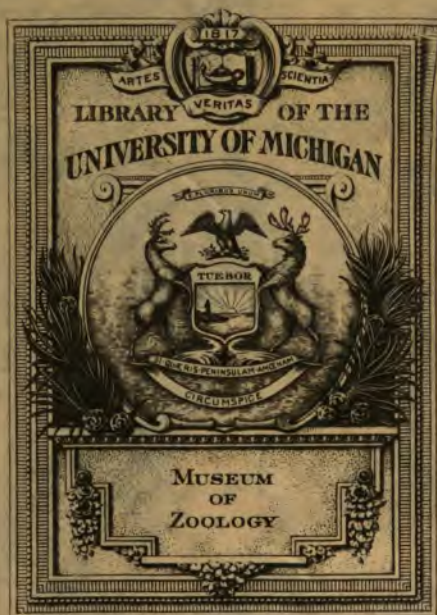


EXPLORATIONS  
AND ADVENTURES  
IN NEW GUINEA

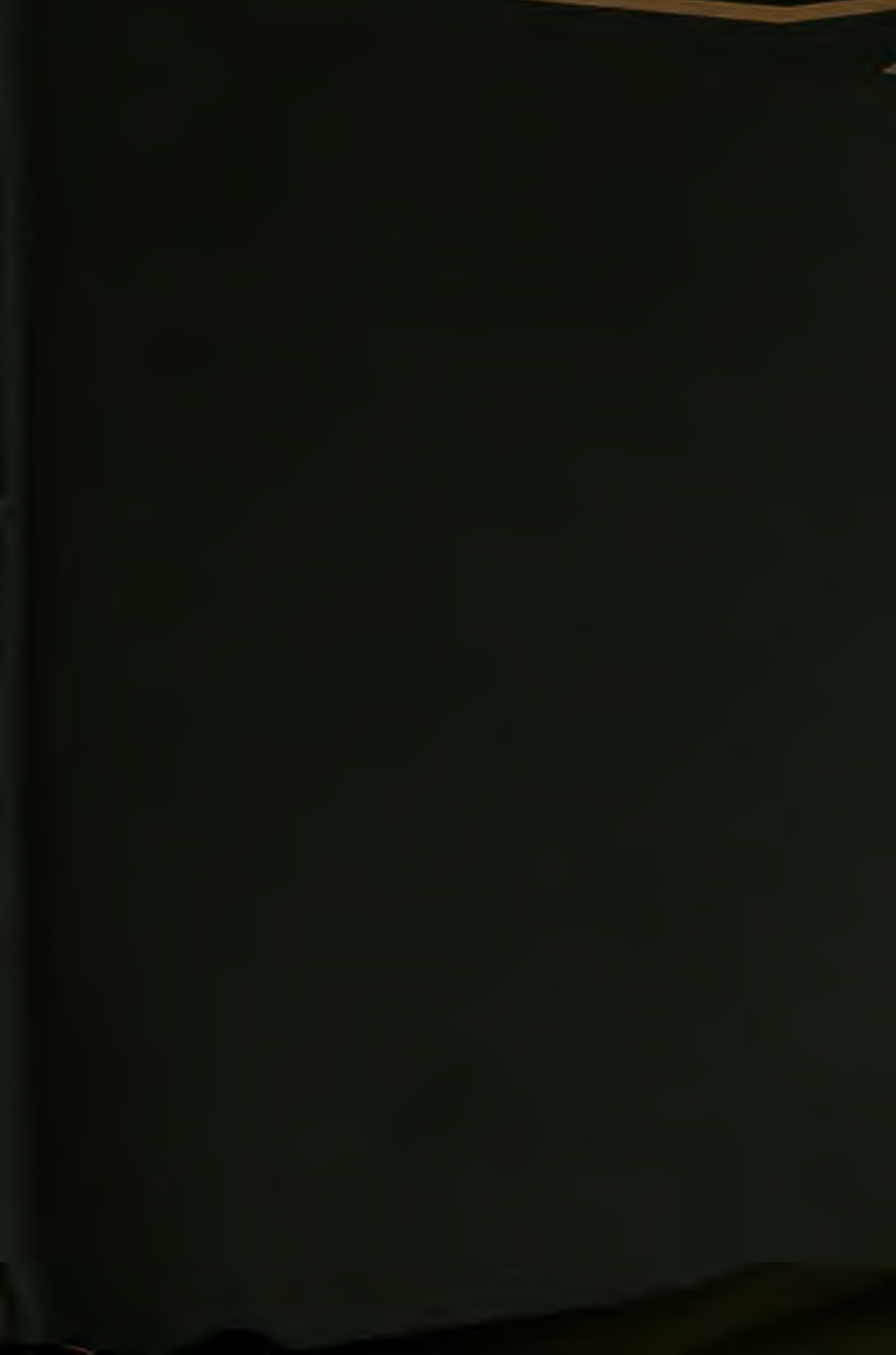
CAPTAIN JOHN STRACHAN F.R.G.S. F.R.C.I.

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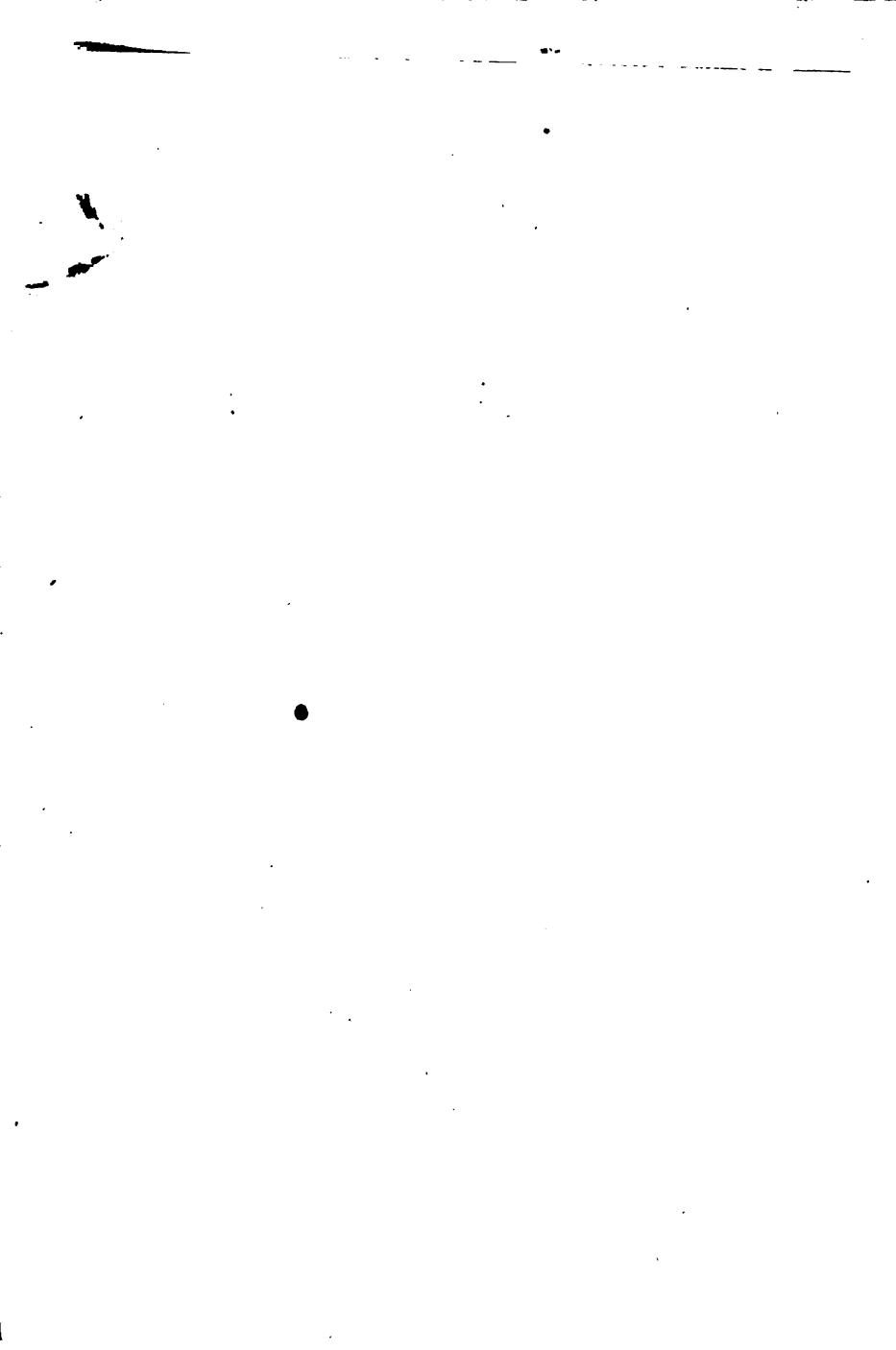
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Yours faithfully  
Wm. Chapman







OF  
MICH.

*William*

# EXPLORATIONS AND ADVENTURES

IN

# NEW GUINEA.

BY

CAPTAIN JOHN STRACHAN, F.R.G.S., F.R.C.I.,  
OF SYDNEY.



LONDON:  
SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, SEARLE & RIVINGTON,  
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TO THE  
PEOPLE OF NEW SOUTH WALES  
THIS WORK IS RESPECTFULLY  
**Dedicated,**  
IN THE CENTENNIAL YEAR OF AUSTRALIAN COLONIZATION,  
BY THEIR MOST OBEDIENT AND FAITHFUL SERVANT,  
THE AUTHOR.

KINGSTON-ON-THAMES,  
1888.



Museum  
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## P R E F A C E.

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IN presenting the result of my Explorations and Adventures in New Guinea to the public, I have been actuated mainly by a desire to create an interest in those great but little-known islands comprising the Papuan Group. For the work itself, as a literary effort, little can be said. From the first it has been no part of my plan to aspire to literary renown; but rather, in the plain homely language of a British sailor, tell my tale as simply as possible, and, by adhering strictly to the truth give to my readers some idea of the rough work that has to be accomplished by pioneers and explorers in our southern lands. In these pages the reader will find no tale of deeds of heroic daring, nor of that noble self-sacrifice, in the interest of science, to which so many travellers lay claim. There are recorded some hairbreadth escapes, and claim is laid to a certain amount of energy and patient perseverance

under many difficulties and disadvantages. Many phases of native life are presented ; also an impartial and unbiassed account of the work performed by the London Missionary Society in Southern New Guinea. These are the main features of a work which I make no apology for placing before the British public. Should the perusal weary any who read these pages, it may be some satisfaction to them to reflect that the weariness of the perusal cannot equal that so often felt by the author in the prosecution of the explorations these chapters record.

## TO THE PEOPLE OF NEW SOUTH WALES.



FELLOW COLONISTS.—Before offering to the world the result of my Explorations and Adventures in and around New Guinea, it becomes necessary among other things to consider to whom my imperfect attempt at book architecture should be dedicated. Pondering over the subject, my thoughts flew over the sea to sunny New South Wales, to the brave city of Sydney—wife, child, and trusty well-trying friends; to the many vicissitudes and trials of an adventurous career, which has brought with it both good and evil reports. The effects of the latter would have been disastrous to me, but for the able, prompt and strong support of so many friends in the Legislature of the Colony and on the Press. Besides being ever secure in the confidence of six hundred of my brother seamen who compose the Sydney Marine Benefit Society, with hundreds of other warm-hearted friends, whose kindly



word and generous assistance has so often enabled me to ride triumphant over every difficulty which has beset my path. To you then, my friends and fellow Colonists of New South Wales, with deepest devotion and respectful regards, may I be permitted to dedicate ‘Explorations and Adventures in New Guinea’?

Ever yours faithfully,

JOHN STRACHAN.

*Kingston-on-Thames, 1888.*

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# EXPLORATIONS

AND

## ADVENTURES IN NEW GUINEA.

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### CHAPTER I.

#### OFF THE COAST IN THE "FOI."

The Shape and Size of New Guinea—How my Interest in the Island began—First Visit in 1874—Appointed to lead an Expedition of Discovery in 1884—Making a Start—Torres Straits—Thursday Island—Purchase of the "Foi"—My Crew—Scenery and Sport at Moa—At Anchor in the Harbour of Mabiak—The War Canoes of the Natives—The Mission Station—The Ormond Reefs—Billy's Confession—Farewell to Civilization—Dowan Island—A false Alarm—Scott—The best Man of my Party—A South Sea Islander proves a Friend in Need—Jakobo—The Missionary—Shylock in New Guinea.

A GLANCE at the map will show hovering as it were over Australia a great island which in appearance resembles a bird. The portion to the north-west may be considered the head, McClure's Inlet the mouth,

the rugged mountain ranges which separate Gleevink Bay from the Arafura Sea the neck, the part extending to the south from the De Groot River to the Papuan Gulf, and from the Amberno River to the Astrolabe Gulf on the north the body, while the long tapering Peninsula may be designated the tail. If in addition to all this we regard the Islands of Talbot and Saibai as the feet, we shall then have an interesting specimen of a *rara avis*.

This huge bird extends for a distance, in an oblique line, from the extreme north-west to the extreme south-east, of 1200 geographical miles, whilst its extreme breadth reaches 380 miles; and the fact of its lying under what in physical geography is known as the rainbelt, sufficiently accounts for New Guinea being the best watered country in the world. It is a land of mountain and of flood, of rare and lovely birds, beautiful butterflies, curious insects, and strange animals, and it is peopled by wild, daring races of men who have so incessantly waged war upon and devoured each other that the country is now but sparsely populated.

My own interest in New Guinea began so far back as 1869, by reading the following extract which was affixed to an old map of Australia, executed under the

superintendence of Abel Tasman, by order of the Dutch East India Company, and published by John Harris in the year 1744.

The note, written in italics across the then unknown track of Central Australia, was as follows :

“ It is impossible to conceive a country that promises fairer from its situation than this of Terra Australis, no longer incognito as this map demonstrates, but the southern continent discovered. It lies precisely in the richest climates of the world. If the Islands of Sumatra, Java, and Borneo, abound in precious stones, and other valuable commodities, and the Moluccas in spices, New Guinea and the Regions behind it must, by a parity of reason, be as plentifully endowed by nature.

“ If the Island of Madagascar is so noble and plentiful a country as all authors speak it, and gold, ivory, and other commodities are common in the southern part of Africa, from Melinda down to the Cape of Good Hope, and so up again to Cape Gonzalez ; here are the same latitudes in Carpentaria, New Holland, and New Zealand.

“ If Peru overflows with silver, if all the mountains of Chili are filled with gold, and this precious metal

and stones, much more precious are the products of Brazil, this continent enjoys the same position, *and therefore whoever perfectly discovers and settles it will become infallibly possessed of territories as rich, as fruitful, and as capable of improvement as any that have been hitherto found out, either in the East Indies or the West.*"

Having visited the coast of New Guinea and the islands adjacent in 1874-5, when public interest became attracted to this great, but little known Island, I was induced in the beginning of 1884, to lead an expedition thither from Melbourne, and passed north by way of the inner route. Of the beauties of this passage, so much has already been written, that it would be superfluous on my part to inflict on my readers any further account, and therefore without additional preamble, I will begin the narrative of the first Expedition to New Guinea, which I undertook to lead in the spring of 1884.

After passing Haggerston, the Home, Cockburn, and other islands scattered over the Coral Sea, we entered the Albany Pass, running between the mainland of Australia and Albany Island, from which latter it takes its name. The little nooks and bays

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with their strips of white coral sand beach, the variegated foliage of the trees, and the green hills and knolls on which browse the well-bred cattle of Mr. Jardine, the oldest resident in these parts, combine to furnish a scene of rare beauty and transcendent loveliness. On the mainland are the handsome bungalow, store-houses, boat-sheds, and all the other appurtenances of a pearl-shelling station, while a part of Mr. Jardine's pearling flotilla rides snugly at anchor in the Pass. Scenes such as these excite the interest of the traveller, and help to relieve the monotony of ship-board life.

After wending our way through the intricacies of the Pass for a distance of five miles, we entered Torres Straits, having the high island of Mount Adolphus on our right, the Sextant Rocks and Cape York on our left ; we shaped our course thence for Thursday Island, taking the channel between Horn and Wednesday Islands, and were there boarded by the pilot, and soon afterwards moored alongside the British India Company's Hulk in the Harbour of Port Kennedy. To many people, Thursday Island, the most northern of our Australian Ports, is but a name, few knowing the vast amount of trade transacted on that far away island.

Mr. H. E. Chester, who, it will be remembered,

annexed New Guinea on behalf of the Queensland Government, was at the time of our visit police magistrate and harbour master, and we found him to be a well-cultured gentleman of considerable ability.

Thursday Island is of no great extent and somewhat barren. Wandering over it we gathered a few seeds, and saw some rare and beautiful butterflies, also many birds of the parrot kind, but no animals indigenous to the soil. The native Islanders, or Bingis—as all natives of the Straits Islands are called—have migrated to Prince of Wales Island, the coloured races being represented by South Sea Islanders, Malays, and Manilla men, who are imported by the pearl-shellers.

In accordance with our plan we here purchased a small lugger of seven tons burthen which was named the “Foi” (faith); when failing to procure a crew of coloured boatmen, we determined, although the party numbered only five including myself, to proceed on our expedition.

On the 22nd April, 1884, having stowed everything roughly, we got under weigh and beat a short distance down the pass, where we anchored for the night, to allow two of the landsmen to get sober.

At daylight on the following morning we were off

---

again, and after a long dreary beat with wind and tide against us, succeeded in weathering Wednesday Island about 2 P.M. The wind now being on the quarter, the little hooker went merrily along, dancing and prancing with as many capers as a young lady at her first ball, to the great inconvenience of the landsmen, who apparently found a seven-ton lugger somewhat less suited to their tastes for sailing o'er a lumpy sea than a seventeen hundred ton steamer would have been. Night closing in, and my charts being very general, I decided to run for Travers Island, and anchor for the night. It was dark ere we made the island, so we could not get into good shelter, and had to anchor in eight fathoms of water, hoping to get a few hours of much-needed rest. But, as Burns sang,

"The best-laid schemes of mice and men  
Gang oft agley,"

for the wind blowing half a gale from the south-east, and the tide setting out like a mill race against it, kept the lugger rolling, moaning, pitching, and tossing to such an extent as not only to banish sleep, but to keep me anxiously awake the whole night, while some of the landsmen became suddenly religious, and made anxious enquiries as to the possibility of a capsized. But



the longest night must have a morning, and morning dawned at last. With the first streak in the east we took up anchor and were off, shaping a course for Moa (Banks' Island on the charts), and running along close in shore, where the water is bold,\* and the land high and rugged. Huge granite boulders crop out along the ridges, and the deep gorges and ravines are heavily wooded with what we afterwards found to be excellent timber. We passed many inviting little bays with fine stretches of sandy beach, and as a heavy squall was looming ahead, we ran for shelter into one of the bays on the west side of the island, and came to an anchor, sending one of the men ashore with a billy and provision, and two of the landsmen with double-barrelled guns to shoot pigeons. After seeing everything snug and secure on board, my only sailor pulled me ashore, where, stretching myself at full length, first covering my feet and legs with sand, I fell asleep, tired and weary with my long vigil, and when called for dinner felt considerably refreshed by my short nap. I subsequently started, in company with one of the men, for a ramble through the island. Our camp on the beach was rather prettily situated ; in our rear was

\* Bold—nautical phrase meaning deep.

an old native camp, on our left a native burial ground, the graves in which were surrounded by stakes; on each grave was a large conch shell, while strewn over the surface were numerous turtle skulls, and sticking out of the centre an old paddle, some water bottles, &c. The paddles were placed there, I suppose, to assist the departed spirit in propelling its way through worlds unknown.

Debouching into the bay are two streams of excellent fresh water, one of which we followed for some considerable distance, through much luxuriant tropical vegetation, until we fell across native tracks. These we followed, but unfortunately we failed to fall in with the Bingis, although they were, as we afterwards learnt, closely watching us.

The principal timber on the island is the Bloodwood tree, but cedar of a somewhat inferior quality is found in quantity in the gorges.

On returning to the beach, I found the sportsmen had returned, having failed to bag any of the numerous gouras we had seen flying about, but they brought back a Manacoda and two other birds, the names of which were unknown to us. These were cooked, and after supping gipsy-fashion and enjoying

the luxury of a bath in the limpid stream, I gave the order to return to the lugger.

The tide had by this time receded, until the little dingy was lying high and dry, full half a mile from the water's edge, so reeving a sapling through two straps, the men lifted it up and started to march across the sand and coral reefs while I led the way. As darkness had by this time spread its mantle o'er the scene it was certainly as laughable a march as could well be imagined.

Three of the men were stalwart fellows, while the fourth was so diminutive that he was forced to raise his hands over his head to take his share of the weight. Suddenly the foot of one would sink in a crab-hole and down he would go, bringing the other three, boat and all with him. Then the party would go splashing through one of the numerous little salt water lagoons usually scattered over the surfaces of a coral reef, making the phosphoric sparks fly in all directions, recalling to me the words of the Phantom Horseman :

“Tramp, tramp, tramp, across the land we ride ;  
Splash, splash, splash, across the sea.”

However, after a good deal of amusement, we reached the lugger where, setting an anchor watch, I

retired for the night. On the following morning, as soon as the tide answered, we got under weigh and shaped a course for Mabiac (Jervis Island on the charts). Passing Bond Island the lugger's head was laid so as to pass close to Passage Island, but the tide, which in these seas runs with great velocity, swept us imperceptibly down on top of the Jervis Reefs, where fortunately, seeing my danger in time, I hauled up to the northward until close to Passage Island, and, sighting the beacon leading to Captain Brown's pearl-fishing station, I ran down and was soon riding snugly at anchor in the harbour of Mabiac. On landing, I was met by Captain Brown, whom we had previously encountered on Thursday Island, and after an introduction to Mrs. Brown, I started across the island to pay my respects to the missionary. As I passed along, I was much pleased to see the care that Captain Brown had taken for the comfort of his people. The houses were all built of galvanized iron and whitewashed, giving the station the appearance of a considerable village. At the doors squatted women, dressed in long robes reaching from neck to ankle, while troops of little urchins were gambolling about, dressed in full Adamite costume.

The native village of Mabiak is built in the bight of a long sweeping bay on a plain, having as a background a range of hills which rise in gentle undulating slopes to a considerable height. Lying on the beach in front of the village were a fleet of from twenty-five to thirty war-canoes, many of which measured from sixty to seventy feet in length, and were decorated with some pretensions to taste. They had a platform in the centre, either for the warriors to stand on or to carry passengers, and from this erection extended long outriggers with canoe-shaped floats at their extremity about ten feet long. The boatmen, or rather those who paddle, stand in the bottom of the canoe at either end having a grass plaited rope stretching from the platform to each end of the canoe to steady them.

A stone's throw inland from the fleet was the mission station, consisting of two neat little wattle or daub cottages, with a small barn-like church of the same material carefully fenced around. All these buildings are whitewashed and have a very cleanly appearance. I entered the enclosure and approaching the missionary's house found his wife, a fat pleasant-faced woman from the Murray Islands, squatting on the floor nursing a baby. On enquiry she informed

me that as it was Friday her husband was conducting service in the church. At my request she accompanied me thither, where I took a seat amongst as attentive and decorous a congregation as I have ever met, and the preacher—Achin by name—a native of the Murray Islands, preached what seemed to be an impressive sermon. Grouped on either side of the building were the old men, and in the centre was a highly raised seat for the Mamoos, or chief, and his family; the younger men occupied seats at the back. Squatting on the ground in front were the female members of the congregation, and a corner near the preacher was set apart for the youngsters—wild tricky little rascals who kept punching one another and making grimaces at me.

The service over, I introduced myself to the preacher and requested his assistance in procuring men to accompany me to Dowdie (the native name for New Guinea) but only succeeded in extracting a promise that he would not prevent the men from going if they wished. I could not induce him to persuade them to go.

On arrival at the house the whole of the men of the village gathered round, and to them Achin ex-

plained what I required, when an animated discussion took place, the only words I could distinguish being "Tugari" and "Dowdie," both words being accompanied by a good deal of significant head-shaking, which promised little for my success. I was therefore not surprised when Achin informed me that Dowdie was too far away, and contained wild Tugara men of whom they were afraid, so after making a few trifling presents to the missionary and his wife, I returned to Captain Brown's station, pausing on the way to look at the grave of an old brother mariner (Captain Owen) who was unfortunately burnt to death, and to whose memory Mr. John Bell, of Sydney, his employer, has caused a handsome tombstone to be erected.

The evening was pleasantly spent in conversation with Captain Brown, from whom I learned that his station was one of the largest in the Straits, employing over one hundred men and twelve vessels, all busily and profitably employed in the pearl shelling. At night I stretched my hammock on the verandah, and in the morning returned to the lugger, and set to work to stow away everything ship-shape preparatory to my long voyage on the coast of New Guinea. After a hard day's work we had everything ready for a start

on Monday morning. Owing to boisterous weather, however, and the tide not answering, it was Tuesday before we were able to make a start; then, however, I followed the lead of one of Captain Brown's pearling boats, whose Captain, Billy Tanna, had received instructions to pilot me over the Ormond Reefs, which extend north and south for a distance of twenty-five miles.

The whole of the lee or western side being unsurveyed and consequently not marked on any chart, I had made up my mind to beat a passage to windward, and then shape a course along the weather edge of the reef where there were no obstructions, but as Captain Brown very kindly proffered me the services of a pilot I changed my plans. Through a misunderstanding, however, I left the pilot boat, believing myself well clear of the reef, and only discovered my mistake on making the inner part of the eastern edge which I followed round until noon, hoping to find a channel through which to pass. Not succeeding in this I was compelled to run back to Billy Tanna, who had anchored, and was waiting with considerable anxiety, fearing I was going to attempt to jump the reef, or, in other words, force my way out through the surf. As



soon, therefore, as I anchored, Billy came on board in a state of great excitement, exclaiming—

“Say, me think go jump um reef, suppose you do, stone all same horse’s head, make um hole in bottom, then what me do? Captain Brown he tell-um me, Billy, you see that lugger, you take um safe over reef, or you look out.”

Assuring Billy that the fault was not his, and that I had not the slightest intention of crossing the reef, I opened the ammunition chest, and taking out a bottle of “three star,” passed it to Walker, one of the landsmen, with orders to give Billy and my own people a glass of grog; then, slinging my hammock, I turned in. The grog having loosened Billy’s tongue he soon became garrulous, recounting his many exploits since leaving his own sunny isle of Tanna some sixteen years since, fourteen of which had been spent in the Beche de Mer and pearl fisheries in Torres Straits, during which period Billy had evidently been a gay Lothario, having by his own account stolen no less than forty women. He concluded the account of his adventures by emphatically assuring his audience that he was “one black rogue.” Upon this one of my men replied—

“I don't think you are a rogue, Billy ; there is no harm in stealing a woman.”

With glistening eyes Billy stretched out his hand, and said, “Shake um my hand, you all same me, me one black rogue, you one white rogue—we two rogues altogether.”

And he was right. I laughed heartily, and turning out took up the bottle, now half empty, with the intention of locking it up, when Billy, holding my arm said, “You no trouble, captain, give um me, I take aboard.” So giving him what remained of a bottle of brandy I again turned in for the night.

Before sunrise on the following morning Billy came on board. Getting under weigh, we were soon safely through the intricacies of the Ormond Reef, and, shaping a course for Dowan Island, I bade farewell to the last link of civilization. The wind, which was blowing strong from the south-east, had raised a short nasty beam sea, compelling me to remain at the helm the whole way, and we shipped a considerable quantity of water, which materially assisted in washing the cobwebs off two of the landsmen. All hands were glad when at two o'clock I anchored under the lee of Dowan.

After dinner I landed, accompanied by two of the landmen, and we were met by several natives, to whom we gave small pieces of tobacco and pipes. Having informed us that on the island they had a missionary teacher, they conducted us to his house, and we introduced ourselves. He was a Bingi native from the island of Maer, near Cape York—Whiteman by name.

The island of Dowan is situated seven miles from the coast of New Guinea, and is high and rocky, rising fully twelve hundred feet above the level of the sea, and containing a population of about sixty souls, all of whom are missionary men.\*

After introducing myself, I took a short walk through the island, accompanied by an old man, dressed in a shirt that had once been white, an old battered hat, and ragged trousers, who informed me that he was the Mamoos of Baigo. He quietly took a pipe out of my mouth, put it into his own, and after taking two or three long whiffs, he quite unconcernedly passed it back. Feeling tired, and finding I could get no men here, I resolved to return to the

\* Missionary men—*i.e.*, men attending the Mission for instruction.

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lugger, my companion the Mamoos offering to take me off in his canoe, as the two men had wandered away into the interior of the island.

On the way to the beach we passed through a native village, and were regarded with considerable amazement by two or three old women, while troops of little naked urchins ran away screaming with fright, which made the Mamoos laugh heartily.

A large war-canoe having been launched, I took my seat on the platform, accompanied by several of the missionary men. Rounding the point, I was amused to see the consternation which our appearance caused on board the lugger. The two men who had been left on board seemed to be jumping about like a pair of cats on hot bricks, but my amusement was soon changed to alarm when I saw one of them issue from my little cabin with my Winchester repeating rifle. The other buckled on his revolver, which he drew from the holster, and both appeared to be making ready to fire upon the canoe.

Standing up with outstretched arms, I hailed to know what was the matter, when they laid down their firearms, and we paddled alongside. After making the natives a few presents, and purchasing a

few cocoanuts and some yams which they had brought on board, I dismissed them, requesting that they would presently return to the lugger with the two men who had been left ashore.

At sundown, however, when darkness had set in, I became anxious, and was somewhat relieved at the report of one of their guns on the beach, and I immediately sent a man away in the dinghy to bring them on board. But when, after the lapse of half an hour, he returned alone, I became still more anxious for their safety. It seemed prudent, however, to wait for daylight, when, getting under weigh, I beat round the island until in front of the missionary's house, but still there was no sign of the wanderers. At length I stood close in and fired three shots from my revolver, this being my appointed signal either for recall or danger.

This soon brought them out of the missionary's house accompanied by most of the men, women and children of the village. Sending the sailor away in the dinghy, to bring the two absentees on board, assisted by Scott,—who, although a landsman, gave promise of becoming an active sailor,—I put the lugger round and stood away from the land until

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the dinghy pushed off from the shore, when I again stood in and picked them up.

From the men I learnt that they had been very kindly treated, and passed a comfortable night, sleeping on mats in the Mission House. I then shaped a course for Saibai, where I arrived before noon and anchored in six feet of water.

A canoe came off from the shore containing Palen, a South Sea Islander, who spoke very good English, and who promised me great assistance in procuring men for my main journey to the westward.

Prior to leaving Mabiac I obtained letters of introduction from Achin to Jakobo, the head teacher of the London Missionary Society's Mission in these parts, requesting him to assist me in getting men, and also to forward my correspondence to Captain Brown of Mabiac. After seeing everything secure, I gave to each of the crew a double-barrelled gun, and allowed them to go ashore in the canoe for an afternoon's shooting.

When Palen pulled me ashore in the dinghy, a number of the leading men of the village came to the beach, and to each of them I presented small pieces of tobacco and stopped for a few minutes' chat.

Suddenly a dusky lady with a head of hair which stuck out on either side like a mop, a pair of dark flashing coquettish eyes, and tattoo marks from mouth to chin, marched up and taking hold of my hand in both of her own, gave it a hearty shake and led me forcibly away towards a neat little white cottage, where she introduced me to her husband Jakobo, the missionary.

After giving away the few presents brought for that purpose, I presented my letters, which contained much interesting news. Palen was then sent for, and a warm discussion ensued. While the palaver was going on, the principal men of the village dropped in, and after shaking hands squatted round in a circle on the matted floor. As the discussion proceeded, happening to turn my head, I saw seated behind me an old man, whose profile was the exact counterpart of Shylock in the 'Merchant of Venice'—the hooked nose, the high receding forehead, and the dark skin—each feature distinctly Jewish, with a strong tinge of Moorish blood.

I stared at the old man until I grew positively ashamed of my rudeness, but at length, to break the spell, I requested Palen to enquire if they had any traditions concerning their first settlement at Saibai. Then while Jakobo was trying to explain that some

islands grew smaller, and others grew larger and the natives shifted from one island to the other, I fell asleep, and did not awake until called to go aboard, when I found that the dusky lady had been careful of my comfort, having placed a down pillow under my head, and a covering over me.



## CHAPTER II.

## EXPLORING THE MIA KASA RIVER.

Polygamy at Saibai—The Pigs of the Village marching to Church—Engaging native Guides—An armed Demonstration at Biago—Dragging the Boat—Making the Entrance to the Mia Kasa River—Discover two Tributaries, and name them the Gregory and the Neill—An inland Sheet of Water—Name two large Streams which empty themselves into the Mia Kasa, the Tokuda, and the Bradley—Characteristics of the surrounding Country—Is this a River or an Arm of the Sea?—I build Castles in the Air—We land and explore the Country—A Scene of Enchanting Loveliness.

THE island of Saibai is situated about three and a half miles from the coast of New Guinea, and is long, low, and swampy. The village is built in a little muddy bay, and contains from thirty to forty houses, which are raised six or eight feet above the ground on posts. This is necessary, on account of the swampy nature of the island. The inhabitants number about one hundred and thirty. Polygamy is practised, and although all are professedly missionary men,

they are not yet sufficiently Christianised to be content with one wife. The young women are well-made, and not bad-looking, but they soon age, and then the best word for their appearance is "hideous." There is a fine cocoanut grove stretching right round the bay, which supplies the people liberally with food and drink.

While sitting talking to Palen one afternoon, I saw a sight which was certainly unique, for it was neither more nor less than the whole of the pigs in the village marching decorously to church! As grunter after grunter passed sedately along, I enquired the meaning, and was informed that, Divine Service being held every Friday afternoon, the men were all at church, and the pigs, being pets, had gone there also to find their masters, while the boys had scampered off into the swamp after my fellows. For this they had all to appear before the missionary and the Mamoos in the evening, and would probably have received a severe wiggling had I not interceded for them. (I have often been questioned as to how these pigs behaved. I can inform my readers that they behaved very much like many Christians—that is to say, they listened to the singing and snored through the sermon.)

Collecting the Mamoos and principal men of the village, I—through the interpretation of Palen—requested that from four to six men might accompany me as boatmen and interpreters, a service for which I offered to pay liberally.

“He can pay—he got plenty of things; he no all same Beche-lum fellows (Beche de Mer men); he no trade—he come from Melbourne, look all about.”

At the word Melbourne they seemed nonplussed, and scratching their heads, kept repeating “Melbourne,” until Palen said, “You savey, Syd-eny.” Oh, yes, they all “savied” Sydney. “Well,” said Palen, “Melbourne all same bigger Sydney, as Sydney bigger Saibai.”

Now as the village only contains some thirty houses, I can hardly conceive what their idea of the extent of Melbourne can be; but in spite of Palen’s persuasion only four men could be induced to accompany me for longer than a fortnight. As this would not suit me, I determined to push on with the few men I had brought with me—they were only four, and in two of them I had no confidence. The arms, too, had proved very inferior—mere Birmingham rubbish. Out of four double-barrelled guns, two were already useless, and

altogether, my prospects for the future were ominous and dark.

I overheard on the same day a rather amusing question asked of Palen by one of my men, a servant who wished to be considered a bit of a naturalist. Walking up to Palen's house, and leaning one arm on his gun, and with the other akimbo, the would-be naturalist said, with all the affected drawl of a Bond Street exquisite, "Palen, have you the *Paradisea Rubra* here?" To which Palen readily replied, "No savee." I here interposed with, "Some fellow red pigeon come here, Palen?" To which he replied, "Oh, yes, plenty fellow come over from Dowdie."

I pointed out the absurdity of attempting to jabber Latin with a black fellow, and leaving Mr. "*Paradisea Rubra*" to digest the rebuke as best he could, returned to the lugger.

After a short trip over to New Guinea in the mission boat, during which nothing occurred worth recounting, I determined to make a final start on Monday morning.

On Sunday morning many earnest prayers were offered for our safe return by our kind friends the

missionaries, and by Jakobo; indeed, I had the satisfaction to learn that I carried with me the best wishes of the whole village. On Monday morning, after bidding a kind farewell to our friends, who came off in numerous canoes to bid us good-bye, we got under weigh and steered for the west.

The coast here being unsurveyed, the charts gave no information, and I had an anxious time winding my little craft through the numerous sand and mud banks, to say nothing of the coral reefs, which must always render the navigation of these seas dangerous, and I was glad to come to an anchor opposite the little village of Biago, with whose Mamoos I have already mentioned our meeting on Dowan.

Our arrival had evidently thrown the inhabitants into a state of consternation, as all the men gathered on the point, armed to the teeth with bows, arrows, spears, and a red flag flying moreover on one of their canoes. Seeing we paid no attention to their hostile demonstrations, they plucked up courage, and, launching a canoe, four of them came off, bringing cocoanuts and yams, which I purchased, and then went ashore with them and bought some poles, which I required to make bulwarks round the lugger.

This village only consisted of five houses, and from twenty to thirty people, most of the natives having been killed and eaten some three years since by the Tugara men from the west.

Upon my return to the lugger, Scott and two others went ashore to shoot pigeons, in which they were not very successful, and in getting back they had anything but a pleasing experience of the New Guinea coast. It being low water, they were compelled to drag the boat several hundred yards through a soft mud flat, often sinking waist-deep in mud and water, and obliged to flounder and sprawl about in all directions. When at last they succeeded in reaching the lugger, covered with mud from heel to head, they were in anything but a cheerful frame of mind, and although assured that they had caused us on board a good half-hour's amusement, and many a hearty laugh, they did not seem to understand where the joke came in.

On the following morning, Tuesday, May 7th, as soon as the tide answered, we got under weigh, and steering north-west for a distance of five miles to clear a mud bank, we hauled the lugger up to north, and shaped a course for the Mia Kasa River, the entrance of which we made at 9 A.M., when we were agreeably

surprised to see before us a broad sheet of water full two and a half miles in width, and very deep.

The lead, which had been kept constantly going since leaving Biago, never indicated less than five fathoms, and as we entered the river the water deepened rapidly to seven and eight. The land on both sides was comparatively low and densely wooded. After sailing some five miles, we opened out a large tributary stream full half a mile wide, which I named the Gregory. From this the land begins to rise, the banks being about twenty-five feet high.

With a strong south-east trade wind, and the flood tide in our favour, we sailed rapidly up the river at the rate of fully ten knots an hour. For the first twenty miles we steered north-half-east, then bore to the north-west through a long wide reach for some seven or eight miles, where we found another river debouching into the main stream from the eastward. This I named the Neill, and on its north bank we found the remains of an old native camp; but although we carefully scanned the banks on both sides, we saw no sign of natives.

Passing the camp, we again headed to the northward, through a short reach about three miles long,

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which opens out into a magnificent sheet of water running due west for a distance of fourteen and a half miles. Into this two large tributaries empty themselves from the northward; the larger named the 'Tokuda, after my friend the Imperial Commissioner for Japan, and the smaller the Bradley, after my friend Mr. Bradley of the firm of Bradley and Sons of Melbourne.

Sailing through this splendid sheet of water, I was pleased to see the land rising in gentle undulating and heavily wooded slopes, while the soil, which hitherto had been principally red clay, had now changed to a rich chocolate.

