IN A
GERMAN COLONY
B. PULLEN-BURRY
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IN A GERMAN COLONY
A WOMAN FROM THE BUSH VILLAGES
IN A GERMAN COLONY
OR
FOUR WEEKS IN NEW BRITAIN

BY
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WITH EIGHT ILLUSTRATIONS AND TWO MAPS

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PREFACE

SINCE very little information has so far appeared through the medium of the British press concerning those possessions in the Pacific, included under the comprehensive title of the Protectorate of New Guinea, it has seemed to me that to shape my voluminous notes into book-form may be of use to future travellers. With that end in view, it also appears desirable to explain that much in these remote islands remains to be discovered. Speculative theories therefore, however tempting the data, have been scrupulously avoided.

In the compilation of this work a simple description of conditions, which came under the writer's notice, is all that is attempted. It is, moreover, hoped that the reader will not be severe to mark amiss the latitude of expression which the authoress has per-
mitted herself, in the belief that she has not thereby exceeded those limits of discursiveness which may justly be extended to confirmed globe-trotters.

B. P.-B.

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IN A GERMAN COLONY

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS—ON THE PRINZ WALDEMAR—INCIDENT IN THE GERMAN CONSULATE AT SYDNEY—THE MAORIS—THEIR PRESENT CONDITION—DIFFICULTIES IN THE GERMAN COLONY

This little span which we call life has been aptly described as a mere parenthesis between the vast eternities of whence? and whither? and in this age of breakneck speed if we would live, and not vegetate, we must be men and women of the hour, keen to note, swift to record.

In the case of the writer of these pages the call comes to testify to the virtues of a nation which, from circumstances apparently beyond its control hitherto, it has become the fashion to decry, for latterly, has not our literary provender teemed with nebulous and speculative matter anent the esoteric meaning
of a Monarch’s utterances! Indeed the fertility of the British press leaves little to be desired. In the same way our parliamentary leaders provide food for mental digestion in which the quantity, hardly the quality, should satisfy the most omnivorous politician.

Raw stuff in the form of undiscussed clauses thrust before the astonished gaze of the Electorate of Great Britain, are professedly, the “considered judgment of the Commons of England.” Accustomed as we are to the growth of “terminological inexactitudes” we would remind, before we pass on, even those who frequent the precincts of Westminster, that a fashionable sin remains, as heretofore, one of the Lord’s abominations.

Now my travels have taken me beyond the parish pump, my views of men and things have long since failed to coincide with that respectable orthodoxy which to the rural mind is represented by squire and parson, and I venture to believe that reading, marking, and learning whilst we globe-trot amounts nearly, to the sum of what we can acquire on this planet. Therefore it appears
not inopportune, for one who has experienced hospitality and courtesy in no small degree during a visit to Germany's youngest colony, to contribute her mite to that literature which deals with the hydra-headed question of our relations with that country. The Master's lesson to love our neighbours as ourselves is possibly beyond our power, yet those of lesser light remind us that the pen as well as the tongue has its responsibilities.

"Every word has its own spirit
   True or false that never dies,
   Every word man's lips have uttered,
   Echoes in God's skies."

And let us remember that if there be those who long to "thrash the English," there is at the same time, a growing determination on the part of the Teuton people to restrain the military autocracy of the Hohenzollern. The fiat has gone forth, Germany has set her face against Absolutism, and in the iron chain of destiny there are no breaks. The velocity of national movements responds in proportion to the propelling energy at the back of them. In the history of Europe, to-day, we may
well pause to take stock of the situation, to measure if we can the magnitude of that driving force, which, since the birth in 1870 of this powerful nation, has converted a race of dreamers and idealists into a hard, practical people. For if the will to dominate by land and sea, to agitate restlessly for commercial expansion and colonial possessions can be construed into representing the matured fruit of Teutonic spiritual aspiration, then indeed the words of a far-seeing poetess, "Souls are ripened in our northern sky," have more than mystic meaning!

Yet for our mutual comfort, let me add, that although we are not blind as to what united Germany may mean to this country, and that notwithstanding the fact that our fatuous law-givers profess to see in the fly-blown phylacteries of Cobdenism relief for all the woes which beset us, notwithstanding also the perversity which causes them to interpret Holy Writ into doing unto the foreigner 100 per cent. more than he would do for us in parallel circumstances, we persist in the belief that the British bulldog
breed is not yet totally extinct, when patriots such as Lord Roberts, and Lord Meath, rise up to warn the country of its danger and its weakness. And God knows, and the women of England know, that compulsory military training for three or five years for every mother's son would be a boon and a blessing in every way desirable. In fact our legislative muddlers are bringing us to this, that if a healthy compulsion to learn the art of self-defence is not soon insisted upon, the cry of the women will not be "Give us votes!" but "Teach us to shoot straight!"

With these introductory remarks I will pass on to the subject-matter of these pages, hoping that I have defined my position as savouring neither of Teuto-phobia, or of Philo-Teutonism.

Some twenty months ago I stood on the deck of the Prinz Waldemar as she slowly left her moorings and steamed at noon through that most exquisite waterway, Sydney Harbour, out into the Pacific Ocean bound for Hong-Kong. Her first port of call was Simpsonhafen, in New Britain,
where the monthly steamers of the German Lloyd are eagerly welcomed by the officials and planters of the Protectorate of New Guinea as the solitary link between these distant equatorial possessions of the Kaiser and their beloved fatherland. Subsequently, the Prinz Waldemar would call at Manilla on her way to the British emporium of the Far East. My destination was Herbertshöhe, the seat of government of the scattered dependency. Here it was my intention to stay a month, proceeding to Japan by the next steamer. The undisguised wonder on the part, first of all, of the German Consul at Sydney, then of the ship’s officials, lastly of my fellow-passengers, when they learnt my plan, was amusing. What in the world was I going to do in New Britain? they asked. There was no decent hotel. I should find it langweilich! In fact, the place was impossible! For a lady to stay in that fever-stricken, God-forsaken colony! unheard of! Was I not afraid of die cannibalen? The idea that a woman might be interested in
the vagaries of savage life was too hard a nut for the normal Teuton to crack. An English lady of ducal name, who had been staying at Government House, Sydney, endeavoured to dissuade me, picturing vividly my plight in case of illness. I told her that fevers never troubled me, although prickly heat and I were sworn enemies. To the objections of an English gentleman who, with his large family, had been visiting his properties in Australia, one could only emphasize that what he termed obstinacy, others called determination. Though I listened to them all with deep respect I was none the less prepared to find a four weeks' stay lacking in comfort, but years of roaming train one how to dispense with luxuries. Hitherto I had always found sufficient nerve to face unknown quantities. Besides, had I not as a child, and later, in my teens, in the most approved Methodistical fashion, literally wrestled in my prayers to see not only distant lands, but real live savages? And here was a chance of beholding some
of the lowest specimens of human nature on the globe. Would I forego it because the hotel chairs were not upholstered, or the milk to my tea was canned. A thousand times No! In the quiet of my cabin I thanked Providence that He had not built me that way! To tell the truth, the only thing which really occasioned some anxiety on my part was whether I should find the German officials courteous, or the reverse. I had some grounds for my doubt. The unpleasant interview I had at Sydney, the morning previous to embarking, when I requested the German Consul to give me a letter of introduction to the Governor at Herbertshöhe, lingered in my memory. Just then feeling was by no means friendly in Australasian circles towards the Germans in the Pacific Islands, owing to the extraordinary behaviour of members of the Jaluit Company, in the affair of a schooner sailing in Micronesian seas, belonging to a well-known firm of Sydney shippers, concerning which legal measures were pending. I was told by
everybody that I should find the Germans obstructive, discourteous, unwilling to facilitate me in any research I was desirous of making.

As a matter of fact, my experience was the exact opposite. However, during my interview I gave the Consul to understand that I was known to persons of position in Sydney, mentioning the name of one or two prominent members of the Federal Government. I had also lectured for a Guild, whereat the Lady Mayoress had presided. To my utter surprise he completely ignored the foregoing, declaring, that at the very least, I should have brought a letter from Government House stating the object of my proposed visit, etc. Needless to say, my anger had been roused at this official bumpiousness, and I had risen somewhat indignantly from my chair, expressing the wish to trouble him no further, since had I deemed it necessary, I could easily have procured letters from the Governors, either of Australia, or of New Zealand. The matter was comparatively of small importance, and I should not think of troubling their Excellencies!
The sequel to my interview was that the letter I had requested was written and received by His Excellency, Dr Hahl in New Britain shortly before I made the call that etiquette requires. So far as my visit to the German Protectorate was concerned, this was the first and only disagreeable I encountered from German officialism. In the island itself nothing could exceed the kindness and hospitality extended to me on every hand.

During those eight days of blessed rest and sunshine, gliding over smooth seas, under brilliant skies between Sydney and the German port, occasionally hailed by a passer-by to look at a shark, noting the circumstance that after Brisbane not a funnel nor a sail did we see till we entered St George's Channel, which separates the island of New Britain from New Ireland, I had time to meditate upon the sights I expected to witness, in a day or two, where savage humanity, practically barehanded, after countless ages of barbarism, had for the last three decades come into contact with the white man's civilisation.
The world moves slowly where national existence is unknown, where the intellect, or that which does duty for it, closed in by dead walls of monotony merely guesses in the loftiest fashion of its sleep at Heaven.

To such conditions I was about to make my introductory bow.

There seems to be no doubt that the low culture and sparse populations of the islands in the Bismarck Archipelago have been brought about by centuries of fierce feuds and exterminating warfare. In pre-German days these small races were like beasts of prey, robbing, preying upon their neighbours until they themselves were chased, killed, and eaten in return. Their bloody fights always ended in complete annihilation of the enemy, women and children included, the victory being signalised by a cannibalistic gorge. It was unthinkable that in less than a generation these men-eaters had lost their leaden instincts, so it were, according to Herbert Spencer, vain to expect golden conduct! Primitive peoples from one point of view agree to differ; each, as will be seen
in after pages, appears to live and have its being on its own special rung of the evolutionary ladder. How far removed indeed from the ideal savage are these South Sea Islanders!

"I am as free as nature first made man
Ere the base laws of servitude began
When wild in woods the noble savage ran."

From barbarism in the Pacific to the tinker, the tailor, and the candlestick-maker of this age and of this land is a far cry, but it is an open question at what stage in anthropological development man would not be infinitely better off under the rule of parental despotism than he is ever likely to be under representative government, provided alway that the despot is truly parental in his methods.

The discipline of life, a pulpit expression, but comprehensive, and the "base laws of servitude," though opposite as the poles in their modus operandi, are, so far as we can see, castigatory essentials to the bringing into working order the endowments of humanity, but the danger lies in that we,
by our western methods, risk impairing the original deposit of true manliness, as natural to the man-eating savage, when he brains the enemy of his tribe, as to the latest dandy in Piccadilly, who shows himself a lion in courage on the battle-field. We are curious to know what the next compromising Education Bill will give to replace the native grandeur of the human animal, for with all our boasted enlightenment, we see in our midst a slackness, as opposed to alertness, a softness (balm no doubt to the nonconforming conscience) incompatible with ideals of British bravery, if not fraught with menace to our national safety. Such qualities too often appeal to the man in the street and take the place of virility and common-sense.

I had passed the previous winter in New Zealand and my thoughts during the passage travelled across the seas to a dusky race emerging from conditions which still characterise the Melanesians under German rule. No study of mankind is more full of interest than that of the present condition of the Maoris of New Zealand. Over one hundred
years have passed since Captain Cook, struck by their vast numbers, first gazed upon them as he stood upon the decks of the *Endeavour* watching them follow the ship round the coast. No finer savages ever trod the earth than this offshoot of the great Polynesian race. It is lamentable that contact with the pakeha (white man) has resulted in the dwindling of their numbers. All that is evil they have imbibed, but for the virtues of the European the race seemingly has no use. It would, I thought, be interesting to compare them presently, so far as this aspect was concerned, with the German Melanesians. The latest census taken in 1906 gives a total of 47,731, and Dr Pomaré, the Government medical officer to the Maoris, himself a half-caste, declares that it is the only enumeration that can be relied upon, since the returns are now sent in by the heads of the recently-established native village councils, for the Maoris, like Dolly of the Playhouse, paralysed at the evils which in the forms of drink, disease and gambling have played havoc with their race, have now set about
reforming themselves. The tattooed chief in dogskin cloak and befeathered topknot is no longer seen. If he was relentless and fierce, he was also brave and chivalrous. When he ate his fallen foe he believed that in so doing he received into himself the mana (prestige, renown,) not only of the dead man, but that of all his ancestors. To add thus to his own mana by conquering the hereditary enemies of his tribe, although it meant the perpetuation of inter-tribal feuds, was highly desirable. His social polity was the outcome of his views of right and wrong. Maori-lore as expounded in the whare-kura (house set apart for that purpose) abounded in spells and incantations to ward off unseen, adverse influences. It told him of a land called Te Reinga, where he would live for ever with his departed ancestors in peace, from which place they would exercise their spirit influence upon mortal affairs. Mr Tregear in his delightful book describes the old Maoris to have been highly educated, good, all-round men. Before the coming of the pakeha these savages felled trees with
the roughest of tools, built houses and sea-
worthy boats, made weapons, carved orna-
ments, understood the art of weaving and
dyeing. They cultivated the soil, they
stored their minds with hymns and spells
innumerable. They were poets, orators,
warriors and seamen, possessing industry,
patience, skill and artistic perception in no
small degree. Their present condition, due
mostly to the fact that nothing as yet re-
places this training, is by no means so satis-
factory as one would be led to expect, taking
into consideration all the agencies at work
making for their mental and moral uplifting.
It may be remembered that the first Bishop
Selwyn exclaimed from the pulpit, so im-
pressed was he by the fervour displayed by
the Christianised natives of New Zealand,
"We see here a whole nation of pagans
converted to the faith." Subsequently, when
circumstances arose during the Maori war
which led the natives to distrust the teaching
and the teachers, and Hau-Hauism was sub-
stituted for the creed of the missionary, there
remained but little to show as permanent
result of the marvellous turn things took, when in 1860, mission work reached its zenith in New Zealand. The spell of tapu had been broken, the sacred head of the chief was regarded with lessened veneration, but to this day the Tohungas (witch-doctors) retain their malign influence over the majority of the people. With the substitution of British rule for tribal authority the descendant of the once formidable Maori too often finds his dearest joy in horse-racing, and in gambling. He spends listless days in wondering at the marvels of the pakeha—his motor, the phonograph, the gramophone! He forgets the tribal legend, the glory of his heroic ancestry. In the words of an educated Maori, "it does not take the power of second-sight for the ordinary observer to see that the modern Maori is oppressed with inutterable woe, a listless manner, a hopeless expression and inertia which can accomplish nothing." If this be a true finding for the majority, it was good to learn that a hopeful minority of agriculturists, living in the neighbourhood of Napier and Gisborne, present a
healthy example of what the race may eventually become. So far as education is concerned, I had been struck with the facilities offered to the native children. Over one hundred village schools were in operation, and the Government offers one hundred and fifteen scholarships, tenable for two years, for children of predomi-
nantly Maori race. Yet the complaint was universal that no definite technical training for various trades figured in the curriculum.

To convert the aimless lives of those who had left school into busy ones. To turn them out into the world as carpenters, artisans, or engineers; to give the girls objects and interests in life in teaching them dressmaking or laundry work, and so forth, would prevent the going back to tribal life, which is so discouraging a feature to the teachers in the schools. But no sketch of the actual condition of these people, however humble, seems just without giving full allow-
ance for the fact that the insecurity of native land-tenure, arising from the difficulties con-
ected with establishing individual titles to lands formerly held in common by the tribe,
is the real cause of much of the apathy, indifference, and idleness apparent.