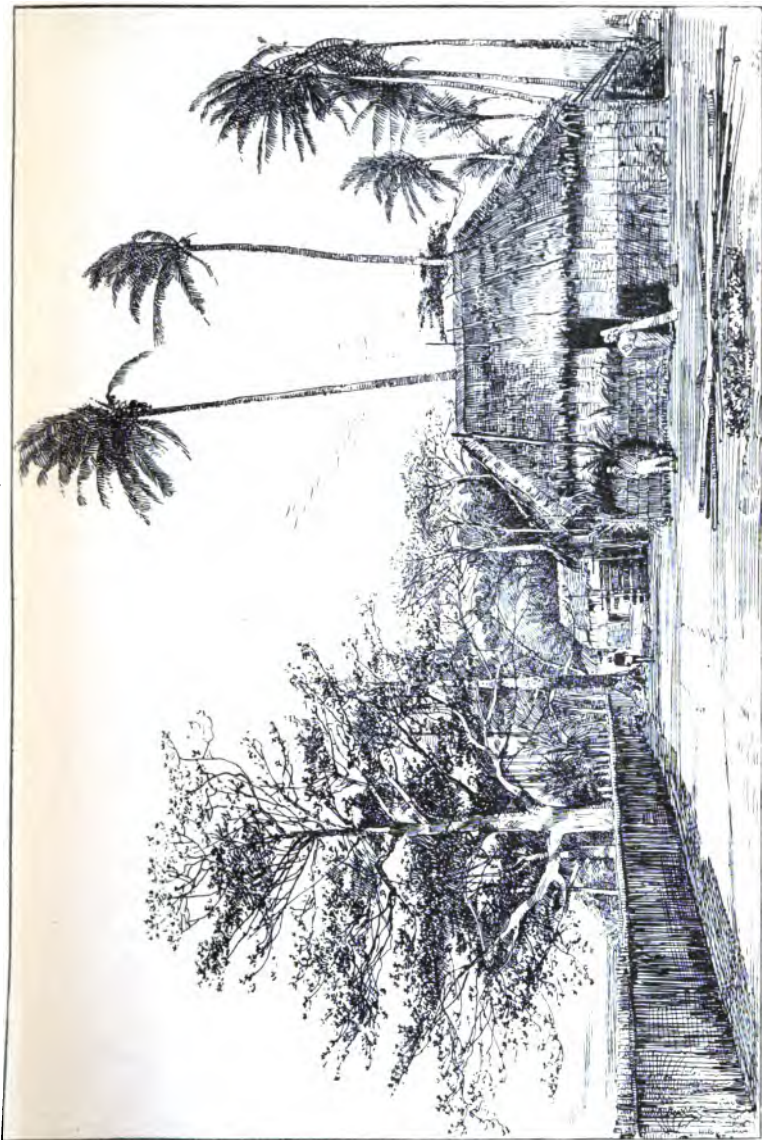
At the end of this reach the river again trended to the north-west, but darkness coming on I brought up for the night in eight fathoms of water well pleased with my first day's work in New Guinea, having made an actual distance of fifty-six miles, sailing over a broad, deep, and rapid stream, and passing what appeared to be magnificent country on either side. In fact, during the day, I could not help thinking that we were not sailing on a river at all, but were on an arm of the sea, which would in all probability extend across the whole island from south-east to



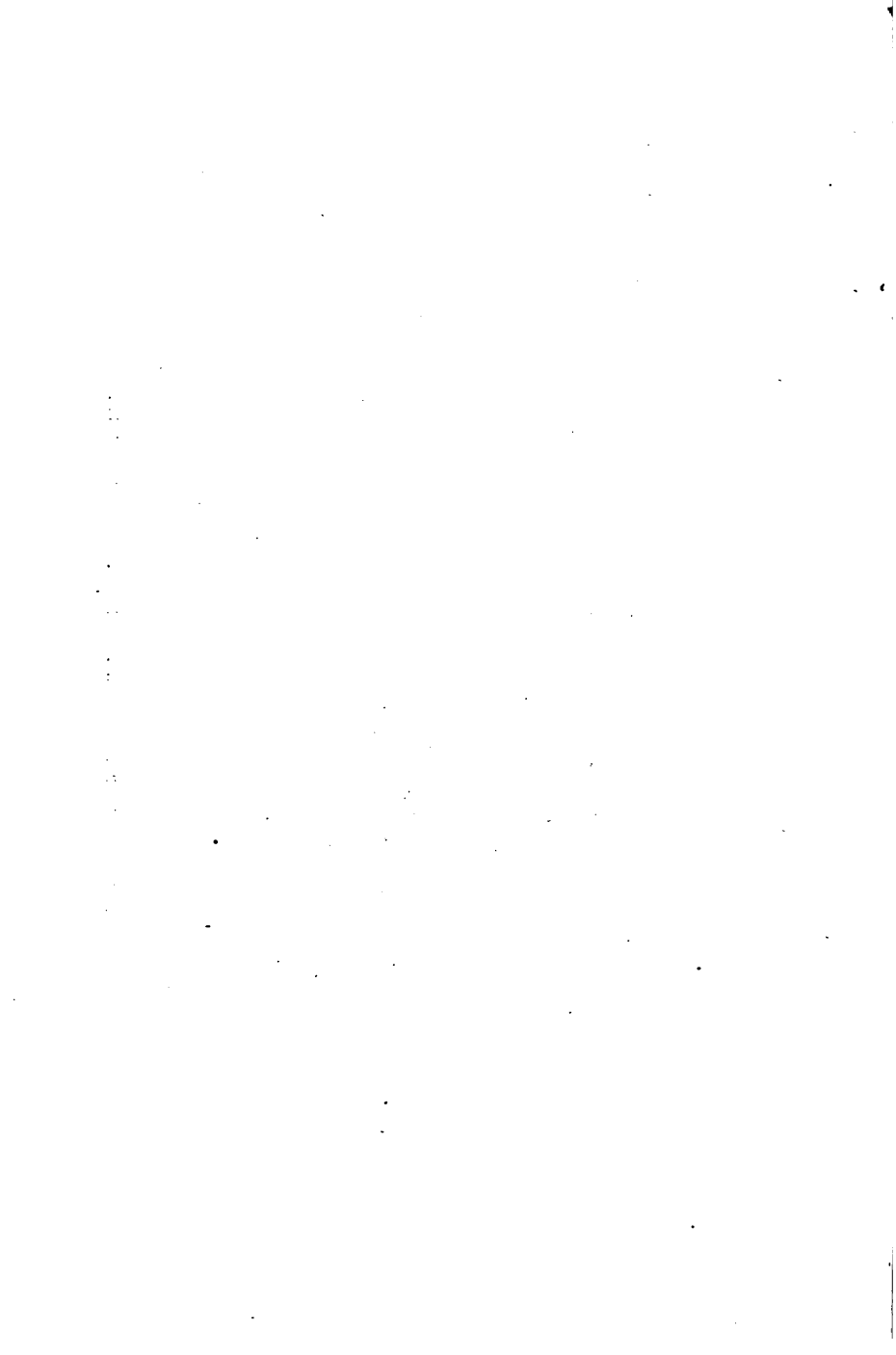
north-west opening into the Arafura Sea at that part known to the Dutch as the Utanata River; and I built a good many castles in the air in consequence, hoping we had found a new channel to China and the East. The many rivers too, which we had passed during the day, helped to convince me that I had made a discovery of great value—and one which I fondly hoped would cause my name to be transmitted to posterity. Setting an anchor watch, I retired for the night, and dreamed that I was piloting large steamers through New Guinea.

Making a fresh start at daylight, we continued in a north-west direction for a distance of some ten miles, when right ahead we saw what appeared to be the end of navigation—the gulf seemed to terminate in a bay, and all my air-castles of the previous day came down with a vengeance. However, I determined to push on and land at the end of what appeared to be a bay, where it was purposed to remain for a few days in order to explore the adjacent country and then to return and proceed along the coast to the westward.

My feelings can therefore be better imagined than described when passing a small jutting point I saw coming from the north and trending at right angles



THE CHIEF'S HOUSE AT SAIBAI, SOUTH COAST OF NEW GUINEA.



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across the Mia Kasa to the south-south-west a noble river fully a mile wide, while a fine open country came into view, with numerous cedar, black walnut, and other trees of value.

My people were very anxious to be allowed to land and explore hereabouts, but having made up my mind prior to starting that I would run to the end of navigation, and then trust to Providence and my own judgment, to take me safely back, I would not consent but pushed onward as fast as wind and tide could carry me. Moreover, I did not know but that our track was being closed in by hostile natives.

During the afternoon, we passed a clump of coconut trees, and then another river from the eastward, and at night brought up off the mouth of still another large river, having penetrated ninety miles into New Guinea in two days.

The water here had lost its saltness, but was still too brackish for use; the river, too, had narrowed down to about five hundred yards in width, and its depth had decreased to five fathoms.

At daylight we again set sail, but having lost much of the tidal influence, and the wind being light, did not make much progress, only covering a distance of

fifteen miles by nightfall when I anchored in a very pretty bend of the stream fringed with the broad-leaved palm, which I named Scott's Bend, after the best and most faithful man of my party.

The river here being narrow, it became necessary to keep a good look out, I therefore kept the first watch myself. As I sat, rifle in hand, listening to every sound and straining my eyes watching, I was startled to see a war-canoe shoot rapidly round the point. With rifle at full cock I gazed eagerly forward, debating in my own mind whether to call the hands, when I was relieved to see that what I took for a canoe was only a Palmyra-palm floating down with the stream. Then crashing through the palms on the river banks, came some huge amphibious monster, which, plunging into the water, disappeared from view.

Incidents such as these, combined with the dismal bellowing of the bull-frog and the hoarse croaking of numerous night birds, make solitary vigils, in a strange and, in all probability, hostile country, anything but pleasant.

In the morning I determined to explore the surrounding country for some distance, more especially

as the timber looked heavy and valuable. I took a tomahawk, revolver and rifle, and Scott, who accompanied me, carried an axe and his revolver.

Landing, we entered some splendid scrubland, composed of rich black vegetable mould, and wooded with many kinds of timber, the principal being black walnut of excellent growth. I noticed several cedars, but these were very sparsely scattered through the forest, and many other trees that were entirely new to me, notably one bearing a fruit as large as a cocoanut, the rind of which was about a quarter of an inch thick, but the kernel bitter and nauseous to the taste, containing much tannin. On either hand were huge black walnut and other trees.

Handling his axe with a will, Scott soon felled one of these monarchs of the forest to the ground, and hailing for a cross-cut saw, we cut it into lengths and found it to be a black walnut of excellent quality, sound to the core and beautifully marked.

Having completed our task we started forward on our inland trip. Scrambling through much heavy tropical vegetation for a distance of some five miles we entered the open country and here found the high grass teeming with life, noting especially the

huge red kangaroo (the Euro) and Wallaby, and in the gulleys the stately Cassowary. Crossing through the scrubs we saw some iguanas, many of them three or four feet in length, which ran up the trees at our approach. Having proceeded so far as it was safe we returned to the lugger.

By the side of every stream and in every swampy hole were numerous pig tracks, but we saw no pigs, as they only leave their lair in the thickets after nightfall. We also came across several nests of the Megapode (*Megapodius tumulus*), a peculiar bird about the size of a barn-door fowl, dark brown in colour with a craning neck and tufted head, which raises a mound or hillock often twenty-five feet high and from thirty to fifty feet round the base, in which to deposit its eggs, leaving them to hatch by the internal heat of the nest. At night the parent pair sit on the tree branches overhead making the woods resound with their cry.

In the afternoon I made another start up the river and with the dinghy ahead towing, and two of the men plying long oars or sweeps, succeeded in making a distance of ten miles before dark.

In the morning Scott and I landed, and scrambling

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up a bank about thirty feet high we came on a fine open plain stretching away to the northward, while on our right was a dense forest, which we entered, trying the timber with our tomahawks as we proceeded, but finding nothing new. We had, however, a narrow escape from being bitten by a long slender snake, which disappeared like a lightning flash down its hole.

Returning on board before noon, I succeeded in getting good observations, and was therefore able to determine my position. Finding we were only ten miles from and running at right angles with the great Fly River, we made another start after dinner and after covering some twelve miles, we anchored in a beautiful little reach lined on both sides with borders of broad-leaved palms with high land ahead heavily wooded.

After supper two of the men, although tired with their long spell at the sweeps, took the dinghy and went for a short pull up the river but returned in a state of great excitement, reporting that they had seen one of the most lovely and brilliant sights possible, and urged me to go and look for myself.



Taking Scott with me in the dinghy we now leisurely pulled up stream. It was a calm still night, and the sheen of the moon shone resplendent on the placid waters of the river; long avenues of broad-leaved palms glistened in the silvery light, whilst the large trees in the background were illuminated by fire-flies. Presently we stopped, entranced by a scene which for enchanting loveliness surpassed anything I had ever seen before.

The country we had already passed was beautiful, but nothing to be compared with this. We sat gazing enraptured on a pyramid of living light, suspended as it were by threads of fairy gold. On a huge black walnut tree there had gathered myriads of fire-flies, which, moving through the dark foliage as if to the time of some enchanter's music, presented a scene of exquisite loveliness, which it is impossible to describe. As the fiery mass revolved, now up, now down, then round, as if to the measured time of a dance, my companion in ecstasy exclaimed, "Captain, I would work twelve months for nothing to see such a sight as this." Alas! he little knew how short his life was to be. We returned to the lugger, and permitted my people, who were enchanted with a scene so lovely and so

rare, to pull up and down the river until far into the night.

In the morning, as the river had now narrowed to about eighty yards, and was much obstructed by snags, I determined to remain until I had surveyed the river in a small boat. Taking Scott with me in the dinghy, we pulled up the stream for a distance of fifteen miles, until we were finally stopped by a fallen tree, which was stretched across the stream from one side to the other, and completely barred our further progress.

During this trip we saw several red birds of Paradise (*Paradisea rubra*), also one or two twelve-wired birds of Paradise (*Paradisea nigricans*) while many beautiful racquet-tailed kingfishers of brilliant plumage were flitting about on the river banks.

Landing in several places, we found the same grand country composed of rich black soil, with much excellent timber and still not the faintest trace of man having been there before.

We returned to the lugger, and the next day being Sunday we enjoyed a well-earned rest. On Monday I let three of the men go up the river, while Scott and I hauled the lugger alongside the bank. Landing,

we travelled up the ridge until we attained a height of some four hundred feet, from whence we had a good view of the surrounding country.

Away to the south was heavy forest-land, rolling away to the east were grand undulating plains of magnificent country, while at our feet rolled a deep rapid river. The dense forest and high land to the north and west obscured our view in these directions.

As I stood contemplating the scene before me, my mind wandered away into the not distant future, when the axe of the woodman would make the welkin ring again, when the plough of the husbandman would turn up and sweeten the soil, when, instead of the vast primeval forest stretching away on every hand, the sugar cane and maize crops would wave on that virgin soil. I pictured the time when the placid waters of the river would be lashed into foam by the propeller, the huge monarchs of the forest be broken down by the saw, and the juice crushed from the cane, —all by the mighty power of steam. I thought how, in days to come, standing on some such spot as this, the colonial youth, proud of the race from which he sprang, and contemplating the scene before him,

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would turn with pardonable pride to the wondering Papuan by his side—and pointing to the busy engines say :—

“See yonder, where these engines toil,  
There Britain’s pride and glory are.  
The trophies of a nation’s spoil, in bloodless war—  
Brave weapons these.  
With these she digs, she weaves, she tills,  
Pierces the everlasting hills,  
And spans the seas.”

Returning to the lugger we set to work to fill up our water casks, and then amused ourselves watching a peculiar little fish, about three inches long and marked on either side with three black spots, shooting out a tiny jet of water to a distance of some eighteen inches, drenching the unwary fly which then fell an easy prey.

On the return of the boat, I tripped the anchor and dropped down the stream for a few miles, and then brought up for the night. During the passage I examined many places but saw nothing new, and at last, anchored at the mouth of the large tributary I have already mentioned as being ninety miles inland, which I named the Wallace, after my only son. This

we followed for a distance of seventy miles through the same class of country, and then returning to the main stream we proceeded towards the coast.

During this trip up the river we suffered severely from heavy rain and thunderstorms, the effects of which were felt by all.

## CHAPTER III.

### AN OVERLAND JOURNEY.

The Junction of the Mia Kasa and Prince Leopold Rivers—  
Determine to return to Saibai to get more Men—A Fleet of  
Canoes sweep into Sight—Hemmed in by hostile Natives—  
Compelled to abandon the "Foi," and march over Land—An  
Infidel and a Coward—On the March—Arrive at the Bank  
of the Gregory River—Our Raft sinks like a Stone—Crossing  
the River with Cowards who cannot swim—Scott to the  
Rescue—The Revolver as a Help to Decision—Encounter a  
huge Python—In Sight of the Sea at last—Scott's Gallantry  
—A last Farewell to the brave Fellow—Once more at Downan  
—False Charges—Lord Derby publishes my Letter of Vindi-  
cation—A few Months' Rest in Sydney.

IN the passage down the main river we landed on  
the only piece of poor soil we had seen in New  
Guinea, a cold clay plain covered with hematite  
boulders and dotted over with huge ants' nests, and a  
few stunted honeysuckles. Retracing our course we  
arrived at the junction of the Mia Kasa and the main  
stream which I had named the Prince Leopold, after  
the late Duke of Albany.

Turning down to the south-south-west, we passed three large rivers setting down from the westward and fell across a native camp, but still no sign of the natives themselves. Being now near the coast I felt convinced from the size of the camp that we were in close proximity to a large body of natives, who would most likely prove hostile, and whom, owing to the weakness of my force and the inferiority of our arms I was in no condition to meet. I therefore decided to return to Saibai and get more men at any cost. We got under weigh and returned to the *Mia Kasa*, where I anchored for the night.

On the following day we had a long weary beat down the river, and at three o'clock, when opposite the Tokuda river, I was startled to hear what seemed at the time to be the report of a rifle in the forest. Towards evening the wind dying away, and the strong ebb setting down, we made rapid progress and it was long after dark ere I anchored at the end of the Short Reach in twenty fathoms of water. About eight o'clock, I thought I could see the reflection of two fires far down the river. At four o'clock in the morning, the watch called me to report that he heard another rifle shot in the forest; for which he had to stand a

considerable amount of chaff from the others on board.

To me the report caused grave anxiety, more especially when, after getting under weigh, I saw ahead, and paddling swiftly down stream, and close into the mangroves, what appeared to be a canoe. My glasses were brought to bear, but the glare of the rising sun being in my eyes prevented my seeing clearly.

Not wishing to alarm my people, I told them it was only a piece of driftwood, and dismissed the matter from my mind until nearing the mouth of the river. Then we passed a tree which had stuck in the centre of the stream, and which at a distance had the appearance of a man standing up in a canoe. I then grew anxious, and kept carefully scanning the mouth of the river on both sides, when a whole fleet of canoes suddenly swept round the point from the westward, and another fleet round from the eastward, completely blocking the mouth of the river.

I grew seriously alarmed, and with a cry of, "To your arms, men!" leapt below, and, opening the ammunition chest, passed up a good supply of ammunition. Then, buckling on both my revolvers,



and grasping my Winchester repeater, sprang again on deck, where I stood with outstretched arms calling out "Pouda, pouda" (Peace, peace). Upon this the canoes paddled rapidly towards us. Dropping one arm, I made signs for only one canoe to approach, but as they paid no attention to my signals, I fired a shot across the bow of the nearest canoe, upon which they struck up the war song and paddled rapidly up the stream to meet us.

It was a grand and imposing sight, for no less than twenty or thirty canoes were assembled, each containing about forty men, great stalwart fellows, whose tawny black skins glistened in the evening sun. The whole line advanced in good order, the men paddling to the music of the song, while warriors on the platform beat time with the butt end of their spears.

I ordered my people to fire a volley, in the hope of frightening them, but as the shot fell short, they yelled back defiance. I kept blazing away with my Winchester, but could not intimidate them, and as the nearest canoes were now within one hundred and fifty yards of us, I up helm and ran back up the river, at the same time firing off a rocket. This fell short, near

the foremost canoe, and made them pause until the others came up. I then fired a second rocket, which fortunately fell in their midst, and caused them to fall back into the mangroves on either side.

The wind dying away, and darkness setting in, I was compelled to anchor to prevent the lugger drifting down amongst them. I then fired my third and last rocket, which was answered by yells of defiance and the brandishing of fire sticks right down to the river's mouth, a distance of five or six miles, which showed me the impossibility of escape. At the same time it let me know that the enemy had landed, and we had little to apprehend until the tide turned at midnight, when I knew we should be attacked on all sides in force. I therefore caused a torpedo to be made out of a tin trunk, in which I placed twenty-five pounds of gunpowder, and ballasted it with two 28-lb. bags of buck-shot, and, having attached a fuse, set it adrift. After floating about half a mile, it exploded with good effect, bringing back to us another chorus of yells and a second edition of the fire stick business.

As escape by water was clearly impossible, I now determined to abandon the "Foi," and march over land to Saibai. After serving out a glass of grog to the

men,\* I told them my plan, at the same time calling for a volunteer to remain with me on the lugger and fight it out. (This I did for fear it should be said that I abandoned the lugger through cowardice.)

Finding there was no one eager to remain and die, I gave orders to haul the boat alongside, and, instructing Scott to mix salt in three 7-lb. bags of oatmeal and then make the whole up in a bundle, served out to each man a necessary quantity of ammunition, tobacco, matches, and other necessaries. Then, getting them all into the boat, we slipped the chain and laid the lugger's head up the river, determined if possible to make for one of the tributaries which would take us to the eastward, and then to abandon the craft and strike due south for Saibai.

On casting my eyes astern, I saw the whole fleet paddling silently and rapidly up towards us. There was not a moment to be lost, so, lashing the helm in order to make the craft sail up mid-stream, I stepped into the boat and, hauling it ahead, pulled

\* It may here be mentioned that in all my explorations while carrying a case or two of the best brandy for medicinal and other purposes, it has been the rule of my life never to taste it myself.

away in a line with the vessel until enveloped in the darkness, when I edged the boat under the mangroves, and, pulling up stream for a distance of some two or three miles, landed in a small creek. Here, after seeing everything ashore, we swamped the dinghy, and sent it adrift, so as to make the natives think it had capsized and that we were drowned.

We marched half a mile inland, clear of the mangroves, and then camped at the back of a hill for the remainder of the night. Telling the men to go to sleep while I kept watch, I soon had the pleasure of hearing them all snoring loudly.

As I sat on the damp ground nursing my rifle, reflecting on the fact that I had lost my fine little craft, and that within a mile of us were twelve hundred cannibals, who were thirsting for our blood, my condition was not to be envied by the proverbial English gentlemen who sit at home at ease. Presently I was startled by the sound as of some heavy animal creeping towards me, with a peculiar noise as of the cracking of a pair of castanets.

With rifle in readiness and kneeling on one knee, I strained my eyes in an endeavour to pierce the darkness, when I was relieved to find that it was

one of my own men who, unable to sleep from fear, approached, and with chattering teeth and quavering voice said—

“D—d—do you th—th—think you will save us, captain?”

He had been the greatest braggart of the party, a professed infidel, and when the time for action came he proved himself an arrant coward.

I therefore replied, “I have been in worse positions than this, and the same God who guided me through them can guide me through this if it is His will. *But there, you don't believe in God.*”

To which he whiningly answered, “I—I—I believe in Providence, captain.”

I then said “We only want another brush with the natives to make a Christian of you,” and ordered him to go to sleep.

At daylight I called the men from their damp malarious bed, and striking away to the south-east made a march of about six miles, when we crossed a native garden, and then, getting entangled among the mangroves, floundered about for an hour. Issuing from this swamp we entered some clear forest land and then made the Gregory River. After an hour's

rest we struck away to the east to clear the numerous bends of the river.

Leading the way, with the men following in Indian file, I forced my way through numerous cane-brakes and at last entered some fine open country. Over this we travelled until dusk, when we camped in a small belt of timber on the plain, having cut down saplings and undergrowth to make a mia-mia.\* We spent a miserable night, for the rain fell in torrents, and the numerous pigs rooting about the camp added not a little to our discomfort. Daylight dawned at last, and after a breakfast of oatmeal and biscuits we were glad to be once more on the march. During the forenoon we had heavy travelling through the cane-brakes, but towards noon made open country until we again touched the river.

Believing we were sufficiently clear of our enemies to cross without being seen, I determined to make the attempt. Judge then of my surprise on reaching the river bank to learn that of all my party only Scott could swim. Before leaving Melbourne, I had been careful to enquire whether each man, if put to the push, could swim, and each and all assured me they

\* A one-sided hut—something to shelter from the wind.

could. And now here we were with twelve hundred bloodthirsty savages in all probability close on our track and a river five hundred yards in front, and only one other man besides myself capable of swimming the distance.

I debated rapidly in my own mind what was best to be done, and selecting two trees which we thought would float, we felled them, and cutting them into suitable lengths made a catamaran. Then having cleared a track right through the scrub we carried our rude raft to the river bank in readiness to be launched.

We then retreated about a hundred yards to the plain and formed a camp, and as soon as darkness closed in, the men were told to get some sleep, and to take as much rest as possible while I again kept my weary vigil.

About nine o'clock, I imagined I could hear a sound of human voices as if singing. Calling one of the men, I requested him to put his ear to the ground and listen, but he apparently could hear nothing. I then called Scott, who imagined he could hear the sounds, but thought them to be only the night sounds peculiar to the forest.

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At twelve o'clock the men were called, and we launched the raft, which, to our utter dismay, sank like a stone. At the same moment a canoe shot rapidly round the point. I ordered the men back to the plain, until well clear of the timber, when we camped for the remainder of the night, drenched with rain which chilled us, and stung by myriads of ants, we having unfortunately seated ourselves on one of their nests.

At daylight we tramped painfully along, and I began to feel my strength failing, having had little or no sleep since Friday night, and it was then Tuesday. I therefore stopped at nine o'clock and rested for three quarters of an hour. Then we again marched onward until half past ten, when we lighted a fire and made some porridge which warmed and strengthened us all.

At noon I determined to have two hours' sleep, and leaving two of the men on watch with instructions to keep a vigilant look-out and to call me on the first sign of danger, even if they saw so much as the tall grass waving more than usual, I stretched myself at the foot of a tree, and soon fell asleep. My eyes could scarcely have been closed more than half an hour, when I was awakened by a roar from one of the



men who simultaneously fired off one barrel of his gun.

Starting up, rifle in hand, I saw standing on the brow of the hill about a dozen natives armed to the teeth, and yelling their war cry of "Woo hoo, Woo hoo." With a cry of "Follow them up, lads," we began firing rapidly amongst them, when we were gratified to see by the unsteady motion of the natives that their hearts had failed them, and their arrows, which were drawn to the head, were let go without either aim or nerve. As we drew near they threw away their bows and arrows and ran, and I immediately gave the order to cease firing.

A random shot of the natives had unfortunately wounded one of my men slightly in the great toe, the arrow having gone clean through his boot and his toe. I examined the arrows to see if they were poisoned, and was pleased to find that they were using such weapons as were generally carried for hunting purposes.

Believing the party we had dispersed to be only the advanced guard of a numerous force, I again determined to make the river, and cross it at all hazards.

We accordingly proceeded due south, and at length

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reached a creek across which Scott and I with much difficulty succeeded in dragging the other three. We left them on the banks to rest, while we prospected the river bank for a piece of wood that would float them over. Providentially, we found a large piece of bamboo sufficient to carry all the party across, could they be trusted to retain their presence of mind.

Having launched the bamboo, and placed the men upon it, we pushed it off from the shore, Scott with one hand holding the fore-part of the bamboo, and swimming with the other, myself at the other end doing the same. No sooner were we out of our depth than the three men, who had been instructed to lie low in the water, jumped on the bamboo forcing it under.

One of them letting go, grasped me round the neck. I was already heavily laden, and consequently we sank like stones.

Shaking him off, he rose to the surface, and was grasped by Scott, and carried safely to the bank. I attempted to rise, but with the weight I carried, could not succeed in doing so, having a Winchester slung over my shoulder, a heavy bag of ammunition on one side, a bag of journals on the other, two revolvers,

a bowie knife and a tomahawk in my belt, while each pocket was filled with ammunition.

Throwing off my rifle, the ammunition bag, and the journals, in less time than it takes to tell the tale, I was enabled to rise to the surface when my faithful henchman Scott leapt in and, grasping me, assisted me to the bank thoroughly exhausted. The case was now desperate, so much so that I was tempted to abandon these three men as worthless and leave them to shift for themselves.

But my duty was clear, either to take the men safely back or die with them. It was therefore decided that Scott should carry them over one at a time on the bamboo, while I kept guard on the bank.

When this proposal was made known to them, a question arose amongst them who should go first. I finally ordered the men to proceed as instructed by me, and Scott started with one man on his perilous journey, which was safely accomplished, and he returned for another, with whom he again crossed in safety, leaving me on the bank with the poor creature already spoken of as believing in Providence. This man sat at the foot of a tree talking to himself.

It was a pitiful scene—a man of thirty-two years

of age, who had been the loudest talker of the party, sitting weeping like a child, and asking himself questions which ran thus:—

“You wanted to come to Dowdie, Charlie, you’ve got to Dowdie and you’ll never get out of it. If you do get out of it you’ll never come back again, will you, Charlie? It’ll kill your mother—it’ll kill your mother, you’re her only son, Charlie, you know you’ll never get back out of it, you’ll never cross that river, Charlie, you *was* a fool to come.”

On Scott’s return with the bamboo raft, tired with this fellow’s chatter, I said sternly—

“Have done; get ready to cross the river.”

He replied “I can’t cross, captain, you’ll have to leave me.”

Drawing my revolver from its holster and placing it at full cock I replied, “I will leave you, but I will be able to swear *where* I left you.”

“You wouldn’t shoot me, would you, captain?” he whimpered.

“Oh no,” I replied, “not shoot you, only leave you in such a position as to know where to find you. Come, cross the river.”

Scott also urged him, saying, “Come, come, get on

to the bamboo, there is nothing to fear in the water if you only keep your presence of mind."

As with a miserable whine he said, "I suppose it is as well to be drowned as to be shot," we succeeded in placing him on the bamboo, where he lay in such a position that those of my readers who know anything of Eastern life will not fail to recognise it by calling to mind the manner in which a Chinaman carries a pig.

All being safely across, I also jumped in and swam over.

Having drawn the arrow from and dressed the wounded man's foot, I cut him a stick as a support, and we again proceeded on our weary journey. Having reached a distance of four miles, and crossed several native tracks, we camped on a bare plain for the night.

Here it may be mentioned that in crossing the river we had lost the whole of our oatmeal except one small bag, and this being saturated with salt water had become mouldy, so that we had now nothing to eat, and as it rained all night we had to shiver through it as best we could. Bad as was our plight, exhausted nature caused us to sleep by fitful starts.

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Rising betimes, and walking about briskly to keep our blood in circulation, at daylight we again started, following a general south-east track. In the tall grass, kangaroo, wallaby, and cassowary sprang up almost at our feet, but we dared not fire for fear of attracting the natives who might be in close proximity. Our matches were all destroyed, and had we so wished we had no means of lighting a fire, as the sun was obscured and our sun-glasses were consequently useless.

About noon we came to a belt of scrub where we found a native track. Creeping through it, we came upon a recently cut sapling, evidently cut by a stone hatchet. Crawling on hands and knees to the edge of the scrub I saw before me a native hut and a native leaning against a tree as if watching for something.

Holding up my hand as a signal for the men to stop and to keep silent, I returned and again made for the open plain and led the men to the edge of the scrub belt which we skirted until clear.

I now determined to change my course to due south and make the ocean. After marching for about three hours over a splendid country we came to a track covered with screw-palms and flooded with water. The ground here was very rugged, and for

an hour we floundered about in all directions. We emerged on a piece of fine country and came upon a cocoanut grove.

None of us being in a condition to climb the trees, it was suggested by the men—worn, and starving—that a tree should be felled for the purpose of getting at the fruit. This I forbade, believing that in future intercourse with the natives, with whom I hoped to establish—and have since established—friendly relations, the bare fact of having destroyed one of their trees might raise within them a hostile spirit.

Crossing a knoll, we descended into what may in truth be called a “dismal swamp.” Knee-deep in water, with the malarious vapour rising to a height of from fifteen to eighteen feet above our heads, the leeches sticking to our legs until our very boots were filled, and the water around stained with our blood, we tramped wearily onward.

Night was coming on apace, and the trees, which are known as a species of the Eucalyptus, and in common phraseology as the paper-bark, presented no branches on which we could rest for the night. It seemed as if we should have to pass the night up to

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our knees in water, with the leeches sucking our blood, when fortunately, as we were beginning to despair, that Providence who watches over man in his extremity, raised before us a small dry spot in the middle of the swamp.

Having cut for our couch a number of bad-smelling swamp bushes, which were, however, but little better than the oozy ground itself, we lay down to sleep, but not to rest, and all were thankful when daylight dawned. Before starting on the march, I placed about three grains of dry quinine on every man's tongue with the point of my bowie-knife to kill the malaria.

Leaving our island, and again steering due south, we went splashing along, myself leading the way, when presently I was startled with a cry of "Hoo hoo" from Scott, this being the war-cry of the natives. I drew my revolver, and, placing it at full cock, turned sharply round, believing the natives to be in our rear.

With blanched cheeks Scott stood pointing to the tree over my head, when, looking up, I saw to my astonishment a huge python coiled round the branches, his head within three and a half feet of my own, and his huge glassy eyes looking down upon me.



Pointing my revolver at his head, I stepped slowly backward, and the men gathering round, we held a consultation as to what we should do with his snake-ship. Finally it was decided, as we were afraid to fire for fear of attracting the attention of the natives, that we should act as the wise men of Gotham did, and leave him to shift for himself.

Again resuming our march, we passed through a rather pretty piece of swamp, like a small artificial lake, on which floated gracefully numbers of beautiful white ducks with black wings. The ducks glided away at our approach. We next came upon a pair of megapods picking up their morning meal alongside of the mound. Had we had time to dig into the mound we might possibly have found some of their eggs, but being anxious to reach the sea, we pushed onward.

At about 11 A.M., as near as I could guess, for my watch had stopped in crossing the river, and we had no means of telling the time, I heard the welcome sound of the ocean surf, and in about two hours I beheld, with feelings of indescribable joy and pleasure, that friend of my life,—the sea.

No words of mine can depict my feelings on again beholding the ocean over which for so many years I

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had sailed. A feeling of safety and of hope seemed to inspire me, and added new vigour to my exhausted body.

We had now been without food for over two days, when providentially we saw before us a bed of mud-oysters. We sat down and, with tomahawks and bowie-knives, opened the oysters, and using our mouldy oatmeal, made what to us, who had not tasted food for days, seemed a sumptuous repast.

Again starting forward, we tramped along, sometimes knee-deep in mud and slime, until our course was interrupted by a narrow, deep, and rapid stream. Fortunately the water was fresh, and by using our caps we were able to have, after our oysters, a good drink of rather coarse, swampy water.

The difficulty now presented itself of crossing this stream. Fortunately after walking along the side for some hundred yards we found a fallen tree stretching from bank to bank. Across this we scrambled, and again proceeded forward, working almost due east until night came on, and we camped among the mangroves on a dry piece of ground.

From entering the dismal swamp until now, our tortures from that pest of mankind, the mosquitoes,

had been indescribable. They swarmed over face, hands, neck, and even under our clothing, and our whole bodies were swollen with their stings. Indeed, so much disfigured were we, that one man of the party could barely recognise another.

The night wore away, and in the morning such was our hunger that we were glad to gather the snails from the trees and eat them as we proceeded onward.

We soon came to another stream, when, selecting a tree of sufficient length, we lay to with our tomahawks and felled it across the river. Here again we were fortunate in the water being fresh.

This weary tramping continued for three days, until we reached a point opposite to the island of Dowan, where we were again fortunate in finding rock oysters.

On this night, owing to the influence of the malaria and the torture of the mosquitoes, we decided to perch all night among the branches of the mangrove trees.

The next morning my feet, which were poisoned and swollen by the leech bites and the swampy water, were so painful that I had to cut my boots off and crawl upon my hands and knees for about a mile, where we

found the remains of an old village directly opposite to the island of Saibai. There was a great deal of bamboo strewn about, and Scott proposed to make a raft and cross over to Saibai for assistance.

This I strictly forbade him to do, assuring them that so soon as the sun—which by the way we had not seen for some days—shone out, and we could make a fire, the natives would come over to our rescue, for I had before leaving made arrangements with the Mission teacher and the chief that, in the event of their seeing a fire on the beach, they would guess who it was and would come over to our relief.

The men became clamorous, and complained that I wished to keep them until the natives, whom they believed to be following on our track, would be upon us. They were assured that there was not a hostile native now within a hundred miles of us, but Scott being extremely anxious to make the attempt, and as by this time I could not stand, I at last reluctantly gave my consent. A raft was made, and at slack water between the tides the brave fellow started off on his voyage.

As he left the strand he grasped me by the hand, saying, "Good-bye, Captain, God bless you! I'll get

safe across ;" to which I replied, "Good-bye, Scott, God bless and speed you! but, remember, you are going against my wish and against my judgment."

Pulling myself up a tree, I watched him until three parts of the way across, when he suddenly disappeared. No help coming the next day, I felt sure that he was lost.

On Tuesday, 3rd June, the sun shone out with unusual brilliancy. By the aid of my sun-glass a fire was lighted on the beach, and on Wednesday the Mission boat came over with five native teachers and rescued us from our perilous position. In the boat they brought tea, clothing, and food. Black though the skins of those men were, their hearts were kind and Christian-like. Their cries and lamentations and their tears of joy at our rescue will for ever be indelibly impressed upon my memory.

Arriving at Dowan, Jakobo and the dusky lady his wife, mentioned in the early part of this narrative, were found awaiting us. Carried from the boat to the Mission House, by her I was carefully nursed, and tended with almost affectionate care.

Here I found that they had seen no trace of Scott, but I still hoped that he might have again made the

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mainland at a point a few miles higher up than our position. Accordingly, on the following morning the Mission boat started out to search for him, and tracked the coast right along, accompanied by one of my men, but the boat returned without finding the slightest trace of Scott or the raft. I felt that my worst fears were verified, and that the best, the truest, and the most noble man of my party was, through my weakly yielding to others against my own experience and judgment, lost—for time, but I pray God not for eternity.

He was a noble fellow throughout the whole of this perilous expedition, as this narrative shows. He stood by my shoulder as a faithful companion and friend: wherever I led he followed, and when it became necessary for me to remain, he led.

A native-born Australian, a son of whom Australia may be proud,—a native of St. Arnaud in Victoria,—his loss has been the one great sorrow of my life.

Nothing more was to be done.

The pain of my foot became so excruciating that I could neither rest nor sleep, but thanks to the tender nursing of Janee (Jakobo's wife) and the attention of every teacher of the London Missionary Society, I

soon began to mend. The kindness I received from these dusky natives proves conclusively to me the power of the grace of God over the human heart.

When sufficiently well to travel again, their boat was got ready, and we were taken back into civilisation.

Here, dear reader, should end the narrative of my first expedition to New Guinea, but it is incumbent upon me to refer briefly to a disagreeable matter which I had to face on my return to Sydney.

On arrival in the South, the outrageous and unconscionable lying of some of my party, the very men who at the risk of my life I had dragged from death, and to save whom my faithful companion and friend had sacrificed his life, gave rise to the publication of sensational matter in certain sections of the public press, wherein I was accused of blowing up three canoes and killing a hundred men with dynamite, and shooting four hundred and fifty men in the plain. Mr. David Gaunson, M.L.A. of Melbourne denounced me in the Parliament of Victoria as a "red-handed murderer who had tramped through New Guinea knee-deep in blood."

To myself, personally, these reports caused little

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annoyance, but they occasioned great grief to the members of my household.

Some of my best friends advised me to take legal action, but this I declined to do, as the papers which had published the reports were respectable, and, had these reports been true, I should have deserved to have been brought to condign punishment. I therefore contented myself by writing the particulars of the case to the then Secretary of State for the Colonies, Lord Derby, making an offer to justify and vindicate any act or acts of mine in New Guinea before a properly constituted tribunal.

Lord Derby caused this letter to be published in Australia for public information, and a revulsion of feeling was evoked in consequence, and I was allowed to rest for a few months and recruit my shattered health, ere I resumed my work of exploration in New Guinea.



## CHAPTER IV.

I START ON MY SECOND EXPEDITION IN THE  
SCHOONER "HERALD."

At the Instance of some of the leading Citizens of Sydney, I again take the Field in 1885 with a good Schooner and Steam-Launch and a Party of eighteen Men—Sad Changes at Dowan—Gouri's Widow and Children—Two of my Men treat the Natives badly—I send for the Mamoos, or Chief—A Visit to Jakobo—The Hero of the River Bank threatens to kill me—Pinno secures two Interpreters for me from his Flock at Baigo—Steaming up the Prince Leopold River—At the Mouth of the Kethel River—A Shower of Complaints—Shooting native Dogs—Taming a Savage—A Papuan Beauty—Taking a Photograph of the Members of the Expedition.

AFTER the proclamation of Her Majesty's Protectorate over the southern portion of New Guinea, and the appointment of Major-General Sir Peter Scratchley as Special Deputy High Commissioner, it was urged upon me by some of the leading citizens of Sydney that it would be good service on my part, not only to the Commonwealth of Australia, but also to the native races themselves, to equip and carry out a second expedition to open up the country for settle-

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ment and commercial enterprise on a just and equitable basis. The opinions of these gentlemen being favourably commented on by the press of New South Wales, I again took the field, and having secured a good schooner and steam-launch, and a party of eighteen men, in 1885 I once more sailed for New Guinea on my Second Expedition.

Once more we steered our course towards the north. Touching at a Queensland port, and making three anchorages in the Inner Route, we duly arrived at the island of Dowan. When I left some few months before, Dowan contained a population of about eighty souls, living in a neat little village in the bight of a bay.

In the little Mission House on the point lived Whiteman, the teacher, with his wife and children. Here too are the teachers of the London Missionary Society accustomed to come from the malarious districts round the coast of New Guinea, to recruit their health and recuperate their fever-stricken frames.

As I landed and approached the Mission House, a death-like stillness seemed to reign over the island. As I drew nearer a solitary man emerged from the teacher's house. I asked for Whiteman, and was told

that he had removed up the coast to Koonini. I enquired after his wife and children, and also after Gouri, one of the men who had been most kind to me when rescued from New Guinea on my last expedition.

Taking me by the arm, the man led me into the little enclosure round the church, and pointing to a grave, said, "Whiteman woman there," and to another grave said, "Gouri there." And for name after name that I asked, he showed me a grave.

I then asked for Gouri's widow and children, when, pointing to a natural arch formed by three huge granite boulders, which had been thrown up by some convulsion of nature, he called my attention to a poor, emaciated, fever-stricken half-naked woman, lying under the shelter of the stones, and two little naked children running about.

My mind flew back to my own condition some few months before, and to the kindness of her late husband.

I leapt the fence and ran towards her.

The poor creature seemed frightened, and held up her hand and motioned for me to go away.

I waited until the Mission House keeper came up,

who could speak some English. Through him I asked her—

“Are you Gouri's woman?”

She replied, “Yes.”

I said: “When I had no clothes, Gouri give me clothes; when I had no food, Gouri give me food; when I had no sakooba (tobacco), Gouri give me sakooba: you would not be afraid of Mr. Macfarlane, would you? Don't be afraid of me; Gouri's dead. Now you have no clothes, I give you clothes; you have no food, I give you food; you have no tobak, I give you tobak.” (This tobacco was given to purchase the services of the other natives.)

Ordering the boat off to the ship for a supply of sugar, tea, biscuits and tobacco, I returned to the graveyard.

To the right was all that remained of a once populous and lively little village. The deserted houses were dilapidated and falling to decay. Around me in mound after mound were the graves of those who a few short months ago had appeared in the very vigour of health and strength. The village which had contained eighty souls now only contained twenty—eight of whom were men, the rest women and children.

I cast my eyes to seaward, and then along the swampy shores of New Guinea, and I asked myself what is the meaning of this? Can it be that it is the will of the Great Maker that these poor creatures who but twelve short years before lived upon the flesh of man, have, through the influence of that glorious Society (the London Missionary Society), been allowed to realise the blessed truths of the Gospel, and then taken from the face of the earth? I fear it is even so. My heart was full, and as I looked upon the graves of some of those whom I had hoped to repay for the kindness shown to me and mine, in bitterness of spirit I asked myself the question, Would it not have been better to have left them in all their original savagery?

But quick as thought the answer comes: "No, dear reader, no." Rough, rude sailor though I may be, I realised the fact that these people having once gained that "peace which passeth understanding," death was robbed for them of its sting.

The boat returned to the shore, and the men approached with arms full of biscuit, sugar, tea, tobacco, and other necessaries; the little ones in their innocence of childhood were made happy with a biscuit each; a billy was put on the fire of the Mission

House, and with pannikin in my hand I sat down by the side of the dying woman, and soaking pieces of biscuit, gave them to her to eat. She seemed to have lost all power to swallow the biscuit, but gratefully drank the tea. Daily I visited her until the little ones ran towards me at my approach, the instinct of childhood teaching them that they had found a friend.

Could I have succeeded in inducing the mother to take medicine, I should, in all probability, have saved her life; but the great trouble with the natives is, that when once fever-stricken, or attacked by any epidemic, it is almost impossible to get them to take medicine or to observe the necessary precautions for recovery.

For instance—when the measles swept through the Torres Straits and Murray Islands, the stricken natives in order to cool their heated bodies rushed into the water and came out to die.

Walking through the island during our visit on one occasion, I came upon two of my men talking to a native, who was standing with a single cocoanut in his hand. The men asked the native for it, but he wanted to know what was to be given in exchange. One or two little native boys were also standing round. The native said he would not give his cocoanut for nothing,

but if the men gave him a little piece of tobacco, they might have it.

Upon this one of the Europeans said, "Give him a clout under the ear and take it away; that is how we used to serve the natives when I was in India."

Stepping forward, I told one of the small boys to run for the Mamoos or chief, and to tell him to come to me quickly.

On his approaching, I touched him with my forefinger on the breast and said, "You Mamoos?" then, touching myself on the breast, I said, "Me Mamoos," then holding up two fingers, I said, "Two Mamoos. Suppose some fellow belong me" (the men were standing by waiting to see what was to come) "take some things some fellow belong you, you speak me," and crossing my hands, I continued, "and I tie um up. Suppose some fellow belong you, steal some thing some fellow belong me, me speak you, *you* tie um up." He answered, "Good, captain, good!"

I then ordered them on board the ship, and they slunk away muttering to themselves, were discontented for the rest of the expedition, and on returning to Sydney said that I was too tyrannical to go to sea with.

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Before proceeding to the westward, I made another trip to Saibai in a native canoe, for the purpose of presenting to Jakobo and Janee the presents I had brought for them as some token of the gratitude and respect entertained for the uniform kindness to myself and party, both before leaving that island and more especially when rescued on my last perilous expedition. For Jakobo and Janee jointly I carried a large illustrated family Bible, with a suitable inscription, which was interpreted to them by the son of Dr. Samuel Macfarlane. From my wife I carried for Janee herself needles and thread, two small boxes of Quoining Tart's best tea, sugar, clothing, and toys for her child, and to Jakobo I gave a large quantity of tobacco, knives, tomahawks and axes.

Before leaving Dowan for Saibai, I was told by the natives that the man who made such a conspicuous figure in my last expedition, and who so suddenly believed in Providence, was on the island, and that he had been talking loudly to the natives that he was waiting for me to go over to New Guinea, so that he might shoot me for what I had said about him in the south. I therefore went over alone and unarmed.

The pleasure of the natives at meeting me was



great, and without delay I proceeded to give away my presents ; Janee was overjoyed with hers, Jakobo's delight in his large Bible was almost childlike. The natives gathered round him, and it was plain that from the vivid word painting of the missionaries they quite understood the pictures, as they could be heard calling out with ejaculations of delight the names of those whom the pictures were supposed to represent, "Abram, Mōsee, Jäkōbo, Jēsu."

Janee, who had slipped out, came running excitedly into the house and taking both my hands in her own said—"Captain, captain, you know Charlie, you know Charlie, Charlie he here."

Lifting my coat, she looked to see if I carried my revolver, and then felt my haversack, then folding her hands together, her cheeks somewhat blanched, said, "Away, away," and spoke rapidly in the vernacular to Jakobo, who said something, and two little boys ran away and came back with the two chiefs attended by some of the principal men of Saibai. Then taking me by the hand she led me to the door and pointing across the swamp said, "There Charlie, he kill you."

I saw the hero of the river bank swaggering with gun on his shoulder and revolver hung to his side,

while a troop of little boys followed him carrying three ducks. Some tea having been prepared I sat down to it, and as this gentleman arrived at the door, I arose and looked him straight in the face.

He looked the other way and hurrying past me slung his gun and his three ducks in the corner, muttered something and walked out, and when last I saw him he was leaning over a stump about a quarter of a mile from the village.

Jakobo lifted the gun—a breechloader—to see if it was loaded, and finding that it contained no cartridge, he said that this man had sworn that he had come up specially to kill me, and seemed very much surprised when I laughed at the idea.

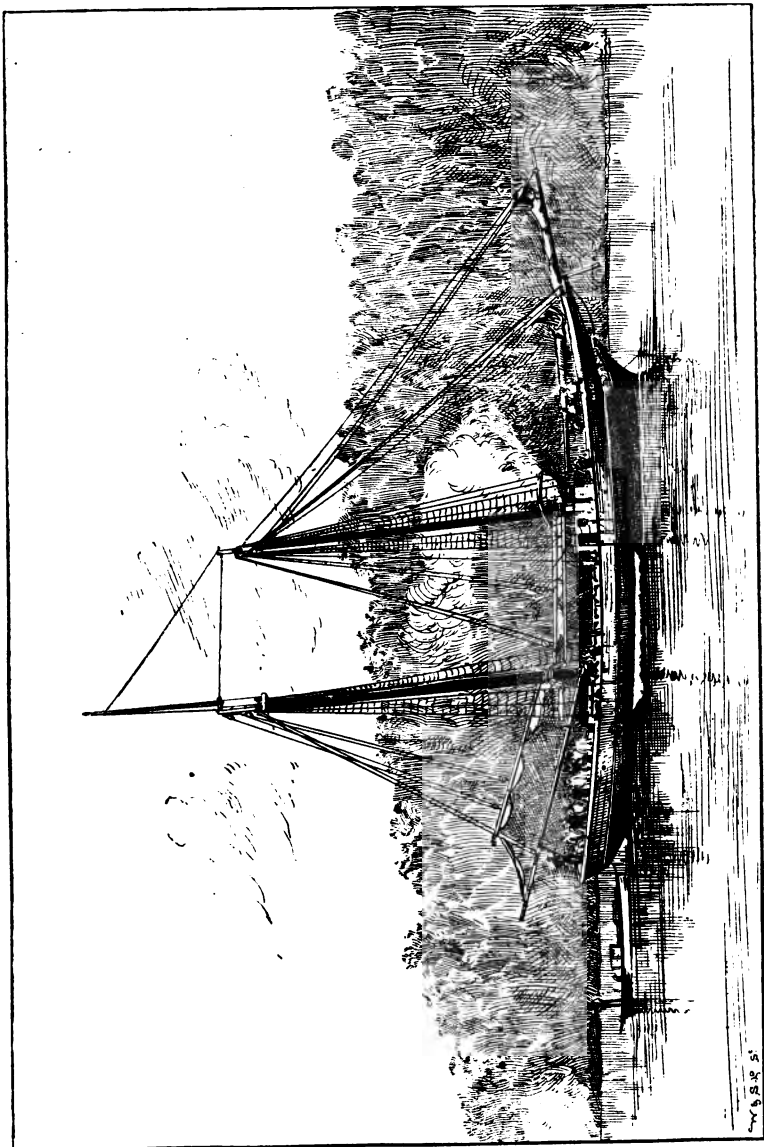
Night coming on apace, Annu, the Mamoos, got Jakobo's large canoe ready to return with me to the ship.

After bidding a kind farewell to Janee and Jakobo, we pushed out of the little muddy bay and paddled until we cleared the westernmost point of the island. The wind was blowing half a gale from the south-east, the mat sails were set and the canoe fairly leapt over the waters. A short lumpy sea was rolling, but Annu at the steering paddle was evidently a master of

his work, for the huge unwieldy craft seemed to leap over the waters like a thing of life. Those who have been used to boat sailing can have no idea of the exhilarating pleasure there is in sailing before a strong breeze over a lumpy sea in a well-handled Papuan canoe.

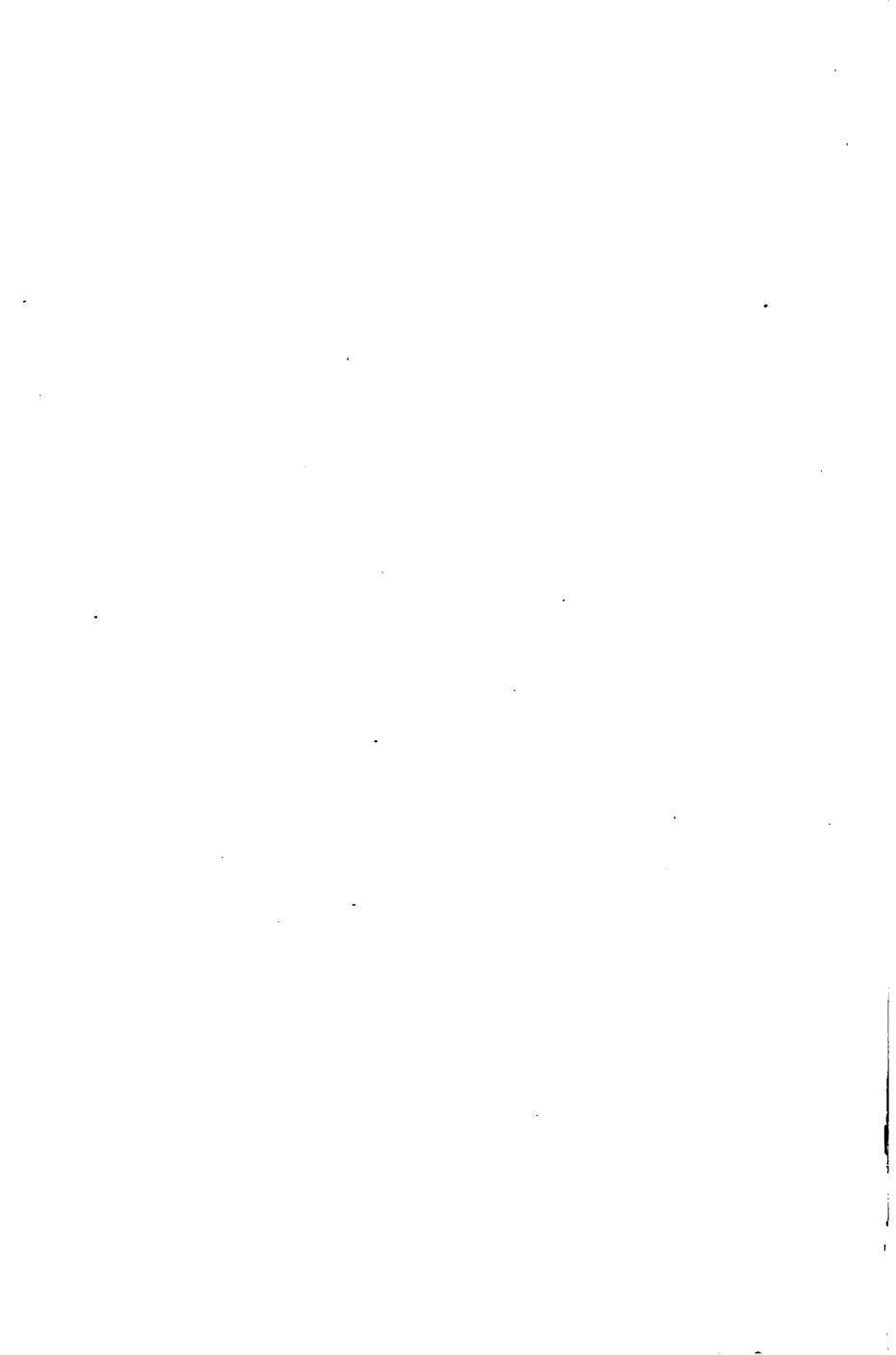
We arrived at the ship at eight o'clock, when a difficulty arose as to how I was to pay these men. At this particular season of the year the edges of every water-hole were lined with wild duck and geese. The men who were so fortunate as to possess muskets were very eager to obtain ammunition, but this the law distinctly forbids the white man either to give or to sell to the natives under a penalty of three months' imprisonment without the option of a fine.

Being anxious to accommodate those whose kindness to me had been so uniform, I was placed on the horns of a dilemma, but having confidence in their integrity, and being anxious to serve them while keeping within the strict letter of the law—for the white man already mentioned being on the island might be trusted to take the first opportunity of reporting any neglect to the authorities—I at last decided to place the required ammunition on my cabin table. Having done this I



THE EXPLORING SCHOONER "HERALD" AT ANCHOR IN MIA KASA RIVER, OPPOSITE STRACHAN ISLAND.





lit my pipe and went on deck to give some orders to my officers. On my return the natives had all left my cabin and some of them were in the canoe. I gave the chief an American axe in addition to some tobacco, and on returning to my cabin I missed a twenty-eight pound bag of No. 4 shot, half a dozen half-pound flasks of powder, and a box of caps.

The following day we got under weigh and steered for the westward on the track of my previous expedition, and in due course anchored off the village of Baigo. Although dark a canoe containing Pinno, the Mission teacher (who has since been killed and eaten by the Tugara men), came off from the shore. As he was one of the boat's crew who, with Gouri and others rescued my party from New Guinea, it became necessary for me to give him some suitable reward, which I did to his entire satisfaction.

On the following morning he returned to the ship with Garougi the chief and Auiti his son, and brought us a present from his wife—a little spotted *cuscus*.\*

I explained to Pinno the object of the expedition,

\* A tree-climbing animal of the opossum kind, peculiar to New Guinea.

and requested him to use his influence to get two interpreters to accompany me, as it was my intention to make a comprehensive exploration of the interior of the country. This he promised to do, and I accompanied him ashore to his house, where, after a long discussion as to pay, &c., matters were satisfactorily adjusted, and Garougi, the Mamoos (who, the reader will remember, took the pipe out of my mouth when I landed at Dowan in my first expedition), and Auiti agreed to accompany me for two weeks only.

Made wise by the experience of the previous expedition, I agreed to these terms, trusting so to conciliate them when away from their homes that they would be willing to remain with me for any reasonable time that I might require their services.

At daylight on the following morning they came on board, accompanied by Pinno, who desired to wish us God-speed on our journey. After bidding Pinno farewell we again got under weigh, and, with the lead constantly going, we entered the Channel—which I have already described in my first expedition—having in two days made fifty-six miles.

The schooner was brought to and anchored, and

the steam launch was brought into requisition, in which we steamed up the Prince Leopold River to my old ninety-five mile mark, and we returned to the schooner, as I had decided not to explore the Wallace River, but to confine our operations mainly to a comprehensive exploration of Strachan Island.

Our water supply becoming scarce—and even at the ninety-five mile mark the water of the river was brackish—we decided to return nearer the coast, where Garougi assured us we should find an abundance of water. We therefore followed the Prince Leopold, and after a beat of two days reached the mouth of the Kethel River, being now only eight miles from where the interpreters assured us there was plenty of fresh water. At daylight we got up steam and proceeded towards the mouth of the Prince Leopold—the distance must have been nearer twenty miles than eight. At length we came to the mouth of a narrow creek, up which we steamed.

As we proceeded up the creek the scene became very beautiful. The mangroves disappeared; beautiful shrubs and noble trees covered the creek side, and these, together with the many rare and flowering



creepers and sword-shaped bean-pods, proved the fertility of the land, whilst at almost every puff of the engine innumerable birds of varied and gorgeous plumage took to flight, startled at our approach.

After proceeding about three miles, the creek became so narrow as to barely leave room to turn the launch. It therefore became necessary to haul her into the bank and make her fast. Leaving two men in charge of the launch we landed, and after a sharp walk of two-and-a-half miles we came to some fresh water at the head of a creek.

The distance being altogether too great to admit of watering the ship, we contented ourselves with filling our buckets and returned to the launch. Ere we were able to make a start on our return journey darkness set in, and it was three o'clock on the following morning before we reached the ship. Although anxious on account of the scarcity of water, I could not but be impressed with the fertility of the country, and I determined—for a time at least—to make this my base of operations.

When daylight broke, the launch was hoisted on board and the two engineers set to work to convert the launch's boiler into a condenser, with which we were

able to condense from thirty to forty gallons of water per day. My anxiety being thus relieved, we got under weigh and beat a passage down the river to the mouth of the creek, where we arrived at four o'clock in the afternoon. I allowed a party of my men to land accompanied by Garougi and Auiti, and to form a camp in the vicinity of the watercourse.

On the following morning I landed, and proceeded to the camp, where I was greeted with a shower of complaints. One man had been found asleep in his watch, and another had been calling one of his companions names, and several of them had been reviling each other. That which raised my indignation most, however, was when perhaps the most treacherous man in my ship led me aside and pointing to two native dogs with bullet holes through their heads, asked me if I did not think they were beautiful shots.

I ordered a hole to be dug, and buried the dogs ; being in the vicinity of a native camp, the dogs had wandered away into our camp to be shot. Anticipating trouble from this injudicious act, I ordered all hands on board the ship, after which I told off a party consisting of seven men, my second officer and the

two interpreters to accompany me on the following morning.

Shortly before dawn we left the ship and proceeded to the old camp, and then, while breakfast was being prepared, accompanied by the interpreters and two men, we proceeded cautiously to the native camp. Scrambling down one side of the creek we clambered up the other and came suddenly upon the natives all fast asleep. Garougi hailed them, when starting up like frightened deer with a yell they leapt from their hard beds and rushed into the forest, making the woods resound with their cries of "ou mogie oua, ou mogie oua, du mari, du mari" (Be friends, be friends, don't fight, don't fight).

We captured one poor deformed creature who, being lame, could not run off with the others. His terrified appearance was pitiful, his palpitating breast, and every limb shaking as with palsy, his teeth chattering and eyes rolling depicted overwhelming terror such as I had never before witnessed. I tied a handkerchief round his neck, and a piece of red cloth round his waist. I then took my own pipe out of my mouth and put it into his, but he let it fall to the ground. I patted him on the head and back and

chafed his hands in mine. I then put my hand on his pulse and put his fingers on mine while Garougi, all excitement, first patted him on the shoulder and then patted me. Then taking my hand he placed it in his and shook them, saying "du mari, du mari." Calling the men up, I got some sugar and put it into his mouth, but so agitated was he that it fell out.

While this was going on, Auiti, who could run like a deer, had followed the rest of the tribe into the forest.

By persistent kindness we in a measure allayed this poor deformed creature's fears, and at last succeeded in getting him to sit down alongside of me on a log. It may here be mentioned that while Garougi kept repeating "du mari, du mari," he pulled his beard, but the significance of this act I do not understand.

For over two hours this man and I sat on the log until he became thoroughly calm and confident. My own men, too, behaved well, each one giving him some little present, and showing tokens of amity. All this while the woods were ringing with the cries of the natives who had scattered on either side. Having fairly pacified him we made him numerous presents,

and Garougi sent him away to tell the others that we had come as friends, and not as enemies.

Instructed by Garougi, he shook hands with myself and each member of the party and went away slowly as if loth to go, laden with treasures which would make him the richest man of his tribe.

Garougi now gathered all the bows, arrows, and spears which were slung on every bush around the camp, also a stone club of considerable weight, with a handle made from the creeper or cane known as the "lawyer"—a formidable weapon. These were all placed in the centre of the camp and formed a considerable heap.

After Garougi had left us, we examined the camp, but did not touch one article belonging to the natives. There were net-bags, hanging on sticks, headdresses, bamboo pipes, combs, pigtails used as charms, women's grass waist cloths, bamboo knives, daggers made of cassowary bone, a few yams and tara here and there, some sugar cane, and numerous fires were still sinouldering. Having completed our examination we sat down in the centre of the camp, to discuss the situation.

Presently we heard a rustling as if of some one

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coming through the brushwood, when, emerging from the scrub, with her baby on her shoulder, came a tall woman of commanding appearance, perhaps one of the most stately of her sex that I have ever seen. We got up, and I approached her, holding up a pipe and a stick of tobacco; but she rejected them with a gesture of disdain, and pointing towards the river where the ship was lying, with a wave of her hand she spoke some words which we interpreted to be, "Go back to your ship, you ugly-looking villains, how dare you come and disturb our household?" Then picking up a net-bag and her baby, which she had placed on the ground, she threw the bag across one shoulder, sat the baby astride the other, and strode majestically away.

The time now seemed to pass slowly, and my anxiety was intense. With the exception of the two men and myself, the remainder of our party was scattered in twos and threes through the country, and we longed for the return of Garougi and Auiti, so that we might return to our camp.

At length Garougi returned, and clearing a space in the middle of the camp, broke off some green boughs, one of which he stuck in the ground and to it

tied some clay pipes and a few sticks of tobacco, then with his foot he made some symbolic marks on the ground, laying the remainder of the boughs in different positions. We then started back to the camp, where, after breakfast, I had the party photographed, Garougi being on one side of me and Auiti on the other

## CHAPTER V.

### ON THE MARCH THROUGH NEW GUINEA.

A fine Stretch of open Forest Land—Garougi as a Diplomatist—  
The Entrance to Prince Leopold River—Forsyth Island, and  
the Trouton Group—I name a Tributary of the Leopold the  
Herald, after my Schooner—Well-cultivated native Planta-  
tions—How to Climb a Cocoanut Tree—A graceful young  
Savage—An almost impenetrable Scrub.

WE now decided to travel inland, so, dividing the party into two, and leaving one to watch the camp and photographic apparatus, I proceeded with the other due east through a fine stretch of open forest land. We passed many neatly fenced and well-cultivated plantations of tara, yam, plantains, and bananas, the bunches of the latter being covered with native mats to prevent the fruit being eaten by the birds.

After a sharp march of eight miles due east through many pretty ravines, we returned towards the camp taking a course about two points to the northward of



that by which we had come. As we again approached the camp of the natives (Washies by name) I called a halt, while Garougi went forward to the camp, where he found three men, to whom he explained that the captain was a good man and had come there as a friend and not as an enemy. He told them also that I had tooreek (iron axes) and knives, tobacco and cloth, all of which I had brought to give to them, as I wanted to come and live amongst them, and if I came, there would be no danger of the Tugara men attacking them any more, because I would give them a flag, and when the Tugara men saw that flag they would all run away.

To this the natives very reasonably replied :

“ If your captain is a good man, why did he kill our dogs, and come here to frighten all the women and children with thunder and lightning ? ”

This Garougi came and reported to me.

I sent word back that the captain was tired, and that he was not on shore with the men when these dogs were shot, for, had he been, he would not have allowed the men to shoot the dogs; and further, that the men who shot the dogs were not allowed to come on shore, but were kept on the ship; and

that if they would let the captain come to their camp he would himself tell them all about it.

To this they answered that they were frightened for the captain to come to the camp, but if he was the good man Garougi said he was, he would go away and not stop and frighten women and children.

I now replied that to show them that the captain was a good man I would go away, and when they were not frightened I would come back.

At this time I had much difficulty in restraining one of the men from firing at a noble specimen of a cassowary that was feeding in the creek.

On Garougi's return from this diplomatic mission, we continued our journey along the opposite side of the creek to that of our own camp, till we came upon a piece of perhaps the finest soil it is possible to find anywhere—rich red volcanic soil, from which sprang many tall stately trees and much luxuriant vegetation. Here, too, were many plantations. Sending to the camp, we photographed some of the scenery here.

After a cup of tea we started for the ship, because it was now drawing towards sundown, and as our course lay through a long creek, the banks of which were lined with brushwood, we had some fear of an

ambuscade, but we reached the mouth of the creek in safety at the last gleam of daylight.

As soon as we sighted the ship I observed that all was commotion on board, and on the other side of the river the natives were shouting their usual cry of "du mari, du mari." Directly I got on board I found all the men standing to their arms, and was informed that three canoe loads, two small and one large, had crossed the river with green boughs in their hands with which they kept lashing the water, continuing the cry of "du mari, du mari." Fortunately the wisdom of my chief officer and one of my men, Charles Larsen, had prevented any hostile shot being fired at the natives.

Late as it was, I gave to Garougi and Auiti, for presents, long knives and tomahawks, and despatched them ashore in the boat to interview the Washies, who, immediately the boat left the ship, rushed off into the bush, and although Auiti was fleet of foot he failed to come up with them, and after an hour's absence returned to the vessel.

Having given the situation my careful consideration, I decided, as the natives were evidently terror-stricken, to give them time to recover, and in the morning we

got under weigh and proceeded towards the mouth of the Leopold. At the same time I blamed myself for allowing any party from the ship to land unless I was there in person to command. There can be no doubt that the indiscriminate firing and the shooting of the two dogs had struck terror into the hearts and raised distrust in the minds of the natives. My object was now to conciliate the natives and to remove the false impression created by the injudicious conduct of my men.

Towards evening we approached the mouth of the river, and anchored in eight fathoms of water. In the morning, taking two seamen with me in the boat, I sounded the channel at dead low water, and found not less than four fathoms in any part of the channel.

The entrance to the Leopold is well sheltered, and protected to the south by the island of Mätä Kärä, and to the west by a large island named by me Forsyth Island, and a group of three islands which we named the Trouton Group.

The river debouched into the ocean by a channel running to the eastward, although, as a matter of fact, there are many other channels between the islands. The eastern channel would be perfectly safe for steam vessels, or for sailing vessels entering the

Leopold, but, being rather narrow and intricate, is yet too dangerous for a sailing ship to attempt to beat through. I therefore got under weigh and returned up the Leopold, and in the evening anchored opposite a tributary, the entrance to which was five to six hundred yards wide. This I named the Herald, after my schooner.

At daylight we again proceeded up the river, passing the Kethel and Macqueen, which I had named in my previous expedition, and the confluence of the Leopold and Mia Kasa. Opposite the Tokuda River we anchored and landed a party, and did a considerable amount of exploration. Here the shelving river bank rises to a height of some twenty-five feet, and the land rolls away in undulating waves.

The soil is exceedingly good, being mostly a dark vegetable loam. The country is undulating, and is finely wooded with valuable trees. We felled a number of black walnut trees, which were close grained and had something of the nature of the *lignum vitæ*, and were much harder than the species usually imported from America. We also found the ebony tree and several other valuable timbers which were entirely new to us.

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A long march into the interior revealed the fact that the island was teeming with animal life. In every swampy marsh were numerous pig tracks, and on every green patch were congregated hundreds of kangaroos, while from amongst our feet the peramles, or little New Guinea rat, would start up and run off amongst the shrubs or the long grass. We saw no sign of natives, although the distance is less than fifty miles from the coast. We had to clamber through the heavy scrub and brushwood to the summit of some heavily wooded ridges, on which we found the cedar tree, and also that species of pine known in Australia as the hoop pine and highly prized for building purposes.

As I was anxious to make the acquaintance of the natives, as well as to ascertain their number in the island, it was decided, on the advice of the interpreters, that we should go nearer the mouth of the Mia Kasa and make the estuary, marked on the map as the Wynne, our base of operations.

We arrived here in due course, and having moored the ship, manned the boat and rowed eight miles up the creek accompanied by the two interpreters. I was armed with Winchester and revolver, and carried a haversack containing tobacco and other presents.

for the natives. Leaving the seamen in charge of the boat I proceeded alone with the interpreters to interview the Daapa men.

We found within a hundred yards of the banks three well-cultivated native plantations, and proceeded along the beaten path through a beautiful country of excellent soil covered with luxuriant tropical vegetation. We scrambled through some deep gullies, where we were pleased to find the sago palm growing in abundance, while beautiful ferns of many varieties filled up the intermediate spaces.

From one of these gullies we clambered up a hill of some three hundred feet in height, and found that the whole of the summit had been cleared and made into a beautiful plantation fenced round in a circle. In this plantation were cocoanut trees, plantain and bananas, tara and yams. As the heat was intense and my thirst equally great I suggested that we should secure some of the young cocoanuts. Auiti cut a vine and stripping off his clothing reeved the vine round the tree and round his body; then, taking the bight of this natural rope in both hands he lifted it above his head, gave a spring and caught the tree with his feet. This brought the strap to down below his waist. With

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another jerk he raised it far above his head and another spring brought it lower still, and so he continued with bounds almost equal to those of a greyhound until he reached the top of the tall cocoanut tree.

As I stood watching him I could not help admiring the splendid limbs and lithe activity of this young savage. It was certainly a case of natural beauty unadorned. He detached the cocoanuts by twisting the stems and letting them fall to the ground.

After he had gathered a sufficient number we called him down, and having refreshed ourselves with the juice of the cocoanuts piled the rest in a heap ready to take back on our return.

At the foot of a hill we came to a little valley, somewhat swampy, and what may be aptly termed a pine wood, many of the trees in which were of excellent growth. One which I measured with my tape had a circumference of eighteen feet at the base. Marching from the valley we crossed a series of hillocks, some of which were under cultivation, and we next became entangled in an almost impenetrable scrub through which ran a narrow native path.



## CHAPTER VI.

## NEGOTIATIONS WITH THE NATIVES.

Making our way through the Forest—A green Tree-Snake—A rush of armed Natives—I am introduced to Kamara, Chief of the Daapa Tribe—Garougi and Auiti explain the Object of my Visit—The Appearance of the Women and Children—I hold out the Olive Branch—A Famine at Baigo—Kamara explains that his People have never seen white Men before—I name his Territory, Strachan Island, and promise to return—I clothe Kamara—His dismay at my white Skin—Kamara sends me a Present of a small wild Boar.

TRAVELLING now became difficult. From the huge trees hung creepers of many descriptions, most of them being of a prickly nature, the snake-like vine with thorns, similar to those of the bramble, fastening itself round one's throat until cut through with the bowie knife. On the tree branches overhead were many beautiful orchids, some of which were entirely new to us; however my object on this journey was not to explore the country but to meet a race of wild

savages who had never seen the face of a white man before, and with whom I hoped to establish friendly relations. After clearing the hill country we came to a cane brake and from thence marched into beautiful open forest land.

The interpreters, light of foot, trudged bravely on, but with the weight of arms and clothing, and with a vertical sun overhead, I felt well-nigh exhausted, when suddenly our guides uttered a cry to warn the natives of our approach, and, turning round, informed me that we were now drawing near their camp. Auiti ran forward while Garougi remained with me.

In a few minutes Auiti returned to say that the natives had left the camp, but that there was plenty of water there. We entered and Auiti brought me some fresh water in a cocoanut shell from a creek surrounded by a plantation of bamboos.

Whilst waiting for him to come up, my attention was attracted by a rustling among the leaves of one of the bamboos, and, looking overhead, I saw what at first sight appeared to be a piece of green bamboo moving. This proved to be a green tree-snake about three feet long. It was a beautiful creature, and would have been a

prize for any naturalist. I wanted to cut the bamboo and kill it, but for some reasons the interpreters begged me to refrain.

Time being precious, we continued onward, and passing through a belt of scrub again reached the open forest. As we approached a piece of rising ground the interpreters again uttered their cry, and presently we saw starting from every corner of the bush and rushing towards us men armed with bows and arrows and spears. Auiti ran towards them, speaking rapidly as he ran. Garougi remained with me. His and my arms were stretched out, but with my revolver dangling to my right wrist.

They gathered round Auiti, who presently returned holding by the hand a lithe, wild-eyed, determined-looking young cannibal, to whom I was introduced, and who in return was introduced to me, Kamara, the Chief of the Daapa tribe. The rest of them flocked around; I opened my haversack, and gave small pieces of tobacco to each native, and we proceeded towards their camp. The men laid aside their bows, arrows, and spears, a native mat was spread upon the ground and we sat in a circle. The men were perfectly nude, being adorned only with charms around their

necks, the tail of a pig, a boar's tooth, a cassowary's quill or some other trophy of war or chase.

Garougi and Auiti having explained the object of my visit, and informed them about the dog shooting with the Washies, went on to say how anxious Captain Strachan was to be friendly with all the tribes, and that it was his intention to come and live amongst them if their country was good. If he came they would then have no more to fear from the Tugara men from the west, but would have good houses, like those they had in Baigo, plenty of cloth, tobacco, tomahawks and knives, and would find in the white man a friend; and "by-and-by missionary he come and they speak book same as men at Saibai."

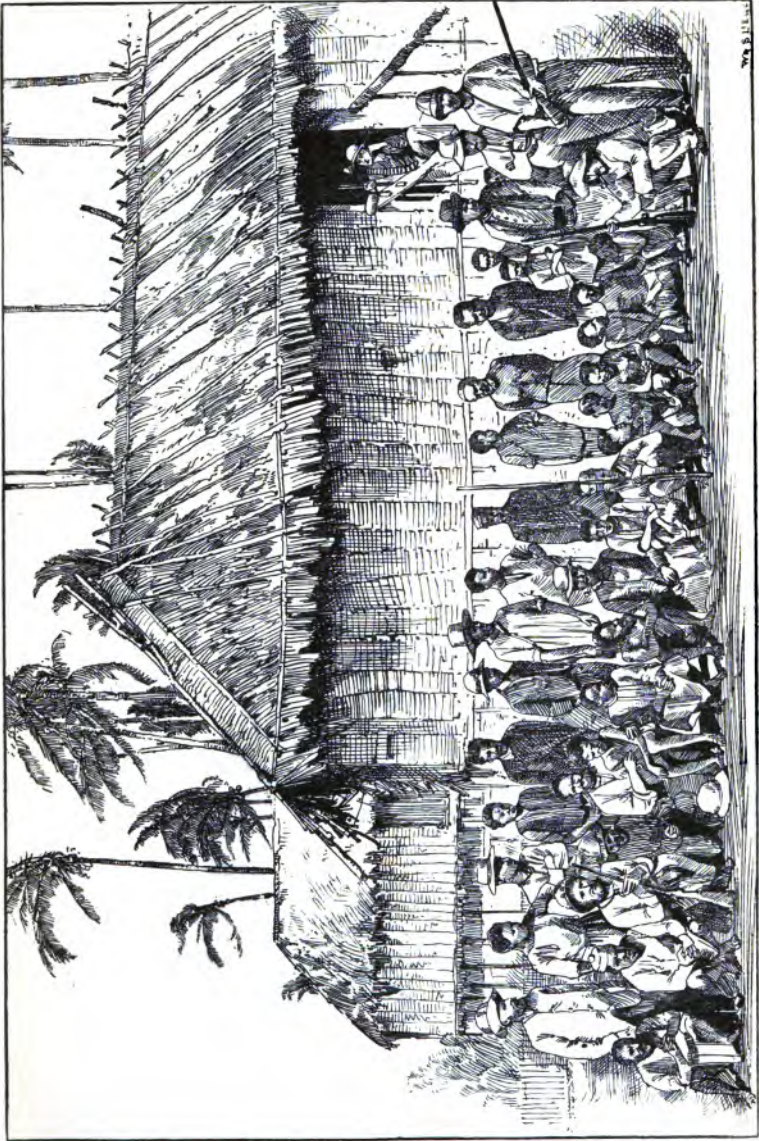
By the expression of the men's countenances it was evident that they were delighted at the prospect, and they rose and brought me to eat a piece of wood called betesi, which is the pith of the sago tree dried in the sun. The natives are not sufficiently advanced in civilization to understand the washing of the sago, but they simply dry it in the sun and eat it in its crude state.

The women, who were somewhat numerous, sat in the rear. They were certainly not beautiful; their

dress consisted of a grass waist cloth. In the lobes of their ears were square pieces of wood: the cartilage between the nostrils was pierced and through it were driven pieces of wood until the natural features were completely distorted. Many of the children, however, were not bad looking, and as they gathered round and gained confidence they grew playful.

After giving away all the presents I had brought, Kamara informed me that there was a better and a nearer route to the camp by moving the ship a little further down the river, a course which would obviate the necessity of pulling up the creek. I requested him to send to the Washi, the Mätä, and the Boogi tribes, and ask them to meet me there in three days' time when I would come with a party of my own people to meet them. I added that I wished to assure them that my visit was one of peace and not of war, that I wanted to be friendly with them, and to come and dwell amongst them.

Pointing to the vast extent of territory, I explained that there was a great land and few people, that they had no houses, that they were being continually devoured by the wild men of the west, and in turn again devoured those whom they could surprise and capture. If the



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EXPLORERS FRATERNISING WITH NATIVES.





white man came amongst them all this would cease ; they would be protected, and the wild men driven back. I told them I would pay them now for the land, and, when I came to dwell amongst them, in return for their labours, men would come to teach them the same as Auiti and Garougi had been taught. I said, "It is not seven years since Garougi and Auiti ate men, now they will not eat men. They had no clothes, they were naked as you, Kamara ; now they have clothing like me. Would not this be better for you, than being driven in terror from place to place through the island before the Tugara men ?"

Between them, Garougi and Auiti interpreted this to the chief and the natives, who seemed to understand and grasp the meaning perfectly.

I then promised that until we met again I would not allow any of my people to travel through the island.

Returning by the same track, we gathered the cocoanuts that we had left, and reaching the boat returned to the ship long after dark. The interpreters, who had now been with us a month, had grown very anxious to return home. Having paid them liberally for their services, the boat was manned



and they were taken by myself to the mouth of the river where we made a fire as a signal, and a canoe came from Baigo, distant seven miles, and took them to their homes. They promised to send over other interpreters the next day.

On the following afternoon, three canoes came over and informed me that fish were scarce and it was a dry season, so that in consequence there was a famine on the island. Since we left they had been living on the roots of the young mangrove, and at present the women were sleeping to deaden the pangs of hunger. I gave the men something to eat, and on the turn of the tide dispatched one canoe with two hundredweight of rice and a bag of biscuit for the women and children. One canoe remained at the ship all night, and the other made for the shore, where the crew proceeded to the camp of the Daapa men to urge Kamara to have the whole of the tribes gathered by Wednesday (it was now Monday).

On Tuesday we landed on a black ironstone sand beach. The country here rises gradually from the river bank to a height of perhaps two hundred and fifty feet. The timber was heavy and valuable, and as it was my intention to carry specimens back, I

sent the boat again to the ship for axes and a cross-cut saw. We felled many trees, the timber of which was of great value, notably one which, when polished in Sydney, presented the appearance of waterlaid silk. The soil too was everywhere excellent and well adapted for almost any kind of tropical or semi-tropical products. The south-east trade winds, blowing into the river and through the scrubs and forests over nine months of the year, make this part of New Guinea also comparatively healthy.

Here again we saw many interesting insects, birds and butterflies, and in a hollow at the back of the high ground were flocks of ducks and geese and many pig tracks, but we did not actually see any animals. The day was spent rambling about in groups within a couple of miles of the shore, but none of us proceeded inland.

I gathered many strange seeds, and beans black as ebony, some of which are now set and used as bracelets; and from a variety of long grass I collected bottles full of small red and black seed, to which my sailors gave the name of "birds' eyes," the native name being "tigi tig." I have since learned that this seed is of great medical value and is now eagerly sought after by the faculty.

On Wednesday morning a native returned from the Daapa Camp, and informed me that Kamara would have the people all ready at the appointed time. With a party of eight and about a dozen Baigo men, we proceeded by a winding path around a hill, across what in the rainy season would be a swamp, and again entered the open forest; we passed through the camp already spoken of, and in due course reached the camp of the Daapa people. The natives rushed out to meet us, this time unarmed, having on only their kadigees, armlets or gauntlets, plaited from split cane and used to protect the wrist from the bowstring.

Kamara walked with me to the camp, and a little man from Baigo, who called himself a missionary, brought the chiefs of the Mata, Boogi, and Washi tribes, to all of whom I gave presents. I upbraided the latter in no measured terms at being terror-stricken at a friend, more especially when that friend was accompanied by the chief of Baigo and his son.

He explained that they had never seen white men before and, being suddenly awakened from their sleep by the noise of guns as of thunder, were frightened. The shooting of their dogs had still further alarmed

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them. Kamara had told him that I had come to see him alone and they were not frightened now; if I returned they would not run away. My sailors had carried a large quantity of trade consisting of axes, long knives, tomahawks, pipes, tobacco, beads, cloth and handkerchiefs. I again explained my object in visiting their country, and from them received every assurance that they would dwell in peace and amity with me and would be glad if I would come and dwell amongst them. On the other hand I explained that they would be protected from the murderous raids of the Tugara men from the west. They were assured that their plantations would not be touched, unless fairly purchased from them at the time with their consent and with the consent of the whole tribe. "Look," I said "at this great island, there are no men here; you stop little while here, Tugara men come, you run away, Tugara men come another place, you run away. Suppose white men come, you come make house and live near white man. Tugara men come, white men make Tugara men run away." They all laughed and seemed delighted. I then enquired the numbers in each tribe, and summing them up I calculated the total to be one hundred and eighty souls on

an island containing seven hundred and fifty square miles.