In the initial stage of colonisation so far attempted in New Britain, in the low intelligence of its aborigines as compared with that of the Maoris and our other subject races, in the unhealthy climate, I was shortly to see for myself how difficult is the task which lies before the pioneers of civilisation in the equatorial regions of the German Protectorate.
CHAPTER II


I

N the following brief outline of the German colony I prefer to employ the names with which our atlas has familiarised us, for the nomenclature of these regions is somewhat maddening. In addition to the names which the islands had received from their discoverers, who were mostly British navigators, there are those with which the Germans re-baptised them on the acquisition of the colony. Then there are the native appellations in constant use between the planters and the kanakas (natives) who, commonly known as "boys," are recruited for labour purposes from various islands in the Archipelago. Nobody deprecates the confusion this involves more than the officials
themselves. The difficulty in coastal surveys of identifying this headland or that harbour with the German name and the native term has been frequently experienced, and natives who have been swept away from their local habitations in their canoes have found it utterly impossible to explain from whence they came, since the authorities were absolutely incapable of understanding to which part of the coast they referred. Herr von Lüschan, of the Berlin Anthropological Society, has strongly urged the retention of the native names.

The Protectorate of New Guinea includes not only the German portion of the island of New Guinea, known as Kaiser Wilhelm's land, but also those islands in North Melanesia known as the Bismarck Archipelago, with Buka and Bougainville, two of the northernmost Solomon Isles and a few adjacent groups.

The varied and diversified inhabitants of the Archipelago, for lack of closer knowledge, are known as Melanesians. Anthropologically this is a sphere of interest where angels
of the expert class fear to tread. Far be it therefore for so humble a wayfarer as myself to intrude! It may be well to mention that two distinct types have been differentiated by ethnologists. The island of New Guinea is regarded as the headquarters of the dark-skinned, woolly-haired Papuan, and it is interesting to read that Huxley believed that the aborigines of this island were more closely allied to the negroes of Africa than they were to any other race. The Papuan (Malay-frizzled) has been described by competent authorities as shorter than the European, but taller than the Malay, smooth-skinned, in colour deeper than the Melanesian, with thin long limbs, small dolicho-cephalic head, prominent nose, high narrow forehead, dark eyes, the frizzled hair worn in a mop, sometimes plaited with grease and mud. He scarifies his skin, and has no knowledge of pottery. The Melanesian closely resembles the Papuan, but is lighter in colour, stronger in build, coarser in feature, less prognathous. He has a knowledge of pottery, of weaving, practises tattooing and has initiation cere-
monies and numerous symbolic dances. Mr Sydney Ray, whose linguistic studies of these races entitle him to rank as an authority, considers that Papuan and Melanesian languages, though apparently belonging to separate linguistic stocks, show no evidence of any kind connecting them outside the limits of New Guinea. He thinks that the Melanesian immigration passing eastward round the north of that island entered the Bismarck Archipelago. The peculiarity of the languages of these parts is their extraordinary diversity, natives of villages only a few miles apart being quite unintelligible to each other. This fact presupposes, says he, a long period of quite separate existence of isolated family groups, or gens. These conclusions arrived at by English scientists are borne out by the evidence of German authorities on the spot, men not purely scientists, but governors and officials of the Protectorate.

Under a cloudless sky, with the bold outlines of New Ireland to my right and with the beautifully wooded upland scenery of the coasts of New Britain to my left, my thoughts
turned to the pioneers of these seas, to the joy those who first broke into the silence of this exquisite region must have experienced, as after many days they once more beheld *terra firma*. As the steamer swiftly threaded her path along the tranquil scene, we espied occasionally rising above the woodlands thin wreaths of smoke, betokening human habitation. Having rounded Cape Orford and noted the receding shores of Great Bay (Grosse Bai) we approached the Gazelle Peninsula to the north of the island, parts of which have been settled by the colonists. Although the coastal survey is now complete, there remains a great deal of the interior still to be explored. Soon the fine outlines of an isolated mountain peak appeared in bold relief against the cloudless sky. This was the Varczin (Vunakokor), rising to nearly 2000 feet, standing as sentinel at the entrance of the channel, separating the two islands. This narrow waterway, in the year 1878, was half choked with pumice from a neighbouring volcano, but since 1890 it has been pronounced safe for steam navigation. At certain times,
Map of GAZELLE PENINSULA.

English Miles.

0 10 20 30

Long. East 152° of Greenwich
however, according to the prevailing winds, a deep current sets in against which sailing vessels are almost powerless. Ahead of us, surrounded with that beauty which dwells in deep retreats, set between ribbons of silver sea, we caught glimpses of the fertile, for the most part low-lying, well-wooded group known on our maps as the Duke of York's Islands (Neu Lauenburg). Then as we turned sharply round Cape Gazelle and faced westwards, we passed on our right the Credner Islets, one of which on account of its favourable position has been chosen as a quarantine station, and on our left the picturesque little bay of Kabakaul, where a planter's house and outbuildings were the first sign of white men's presence. Here commences that belt of waving greenery which the cocoanut plantations present to the European traveller who for the first time gazes on the Kaiser's territories in these latitudes. It stretches almost unbrokenly along the shores of Blanche Bay. In the neighbourhood of Herbertshöhe the white habitations of the colonists and other buildings gradually
VOLCANIC ACTIVITY

became visible between the cocoanut palm-trees. We were now sufficiently close to shore to watch the white surf breaking over the coral reef, for it may be well to note in passing, that two great agencies have for countless ages been hard at work here, forming and reforming the face of nature—in fact they are still busily engaged at the work. The first of these is the tiny coral insect. Everywhere, excepting when precipitous cliffs rise from great ocean depths, as on the East Coast of New Ireland, the coasts are girdled with reefs. Anchorage is difficult to obtain and landings are often situated where the coral is of raised plateau formation. The second agent is volcanic activity. Hot springs are found in many places, and in extinct craters, where portions of the sides have been blown out, letting in the sea, the colonist finds best shelter for his ships. Earthquake shocks are constant, and in my visit of four weeks I experienced quite half a dozen.

As we entered this beautiful bay we had reefs between us and the land, whilst on the
other side a volcano, known locally as the Mother, frowned from the end of a promontory which on the north side semi-encircles Blanche Bay. Thus we gained admittance into one of nature's busiest workshops. Our approach had been signalled. As we stopped in front of Herbertshöhe several canoes had assembled to meet us. In a boat full of natives a short distance off, I could only distinguish flat German caps of the well-known official type, surmounting frizzled hair, but as it came near I perceived that the occupants wore smart loin-cloths. Their arms showed vaccination marks, and through their armlets of woven grass had been thrust one, two, or even three European pipes. Their ear-laps hanging down to their shoulders were rich in personal property—in fact it struck me that the family heirlooms were thus safely bestowed.

They seemed excited, and when some mail-bags tumbled down the gangway my dull perception grasped the fact that I was beholding the transit of the Imperial mails. The operation interested me. The ship's
officer approaching, I asked him what these people kept repeating to each other. He explained that the one in charge was directing the others to "let them sleep," and he pointed out that the mail-bags were being laid side by side in obedience to this injunction. The excitement of the Gazelle kanakas is intense when once the ship has rounded the low-lying wooded corner of the island (Cape Gazelle). The cry "Sail O!" is taken up and repeated from one to the other along the shore. Possibly the joy lies in the prospect of unlimited stores of tobacco, which the advent of the monthly mail from Sydney ensures.

I noticed that other natives not in official dress, who approached in canoes and gazed earnestly up at us, wore feathers or flowers with bamboo combs in their frizzled mops. In some cases the hair looked like a yellow or white door-mat, according to the individual's taste in colour; necklaces of opossums' teeth, highly valued, and difficult to obtain, adorned their dusky necks, whilst tight-fitting bangles on their wrists and arms, curiously carved
out of the tridacna shell, together with smart loin-cloths (or lava-lavas as they are called), descending to the knees, completed, in my opinion, a very smart savage costume.

Having left her mails the steamer proceeded along a well-marked passage between reef-bound shores to her destination. Whilst waiting opposite Herbertshöhe, my attention was drawn to a church, with two spires, standing on an eminence slightly to our left, with adjacent European structures half hidden by trees, whilst below, a small schooner, a steam launch, and native craft denoted activities which apparently centred round long shed-like buildings. This was Vunapope, the property of the self-supporting Mission of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The head of this Roman Catholic and important community was Bishop Coppée, a Frenchman, whose acquaintance I happily made. Almost opposite to where the steamer was stopping, I was given to understand that two houses standing in close proximity to each other constituted the one and only hotel in the
settlement. The Governor's residence was just visible through the palm-trees. It is situated on a commanding height and overlooks the headquarters of the New Guinea Company and the Government buildings. Not far away a landing-pier, sheds and store-houses belonging to the great trading firm of Forsyth are outstanding features along the coast-line. The senior partner of this successful commercial enterprise, known locally as Queen Emma, was to become one of my most interesting acquaintances in the Pacific. Her fine property, Ralum, with her residence, quite the finest planter's house in the island, extends along the shore to the west of Herbertshöhe. A little distance away from the latter we passed the Wesleyan Mission's buildings at Raluana, with its cluster of roofs and native huts. Thus south to south-west of us the gradually ascending palm-covered uplands encircled the bay. On our left, nestling at the foot of the Mother, lay the island of Matupi, its copra plantations and hot springs the property of the firm of Hernsheim & Co. It was joined
to the mainland by a picturesque wooden bridge which claimed our admiration. Kanakas’ huts close to the water’s edge gave us our first impression of native life. To remind us how near we were to those subterranean, or perhaps in this case, submarine fires to which I have alluded, a rock rising to considerable height seemed to spring from the shining surface of the water. It was almost covered with vegetation, a few palm-trees aspired to fuller growth, but what was our amazement to learn that in one night, in 1878, during a terrific earthquake, it had been thrown up from the depths below!

Shortly after we lay alongside the wharf at Simpsonhafen, at the extreme end of the bay. Here we found two smaller steamers, one, the Langeoof, about to start shortly to various islands in the Archipelago to recruit native labour; the other, the Sumatra, was a trading-vessel belonging to the N.G.L., which was also preparing for an inter-island trading diversion on its way to Hong-Kong. After making arrangements to be transhipped
early the following morning by the Langeoof to Herbertshöhe, I accompanied some fellow-passengers who were anxious to see as much as they could during the few hours they were to remain at Simpsonhafen. We passed down the newly-constructed wooden wharf into the shed where goods being landed were carried by natives. We were not prepossessed in favour of the miscellaneous, but miserable specimens of humanity who swarmed about that quay. One shy youth was brought forward as the picture of a desirable bridegroom. His teeth, which were blackened, betokened that he was desirous of entering the married state. Pidgin-English is the vernacular in these parts, and the native, half comprehending the good-humoured banter of the ship's officer, wriggled away from his grasp. The German introduced another of his pets—this was the most repulsive little dwarf one could possibly see—and if he had nothing better than that to show us, we told him we would wait no longer.

Nothing is more dismal than Simpson-
hafen in its present stage. There are malarial swamps in close proximity to the wharf, and the place is fever-ridden; no doubt on the hills above there are healthy sites for dwellings, and probably important buildings will be erected looking down upon the harbour.

Leaving the long landing-stage we turned sharply to our right, where a road led to the post-office. We entered; it was simple enough in its internal arrangements—a gun with a collection of papers lay on the table.

"How do you like the look of that?" one of the party asked me. In view of the general disapproval felt at my leaving the ship, my reply was that fifty guns would not alter my intention to "stay over." After buying post-cards and posting letters, we continued our way to a rudimentary inn, where we refreshed ourselves with lager beer, that refugium peccatorum of these parts, for the tropical afternoon had afflicted us with an indescribable thirst. We thought it possible to compass a visit to Matupi before
returning to the ship. The way was easily found, and for a couple of miles or so, we walked on good roads through plantations of palm-trees, until we came to the bridge we had seen from the ship. Here we met some companions who had left earlier than ourselves. They thought we could get natives to row us back to the steamer, so we continued our way, meeting a few kanakas occasionally. One or two carried European knives, which greatly alarmed a lady of the party. We also met some small native boys with roughly-made bows and arrows, which they kindly showed us, illustrating the fact that small children have in various climes much the same fashions in amusements. It was getting dark as we set foot on the island. Our way led past a Roman Catholic chapel built by native labour, then through a village enclosed with a split bamboo fence about four feet in height, the huts thatched with dried banana and palm-leaves. No surprise was shown at our presence; the natives were evidently accustomed to the curious glances
of white people. Then after a short walk through more plantations we were hospitably received by the manager of Hernsheim's, and sat in his verandah chatting and partaking of his hospitality until a boat belonging to the firm was announced to take us back to the steamer.

We had four natives to row us under the bridge out into the bay, and in about twenty minutes we were on the decks of the *Prinz Ferdinand*. The excursion had been delightful in its novelty, but after dinner we were even more interested in a visit we paid to the Danish Captain of the *Sumatra*. It was pitch dark, but we were courteously escorted with the aid of lanterns to the decks of perhaps the oldest ship then in the service of the N.G.L. The Captain, tall, well-built, fair, with keen eyes of the deepest blue, looked a typical Dane. For some three years it had been his lot to visit the different islands in the Archipelago for trading purposes. Ghastly tales he could tell of what had befallen white men in those seas, not by
reason of wind and wave, but from man’s inhumanity to man. I shall never forget the weird sight as sitting round a table on the decks of the Sumatra, our only illumination a badly-trimmed paraffine lamp, we forgot the blackness of a starless tropical night, the buzz and whirring of insects, in the interest with which we listened, spell-bound, to the Dane’s racy account of adventurous days and stirring scenes. The boyish lightheartedness and charm with which he described in good English dangerous encounters with the natives of the Admiralty Islands I think we enjoyed most of all. Whenever the Sumatra approached the shores of these islands for trading purposes, long canoes shot out from the coast, each carrying from twenty to fifty natives in the highest excitement, keen to exchange their copra and native commodities for knives, beads and other European articles. The speed with which they sent their canoes over the water was tremendous. The Captain considered the pace they went amounted to not less than ten knots an hour.
To our inquiry if he never landed on these occasions, he explained how disaster after disaster had followed upon repeated attempts to establish trading stations on these islands, that the warlike, treacherous natives were not to be trusted. He always stood well out to sea, with full steam up, ready to be off in case of accident, and the sharpest lookout was necessary to keep the lithe, active islanders from swarming up on to the decks. In a few years, said he, settlements no doubt would be established on the island, and these picturesque sights, probably almost identical with those which are described by the first navigators in the South Seas, would be things of the past. The only person who had ever lived amongst these fierce islanders and still survived, was Bishop Coppée, although several had visited the coasts. A short time before, he had taken the prelate to an island of the group, the object of the latter being to see what could be done in the way of establishing a mission. When, at the end of a fortnight, he had called (according to agreement) to take him back to Herbert-
shöhe, to his surprise and relief the good bishop, unharmed, had rejoined him.

"That was just the bravest man I ever saw," was the sailor's verdict after a pause. It should not be long before I made his acquaintance was my mental resolve. Then we gathered that the Admiralty Islanders were greatly superior in intelligence to any other in the Archipelago, resembling the Papuans of New Guinea in living in pile-built villages over the sea. They are also not unlike the Solomon Islanders in their knowledge of seamanship in the handling of their long, well-built canoes. That they are known to take long voyages in these, is evidenced by the fact that Mr Parkinson, in his newly-published work entitled *Dreizig Jahre in den Südsee*, states how he met, in 1897, in the Schouten Group, off the north-east coast of New Guinea, two canoes full of Admiralty natives. Like the old Maoris of New Zealand, they possess a rudimentary astronomical knowledge, for they sail their ships according to what they have observed of the
positions of the stars. When the Pleiades at nightfall are visible upon the horizon, then they know they may expect the north-west monsoon, and when the Scorpion makes itself visible to them at dusk of the evening, they begin to look out for the south-east winds. Besides naming the most brilliant stars, they have words to define north and south, east and west, a fact that shows that they have mastered the first elements of geography.