My trade was then opened and laid bare and parcelled out to each chief according to the number of people in his tribe. The question was then asked, "Are you willing that I come and possess this island?" "All man keep his own garden and all the ground that is not used are you willing to give it to me?" They all signified their willingness and I told them the name was "Strachan Island," and by this name the natives know the island at present.

I then said, "I will not be back again at the camp, as I want to see the country, but my men will be walking one's and two's and three's all over your island. They will go to shoot burum (pigs) and also birds. They will go to look at trees. If women work in garden, some men speak to her, she shall not run away. She no savee what my men speak, they no speak bad. They speak good. They will look at women work a little while and they will walk away. But if man speak bad, women can speak Kamara, Kamara will come to me. That man will not speak bad more. If some man meet my man, he will shake hands and they will be friends. If some man have something for to

give, my man give him knife or tobacco or handkerchief for something. My man must not take something from Mata, Boogi, Washi or Daapa man for nothing, so we will be good friends."

Independent of the trade given to the chiefs I made small presents to every man, woman and child of the tribe. This being done, I took a walk through the camp, talked to the women, played with the children, and seeing a number of cassowaries, I purchased them from them.

When it was late in the afternoon we prepared to return to the ship, I having persuaded Kamara and two of the others to accompany me. We arrived at dusk and introduced the Chief to those on board the ship, which ordeal he went through with a certain amount of natural grace hardly to be expected in a naked savage. I then gave him food, and while he was eating I looked out some clothing.

By the assistance of the interpreters I clothed him in a white shirt, trousers, and a blue coat with brass anchor buttons; but we had some difficulty about the coat, as he persisted in putting it on the wrong way and could not understand that the open part should be in front. However, after some difficulty we got him

clad in the first garments that had ever covered his nakedness.

I then presented him with a looking-glass. While he was admiring himself, I quietly unbuttoned and withdrew my upper garments. He lifted his eyes from the glass, and seeing my white skin he dropped the glass, started to his feet, looked towards the cabin door as if he would like to rush out, then sat down breathing hard with his head half averted. He kept looking at me with the timid look of a hunted wild animal. The look was not altogether one of fear nor was it entirely one of surprise. It was positively one of repulsion and of loathing, as if my white skin was too horrible to look upon, and he seemed relieved when I re-dressed.

They remained on board the ship all night. In the morning they landed, and in the afternoon Kamara sent me off a present of a small wild boar, which I ultimately presented to the Zoological Society of New South Wales.

## CHAPTER VII.

### STRACHAN ISLAND.

Lovely Flora of the Island—Splendid Timber—Flocks of black and white Cockatoos—Keeping Watch by Night in the Tropics—Following a Native Track—Plunging through a Cane Brake—Bush Work in the Wilds of New Guinea—The Prospects for European Settlers.

THE men were now allowed to explore Strachan Island in small parties, and accompanied by my second officer, a good Australian bushman, and two of my seamen, I proceeded with the boat up the Wynne. We followed the stream for a distance of some eighteen miles, until it became so narrow that the boat had to be propelled by sculling astern. Here we landed on the north side, and following the track through a cane brake for a distance of some fifty yards we again entered some excellent country, the soil of which was composed of dark vegetable loam.

The flora in this part was very lovely; from and between the huge trees were suspended vines bearing



many beautiful flowers. We also came across a great variety of orchids and many other plants, which would have cheered the heart of my friend Baron Ferdinand Von Müller. As my mission was not that of a collector of botanical specimens, but rather to open up this fair land for settlement, for the benefit not only of the white man but the native races also, I contented myself with admiring the natural beauties by which I was surrounded.

Continuing our journey we came to a deep gorge, the dry bed of which we followed for some considerable distance. Here my attention was attracted by a pretty little bird, no larger than the humming bird, flying amongst the shrubs on the banks. Clambering up the side of the ravine we tried the various trees with our tomahawks and axes, the old bushman, who was expert in using the axe, cutting out several blocks of considerable size, which were ultimately taken to Sydney and pronounced by experts to be timber of great value, many of them very valuable for cabinet-making purposes. Throughout the whole of this day our examination of the country had been carried out with care, and being now some five miles from the bank of the creek we had again lost all signs of native

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tracks. Overhead and in the outer branches were flocks of black and white cockatoos. We passed a few red birds of paradise and also the twelve-wired birds of paradise, but saw none of the other species of these beautiful birds that are known to inhabit New Guinea. We passed numerous pig tracks, but, strange to say, during the day saw no sign of the kangaroo. Near every pool of water in the ravine numbers of beautiful butterflies, of the genus *Papilio*, were disporting themselves, and as towards nightfall we retraced our steps to the boat, the air became blackened with beetles of different descriptions.

Reaching the boat, we pulled down the creek for a few miles until we found a suitable place to camp for the night. The billy was put on and we were soon busily engaged at our evening meal, which consisted of tea, hard biscuits, and parrots, which we roasted over the fire by holding them on a pointed stick.

The watches were then arranged. I kept the watch from eight to ten, from which the time until three was divided among the others. As it is in the early hours of the morning that the savage usually makes the attack, it was imperative that I should keep the last watch, from three o'clock, myself.

The excitement of the day, the hideous noises of the forest, the sharp crackling sound of the jaws of the alligators in the stream, the rushing of pigs and other animals in the brushwood on the creek side, the flocks of huge vampire bats flying and shrieking overhead, or, attracted by the fire, sometimes flying so low as almost to touch one, and the peculiar cries of the night birds added to the weirdness of the scene, and caused a feeling of superstitious awe to creep over me, so that I felt inclined to call one of the men to keep me company. When relieved at ten o'clock, I rolled myself in the rug and lay down by the fire. Ere I had slept ten minutes I started up in a fright with something cold running over my face. I thought of snakes, but it was only a little field mouse, and it instantly darted away into the long grass.

The night passed off quietly and at three o'clock I was again called. During the long dreary last watch the time passed slowly, and at half-past four the men were summoned, the billy put on, and our morning meal made off a pannikin of tea and biscuit. As soon as daylight dawned we struck a course away to the south and west, leaving two men in charge of the boat. The country for about half a mile back from

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the creek bank was comparatively level but showed no evidence of ever having been flooded.

The country presented the same features as the district we had examined on the previous day, save that we came across many specimens of the cedar tree, both red and white, and also of the beech. After travelling some three miles we reached a poorly-fenced native plantation, but which I concluded had been abandoned, although the soil was excellent.

It being our intention to work through the scrub into the open country, we struck into a native track, and, following it, at a distance of five miles from the creek bank, came upon open forest land. The travelling through this scrub was heavy in the extreme. Our flesh was wounded and our clothes torn with the thorns of the numerous creepers and that wretched cane known as the "lawyer." On emerging into the open forest we continued to the westward for a distance of some three miles, when we again entered the scrub so as to make the creek bank at a distance of some five miles from where we had left our boat.

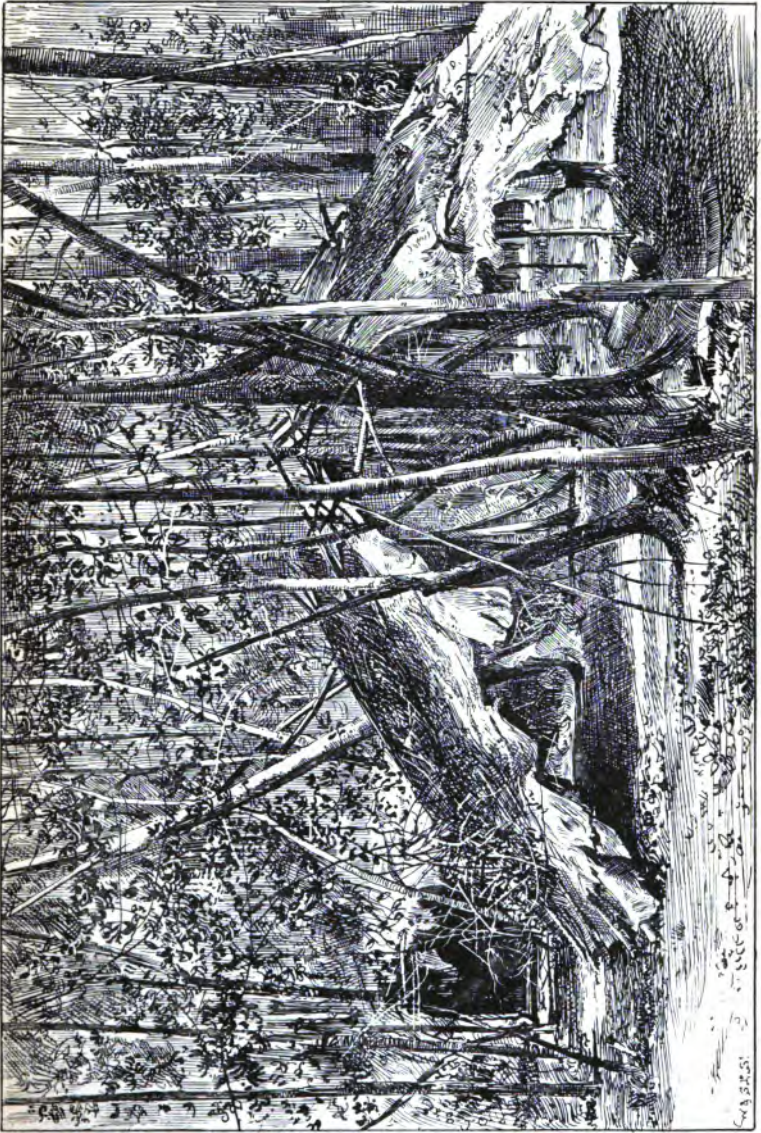
If our journey to the forest was hard, our return journey to the creek was worse, for we had to break our way through every foot of the scrub for fully two

miles and consequently did not average one mile an hour.

Here I committed the grossest error I have ever made in my experiences of New Guinea exploration. Issuing from the scrub, we came upon a heavy cane brake, the cane in which was like tinder, for it was in the month of November in the dry season. Instead of following the edge of the brake and working round we plunged in, and after an hour's hard work broke our way through.

If the natives who, although not seen, were no doubt watching us, had been hostile, they need only have set a spark of fire to the cane and we should have been burnt like rats in a hole. I failed also to take the precaution of making the men put out their pipes, a spark from one of which might have had the same effect, and, strange as it may appear, I never realised the danger that we were in until thinking quietly of the journey the following day on board my own ship. We, however, got through safely and without accident, and arrived on top of a hill which had been cleared and which was surrounded on two sides by cane brakes.

Here a dispute arose between the bushman and myself as to the position of the boat. This man, who



NATIVE CAMP IN CENTRE OF STRACHAN ISLAND.





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was a good axeman and a good average man, had always declared that his instinct and bush lore would lead him better than my compass. As he spoke so confidently I determined to give him a trial and he started off to lead the way. He led us down the hill through some scrub and in half an hour brought us back to the very spot from whence we had started, having completed a circle. We then struck due north, and having passed through a pine-wood forest, made the creek bank at a distance estimated by me to be five or six miles westward of the camp.

Once more a dispute arose between the bushman and myself, he asserting that the boat was lying to the westward, while I declared that it was six miles to the eastward. Having had sufficient of his guidance for one day, I gave him the option of going west himself, and promised when we reached the boat to send it after him if he stuck to the creek's side.

Continuing eastward we came to a narrow inlet, on the banks of which we felled a tree and scrambled across. Continuing east we were stopped by the cooing of our bushman. The second officer returned to see what was the matter, and found old Ben on the other side of the creek wanting to know how he was to



get over. He was directed to the tree, but in attempting to scramble across he tumbled in and came up with our party, out of breath and dripping wet, to tell us of his marvellous escape.

We now began firing our signals as we scrambled through the brushwood and after an hour we had the satisfaction to hear them answered from the boat, the sailors in which, when they heard the first shot, with great good sense began pulling up the creek to meet us. We repeated the signal, which was again replied to, and I called a halt and waited for the boat to approach.

We arrived at the camp, and after a hot cup of tea started on our return journey to the ship, which we reached at eight o'clock in the evening, well tired with two days' hard bush work in the wilds of New Guinea. The trip had been altogether a satisfactory one. It proved conclusively to me that there was a splendid country containing much excellent timber and good soil everywhere, cut up with good waterways offering easy facilities for transport. The small portion of this fine island required for the purposes of the natives does not amount to one thousandth part of the whole, and convinced I am that the advent and settlement of

the white man under wise guidance and control would be most advantageous to the few natives inhabiting the island.

The following day being Sunday, we rested, and on Monday dispatched another party to go over the same ground, so that we might have an independent opinion as to the resources of the island. During the absence of the party those who remained were employed on shore cutting specimens of the various timbers, which were ultimately carried to Sydney and their relative values favourably reported on by experts.

On Tuesday evening the party in charge of my second officer returned, and an old Indian planter, one of the party, who had volunteered to accompany me, reported the country to be capable of growing any tropical or semi-tropical product.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## RECONNOITRING ON THE MAINLAND.

I determine to explore the Mainland to the Eastward, and leave the Ship in a native Canoe—Native Gardens, and the Remains of an old Camp—Arrival amongst the People of Beru—Nature of the Soil—Comparative Powers of Endurance of Natives and Europeans—Statement of the Rivers discovered, and partially explored, during the Progress of the Expedition—My Theory, as yet unverified, is that all of these Streams are Tributaries of the Fly River.

I NOW determined to explore the mainland to the eastward, and at daylight next morning, accompanied by one white man, I left the ship in a native canoe. In crossing the river I made an important discovery of a rock, with only two feet of water covering it at low tide, and situated directly in the mid-channel. Paddling to the eastern shore we soon got into shallow water and the paddles were laid aside and the canoe propelled by poles. Two men stood in the prow

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armed with fish spears, in the use of which, however, they did not seem to be very dexterous, for on passing through shoals of mullet, instead of throwing the spear in the manner which I had seen practised by fishermen in many other parts of the world these Papuans made a lunge, falling into the water with the spear, which never left their hand. Although they captured many fish their mode of procedure seemed to me most clumsy.

Arriving at a shelving beach of ironstone sand we landed on an old camp ground, where it was explained to me that we were at the camp formed by the Tugara men when waiting to capture myself and party in the previous year. The natives lit a fire, and we made our morning meal on tea, biscuits, and newly caught fishes. Our repast being over we made a start inland to meet the people of Beru, six Baigo men accompanying us as guides, one of whom was also to act as interpreter. Several of them could speak some English.

Having surmounted the sloping river bank we descended into a lovely valley dotted over with beautiful tree ferns, and although it was the month of November, with an almost vertical sun, vegetation was everywhere luxuriant. The grass was somewhat coarse but

I was assured by my companion, the old bushman, that it was admirably suited either for sheep or cattle. My own opinion is that the country is too far within the tropics for sheep to thrive. On the eastern side of the valley ran a heavy scrub, through which we passed without any inconvenience, by a native track, and then entered the open forest country, passing long stretches of scrub on both hands, to north and south, in some of which were gullies of good fresh water. The country here as elsewhere was undulating and seemed to run in long land waves.

Some six miles from the river we came upon native gardens and the remains of an old camp. Here we called a halt, and sent some of the natives to fill our bamboos with fresh water. After a drink and a smoke we continued our journey, and again entered the scrub. In the damp ground we found growing in great profusion the sago palm with its beautiful broad fern-like leaves; these together with the dense foliage of the heavy timber trees, the many creepers and vines and delicate ferns, presented a very pretty picture of tropical luxuriance. The sun being now near the meridian, as we emerged from the scrub belt into the open the heat became intense, and our native

guides began to show signs of fatigue and requested me to return. We had continued since leaving the river at a swinging pace, but, being determined to interview the natives, I continued onward.

The natives, who were ahead, made an attempt to deceive us by leading us back again to the river in a circle, unconscious of the fact that I was noting the direction by compass and that they were bringing the sun to bear on our back instead of on our right. I therefore let them continue for a short distance until we came to a water hole in a gully, where we sat down in the shade and rested for a few moments, when, pointing to the sun, I commanded them to guide us on the right course, and after another hour's hard tramping we arrived among the people of Beru, a small tribe not numbering in all thirty souls.

These people were once a powerful tribe, but had been mostly killed and eaten off the face of the earth by the Tugara men. Having much intercourse with the people of Baigo, who are under missionary influence, although they had not seen white men before, they expressed little or no surprise at seeing me, but were greatly astonished at the manner in which I had carried my party safely through their

country without having been seen or overtaken and captured by the Tugara men in the previous year. When I told the tale of how, though starved with hunger and parched with thirst, I refused to allow the men to cut down one of their cocoanut trees in order that when we met we might be friends, they appeared much gratified. I made careful enquiry as to the number of the inhabitants and as to the locality of the nearest tribe, and was assured that with the exception of a small tribe, the Bai-Bai, people on the other side of the Gregory, whose numbers were not in excess of their own, there were no other tribes nearer than Daubo, a distance of seventy-five miles.

Like Strachan Island, the country everywhere is suitable for tropical agriculture, and, as this narrative shows, the natives are not sufficiently numerous to justify any Government in blocking British or Australian enterprise. The natives, although the distance was not twenty miles, differed considerably in colour and physique from those on Strachan Island, the latter being coal black, while the people of Beru were what may perhaps be termed a dirty brown.

The day was wearing on apace, so we started on our return journey, and by rapid marching succeeded in

reaching the river bank by dusk. The boatmen during our absence had caught more fish and many crabs. The billy was boiling and we sat down in the middle of these wild men to supper, and then returned to the ship.

During this journey I had an opportunity of noting the difference between the powers of endurance of the European and the native of the country. Ere our journey to Beru was half completed the natives began to show signs of exhaustion and fatigue, while my companion and myself, although heavily laden, were comparatively fresh, and on the latter part of the journey the natives were only kept going by alternate promises and threats, so that on our arrival at the river, with one exception, they all lay down completely exhausted.

In the morning I sent my second officer to sound the rock I had discovered on the previous day and to define its position. We then made ready to leave the Mia Kasa, but before proceeding further with the narrative of my voyage it may be well to enumerate the numerous rivers discovered, and to some extent explored, during the two expeditions.

Five miles from the entrance is the Gregory, so



named after Mr. Edmund Gregory, of Brisbane. At twenty miles, again, debouching into the Mia Kasa from the eastward, is the Neill, and at twenty-five miles, debouching from the northward, the Tokuda, and at thirty miles another stream, the Broomfield, named after Captain John Broomfield, the Vice-President of the Marine Board of New South Wales. From Strachan Island, and coming from the southward, is the Bradley; ten miles further on is the Curnow, named after the able editor of the *Sydney Morning Herald*; again coming from the northward and at a distance of fifty-six miles we made the junction of the Prince Leopold and the Mia Kasa Rivers. The Mia Kasa itself was discovered by Dr. Samuel Macfarlane as far back as 1877, and was named by him the Baxter. At a distance of some eighty miles the Prince Leopold again divides into two branches, the eastern of which is the Wallace. The Leopold itself trends to the westward, from which debouch into the Leopold five tributary streams which have been named the Gard, the Cook, the Macqueen, the Kethell, and Herald Rivers respectively.

All of these eastern tributaries, in my opinion, flow from the Fly River, or from the great swamps on

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its southern side, or possibly by an underground current from the Fly. This hypothesis, however, I have never been able to actually prove, owing in some measure to the insufficiency of time at my disposal, and partly to that bugbear of so many explorers, the want of sufficient capital.

## CHAPTER IX.

## THE "HERALD" STEERS EASTWARD.

At the Mouth of the Mia Kasa—Pinoo and Dr. Macfarlane—The Atrocities committed at Baigo by the Tugara Men—No Protection to the Natives we have Christianized, though there are plenty of idle Officers promenading the Streets of Sydney, and British Gunboats dodging aimlessly about between Port Moresby and Cook Town—An Appeal to England and Australia on behalf of the native Races of New Guinea—Sir Robert Macgregor's Advent to Power a hopeful Sign—Talbot Island and its People—A native Pastor at Saibai—The great and beneficent Work achieved by the London Missionary Society.

OUR work in this part of New Guinea being thus completed, we determined to proceed to the eastward, and with the afternoon's tide we got under weigh, and with three Baigo canoes in tow worked down to the mouth of the river, where we anchored for the night. At dawn, the tide answering, we weighed anchor and made sail and with a strong ebb tide in our favour made the western end of Talbot Island.

From Talbot Island the passage up to Baigo lies

through a channel in many places ten to seventeen fathoms in depth. At midday we anchored off the village in four fathoms of water and remained for two days. On landing, we were informed that Pinoo, the mission teacher, had proceeded with his wife to the Murray Islands, to pay his respects and bid a farewell to Dr. Macfarlane, who was leaving the mission, after years of noble sacrifice and devotion in the cause of God and humanity, to return to England to spend the remainder of his days in a well earned and richly merited repose.

Having heard so much of the depredations of the Tugara men from the west, and having in the previous year suffered severely from them, I made careful enquiry as to how they came to attack the people of Baigo and their treatment of their prisoners.

From the information gathered it would appear that after lying in wait for some time on the mainland and among the mangroves on the opposite shore, and making occasional raids among the Bai-Bai and Beru tribes on Strachan Island, they planned a great attack on the village of Baigo which was at that time inhabited by a population consisting of about three hundred and fifty souls.

At four o'clock in the morning, when all were asleep these bloodthirsty wretches—not less than a thousand strong—surrounded the village and began to massacre men, women and children. Between thirty and forty escaped into the swamp and those who were not killed were captured and thrown bound into the canoes. The conquerors then made fires and commenced to make a feast off the slain.

For some days they remained feasting, singing, and dancing with devilish glee until they had eaten those killed in the affray. Finding that the legs of their victims swelled from the cords which bound them and that they were likely to perish from sheer agony, they cut the cords and with their clubs broke their limbs and from the living victims cut pieces of flesh which they roasted and ate before the faces of the poor wretches, who lay writhing in agony until mortification set in and death put an end to their sufferings.

This horrible account is true, and though I shudder as I record the facts, my blood boils with indignation when I think that we, the people of a great and a free country send out the missionary with the Bible in one hand to preach that "God is love"; to tell men who had been prepared to defend themselves, that there

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is peace and safety in the Gospel of Christ ; to teach them to break their bows and their spears, and to live in harmony with their fellow-men. Then, having brought cannibal savages to live in a state of child-like sympathy and trust, we take no means to protect them from such incarnate fiends as those I have described. We have war ships in Sydney harbour by the dozen ; we have officers dressed in gold lace and brass buttons promenading Sydney streets ; we have gunboats dodging about between Port Moresby and Cook Town, and Australia has spent £50,000, for which she has got in return a Government Bungalow and a gaol, but no war ship has stirred, nor one penny of that £50,000 been expended, to protect our Christianized fellow-men in the West !

Men of England, I appeal to you ; mothers of England, to you I look, that this great injustice shall continue no longer. Fellow-citizens of Australia, I call upon you to be up and doing, to see that Australia's might and Australia's right is respected even in New Guinea. I feel confident that if the Noble Lord who rules the Colonial Office so wisely and so well directs his attention to the matter, prompt, decisive, and humane action will speedily be taken.

If I write strongly, the reason is that, on this subject for years past my heart has bled for these people, who are being obliterated from the face of the earth, and melting, as it were, like summer snow. I feel that, small as the matter may seem when compared with those questions now distracting the attention of statesmen in Europe, our failure to protect these subjects of Her Majesty's latest dominion is a scandal to our policy and a reproach to us as a Christian nation. I sincerely trust that now that Sir Robert Macgregor has become Administrator something may be done to remedy this painful state of affairs. Surely his great experience in all matters pertaining to the natives of the South Sea Islands will cause him to extend his countenance and protection to the people of the west, instead of devoting, as his predecessor did, his whole energies merely to ameliorating (?) the condition of the tribes about Port Moresby.

Talbot Island, which has been roughly surveyed and is marked on the Admiralty charts as of considerable extent, could be utilized for many practical purposes, as it is eminently adapted in places for growing rice and maize and contains a considerable quantity of valuable timber.

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During our two days' stay here the wind blew strongly from the south-east and was dead against us, but there was nothing to be gained by remaining, for the natives being now rich beyond their most sanguine expectations in axes, tomahawks, knives, cloth, tobacco, &c., were eager not only to try the effect of their tools in house-building but to return to the mainland in order to do a little trading on their own account. We therefore landed and bade them good-bye for a year, promising to return, and instructing Garougi\* and Auiti to keep up continual intercourse with the four chiefs of the island and to protect my interests. I returned to the ship, accompanied by one canoe and the two interpreters, who were to act as pilots, and to point out the way through a broader and a better channel than that by which I had come down the coast.

We got under weigh, and, having made our course through the channel, anchored at dusk for the night. Our friends returned to their village, a watch was set, and we rode snugly at anchor, until the tide answered in the morning. Then having to beat a

\* Garougi has since been killed and eaten by the Tugara men.



passage the whole way, with the lead constantly going, we were enabled to make a fairly accurate survey of this part of the coast. The depth of water in the channel varied from seventeen fathoms to three fathoms until reaching Taun, where, owing to the numerous reefs, the water shallowed considerably.

Without anchoring at Taun, we proceeded to Saibai, where we were informed that Jakobo and Janee had also gone to the Murray Islands, to take a farewell of Mr. Macfarlane, and that Annu, who eleven years before had been a wild, bloodthirsty cannibal warrior, and is head chief of Saibai, had charge of the Mission.

As I was anxious to see how this old cannibal would conduct the religious ordinances in the absence of the missionary, I remained on shore until after evening prayers. As the time for service approached, the bell was rung, and Annu, taking me by the arm said, "Now we go pray, captain." I accompanied him to a large native house on the floor of which were several bright wood fires, round which the natives were seated. Alees, the second or lower chief, then arose and proceeding to a corner of the building brought forth a number of paper-covered

books, which I found to be copies of a native translation of the Gospel of St. John. These he handed round to a considerable number of the natives.

Annu opened the service by kneeling and praying with apparent earnestness in the native tongue for a few moments. The people again sat down, and opening the book, Annu read what appeared to be the first verse of the first chapter of St. John's Gospel and was followed in succession by the others until the chapter was finished. A pause ensued for a few moments and then, turning to the beginning, Annu started to expatiate on the chapter they had just read. When he had finished, he was followed by others, until nearly all who had been engaged in reading had made some remarks. Then after singing a hymn, Annu closed the service of the evening, with the benediction in the native tongue.

Those who doubt the value of missions should study the great and beneficent work of the London Missionary Society in New Guinea during the short space of twelve years. There is no need to go further back than Lieutenant Connor's report of a Survey of this part of the coast in 1872 made by him on behalf of the Colonial Government. There they will find described

that the very men, with whom I sat in perfect safety, listening to them uttering songs of prayer and praise to that great invisible Ruler who controls the destinies of men and of nations, were then a tribe of wild blood-thirsty savages, who at that time hunted and murdered their fellow-men for the sake of collecting their heads and eating their flesh. With them, indeed, in a very wonderful sense, "old things have passed away and all things have become new."

## CHAPTER X.

### FRIENDLY INTERCOURSE WITH THE DAUBO AND MOWATTA TRIBES—THE FUTURE OF NEW GUINEA.

Engaging Interpreters at Daubo—A Journey into the Interior—  
—I am introduced to Emari, Chief of the Daubo People—  
His Friendly Attitude—A Question of "Roast Pig"—  
Return to Saibai—Proceed Eastward to Mowatta—The  
Mission Station at the Mouth of the Katow River—I try to  
gain the confidence of the People of Goua—The Purchase of  
the Idol "Seegur"—Arrival at Taun—The Villages in the  
Neighbourhood of the Fly River—Suspensions of the Natives  
and what gave rise to them—We part good Friends—The  
Village of Turi-Turi—We return to Sydney—News of Sir  
Peter Scratchley's Death—Unfortunate Selection of his  
Successor—The Future Prospects of New Guinea.

In the morning I arranged with Annu for ten men  
to accompany myself and party into the interior for  
a point some miles to the eastward, so that I might  
meet and hold converse with the Daubo tribe. Matters  
being arranged, we agreed to start on the following  
morning in a native canoe. For the services of these  
men we agreed to pay ten trade sticks of tobacco

per head for the trip, and to give the chief an axe. At the appointed time, instead of one canoe and ten men, four canoes containing in all thirty-six men came alongside, and Annu explained "Captain pay good, all men want to go."

To this I consented, and leaving the ship, we paddled along the New Guinea shore until we came to a creek, which we entered. Landing among the mangroves, after a tramp of two miles we emerged into an open forest park-like country across which we travelled in a north-west direction for a distance of about eight miles, when we entered a grand piece of scrub-land, the centre of which had been cleared. It contained a splendid cocoanut grove with some fine plantations.

A good house had been built there by the London Missionary Society for one of their teachers—my friend Pinno, already spoken of as being at Baigo—but, being an islander, he has grown afraid to live in the heart of the forest. It was therefore deemed advisable to remove him, and he was sent to Baigo, the consequence being that no teacher has been stationed there since.

Clearing the scrub, we entered a morass, which we crossed by a narrow native track and then had to

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clamber over some rugged country and afterwards entered a dense forest which we found all ablaze. So fierce was the fire and so dense was the smoke, that at times we were compelled to close our nostrils and mouths and rush past the flames and through clouds of smoke, with crackling burning branches and limbs of trees falling around us in all directions. We were all well nigh exhausted ere we reached the open country.

After a short rest we started forward again and a second march of two miles brought us to another belt of scrub partially cleared, containing cocoanut trees and good plantations. Here we took a long rest and regaled ourselves with green cocoanuts, tea, biscuits and a quiet pipe.

On again continuing to the north-west, the Saibai men began to fire their Sniders, until at last we heard a yell or a howl; and then some of them ran forward and returned leading one man by the hand, followed by a number of others. They introduced me to Emari, the Chief of the Daubo people, and a noted warrior, whose face was scarred all over with wounds. The others were introduced as they came up and we proceeded towards their camp or village, on the

outskirts of which were neatly fenced, well-cultivated plantations.

It may be well to inform the reader here that this tribe, which now consists of only thirty-five souls, represents the population of five villages on the sea coast, the whole of the rest of the people having been killed or captured and eaten by the Tugara men from the west. The Saibai men explained to them that our mission was to see the country, and informed them that it was possible that white men might come to dwell among them.

On learning this Emari expressed his great gratification, he being, as I shall subsequently show, a man—albeit a savage—considerably in advance of his fellows, and having for years past been anxiously endeavouring to gain the friendship and the acquaintance of the white man. When white men came to Saibai he sent a messenger to convey presents and to ask the Saibai men to send him a white man's name for his boy, who at the time of my visit was a fine open-faced young fellow of about eighteen or twenty years of age, with the most honest countenance I have ever seen on a savage.

Unfortunately for Emari, and for the credit of the

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white men, the only man the men at Saibai could ask was a Beche-de-mer man, who was at anchor off the island, and he sent back word to call him by the vilest epithet we have in the English language and by this name, in their ignorance, the boy was called. When introduced to me, through the interpretation of the Saibai men, I explained the meaning of the word and, changing the name to my own (pronounced by the natives Tron), gave great satisfaction to both his father and his mother and also delighted the lad himself.

The natives all came in from the plantations and the women and children gathered round. My people were mostly busily engaged in exchanging tobacco for bows, arrows, and spears, while one of the Saibai men was empowered to trade on my own account. I thus had leisure to converse with Emari and endeavoured to persuade him to allow his son to come south with me to Sydney so that I might send him to school.

The young man was anxious to accompany me, but his father and mother deemed the distance too great, but Emari promised me that he would send him to Saibai to be instructed by my friend Jakobo.

These people, savage as they were, impressed me favourably, and I wrote to the Rev. Harry Scott, the

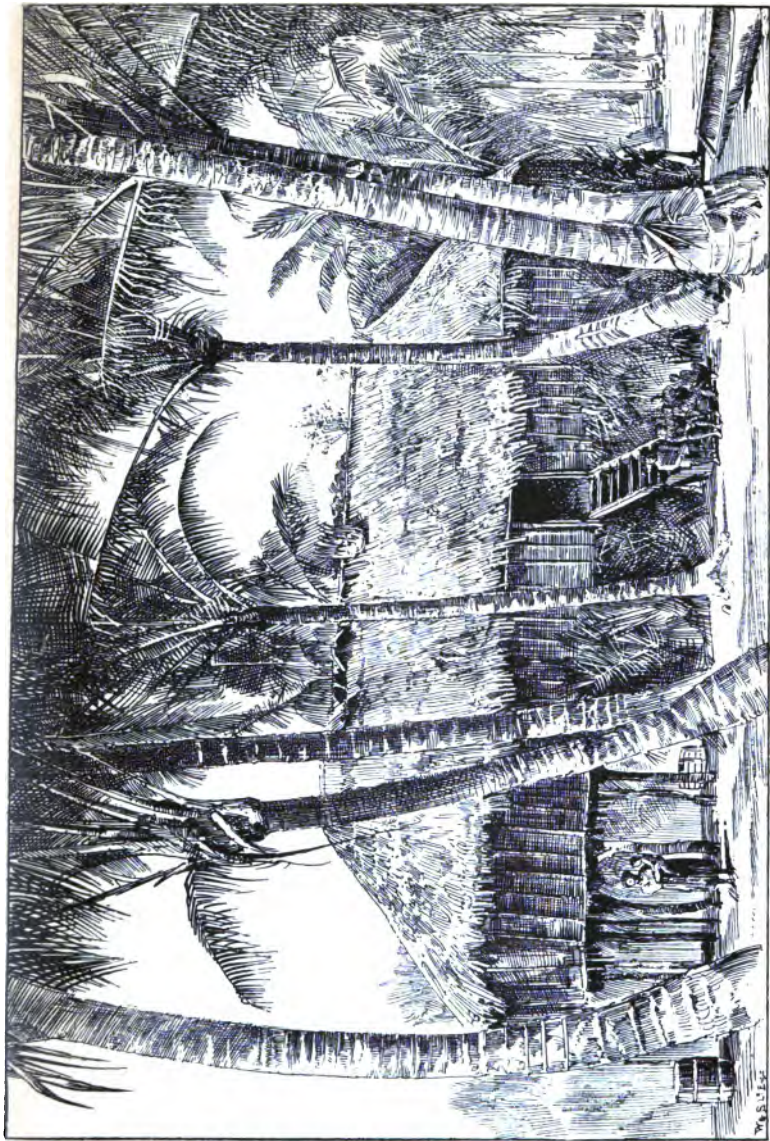


acting Superintendent of the London Missionary Society at the Murray Islands, on their behalf. Their dwellings were a considerable improvement on those of the natives of Strachan Island, being triangular-shaped and closed at the south-eastern end with a movable hurdle-like matted frame for a door.

As it was now late in the afternoon, we decided to return as far as the empty Mission House and there camp for the night, I having succeeded in persuading Emari and his son to accompany me back to the ship. Amongst other things we purchased a pig, and they brought another pig so as to make a feast in the evening with the Saibai men, when we camped, in return for their having brought the white men to see them.

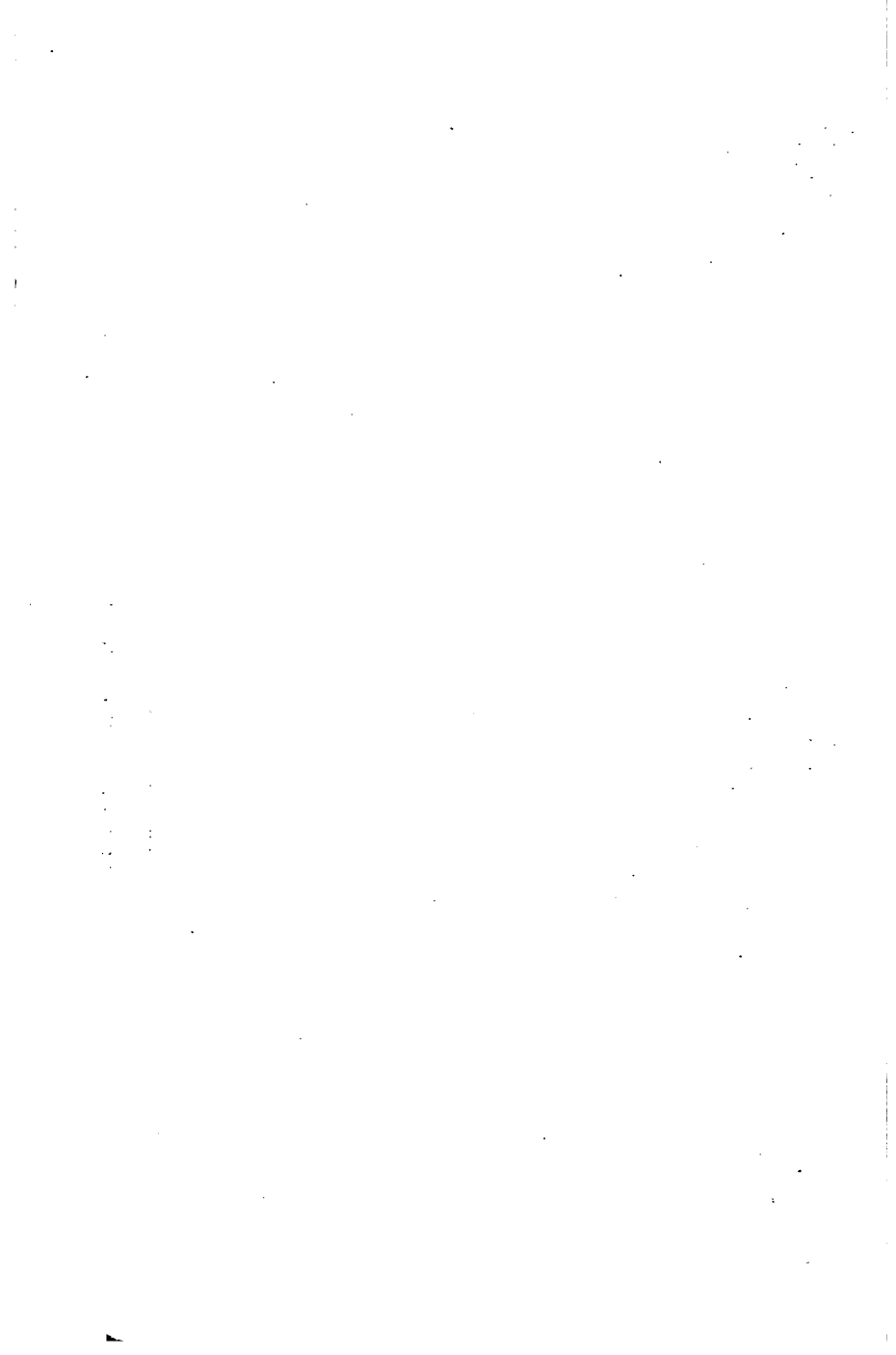
Having made small presents to the women and children we took our leave, and started on our return journey and travelled rapidly, only pausing at intervals to bring down some of the numerous ducks and geese which we found resting near or clustered about every water-hole.

On arriving at the Mission House, as there was still half an hour of daylight, I decided to make an attempt to return again to the ship the same night, and as



THE MISSION HOUSE, MOWATTA, TEACHER'S WIFE AND CHILD.





Emari, his son and several of his people were with us, and the Saibai men were well acquainted with the country, I thought there could be no danger in travelling in the dark. I therefore ordered them to continue to the canoes, which they did much against their will, the Saibai men being naturally anxious to remain until the pig was killed and roasted. However, by dint of much persuasion, I compelled them to continue the journey and we arrived at the creek between eight and nine o'clock.

Emari and his son were, however, afraid to venture to sea in the dark. Many of the Saibai men also were anxious to remain, so that they might make a fire and roast the pig, and it was with some difficulty that I could induce one canoe to start on the return journey with my party. In this, however, I at length succeeded, but on clearing the creek I found it blowing half a gale from the south-east, with a short lumpy sea. The canoe, a large one, rode bravely through it. The wind being fair, sail was set, and at about ten o'clock we reached the "Herald" tired and hungry with our hard but successful day's work.

The country through which we had passed that day had all the characteristics of that to the westward pre-

viously described. But the natives themselves seemed to be of a more mild, placable, and trustful disposition. This I think may, in a great measure, be accounted for partly by their connection and intercourse with the now Christianized men from Saibai, and partly by the great and crushing defeats which they had suffered at the hands of the Tugara men. Be this as it may, I could not help feeling greatly and kindly interested in these people and I trust the day is not far distant when, under the protection of our glorious flag, they may be enabled to dwell in safety, and advance in the arts of peace and civilization.

In the morning Emari and his son came on board, as did also the whole of the boatmen from Saibai. To these latter I paid three hundred and sixty sticks of tobacco for their services, and to my own namesake I presented a suit of clothing, an axe, a knife, a tomahawk and some tobacco, besides bestowing similar presents on his father. The rolling of the ship made them somewhat uncomfortable and I accordingly landed them at Saibai. They remained there, until I moved my ship to Taun, for the purpose of filling up our casks with fresh water, and then they returned to their homes.

While the men were thus employed, I returned with the steam launch to Saibai, and arranged with the chief for the loan of a mission boat ; and with a boat's crew proceeded to the village of Mowatta, on the Katow River, forty miles to the eastward of Saibai. Returning to the ship our preparations were completed, and on the following morning we returned to Saibai. A party was then selected for the mission boat, which was taken in tow by the steam launch ; the ship's boat which had accompanied us, in charge of the second officer, returned to Taun while we proceeded to the eastward to Mowatta.

The channel between the mainland of New Guinea and Saibai is very intricate, and much obstructed by coral reefs. The tide being in our favour we made considerable progress and arrived at the mouth of the Katow in nine hours. Here we were met by the chief Tamea and the mission teacher Annu, the latter being one of the men who in the previous year had rescued my party from New Guinea. Boarding the launch he piloted us into the Katow and we anchored opposite the Mission House.

We also found located an American negro, an African negro, and an old Greek, known through the

Torres Straits by the *sobriquet* of "Old Louis," together with two castaways, one Martin, an Irishman, and the other a Hindoo named Peeroo Nersoo. The last named had served Her Majesty in the Soudan, and was decorated with two medals. On landing he accosted me and begged for a passage to Sydney. He presented his certificates of discharge from Her Majesty's Service and as these were satisfactory I gave him the passage asked for.

It being late in the afternoon we camped at the Mission House for the night, and in the morning, accompanied by the teacher, the chief, and a number of the natives, we proceeded by the steam launch up the Katow for a distance of fifteen miles to where the river divides, one branch running to the north-east and the other to the north-west. The water in this river is fresh, and within a few miles of the mouth the scenery on both sides presents an appearance of exquisite tropical loveliness. Here we found cedar trees growing in abundance; also many other valuable timbers, and in the clearings were large well-cultivated plantations.

When we landed, we were met by a large number of boys some of whom were hooped round the waist with great bands of split bamboos. I enquired from the

teacher the significance of this, and his answer led me to believe that it was a sign of purity. In this, however, I subsequently learned I was mistaken.

Accompanied by the natives, who were more numerous in this part, and by the Mowatta men, we followed a native track to the village of Goua through a country described by an Indian planter who accompanied the expedition as the best tropical lands he had ever seen. We tramped for a distance of seven or eight miles and then drew near to a very large village, the houses in which were all well built of gaba gaba, that is to say of the wood of the sago palm, and thatched with atap—the leaves of the same palm. The chief to whom we were presented was a rather kindly looking old man; as for the women, they peered round the corners of the houses and from behind the trees, but ran away screeching on our approach.

I gave presents and started, accompanied by some of the natives, for a tour of inspection through the village, which was not badly planned, being built so as nearly to approach a square, with some vacant ground in the centre. At the eastern end of the village was a large open house, and there, standing against the wall at the western end, was a huge



ochre-covered idol. Before was raised a rude altar upon which lay fruit, flowers, seeds, pieces of cocoonut and other offerings, and in attendance were two priests.

I determined, if possible, to secure this object of native devotion. I therefore began assiduously to cultivate the acquaintance and make the friendship of the priests, to whom I presented knives, and tobacco and other trivial articles. Having in some measure gained their confidence, through the interpretation of the teacher, I made a proposal to purchase the god, which overture seemed to astonish them, and they distinctly replied that under no circumstances would they part with him. I then enumerated the large number of articles which I was prepared to give in return for the idol, and the teacher told them of all the axes, tomahawks, cloth and tobacco that would be forthcoming provided they were willing to part with the hideous object, which I took care to explain could do them no good. Putting the end of my stick in a fire which was burning on the floor, I burnt the end off and again explained that that same fire could as easily burn off their god's head. Then striking it with a stick I told them that it had no feeling, neither had it

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power, and although they might think that I wanted their god for some good that it could do, such was not the case. I only wanted to take it so that the people in my country could see it and laugh to think that they were so foolish as to worship a piece of wood. Their god—by name Seegur—could not make the winds blow, neither could it make the rain fall. It could not bring the leaves nor the fruit upon the trees. It could not help them in sickness and, I added, pointing at the same time to the sun overhead, it could not make the sun shine, neither could it make the day nor night. I would pay them well for their idol, and if they gave it to me I would do more when I returned to my own country. I would send to them a teacher like Annu who would tell them of a better God,—One Who could see everywhere, who made the very air that they breathed, and if they listened to that teacher they would be ashamed to think that they had been so foolish as to worship such a hideous monster as Seegur.

I know not what impression my speech made, but I do know that the large number of things I had offered (to the value of fully £5 sterling) greatly excited the cupidity of these two priests, and had I

had the goods with me on the spot there is no doubt that I should have taken the god back with me to Tauan. As it was, I arranged that Annu and Tamea should come and interview them again, and, if possible, negotiate the purchase.

One of these priests accompanied me again into the village, where I found some of my people had made considerable progress in gaining the friendship of the natives. Many women were gathered round, clapping their hands and laughing, and exhibiting signs of wonder and surprise. The cause I found to be the peculiarity of our feet, and to show them that we had feet—although white—like themselves, some of the men had taken off their boots and stockings. So interested had some of the old women become that they were going from one to the other in the party requesting them to take off their boots and stockings so that they might see their feet inside.

We purchased some curiosities and returned to the launch, and proceeding down the river I determined, as the country in this part was exceedingly fertile, and much cedar and other valuable timber seemed easily procurable, to leave the launch and party at Mowatta, and, if possible, to engage one of the *Beche-de-mer*

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men to take me in his lugger to Taun, and then to return with the ship and make the Katow the base of our operations for a few weeks. Annu having provided quarters for my people, I bargained with Thomas, the African negro already spoken of, to get his craft under weigh, and carry me to Taun. This we reached without mishap in twenty-four hours, and found that the men during our absence had completed their task of filling up our fresh water.

It was now the turtle season and all was activity and life on the two islands of Saibai and Taun. The men were all out in their canoes with long spears spearing turtle, while the women were gathered on a high rocky point with green boughs, signalling to the canoes when they saw turtles to seaward. On one of the canoes succeeding in making a capture the excitement of the natives on shore was not only intense but ludicrous. In the evening several of the canoes came alongside and from them we purchased turtle at the rate of one tomahawk per head.

The passage between Saibai and the mainland of New Guinea being too intricate even to attempt beating through with the schooner, it was decided to go outside the island through that portion of

Torres Straits marked on the charts as unexamined. The African who had brought me down professed to know the road, but I soon discovered that he was grossly ignorant, not only of the route, but of almost everything pertaining to the profession of a seaman, and I therefore had to depend on my own resources. The wind being light, it took just three days to cover a distance of little more than forty miles.

When we arrived at Taun we found the party left behind had been living almost solely on native fare—their own provisions having given out—and all hurried eagerly to the ship to get something to eat. On landing we decided to take the vessel into the river, and moor her there. The channel is a mere gutter, but after some difficulty we succeeded in making our way through, and moored the ship opposite the Mission Station.

By the teacher and chief I was informed that they had succeeded in purchasing “Seegur” and that it was now with two smaller idols at the Mission House. From my own people I gathered that the priests in selling this god had nearly created a serious disturbance, and that the peoples of three principal tribes (the Goua, Massigari, and Koonini) had gathered

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around to prevent them carrying it away, besides men from some of the farther inland tribes. I therefore determined to interview the whole of these people on the following day, and sent word up the river for them all to meet me at the landing.

I sat up the greater part of the night cutting trade sticks of tobacco into halves, and on the following morning, accompanied by interpreters, a party of my own people, and a number of Mowatta and Saibai men, I proceeded up the river.

Having arranged the tribes in double files, I again explained that Seegur was not purchased by me for my own benefit, but that on proceeding to my home I should be able to show my people how foolish they were in giving adoration to a piece of wood which could do no more for them than one of the branches of dead wood that were lying about their feet; that when my people saw Seegur they would be anxious to send them some one to teach them a better faith.

By this time I had learnt that the badge of bamboo worn by many of the youths was a mark of infamy and shame. I therefore took the opportunity, with the assistance of Annu, the teacher, to explain to them the terrible things that happened to the cities of the plain.

Having completed what may be aptly called a practical lecture under difficulties, I caused one of the pieces of tobacco I had brought in a sack with me to be given to each man there assembled. They all expressed themselves satisfied, and offered to work at felling cedar trees, so that I might take samples back with me to Sydney.

It will not be out of place here to mention that on my return to Sydney, the same god Seegur was sold to the trustees of the Sydney Museum, for £20, which sum was handed over to the London Missionary Society, who promised that it should be used to pay the expenses of a native teacher for the first two years.

The interview with the native tribes over, several cedar trees were selected and felled by my own people and by the aid of a cross-cut saw made into suitable lengths, the natives clearing a track and rolling them to the river's bank. In the evening the whole party returned to the vessel.

Being anxious to ascertain the nature of the country, I remained on shore and held a consultation with the Greek already mentioned as known by the *sobriquet* of "Old Louis," and who had long been residing on and about the Katow River. The result

was that I decided to send a party away into the interior under the guidance of Louis, while I remained to secure specimens of the cedar and other valuable timbers which in this part were growing in great profusion.

On my return to the ship a party was detailed to start on the following morning, and, with a working party in the steam launch, we towed them in the ship's boat to the junction, where they landed and proceeded in a north-west direction towards the Fly River. The remainder of the day was spent in towing cedar logs to the ship, stowing them away, and making preparations for our homeward voyage.

On the third day the launch was dispatched up the river to wait for the party, but returned late in the afternoon without them. As they were only provisioned for two days, I became uneasy, and ordered the launch to return and wait until nightfall. In the meantime I made preparations to proceed on the following morning into the interior to look for the absentees, but shortly before dusk, I was relieved to see the launch steaming down the river with all on board.

The country was described as magnificent, but as



usual in a party going away without a recognised head, there had been considerable friction amongst themselves, so much so that old Louis assured me he was glad to get them safely back again. He reported that while camped between two tribes of strange natives, the man whose duty it was to keep watch had fallen asleep, and he therefore decided to return to the ship, which he would not have otherwise done, because, although only provisioned for two days, an abundance of native food was to be procured in the interior. From my own people the reports were exceedingly conflicting, so that I regretted having allowed them to go a second time by themselves into New Guinea.

Having completed taking in my timber samples, I decided to go and see the country for myself, and, having arranged with Louis to lead me over the same track, I started on my journey accompanied by two men. Instead of stopping at the junction, we steamed up the north-east arm of the river until we came to a rude bamboo bridge. Here we landed and striking to the north-west we came to the large populous village of Koonini where we were surprised to find every house closed, and the village apparently deserted.

Walking through the village we found seated at the

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corner of one of the houses an old man to whom I offered a piece of tobacco. This he refused to take, and with an impatient wave of the hand said "Yow, yow" (Go away, go away). As we emerged from the village, numbers of youths armed with their bows and three or four poisoned arrows began to join the party. These I compelled to march ahead of us and although many endeavours were made on their part to get between and behind us, I succeeded in keeping them together.

We now continued our march for many miles, passing through much rich vegetation and many well-tilled gardens; the large bunches of bananas were carefully covered with mats to prevent them being destroyed by the birds, the tara and yam plantations were also well kept and free from weeds. Cocoanut trees were everywhere abundant and many lovely flowers. Also pendent from the tree branches was a creeper having a great sword-like pod, commonly known as the Queensland bean.

At a distance of about five miles from Koonini we came upon another village through which the party had passed. Here also we found the place apparently deserted; such inhabitants as remained ran into their

houses as soon as they saw us, and closed the doors. As before, only one man remained visible, and he refused to accept anything from us or to respond to our demonstrations of friendliness, but kept repeating the one word "Yow, yow."

Determined, if possible, to go over the ground covered by the party, we still continued to the northwest, and as we proceeded some uneasiness was occasioned us by noticing standing by every remarkable tree, a native armed with his poisoned arrows and bow as for war, who, as we passed, joined the throng, which by this time numbered no less than fifty, and was surrounding us on all sides. We continued, however, until we came to a magnificent spring, a great pool of clear crystal water the depth of which we could neither see nor fathom. There are numerous similar springs scattered over the land and it is from these that I have been led to the conclusion that the many rivers which intersect this part of the coast, if they do not run directly from the Fly River, are fed by an under current.

Having remained a few moments here, we again continued, until we made the bank of the river where we stopped to rest, my own party of four being in-

structed to keep close together and on no conditions to turn their backs to the natives.

Turning to some of my people either to give an order or to make some remark, I caught a native in the act of drawing his hand across his throat, while another was pointing at me. Going up to the man and looking him straight in the face, I said in English, "Do that again." Although of course he could not understand the words, he understood my looks and appeared somewhat crest-fallen.

Being now convinced that something had happened between the natives and my own party I determined to return to Mowatta and secure the services of interpreters, so that I might find out the cause of the natives' grievances; for as they had hitherto been friendly I could not but believe that something had occurred to change that friendliness into hostility and distrust. I was therefore gratified to learn that there was a track by which we could return to the launch without again having to pass through the villages. This we followed and arrived at the launch late in the evening, where I found the two men left in charge had not in any way been molested. Steam was got up, and in due course we arrived at Mowatta.

Upon a consultation with the chief, the mission teacher, and the Beche-de-mer man already spoken of, there was a consensus of opinion that something must have been done by my own people to cause such a sudden change in the bearing and disposition of the natives, and it was arranged that they should accompany me on the following day to again interview the tribes, so that we might find out the cause of their hostile demonstrations, and if possible explain them away.

Returning to the vessel, I held consultations privately with various members of the Expedition, but as each had something to say against another, I could form no opinion and passed a restless night.

In the morning, accompanied by the interpreters and a number of Mowatta natives, we again returned, and, landing, soon arrived at the second village, where an explanation was demanded. Imagine my indignation and surprise when I gathered that one of my people, through sheer want of thought and braggadocio, had seized one of the natives, a man who had never seen a white man before, by the head, drawn his bowie knife and said we were come to cut all their throats. It was simply the act of a madman, and

might have cost every member of the party his life, or at any rate have ended in a great effusion of blood.

To the natives I again explained that our visit was one of peace and not of war, that the man was foolish and did not know what he was doing, and that he should not again come among them. Presents were then offered and accepted and we parted apparently good friends, but both the mission teacher and the chief assured me that although I had endeavoured to eradicate the false impression created by this man—who, it may be mentioned, was the one already spoken of as the old Australian bushman—that the natives would talk it over among themselves and it would go from tribe to tribe until they would believe it to be true; and that, sooner or later, through having taken us into the country, they, the people of Mowatta, would be attacked by the bush tribes. The missionary added, “I am missionary, I must die, I have no gun, I must not fight.” The chief also pleaded with me to leave him some ammunition.

I was eager and anxious to supply to these men the means of protecting themselves, but the law, as already stated, is such, that whenever a white man gives, sells or barter firearms or ammunition to a native he lays

himself open to three months' imprisonment without the option of a fine.

I returned to the ship and promised to think the matter carefully over, and in the morning I landed and took the London Missionary Society's teacher back with me to the ship. I then presented him with a Winchester rifle and one hundred cartridges, asking him first to sign the following receipt in the ship's log book:—

“Received from Captain John Strachan, of the Exploring Schooner ‘Herald,’ one twelve-shot Winchester rifle to be delivered by me to the Rev. Harry Scott, Superintendent of the London Missionary Society's Mission, New Guinea, with the compliments of the donor.

“Signed, ANNU, *Missionary, Mowatta.*

“Witness, GEORGE BURGESS, *Mate.*”

For the rev. gentleman I also left a letter requesting him, if he did not require the rifle, to allow the teacher to keep it, and from him I received a most cordial letter in reply stating that he had no need of a rifle, neither did the Missionary Society recognize that any of their teachers required a carnal weapon to defend

themselves, but committed themselves to the care of the God of battles.

Our work in the interior of New Guinea for this Expedition was now drawing to a close, and the changes of the monsoons were rapidly approaching. It therefore became our duty to prepare for the homeward voyage. Several trips were made to Massagari, a bush village to the westward of Mowatta. This being a facsimile of the villages already described I need not weary my readers by useless repetition, but should here say what I have omitted before, that in the many journeys into the interior my attention had been attracted to a pretty tulip-like bulb. I now determined to take some specimens with me to Sydney. Having gathered a sufficient quantity, they were submitted on return to the ship to the old Indian planter before mentioned and pronounced by him to be turmeric, largely used in the manufacture of curry. We also discovered ginger, and the natives were set to work to collect specimens of these two staples, and also to gather kapok (a species of tree cotton), of which we obtained large samples.

A visit to the village of Turi-Turi disclosed to us a new phase of native life. The houses here were



exactly like those represented by Mr. Jukes in his account of the voyage of the "Bramble" and "Fly" on the shores of the Papuan Gulf in 1843-45. Some of the houses were from 100 to 150 feet in length, and the men and women lived in separate houses, not even the married people living together. It is a strange arrangement and one not reconcilable with European ideas of domestic comfort. The houses are raised from the ground and a broad step ladder leads to a platform at either end. There are also platforms round the sides with several small doors or openings at intervals along the buildings, which have much the appearance of roughly constructed barns, or perhaps it would be a better description to say badly built hay-ricks.

As we entered the village, the women came crowding out on the platform eager to purchase looking-glasses, handkerchiefs, and other finery, for which they exchanged their combs, plumes made of Paradise feathers, work bags, and other articles of native industry. To the old chief I presented a tomahawk and by him was asked if I wished to purchase "some man's head." I asked to see them. He returned to his house and came out followed by two

men carrying a string of human skulls well smoked, grim and ghastly, attached to a piece of bamboo, in the same manner as the Channel Islanders string onions.

Considering it possible that the skulls might be of value for scientific purposes, I purchased three, which were presented to medical gentlemen of scientific proclivities in Sydney. One was sent through Dr. Ashwell of that city to his old Professor, Sir William Turner, the College of Surgeons, Edinburgh. Here we also purchased numerous pigs, cocoanuts, tara, yams, and plantains; and some half-dozen canoes returned laden to the ship, while we went back by the beach to Mowatta.

The actual work of this Expedition in New Guinea was now accomplished, a large and varied stock of samples of the products and natural resources of the Island had been secured, a large expanse of country traversed and fourteen different tribes of natives met with and interviewed, and in all cases friendly relations had been established, and not one hostile shot fired. I therefore felt that I could return again to the south with feelings of satisfaction at the result of an Expedition, carried out under many disadvantages

and difficulties, but which nevertheless would compare favourably with some others that had left the shores of New South Wales. Throughout the whole Expedition the men had been kept well in hand, and no native had been unjustly treated, for the incidents already mentioned as having caused me regret were but exemplifications of Hood's lines that :—

“Evil is wrought by want of thought  
As well as want of heart.”

The peoples we had met varied in colour from a glossy coal-black in Strachan Island and the parts to the westward, to a decided brown as we drew nearer the shores of the Papuan Gulf. In the latter districts were many remarkable men and women with skins as red as those of the American Indians. The black men were all cannibals, wild, dashing active fellows, “native heroes trained to war,” but not addicted to any of the disgusting vices so common amongst the brown skin races living near to the western shores of the Papuan Gulf.

On board the ship all was activity, some were stowing away and packing up their curiosities, others lashing water casks and making everything secure for the homeward passage. The steam launch was hoisted in

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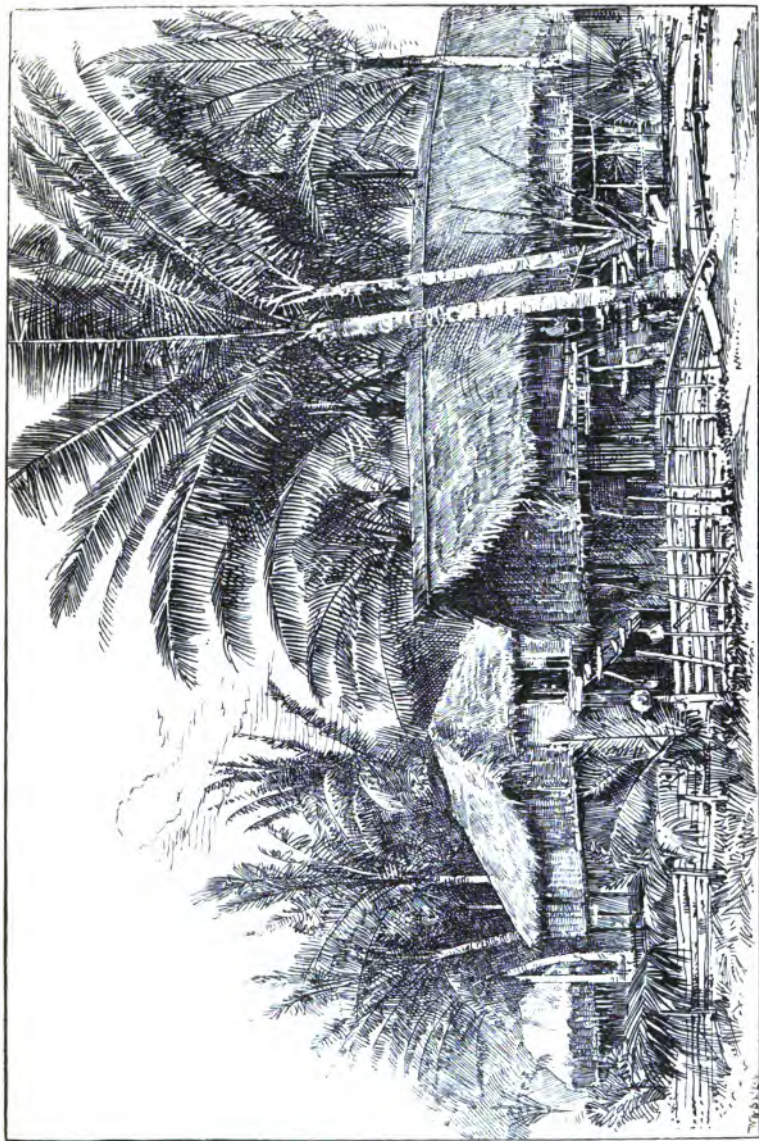
and fastened, and at length all was in readiness for the homeward voyage. The two Beche-de-mer men already mentioned (Francis and Martin) were left to watch over and protect my interests under a written agreement. Provisions, trade and arms of the value of £100 were supplied to them, with which they were to pay the natives for felling cedar against my return. To the mission teacher, the chief, and people I made my parting presents. Then crossing Torres Straits I anchored in Albany Pass for a few hours and landed at Somerset to pay my respects to Mr. Frank L. Jardine.

Returning to the ship we again proceeded to the south and in due course arrived at Sydney. There I found I had to deplore the untimely death of Major-General Sir Peter Scratchley, Her Majesty's first Commissioner to New Guinea. He was a gallant soldier and an eminent engineer, who had rendered valuable service to the people of Australia. He had faults, but they were of the head, not of the heart, and had he been spared to gain greater experience in his office, there is no doubt in my mind that he would have made an able and vigorous Administrator.

At this time much influence was being brought

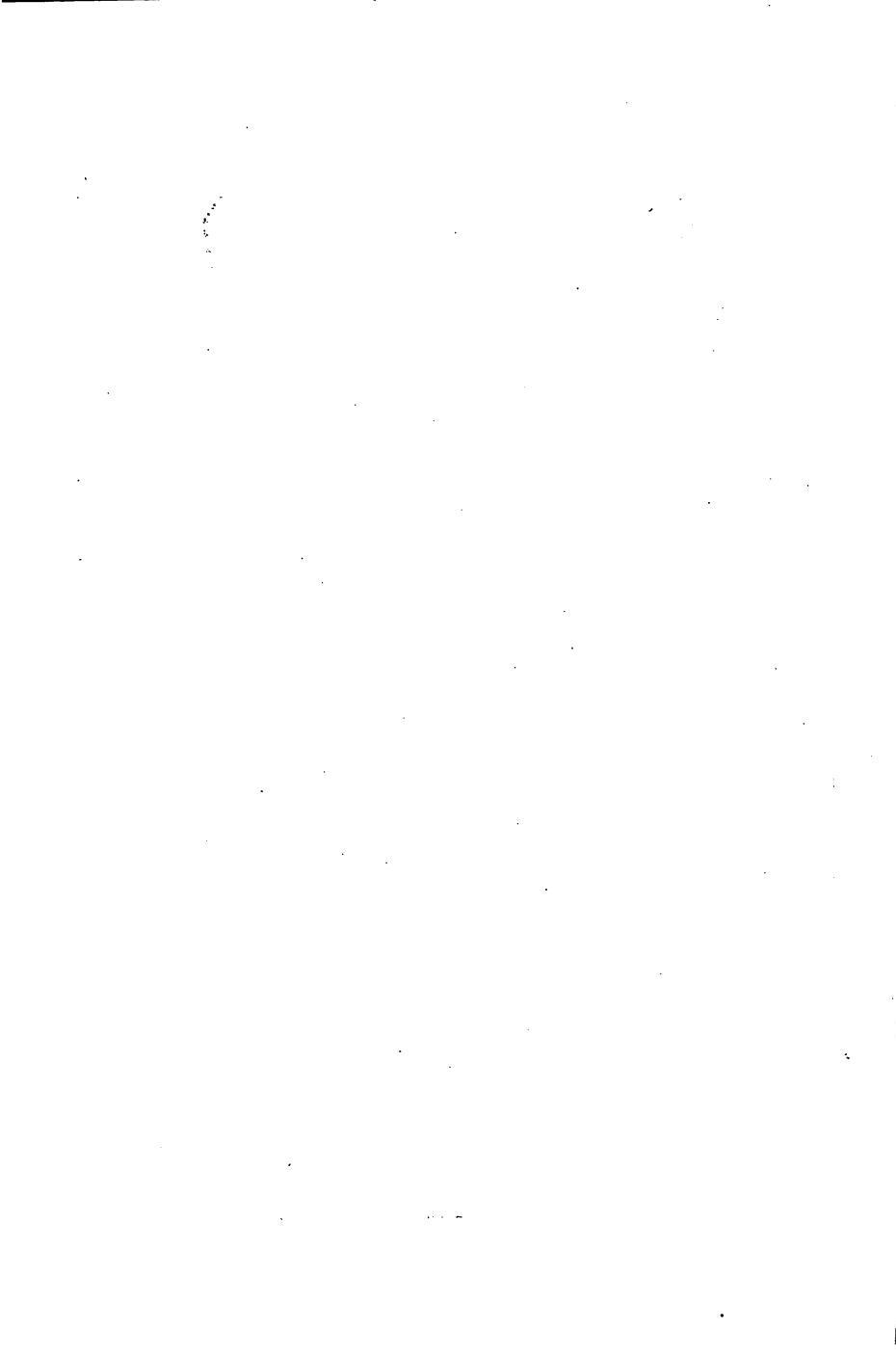
to bear, more especially by a section of the people in Queensland, to secure the appointment for Mr. John Douglas, who at one time had been Queensland Premier. These efforts were so far successful that Mr. Douglas received an acting commission, on receipt of which he very quickly gave evidence that he was the last man in Australia fitted to guide the fortunes of a newly acquired territory where there were so many conflicting interests. A man without confidence in himself, he naturally leaned on others, who led him as their interests or inclinations prompted. The result was that he succeeded in estranging many of his best friends. He insulted the heads of several of the Colonial Governments, for which he apologised, and after a short reign of eighteen months was compelled to resign to make room for a better and an abler man.

I need not weary the reader by saying more. This gentleman has now retired and sunk into the obscurity from which he should never have been taken, but it is to be hoped that in the future, under the wise rule of better and more able men, the vast natural resources of New Guinea will be developed until that beautiful and still practically unknown territory becomes not the least valuable or important dependency of the British Crown.



VILLAGE SCENE, SOUTH COAST, NEW GUINEA.





## CHAPTER XI.

### MY THIRD EXPEDITION TO NEW GUINEA.

Attitude of the new Commissioner—Feeling in New South Wales—Discovery of Gold-fields in Western Australia—McClure's Gulf—Followers of Islam—Abdul Delili, Rajah of the Gulf Tribes—Spudeen takes refuge on board my Ship—Mr. Hartog's Report of McClure's Gulf—A Journey inland with the Rajah—Aspect of the Country—Patipi Bay.

**THE** work accomplished during my second expedition was commented upon in favourable, not to say flattering, terms by the whole of the leading Colonial press, and I had moreover the countenance and support of the most intelligent and influential part of the population of New South Wales. Therefore I lost no time in applying to the new Commissioner for the fulfilment of the concessions promised in writing by his lamented predecessor.

After considerable correspondence, I deemed it my duty to wait upon him personally. The result of



our interview was not satisfactory and ended by the Commissioner informing me that "as all pioneers and explorers lost their money I should have to lose mine." This he afterwards to some extent retracted and promised in writing that when Her Majesty's sovereignty was proclaimed the claims I put forward would be acknowledged; he also offered me a permit to return to the country, an altogether un-English proceeding, and one which I accordingly declined to accept.

Returning to my home, the matter was taken up by such papers as the *Sydney Morning Herald*, the *Evening News*, and the *Brisbane Daily Telegraph*; some of which criticised the action of the Commissioner in no measured terms.

Secure in the good feeling of New South Wales and of the ultimate recognition of my claims by Her Majesty's Government I determined to continue my explorations, not only for the purpose of strengthening my own individual claims to properties I had acquired in New Guinea, but also from a broader and more patriotic motive—the advancement and development of the trade of those great islands for the benefit of the great Australian Commonwealth.

Circumstances did not favour my immediate return to New Guinea, but when I was almost despairing of being able to do so, news arrived of the discovery of gold-fields in Western Australia.

The excitement caused in Sydney by this intelligence was intense. Steamer after steamer left the wharves laden with their living freight. Sailing ships were put into requisition to carry round stores. Believing that, if one of the first in the field with a cargo, I should clear at least a hundred per cent., I loaded up a cargo of the value of some £1600 at my own risk, and made one of a fleet of five vessels which left Port Jackson bound for Derby, Western Australia, on the 18th of June 1886. I had not one penny of insurance on my cargo, hence it was fortunate that, out of the five sailing vessels which left the Southern ports mine was the only one to arrive at its destination without accident; some were totally lost.

We found on arrival in North-West Australia that the reports had been vastly exaggerated and that there were no purchasers for cargo. Thus, as a natural consequence, all perishable goods had to be thrown overboard, to the value of nearly £400, and ere I left my losses amounted to considerably over £1000.

But my plans had to be carried out in their entirety and with this extra load on my shoulders I shaped a course for McClure's Gulf, North-West New Guinea.

Passing the islands of Dana and Douw we sailed along the coast of Rottie, across the Straits of Shemau, and shaped a course through the Omba passage which runs between the islands of Timor and Allore. At the latter island some years since a well-known sea captain, Francis Cadell, was murdered and his ship burnt to the water's edge by order of the Rajah of Allore. As the death of this officer and the loss of his vessel had been shrouded in mystery, I made enquiry as to the cause of his murder, which so far as I can gather was brought on through his own cruelty to the natives.

Passing from here, we sighted the islands of Amboyna and Saparua and anchored for one day at the small island of Rouen, in the Banda group. From there we proceeded along the southern shores of the great island Ceram until we reached the Keefing Straits, separating the islands of Gissor and Kiliwaru from a cluster of small islands on a reef which extends several miles off the eastern end of Ceram.

Being now in soundings, the lead indicating fifteen

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fathoms, we decided to anchor, and landed at Gissor, where a Dutch Commandant holds post, for the purpose of obtaining some information as to the character of the natives on the New Guinea coast adjacent. The ship was rounded to and the anchor let go *in 200 fathoms of water.*

So abruptly does the water deepen in these seas, where the islands are all volcanic, that a drift of less than fifteen fathoms had altered the soundings from fifteen fathoms to two hundred. As the tide swept us through the straits our only course was to weigh anchor, make sail and continue our voyage towards New Guinea, the high land of which we discovered at daylight on the following morning.

By noon we were sailing along the coast within a few hundred yards of the shore, but to one acquainted with Southern New Guinea from the Papuan Gulf to the westward, the country here presents a marked contrast. There we first beheld a low swampy mangrove shore with mud-flats extending miles to the seaward. Here we had a bold coast line: mountains rising abruptly from the water's edge to the height of many thousand feet, densely wooded from base to summit, whilst dashing down their precipitous sides

were streams of excellent fresh water. The depth of water is so great,—ninety and a hundred fathoms—that we sailed along within a stone's throw of the shore in perfect safety.

We reached McClure's Gulf at four p.m. and towards evening entered a small bay in the centre of which stood a solitary rock. Inside of this we anchored at six p.m. in eight fathoms of water between the mainland and the small island of Wass. So soon as all was secured, the boat was launched and we rowed round the island.

Sighting two canoes, several shots were fired to attract attention, but the natives paid no heed to our signals and paddled rapidly away. We returned to the ship, pausing on the way to examine some deserted houses on the island.

At eight o'clock armed watches were set for the night, the officer of the watch remaining forward while one man was stationed at the gangway and the other at the cabin door. At three a.m. the watch called me and reported that two large prows had pushed off from the mainland and were paddling silently down towards the ship.

The men were called to their arms and when all was

in readiness the prows were hailed in Malayan. There was no response, and the interpreter was ordered to hail them again. This was done three times, when receiving no answer and as they were now within fifty yards of the ship, the men were instructed to prepare to fire a volley, to aim low and endeavour to strike the prows at the water line, taking time from myself.

The volley was fired at the nearest prow. We distinctly heard the bullets strike the timber and through the darkness saw the craft heel over, but still the natives uttered no cry. The leading craft seemed to alter her course, however, and presented a considerable broadside towards us. This the Malays of my crew said was caused by the natives being all in the water on the other side. The second prow also sheered off and although several volleys were fired we heard no sound of human voices and the prows were soon lost in the darkness.

With the first streak of dawn we made sail and proceeded up the Gulf; at seven o'clock the look-out from the masthead reported a flotilla of fifty war-canoes paddling along in shore. The men were got under arms and we ran down among them, and then—rounding the ship to—waited until the nearest

canoe came alongside. This they did with every demonstration of friendliness and informed me that they were the Roeambati, Patipi, Salakiti, Taur and Segar men on the war path to fight against the Rajah and people of Ati Ati who had previously murdered a Prince and two Rajahs from Tidore, the Sultan of which island is, by an arrangement made with the Dutch some eighty years ago, Lord Paramount of North-West New Guinea. They emphatically declared that the prows into which we had fired that morning were manned by the people of Ati Ati, and that had it not been for the vigilance of the watch and the warmth of their reception we in all probability should have been attacked and murdered.

Many of their canoes came alongside and we saw that the men were all armed with old-fashioned flint lock Tower muskets, besides a goodly supply of bows, arrows, and spears.

They informed me that they were followers of Islam. Many of them were gorgeously dressed in green silk tunics, and wore the Mahometan fez or cap, which in some cases was richly embroidered. In some instances the nether garments were kept together

by a silken girdle over which they had a belt of plaited grass. Into this belt were inserted rows of bamboo tubes containing powder; in a net-bag suspended from their shoulders they carried bullets or slugs, while in another bag they carried the inevitable searé box with their betel nut for chewing.

They were very demonstrative and talkative, readily answering any question put to them, mostly in the affirmative. But I subsequently discovered that their answers were usually diametrically opposite to the truth.

It was decided that one prow should remain and return with us to Roeambati, the abode of Abdul Delili, the Kapala or head Rajah of all the Gulf tribes; who was confined to his house by a severe attack of asthma. The other prows continued on their way to fight the Ati Ati men.

The ship was kept away and at ten o'clock we anchored about a cable's length from the shore at the village of Roeambati.

Selecting a few presents I landed, accompanied by my interpreters, at a staging in front of the village, which after the custom of the Malays, more especially the Mahometans, is built on posts in the



shallow waters of the bay and at such a distance from the shore that at the spring tides water rises to within a few inches of the floors of the houses. The staging on which we landed was a rickety one.

We were met by such of the chief men as were not on the war path, and were conducted round a number of houses at considerable risk to neck and limb, to say nothing of the chance of tumbling into the water, until we arrived at the dwelling of the great man, Abdul Delili.

He received us in state on a platform in front of his house. A calico canopy had been spread overhead, and clean native mats on the floor, in the centre of which a large four-legged table had been placed, a cotton quilt doing service for a table-cloth. A couple of arm-chairs were brought from the house and placed one at each end of the table for the Rajah and myself. The chiefs and my interpreters sat on either side on old boxes, baskets, blocks of wood, &c. When seated, I presented, through the interpreters, the articles I had brought for the Rajah.

His dress consisted of a pair of spring-side boots, black alpaca trousers, white calico shirt, black alpaca coat, Mahometan cap, and a pair of large Chinese

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horn-rim spectacles. In front of him on the table lay his open journal in which he keeps a daily record of events, written in Arabic characters. His appearance did not prepossess me in his favour, his quick restless eyes and twitching mouth denoting cunning and duplicity. His features were of the Arab type and he presented all the aspects of a wizened cunning old miser, of whom I should imagine Dickens's Fagin in 'Oliver Twist' to be a fairly representative specimen.

As I sat opposite to him I could not help reflecting that he was a man capable of doing a great deal of mischief and sufficiently cunning to throw the blame upon others. But for all this I found him keen and intelligent, reading and writing Arabic fluently, with a knowledge of men and things hardly to be expected from a native of New Guinea.

He had obtained from some signal books copies of the flags of all nations save the English, which, strange to say, were wanting.

His ideas, too, of the power of the Sultan of Turkey were absurdly at fault, for he believed the Sultan to be the greatest potentate on earth, and Mecca and Medina the largest and most wonderful cities in the world.

He informed me that he held sway over the whole of the Gulf tribes, whom he had summoned to punish the Rajah of Ati Ati for having murdered the Prince and the two Rajahs from Tidore. He further informed me that the villages in the Gulf contained ten thousand inhabitants, but before our conversation had finished he assured me that they held at least seventy million of inhabitants, and this he said without a blush!

When the subject of purchasing a cargo of spices and other articles was broached, he at first said we had come too late and too soon, meaning that we were too late for the one season and too early for the other, but said he would come on board the ship, when he would be able to tell me if I should be likely to secure a cargo.

We were then shown round the village, which consisted of ten houses and a Mahometan mosque, none of the houses being large. On returning, I enquired the number of inhabitants in the village. With the utmost effrontery, he replied: "More than twelve hundred." As a matter of fact, it was impossible that the houses could contain two hundred souls.

On returning to the house of the Rajah, I found several of the inhabitants had brought net-bags of

nutmegs for sale, but the prices asked were so exorbitant, that I returned to the ship, and gave orders to heave up anchor and get under weigh. This had the desired effect, and I was able to purchase all the nutmegs they had to dispose of at the rate of about sixteen shillings per picul.

The anchorage here being unsafe, and without shelter from the westerly winds, we proceeded a few miles up the coast, and anchored in a snug land-locked bay near the villages of Patipi and Salikiti; the Rajahs of each came on board during the afternoon to pay their respects, accompanied by their sons, whom they left on board as hostages for our safety. As, however, each young rajah brought with him a dozen followers, I deemed it necessary as a matter of precaution, to keep the ship's company continually under arms.

After dark a small canoe came off from the shore in which was an old Malay and his son, who, so soon as he reached the ship's gangway, asked in Malay: "Is this an English ship?"

On being answered in the affirmative, he said: "Then here I stop, if Alufurus come, Englishmen fight;" and turning to his son, said: "We are safe now, Madhi, Papua men cannot hurt us here."

He then asked for the Nakoda (captain). He was brought aft to me, but he spoke with such volubility that I had to request him to stop, so that the interpreter might translate what he was saying, my own knowledge of the language at that time being somewhat imperfect.

He said his name was Spudeen, and that of his son Madhi; that they were natives of Saparua, near Amboyna; that by trade he was a goldsmith. They had come over to trade in a small way, with ornaments amongst the natives of New Guinea, by whom they had been plundered and would have been murdered but for our timely arrival. He requested that I would give shelter and protection until opportunity offered of landing them on one of the islands of the Austro-Malayan Archipelago, from whence they could get to their homes.

To their request I readily acceded, and towards midnight, another poor wretch reached the ship badly wounded, craving shelter and protection. This was also granted, and the three remained on board the ship until I was enabled to land them in safety at Gissor.

In the morning we had another visitor, one Anga-

wearo, a native of Ceram, who informed me that he acted as trade master to Mr. Hartog, a Dutch merchant, who visited the Gulf in the steamer "Egron" in 1877 and subsequently made several voyages thither.

On his return from his first voyage Mr. Hartog sent a report, which was published under the auspices of the Royal Geographical Society, London, a portion of which runs as follows:—

"All the bays or creeks on the west coast of New Guinea which offer a safe anchoring place to small craft as well as larger vessels are surpassed by McClure Gulf which is broad, deep, and in every way superior to them, land bordered by impenetrable high woods surrounds the inlet, the woods yield several productions the principal of which are nutmegs. There are living along the Gulf about 12,000 inhabitants in forty villages. The heat was on an average less than at Java. There prevailed the fresh breezy atmosphere and there was no complaint about violent epidemic diseases. New Guinea is thickly populated (?). Agriculture is carried on, good tobacco is cultivated, and trepang (*Beche-de-mer*), turtle and an abundance of cattle and poultry are found."

The people according to his experience are neither savage, cunning nor treacherous, as most authorities described them, but rather lively and energetic, showing great eagerness for bartering.

The whole of the above quotation, as I shall subsequently show, is altogether inaccurate; at the same time it is but fair to Mr. Hartog that I inform my readers that he wrote, not from his own knowledge, but from information received from Rajah Abdul Delili during a short stay of one week. He did not himself venture farther up the Gulf than Segar Bay.

That Mr. Hartog had no intention to mislead is self-evident from the fact that he returned, and in subsequent voyages learnt to his cost how thoroughly unreliable, cunning and treacherous were these followers of Islam.

This man Angawearo made offer to act in the same capacity for me and assured me that he had conducted Mr. Hartog's business to that gentleman's entire satisfaction. He was asked for certificates from Mr. Hartog but could not produce any and assured me that they were not usual among the tribes.

Being anxious to secure a cargo, I entrusted him with trade to the value of £150, the Rajah Abdul

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Delili, in his capacity of Chief and High Priest of the Mahometan religion, becoming guarantor and giving himself up to me as a hostage for Angawearo's fidelity.