The Admiralty Islands consist of some forty, for the most part low-lying, reef-engirdled islands. The largest of these is, however, mountainous and about fifty miles in length. They are inhabited by three tribes—the Moánus, the Usiai and the Matankor. In the book to which I have referred, the author describes how he obtained insight into the conditions of these tribes. He was able to take down in writing from an intelligent youth, who with several others had been brought to Herbertshöhe from the Admiraltys some account of each. The passages which,
I translate from the German run as follows:

"The Moánus build houses in the sea. They understand canoes, the rudder, how to propel the canoe with oars, they can swim. They understand the wind, sailing, the stars, and the moon and fishing. They agree with each other concerning spirits, how to perform magic with the pepper-leaf, with lime. The intelligence of the Moánus is great, their speech one and undivided.

"The Usiai live in the bush. They do not understand how to go by sea, nor the use of the rudder, or how to propel the canoe, nor can they swim. In the canoe they unskilfully permit their obsidian spears to get wet. The Usiai are cultivators of taro, scrapers of sago, they are eaters of snakes, they eat men's flesh and drink sea-water. The body of the Usiai is filthy, the breath is unpleasant, their teeth are covered with a crust of dirt. Their speech is always different.

"The houses of the Matankor are by the shore. The Matankor understand the canoe,
how to sail and can swim. They can make large fishing-nets. The knowledge of the Matankor is not great. They know nothing of the stars or of the moon. They do not understand magic with the pepper-leaf nor with the dust of lime.”
CHAPTER III

HOTEL AT HERBERTSHÖHE—PLANTERS' MEETINGS—DOCMAN AND "COLLARS"—DR THURNWALD—TRACES OF GREAT VOLCANIC ACTIVITY—THE BAININGS AND THE SULKAS—FACIAL ORNAMENTATION OF GAZELLE KANAKAS.

Late in the afternoon of the day following, having installed myself in the hotel at Herbertshöhe, and unpacked what was necessary, I stood at 5 p.m. at the top of the steps leading from the steep cliff to the hotel-landing below, from whence I waved farewell to my shipboard acquaintances.

It was a glorious evening, and as the steamer passed from sight, my feelings at seeing the only link between myself and the outside world disappear may be imagined. Turning back I crossed the road, mentally determining to make the best I could out of the next four weeks, and returned to the hotel, or rather to that building known as
the Schlafhaus, comprising three rooms on the ground floor and three exactly above, all opening out into wide verandahs which run round the house. I had engaged the one with a south-east aspect upstairs, and Oh! the blessing and comfort of those great covered verandahs, where one could adjust the blinds, and in the intense heat lie at full length in a thin wrapper on a deck-chair, for no one in this torrid climate, if they can help it, takes outdoor exercise at mid-day. Here I was wont to breakfast, but unless accepting the hospitality of the residents, I usually took my meals in the building opposite, which, as restaurant, completed the hotel. From the long dining-room a few steps led up to a portion dedicated to the cult of lager beer and other thirst-assuaging beverages. On the wide verandah of this Bacchanalian haunt, the planters and officials congregated of a Saturday evening. During these convivial meetings the exiled sons of Germania seriously disturbed my slumbers. Lengthy orations, interspersed with songs of patriotic fervour, impassioned verses to their best
girls, others in favour of the noble drinks of the Fatherland, generally ending with thumping choruses, sometimes excessively musical, at others, ear-rending, boomed through the stillness of the hot night. When music's golden tongue ceased, the sable goddess had generally descended from her ebon throne, and cheerful morn peeped in upon me, to find my mood inharmonious, my language imprecatory! From this verandah, which served the purpose of the well-known beer-garden, many amusing things reached me. One day as I was writing notes in the corner of the opposite Schlafhaus, screened from view by the sun-blinds which were adjusted as a sort of protection, not only from the afternoon sun but from chance visitors below, I heard myself discussed with that attention to detail which characterises the Teuton as the best thinker in the world. Theories as to my possible age were brought forward, then contemptuously snubbed by one wiser than the rest till at last the speakers were content to leave it not only as an unknown
quantity, but as beyond their speculative capacity.

The manager of this hotel was a young Bavarian of about thirty years of age. I found him polite, desirous to make me comfortable so far as lay in his power. He gave me an outline of his somewhat adventurous career. At the age of sixteen, he and another boy found themselves as apprentices on a sailing-ship bound for South America. On landing, they ran away, and actually walked from Santos to Pernambuco, taking four months over the performance! The hotel was the property of the New Guinea Company. It may be worth mentioning that my lot has been cast in more luxurious quarters, but for such as it was, I was inclined to be thankful—it might have been worse! There were no European servants at all, and the manager did not live in the hotel. A Chinese cook, who had scalded his foot, limped about an outhouse which served as kitchen. A native, named Docman, waited upon me. He swept the room and the verandah, trimmed the lamps, and
performed many small offices; he was rather a taciturn, though not an ugly savage. He would come up the steps with his pipe in his mouth; if he caught sight of me would surreptitiously take it out, and stick it through his armlet of woven ratang. When in full dress, about to enjoy himself with his fellows at a feast or dance, he adorned his neatly-cropped hair with a bunch of double hibiscus planted in the middle of his head, on either side two white cassowary's feathers waved in the breeze, the erection being adroitly fastened to the mop with a long-toothed bamboo comb. His lava-lava was of brilliant colours and clean.

Then a native girl, quite the smartest I saw in the colony, rampaged about my quarters continually. She and Docman had many consultations as to the curious cut of my garments. She demanded of me "Collars!" in season and out of season. I had to call the manager, who came to my rescue, for she laid violent hands on a cashmere dress, a silk petticoat, and other quite unwashable articles, and I could not imagine what she wanted
with them. He explained she was to be my laundress, and at the same time in forcible language made her understand that her presence at every hour of the day was undesirable, with a few other needful instructions. Miss "Collars," as I henceforth dubbed her, was a terrible nuisance, her washing during those four weeks was a great trial, for she had not the most elementary notion of starching or ironing. It was too hot for me to teach her, so I endured and learnt patience! I picked up a few necessary phrases of Pidgin-English, and learnt to shout to Docman from my verandah in this wise when I required him to bring my lunch upstairs: "Docman, fetch kaikai belong missus on top!" An American lady who with her Swedish husband had occupied the same room before my coming to Herbertshöhe, and whom I subsequently met in Japan, told me she had been curious as to "Miss Collars'" marital relations, or otherwise, and had asked the dusky beauty whether she "belonged Docman?" "Me?" Miss Collars ejaculated, "Me belong all boys!" After
that the lady said she had not made further inquiries.

The first evening at dinner there were several Germans at the table who courteously spoke very fair English for my benefit. It was, however, most entertaining to find that a late comer proved to be a scientist sent out from Berlin by Herr von Lüschan of the Anthropological Society, whom I had met some years before on the occasion of the visit of the British Association to South Africa. This gentleman, Dr Thurnwald by name, was studying the different languages, and the anthropological conditions generally, of the colony. I found him somewhat despondently grappling with the multitudinous linguistic diversities which characterise the Melanesian languages, but I was indebted to him for much enlightenment in our frequent conversations at meal-times. He was fair in his references to my nation. In fact he spoke highly of our successful dealings with coloured races, and regretted that things went forward so slowly in the Protectorate.

"We have learnt by long and sometimes
painful experience,” I said more than once. “We have been colonising for centuries. You have but just begun!”

“Yes, we came late into the field,” returned he; “all the best parts of the world were taken long ago. Look at these miserable Gazelle kanakas. What can one do with so lazy, so low a race?”

It was interesting to hear from one, or another, of the interests which had kept, or which had brought them to this remote spot. To grow copra, to sell it at top price, seemed to be the end and aim of the planter’s ambition. I learnt that there were six trading firms, with over fifty stations in the Protectorate; that at the different harbours, such as Wilhelmshafen in Kaiser Wilhelm’s Land, there were post-offices, and an official with subordinates to collect the revenue, for the latter procured from taxes, dues, and licences, averages yearly £5000, but the fact which struck me as significant, when taken into consideration with the mental attitude of one or two whom I met, and which I may describe as the reverse of sanguine, was that
in the whole Archipelago there are to-day only, and never have been more than three hundred white men, and out of that number a large proportion are officials. When I speak of the planters I refer to the managers of plantations belonging to the various firms, whose business naturally brought them often to the centre of administration.

Half a dozen natives wearing red caps and red lava-lavas waited at table. Sometimes two or three were sufficient for that purpose, the others meanwhile would squat out in the sun operating upon each other’s shoulders. I watched the process a little way off. At regular distances the skin was cut by an obsidian splinter, burning sand was then rubbed into the aperture and the skin drawn over it. The raised scars, the consequence of this treatment, represent tattooing in a primitive phase, and in this scarifying process the dark-skinned Melanesians differ radically from the tattooing of Polynesian races.

The belief is general that these kanakas at one time or another migrated from the neighbouring island of New Ireland
(Tombara), and brought with them this type of ornamentation of the body. Whether these scarified marks on the shoulders and chest have any totemic signification, or any magical meaning, is not clearly known. In the Gazelle Peninsula the kanakas belong to one of two divisions, and must marry out of their own. In my daily conversations with Dr Thurnwald, it dawned upon me how little was actually known of the peoples who inhabit the Bismarck Archipelago. With deep interest I learnt that a race whose existence was unknown twelve years ago, called the Bainings, live in the mountainous region to the west of the peninsula, and the curious thing about them is that their language and customs are dissimilar to those of all other islanders in the Archipelago. In a subsequent chapter they are described. The ethnological conditions of this end of New Britain seem so bound up with geological changes, that to shed some light on the somewhat extraordinary fact of two races living within a few miles of each other, one having retained in its pristine purity its
language and distinct customs, it may be well to refer to Mr Parkinson's explanation of the phenomenon. He describes the peninsula as practically divided into two parts: a mountainous region known as the Baining Mountains in the north-west, and a plateau formation of volcanic origin built up with lava, pumice, obsidian and ashes, the result of successive convulsions of nature in the north-east. But prior to this volcanic outburst, a race who may be called the aborigines of the island dwelt round the shores of Blanche Bay. Those who survived the catastrophe sought refuge in the mountainous west, out of the zone of danger. Their descendants are, he declares, the Bainings, whose existence has lately come to light. Cut off from intercourse with later immigrants in the fastnesses of their mountains, they have retained their language and customs intact. If this be a correct inference, it seems that all agree in the belief that the bush and coast kanakas of the German settled territory, so soon as the devastated area reclothed itself once more with vegeta-
tion, migrated from New Ireland by way of the stepping-stones afforded by the Duke of York's Islands lying midway in St George's Channel. Finding no resistance offered them, the new-comers apparently penetrated further along the uninhabited coasts, pushing slowly inland. Long before the advent of the European, the natives on the west coast in the neighbourhood of the three volcanoes, the Father and two Sons, held friendly intercourse with natives on the north coast of the peninsula, to whom they brought a special kind of shell, much prized by the Gazelle kanakas.

The only other race as yet known possessing outstanding features are the Sulkas, living in the neighbourhood of Cape Orford. A native at Simpsonhafen, with a curiously-shaped head, had been pointed out to me; the occiput had protruded in a remarkable manner. When mentioning the fact, I suggested it was perhaps the result of an accident? This was considered a capital joke by those present. They were kind enough to enlighten my ignorance. The man, it
FEAR OF THE UNSEEN

seemed, was a Sulka. The last few years had brought some of them to Herbertshöhe as labour "boys." In earliest infancy the child's temples are tightly bound, as this protrusion is considered a great beauty. The Sulkas, I was told, amid laughter, understood women's rights, for the girls choose their husbands, and in so doing they "lay their hearts upon the men of their choice," according to the native saying.

Very different indeed, I was emphatically given to understand, were the miserable kanakas of the Gazelle Peninsula. Living in communities apart from each other, their gunans, or clans, scarcely ever numbered more than nine or ten huts, which were always encircled with a split bamboo fence from four to five feet high. The matriarchate system of inheritance prevails amongst them: thus a chief is succeeded in his honours by his nephew, the son of his wife's brother. Tamboo, (strings of shell money), is here as in most parts of the Archipelago the medium of exchange. Fear of unseen evil, wrought by the magic of persons antagon-
A GAZELLE RANAKA
istic to them, is the dominating influence in their lives, the mainspring of all action. Everything they wear, all the face ornamentation, consisting of painted circles and lines, have their special signification. For instance, three marks, painted respectively black, white and red from the eyes downwards on to the cheek, denote the shedding of tears. Three long scars in the same direction have the same meaning. Lines from the root of the nose semicircling the eyes represent a butterfly, a red spot on each cheek means spotted. Sometimes the whole forehead is painted white; an artistic finish is a line drawn straight down the nose! Coloured circles round the eyes mean that the person so ornamented imitates the eyes of the owl. Then certain very superior patterns descend in families as heirlooms, and they figure as monopolies, for if anyone covets the design, he must pay a sum of shell-money for the privilege of being permitted to adopt it. Near the Vunakokor Mountain there are natives of such artistic taste that they paint half
the body black and red, the other half yellow.

Nowadays when European paint can be procured from the trader, vermilion seems the rage, but the native still makes colouring matter out of clay, red and yellow ochres, or charred nuts mixed with oil. Betel-nut chewing is greatly practised.
CHAPTER IV

CANNIBALS IN PRISON—“THE YELP OF THE BEAST”—HISTORY OF THE BISMARCK ARCHIPELAGO—SPANISH SECRETIVENESS—DAMPIER AND CARTERET’S VOYAGES—THE NEW GUINEA COMPANY

No truer words were ever written than the following by Sir George Grey, “Ignorance is the channel through which fear attacks human life.” At Herbertshöhe immediately the sun had set behind the rugged outline of the mountains of New Ireland in a wealth of crimson fleecy clouds, whilst the volcano and the bay lay steeped in shades of the most exquisite purple, the kanakas, who, beneath the hotel had been bathing or fishing on the reef, set up “Sing Songs” of a most penetrating character, ostensibly to ward off attacks from unfriendly spirits who, according to savage beliefs in this island, are prone to malevolent activity at this hour. The noise was at times deafen-
ing. I had been warned to be careful, not to stray too far from habitations, for the treacherous instinct to slink behind and brain an unsuspecting European is a factor to be reckoned with, so that for the first day or so I contented myself with strolling about the settlement and locating the different offices and stores of the traders. The police-station I gazed at with interest, for hither had been brought, not long before my coming, certain natives from the Sir Charles Hardy Islands, two hundred miles away.

It appeared that a manager of the firm of Forsyth saw these islanders with hacked-up human flesh in their baskets, and had thereupon given them to understand that under the rule of the "mailed fist," cannibal practices must cease; whereupon, the kanakas, angry at being thwarted in the enjoyment of the prized delicacy, had threatened to kill him if he gave information to the authorities. The European had, notwithstanding, apprised His Excellency of the fact, and a ship had brought the transgressors to Herbertshöhe. I never discovered the
exact mode in which these offenders were punished, but this is one out of many similar cases wherein natives have had their feet set upon the first rung of the ladder which leads to progress. The low status of the various races makes colonisation move slowly. To mentally exchange places with these savages is an impossibility. Though keen enough where contact with traders has accustomed them to look after matters of personal gain, yet their intelligence, certainly in the Gazelle Peninsula, is of so elementary a nature, so little removed occasionally from imbecility, that to try to grasp the standpoint from which the white man’s presence is viewed, requires many years’ experience.

Some of us believe that man is toiling slowly upwards from unknown depths. Others, that he is pitchforked into a solitary existence in this world, condemned unborn, by force of an heredity insuperably antagonistic to the attainment of the saving ethical standard. In the first of these creeds savage traits are to be expected in early stages of evolution, “the yelp of the beast”
becoming fainter as he slowly works out his own salvation. If the *raison d'être* of man's existence is that eventually he may stand on the heights of life, with glimpses of heights that are higher, then—

"Earth's crammed with Heaven
And every common bush afire with God."

The highest experience of the heirs of all the ages is "to know ourselves part and proportion of a wondrous whole." The fine insight of great poetic genius has intuitively felt the cosmic interpretation of what we call life, thus aiding us to solve, each for himself, the riddle of the universe.