Having secured the goods Angawearo, who owned a large junk, proceeded up Patipi Bay ostensibly to purchase nutmegs, birds of paradise, &c.

The Rajah Abdul Delili having examined my ship's hold, assured me that when once they fairly started the cargo would come alongside so rapidly that I should fill up in three days, and he suggested in the meantime that I should accompany him to the mountains and see for myself the splendid palla or nutmeg country.

Having carefully considered this proposal, I decided to accept it, but was strongly urged by my own people not to run the risk, and old Spudeen assured me that when once in the interior I should be murdered and the Rajah would return and pretend that I had been killed by the Alufurus.

Being, however, determined to see the country so that I might form some idea of its resources I thought it worth the risk, and taking with me one single Malayan boy for an interpreter I accepted the Rajah's invitation.

Before leaving the ship I made up two heavy charges



of dynamite, with cap and fuse attached, each weighing half a pound; then buckling on a short cutlass and my revolver, and slinging my Winchester rifle over my shoulder I gave a Snider carbine to the Malay and accompanied the Rajah to Taur Bay near Roeambati.

Prior to leaving the ship the man whom I had promoted from an able seaman to acting mate was instructed to be cautious and vigilant and not to allow any canoes alongside during my absence; in event of my failing to return at sunset to get under weigh and stand off shore.

Entering Taur Bay we pulled to the village of that name, which consisted of seven houses and about eighty inhabitants. Here we had a long conversation with the people, made several small presents and arranged to purchase from them some nutmegs of the last season's growth. At about nine in the morning we prepared to land on the south side of the bay.

No sooner had we left the village than five or six canoes shot out, bringing with them a party of not less than fifty men.

Having only the Malayan boy with me, and not liking the appearance of so many men all armed

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to the teeth with bows and arrows, spears, long macassar knives, tomahawks and flint-lock muskets, I enquired of the Rajah if it was necessary that so large a force should accompany us. He said that it was because at any moment we might be attacked by the Alufurus or Ati Ati men. This led me to ask how the fight between his men and the men of Ati Ati ended. He said there had been no fight as there had been no enemy.

Not feeling comfortable amongst so many, and remembering the urgency with which old Spudeen requested me not to go, I ordered the whole of the canoes to go ahead. Then taking from my haversack a half-pound charge of dynamite I cut the fuse to six inches, lit it and threw it into the water among a shoal of fishes. The volume of water it threw up was immense, besides which it killed thousands of fishes and struck terror into the natives who, however, soon recovered from their fright and jumping overboard collected a great quantity of fish.

Their excitement was intense. When it had somewhat abated I called the canoes around and assured them that it would be no more difficult for me to

exterminate every man of them, than it had been to kill the fish.

The effect was excellent, as the natives who were now thoroughly frightened gave me to understand that it was their intention to be faithful good friends.

Paddling into a little cove on the south side of the bay we landed beside a clear rippling stream and, having ordered the whole of the men to march in Indian file in front, we started by a little rugged path into the mountains, with my interpreter immediately behind me and the Rajah just in front.

Every foot of the journey, which was laborious in the extreme, disclosed fresh scenes of verdure and tropical splendour. Winding along the sides of deep ravines, sometimes dragging ourselves up by the creepers and undergrowth, we ultimately attained an altitude of about 1000 feet above the sea and then entered the nutmeg country. Here we halted and rested. The Rajah pulled some of the nutmegs and explained how far they were from being ripe.

Having rested sufficiently, we again started forward and after scrambling along for about an hour we gained a fine piece of tableland, over which we travelled for about another half an hour, when we reached three

houses erected in the very heart of the forest. These were used by the natives for drying the nutmegs.

The country was everywhere magnificent and the aroma of the spice-laden air, delicious. Nutmeg and other equally valuable trees were everywhere growing in great profusion. The fruit of the nutmeg in appearance resembles a pear, and when ripe opens and displays the nut covered with a beautiful red coating of mace. The nuts are then picked from the tree, put into baskets and taken to the houses, where they are husked and placed on shelves. They are then partially roasted over a slow fire until all the moisture is extracted. After this they are cooled and carried down to the village in nets ready to be bartered to the Bugis, Arabs and other traders who frequent the Gulf in their small prows or junkos at the proper season.

Gladly would I have remained here for a few days to have seen something of the interior of this fair and magnificent land, but the sense of insecurity and anxiety for my ship and people decided me to return, as the sun was far past the meridian.

Owing to the rugged nature of the path the descent was somewhat perilous and was not accomplished with-

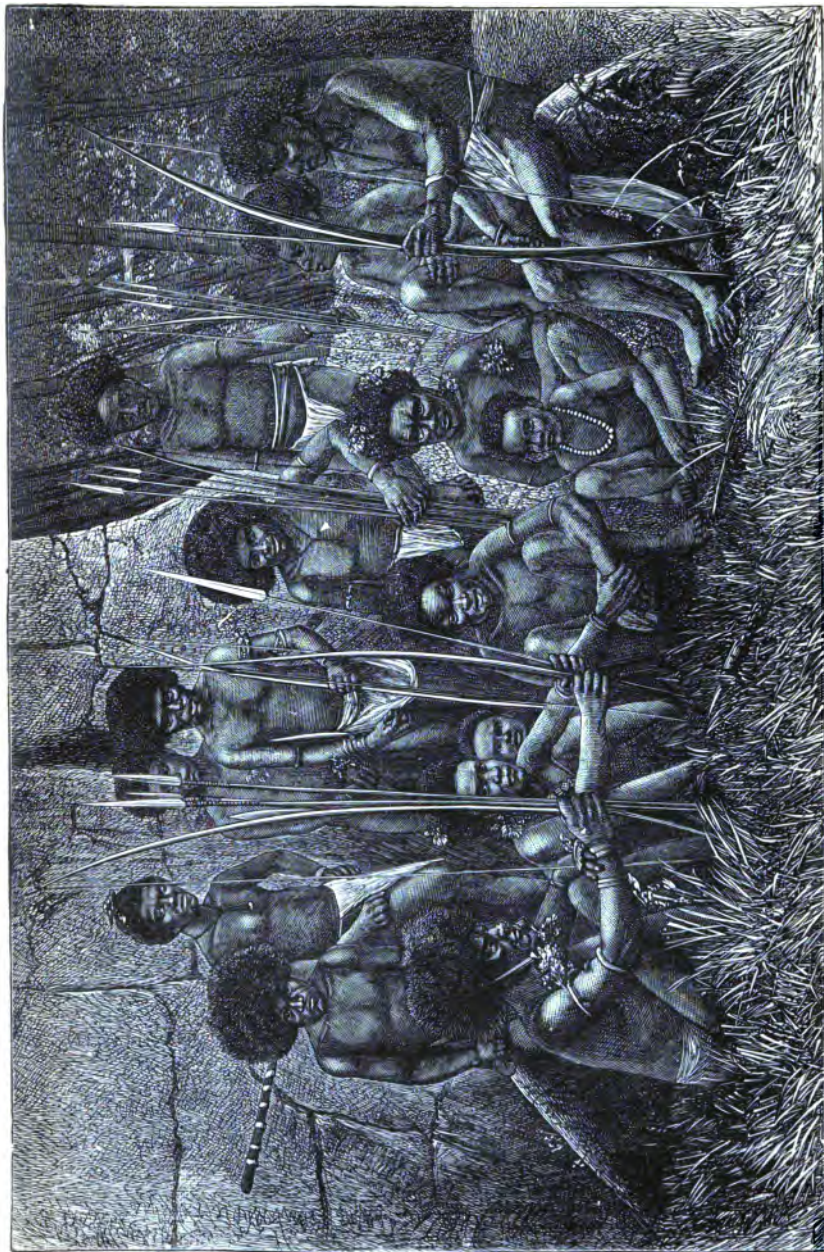
out some nasty falls, one of which landed me at the bottom of a ravine. These accidents, although trifling in themselves, were attended by considerable danger owing to my weapons being loaded and also from the possibility of the dynamite I carried exploding.

The descent was at last, however, accomplished and I succeeded in reaching the ship after dark, just in time to prevent the mate obeying my orders by standing out to sea.

The Rajah of Roeambati, according to the agreement between him and Angawearo, remained on board all night. Towards morning Rajah Pandi of Segar also came alongside bringing some nutmegs for sale, which were purchased, and in the morning another start was made for Segar Bay twenty-five miles further up the Gulf, which was the extreme limit reached by Hartog.

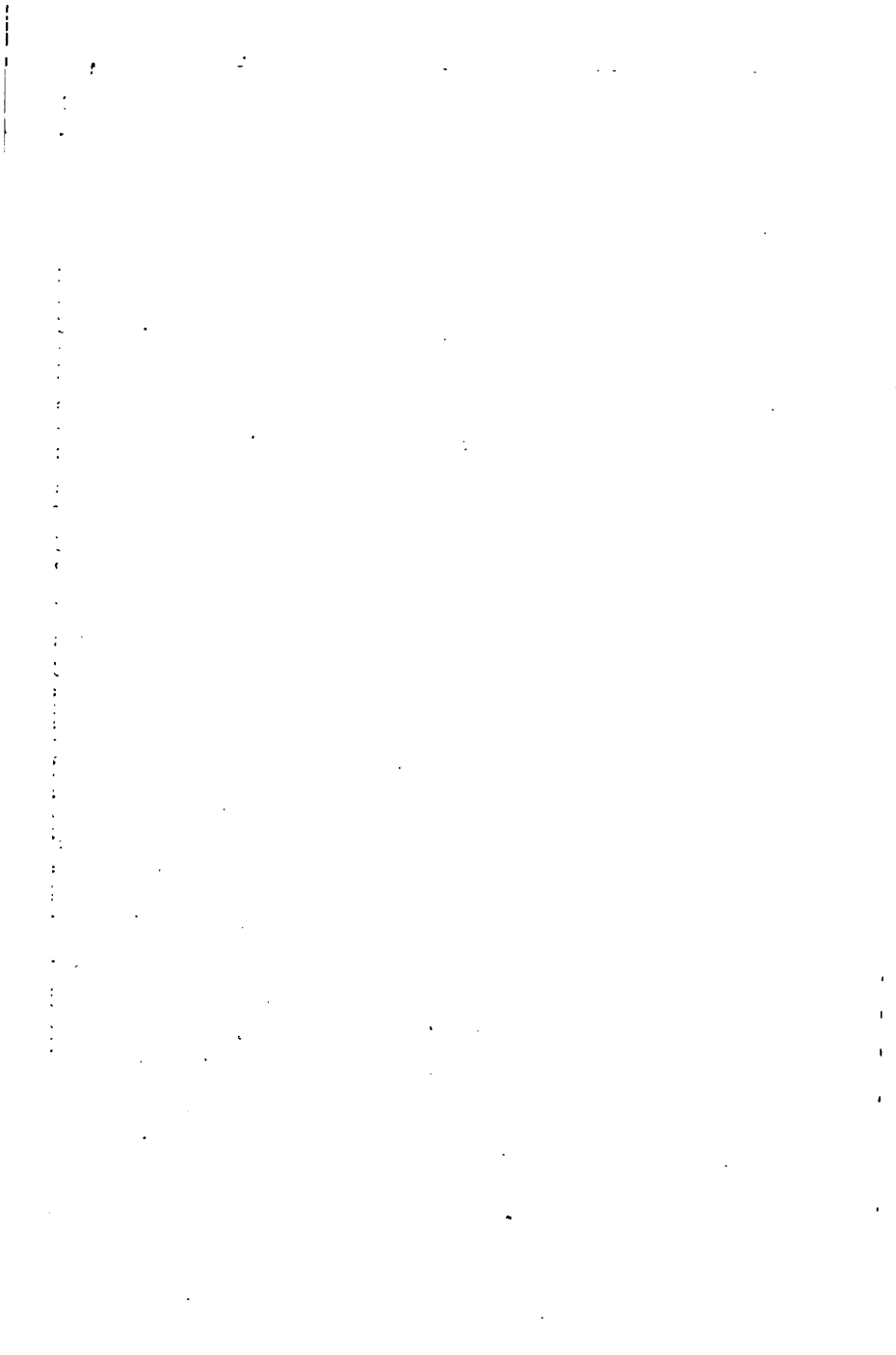
The information supplied in the sailing directions was very meagre and altogether inaccurate. Great caution was therefore rendered necessary on our part, more especially in leaving the Bay. We accordingly made arrangements with the Rajah to supply us with a loas or pilot who was well acquainted with all the outlying dangers.

Patipi Bay is about seven miles wide and faces to



ALUFURU WARRIORS AT THE HEAD WATER OF McCLURE'S GULF, NORTH-WEST NEW GUINEA.

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the west. It is well sheltered by several small islands and reefs and its entrance is completely land-locked. It affords excellent shelter for well-armed and well-manned vessels. Having cleared the islands and reefs, we stood up the Gulf, making about a north-east course until we reached the northern shore, where we anchored for the night in eleven fathoms of water off a small village situated at the mouth of a river.

Here the country is low and swampy and the inhabitants are in a state of natural savagery. Large quantities of sago and arrowroot are coarsely manufactured and furnish not only the staple food of the inhabitants, but also their only article of trade with their half-civilized Mahometan neighbours on the opposite shore.

That the sago palm must grow here in great abundance is evident from the fact, that for one American axe we purchased ten hundredweight of sago and one hundredweight of arrowroot.

Here, also, the Rajahs come to purchase or capture slaves as best suits their convenience—but of this hereafter.

Although the shores of this portion of New Guinea are low, mountain ranges rising to heights of fourteen



thousand feet are seen far into the interior. This part of the country is known by the name of Polo Berau (or the Island of Berau).

In the morning we continued up the Gulf towards Segar, but having to contend with strong adverse tides and currents, together with a head wind, it was the fourth day ere we reached our destination, a distance of twenty-five miles from Patipi.

## CHAPTER XII

### BARTERING WITH THE NATIVES.

Segar Bay—Rajah Pandi—Picturesqueness of the Scenery—A decaying Race—A Reception by the Rajah—Negotiations for Nutmegs—A Crowd of Extortioners—The Bird of Paradise—Clearing the Decks—I take Spudeen's Advice.

THE scenery as we entered Segar Bay was very beautiful. Dotted across its mouth are numerous little islands densely wooded, between each of which are deep water channels, the strong tides rippling like a boiling cauldron.

As we stood in towards the anchorage with our colours flying, a large prow pushed off from the shore with drums and gongs beating and many Mahometan flags flying from poles, while above all was the ensign of the Netherlands. The men chanted a rather pleasing boat song, to the time of which they paddled. The refrain was as follows.—

“Ana kori, koki tori, aris aris, paran pua, pendipendi, samuna, laki-laki, ana kori, koki tori, ariss ariss.”

On a platform and stage in the midship of the prow stood our old friend Rajah Pandi, dressed in bright scarlet and gold and beating time with his umbrella.

We came to an anchor, and the natives paddled three times round the ship, fired several volleys from their flint-lock muskets, and then came alongside.

Old Pandi presented me with a bird of paradise and bade us welcome to Segar. He then introduced us to his son, a rather pleasing young man of about nineteen years of age, by name Abdul Achman.

His people, having secured the prow alongside, quickly came on board and, fraternising with the Rajah's people, presented a rather interesting picture. Some few had brought trifling articles for sale, and although all were professedly followers of Islam the universal demand was for Irepanas (literally fire-water) and Tandown (opium). These they usually obtain from the Arabs and Bugis, who, although also professedly faithful followers of the Prophet, yearly smuggle these articles by way of Singapore and through the Chinese merchants located on the islands of the Archipelago.

The Bay of Segar affords a secure anchorage in five or six fathoms of water to shipping during every monsoon. On its shores are three villages with

an aggregate population of not more than twelve hundred.

The surrounding country is considerably elevated, exceedingly fertile, and picturesque in appearance. The forests in the background abound with the valuable timber trees, of which the chief are black walnut, ebony, and splendid red woods, besides nutmegs, indigenous to the soil, and misoi, from the bark of which valuable oils are extracted. There are also many woods and herbs valuable for medicinal purposes; and wild pigs, the cuscus, the philander or tree-climbing kangaroo, the wallaby and many similar animals constitute the fauna of the country. There are no cattle here, as was erroneously reported by Hartog, although on the adjacent islands of Ceram and Kiliwaru deer are abundant. The feathered tribes present many varieties, the chief of which are the cassowary, several species of the gaura or great crowned pigeon, some beautiful doves, birds of paradise, the podargus, racket-tailed kingfishers, lorys and lorikeets with many other birds of the parrot kind. The butterflies and insects are innumerable. I was informed by the natives that a Dutch or German naturalist had spent some two months here and made

an excellent collection. In the waters of the bay are numerous small beds of pearl shells, but very few are collected, as the natives will not dive for them. The same applies to the trepang or Beche-de-mer, of which there is an abundance, and in which a large trade could be initiated if the natives would work.

There is no doubt in my mind that the abundance of sago, the ease with which a large supply of fish can be procured, together with the value of the nutmeg crop and the association with the Mahometan traders, have injuriously affected the natives of these parts both physically and morally. Having little need to labour to procure the necessaries of life, rich in valuable commodities which they exchange for what is not only luxurious but pernicious, viz., strong drink and opium, together with fine clothing, brass guns, gongs, powder, and muskets, instead of advancing in civilization they are in my opinion a rapidly decaying race, lazy, treacherous, cruel, thieves and liars, who, without the appearance of any violent epidemic disease, are rapidly disappearing from the face of the earth. In a sojourn of two months and a half in the Gulf, the death rate was amazingly large, and failing to trace anything like an epidemic among those people I came

to the conclusion that the fiat had gone forth that they should disappear, to make room for a better and a nobler people.

Following the Rajah came numerous canoes bringing nutmeg, tortoise, and pearl-shell in small quantities, some of which were purchased, and it was far into the night before our decks were cleared of visitors. The last to go was the Rajah, who left his son as hostage, and arranged that I should return his visit on the following day when he would send a prow for me, as I did not desire to take my own boat and crew away from the ship.

Throughout the night the men kept sea watches under arms.

At dawn the prows came off from the shores to trade and considerable barter was effected before the morning meal. Afterwards, as I had to prepare to return the visit of the great man, Rajah Pandi, accompanied by one more powerful than he, Kapala Rajah Abdul Delili, the prows were ordered from the ship.

When the last boat had departed, we began to make our preparations. My own were of the simplest description ; I had only to examine my revolver and Winchester, to see that my cutlass worked easily in

its scabbard and to put my haversack, in which there were a few presents, over my shoulder.

With my hostage, the Rajah Abdul Delili, the case was somewhat different. He had first to shave the heads of his four attendants and then one of those same attendants had to do the like for him. Ablutions had next to be performed, and a piece of beeswax borrowed with which to set up his moustache before a small looking-glass. At length he came on deck dressed in a pair of tweed trousers, white cotton shirt, black alpaca coat, Mahometan cap and a pair of large Chinese horn spectacles, so that his grotesque appearance caused considerable merriment among the crew, who were with difficulty restrained from laughing outright. Old Spudeen, who loved him not, indulged in a considerable amount of sneering.

At eleven o'clock a large gaily decorated prow came off to the ship with a gong and drum band to take us to the house of the Rajah. Having served out strong spirits to the boatmen, we embarked, and whilst the drums and gongs were vigorously beaten we pushed off to the shore. The whole of the way the natives sang as they bent to the paddles.

As we neared the village, which contained a row of

fair-sized houses built as usual on posts and enclosing a point or tongue of land, the natives began to fire their flint locks and the men redoubled their efforts with the drums and gongs; meanwhile the rowers bent to their paddles, vigorously singing to a not unpleasing tune a boat song of which the refrain, many times repeated, became indelibly impressed on my memory, and was as follows:—

“Raja’ tour, Rajah mooder,  
Raja’ mooder, Rajah tour,  
Nakoda Angalice.”\*

Flag staffs of bamboo were erected, in front of every house, Dutch, Arab and Chinese flags were flying, while crowded along the path or stage which does service for a street were the whole of the inhabitants of the village, who kept blazing away with their muskets and waving flags in response to the people in the prow.

Having rowed at least a dozen times backwards and forwards along the whole length of the village the prow remained stationary for a few minutes at the lower end and the boatmen then paddled slowly along

\* Translated literally: The old Rajah, the young Rajah, and the English Captain.



in front of the houses, the owners of which lowered their flags and tossed them, staves and all, into the prow, where one of the Rajah's men received them.

This ceremony over, which I confess was both tedious and tiresome, we were landed at some rough steps at the house of Rajah Pandi and by him were escorted with a very great deal of ostentatious ceremony within doors to the great hall or reception room.

This was positively well furnished. The floor was covered with a heavy felting of bright colours; lashed to posts against the wall were several large brass cannons, a proof of the wealth of the Rajah, while at the upper end of the room on a raised platform or dais was a common sea-chest, such as sailors use, with a covering of cloth of gold and a cushion as a seat of honour for the Kapala Rajah Abdul Delili and myself, the Rajah's seat being somewhat higher than my own.

Rajah Pandi had reserved for himself an ottoman at our feet. The remainder of the company, in all about forty persons, sat in a single row on the carpeted floor.

It was rather amusing to see the assumption of dignity on the part of Rajah Abdul Delili, and it was with some difficulty that I restrained myself from laughing outright when Pandi, suddenly taking in the

situation, slipped from his seat on to the carpet, and rolled lazily on the floor.

After some moments, the silence was broken by Pandi saying "Captaine cashie sopie" (literally, captain give spirits); I ordered the interpreter to pass the two bottles that I had brought for presentation first to Delili, whom I told to give them to Pandi. The latter I expected would have opened one of the bottles and passed it round to his high chief and people, but instead of this he seized the bottles, slipped them under the ottoman and said, "tre ma cashie" (thank you).

The continued rustling at the wall on the eastern side of the house attracted my attention, and on looking, I saw peering through the crevices numerous black eyes which belonged to the women of Pandi's household.

These people are professedly followers of Islam, but are addicted to the use of ardent spirits and opium-smoking to a degree little dreamed of by the Netherlands authorities.

The conversation was at last opened by a speech from Rajah Abdul Delili. I was informed that at the new moon the tribes would be in a position to load my

ship with nutmegs and other staples, and also that the Rajah Mooders would be dispatched into the interior to buy from the Alufurus or bushmen their nutmegs. Meanwhile Abdul Delili and a boat's crew would proceed up the gulf to the island of Arogoni, and to Bombarai for the purpose of collecting tortoise-shell and pearl-shell. Pandi's son was to remain in the ship as a hostage for our safety.

This looked promising, and after two hours' tedious desultory conversation, we took our departure for the ship, suffering the infliction of the same ceremonies again with which we were received on landing.

We were followed by numerous prows each of which it appeared contained a Rajah Mooder, who according to agreement was about to proceed into the interior. They had come off for the purpose of receiving goods with which to purchase the nutmegs. This I was assured by Abdul Delili and Angawearo, who had followed me to Segar, it was customary for the trader to give, and I was also told that Abdul Delili would take a list of all goods supplied, and would become as Kapala Rajah responsible for every article. On this understanding I supplied the men liberally with goods, and they left the ship.

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On the following morning the Rajah and his people also left the ship for the purpose of proceeding to the two places already mentioned. They returned on the following day and the Rajah assured me that the next morning a number of canoes would be down laden with pearl and tortoise-shell. He said he had spoken to all the people and they had all gone vigorously to work, and that when they came I would be able to see for myself the wealth in pearl-shell alone that was to be acquired in McClure's Gulf.

About eleven o'clock the next day ten canoes were seen hovering between the islands, and the Rajah informed me that they were waiting for his signal to approach the ship. The signal was hoisted and the canoes came alongside.

The mate with four of the crew were stationed forward with their revolvers in their belts and their rifles in their hands, while one man with the interpreter remained aft with me.

As soon as they came alongside I noticed that each prow was heavily armed, and enquired why they came alongside of a British ship in that fashion.

They assured me that it was unsafe for them to travel unarmed, as they were at war with the Alufurus.

The Rajahs of Arogoni and Bombarai were introduced to me by Delili and were ordered to seat themselves on top of my cabin. They were given some tobacco to smoke and their men were ordered to keep in the gangways.

By this time there were ninety-five men on the schooner's deck, jabbering, chattering and wishing to force themselves everywhere. They were ordered to bring out of the prows what pearl-shell they had brought for trade, when, instead of tons as promised by Rajah Abdul Delili, the ten canoes had brought eighteen pairs of inferior shells, the value of which might have been ten shillings sterling, but for which they asked such an exorbitant price that I refused to purchase.

It was not long ere I discovered that they did not come to trade but to beg. It was therefore decided for the sake of example not to purchase what they had brought at any price whatever, and the shell was returned to the canoes and they were ordered to leave the ship. This they did with evident reluctance.

It now first dawned upon me that there was mischief brewing and that the anxiety of Rajah Abdul Delili to visit these different tribes in advance was possibly

to concert some scheme whereby we might be surprised and the ship captured.

Having with some difficulty cleared the decks and got the prows from the ship the men were instructed to redouble their vigilance and to report to me the slightest thing that came under their notice.

About four o'clock in the afternoon one of the Rajah Mooders came round the point, followed by four canoes manned by Alufuru men, which he brought alongside. These men brought several bags of nutmegs and a beautiful live bird of paradise on a stick. This lovely creature seemed perfectly tame and I agreed to purchase it together with the nutmegs. It was handed to me and from me to the interpreter, who stood holding it in his hand. The Rajahs were smoking and in less than three minutes, whether from fright or the noxious tobacco smoke, this beautiful creature dropped from its perch dead.

The Alufurus from the bush, although wild, rough-looking fellows, impressed me more favourably than the mixed Mahometan villagers on the coast, and I could not but regret that our trade relations could not be carried on except through the latter.

The night had now considerably advanced, my men

were tired and anxious, so it became necessary for me to clear the decks and send the natives on shore. They left the ship with some reluctance, leaving a small canoe from one of the little villages in Segar Bay, the owner of which claimed to be a big man and insisted on remaining on board the ship all night to watch over the great man Delili.

Unfortunately for his design the interpreter had previously called my attention to him when in the act of stealthily rolling up a knife, something like a Highlander's dirk, in the folds of his girdle, and he was consequently given to understand that if he did not speedily take himself off he would be thrown overboard. This had the desired effect and our decks were cleared with the exception of the Rajah and his men.

On the following day the Rajah Abdul Delili excused himself and said that he had to leave as he was going with others to Berau to purchase sago and arrowroot, but that Pandi's son would remain on board the ship as hostage and that the Rajah Mooders and Angawearo would be returning daily with plenty of nutmegs for the ship.

They left me with every demonstration of friendliness.

Throughout the day several single canoes came off and some goura or great-crowned pigeons were purchased. A cuscus and a philander were also brought alongside, but for some reason were taken away again before I had time to bargain for them.

On the following day (Sunday) the Rajah Mooder (Manare) brought some birds of paradise for sale. He had previously been introduced to me by Abdul Delili at Patipi and I was assured that the head Rajah regarded him as a brother. He also wanted a little trade, but said that he could not trade to the value of more than £1. He assured me that he could not be back to the ship in less than a fortnight, but that on my return from the upper waters of the Gulf he would have many birds of paradise ready for me. The required trade was given and he left the ship accompanied by our hostage, who said he was anxious to see his mother.

Our decks were now free for the first time since entering the Gulf, and with the exception of Spudeen, his son, and the poor wounded creature already spoken of, we had only the ship's company on board.

Towards evening Spudeen brought the interpreter



aft and said he thought it would be advisable if I shifted the ship farther to seaward as he did not think the "Orang Papua (Papua men) meant good." The tide answering, the ship was shifted a little farther down the bay.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### A CONSPIRACY TO SEIZE THE SHIP.

Spudeen laughs to scorn the Notion that the Flotilla of Prows are leaving to buy Sago—The Secret out—A Slave-hunting Raid—Starting to the Rescue—A poor little Captive—I adopt the Child—An Attack of Fever—The Rajah proposes to seize the Ship—Amongst the Bentouni Men—The Post Holder of Gissor's opinion of the natives of New Guinea—A suspicious-looking Prow—A Council of War—A plain Talk with the Rajah—Encountering a Simoom—Kiliakat—In search of Provisions.

ON the following morning there was great activity at the villages from which war-prow after war-prow set sail. From Arogoni we observed many prows stand to sea and shape their course for the opposite shore. Spudeen laughed at the thought of all those prows leaving for the purpose of buying sago or for trade, and explained that when they went simply to purchase food they did not go in war-prows but in junkos, large lumbering craft that would carry good cargoes, and

he assured me that they were on the war path and were going to catch men. The villages being now in some measure deserted, at least half of the fighting men having left, we had few visitors, but towards evening Angawearo, the Ceram man, came to the ship and brought some nutmegs, which he left.

From a conversation with Angawearo I was convinced that these men had gone on a slave-hunting raid.

It should here be mentioned that all the prows as they left the villages were flying the ensign of the Netherlands.

I explained to Angawearo that if these men were slave-hunters they had no right to display the flag of a Christian nation.

He gave his shoulders a shrug, and said, "Orang Papua tribai," that is to say "Papua man no good."

He left the ship, and having no more visitors I was enabled to calmly consider the situation, and decide in some measure my plans for the future. My reasoning ran thus :—This slave-hunting raid has been planned for the purpose of bringing the warriors of the tribes together so that at a safe distance they may consult as to the best means of capturing my ship and murdering

myself and crew. Within a month a prince and two Rajahs from Tidore have been foully murdered for the sake of their trade. These men claim to be subjects of Holland, and each prow is flying the flag of the Netherlands. Their ostensible mission is an unlawful one. Would I be justified as a free Briton, a citizen of the good city of Sydney, and, above all, a British sailor, in interfering, breaking up their expedition, freeing their captives, and sending them to their homes?

Having reasoned thus I concluded that if not acting within the strict letter of the law, I could safely depend upon public opinion to carry me through.

It was far into the night ere I retired.

At daylight the Australian ensign was hoisted at the fore, the British ensign at the main, and the ship got under weigh. The wind and tide, which had been against us coming up, were now in our favour, and at night we anchored in forty-nine fathoms of water, opposite the small village of Tambani, on the north-western shore, ten miles from where we anchored coming up, and where we were assured the prows were to be found.

About nine o'clock on the following morning we

proceeded down the Gulf, and after an hour's sail descried the flotilla of prows coming towards us. Singling out that of the Rajah we ran alongside and lay to.

The Rajah came on board and appeared delighted to meet us. We asked him what he had been doing, and why so many canoes had left us so abruptly.

He said they had gone to buy sago, but were attacked, and they had driven the natives back.

This speech made old Spudeen shrug his shoulders.

The interpreter asked him how many men he had caught.

He said only one small boy.

Lying in the bottom of his canoe was a child of about two years of age who, as I looked over the side, fixed his eyes pleadingly on mine. I ordered him to be lifted on to my vessel's deck, when it was found that there was a deep gash on the back of his head, caused by his being thrown into the prow. The little fellow stood in the gangway with a pleading wistful look.

Ordering the mate to let the sails draw and the helm to be put up, I let the ship stand to the seaward with the one prow in tow and the Rajah and some of his people on board.

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Then pointing to the flags overhead I explained that that child, being now under the British flag, was free, and that it would be impossible for me to return him to them ; that they did wrong to steal men and children, and that if the authorities of the Netherlands knew it was customary for them to make raids they would send a man-of-war to punish them ; that I did not want to quarrel with them but wanted to be friends, so that while I determined to keep the child and return him to his parents——

Here I was interrupted by the Rajah, who told me that the boy's parents were killed and a great number slaughtered.

On my saying I would be willing to give some presents in compensation for taking the baby from him, he asked for my watch, a cheap one which had only cost £3. 10s. 0d., which I gave him. He asked for some cloth, then for some tobacco and would have asked for the ship had I not refused to give him any more.

The child's head was dressed and he was taken below.

The vessel was then tacked and we steered through the flotilla to see if they had any more prisoners, but

the people had evidently been fortunate in having timely warning, and had escaped. As they had no more prisoners, I did not allow any more prows alongside, but shaped a course for Arogoni, whence Spudeen assured me I could easily proceed to sea with any wind. I arrived at the anchorage towards dusk and no prows were allowed alongside for the night.

In the morning the Rajah, whom I have already mentioned as coming with the ten prows, arrived from the shore, but only to beg.

His village is a considerable one and constitutes three sides of a square on the shores of a high rocky island, within a mile of the mainland.

Here on the suggestion of Abdul Delili I secured the services of a pilot and interpreter who could speak the language of the people at the head of the Gulf and also Malay.

We then proceeded towards the head waters of the Gulf and after touching at Bombarai, a small village containing only thirty inhabitants, we continued towards Bentouni.

In the vicinity of Bombarai the aspect of the country changes entirely. The high rugged mountain lands

terminate and their place is taken by a low swampy coast similar to much of that on the southern shores of New Guinea. The vast amount of floatage, to say nothing of the numerous reefs and sand-banks which were continually cropping up, made navigation, even in the day-time, somewhat hazardous and necessitated our keeping a vigilant look-out. The wind as usual was dead against us, and under these circumstances our progress of necessity was slow.

On the second day we arrived at the middle of the Gulf, where the channel narrowed down to some ten miles in width, and we there anchored for the night.

On the following day we passed the village of Bentouni, and steered for an anchorage under the lee of a small island, where the pilot assured us that we should be able to ride snugly in smooth water. To reach this we had to wind our way through many reefs and sand-banks, but at last we anchored in four fathoms within two hundred yards of the shore on each side. I noticed that numerous channels ran in to what is supposed to be the mainland.

My health, which for some time had been bad, now compelled me to lie up with a severe attack of fever. I had a small tent rigged on top of my house on deck,



where I lay for some days in an almost helpless condition until the fever turned.

While lying here I overheard a conversation between Abdul Delili and the pilot, the half at least of which I understood, its tenor being that the time had now come to attack and capture my ship.

The Rajah, who believed me to be in the cabin, started and turned positively pale with alarm, when I sprang up and called for the interpreter, to whom, without waiting to be questioned, he said, "I have just been saying to the pilot that if the captain was to die, what could I say, people would blame me for killing him."

The interpreter was told to tell him that he lied, and that the captain perfectly understood what he had been saying to the pilot.

The boat was ordered to be cleared and the Kapala or head Rajah of all the Gulf tribes, his followers and the pilot, were put into her as prisoners, and a guard set over them.

The excitement and the danger of our situation did much towards my recovery and, although our position was not an enviable one, I determined to continue to the very head of McClure's Gulf.

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The night was anxiously spent, the men keeping sea watches under arms, and in the morning we got under weigh. The pilot was brought aft to stand by my side and we sailed round the island, entering the Gulf by the eastern channel.

This island is of no great extent, but is valuable inasmuch as it is covered with the Misoï tree, from the bark of which, as already stated, valuable oils are extracted. The whole of this portion of the coast is intersected by channels which I think are connected, and instead of the mainland there is a group of islands.

In three days we arrived at the head of the Gulf and anchored opposite what afterwards proved to be an island. Here two channels, one to the north and the other to the south, debouch into the inlet. The latter we entered and followed until we reached a bend, at a distance of not more than three miles from Gleevink Bay, where we anchored.

Here the channel is between two and three miles in width and the depth of water seven fathoms. My charts showed the opposite shore to be entirely unsurveyed and faced by many islands; the inhabitants of which I had reason to believe were hostile.

These considerations, together with the fact that I

had already seven prisoners on board the ship, my own health broken and my crew considerably weakened by constant exposure and coarse inferior food, and, moreover, as we had met no natives and had not succeeded in trading for one article for nearly two weeks, decided me to return, although well convinced that by continuing another two or three miles I should enter the broad waters of Gleevink Bay.

We accordingly returned, and sailing around the island already mentioned re-entered the Gulf by the northern channel.

This channel stretches away to the north-west towards a small rugged range of mountains, and most probably again enters the Gulf at one of the openings shown on the map after trending to the west and south.

We anchored off the northern shore, the low islands of which are somewhat flat. At a distance of some thirty miles to the northward rise range after range of mountains, some of them not less than 14,000 feet above the level of the sea.

We continued cautiously down the Gulf and anchored opposite Bentouni, where we hoisted the Rajah's flag to bring the natives alongside. One

canoe came off heavily armed. They brought some nutmegs and also a small quantity of the Misoi bark, which we purchased.

The Rajah was brought aft but was not allowed to converse in Papuan, all conversation having to be carried on in Malay so that the interpreters might understand him. He was anxious to know what was our intention with regard to himself and his people. The Bentouni men were told that we were going to proceed slowly up the coast; they were also informed that this Rajah had told us when we first came as friends to his village that there were 10,000 men in the Gulf, and that he had ended by assuring us that there were 70,000,000. They were told that he had proved himself not only a liar but also a murderous villain, who, for the kindness shown and confidence reposed in him had planned how he was going to take advantage of my illness to murder us and seize our ship.

In the presence of these men he was asked if he believed in Mahomet.

He said "Yes, Master."

He was then asked if he believed in God.

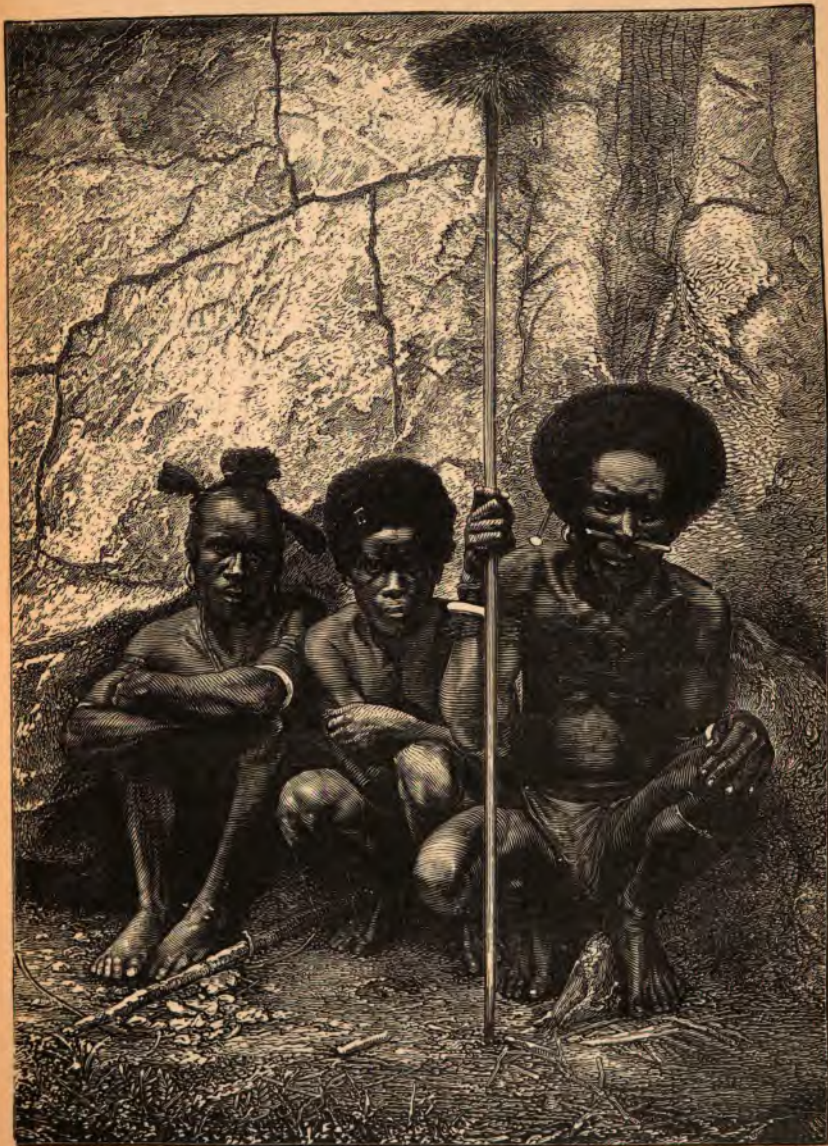
He said "Yes, Captaine."

Then I said "Pray to God. He may save you—Mahomet cannot—for he was as great an impostor as you are."

Turning to the Bentouni men, I told them to send word up the coast that the Rajah and his men were prisoners, that we were but eight men in all, five only of whom were white, and that if these 70,000,000 warriors had the heart of men, they would meet us on the passage down and rescue their head Rajah; and that it was my intention to proceed with him to the Dutch Commandant at Gissor, who would send him and his people to Ternate to be punished by the proper authorities.

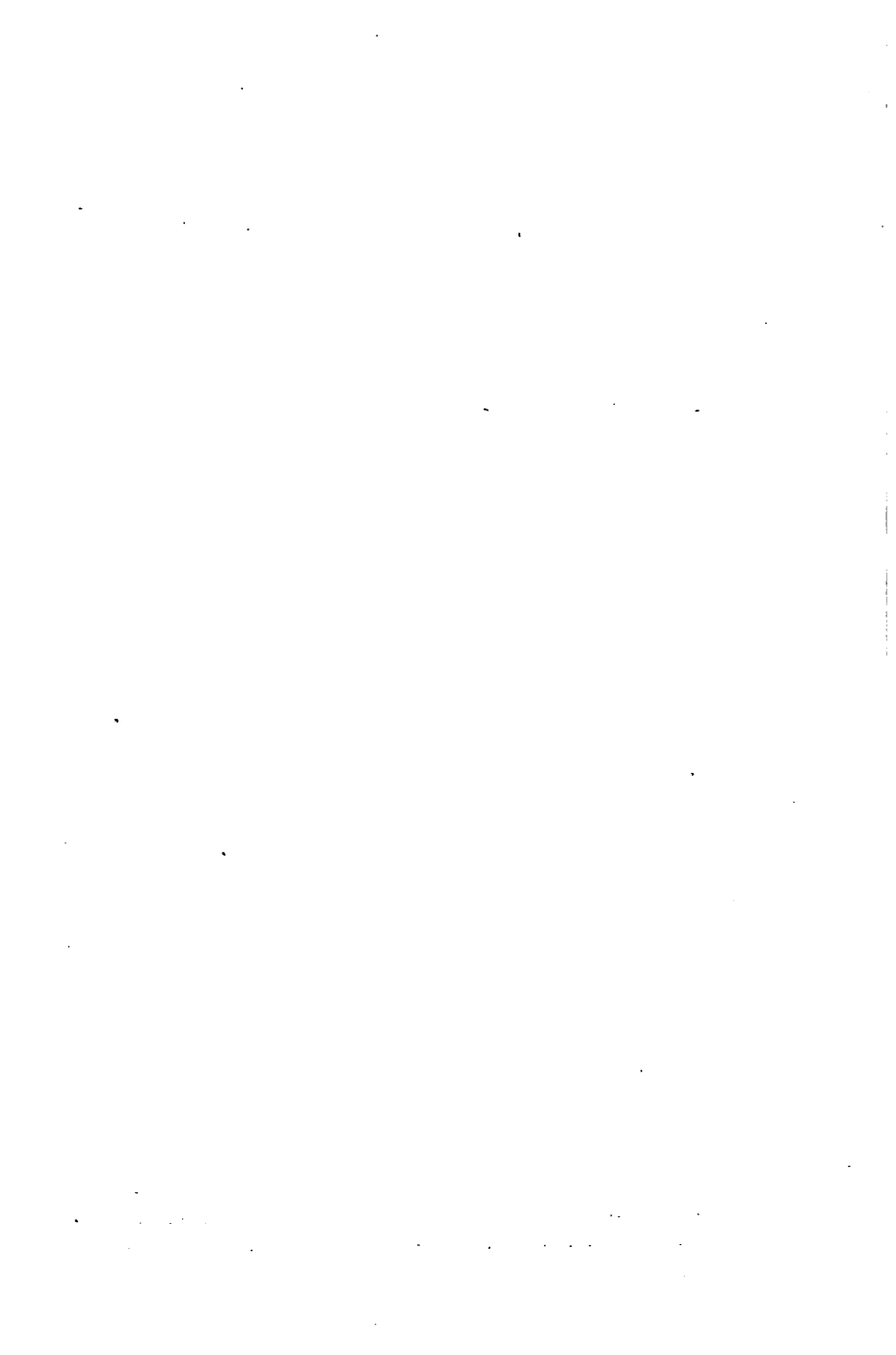
The Rajah asked permission to write letters, which I granted, and the men remained until he had completed his correspondence. This he assured me was only an urgent request that Angawearo and the Rajah Mooders to whom I had supplied trade would either have the goods ready to return, or the nutmegs which they had obtained in exchange, by my arrival at Segar.

The prow left the ship, the prisoners were placed in the boat, and although late in the afternoon we again got under weigh and anchored about five miles from Tambani in fifty fathoms of water.



NATIVES OF BENTOUNI, NORTH-WEST NEW GUINEA.





By this time old Spudeen had become very fidgety and declared that we should never get out of the Gulf, since they would swarm round us, and our throats would be cut.

In the morning we stood over, and by evening made the anchorage opposite the village of Arogoni.

The next day several of the leading men with their Rajah came off from the shore to visit our prisoners, but, as they were only permitted to converse in Malay, they did not remain long.

Fast prows were continuously coming and going, so that it was thought well without further delay to proceed to Gissor, distant one hundred and thirty-five miles. In the afternoon the ship was got under weigh, and we stood across the Gulf. Passing north of the Pisang (banana) Islands, we in due course made the coast of Ceram, and on the evening of the third day rode snugly at anchor within a hundred yards of the shore of the little village of Gissor.

The Post Holder, Trimerman, came on board and the matter was laid before him.

He seemed deeply impressed with the manner in which I had acted, and in broken English said, "Englishman the devil. These New Guinea men are



no good, Captain, they shake one hand and hold the other in the breast with the knife ready to plunge into you. Why did you not shoot them? I can do nothing, I have no power. Here I represent Amboyna and have nothing to do with the Residency of Ternate, where you will have to take them."

He was told of the slave-hunting expedition and shown the little fellow that I had on board and whom he advised me to keep, as he had no power to receive him.

As by this time the lad had ingratiated himself into the good graces of all, I readily consented to adopt and bring him up as my own, and the little fellow, who is with me in England, has in a short eighteen months lost all traces of his original savagery, is sharp and intelligent, and, if I am spared to train and educate him properly, will, I trust and believe, grow up to prove how fallacious is the belief that the wild savage of New Guinea is incapable of culture, or so deficient in intelligence that it is impossible to fit him to take his place and fight his battles in the front ranks of man.

It is my intention so to train this child that when he has come to years of discretion I may be able to turn

him over to the London Missionary Society ; and it is my fervent hope that I may yet live to see him doing good work in reclaiming his less fortunate brethren in the wilds of New Guinea.

From the Commandant I received an invitation to dine, and the Rajahs of Kilwaro and Gissor were invited to the house to meet me, so that we might talk over the serious position in which I was placed.

Old Spudeen had already gone on shore but left his son still on board the ship. The wounded man, to whom I had also given protection, came aft and tendered his thanks and with some friends went on shore. Old Spudeen, who was evidently well known, returned with a host of friends to the ship. After I had landed he assured my people that I was a very good man and had given him a passage, but he thought that having saved his life I might have given him a good present.

When I arrived at the house of the Post Holder that worthy told me that his wife had never seen an Englishman and she had often expressed her anxiety to see one. I upbraided him for not telling me that he had a wife, so that I might have taken some pains with my toilet, and proposed that I should return to the ship, as

I was certainly not in a costume fit to appear in the presence of ladies—being clothed in strong boots, white ducks, red shirt, broad brimmed straw hat and broad leather belt with cutlass and revolver. My hair was uncombed and beard scraggy. However, as the gentleman was evidently dying with anxiety to present me to his Beini (wife), he would not hear of my returning so I was perforce compelled to accompany him.

His house was a large, comfortable, airy, well-built edifice and fairly well furnished.

The wife, a Ceram woman, was a pleasing little body and when I saluted her on the cheek and told her that was English fashion she said "orang bai" (the man is good).

The dinner consisted of fish cooked in a variety of ways, rice and tea.

The meal over, the Rajahs, who had been sent for, arrived accompanied by a very old man, the father of Prince Abdul already mentioned. The Prince, it will be remembered, together with two Rajahs from Tidore had been murdered in New Guinea fourteen days before our arrival.

The old man was evidently grief-stricken and I was

assured that for a long time his lamentations were heart-rending. He pleaded with me to shoot every man of them in revenge for the murder of his son. Having assured the old man that it was no part of the duty of a Briton to kill men except such as had been condemned by the laws and were executed under the authority of those laws, we proceeded to discuss my peculiar position in regard to our prisoners.

The Commandant, as in duty bound, strongly advised me to endeavour to take them to Ternate or at least to the Sultan of Tidore, but the consensus of opinion was strongly in favour of taking the men away and shooting them.

To this of course I could not agree, and made up my mind if at all possible that I would endeavour to take them and hand them over to the proper authorities at Tidore.

The Rajah of Kilawaro gave me a cordial invitation to spend a day with him and shoot deer, but I regret, the wretched state of my health prevented my accepting.

Here we purchased many deer horns and caused great excitement and amusement and considerably benefited the villagers by killing thousands of fishes

with dynamite. The dead fish were collected and taken on shore, and to the credit of these islanders be it said, that having collected the fish they each brought one to the ship and took another to the house of the Commandant, so that we were well stocked for some time with fish.

After a stay of one week we took our departure from Gissor and shaped a course so as to pass between the islands of Salawattey and Mysol; but the wind, which had been fair on leaving Gissor, headed us and,—as the squalls were sweeping the seas with hurricane force and a strong current was running against us,—I found it impossible to get to the westward. I therefore ran back into McClure's Gulf and again anchored opposite the village at Berau.

Here we encountered a strong westerly gale, which compelled me to run for shelter under the lee of Arogoni.

It may be mentioned that by this time Abdul Delili had made a full confession and acknowledged that it was their intention, had we not been so watchful, to have seized the ship. He also assured us that we were in no danger now as all the men were frightened.

We anchored well towards the eastern end, and

prows were dispatched ordering all those who had trade to come down to the ship.

One man, the Rajah Mooder Lakate, came down on the following day bringing such nutmegs as he had secured and the portions of the trade that he had not got rid of, except a few trifling articles which he said he had left with the Alufuru people.

The Rajah Mooder Manare, on hearing of our arrival, got his war-canoe ready and dodged backwards and forwards among the islands the whole day within gun-shot of the ship. This was well known to Abdul Delili, who, although professing regret and sincere penitence for what had happened, took care not to point out the prow to me. It was pointed out by Lakate, who was considerably more honest than his neighbours.

As the movements of this prow were suspicious, the occupants were carefully watched and enquiries made as to what was their object. The answer was that they were looking for a good place to fish.

The old pilot had come alongside ; I dispatched him to order Manare to come to the ship, but instead of doing so, he endeavoured to get in shore of the pilot's prow so as to escape out of gun-shot range. This decided me to act promptly.

Taking a long range rifle I fired into the canoe. They then began paddling rapidly and although I fired many shots I could not round them to.

Darkness was now fast closing in, war canoes were pouring into Arogoni and I had no means of sending Lakate and a friend, who had come off with him, in the pilot's prow back on shore.

There were now nine Papuans on board the ship, seven prisoners and two armed men. My own party numbered ten all told, two of whom were children and three Malays in whom no dependence could be placed. I therefore decided to disarm the two men and get the ship under weigh and stand out to sea. This was quickly done, Lakate being assured that in disarming him we were only taking a necessary precaution.

The night came on dark and gusty, but fortunately we were enabled to thread our way out into the deep water without mishap, and then shortening sail we continued under easy canvas across the Gulf until we got anchorage in fifteen fathoms of water.

I positively did not know what to do with the nine Papuans, for as I had only one boat I could not land them. To have done so would have been to weaken my own crew, and to trust them with my own boat

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would have meant simply to lose it, because it would not have been returned.

My own men were called aft and their opinion asked, but as each had an idea of his own—some were for flogging, some were for killing, and others for throwing them overboard and letting them find their way on shore as they best could—they were dismissed.

The effects of the fever which had told severely upon me and the intense anxiety of mind and excitement led me to the conclusion that I was not in a fit state to come to a fair, a calm, and an unbiassed decision, and that whatever I might do in the way of punishment might in calmer moments be regretted.

This reflection finally decided me.

The only practicable course appeared to be to return these men in safety to their homes.

It was far past midnight when I arrived at this decision. The Rajah was brought into the cabin, and the interpreter roused up—although by this time I could converse with tolerable fluency myself. I explained to the Rajah that as they were under the authority of the Netherlands, and as the Netherlands and the Britons were good friends, I conceived it my duty to return them to their homes—not but that they richly



deserved punishment, and not because I felt any sympathy for them—but simply for the respect I had for the flag of a friendly nation ; and he was warned in future in all his dealings with Englishmen, even were they few, never to try, or to contemplate trying, to capture an English ship, for, should he succeed, we had tens of thousands of men who would come and avenge the death of their countrymen.

I then pointed out how different our relations would have been had he acted fairly and honestly to me. That, having secured a fair return for my outlay, I would have been coming to his country year after year, and many others would have followed me, so that, instead of living the wretched miserable lives that they were now living, large trade relations would have been opened out, the valuable timber in their mountains would have been cut down, while the spice trade alone would have been the means of making him rich beyond anything that he had the intelligence to understand.

I then carefully presented to him the reverse side of the picture, telling him that, even had he succeeded in his plan of seizing the ship, the news would sooner or later have got abroad ; and that, as I had been careful to write so that my people knew where we were, a man-

of-war would have come, and he and all concerned would have been hanged, their villages would have been destroyed and the country left to the Alufurus.

He either saw or pretended to see the force of all that I said, and, with tears streaming down his cheeks, swore by God and Mahomet that he would never think of trying to do the like again.

I then dismissed him to the boat, to tell the others that as soon as I got down to Roeambati I would signal for a canoe to take them off, and let them go to their homes.

Having settled this matter I felt much lighter of heart, and turning into my bed slept soundly till morning, when getting under weigh we stood over towards the island on the southern shore.

The wind was light and baffling, and heavy dark clouds were rising to the westward and came working down upon us. Between three and four o'clock in the afternoon the clouds gathered near the ship and sucked up from the bosom of the Gulf no less than six tremendous water-spouts, which travelled rapidly towards us.

One huge simoom of the deep came whirling along directly towards the vessel. The men were called to

their arms, the big guns were loaded and covered ready to fire when the huge column of water was within two hundred yards. The rifles were kept continuously firing, but from excitement or some other cause I could not get the men to fire well together, and one of the most tremendous water-spouts that ever I had seen was within five hundred yards of the vessel ere the rifles succeeded in breaking it.

I have repeatedly described water-spouts in other parts of the ocean as having nothing grand or imposing about them. This I can say no longer, for as the monster rushed down towards the ship like an avalanche, it seemed to be dashing spray for at least thirty or forty feet above its base, and can only be compared to some huge steam engine, rushing without control with the valves open, and shooting out a tremendous volume of steam round a great spiral column of smoke. While standing port-fire in hand at the swivel-gun, I was enabled to determine that the great spiral column of water was revolving from left to right.

No sooner had we succeeded in breaking it than a sharp breeze sprang up and dispersed the five remaining water-spouts and carried us rapidly along the coast, which I had hugged pretty closely with the

intention of hailing a canoe from the village of Roeambati.

When opposite the islets and reefs, already described as enclosing Patipi Bay, the wind died out as suddenly as it had sprung up, and it became imperative for us to anchor in twenty-six fathoms of water within fifty yards of the reef's edge.

A large prow pushed off from the shore, but as darkness was now setting in the natives were told to return and to come off at daylight.

As the night advanced signal fires were lit on the points, and considerable commotion was observable at Roeambati, Patipi, and Salikiti.

A light breeze springing up, at ten o'clock I decided to get under weigh, and if possible to obtain a better offing. Sail was made so as to forge the ship ahead to her anchor, but the great length of chain told upon the men, who were tired and weary with continuous watching, and the work was slow and laborious; so that before the anchor was up, the ship had drifted into dangerously close proximity to the reef.

By the aid of long sweeps, however, we managed to keep her from striking, and the men were instructed that, in the event of the ship taking the reef, nothing

remained for us but to be prepared to cut out Angawearo's prow, first silencing those on board. But that great Power whom I have ever found to watch over man in his extremity, did not leave us to that terrible alternative.

The current as we swept down the coast seemed also to help us to seaward, and inch by inch we gradually drew away from our dangerous position. When a sufficient distance in the offing, the ship was hove to and allowed to drift with the tide till the morning, when a small canoe came off.

Having returned the two natives their arms, the whole party came aft and thanking me got into the canoe and paddled away to their homes.

Circumstances now compelled me to run in and again anchor at the place in which we brought up on the night of our arrival at McClure's Gulf, but on the following morning we were enabled to get under weigh with a good breeze and to shape a course for the island of Gorong, where we arrived without mishap.

This island, as also the island of Kiliwaru, has been so well described by Mr. Wallace in his 'Malay Archipelago' that it would be superfluous for me to tire my readers with any description.

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On arriving off the village of Kiliakat the wind died away and the ship lay becalmed, surrounded by reefs, with no anchorage.

A large prow containing no less than forty rowers put off from the shore and another speedily followed. As they drew near the ship they struck up a very pleasing boat-song and beat their drums and gongs. Motioning for them to come on board they pulled alongside, and then I saw that the rowers were all boys or youths, while several venerable, kindly-visaged men were seated on the platform. The first to come on board was a decently dressed respectable man who carried a stick in his hand. As soon as he crossed the gangway he put his hand into his pocket and taking out a flat-headed, octagon-shaped silver knob, on which were engraved the arms of the Dutch, he placed it on top of the stick; then, holding it towards me, informed me that he was the Orang Kay or head man of the village and offered to tow us into a secure anchorage.

The prows were got ahead and towed us into soundings, but for the night we were compelled to anchor in thirty fathoms.

The following morning three well-manned prows

came off and soon towed us inside the reefs, where we anchored in nineteen fathoms secured from almost any wind.

We landed at the village and were taken round by the Orang Kay and others to see many of the houses. They were a simple primitive people dwelling in peace and harmony one with the other, having no quarrels nor wars amongst themselves. The boys were sent to fill our water casks with fresh water, which came running down the hill-side in a clear gurgling stream, and the only remuneration asked was a small box of wax matches to each boy.

The natives are adepts at making fancy grass boxes which they send to Gissor and sell to the Bugis and Chinese traders. They have much valuable timber and I think precious stones are found on the island. In former years these people used to trade with the people of New Guinea, but the treachery of the Papuan was such that not a year passed but some of their prows were captured and their crews murdered, more especially about Shemai; so that for a people living in primitive simplicity the New Guinea trade has been considered too dangerous and is now entirely abandoned.

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When I explained to them that I was going to return to Shemai, Kapow, Karas and other parts of the coast, and asked for interpreters to accompany me, they looked positively terror-stricken and declared that we should never get away from New Guinea alive.

Our provisions were by this time running short, and for several weeks we had tasted nothing in the shape of meat. Our bread was so weevily that it was positively running away from us, and would fall to pieces at the touch. Our flour supply was also well nigh exhausted and we had no sugar. I therefore endeavoured to purchase what vegetables I could from these natives; but they had little else save fish and sago to sell. The latter, though very coarse, was considerably better than that which we had purchased in abundance in New Guinea. I therefore bought several mats of sago, also native prepared sago cakes, a few tara and yams, and trusted to Providence to be able to pick up more provisions on the New Guinea coast.

Having now a full supply of water and having rested in peace and safety for a week, we made a few small presents and again got under weigh to return to



New Guinea. The wind was blowing fair off the island when we started, but we had barely cleared the reefs when it came rushing down with hurricane force, and throughout the night it blew a terrific gale, which moderated somewhat towards daylight. Keeping the ship under press of canvas, towards midday we again made the mainland of New Guinea, and, rounding into a deep bay, anchored in thirty fathoms of water.

Although the shores of the bay were carefully scanned we could see no sign of inhabitants, and only one fire, and that was at a considerable distance up the mountains.

We shifted our anchorage and stood over towards the island of Shemai, which we found to consist of one main island and an innumerable group of smaller islands. Still, as we discovered no natives, we decided to run for Karas, and rounded the westernmost point of that island about four in the afternoon.

Seeing a couple of houses on the beach we stood close in shore with colours flying and laid the ship to the wind until a small canoe came off with a couple of natives, one of whom piloted us round to an anchorage. By the time we had all secured darkness had set in, and having paid the pilot, who promised to return in

the morning with some fish and tara, we set anchor watches and retired for the night.

In the morning, true to promise, the pilot brought off fish. This time he was accompanied by a Ceram man (Moy by name), who said that he had been trading on the mainland, and had been robbed, but had escaped to Karas, where they had protected him. He offered to work his passage to the island of Adi, where he had a brother living under the protection of the Rajah.

Throughout the day several prows came bringing nutmegs, all of which we purchased, but the anchorage being very unsafe I decided to run for the island of Tarak, where Moy assured me I should find safe anchorage.

Here we arrived in the evening, and were boarded by an intelligent little man, who produced a certificate granted by a Dutch captain to his father, and who asked to be allowed to pilot us to Shemai, where he thought he could purchase Misoi bark and nutmegs.

To this I agreed, and we sent away a boat ahead to inform all those who had nutmegs to sell, that we would again anchor in the bay, already mentioned, where I had previously seen no people.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## TROUBLESOME VISITORS.

The Island of Tarak—The Orang Bisar—Mineral Wealth of Shemai—A self-assertive old Man—He gives me a Piece of his Mind—I return the Compliment—A Visit to the House of a great Man—The Rajah of Ati Ati—A Chinese Joss—I give the Pilot a Certificate—The Bugis Captain and Moy—I succeed in warding off Vengeance—A Present of Firearms.

THE island of Tarak is one of two which with Karas enclose a bay thirty-five miles in extent, and in which the reefs are almost innumerable. These reefs are positively teeming with trepang or Beche-de-mer, a kind of sea slug much used in China, the average price of which when cured runs from £140 down to £60 per ton. On either side of the bay the land is high and mountainous, but in the bight it is only moderately elevated forest country inhabited by a small bush tribe, numbering, I was assured, less than forty souls, who wander about from place to place in a

state of natural savagery much after the manner of the natives of Strachan Island. Had I been on a fishing cruise, and carrying apparatus, there is no doubt that I should have filled my vessel with a valuable cargo in a couple of months.

The news arriving that the pilot's people had made enquiry as to the quantity of nutmegs likely to be brought to the ship, and also the quantity of Misoi they had to sell, I decided on the following day to return to Shemai, and with the morning breeze succeeded in again anchoring in the bay, this time in good shelter.

Immediately we anchored, a number of canoes were seen paddling towards us from several points of the compass, and we were soon busily engaged in bartering for nutmegs, and a brisk trade was carried forward, both on that and the following day.

In the evening a large prow came out from Shemai, and brought a man who informed us that he was the Orang Bisar or great man of the place. He was a man of distinctly marked features, and had a determined treacherous look and was evidently held in some fear by my little pilot. To myself he made great protestations of friendliness, and expressed himself exceedingly

anxious that I should shift my anchorage and go over and anchor opposite his rooma or house. He assured me that he had a very large quantity of the Misoi bark for disposal, as also nutmegs, and offered to take a man with him who could see for himself.

One of the Malayans volunteered to accompany him and, on the Orang Bisar promising to bring him back in safety the next afternoon, I ordered the man to go, and to carefully note the quantity they had for sale, as also the number of people about, and to gather any other information that might be of service. I gave him a rifle and revolver and he left the ship.

Our anchorage was within fifty yards of the shore, opposite a clear crystal stream which trickled down the mountain's side.

In the morning, accompanied by two men, I landed and, after a bath, we proceeded up the mountains, dragging ourselves up by the creepers along the rugged banks of this stream, which had cut a channel through a species of decomposed quartz.

The vegetation was very dense, and we discovered many trees not met with before by us in New Guinea, notably one, a hard red timber, somewhat similar to the jarah wood of Western Australia. Here we also

discovered a species of the India-rubber tree, but of imperfect growth. We came across many deep ravines composed of quartz-rock with out-croppings of slate, and those of my crew who had spent some years among the gold-fields of Australia declared the country likely to contain gold. My want of geological knowledge precludes me from offering an opinion on this subject, but having seen something of the mineral-bearing countries of Australia, I am disposed to think that before very long gold and other minerals will be found in considerable quantities amongst these ranges. We cut some specimens of the timber and chipped off pieces of the quartz, and then, as some prows were making for the ship, we returned on board, to await their arrival.

The first prow to come alongside contained three men with their wives, besides some with two or three slaves to paddle the prow. A self-assertive old man who came aboard told me he had brought his wife and also his brother and his wife, and his son with his wife, and he would bring them aboard to look at the ship, provided I would make them a good present. He said they came from the island of Shemai, and he was the big man there. They had plenty of nutmegs, and

if I paid well, they would bring plenty in a few days, but they would like to see what I had got to give them in exchange.

The brother and son then came on board, and after some talk, the ladies were helped out of the canoe. They were well dressed, wearing heavy gold bands around their ankles, heavy bracelets of gold and silver on their arms, and huge golden earrings. Their features were not unpleasing, but it was evident that they were not of the pure Papuan type. The old lady, the wife of the man who first boarded the ship, evidently had a considerable mixture of the Chinese even to the almond eyes, while the others presented at least a three-fourths mixture of Malay. Their hair was carefully parted in the centre, and their colour was very much lighter than that of the Papuan.

They were taken into the cabin and presented with looking-glasses, but the old man was not satisfied and insisted that they should be each presented with a dress piece for their trouble in coming to see me. When informed I had no dress pieces to give, and that while I had presented them with looking-glasses so that they could admire themselves he had made no present to me, he very coolly told me that I was in

their country, and that it was my place to make them presents and not theirs to make presents to me, but if I would not give them any more perhaps I might show them what I had, so that they would know what goods I had to give in exchange for such commodities as they had to barter.

As article after article was laid before them and the price named he repeated the one word "Machal" (too dear) and disparaged the quality of every article that I produced, until my patience became exhausted, and I refused to show them any more and ordered the goods to be put away. He next asked for "sopie" (spirits). This being refused he demanded "sandown" (opium). When informed that we carried no opium, he coolly told me I was no good. The women also pleaded hard that I should give them more presents after their coming to see me, when, finding me obdurate, they returned to the prow in a huff. I sent the men on deck, where again the old man gave me a considerable piece of his mind. He told me I was mean and that I ought to have been pleased to give them good presents for coming to see me and, if I did not give good presents, it was of no use coming there, that I did not know their fashion, which was that



when people came to their country they were to make good presents.

To this I answered that his country fashion and mine were different, that when people came to our country it was we that made them the presents, and that when he was ready to bring his presents to me I would be pleased to accept them.

To this he replied, "trebai" (no good).

Being now thoroughly annoyed, I ordered him to clear out of the ship. With some reluctance he went into his prow, and after some talk passed out of the house or cabin three large net bags of nutmegs which were brought on deck, and for which he asked a price of about five times their value. I was so disgusted with the self-assertive insolence of the old fellow that I made offer of about half the price that under ordinary circumstances I would have been willing to give, which caused the old man to hold up his hands in apparent amazement, and he wanted to discuss the matter. I ordered them to go to the canoe and to take their trade with them, as I would not buy it from him at all. This had the desired effect, and they let me have the nutmegs at my own price, conditionally on my giving them a little tobacco

as a present. This I did, and they paddled away from the ship grumbling.

In the afternoon the Orang Bisar returned with my man, who reported that they had two houses full of the Misoi bark, that they had very few nutmegs, that there were not many men, and that everywhere they had treated him kindly. I therefore decided on the following morning to go over and anchor as requested inside of the island of Shemai.

The Orang Bisar and his people camped on the beach all night while my own watches under arms kept a sharp look-out. In the morning the little pilot, who had been absent, returned bringing with him about four hundredweight of nutmegs, which he had purchased.

We then got under weigh and stood over to Shemai. On the Dutch charts this is marked as one island with a clear channel between it and the mainland. This is altogether inaccurate as from the end of the main island the bay is studded with innumerable little islets, the passages between which are mostly blocked by coral reefs, except in one place, where there is a narrow intricate channel. Through this it was proposed to take us; our little pilot, however, urged us not to risk it, but to anchor on the seaward side

of the group. Subsequent events proved that this man was faithful, and it was fortunate that I acted on his advice.

Having anchored in a small natural lagoon with reefs, which dry on either side at low water, the big man went on shore for the purpose of loading up the Misoi and nutmegs to bring to the ship, and we remained all day in idleness. Only one or two fishing canoes came alongside and they would not sell their fish.

On the following afternoon as there was no sign of the great man returning, I became anxious, and, getting the boat out, took two of my Malays with the Ceram man (Moy), and rowed into the house for the purpose of finding out the cause of the delay.

The pilot was left at the ship so that, in the event of anything happening to myself, he could take them to a place of safety.

Our way lay through a group of beautiful little islets, some of them not a hundred yards in circumference and none larger than half a mile, mere rocks thrown up by some convulsion of nature, but each, owing to the humidity of the climate, densely covered with vegetation—pretty little emerald gems

sparkling on the bosom of the ocean. An hour and a half's pull brought us to the house of the great man, who received us at the platform or staging with much ostentatious ceremony.

Leaving one man in the boat with instructions never to let his rifle out of his hand, accompanied by my other man and Moy I entered the house, which positively bristled with long steel-headed spears.

Having seated myself, I enquired of the great man why he had not brought the Misoi off according to promise, when he coolly informed me that the Misoi did not belong to him, but to another man who was away a four days' journey, and that he had sent to him to come back.

I accused him of having deceived me, and said that I had been told that it was their fashion about Shemai to lead the unsuspecting trader into a snare and then murder him for the sake of plundering his vessels; that at Kiliakat in Gorong, the Orang Kay had informed me that they had murdered all his people, who had come amongst them to trade, as also the men from Ki and Ceram; that owing to the murder of the Prince and two Rajahs of Tidore a Dutch warship was coming down to punish them; but that we belonged to a country the lives of whose people

were sacred and that if the meanest man in my ship suffered the slightest injury at their hands my countrymen, who were as numerous as the sand on the sea shore and correspondingly powerful, would come and destroy every man of them, not stopping while one of them lived. Rising to my feet, I pointed to the two Malays and said, "You see that I myself have come amongst you alone because I have nothing to fear, you might kill me without much trouble now, but that would be nothing, because I know that for every hair in my head and every hair in my beard my country would send a man to exterminate you from the face of the earth."

He said it was true that they had killed and plundered all the people I had enumerated, but not for six years, as none of them had come to their place, and I was the first visitor they had had for that time; but now they would not kill white man, for they were too frightened.

While this conversation was going on, an old lady, the mother, brought a small basket and a few bananas, tara, and yams, and calling for one of her maidens she instructed her to bring some water-melons and pumpkins, all of which she laid at my feet and told me

they were a present. I shook the old lady by the hand and made her some small presents in return and then the Orang Bisar having promised that if he heard no word by the following day, he would take upon himself to bring the Misoi to the ship, we got in the boat and returned on board.

On the way back the Ceram man, Moy, said he thought when we were going that they would have killed us, that we were the first that he had heard of who had gone down there and come back alive. When asked if they would have killed him also, he said "No, no good to kill him, he had got nothing." I then asked him why he did not join the pilot in trying to dissuade me from venturing among them, the only answer to which was a shrug of the shoulders, which decided me to watch Mr. Moy.

When we arrived on board, the little pilot seemed overjoyed to see us, and expressed a desire that I should move the ship a little farther to seaward, which was accordingly done.

On the following afternoon two large prows came alongside laden with Misoi and another with the Orang Bisar on board, also two other prows in which were women with nutmegs. The whole of these

products were purchased after a considerable amount of haggling, and the boats left the ship.

Throughout the day also several scouting prows came down from Kapow and Egga, and through the pilot I gathered that they were sent by the Rajah of Ati Ati, who had been the principal in the murder of the Prince of Tidore and his followers. This ruler had heard of my dealings with the tribes in the Gulf, and was anxious to discover what force I had on board and what my intentions were towards himself.

When I was told this I called the men to me, and told them to tell the Rajah from me that the Prince of Tidore had determined to send down a force of five hundred prows to punish them for murdering his people (this fact I had learnt from the Commandant at Gissor), and that a Dutch man-of-war would also be dispatched by the Governor-General to punish them, and that the Rajah of Ati Ati and the two Rajah Mooders had a very short time to live, because, if not killed by the Sultan's prows, they would be hanged to the yard-arm of a Dutch man-of-war.

They then asked me if I would be prepared to help the Rajah of Ati Ati, to which I sent reply that I had made offer to the Commandant at Gissor to take their

Rajah and the two Rajah Mooders over as prisoners to him, providing he would receive them, and that if the Sultan of Tidore's prows came, my duty was clearly to help them; and further, that now English ships had come amongst them, it would not be well for them if they murdered any more men.

The men left the ship sullenly, and having paddled to the nearest shore, stopped and held a long consultation. Then embarking in their prows, they proceeded to their homes by different routes.

The pilot now strongly urged me to remain there no longer; but the breeze, which had been blowing off shore, died away as soon as the anchor was afloat, compelling me to again anchor for the night, and it was noon on the morrow ere we got a breeze to carry us back to the island of Tarak, where we remained for a couple of days.

I should have mentioned that while here previously in walking along the beach I came upon an old house that had been destroyed by fire, some of the old timber of which I had cut up and sent on board for firewood. While turning over the rubbish I came upon three idols, two of them the common wooden idols, facsimiles, of those shown by Mr. Wallace in



his 'Malay Archipelago,' and one a half-charred Chinese Joss. These I took on board the ship, the Ceram man, Moy, who was with me at the time, having assured me that they were no good, and that I was doing no harm. Now on our return, although somewhat late in the evening, I was surprised that no prow came off from the shore, and I sent the little pilot on shore in the ship's boat to ascertain the cause.

In the morning he returned with a number of men, and after some talk with my Malays and interpreters, the pilot said the men were all in great trouble and the women were all frightened because I had stolen their god.

I brought out the two native idols, but they did not care for them. As I had placed no value on the Chinese Joss, it had been thrown down into the hold among the firewood. The men were sent to look for it, and, fortunately, it had not been split up and burnt, so that I was able to restore it, to the great relief and satisfaction of these people, who assured me that had that god not been found, it would have been impossible for the ship to get away. I asked them who told them such stupid nonsense, adding that it was only a

piece of wood gilded over with "mass" (gold), that it had no power, and that in all probability in another day or two it would have been burnt; for as I found it in the old burnt house I thought they attached no value to it. They said they had purchased it for a very high price from a Chinaman, who told them it was a big god, and while they kept it, no harm could come to them, and whoever stole it would never be able to go away from their island. I said the Chinaman was a great rogue and had robbed them—that he knew very well that the idol could do them no good.

They then went on shore, leaving the pilot on board, but instead of proceeding straight to the beach, they rowed twice up and down in front of the house singing songs while one man stood holding aloft the idol. They then landed and carried it affectionately up to one of their houses.

This done, all who had nutmegs or other staples for trade returned with them to the ship and we were very good friends.

The little pilot, having again produced his father's certificate, requested that I would write him one like it so that he could show it to any other stranger visiting

their island. This I readily did in the following certificate :—

“ Island of Tarak, 19th January, 1887.

“The bearer, the Capitan of Tarak, is the only honest, truth-speaking man I have met in North-West New Guinea, and, as such, can be recommended. Strangers are warned to be cautious in their dealings with the natives, more especially with the Gulf tribes, and the men of Shemai, Kapow, and Ati Ati.

(Signed) “JOHN STRACHAN, of Sydney,  
“ New South Wales.”

Besides paying him liberally for his services I also presented him with a suit of clothes, and he went ashore perfectly satisfied, and apparently grateful.

I had decided to leave the Ceram man here under the protection of the Capitan, but he begged me to take him to Adi, as he was afraid of the Papuan men ; and as the people did not want him, he was permitted to remain in the ship.

A breeze springing up we got under weigh, when having cleared the island of Tarak we shaped a course for Adi, proceeding with a fair wind until we reached the southern point of the adjacent island. The wind here shifted to right ahead and rendered it imperative that we should seek anchorage before nightfall, the depth of water being great, and the bay covered with innumerable reefs. We therefore ran back for a

harbour which the Capitan had said we should find in a small bay near the western end of the island.

The Ceram man urged me not to risk entering this harbour, which he said was full of reefs. But seeing a large junk riding snugly at anchor, we sailed in until within one hundred and fifty yards of her, and brought the vessel to an anchor in good water with no sign of any reefs.

The captain of the junk, a Bugis trader, came off from the shore in his boat, and, immediately the Ceram man saw him, he pretended to be taken suddenly ill, and went into the forecastle. The captain came on board and enquired if we had a Ceram man named Moy with us. On being answered in the affirmative he said that this man was one of his people whom he had sent to trade with the natives; that he was a deserter, and had taken with him a considerable quantity of trade goods.

Moy was called out of the forecastle and brought aft, when the Bugis captain spoke to him in stern tones, adding that he had come to take him back again, if I would give him up. This he now requested me to do. In reply I expressed my anxiety to be rid of a man, whom I believed to be an arrant scoundrel,

whom I knew to be untruthful, and who, while we were at Shemai had allowed me to land, without warning, amongst a people who were known to murder all their visitors, and who, when the safety of my ship compelled me to seek anchorage, had told me this bay was too dangerous to enter, owing to the number of coral reefs. I added, that he was of no use to us, the Bugis was welcome to him.

This being interpreted, Moy fell on his knees and with tears running down his cheeks begged me not to give him up to be murdered. He assured me that so soon as the Bugis captain got him on board his own ship, he would send him on shore and the Papuan men would kill him; that the Bugis captain would then return and report that one of his men had been murdered by the natives of New Guinea.

I enquired of the Bugis captain if this were true.

He gave his shoulders a shrug and said "Perhaps it is true, perhaps it is not true."

It was then explained that in my country men were not killed for stealing, nor for running away from their engagements. They were punished by being made fast and locked up, but that men were killed only for killing their fellows, and that however bad the

man Moy was or might have been, I dare not give him up knowing for certain that he would lose his life.

The Bugis promised that if I would give him his man he should be punished in the way I said; they would tie him up for a while, and then let him go to work again.

Moy, who had remained on his knees, continued to weep, and begged most piteously, offering to work for me all his life for only his food, if I would keep him on board the ship.

Not wishing to do an injustice to the Bugis, who seemed a respectable trader, and on the other hand being determined to give no man up to be murdered, it was decided to run back and obtain the advice of the Capitan of Tarak. The distance between the two islands, it may be mentioned, was only two miles. We immediately got under weigh and stood back to our old anchorage and hailed for the Capitan to come on board. Moy was ordered forward so that he could not speak nor hear what was said.

When the Capitan arrived the matter was put before him and his answer was literally as follows: "The Captain Bugis will not kill Moy, but he will send him

away, and he will never come back to Captain Bugis' ship; the Papuan men will kill him. The Captain Bugis will go back to his own country and will say the Papuan men kill Moy. That will be all."

I said: "Then I cannot give him up to be killed."

He said: "No, better, you take him Adi."

Thus convinced that if I gave the man up, I should in some measure be an accessory to a murder, I decided to retain him on board the ship, and returned and again anchored near the Bugis junk. The captain of the junk again boarded us, and I told him that it would be impossible for me to give the man up; because if anything should happen to Moy my countrymen would not hold me guiltless, and that he had better dismiss the matter from his mind.

The Bugis accepted this decision good-humouredly, said that, although he would like to get the man back, he gave me credit for keeping him, and passed some very high encomiums on the English people as a nation.

Our provisions by this time had run very short and when he found that for six weeks we had been living on sago and other coarse native fare, he showed his

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practical sympathy by sending us a bag of one and a half hundredweight of rice, about twenty-four pounds of sugar and two tins of fancy wine biscuits. He also offered us dried deer flesh, but having tried it before and found it uneatable we declined to receive it.

I returned with him to his junk, where he got me to write my name in his book so that we might be friends. I asked what present I could give in return, for all the things he had given to us. After some hesitation, he said that if I could spare one he should like a rifle. As we had several long range converted Enfield rifles to spare, I decided to present him with one, and also with a couple of hundred rounds of ammunition.

Here again I was met by a Dutch Act which prohibits the sale or presentation of firearms to any natives on the Archipelago under penalty of one thousand guilders; but being prompted by the higher law of necessity and wanting if possible to get some more provisions, I decided to risk the fine, presented the rifle, and sold the ammunition, for some more sugar, curry-powder, and other articles.

A strong breeze springing up in our favour, we got



under weigh, and clearing the islands and reefs shaped a course along the bold highlands of the Onin peninsula for the island of Adi—distant more than a hundred miles. The wind blew fitfully and unsteadily all night, so that by the morning we had only accomplished about half of the distance.

## CHAPTER XV.

### MOY PLAYS ME FALSE.

The Island of Adi—Sending a Native in search of the Rajah—  
The Rajah arrives with a laden Prow—We fail to come to  
Terms—Moy's Treachery—I send him about his Business  
—Arogoni Bay—Nutmegs and Tortoise-shells—A fertile  
Territory.

As we sailed along close to the shore we could see that the country was everywhere magnificent, but could not discern the faintest trace of inhabitants. Towards noon we rounded the eastern point of the peninsula, and hauling up to the northward with a strong breeze we sailed along within one hundred and fifty fathoms of the shore, huge black mountain storms travelling along the land within half a mile of us, until we came to the westernmost point of the island of Adi. This we rounded and anchored opposite a small village.

Here the head man boarded us, and by him we were informed that the Rajah, who resided some eight miles

distant, was preparing his large prow to carry a cargo of Misoi to Tarak, word having been sent him in some mysterious manner that we were there. We were assured by him, too, that in all the numerous islets and in Adi itself there is a large quantity of black walnut, known to them by the name of Berlau, with which timber I had intended to complete my cargo of New Guinea specimens.

Several of the natives came from the shore and brought small parcels of tortoise-shell and pearl-shell, also Beche-de-mer for barter, all of which were purchased.

The head man requested that I would send one man with him to inform the Rajah of our arrival, so that he might come quickly, and bring **what he had to dispose of**. **This was agreed to**, and one of the Malays was dispatched in the evening, the natives promising to return on the following morning.

As the whole of the next day passed without any sign of their return, I manned my boat with one white man and two Malays, one of whom was Moy, and started to the village of the Rajah. Moy, who professed to be well acquainted with the island, agreed to act as pilot.

The weather was intensely hot, and as we pulled

across bay after bay the men began to fag desperately, so that it became necessary to land and take a rest.

After rowing about three hours we rounded a point and saw coming towards us the Rajah's prow, with colours flying, drums and gongs beating, and the men singing as they paddled. Ordering the men to rest on their oars, we waited for the Rajah's approach, and, boarding, found our man, who told us that he had been kindly treated, that the Rajah had told him that, prior to our arrival, he had dispatched three large prows to the Ki Islands heavily laden with Misoi, nutmegs, tortoise- and pearl-shell for barter there.