Few educated persons however, in these days, deny that their ancestors rose by evolutionary processes from the animal kingdom, and in course of ages by slow and painful effort attained to the rank of human beings.

In these remote isles is a world sitting at the feet of Christ!

"Unknowing, blind and unconsouled;
It yet shall touch His garment's fold
And feel the heavenly Alchemist
Transform its very dust to gold."
Having permitted myself to indulge in a favourite line of thought, I will now retrace my steps.

One of my first actions at Herbertshöhe was to write to the author of the German work recently published, who, being a member of the British Anthropological Society would, I thought, be a good guide in native matters. Then I decided to call soon upon the bishop at Vunapope, and upon Queen Emma. Before proceeding further, it occurs to me that an outline of the history of this colony may be useful to interested readers.

It is impossible to say with accuracy when, in the dim past, the Bismarck Archipelago was first sighted by white men. Long before the Christian era, according to Chinese traditions, foreigners traded with that country, arriving in ships shaped like animals, having two great eyes at the bows. Some apparently were Babylonians, for they brought with them their knowledge of the stars and their weights and measures. As it is believed that the coasts of Sumatra
and Java were known to those primitive mariners, we may be led to infer that those also of New Guinea were sighted at an early date. Coming down to later times, it is a matter of history how the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope by Vasco de Gama in 1497, acted as a stimulus to maritime enterprise and discovery. Portuguese, Spanish, Dutch and British crossed trackless ocean wastes in search of gold and glory!

In 1511, a Portuguese discovered the Moluccas, whilst De Balboa, in 1513, from the Spanish possessions in Central America, first gazed upon the Pacific Ocean. In 1520 Magellan steered his ship through the strait which bears his name. A few years later the Spaniards had found their way across the Pacific to the Philippines and the Moluccas. That they had sighted the coasts of New Ireland and of New Guinea is certain, for Tasman relates how he found the Cabo de Santo Maria, the eastern point of New Ireland, on an old Spanish chart, but the policy of the Spaniards was secretive.
In the fabulous wealth of their new possessions they had found a good thing, and resolved to keep it to themselves, for which nobody can blame them, considering that the same thing is done every day in this land of light and learning. Notwithstanding their silence, adventurers were keenly alert to find the "terra Australis incognita," which the geographers of that date declared must of necessity exist to maintain the equilibrium of the universe. Somewhere in the southern hemisphere, to counterbalance the masses of land grouped together in the northern, this unknown territory was supposed to be situate. In accordance with this theory, in the year 1566, the Spanish Viceroy fitted out two ships to search for it. The command was bestowed upon Alvaro Mendana who, sailing from Callao in 1567, discovered the Lord Howe Group. From thence, steering in a southerly course, thinking that the fertile islands he coasted, corresponded to the Biblical Ophir, he named them the Solomon Isles. Torres later on discovered the strait separating New Guinea from
Australia, but curious to relate, this discovery only came to light many years after, when the British at war with Spain besieged Manilla in 1762, found the report of Torres' voyages in the archives of that town. In consequence of Spanish secretiveness, and owing to the confused and garbled versions which were rumoured of these voyages, it was not until the latter end of the eighteenth century that geographers decided that the islands discovered later by British and French explorers were identical with Mendana's Solomon Islands.

Already in the beginning of the seventeenth century the might of the Spaniard waswaning, and the Dutch were picking up what their former captors were losing. Nautical studies were prosecuted in the Netherlands, the purpose being to gain possession of the rich Spanish colonies. Nor does this seem likely to be the only instance in history when the world-wide dependencies of a great power have excited the envy of a neighbouring nation, and stimulated it to train experts in sea-craft! At this date the
FIERCE ATTACKS

Dutch East India Company rose into being, and acquired in a short space of time Batavia, Amboyna, and Bantam, keeping the trade in their own hands. This monopoly caused much indignation in Holland, and incited the two navigators, Le Maire and Schouten, to further discoveries in the far east. In 1616, after rounding the Horn, they sighted three low-lying islands; the coasts were steep, and there was no anchorage. These they called Green Islands (subsequently they were known as the Sir Charles Hardy Group—native, Nissan). Directing their course towards a mountainous shore, they believed themselves to be on the north-east coast of New Guinea, when they were in reality off the Cape of St Maria in New Ireland. Here fierce encounters with natives, who swarmed on to their decks from numerous canoes, took place. Ten were killed, three made prisoners; two were, however, released in exchange for a pig and a bunch of bananas. The journal mentioning this circumstance naively adds *that they did not seem worth more* (mehr schienen sie
nicht wert zu sein). Steering northwards they approached the shores of the present New Hanover, but failed to note its insularity. Passing the Admiraltys, they identified the “High Lands” with the twenty-five islands of a former explorer. In 1642, Anthony van Diemen, then Governor of the Dutch Indies, despatched two ships, provisioning them for eighteen months, into the unknown south. This expedition, commanded by Tasman, discovered in the Bismarck Archipelago the little island which bears his name, Fisher Island, Anthony Caerns, and Gerrit Denys, but he seems to have fallen into the mistake made by the earlier navigators in taking the mountainous coast of New Ireland for that of the island of New Guinea.

It was left for the British explorer, William Dampier, in 1700, to establish the geographical fact that they were two different islands. Having visited the west coast of Australia, this famous navigator steered northwards and reached the island of Timor. Sailing from thence in an easterly
direction, he missed the "High Lands" (Admiralty), which the Dutch navigator had noted, and passing between Squally Island and St Matthias, he coasted down the eastern shores of New Hanover and New Ireland. Between Gardner Island and Gerrit Denys, he came into conflict with fierce natives, who swarmed up his ship's decks. Passing Cape St Maria, he penetrated southwards, named Cape St George, and mistaking the channel which divides the island of New Britain from New Ireland for a bay, called it St George's Bay. Here he perceived clouds of smoke issuing from the northern corner which proceeded no doubt from the crater known as the Mother, opposite Herbertshöhe. Had Dampier arrived at any other time of year, he would probably have been swept into the Channel, to discover that his Nova Britannia consisted of two islands. This was left for his successor Carteret to demonstrate. From February to April, Dampier sailed in these seas, and at this time of year a strong north-west wind sweeps through.
St George's Channel, in consequence of which a powerful current, against which sailing-ships are unable to advance, would have deterred him from making a more detailed survey of the supposed bay. Continuing to skirt the southern portion of New Britain, he discovered the passage which bears his name dividing the island from New Guinea. Here amongst numerous islets he discovered and named Sir George Rook Island. Up to his time, the Bismarck Archipelago had been considered to be a portion of New Guinea.

Dampier was followed in 1722 by the Dutchman Roggeveen, who confused New Britain with New Zealand. Again, in 1764, more British explorers sailed for the South Seas, amongst them Commander Wallis in the frigate called the Dolphin. He had with him, in charge of his second vessel, an old-fashioned sloop which had seen thirty years' service, the celebrated Lieutenant Philip Carteret. In April 1767, the latter lost sight of his commander in the Magellan Straits, and not till the follow-
ing August did the crew of his unseaworthy ship see *terra firma*. This intrepid officer then discovered those islands which bear his name. Of the natives he speaks as follows:—“The inhabitants are black and curly-headed, like the negroes of Africa; their weapons are bows and arrows; they possess great canoes, which they navigate by means of sails.” The following day the Sir Charles Hardy Islands were sighted also; towards the south an elevated coast-line was observed, which Carteret called Winchelsea Island. In reality this is the first mention of the island of Buka, the northernmost of the Solomon Group. In a day or two he found himself confronting the coasts of New Britain, where he was driven by sea and wind into Dampier's St George's Bay. Here, to the joy of the crew who had suffered many privations, Carteret found anchorage in the little "English cove," where they stayed, repairing the ship, till the 9th of September, when they were driven further into the supposed bay. Carteret then discovered that it was
a strait separating the two islands. He named it St George's Channel; the group of islands known as New Lauenburg he called the Duke of York Islands, and to the present New Mecklenburg he gave the name of New Ireland. Steering along the western coast of the last-named, he discovered Sandwich Island. Here the sloop lay becalmed and was visited by ten canoes with some one hundred and fifty natives, who were curious, but shy and inoffensive. Proceeding northwards he discovered the passage dividing the islands of New Hanover and New Ireland. On the 13th of September he sighted Portland Island; the day following the "Twenty-five Islands," to which he gave the name of the Admiralty Isles; a day or two after, he passed Douro and Matty.

About this date the Frenchman Antoine de Bougainville was ordered by the King of France to explore the South Seas. After discovering the Louisiades he, in 1768, saw upon his starboard the long mountainous island which bears his name; later on,
Cloiseul, and on a northward course he discovered the Hermits and the Exchequer Islands.

The century following, the Bismarck Archipelago was often visited by captains of various nationalities. In 1849 Captain Keppel in the *Meander* passed Purdy Island, and landing on the Admiralties found the natives favourably disposed towards him.

Again, in 1872, the British cruiser *Blanche*, under Captain Simpson, anchored behind the island of Matupi, in the bay which bears his name. About this time the first permanent trading station belonging to a German firm was established at Mioko. The year 1875 brought two scientific expeditions into the Archipelago. Sir C. Nares, commanding H.M.S. *Challenger*, visited the Admiralties, and Captain von Schleinitz, in the German war-ship, *Gazelle*, made a close inspection of the coasts of New Hanover, New Ireland, the Gazelle Peninsula and Bougainville. The 12th of October in this eventful year saw also the foundations laid of the important Australian Wesleyan Mission by the well-
known missionary, Dr George Brown. The year 1879 is memorable as that in which took place the disastrous concern known as the Marquis de Rey’s expedition. Under a pretence of founding a colony in New Ireland, to be called New France, this unprincipled nobleman induced a number of persons to subscribe some 13,000,000 francs towards his nefarious scheme. His dupes sailed in the Chandernagore, to find at the end of their voyage that they had been grossly swindled.

In 1884 the German flag was hoisted at Matupi, and in the year following the Kaiser granted to the New Guinea Trading Company, which already had plantations in Kaiser Wilhelm’s Land, a charter constituting it the ruling authority in the infant colony. However, in the course of a few years, this arrangement proved unsatisfactory, and at the request of the Company itself, a Protectorate was proclaimed, and New Guinea became a Crown Colony, the Company receiving £20,000 in compensation for having relinquished certain privileges.
Herr von Benningsen was the first Imperial Governor; he chose Herbertshöhe as the future seat of government for the colony. The present Dr Hahl succeeded him in 1901.

Whilst I was in the Pacific in 1907, new territory was added to his jurisdiction. The Jaluit Trading Company, who up to that date had administered the German Islands in Micronesia (the Marshalls, Carolines, and Ladrones), was deprived of its privileges, and the Governor at Herbertshöhe henceforth is held responsible to the Crown for the government of these islands.
CHAPTER V

A VISIT TO THE R.C. MISSION—BISHOP COPPÉE ON VARIOUS ISLANDERS—THE NUNS—THEIR SCHOOLS—MURDER OF TEN MISSIONARIES—CONGREGATION OF NATIVES

During the course of a lengthy visit to the Roman Catholic Mission at Vunapope, twenty minutes’ walk from the hotel, I learnt much that was new to me. As I sat in the spacious parlour of Bishop Coppée’s two-storied residence, with its wide entrance looking out to sea, and listened as he spoke of the different islands he had visited with a view to ascertaining the practicability of establishing missions, I was interested not only in his conversation, but in the man himself. A tall, dignified, handsome Frenchman, wearing a simple white suit of clothes like everybody else in these latitudes, with the addition of a handsome gold chain and cross on his breast, he struck
me as a man of great character. In the language of the modern occultist, one instinctively sensed refinement, skill, knowledge and power. Many years before he became Bishop, in 1892, he had laboured in the Archipelago, building with his own hands schools and churches, and he was universally respected and admired by those who were not in accord with his views. Producing an enormous chart, he pointed out to me three groups of islands in the north of the Archipelago to which he was referring. The inhabitants of these—the Anchorites, the Hermits, and the Exchequers—are rapidly dying out. Intermarrying, manifold diseases, such as elephantiasis, scrofula and others introduced by the landing from time to time of American or European whalers and trading-ships, were adduced as the causes of their rapid disappearance. On the Anchorites the Bishop had found the natives so low as to be eating their own children. Only about sixty still exist, and on the Hermits the curious circumstance of an island possessing forty inhabitants, of
which the youngest was sixteen some two years ago, demonstrates most forcibly how lacking in vitality the islanders have become, since they are too weak to reproduce their kind. Yet, not so many years ago, labourers were recruited from this group to work in the plantations. In fact everything points to the belief that a healthy population, possessing a social polity of their own, with a skill in native art superior to that of many other islands, was once in force. Portions of very richly decorated long canoes, fitted to carry fifty persons, are preserved by German residents in the colony. In the year 1881 the population was between three hundred and four hundred, to-day there are not more than eighty.

The Exchequer Islands, which with the two already mentioned groups are mostly of coral formation, possessing the same mixed type of natives, are better in this respect; that is to say, that complete extinction is not quite within measurable distance. About four hundred natives live
on the group, but their number, too, is gradually diminishing.

"What a marked contrast to the Admiralty Islanders!" I had remarked, and the Bishop had proceeded to tell me how strikingly different are the conditions which each island presents. The intelligence of the Admiralty natives, their populousness, virility and fierceness, with, so far as is known, freedom from decimating diseases, stands out in prominent relief from the majority of the Bismarck Islanders. On the chart I was shown Douro and Matty lying with one or two islets west of the Admiralty. Here, I was told, an ethnological problem of deep interest lies in determining the origin of the inhabitants. These low-lying coral islands offering no anchorage, rich in tropical vegetation—the cocoanut-palm, the breadfruit tree, bananas, taro—never visited until a few short years ago since Carteret discovered them, are the home of a race altogether different from any other in these seas. It is neither Papuan nor Polynesian,
nor Melanesian. None can understand the language, though attempts are now being made to study it. Some of the curious weapons of the islanders had been sent to Berlin, and Herr von Lüschan considered they resembled some ancient Chinese weapons which had passed through his hands.

"Where do you think they came from?" I had asked, for the Bishop had brought away some children on his visit, and they were in the schools I was to visit.

"Personally, I think they are the descendants of Malay or possibly Chinese castaways who have been wrecked on the islands," was his reply. Frequently, it seems, canoes are swept out of their course, or wrecked on adjacent islands, when outside influence of this kind assists materially to mix the races. Thus, in 1899, a Buka was driven on to one of the Sir Charles Hardy Group. In attempting to return he was, instead, landed on the coast of New Ireland. Sometimes it has happened that when the natives have
successfully landed on strange shores, they have fought with, killed and eaten the inhabitants, taking the women as slaves, thus affording another addition to the racial confusion. In this way, it is not improbable that many islands have gained their populations. The fact that a loom was found in the island of St Matthias, inhabited at present by people of the lowest culture, points to the influence at one time of a higher race. Another factor in the situation is the endless fighting between the islanders, leading often to the retirement into probably uninhabited spaces of the weaker people. Thus a few years ago the natives belonging to two small islands to the north of New Ireland withdrew into far removed islets to escape the attacks of the New Irelanders. The same thing has occurred in the Admiraltys.

To return to the inhabitants of Douro and Matty. The Bishop told me that they were deft carpenters, their skilfully built houses unlike any other, but they too, he feared, would shortly disappear from the Pacific.
Mentioning that the Danish Captain of the Sumatra had remarked on the predominance of females over males in these islands, the Bishop remarked that the circumstance might have been brought about by the ravages of the fever which had wrought such havoc in 1903. Unfortunately, this had been followed in 1904 by a catastrophe which had carried off full five hundred people. It occurred in this way. The natives had killed a manager and two Chinamen. When the next ship was seen approaching, they had been seized with panic and had taken to their canoes and gone out to sea. Unfortunately, a storm arose, during which they, in their frail craft, had succumbed to the fury of the waves. The natives in these two islands, although ethnographically related, are curiously enough quite antagonistic to each other.

The schools which I afterwards visited under the guidance of the sisters were very interesting. Here I soon learnt to pick out the different types which children brought from several of the adjacent islands afforded—
the black-skinned Bukas, the lighter-coloured intelligent children from New Ireland. I was also able to identify those which the Bishop had brought from Matty. They were absolutely different from the others, lighter in colour, finer in feature, and, if I saw rightly, showed distinct Mongol influence.

They were being taught to sing by cipher notation, the time kept was remarkably good. I could not fail to remark upon the practical, well-built schoolhouses. “Die Väter hallen alles gethan” (the Fathers have done it all) was the explanation. The buildings in this part of the world are all constructed with a view to withstand frequent shocks of earthquake. They are generally erected on concrete blocks and are so constructed that in case of violent shocks the whole structure sways together.

Thinking of the intense heat, the risk of fever, of the often inadequate supply of good food, of the menacing volcano across the bay, and of the dangerous, treacherous
natives, I asked the nuns if they did not long to go home sometimes? "We are here for life," was the quiet reply. Then I questioned them about a disaster which had happened to some of their number shortly before, and I was told that on the 13th of August 1904, at the newly-established station of St Paul, some forty miles along the coast westwards, encircled by the Baining mountains, Father Rascher, with four of his fellow-priests and five sisters, had been murdered. The grief of the little community at Vunapope had been excessive, when through a native source the awful news had burst upon them with the suddenness of a thunderclap. It appeared that Father Rascher, who had the previous year compiled a dictionary of the Baining language, and had nearly completed a grammar, was in the habit of shooting pigeons with a native lad who carried his gun. Unfortunately the latter had learned to shoot from his master, and apparently it was preconcerted that when he should shoot the priest the rest of the Bainings should steal up to the
mission-house and brain the other white people. This was done so effectually that not one of the little band escaped. One sister was found dead in front of the altar of the newly-erected chapel. Fortunately their bodies were left *in situ*, the native being afraid to eat white man's flesh, since he is afraid of the revenge his spirit may take. The bodies of these martyrs were collected by their mourning friends and buried in one large grave. To punish the natives, a punitive expedition was sent out by the Governor into the Baining country, when several natives were shot, fortunately including the ringleader.

Nothing daunted by this terrible catastrophe, the places of those who had perished were speedily filled, and the mission continues its labours. In this district Bishop Coppée has inaugurated an industry which helps to support the community. A sawing-mill sent out from Europe prepares timber supplied from the Baining mountains, which is loaded on to vessels and taken wherever wanted.
This was the first of several visits to the order of the "Heiligen Herzen Jesus," which has its headquarters at Hiltrup near Munster in Westphalia. To see the kanakas at their best, the nuns advised me to come the following morning at seven o'clock, when they walked in from all parts of the district to attend Mass. This I resolved to do.

That afternoon I received a visit from Mr Parkinson, in reply to my letter, and I arranged in accordance with his kind invitation to spend a day at his house early the ensuing week to witness a market held on the verandah, when the natives bring in their agricultural products, receiving payment in tobacco for the most part.

It was early as I set forth the first Sunday of my stay in New Britain to hear Mass at the Roman Catholic church. There is no other place of worship, so that one's choice is limited.

The way led across a wooden bridge to the coast where many devotees were inverting the apostolic admonition and taking their
dip before going to service. Women in twos and threes peered shyly, yet curiously, at me as I walked slowly past. Weakly creatures they looked, ill-shapen, painfully thin; some toiled along with children slung on in front, whilst all carried heavily-laden baskets on their shoulders, the weight suspended by a cloth or bark bandage passing round the temples. Their features were small, and as a short, smart, tropical rain suddenly came on, they produced coverings of pandanus leaves fastened together to protect their heads. As I approached the sheds and landing-place belonging to the community, to turn sharply on my right to ascend the height whereon the church is built, a motley crowd of natives followed. The church was calculated to hold about four hundred. Not a seat was vacant when the service began, and outside on the grass numbers sat who could not be accommodated within. A chair had been placed for me on the side where the women sat, from which I turned to watch the congregation filing slowly into place under the guidance of one of the
Fathers. The mats and baskets of the women remained outside the building. The feathers and finery had been taken out of the men's vari-coloured hair, also their pipes and other personal adornments were left on the grass outside. Their behaviour was orderly and reverential in the extreme. It really was a wonderful sight to see row upon row of converted men-eaters kneeling and rising at given signals; not but what their white, red and yellow moppy heads, their lips stained with betel chewing, gave them a ferocious aspect. They sang hymns too, in their own kanaka tongue, and listened to a long but eloquent address also in their own language with evident enjoyment. As I studied them, the words of Lowell came to my remembrance:

"For whom the heart of man shuts out
Sometimes the heart of God takes in."

I confess my mind was much disturbed by worldly thoughts as the service proceeded. Around me there was scarcely a native who was not covered with ringworm, and the
scratching that went on continuously did not tend to devotion.

This Mission, founded in 1885, claims to have baptised 13,000 converts. On one occasion, I inquired as to how much and how little of the somewhat complicated doctrinal teaching of the Church of Rome was imparted to the kanaka? I was told that the most rudimentary elements of religion comprised the instruction given. With the dread of evil spirits which haunts the native from his birth to his death, it was something to get him to believe that there was a good spirit who controlled evil. That which had led to the murder of the missionaries at Baining is now believed to be the way in which the priests had insisted upon their converts having only one wife. This the natives were unwilling to accede to, though desirous of being admitted into the Church.

On my way back to the hotel I pondered over the interesting scene just witnessed. All that, from the ordinary standpoint, makes life worth living, these missionaries had
sacrificed, not temporarily, but permanently. No one could fail to be greatly impressed by the heroism of the life of sympathy.

"For heavy is the weight of ill
In every heart,
And comforters are needed much
Of Christ-like touch."
CHAPTER VI

A VISIT TO MR PARKINSON — NATIVE MARKETS — THE DISEASED CONDITION OF THE KANAKAS—CULTIVATION OF TARO—THE ISLAND PRODUCTS—THE USES OF BAMBOO AND COCOANUT-PALM

A drive through cool, sequestered, leafy shades, skirting for the last part of the way the low, picturesque shore, brought me to the residence of Mr Parkinson. The tropical vegetation, the plantations, the blue sea lapping on a strand overshadowed with the waving foliage of the cocoanut-trees, whilst opposite the "Mother" looked menacingly down on the placid waters of the bay, are my recollections of the distance traversed.

The road was fair, the low pony-carriage comfortable, and my host beguiled the way with interesting conversation, for probably nobody has a greater knowledge of the colony than this gentleman whose acquaintance with the Archipelago began as early
as 1875. He was then living at Samoa, where expeditions to these islands were frequent, for "boys" were procured from them for plantation work in Samoa. His studies of the Melanesians, however, commenced in 1882, when he settled in New Britain. At that date, little was known of the coasts, and the reef-engirdled shores were answerable for many mishaps. During the last decade the German Government has sent out a small vessel, *The Möwe*, to chart the hitherto unexplored coasts.

Knowing that my companion was fully posted up concerning the peoples inhabiting these islands, and as I wanted to have a clear understanding as to how far the ethnology of New Britain had been discovered, I asked: "Beside the Gazelle kanakas, the Sulkas, and the Bainings, what other races are known in the island?"

"There are the Taulils, numbering only three hundred souls, who are a distinct people having a language of their own. They live in a hilly, well-watered district, lying southwest of the Vunakokor, between the Gazelle
kanakas and the South Bainings," was his reply; adding, "they are an agricultural folk, growing sweet potatoes, taro and bananas, at the same time sporting, for they spear wild pigs, cassowaries, and catch fish in the streams, which are numerous in their country. Although they live in the depths of the forest, probably they will die out as the Butans before them."

"Who were the Butans?" I inquired, as I had never heard of them previously.

"I only know them by repute," explained he. "In 1880, it seems, they were completely wiped out, but that is a common thing in these parts."

It appeared on further inquiry that the Butans and Taulils were ethnographically related, and that they also, like the Gazelle kanakas, had migrated from New Ireland. There were most probably successive waves of immigrating tribes from the neighbouring islands, extending over a large period of time, Mr Parkinson thought. He proceeded to explain how energetically the Fathers of the Roman Catholic Mission had set to work
to learn the various dialects and languages of the island. Personally, he was much indebted to Father Eberlein for many details concerning the Taulils. Another missionary had been equally diligent in studying a race who, in different but allied groups, live about and to the west of the volcanic group represented by "the Father and Sons," and who are known as the Nakanai. Further west, very little has as yet been discovered of the coastal natives living in the vicinity of Wilhelm's Peninsula. Apparently the nearer Dampier Strait, which divides New Britain from New Guinea, is approached, the more noticeable is the predominance of the Papuan type, the broad nose and coarse features gradually giving place to what has been called the Semitic type of New Guinea. My informer related many of the incidents of his frequent coastal excursions, and it seemed clear to my mind that what with endless fighting and the inroads of European disease, such as the small-pox which, in 1894-96 introduced from Java, decimated the inhabitants of the French Isles, a group
lying to the west of New Britain, that there were many checks to over-population in operation in these parts.

Villages, which have been known to exist, have been wiped out a few years later, and not a trace of them left remaining. On one expedition, the ship in which Mr Parkinson sailed had anchored off a large village, with some forty huts, in the Stelliner Bay. He had gone further along the coast, but returned shortly to find the place completely wrecked, the huts in ashes, and the smell of dead bodies so offensive that he and his companions speedily retreated from the deserted spot. These natives never fight in the open, each party endeavours to ambush the other; when once taken by surprise, flight is the only objective. Thus in the general insecurity nothing approaching national existence is to be found in New Britain. The Gazelle kanakas, it seems, look down upon the Nakanai, and "well they might," observed my host, for they were scarcely human. He had seen men and women stretched in slumber beside their beloved pigs on Wil-
helm's Peninsula on the north coast. They have, however, abundance of food, yams, taro, sweet potatoes, bananas, whilst wild pigs and dogs furnish them with animal sustenance.

As we approached Mr Parkinson's, I saw that the market was already in full swing. A crowd of bush kanakas, mostly women and young boys, were sitting in a semicircle, their baskets beside them, whilst above, on the verandah, Mrs Parkinson was superintending the proceedings. She received me with the kindness which has earned for her the title of "The mother of the Archipelago." She wore a long white dress gathered into a yoke at the neck, but there was no attempt to confine the waist; a ribbon just catching the voluminous folds together is generally all that is attempted with this costume, which many ladies, including Her Excellency, patronise in this hot climate. My hostess, who is half-sister to "Queen Emma," was a fine woman with amiability stamped on her comely features. I inquired the object of the market, since
the produce purchased was far more than the household could dispose of, and was given to understand that those planters who could not grow sufficient on their provision grounds to feed their plantation labourers, held similar markets, when the bush people walked in to Herbertshöhe, or its neighbourhood, to dispose of eggs, fowls and products they cultivated, such as yams and taro. For cocoanuts they were paid in coin, for edible commodities, sticks of coarse tobacco, which is dearly loved by the natives. I saw three eggs taken from an old woman who produced them from some hidden receptacle in her scanty but filthy clothing, and she was given two sticks in return, and seemed well satisfied. There is a regular tariff, so that there can be no discontent, since the planters all pay alike.

Mrs Parkinson pointed out one poor creature who looked to me exceedingly ill; she was half crazed. Her companions on either side seemed to be kind and sympathetic, but it was explained that compassion was not the motive which made them pay
her marked attention. They were kind to her because they wanted to conciliate the spirit that was in her. The sickly condition of these kanakas generally, was noticeable. Here were backs and chests covered with ringworm, on the legs horrible wounds and sores, the toes frequently injured. They all looked old, haggard, weary and half-starved, and I remarked upon their sad appearance, for I had never seen such a devitalised crowd of human beings.

"They are physically a weak race, the women carry enormously heavy weights very long distances, and that makes them look old before they are young," observed Mr Parkinson. Pointing to an old withered man, with a goat-like beard, he added: "That man has looked exactly like that since I have been in the Archipelago! One cannot guess their age from their looks."

"Oh, but they are lazy! They are born tired," said his wife, who in reality is most philanthropic towards them.

Assisting her mistress on the verandah, my attention had been attracted by a very
fine native girl, whose skin was nearly black, and, so far as I could judge, she was one of the indoor servants.

“What do you take her for?” I was asked. “If she had slightly thicker lips I should think she was an African,” was my answer. “Many strangers have said the same,” Mr Parkinson rejoined; “she comes from Buka, and she is a fine sample of a Solomon islander.”

At length the market was over. After sitting and chatting with each other a little while, the women slowly and dejectedly adjusted their burdens, consisting of babies, and now empty baskets. On the grass below were purchased cocoanuts, bananas and other articles heaped up separately into goodly piles.

We then entered the house, and apparently there is a *leit motif* running through every kind of planter’s house all over the world. A large central living-room, entered from the verandah which surrounds the dwelling, is the distinctive feature, leading out of which, on either side, are bedrooms
or others, whilst at the back a number of oddments, in the shape of outbuildings, serve for various utilitarian purposes. They are to be met with in both hemispheres. The traveller knows them well!

A capital lunch, consisting of island fare, fish freshly caught on the reef, and good fowls, awaited us. One of the vegetables I had never previously tasted. This was taro, the most nutritious food of any, and the most highly prized. Europeans soon get accustomed to it. I confess I did not want a second helping; but all over the Archipelago it seems not only in great request but the staple article of native diet. It is placed between two red-hot stones and baked; on the present occasion it was boiled. This vegetable (*Colocasia antiquorum*, var. *esculenta*) is cultivated in marshy land, but another kind is successfully grown in the high-lands. The natives, when an European agricultural implement is un procurable, use their pointed sticks, which serve every purpose, so far as tillage is concerned. These are about a yard in length, and they
insert them into ground previously cleared, working them round and round to enlarge the aperture and at the same time to harden the sides of the conical groove. Into this the shoot is gently pressed and the hole is kept open for two months, during which time all leaves and débris are carefully removed.

In the third month all but two or three of the young leaves are picked off. Then the work of the husbandman is over, and in six or seven months the tuber is ripe. The natives are most observant of all growing plants. They have names for them, and for every part of them, moreover they are rudimentary botanists, in so far as they can distinguish between the different species. In the Gazelle over fifty kinds of bananas have been recognised, the difference being sometimes so small that an expert even has to be careful in their classification. The yam (Dioscorea), though second in importance, possesses this advantage over taro, that it can be kept for weeks, whereas the latter spoils after four or five days' keeping.
Sweet potatoes are also cultivated; sea-water is used to flavour these comestibles. I was much interested to hear of an isolated industry my host had come across in his expeditions. In the neighbourhood of Möwehafen, on the south coast of New Britain, he had found natives procuring salt by a very simple process of evaporation and selling it, or exchanging it, with tribes living inland. Low huts were built, well-roofed to keep out the rain, but having both sides left open to permit of the introduction of a rough framework holding dried pandanus leaves arranged like troughs, into which sea-water was poured which, exposed to the heat of the sun, evaporated. This process constantly repeated left a crust of salt behind; when it was thick enough, the pandanus leaves were rolled up in bundles ready for use. The seclusion in which isolated communities live, possibly accounts for this being the only known locality where the process is carried on. It was curious that those kanakas, whom at least I had so far seen, were such a miserable-looking set,
since there seemed an abundance of food procurable, without the necessity of cultivating yams, taro and sweet potatoes. Fish was plentiful, every kind edible; the forests furnished wild pigs, roast pork being the dish *par excellence*, not only in the Gazelle Peninsula, but all over the Archipelago, no feasting or dancing taking place when the delicacy is not *en evidence*. I had already smelt it in my walks at Herbertshohe.

Flying foxes are highly esteemed and in parts where the tortoise is found, the eggs and flesh are eaten with great relish. For fruit, the cocoanut, the mango and bananas, with other well-known tropical delights, grow in the island. The dogs which help to chase the wild pig are often eaten: they deserve a better fate. It seems that their teeth, with the tusks and bristles of the speared boars, are all used in various ways to ornament the person, also flowers. I noticed in many of the drives I took, that frequently beside the humble cultivations the glorious blaze of the double red hibiscus would stand out from a background composed of the varie-
gated foliage of crotons and colias. The gardenia is also a favourite flower.