This I subsequently learnt to be an utter and uncalled-for falsehood, spoken with the intention of impressing upon us the wealth of these people. As a simple matter of fact not one prow had been sent from Adi to the Ki Islands.

The Rajah's prow, which was a large one, was fully laden, and contained at least half a ton of Misoi bark, besides yams, tortoise-shell, and other staples. Moy's brother, who was living under the protection of the Rajah, was also on board.

We returned to the ship followed by the prow, which was made fast alongside the vessel. The Rajah

was brought into the cabin and asked at what price he was prepared to sell his cargo. For the Misoi bark he asked fifty rupees per picul, the highest trade price being equal to eight. For tortoise-shell, which, being of inferior quality, would have been worth about five shillings per lb. in Sydney, he asked five rupees per lb., and everything was priced at the same exorbitant rate. I told him that it was to be regretted he had troubled himself to come so far, as he would have to take the whole of his staples back with him again; that it was not possible that we would do business, for Englishmen had one fashion, which was to ask a fair price in the first place, and not to abate it afterwards. To this he made answer, "That is my price. You are Englishman, you give yours."

He next informed me that he had seen an English ship before, which came there some forty years prior to our visit, when he was a little boy; that the captain's name was Paul. This recalled to me a report that I had heard in McClure's Gulf of a Sydney schooner which had visited the Gulf some eight or ten years previously, the captain of which had told the natives that his name was "Hot Coffee."

It is a most stupid thing for travellers to give

fictitious names to uncivilized natives. Vessels trading amongst the islands in unknown seas are constantly being lost, leaving no trace behind them; whereas, if their commanders were careful to impress upon the friendly races with whom they came into contact their proper name, those who followed after would be able to trace them and, if not to render assistance, would at least be able to give their friends some idea as to what had become of them.

But to return to our barter. The Rajah having again asked me to name a price, I made offer of goods to the value of five rupees per picul for the Misoi, and a half rupee for the tortoise-shell, and for everything else at a corresponding rate, and from these prices I would not move. Finding that we were not likely to agree I told him he had better leave the ship and go ashore.

On going on deck I found Moy and his brother in deep conversation forward. Before taking the Rajah below I had instructed one of the Malays to keep within earshot of Moy, and, if possible, discover what he was saying.

Finding no trade could be done with the Rajah it was decided that he should return to the ship on the

following morning. He asked me for the usual presents. These I refused to give, and consequently we parted not very good friends. Moy also wanted to accompany his brother on shore, but this I refused, and detained him on board the ship.

As soon as the prow had left, the Malay reported that Moy had told the natives to ask a big price for all their trade, because I did not understand its value, and if they only stuck out they would get all they asked. I gave "Mr." Moy a night in irons and at daylight on the following morning put the men to ball practice with their rifles at a rock, distant one thousand yards across the bay. Then, taking the irons off Moy, I told him he might swim to the shore, a distance of about three hundred yards, and tell the Rajah from me that under no circumstances would I now purchase any of his cargo, so that when next he met an Englishman he might know that it was to his advantage to deal fairly, and ask a reasonable price. I also told him to say that, having considered the exorbitant price that he had asked from me, I had come to the conclusion that the five rupees which I had offered him for the Misoi would, according to his valuation, be altogether an inadequate price to fix for

staples which he valued so highly, and that I had further decided to have nothing to do with them; so that, while not allowing him to cheat or rob me, he could not say that in any way I had cheated or robbed him.

The island of Adi is from twenty to twenty-five miles in length, is hilly and densely wooded in places, and contains possibly from one hundred and fifty to two hundred inhabitants. Owing to the numerous coral reefs the navigation is intricate and dangerous, but there is good safe anchorage at its western end.

Moy having reached the shore, the natives gathered round him on the beach where they were evidently holding a somewhat excited and animated discussion. To prove that I was in earnest I immediately got the ship under weigh and stood away to the north-west for Arogoni Bay. After threading our way through a number of islands adjacent to Adi, each of which is surrounded by a fringing coral reef, we entered the channel, and running before a strong breeze, we continued towards Arogoni Bay, the lead indicating from four to five fathoms of water.

The highlands of the Peninsula here end abruptly in an almost direct line from the western end of Adi,



and right up to Arogoni the coast-line is comparatively low but not swampy. From the low-lying shore a great reef extends for a distance of from two and a half to three miles. We followed its edge until we drew near the mouth of the bay, on the eastern side of which is a remarkable sugar-loaf mountain.

Here we saw numerous canoes proceeding under sail towards the village. Rounding to, we waited until one of them overhauled us and then got a native on board to act as pilot and by him we were carried safely to an anchorage opposite the village, which consisted of three large houses. No sooner had we anchored than three prows left the shore and came off to the ship bringing the whole of the men of the village with them.

The Rajah, an old man, came on board and saluted me by telling me that I was his papa or father. This is simply a native dodge so that they can have a claim upon you to ask for presents. I therefore told him that he was an older man than me and that he should be my father and that if he had any presents to bring I should be very glad to receive them. I enquired as to the number of inhabitants. He said they had plenty of men, a great number of people. I asked where all their houses were. He pointed to the village containing

three houses. I then asked where all the men were and he pointed to my decks on which were gathered natives to the number of about forty. This would lead me to suppose that along about one hundred and eighty miles of coast line there are only about two hundred and fifty to three hundred souls.

At a distance of three miles from this village a considerable river runs into the ocean, and I had decided to enter and explore it into the interior, but was assured by the Rajah that the whole of it was his country and that there were no people there.

Having gathered considerable information as to the resources of the place, I asked the question "Have you got pearl-shell?"

"Oh yes, a little at the house."

"Have you got tortoise-shell?"

"Yes, a little at the house."

"Have you got nutmegs?"

"Yes, a little at the house."

They promised that they would come off early in the morning with their trade. I made them some presents and they returned to the shore.

In the morning they again arrived at the ship, bringing some very fine pearl-shell but in no quantity.

They also brought fifty or sixty nutmegs and two or three pounds of tortoise-shell. The price asked for the pearl-shell was too high for me to entertain the idea of purchasing, and I again refused to trade unless they would abate their price. This they subsequently did and I purchased all they had at fairly reasonable rates.

Being determined to see for myself if this was the only village, we got under weigh and proceeded up Arogoni Bay for a distance of some ten miles, until our further progress became so much obstructed by snags, sand banks, and reefs that I did not deem it advisable to risk being blocked in.

The men from Bentouni, already mentioned as residing in the upper shores of McClure's Gulf, yearly come over here with their Misoï and nutmegs to sell to the Arab traders, the distance being only a day's journey. As they must of necessity bring their cargoes in their canoes I am led to believe that this supposed Arogoni Bay is connected with McClure's Gulf by one of the numerous channels already noticed, which are defined on the chart numbered [3].

The country, I need not repeat, was everywhere fertile and capable of supporting numerous inhabitants.

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On the south-western shores of the bay was fine densely wooded undulating country ; on the north-eastern shore, high, rugged, mountain lands with deep valleys, all capable of utilization for the benefit and advantage of the human race.

Returning by the north-eastern shore, we found the water considerably deeper than off the low lands on the south-west, and at night anchored near two little islands, to await daylight ere we proceeded on our voyage.

## CHAPTER XVI.

“PROVISIONS SHORT, AND ONLY NOT A WRECK.”

Dutch Charts—Nimatota—The Chinese Storekeepers of Dobo—The Post Holder's Wife and the Policeman—Off Ki Island in a Hurricane—At Bauwar—Breakers under the Bow—My little Papuan Boy—“Water, water, everywhere, but not a drop to drink!”—A straight Run for Australia—Mr. Macfarlane's Teaching bears Fruit—A safe Return—Results of the Expedition—Mahometans *versus* Kafirs—Responsibility of the Government of the Netherlands—The Importance of New Guinea to England and Australia.

ON the following morning, continuing to the eastward, we passed two deep bays, but as we could see no sign of inhabitants did not enter, and by noon made the island of Nimatota, which is marked on the Dutch charts as a long narrow island. The charts we soon discovered to be again in error, as instead of one long island, Nimatota consists of a group of islands with narrow channels between them. From the seaward, however, they could easily be mistaken for one island.

As we reached the eastern end of the group we sighted a native house with a flagstaff, where they hoist the flag of the Netherlands. One small prow pushed off from the shore, while another came from between the islands, and conducted us to a very insecure anchorage, where, however, we remained all night. In the morning the prows came off from the shore and brought some nutmegs, but advised us to sail the group, where we should have better anchorage.

This was done, and we anchored close to the shore in fifteen fathoms. The tide runs between the numerous islands with great velocity, and makes the passage exceedingly dangerous, as it is only on the top of patches of reef that anchorage is to be found. As soon as we anchored, the people requested us to fire our big guns so as to attract the attention of the neighbouring natives, who inhabit what, according to the charts, is a part of the mainland, but in reality a group of islands.

The whole of the charts issued under the authority of the Dutch are inaccurate, and, having now followed this coast line for a distance of some three hundred and fifty miles, I found that in hardly any case could they

be depended upon ; in fact, for all practical purposes the coast has never been surveyed. For example, besides the mistakes about Nimatota and the adjacent islands, we find Shemai represented as consisting of one large island, while it is really made up of innumerable islets. Similar mistakes occur in the charts of McClure's Gulf and Arogoni Bay.

With a handy steamer, one could spend months in exploring these comparatively unknown waters, moving from isle to isle, and revelling in scenes of wild natural beauty ; but with a half-starved crew, a vessel dependent entirely upon the wind, three anchors lost and only sixty fathoms of chain left for the one remaining anchor, the further examination of this coast became too serious a matter for me to entertain.

It had been my original intention to follow the coast line round to where a river debouches into the Arafuru Sea, opposite a shoal marked on the charts as Providential Bank, which river will I believe be found connected with the Fly river at its junction with the Alice river, discovered by D'Albertis. My provisions having dwindled down to half a sack of rice and six hundred native sago biscuits or cakes, and being unable to purchase any more food from the

natives, it became imperatively necessary for me to think of returning to Australia.

I therefore decided to stay no longer than one day at each place, and the natives were instructed to bring such staples as they had for barter within that time. Here we secured a few hundredweight of nutmegs; and in the afternoon the Mayor of Adimoni paid a visit, and assured us that the Rajah had plenty of nutmegs. I determined to proceed immediately to Adimoni, having already purchased such staples as the people of Nimatota had for sale.

The Mayor accompanied us, and entered into an agreement to collect for me against my return. I gave him a written document that I would return, and he gave me a silk handkerchief to signify that he had ratified the agreement.

On arrival, however, at Adimoni, we discovered that, as usual, we had been led astray, and that they wanted time to go into the country to collect nutmegs and the Misoi bark. As this meant simply a further waste of time, I decided to remain no longer.

On weighing my provisions I found them to consist of forty pounds of rice and less than six hundred sago cakes, while the distance to Cape York was



750 miles. I therefore determined first to run for Dobo in the Arru Islands, so well described by Mr. Wallace in his 'Malay Archipelago.'

We got under weigh at three o'clock in the afternoon, with the tide in our favour and a light breeze. No sooner, however, had we rounded the point from Adimoni than the tide rushed through the islands dead against us, and began to drive us in amongst the cluster of islands situated where the chart represents the mainland. The men were put to long oars or sweeps, at which they dragged wearily from four o'clock in the afternoon until eleven o'clock in the evening, when a breeze springing up, the ship gathered way, and we were enabled to clear the surrounding dangers.

In due course we reached the low, flat, swampy island of Dobo, when on anchoring we were boarded by an Amboynese clerk and a solitary constable, from whom we learnt that the Post Holder was away on the pearl-shelling grounds at the other side of the islands.

We landed for the purpose of endeavouring to procure some provisions, more especially flour and sugar. We were not, however, very successful. Although there were numerous Chinese storekeepers

in Dobo, they had only a fifty pound bag of rather mouldy Californian flour, which they generously offered to sell me for £2 sterling.

It being the middle of the fishing season, the place was deserted except by the storekeepers. I went from store to store in a vain endeavour to get some provisions, and then proceeded to the house of the Post Holder for the purpose of presenting my letter of clearing. As the front door was closed, we proceeded through the yard or compound to the back, where, on a verandah at the back of the house, we found the clerk and the policeman hugging the Post Holder's wife, who as soon as she saw us rushed screaming into the house. The Amboynese policeman jumped up, and with all the fierceness he could assume and waving his hand and pointing to the gate, said, "Pigi de pigi!" (Go away, go away!). To this I replied, "Beta pigara de Post Holder de police de beni trebai banyak trebai," literally, "I will speak to the Post Holder that his wife and the policeman are no good, plenty no good," and with that turning on my heel, I left. The clerk ran through the house, and opening the front doors, wished me to come in, but I continued down to the beach, determined to get

under weigh immediately and not bother about entering the ship in or out of the Port. As I approached the boat the clerk came running after me and said, "Tuan Post Holder's beni belee tombak Anglici sediki sediki,"—that is, "The Post Holder's wife will buy a little English tobacco" To this I replied, "Pigi de pigi!" and stepping into my boat, pulled off to the ship, got the boat in, the anchor up, and with all sails set, shaped a course for the Ki Islands, where one of the Malays assured me I should get plenty of provisions.

The distance between these groups is only sixty miles, and as we had a leading wind, I hoped to make the great Ki island by daylight on the following morning.

At three o'clock the officer of the watch called me to report that we were drawing near to the land. On reaching the deck I saw to the windward what appeared to be the outline of the great Ki island. The ship was kept away to run down along the coast, then strangely the island seemed to alter its shape, and the ship was kept away a little more. The island next appeared to be advancing towards us, and it suddenly struck me that it was one of those terrific hurricane

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squalls that sweep these seas, which, having come over the great Ki, was advancing towards us, presenting an outline something like that of the island. Sail was immediately shortened, and shortly after the squall struck us with hurricane force. Rain fell in torrents, and the vivid flashing of the lightning, with now and again a sharp crack of thunder, as if the earth was rending in twain, made the experience not a pleasing one either to myself or to my ill-fed crew.

The oscillation of the compass too was something remarkable. During the height of the storm the compass seemed to oscillate at least one hundred and eighty degrees, while the roaring of the wind-spouts passing within a few hundred yards of the ship, showed in how close proximity we were to destruction.

For over two hours and a half the squall raged with the violence of a terrific hurricane; then it passed over, and was followed by numerous short squalls of less force.

Succeeding in ultimately gaining an anchorage at the Ki, we found we were again disappointed in procuring provisions, but were assured that we should find plenty of provisions and pigs at Bauwar, another island separated from the great island by a channel

ten miles broad, and opposite which the chart showed good anchorage in ten fathoms of water.

Although only distant some twenty miles, it was three days ere we reached the anchorage. We were at once boarded by the Rajah, and informed that farther up an Englishman had a coffee plantation, and that on the small island of Kadoolen, Captain Langer, a German, had a saw-mill. The Rajah was a Mahometan, and did not keep pigs, but at another village there were some Hindoos who did.

To this village we proceeded, and found several fat grunters, for the smallest of which a sum in money equal to about £3 sterling was asked. This, although we were starving, I refused to give, and had to leave without adding much to our stock of provisions. We were however enabled to purchase sufficient yams and enough sweet potatoes for about two meals, and we continued our course between the islands until we came to another village. Here we got a few more yams and purchased a large quantity of candle nuts, in all about a ton.

We landed at this village for the purpose of inspecting their timber, and we found them to be a most industrious people, who had many large prows on the

stocks, built of almost imperishable timber, known amongst themselves as "kiu beshie," or iron-wood, of bright red colour, and very prettily marked. They had also another wood, the knots of which are much used for veneering work. This they call "kiu lingua," and I was assured that in a bay some short distance up there was plenty of black walnut.

To this bay we proceeded, and landing, found the black walnut, of moderate growth, in abundance; but when the men were set to fell the trees, I found that with their weakened emaciated frames, they were altogether unequal to this laborious work. I therefore had to abandon the idea, and to return to the ship.

Here I secured the services of a pilot to take me to Captain Langer's saw-mill, where I was informed the Englishman who owned the plantation was staying, and from whom I hoped to get some provisions.

This island of Bauwar, which is marked on the charts as one island, is comprised, as usual, of numerous islets, with deep channels, through which rush strong tides.

Our anchorage being very unsafe, and the pilot assuring us that there were no outlying dangers, save one reef which I had already detected between Ki

Bauwar and Ki Doolan, I decided to continue all night. As soon as the sun set, the weather became stormy, squall after squall rushing down upon us with hurricane force. Our pilot took fright, and went below.

A strong current had evidently swept us considerably out of our course, so that at twelve o'clock I sighted a reef to leeward, facing the great Ki Island. The ship was tacked, and we again stood over to the opposite shore, as close as it was deemed advisable, and the wind at last favouring us, we were able to shape a course which it was supposed would clear us of all dangers, and at half-past one I went below.

I returned on deck at three, and again at four, and then to my surprise saw breakers immediately under the bow. The helm was rolled down, and the ship brought to the wind, but she would not stay. The anchor was let go, but there was no bottom until we got to the reef edge, when we found that we had only six feet of water under our stern, and the vessel bumped among the coral in the middle of a heavy surf.

The chain was paid out, and the vessel forced on to the reef, after which all sail was snugly stowed,







ROEAMBATI.

p. 287

*A Native of McClure's Gulf, North-West Guinea.  
The first Papuan brought to Europe.*

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yards sent down, and everything done to ease the ship, but we continued to bump heavily.

The boat was got out alongside, with the intention of remaining in it until daylight, but no sooner were the men in her, than a huge roller capsized and swamped her, at the same time sweeping the ship broadside on to the surf, and so into shallow water.

All this time I had clinging to my neck, the little Papuan boy Roeambati, whom I had rescued in McClure's Gulf. The little fellow seemed to realise his danger, and clung to me without a murmur.

Our boat was righted and baled out, but we had lost all our oars. Fortunately daylight began to dawn, and showed us two villages on the shore about four miles distant.

The tide had by this time receded, so that we could walk round the vessel, and found that she had sustained little or no damage except to her copper, and that the reef was composed of small stones, and clumps of rotten coral. It seemed that if assistance could be procured to underrun our anchor it would be possible to save the vessel.

Having a number of natives' paddles on board, they were put into requisition in lieu of oars, and we started

for the shore to seek assistance. The natives ran out of their houses and by signals guided us into a safe landing.

We had fortunately landed at a kafir or heathen village. A mile distant was a Mahometan village, from which the people came flocking to see us. These Mahometans, as usual, treated us with callous indifference, but the heathens prepared breakfast of sago, rice, tara, yams and sweetmeats made from sago, and gave us Sewair, a kind of palm wine, to drink. Nothing could exceed the kindness and hospitality of these people, a bright contrast to the cold-heartedness of their Mahometan neighbours.

The old chief informed me that he would bring three large prows full of men, and we should get the ship off all right, and he spoke words of comfort and endeavoured by his evident sympathy to show how he commiserated with our condition.

I decided to return in a fast prow, and to leave the mate and the crew to come off with the ship's boat and three prows full of men to assist us. I intended to have left the boy at the village, as he would only be in the way, but he howled and cried so, that I thought it better to take him with me.

The natives struck up a song, and the prow fairly dashed through the water, sending continuous sprays over us, so that I rolled my little savage boy in my oilskin coat, and he fell quietly asleep in my arms in all the trustful innocence of infancy.

We reached the ship, and the tide, which was now rising rapidly, was again causing her to bump a good deal. But having previously made a bed in the loose stones, this did little or no damage; and by the time the assistance which had followed us from the shore arrived, she was afloat and riding to her anchor.

Having improvised a jury-anchor with a piece of spare chain round a coral clump, the strain was taken from the anchor, the cable underrun, and the anchor picked up and got on board. Then cutting the warp attached to the chain round the coral, we made sail on the vessel and forced her over the reef, and, running down, anchored snugly under the little island of Effat, within one hundred and fifty yards of the shore.

At low water we beached the vessel and repaired some damage done to the rudder, and got our boat on board for repairs.

The surf breaking over the vessel had destroyed the whole of our fresh water, and our boat being stove

could not be utilised for the purpose of getting a fresh supply.

The men who had assisted us off had been paid in clothing, axes, knives, tobacco, and other trade goods to the value of about £70, and had returned to their homes. I therefore sent for the head man of the island, who came on board in a large canoe. Like his people, he professed the Mahometan faith.

Having passed the usual salutation, he seated himself on the ship's rail, while I took a seat alongside of the wheel. I there explained to him our pitiful plight, that we had little to eat and that we now had no water to drink, and asked him for what sum he would bring us four casks of water. He promptly answered eight dollars, equal to ten shillings sterling, per cask. He was asked if he would take payment in trade. He said "No, I must have money." I said "But I have not got money, and we must have water or we will die." He replied that he could not help that; unless we were prepared to pay money we should get no water.

I instructed the mate to hoist our ensign with the union down, and pointing to the flag asked him if he understood its significance. He said no, he knew

nothing about it. I said, "That means that we are in distress, we have no water, we have no food. But you come to my country with your flag flying like that, and they would give you clothing and would give you shelter." To this he made answer, "They are very good people in your country, very good, but we don't do things like that at Effat. If you want water you must pay for it."

I then ordered the interpreter to bring me a pannikin of water from the tank, and taking a mouthful of it spat it out, and then passed it to the head man, who tasted it and said, "If you drink that you will soon die." I said, "Yes, we must die unless you will give us water. You see how we are placed; will you bring us some water?" He answered, "No, not unless you pay me."

Making a jump from my seat, I clapped one hand across his breast and the other under his legs, and saying, "Then you shall drink the same as we are drinking," I threw him overboard. His followers all jumped after him.

Calling out to the interpreter for my rifle, I sprang upon the taffrail and, pretending to be in a towering rage, called them *orong makin babi* (men that ate

pigs), whose hearts were no good, and threatened to write to the Governor-General.

Had it not been for the seriousness of our position, I should certainly have laughed outright, for as I shook my rifle, and now and again presented it at him, he beamed upon me with a smile that was childlike and bland.

They reached their prow and pulled ashore, where all the people congregated on the beach to meet them, and after some discussion a boat was dispatched bearing two large jars of water, and they promised that they would fill up the whole of our casks on the following day.

This was done, and they were liberally paid for it in cloth and other goods.

After great difficulty in working our way out through the reefs, I decided to make a straight run for Australia, and on the fourth day from leaving the Ki islands made the lightship at Proudfoot shoals, at the entrance to Torres Straits.

Passing through the Prince of Wales Channel, I again hauled up for the coast of New Guinea, and anchored off the village of Mowatta in the Katow river. Here, so soon as my old friends knew that we

were short of provisions, canoe after canoe came off to the ship laden with cocoanut, tara, yams, and pig, and from a Beche-de-mer man we got fifty pounds of flour and some sugar. Over three thousand cocoanuts were brought on board, and without any dispute the natives were paid at the rate of one stick of tobacco for every five cocoanuts.

Here also I found that the natives, although I had been long absent, had been faithful to their trust and had felled a large quantity of cedar, some of which I took on board. The bushmen also, from whom it will be remembered I purchased their god, also came down to see me, and presents were made to them, and goods left to be sent down the coast to pay my people to westward.

The reader will remember that in my last expedition, when at Turi Turi, I purchased three skulls from the chief, and that they were greatly prized by medical gentlemen in Sydney. This led me to enquire of one of the missionary men at Mowatta if they had any more skulls to dispose of—an enquiry which brought upon me a just, though severe rebuke.

The man said: “I cannot understand you white fellows. Mr. Macfarlane come here and he say, ‘You



no cut man head off, that no good, you cut man head off, God be angry.' Then you white fellow come you say, 'You got man head, you got man head; suppose you got man head, me buy him from you?' What fashion you call that? Suppose we no kill man we no take um head. Suppose we kill man, we let him lie, we no take man head. Now what you white fellow always speak same that for?"

I felt the rebuke and explained that Mr. Macfarlane was quite right, and that it was wrong to take the men's heads, and that I only asked out of curiosity to know whether they still kept any men's heads, but I do not think he believed me.

Our food, though still coarse, was plentiful, and the men were beginning to gather strength; but the constant exposure of the voyage had terribly told upon my own health. During the passage from the Ki Islands until we anchored in Torres Straits—four and a half days—I had never been below nor closed my eyes, and my stomach had been so weak that when food was placed before me I could not eat it. It therefore became necessary for me to think about returning to the south, more especially as I was already nearly four months overdue in Sydney.

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Having left goods to be sent on to my friends in Saibai, Daubo, Baigo and Strachan Island, I bade farewell to my good friends at Mowatta and Turi Turi, and standing across the straits, reached the hospitable mansion of my kind friend, Mr. Frank L. Jardine, at Cape York, on the 2nd March, 1887. By him I was hospitably and kindly received, provisions were sent to my ship and a comfortable bed provided for me, and there I was carefully nursed until sufficiently recovered to proceed home.

Here for all the objects of exploration my narrative must end. The work performed during this last expedition was of a most comprehensive character, and disclosed not only many varieties of life and different traits of character in peoples living within short distances of each other, but also conclusively proved to me the influence of the different religious teachings upon the human race.

The bulk or the greater proportion of the tribes met with in the north-west were followers of Islam and, as this narrative proves to demonstration, they are a race of liars, thieves and murderers, whose main object in life seems to be to deceive. Devoid of all principles of honesty and honour, they cannot recognize nor

appreciate such principles in others. The Prince and two Rajahs from Tidore, so frequently spoken of, were co-religionists of these people, and their master, the Sultan, was Lord Paramount of the land. Yet no religious feeling nor any sentiment of loyalty to their lord restrained them from brutally murdering these unfortunate chiefs when they were their guests.

I have read much of the rights of hospitality as practised among the Mahometan races, but from a long experience I am led to the conclusion that these sacred rights, so much talked about by travellers, do not exist.

On the other hand, the savages or, as they are called by their Mahometan neighbours, Kafirs—a word which I suppose has been imported by the Arab traders and which signifies heathen—are a more reliable people, more honest in their dealings, and ever willing to show a kindness to the stranger.

When, however, we contrast either the Kafir or the Mahometan with those who some few years ago were wild cannibals on the south, but who, through the efforts made by the noble band of men representing the London Missionary Society, have within the last twelve or fourteen years been brought to a knowledge of the Christian religion, the difference is most marked. On

the one hand we see bloodthirstiness, treachery and cunning, and on the other, child-like simplicity and innocent trust.

I confess to feeling that the Government of the Netherlands cannot be held blameless for the state in which I found these people. The importation of spirits, opium, powder and arms is, it is true, prohibited, but the Arab and Bugis traders yearly visit these places carrying large supplies of each. No effective restriction is placed upon the action of the natives. Traders are murdered and they murder one another, friendly tribes join together and organize great slave-hunting expeditions, attack the more savage races and carry off their women and children into slavery. At the same time not one of these barbarians proceeds one hundred yards from the shore in a canoe unless flying the ensign of the Netherlands; and I consider it the imperative duty of the Dutch Government to send round a ship of war to collect every flag from these tribes, because the stranger, running down amongst them and seeing the flag of a friendly nation flying, receives them with full confidence, and finds to his sorrow when it is too late, that instead of being among people representing a

civilized and cultured nation, he has run into a horde of savages who, to use the words of the commandant at the island of Gissor, will smile in your face, "shake one hand and hold the other in the breast, with the knife ready to plunge into you."

The whole of the vast extent of territory which these pages show to have been visited, is capable of being utilized to the utmost advantage for the benefit of the overcrowded centres of such a country as this ; and to me it seems incomprehensible that the apathy of our rulers in matters pertaining to New Guinea should be so great. For years past it has been lying without our reach, and it is still almost a *terra incognita*. With their portion the Dutch have done simply nothing, and I have been well assured by those in high places, that were an offer made by the Imperial Government of Great Britain to the Government of the Netherlands to relieve it of its portion, such an offer would readily be accepted.

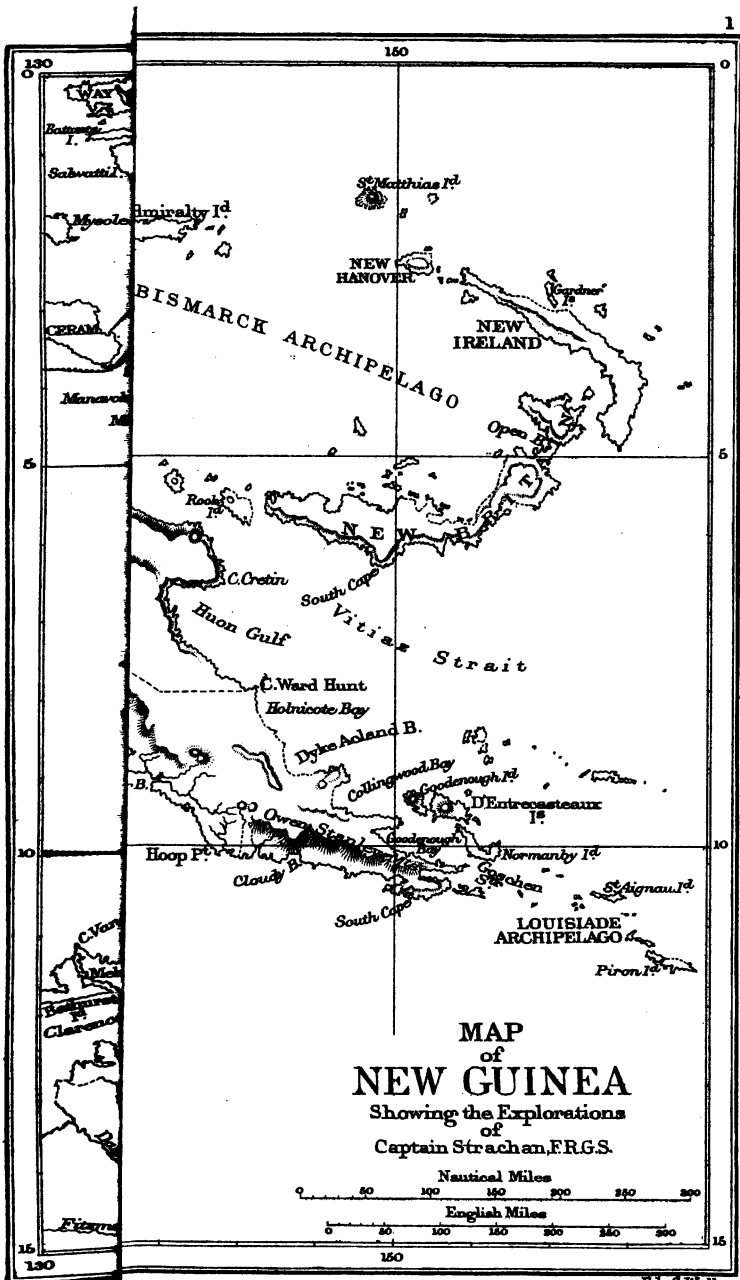
The people of Australia, if assured by the Imperial authorities that they would not be, as hitherto, casting their money into a bottomless sack, would readily pay any expenses attending either the purchase or the government of this fair land. The Colonies have

already expended £50,000, and all they have got in return has been a Government bungalow and a goal erected at Port Moresby; and the effect of the contribution has been to facilitate the settlement of foreigners in the country and to prohibit the settlement of the Australian or the Briton.

Foreigners may acquire as much territory as they like in British New Guinea, but no Englishman has the privilege of purchasing a single acre from the natives. If he does purchase any, he is warned that at no time will his acquisition be recognised by the Imperial Government. This may be in strict harmony with the ideas of a Liberal policy and of Liberal justice; but it is hardly calculated to draw more closely the bonds which unite the Australian people to those of Great Britain. Neither is it likely that statesmen such as Sir Henry Parkes, the Hon. James Service, Sir Samuel Griffiths, Sir Thomas M'Ilwraith, and others who watch over and guide the destinies of Australia, will expend Australia's money to make room for the alien in a country from which their own fellow-colonists are excluded.

These are things that have caused the friction between Australia and the so-called Government of

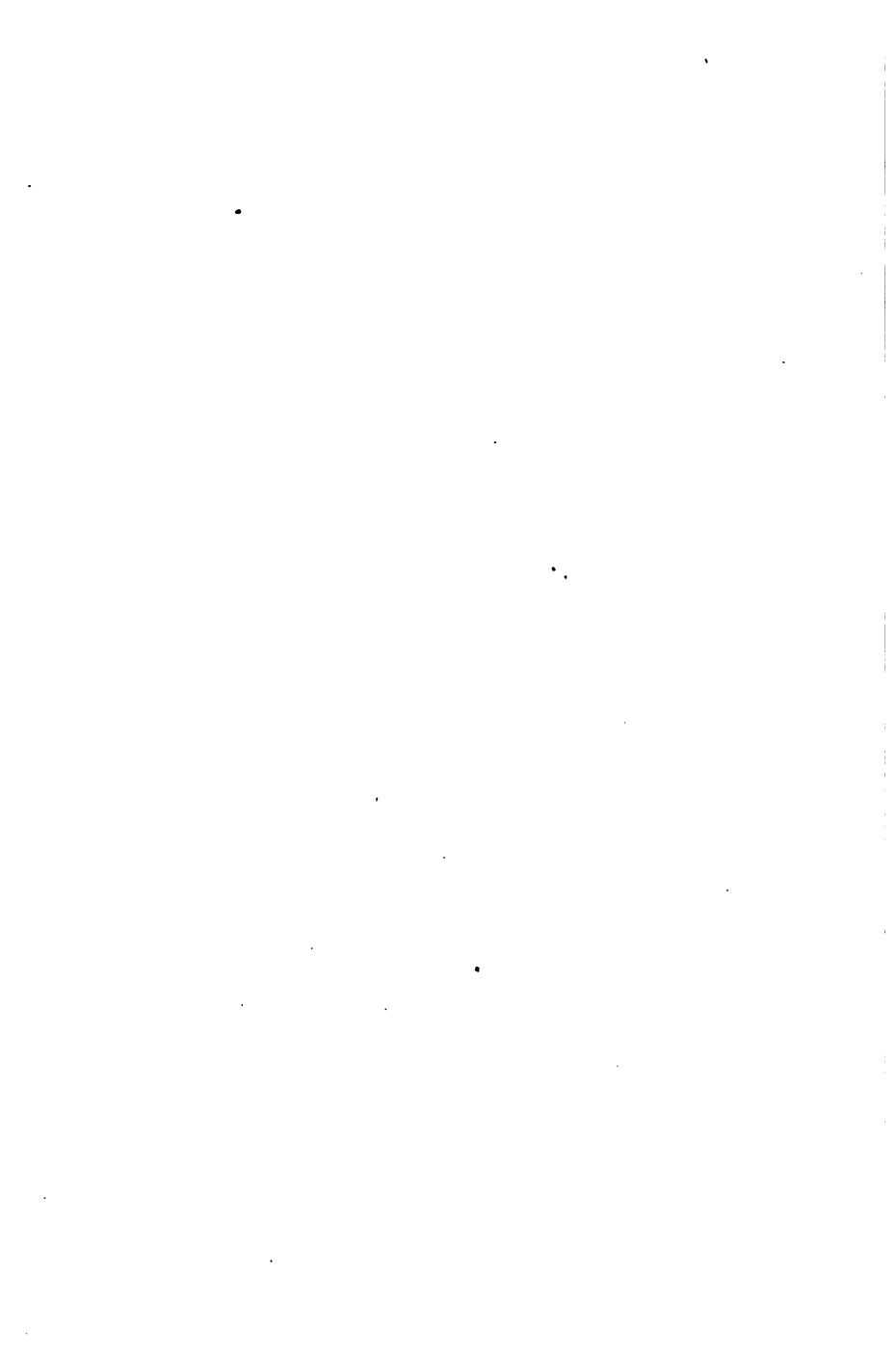
the British Protectorate in New Guinea—friction which I trust is now over, thanks to the interest taken by the Noble Lord who at the present time conducts Australian affairs in the Imperial Colonial Office and whose desire, from his entry upon office, has ever been to promote Australia's prosperity and to encourage Australian enterprise.

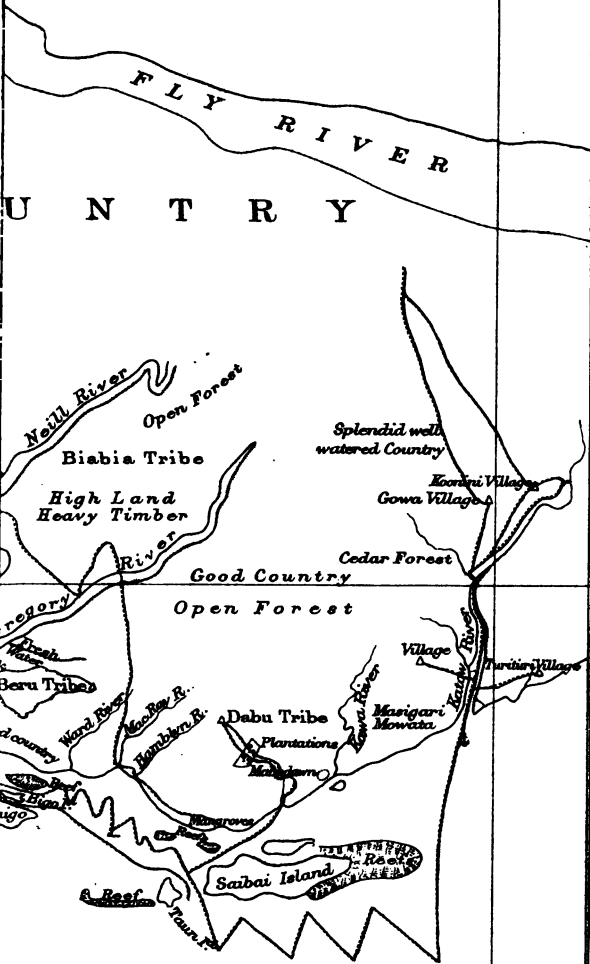


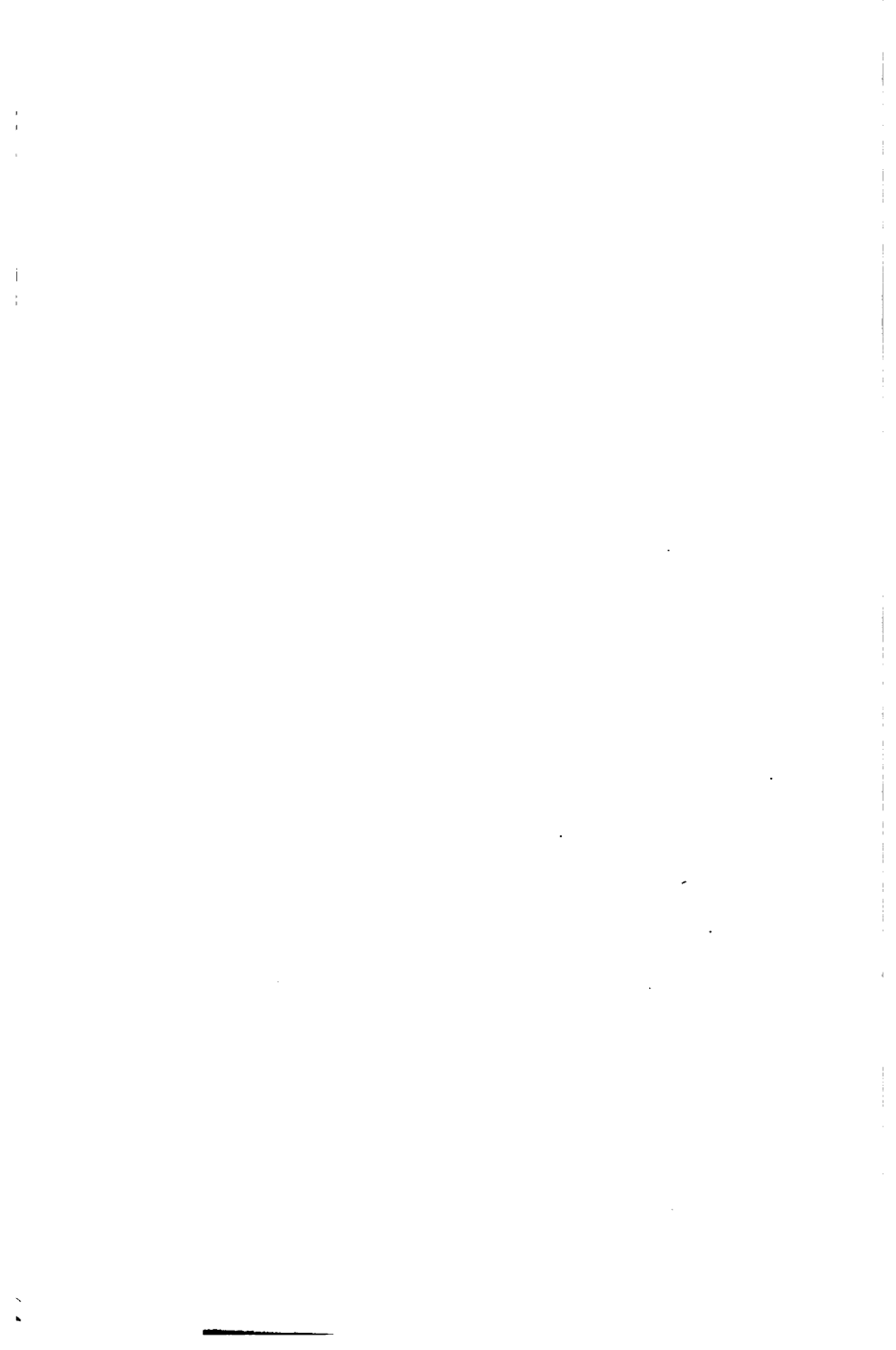
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