The natives, unacquainted as they are in New Britain with the arts of pottery and weaving, have done very well in making use of what they found ready to hand before the advent of the white man. When one remembers that nothing more than a bamboo knife, an obsidian splinter, or possibly a sharp shell, is all they had for cutting purposes, it is surprising to think that they could make seaworthy canoes, capital fishing-nets, and in some cases waterproof dwellings. Perhaps of all the island products the bamboo and the cocoanut-palms possess more utilitarian uses than any other. Bamboo poles adroitly fastened together form serviceable rafts upon which the kanaka will venture long distances out to sea. They are invaluable in building his dwelling, to construct the fence which encircles the huts of his gunan, or clan. To cross rivers and streams, he constructs out of bamboo poles a fragile, but for all practical purposes a safe bridge; the hard outer layer furnishes him
with a good substitute for a knife. Bamboo, moreover, is used to make the primitive musical instruments which do duty at their Sing-Songs, often to the discomfiture of the European. The hollow reed is also used to carry water long distances.

It is really almost impossible to say what in native life is not made from the cocoanut-palm. To begin with, copra, the hacked kernel, is the basis of the islands' economic conditions, the milk is a highly esteemed beverage, the oil is used for the anointing of their skins at festivals, and doubtless for many other purposes, such as mixing with soot and coloured clays for colouring matter. There are other fibrous plants, but for native rope the fibre of the cocoanut is, I believe, the strongest. For their fishing-nets the finer threads of the *Pueraria Novo Guineensis*, somewhat analogous to our flax, are preferred. The wood of the cocoanut-tree is, unless exposed to damp, durable and serviceable; the husky shell is used as a vessel to hold oil and other articles, it is
frequently carved to ornament the wooden masks worn at native dances. The dried leaves are used for torches when fishing by night on the reef to attract the fish to the surface. One sees them with those of the pandanus palm and the banana used to roof huts throughout the islands. From the mid-ribs of the leaves, baskets and mats are woven and brooms are made.

Recently, rubber has been successfully introduced, also the cassava plant for tapioca. Before I left, Mr Parkinson showed me some curious wooden masks used at festivals and other articles which he had collected during his long sojourn in New Britain. A huge package was destined for the Museum of Chicago.

I was most curious to witness some of the dances I had heard so much of, especially the Duk Duk, which is the variety mostly practised in this part of the Gazelle.

Fortunately we were approaching the month of May, said Mr Parkinson, that
being at present the only time when it was permitted by the German Government to take place. I was to learn more of these native entertainments later on.
CHAPTER VII

QUEEN EMMA'S RESIDENCE—HER FAME IN THE SOUTH SEA—A DIGRESSION—DETAILS OF THE COPRA TRADE—"BLACK-BIRDING"—A POLYNESIAN GROUP OF ISLANDERS—THE CAR-TERET ISLANDS AND SIR CHARLES HARDY GROUP

The following morning I was destined to undergo my first experience of an earthquake shock, the precursor of many which occurred during my stay in New Britain, including the worst which had up to that date been felt during German occupation. Thus how often in life

"Do the spirits
Of great events, stride on before the events,
And in to-day already walks to-morrow."

I was still in my bed when I heard an ominous creaking; a shudder-like motion shook the building, things rattled in the room, but by the time I had sprung to the door the commotion had subsided and the
early matutinal peacefulness was restored. In a distant corner of the verandah squatted the ever-vigilant Docman trimming my lamp, as if nothing had occurred of sufficient importance to cause him to look up. The savage puffed away unconcernedly at his pipe, unconscious of my presence, conscious only of the bliss which that occupation afforded. With doors and windows ever open because of the great heat, there is, of necessity, a publicity in domestic life somewhat embarrassing at first to the European. To adapt oneself to circumstances is the first duty of the traveller, and I found that an enormous cotton wrapper, always at hand completely enveloping the person, was sufficient to cope with the unforeseen; for the circumstances in which I often found myself were, to say the least, novel.

In this world-defying garment I ate my kaikai (meals), wrote and slept in a sheltered corner on my verandah, shouted my orders to the busy Bavarian manager across the patch of grass below, and scolded "Collars." Occasionally I was greatly nonplussed;
visitors unannounced would find their way to my quarters, when my costume was by no means fit for their reception. I then had to dodge past the open window in frantic haste, to retreat to an obscure corner of the room where I could array myself invisibly to the naked eye.

That afternoon as I sallied forth to call on Queen Emma, I passed slowly along the coast, admiring the view and the facial decorations of the natives, and meeting the curious gaze of officials and others who had heard of my arrival. Approaching the stores and other buildings of the Forsyth firm, I perceived that my progress was watched by a keen-looking, middle-aged lady, wearing a dark, flowing cotton gown, unconfined at the waist, standing at the door of some offices.

As I proceeded on my way through a plantation, she passed in a dog-cart. After a walk of about ten minutes I opened a gate, stepped across a large open space, whence a magnificent view of Blanche Bay and the volcano was obtained, ascended a flight of steps and looked admiringly at the tasteful
and comfortable furniture of the large room inside the open doorway. I had heard much of this lady, not only since my arrival, but when at Sydney. She is the oldest European resident in the Archipelago, and by far the most successful from a financial point of view. Half Samoan, half American by birth, she came to these shores from Samoa in a small trading-vessel, with a few followers and a revolver at her belt, when she began operations by trading with the natives in European goods, such as Manchester prints and Sheffield knives. With tact, bravery and conspicuous business talent, inherited probably from her American father, she gradually, though not without dangerous experiences, won the confidence of the savages. In course of time she acquired by purchase sundry lands in the possession of which her claim has been legally ratified by the present German administration. To-day, with the exception of the New Guinea Company's plantations, the firm of Forsyth, of which this lady is senior partner, is the most flourishing concern in the Archi-
pelago. When I was in the Pacific the value of the entire business was estimated at £150,000, and it was open to offers, since the health of the proprietors has of late years suffered much from the climate, and they are desirous to leave the island.

In these days of militant feminism, it is interesting to bring before the readers of these pages the fact that here in these remote regions a woman's tact, skill, capacity and endurance have achieved commercially, more than any of her masculine fellow-traders.

In every corner of the South Seas her fame and renown have been the theme of many a captains' gossip, of many a trader's envious encomium.

A power to be reckoned with by the administration, a kindly mistress to her many European employés, a protective deity to the ignorant native, this lady to myself, an inquiring stranger, was kindness and hospitality itself.

From her lips I obtained an insight into the prevailing conditions, industrial and other-
wise, of affairs in this youthful colony. No one could fail to admire the wisdom and philanthropy of her conduct towards those upon whose labour the success of her enterprise depended. And I am led to believe that in my own country there are also women, lacking neither in courage nor in knowledge, possessing qualities of heart and head, whose sphere of labour possibly not so prominent in the financial world, lies more closely knit to the heart of things human. Such women to-day are occupied in attempting to ameliorate the sufferings and injuries of their poorer sisters, who too truly find life "a demd horrid grind."

Present conditions have driven out those home occupations which half a century ago were in vogue. Owing to machinery, they now have to compete with men. Women—the exploited, the sweated, the squeezed, more often the degraded—are defenceless, because politically, they do not exist. History demonstrates that political justice precedes social and economic equity! Hence the striving for women's votes! I often
think that the angels must weep to see how things are managed nowadays, in happy, Christian England!

But man, one-sided, because he only knows and mainly legislates for his own sex, considers, like Lord Curzon, that in granting women political existence, a change—the vast dimensions of which would amount to a revolution, never before attempted in the history of the world!—would be inaugurated—opposed to the best interests equally of the female sex and of the nation!"

If we were not filled with contempt for such a speech, we should laugh at its puerility. Are the "best interests of the female sex" then so immaculately provided for in a House where sit the "choice and master spirits of the age"? Are they, we ask, when the vast majority of the sweated classes of this country belong to the voiceless female sex? When men by their labour add barn to barn, storehouse to storehouse? Or are their "best interests" safeguarded when hunger stalks the land, and woman in default of a living
wage, too often sells her womanhood and helps to swell those weary crowds of fallen ones, for whose misery, if God be true and no phantom of the schoolman's theology, man will have, sooner or latter, to atone in tears of blood.

And what occurs when, in this Christian land of ours, woman protests hotly against the injustice of laws to protect the strong, to crush the weak, vide those of divorce, and that which constitutes it a punishable offence for a woman to solicit when man may do the same with impunity!

She is seized by the throat! she is thrust into prison! she is despitefully used! And this, in the land of so-called freedom, under the ægis of a Government which tolerates Graysonian orations, which winks at the spread of the seditious gospel of Keir Hardyism, careless of how its baneful influence endangers the lives of our fellow-subjects, and threatens to wreck our supremacy in India.

Why are these things so? Apparently because man's conception of fairness as
regards women is on all fours with the ordinary Anglican curate’s knowledge of protoplasm. It simply does not exist. That women revolt at the idea of being his chattels any longer amazes him!

What does the average man care about the better side of women? The only thing he wants of them is to contribute to his wealth, to pander to his selfishness.

The temptation to digress was tempting. I will now retrace my steps to the Bismarck Archipelago.

Not many minutes elapsed before Queen Emma entered the central room of her spacious residence. She proved to be the lady I had previously seen. Now she was differently garbed, gracious and stately, yet keenly interested to know what brought her visitor to the island.

We soon fell into easy conversation. I desired to grasp the situation in all its bearings, and the lady, as an
authority on island trade, was worth listening to.

"You should have called on His Excellency first," she said smilingly.

"But you are the oldest resident, I think," was my reply. It seemed that notwithstanding my failure in complying with the usual etiquette, she was not displeased at the priority of my visit.

"We were here long before the Germans made this a Crown Colony," she remarked.

"And did you experience any difficulty in establishing your claim to property you had acquired from natives?" I asked.

"None whatever," was the answer. "The Government were only too glad to find such a respectable colonist."

In acquiring lands from chiefs, she had insisted on their putting their mark to "one fellow paper," which to the kanaka constitutes incontrovertible proof of lawful possession, though he knows no more of
its contents than he does of the interior of the moon. Not only had she purchased land in New Britain and in New Ireland, but at different periods had bought groups of coral islands, such as the Mortlocks and the Fead Islands. It seems that when the Germans took possession in 1885, the “one fellow papers” had been examined and the territory thus purchased was regarded as lawfully acquired. Naturally the price of copra is a never-failing topic of interest. When I was in the Archipelago it was fetching £23 a ton. Queen Emma said it had in previous years been as high as £25 and as low as £13. The worst of the trade was that from eight to ten years must elapse between planting and reaping; in her case, trading with the natives had occupied those lean years. When once established, the trees represented a never-failing source of income, since all that is requisite is to keep the roots clean. They calculate that about six thousand nuts go to a ton of copra; each tree should average a yield of sixty nuts yearly, and one hectare,
which may be bought for a few marks, and equals two and a half acres, produces a ton. The geographical situation leaves nothing to be desired in the way of favourable conditions for the cultivation of copra. There are no raging "blows" like the cyclones which scatter destruction over huge areas in the West Indies. Although the region is one of volcanic activity, destructive storms are rare. The climate is hot and damp. December is the rainy month when the north-west monsoon begins. South-east winds prevail from June to September.

The process of collecting the copra is simple in the extreme, the "boys" scale the trees, collect the nuts, open them, hack up the white part, which is then placed in the sun to dry. When ready, it is put into sacks, and shipped mostly to Sydney, where it is used in many ways. The soap factories, perhaps, take the largest quantity.

The firm of Forsyth employs on its different plantations twelve hundred "boys." The
Gazelle kanakas are lazy and unfit. New Islanders are preferable, but the black-skinned Bukas are considered the best of all. They are big, powerful men, and I saw a great number of them at work. The labourers who are brought from various parts of the Archipelago to Herbertshöhe are given by the officials what the natives call “one fellow paper,” which they keep religiously, for they know by this time its value, should trouble arise with their employers. This binds them to plantation labour for three years. They receive their food and from six to ten shillings a week; new loin-clothes, sticks of tobacco, a knife, and pipes at stated intervals complete the wage.

There seems, in years gone by, to have been a good deal of trouble connected with recruiting native labour in the Pacific. With the development of the sugar industries in Queensland, especially from about the year 1875 to 1885, many cruelties undoubtedly took place. A shameful traffic, called “black-birding,” was carried on, in which, to our
discredit, the British led the way. Schooners would be fitted out in Australian ports with a large hold, into which the unfortunate kanakas were often pitched headlong. The captains of these ships would obtain orders from the proprietors of sugar estates in Queensland, at so much per head for every native brought home to them. Then they would start for the islands, and at first try by persuasion, or by barter, to induce the natives to return with them, but these methods were not always successful, then they would row to the shore, carry off any man or woman they could secure, and row quickly away with their booty, which would be stowed in the hold. The system was productive of much evil; reprisals on the lives of white men were taken by enraged islanders, and in 1873 the scandalous business came to the notice of the authorities. Ghastly facts could be hushed up no longer, public feeling was aroused, and steps were taken by the British Government to stop this wholesale kidnapping. The outcome was the delimitation of their spheres of con-
trol by the respective Governments of Great Britain and Germany, and in 1885, an exchange was effected, by which the latter became possessed of the islands of Isabel, Choiseul, the Shortland Isles, Bougainville and Buka.

My hostess was interested in my remarks as to the way I had been impressed by the "market," which I had witnessed the previous day at her sister's house, and we discussed the all-prevailing ringworm.

"It comes from poor blood," she said. "Some say it is the result of centuries of cannibalism, but I don't think so, and I will tell you why. I know sometimes I have cured some very bad cases by just seeing that they had regular meals and plenty of nourishing food, yams, taro, just what they are accustomed to." Then she proceeded thoughtfully, "I don't deny sometimes they get so diseased you can do nothing for them, then the best is that they should die out as soon as possible."

She went on to tell me how that was the case in those atolls, known as the Fead
Islands, where the firm had plantations. Here in 1885 one hundred and sixty natives were alive; at present there are not more than fifty, sixteen having perished through influenza in 1902. They were so weak that she would send no kanakas to continue the race, for the sooner they were extinct the better. Now on the Mortlocks, which had at one time belonged to the firm, she had placed a few Gazelle natives, who had inter-married with the remaining islanders, otherwise by this time there would be no inhabitants left, and then who would do the plantation labour? In the neighbouring island of Tasman the inhabitants are about three hundred in number, and are fairly healthy, this she attributed to its less isolated position, permitting of the occasional introduction of fresh blood.

Then the Sir Charles Hardy Group and the Carteret Islands, where they had had a station for twenty years, and took annually about 120 tons of copra, were the home of quite another race than the mixed people of Polynesian type who inhabited Tasman, the
Fead and Mortlock Islands. They were lazy, but they were vigorous and healthy. Geographically, the islands formed stepping-stones from Buka in the Solomons to New Ireland, and ethnographically the people were interesting, since they showed the fusion of blood, resulting from their islands being the meeting-place of the black Solomon islander and the lighter-coloured Melanesian of New Ireland.

I spent a very interesting evening at this house, where I was much entertained by the conversation of those who joined us later on.

"Do you know that Queen Emma presides over a native divorce court?" a young Danish lady mischievously asked me, *sotto voce*. "You may be shocked to hear it, but matrimony in New Britain is not always blessed by the missionaries."

"What do you mean?" I asked laughing.

"You know her word is law to the natives!" explained she. "Sometimes unhappy Benedicts confide their married troubles to her private ear, when she ad-
vises, 'if Jane be tiresome, let her go to the man she wants, and you try Dora instead.' Her advice often turns out most satisfactorily, and the newly-adjusted couples live happily ever afterwards!"
CHAPTER VIII

I CALL ON THE GOVERNOR—SUN-WORSHIPPERS—THE MISADVENTURES OF A DECADE—BRITISH COLONISTS—I INSPECT "POLICE BOYS"—A "WHITE AUSTRALIA" POLICY CONDEMNED

It was with some misgiving that I found my way up the steep ascent, which led to the Governor's residence, commanding a magnificent view. It was a large, straggling building; at the back of it there were a number of outhouses which one passed on one's way to the main entrance. Spacious and lofty rooms led out as usual on to a wide verandah overlooking Blanche Bay.

Her Excellency received me cordially; two ladies, one the wife of a Wesleyan missionary, the other of a barrister, were present at afternoon tea. Frau Hahl's English was not so good as my German, so we conversed in the latter language. She was a tall, handsome woman of about thirty,
belonging to the well-known family of Von Seckendorf.

In answer to my inquiry concerning her health, she said she was now acclimatised, and did not suffer as did so many from fever, probably because the house was built on such high ground. She introduced her little girl of three to me, and said she had only returned to Germany once since coming out directly after her marriage. I thought her charming, but hoped her husband would soon appear, for since I had no babies to discuss and was not enthralled with the mysteries of the culinary art, I felt somewhat at a loose end. A young German girl, who acted as nurse to one of the ladies, roused my curiosity, for although she had a somewhat striking face, she possessed the very thickest ankles, covered with white knitted stockings of the homeliest "bauer" type, I have ever gazed upon. Subsequently I learnt her history. She had come from Germany some years previously, to join a small band of sun-worshipping enthusiasts, under the leadership of a man called
Engelhardt, who at one time was a well-known musician in Berlin.

Here, in an island at the entrance of the bay, these persons—at anyrate, those of the male sex—dressing themselves in the scanty garments of the native, essayed to live not only "the simple life," but the life of the native, minus its bloodthirst. They subsisted on cocoanuts and bananas, had huts for shelter in case of rain, otherwise lived and slept under the arc of heaven, holding the sun as the centre of life, and therefore to be adored.

As the members of the little society gradually died from the effects of this change in their mode of life, the girl preferred to return to civilisation, and eventually to her parents in Germany.

When the Governor made his appearance, I at once felt that I should like him. Honest, genial, inclined to be friendly; he began at once to speak in excellent English, and we immediately carried on an animated conversation, for he was only too willing to tell me of his experiences in the Archipelago.
He was of middle height, scarcely forty, inclining to be stout, but exceedingly active; in fact, he seemed to carry with him an atmosphere of latent strength. Of Bavarian family, he told me, he had been legal adviser to the New Guinea Company several years before he succeeded Herr von Benningsen, the first Governor. Though he had at different times had severe illnesses—even that disease nearly always fatal to Europeans in these parts—the black-water sickness—he was now used to the extreme heat. In fact, only a man of good health, alert and active, could do what was required of a Governor in such a young and scattered dependency, dealing with natives of such treacherous and fierce instincts as, for instance, the Admiralty islanders! It was no armchair business! He had visited all the islands in the Seestern, the German Government yacht, and there were few islanders with whom he could not enter into some communication, for he had made a point of studying the varying languages. This was necessary, since it had frequently
been his task to lead punitive expeditions against natives who had killed managers or other Europeans in various parts of the Archipelago. Had I not noticed the barracks near the hotel, these were the quarters of his "police boys." And he proceeded to explain that in former excursions to chastise different islanders, they had found that it was impossible for Europeans to chase them through the dense bush along the tiniest tracks, which, as a rule, lead to their secluded villages.

Therefore he had, with the aid of his officials, organised and trained a native police for bush warfare, and hitherto they had proved themselves a most effective force.

The fierce Admiralty boys were the best for this purpose. He could get any number of them! Fighting was as the breath of their nostrils to them! A man-hunt was their greatest joy!

Physically robust, though not of such big proportions as the Bukas, they were infinitely more intelligent, their activity greater, and
their lithe, slim bodies could slip through dense bush where the European had no chance whatever.

"Do you get all your police boys from the Admiralty?" I inquired.

"No, that would never do," he laughed as he replied; "suppose they were to combine against us, we should be wiped out. Look at our numbers! Our safety lies in the fact of their being unable to talk to each other. Some are from New Ireland, some are Sulkas, and so on."

Then he talked on cannibalism, which prevails more or less in the Protectorate where European influence as yet does not extend. In fact, outside settled lands, no one knows how near one may not be to a cannibalistic orgy. It seems, however, fairly established by this time that the savage will brain a white man with much pleasure, but that he will refrain from eating his flesh for fear of revenge that the spirit of his victim may take at such interference with his fleshy tabernacle. Mr Parkinson relates how a chief in the Shortland Islands, a small group
off the North Solomons, remarked to him, "spirit belong white man no good," whereby he meant that the black man has nothing to fear from the spirits of his fellows whom he may kill and on whose flesh he may gorge himself with impunity; but what the white man’s spirit would do in a similar case is of the quality of $x$, and best left alone. Thus the bodies of the ten murdered missionaries at the station in the Baining mountains were all recovered and buried.

A list of the misadventures and disasters since the Germans first commenced to trade in these parts, is given by Dr Schnee in his book on the South Seas, and to show how necessary it is to infuse into the savage mind a wholesome terror of the white man’s vengeance, I select some of the chief, occurring in one decade only:—

1885. Station at Kaboteron (Forsyth’s), trader killed.
1886. Station in New Ireland (Hernsheim’s), trader murdered and station wrecked.
1888. Station ruined at Kapsu (Hernsheim’s), Captain H. and Chinaman killed.
1889. Trader killed (Forsyth’s).
1890. At the Fead Islands (Forsyth's), trader killed.
   " On a station (Hernsheim's), trader killed.
1891. New Hanover station (Forsyth's), two Europeans killed.
   " In New Ireland, station ruined, two whites killed.
1892. New Hanover (Forsyth's), station ruined, a German dangerously wounded.
1893. Trader murdered by natives of Gardner Island.
   " At St Gabriel's (Admiralty), two whites and three coloured murdered.
   " Kaboteran (Deusch Handel Co.), station plundered, white trader killed.
1894. Captain B. attacked and wounded.
   " Station of Kabien in New Ireland, one European, one Japanese and others murdered.
   " A station in the Admiraltys (Hernsheim's), wrecked and a European killed.

Two things are mercifully withheld from the natives throughout the Protectorate—firearms and European liquor—their sale is strictly prohibited. All explosives are kept very carefully under German lock and key. Only sufficient ammunition for each practice is doled out to the "police boys," and occasion-
ally the little community discovers (with a shock) that one has managed to secrete a small quantity.

"If not for philanthropic reasons, then on economic grounds we must preserve the native and defend him from the consequences of his ignorance," declared the Governor, as he vehemently asked what was the good to any country of tropical colonies without native labour? White men could not cultivate the ground in these latitudes, nor was it desirable they should if they could.

This was precisely the argument I had heard in Jamaica, and I told his Excellency that the best authorities in the West Indies were agreed that it was not advisable that the white man should place himself on the same level as regards labour with the negro.

"Somebody must be top dog," he laughed as he spoke. He told me he had fifty-six officials under him in the Archipelago and twenty-eight in the Carolines.

"I see you vaccinate the kanakas," I remarked, having passed on the way to his house a little crowd of natives waiting
outside a special building which served as the Government medical department.

"Indeed we do," replied he. "The worst thing we dread is the introduction of European diseases. These people would die off like flies if we got an epidemic in the place."

From one subject to another we approached that of British colonisation, which his Excellency highly commended. Our holding of India was to him a surpassing marvel. That enormous hive, containing three hundred million souls, administered by less than one hundred thousand white men, would prove to posterity the real greatness of England, the administrative talent of Englishmen.

I left his residence just before dark to find at the hotel a company of Admiralty "police boys" awaiting my arrival. Dr Hahl had ordered them round for my inspection. In a few moments they tramped up on to the verandah, gave me a martial salute, performed a few evolutions and then lined up in front of me.

My Pidgin-English was not equal to con-
versing with their leader, but I must admit, in the half light, their wiry limbs and wild, dark eyes were weird to look upon. They were of middle height, darker perhaps than the Gazelle natives, they wore loin-cloths and caps, and looked at me as inquisitively as I gazed at them!

I was thoroughly pleased with my visit. Dr Hahl had promised to show me some villages in the hills situated some distance inland before I left New Britain, and elated with the prospect, I spoke of it to Dr Thurnwald in one of our many post-prandial conversations that evening. He had been busy collecting island curios and despatching them in enormous packing-cases to Simpson-hafen en route for Berlin. Since his arrival in New Britain, he had photographed and taken anthropometrical measurements of many natives, besides recording nearly a hundred "Sing-Songs." He had secured the services of a boy from the Admiralty, and from him was learning the language. Struck with the superior intelligence of this savage, he often launched forth in depressing
jeremiads concerning the hopelessness of the Gazelle people.

Another melancholy topic was the fact that apparently Germans would settle anywhere else on the globe than in their own colonies. They would flock to the United States; Sydney and South Africa were full of them, any ready-made colony had the preference.

To this I assented, maintaining that some of the most useful and industrious subjects of King Edward were plodding, prudent Teutons.

In repeatedly pondering over this subject, I have often wondered how it is that individual members of admittedly the most martial nation in the world, where one would naturally expect courage and initiative to be leading features, do not show the same independent freedom of action—that impulsive, headlong energy, heedless of risks, that neck-or-nothing policy, with which the sons of Albion have flung themselves against nature’s inhospitalities, compelling her to unlock to them the fruits of their toil and labour. One
finds them on every shore, bringing into cultivation the waste places of earth, carving homes out of lonely, primeval forests, confronting savage men and wild beasts under blazing suns, trusting to luck and chance to pull them through. Instances are numerous in Canada, in New Zealand, in Australia, where high spirits and heroic hearts have earned fortune after fortune, how young men have left home as steerage passengers to return in middle age in comfort and in wealth. One is led to wonder if these characteristics of indomitable pluck and iron resolution are peculiar to the British race. The French do not shine as colonists, and it seems that the subjects of the Kaiser must have the Government behind them, postage-stamps and lager beer within reach, before they will adventure themselves in unknown lands.

My scientific friend would ascribe the paucity of bona fide settlers in German colonies to red-tapeism, and quote statistics of officials versus the latter.

But, for his comfort, I told him, it was
just that minute attention to detail which was the German’s strong point, where we could not compete with him. Admittedly, his countrymen were the deepest and closest of thinkers, taking every detail into reckoning. But, he objected, that sort of thing was carried to excess: if you were always bent on detail you were unfitting yourself for broad lines of action which, after all, were the main things in colonisation, as in life generally.

It was a fault, he thought, which had grown with the development of the German nation. Before 1870, he argued, each little state had its dukelet or its princelet, and round the little court everything centred—nothing could be done without the consent of the head of the state—there was no room for personal initiative when every pfennig had to be accounted for to the central authority. For centuries the men of his race had thought in circlets.

I could not discuss this interesting point with him for lack of knowledge, but many daily incidents united to testify to my
humble powers of penetration that there was something in the mental make-up of the Teuton which constituted him less fit than some for colonial enterprise. He takes few risks. There is nothing, so far as I could see, analogous to that attitude of mind with which many an Englishman to my knowledge faces big issues, when, metaphorically, he shuts his eyes and jumps.

It was interesting to note in the frequent conversations I held with one and another, that although they upheld British colonisation, there was a general consensus of dislike to the Australian policy of "a white Australia." Why, it was urged, since the huge continent had only five million colonists, not define a territory in the north where surplus Japanese might work out their salvation from the evils of over-population. For this too-populous country would, in the near future, inevitably, be the menace of the Pacific, since expand it must.

To this I would lightly suggest that the Protectorate of New Guinea might offer lands more attractive because more acces-
sible to the Japanese Government. This idea was not pleasing, but it became clear to me that the future of Japan, so far as one could forecast it, her wonderful powers of receptiveness and assimilation, the dauntless courage and devotion to their country of her sons, is the subject of some uneasy speculation in these islands, as it is elsewhere in the South Seas. Yet in the past, during two thousand five hundred years, Japan has only engaged in five foreign wars, though prior to the seventeenth century conflicts between contending chieftains disturbed the island's peace. The land of the Mikado had evolved a splendid mentality long before St Xavier reached it, and when, in recent times, the flood of western light was turned on to its trained and fertile brain, it was only like leading a scholar into new museums: whereof the moral is that proper training in youth is the best preparation for general adaptiveness in later years.
CHAPTER IX

SLAVERY FORMERLY PRACTISED—BAINING CHARACTERISTICS—AN UNKNOWN RACE—THREE DEGREES OF RELIGIOUS DEVELOPMENT—TINGENATABARAN—ETHICAL PERCEPTION OF THE SULKAS—TAMBOO—MAGIC

I WAS looking forward with some curiosity to my promised visit to bush kanaka villages about ten miles away, situated on the frontier of settled territory in a south-westerly direction from Herbertshöhe. The inhabitants I was given to understand had a trace of Baining blood in them. On making inquiry, I found that in the short space of four weeks it was impossible to compass a visit to the Baining mountains, further west, where dwell the people so lately discovered and ethnographically so interesting, because so distinct from others in the Archipelago (as yet known). And since much speculation circles round the Bainings, for all who know them
regard them as the probable aboriginals of New Britain, I think it may be desirable to outline the events which brought the fact of their existence to the knowledge of the German administration. In the kanaka language it is significant that the word “Baining" means a "slave," or, "one who has to run!" and very fittingly has this name been applied, as the following testifies:

It was in 1897 that news of a slave hunt was first brought to the authorities by a Wesleyan missionary from a place on the north coast of the peninsula called Kaba-kada. His report ran that in the preceding year the natives of the small islands of Massava, Massikunabuka and Urar had leagued together to entice an inland people, living in the mountains, down to a given spot on the seashore, under the pretence that they wanted to exchange goods for taro and pigs. In response to their message, a goodly number of Bainings, laden with produce, approached the canoes of the islanders for purposes of barter, when they were suddenly
seized by the occupants, whilst others pushed the canoes off into deep water. The Bainings, unable to swim, without arms, were easily captured and fastened into the boats, when another party, who had previously hidden their spears in the sand, killed the remainder.

About forty were massacred and some thirty enslaved, the bodies of the slain being taken to the respective homes of the marauders and eventually eaten. On receiving this news a punitive expedition was at once sent to teach these evil doers that such practices were not compatible with the white man's rule. They offered little resistance, most of them delivering up their slaves when called upon. The coast was patrolled for a time, a few having escaped German vigilance. In 1898, with the destruction of the village, which was the headquarters of the traffic, the rest of the slaves were given up and received by the Roman Catholic Mission. Compared with the Gazelle kanakas, this race is still less physically developed. A German traveller, Gustaf Fritsch, says of
them, that they are lighter in colour when once the filth is removed. With the short nose depressed at the root, he considers they resemble the Australian type. Their hair, coloured with clay or chalk, hangs in wild locks over their faces; some wear a scanty, goat-like beard and, says he, all have frightful ringworm. His examination of about fifty skulls convinced him that there were strong resemblances to those of certain Australian races. Only as cannibals do they possess any affinity with other Archipelago dwellers. They do not use shell-money; it is unknown amongst them. Barter is their medium of exchange, and taro, pigs and bananas, serve that purpose. They have no totems. In their dances, the sexes dance together; throughout the islands the reverse of this is the case. Water for washing purposes, says a writer, is unknown amongst them, water for drinking purposes being often conveyed considerable distances in hollow bamboo canes. Their huts, the most miserable in Melanesia, are so small that one must crouch to enter.
Apparently, they differ too, from surrounding races, in that they are agricultural nomads.

Dr Schnee, deputy governor in 1903, during Dr Hahl's absence in Europe, visited the Baining country and repeatedly found forsaken huts in ruins. It seems the custom to build dwellings, cut down the bush in the vicinity and plant taro, after a time to go away, and perhaps, after a lapse of years, return to the same spot. He relates in his book on the South Seas that some of these mountaineers, who, for the first time in their lives, saw white men advancing towards them, evinced no sign of surprise or fear, and this not from any savage stoicism, but from sheer stupidity. He describes how they sat stolidly watching his approach and, greatly to the disgust of his native police, permitted themselves to be caught, without offering the slightest resistance; yet they possess rude spears into which bone is inserted, generally at the end, and there are also primitive stone axes in use.
The Admiralty boys had scoffed at them as not worth calling men, and had considered them dirty as pigs!

In connection with this primitive race who, whether they fled to the mountains to escape volcanic eruptions, or whether, on the incoming of more virile races, they withdrew to the more secluded region, is not yet decided, it is interesting to note that in the mountainous interior of the southern portion of New Ireland, there exists to-day a people whom Europeans have never yet seen; but who, from reports of natives living on adjacent coasts, seem to offer the possibility of eventually proving to be racially allied with the Bainings. The coastalts describe them as speaking an unintelligible language and as being antagonistic to them. Dr Thurnwald was hoping to make their acquaintance during his stay. It is impossible, as it would be unwise, to speculate as to whence and at what date the Bainings first came to New Britain for the spread of primitive races, especially in the Pacific, seems conditioned largely by geographical circumstances. History, tradi-
tions, and soundings demonstrate often that, where was once dry land, is now ocean floor. Geologists also declare that in the miocene period Australia and New Guinea were probably joined, and if the marsupial was the highest form of vertebrate found in Australia, it is certain man, if evolved from mammals, must be looked for elsewhere. As we can hardly imagine him entering that continent by any other way than from the north, and taking into account the volcanic nature of the region of Dampier's Straits, the acknowledged resemblance of the Baining to certain Australian types does not seem altogether without features to commend it to our consideration. Recollecting, too, that Java, where Dr Dubois at Trinil, in 1891, found in pliocene strata his *Pithecanthropus Erectus*, is not so far distant, one may reasonably be led to look for some of the oldest types of man in this portion of the globe.

The very simplest belief in a spirit world, unaccompanied by witchcraft of any description, very markedly distinguishes the
Bainings from every other race in the Archipelago.

Indeed, it appears to me most interesting, so far as present information goes, to recognise in the three peoples which the German Government have differentiated in New Britain, three distinct degrees of development in religious belief.

The lowest form is certainly that belonging to this lately-discovered race I have been describing, for the Bainings, who seem nearer the animal kingdom than any other, have yet from the "loftiest fashion of their sleep" evolved a kind of heaven. Here, and Mr Parkinson is my authority, there are no localised spirits; however, in the absence of that dread of evil from unseen influences, which is universal in the Archipelago, there exists the faint glimmer of a belief in a world surrounding them of impersonal and omnipresent spirit life; the only thing at all approaching an embodied spirit is a weird belief sometimes found amongst them of a mystic snake, which if it eats personal débris, causes death to the possessor. These snakes,
known as *chankis*, live inside knotted and gnarled trunks of trees, and are dangerous to mankind.

In points of development the beliefs of the Gazelle natives rank second. Here incantations, spells, magic of all description are part and parcel of everyday existence: the dread of evil spirits, with a constant fear to arouse their enmity, is ever present; accompanying this, there is a fairly defined belief in a heaven where it is desirable for the soul of the departed to enter. The following description of ceremonies attending the burial of their chiefs in the Gazelle Peninsula affords an insight into their ideas of what befits a man for a future existence. The dead body lies generally in the hut for three days after death, during which time it is decked out with flowers and with chains of tamboo, the acquisition of which is the main object of the kanaka's life. Tamboo, then, is wound round the neck, over the shoulders and arms of the corpse which, in some cases, is further and quite artistically painted with daubs and circles of white and vermilion, the
object of this being not so much to make it ready for heaven as to make it "dam flash" to overawe an admiring and gaping crowd of relations in the forthcoming Sing-Song. The burial fires are then ignited outside the hut, a howling crowd enter and lament around the corpse. After a big feast, when roast pig is enjoyed by the company, the nearest relative hands out the much-desired bequests of tamboo to his kindred, according to the wishes and instructions of its former owner, when the corpse can be buried. But all this, exciting though it be, with the screeching, overfeeding, and big fires, accompanied the whole night through with native music to facilitate and encourage the departing spirit to enter on its new life, are but preliminaries leading up to the culmination moment, when at early dawn on the following morning, the crucial moment has arrived. For the soul of the deceased can only enter into Tingenatabaran, that place in the far east where souls plentifully supplied with tamboo go, at sunrise. If a cloud appears on the horizon then the watchers
know that the soul is safely inside. Here it is met by the guardian of that sacred spot, the spirit Tolamean, who asks the newcomer, "Where is the tamboo you have brought?" and if the candidate seeking admission cannot meet the requirements, it goes to Jakupia, a bleak, undesirable place. The point here is that the quantity of tamboo forms the test condition of entrance. The belief of the Sulka ranks higher than the latter, inasmuch as the admission into heaven depends not on shell-money, but as to the way in which the life has been spent on earth. Here we may note the entrance of ethical perceptions into the mind of the savage. The Sulkas have curious burial festivities. The corpse of a chief is sometimes placed in a sitting position in a shallow hole dug in the ground, from which his body from the waist is visible, over this a hut is built, thatched with dried palm or banana leaves, the whole enclosed within a ring of big stones, and fires are kindled. The kinsfolk lie close by, men on one side, women on the other, when it is whispered quietly from one to the other the desirable
moment when the party simultaneously, next morning, shall drive the soul out of the deceased. This is effected quietly, that the spirit may not hear and prepare itself to resist.

Early next morning, perhaps at sunrise, perhaps when the kaa (bird) pipes its first notes, the sleepers spring up suddenly, set up a fearful noise, pile loads of dry cocoanut wood on to the fires, shake and rattle the frail, temporary hut, to frighten the dead man's soul away from its home, and thus speed it on its way to Mlol, a mystic, undefined region, supposed to be somewhere in the middle of the earth. Before the soul arrives there, it passes two rocks named Kilkil and Kovangal, where its progress is stayed, and where it is asked to give an account of its past life. If this is deemed favourable, it proceeds on its way; if the reverse, it must return and wander southward.

The Sulkas are afraid of some departed spirits, who, they believe, return and prey upon mortals. Some, they think, return to shine by night in the fireflies!
Meteors are souls of Sulkas, hurled from the highest heaven, to dip into the sea. With this race, earthquakes, thunder and lightning especially, are regarded as avengers of crime, and proceed from the will of Kot, who is a powerful spirit unfriendly to men.

In the Gazelle Peninsula funereal ceremonies vary according to the occupation and the standing of the deceased, and in the case of women and children are of the simplest description.

Sometimes the skeleton of a chief will, after a year or two, be disinterred, and the skull, painted with vermilion and adorned with feathers, be hung up in some prominent place, where the neighbours will assemble, dances and Sing-Song be held in its honour. It might be supposed that ancestor-worship of some kind was the motive for this homage to the dead, but Mr Parkinson states that this is by no means the case, since the natives are quite ready to sell the skull for a trifle.

The desirability of obtaining tamboo
under all circumstances is now the ruling passion of the kanakas. Not only does this mystic and venerated medium of exchange pave the way to a more desirable sphere, it also buys tobacco and wives, rights wrongs and compensates injuries.

In olden times when a man died without visible wounds the cry was “he has been bewitched,” and it was the duty of the nearest male relative to discover and kill the enemy who threw the fatal spell, but now that the European imposes his will and forbids human life to be taken, matters are amicably arranged between the contending parties by means of tamboo.

In the same way an injured husband does not now seek to kill the invader of his marital rights, but the transgressor pays instead, a sum of shell-money, which solaces the outraged feelings of the defrauded husband. Owing to this phase of things, those savage virtues which existed in pre-German days have not improved; on the contrary, a slackening of the primitive code of morality has been distinctly noticeable.
The origin of this shell-money was regarded by the kanakas of inland regions, such as the vicinity of the Vunakokor Mountain, as mysterious. Certain finer wits than the rest had the cunning to attribute its manufacture to unearthly sources. By imposture of different kinds, there have always been natives able to turn the ignorance of their fellows to their own advantage, but the coastals living in the region of Weberhafen on the north coast, know very well whence it comes, whatever stories they may choose to spread of its being showered on them by spirit hands, for yearly when the south-east winds begin to blow, canoes are fitted out for lengthy excursions to the vicinity of that volcanic group known as the Father and Sons on the north-west coast. Sometimes they venture as far as the William Peninsula, where they trade or use coercion with the natives there for the tiny shells.

The value varies, the white being most prized, but a string a yard long is worth from two to three marks. Chiefs who
possess a good deal of tamboo have special huts erected wherein to keep it. Much as they love tamboo, witchcraft undoubtedly plays a more important part in the lives of these savages than even cupidity. The simplest form of magic is known by the name of Malira. It consists of a combination of leaves, fruits, weeds, fibre, and such like, fresh, dried or pulverised as the special recipe dictates, which is generally mixed with the food of the person who is to be bewitched, or it may be introduced with powder used in betel chewing, sometimes the spell works when the person simply touches the magic concoction. A recipe known to be effective is a godsend to its discoverer, he can sell it for much tamboo.

The Malira is used mostly as a love-spell, to bring about an illness, or for healing purposes. Its uses are manifold, but the native distinguishes keenly between witchcraft and poison.

Another magical process is called Pepe, but the properties of both are only the
vehicles by which the ever-present spirits may or may not effect that which is asked of them. The native has long since come to the conclusion that his witchcraft is powerless against the European, and his solution of that problem is that the white man, whom he recognises as greatly his superior, comes from a land where he has his own spells and his own special make of spirits.

The early residents at Herbertshöhe relate how, when they first appeared in the island, the natives gave themselves the utmost trouble to cast the strongest spells they knew over the new-comers; but gradually as they found their magic unavailing, gave it up as useless, since their spirits could not prevail against those of the white men.
CHAPTER X

NATIVES HUMANELY TREATED—AUSTRALASIAN LADIES—VISIT TO THE AUSTRALIAN METHODIST MISSION—NEW IRELAND DESCRIBED—SETTLEMENT EFFECTED—HIGHER PLANE OF CULTURE

There was sufficient material in the daily life at Herbertshöhe to fill many pages. I began to get accustomed to the ways and manners of the place, although I was often amazed at the long hours through which the Germans would "sit" and "soak," to use a forcible if inelegant expression.

Still, justice compels me to admit that British youths, generation after generation, have shortened their lives by excessive drinking in India. Now they have learned their lesson and find it does not pay! Most of them look forward to the day when they may enjoy their hard-earned pensions in England, and experience has shown that this is rarely the case with those who in early
manhood gave way to drinking in hot climates.

In my early matutinal strolls about the little settlement I saw plenty of natives. If alone in a plantation I always kept a good lookout to the rear, having no wish to be surprised unawares. When I saw one coming along the path behind me, I would turn to admire the view, fix a calm but smiling gaze on the noiseless pedestrian, which shyness, or some undefinable savage quality, prevented him from returning.

I would wonder at times when I studied these elementary humans, what pleasure the Almighty derived from the contemplation of His handiwork. Were I not steeped in the belief that law and order, otherwise evolutionary processes, govern this universe, the existence of primitive man would make me cavil at "the goodness of God," as glibly expressed by some semi-educated clerics who, incurably blind themselves, seek to lead those whose eyes are often wide open to the Light. Such words as the following, even
in the light of poetic licence are, to my mind, incentives to disbelief:

"God whose pleasure brought
Man into being, stands away
As it were a hand’s breadth off, to give
Room for the newly-made to live."

Many a laugh we enjoyed over the jargon, known as Pidgin-English. The kanaka’s description of a piano his mistress had just received, amused me greatly: "Missus have one fellow big box, she fight him, he cry!"

The fact that personally I never witnessed anything approaching rough usage on the part of the Europeans at Herbertshöhe, must not be omitted. In fact, it was repeatedly borne in upon my comprehension that the plantation managers and others would have welcomed additional powers to deal punitively with those they employed; but the protective policy of the administration regarding the treatment of these coloured labourers, based on the principle that without natives torrid lands are useless, leaves nothing to be desired from the humane standpoint.

As each day some resident would take me
for drives or offer me hospitality, I was able to stow away much miscellaneous information. It should be understood that in this remote spot no vehicle is to be hired, and if the Germans are unfavourably disposed towards a visitor, the latter sees nothing.

On two occasions the manager of the hotel procured the loan of a gig from a friend and drove me about nine miles in a south-easterly direction to a plantation owned by the New Guinea Company, where the wife of the manager with much hospitality received me. She had not been in this colony very long, having lived in German East Africa, where rubber constitutes a lucrative export. She was greatly interested in the island entymology, and had taught one or two kanaka lads to catch the butterflies without damaging them, and to place them carefully between triangularly folded pieces of paper, for which she paid them. I was given a good selection, for which I was truly grateful. The drive to her house led uphill, mostly through the New Guinea Company's plantations, and past several managers'
houses. The first time, the youthful Bavarian who drove me was like a boy let loose from school the moment the hotel was out of sight. He chatted and laughed, and when we came upon groups of kanakas clearing a road, his humour knew no bounds.

"Oh! you one fellow kanakas, you work too hard, far too hard, you'll die too soon for sure!" he roared at them, pointing with his whip, and laughing loudly at their looks of blank astonishment, as he chaffed them over the languid ease which characterises the movements of this physically weak race.

In the evening, the good-natured fellow drove all the way out again to fetch me, and then on each occasion we took at breakneck speed short cuts over cart tracks, bumped this way one moment, and with the rebound holding on for dear life the next, but in the highest of spirits reaching the hotel before dark in time for dinner.

Another evening I took some lantern
slides of Jamaica to the Roman Catholic schoolhouse, being escorted thereto and back again by two intelligent youths. In one of the class-rooms I held forth to the half-caste children and the sisters upon the beauties of the West Indies, whilst two of the Fathers manipulated the lantern.

Amongst the European residents at the afternoon tennis-parties, presided over by Queen Emma, I made the acquaintance of two Australians and a New Zealander. The former were from Sydney, and the husband occupied the position of manager of the Forsyth stores at Herbertshöhe, his wife lived in a small house not far distant. The latter had first made the acquaintance of the colony and of her future husband under the auspices of the Australian Methodist Mission. The excitement of converting cannibalistic natives from the errors of their way had paled before the attractions of matrimony, and she had espoused a German manager, belonging to the Forsyth firm, and lived very happily some ten miles distant. She
was kind enough to invite me to stay a few days with her before leaving New Britain.

The above mission, founded by Dr George Brown in 1775, had as its first sphere of labour the opposite coast of New Ireland, where, at Hunter's Harbour, the intrepid missionary in the *John Wesley* first anchored. The same year, however, saw also the foundation of a second station at Nodup, on the north of the Gazelle, just at the foot of the Mother. The mission is continuing its active work, aided by Samoan catechists, some of whom I saw when escorted by Queen Emma in her steam-launch to Raluana, a few miles along the shores of the bay westward of Ralum, to visit two Australian ladies who were finding the work of teaching strenuous and the mode of life somewhat harder, I fancy, than they had bargained for.

The workers are not under vows to remain; most of them return home after a few years spent in this extensive mission-field. The pointed meaning of Bishop Coppée's
remark: "We are here for life," was apparent. It was not difficult to sum up for oneself in which of the two rival communities lay real heroism.

Then on different occasions I was taken by one of the partners of the Forsyth firm through their plantations, where besides copra, rubber, planted three years before, was not sufficiently established to yield handsome returns. A German war-ship had entered Blanche Bay, and one morning the honour of an invitation to an official lunch from their Excellencies reached me. Seated opposite to Queen Emma, an imposing figure for the occasion, the Governor, who sat between us, proved himself a perfect host, as well as a brilliant conversationalist.

Another day a delightful picnic was organised, and we started from Ralum in three or four carriages of sorts, our destination being a newly-made reservoir built for plantation purposes, through which a running stream flowed, some eight miles distant. Here we were to have a swim before lunch, when the gentlemen were to join us. On our way we
found the way blocked by a fallen tree; several kanakas were endeavouring to remove it, but without success. I wondered what would happen, for our little cavalcade had come to a full stop on rising ground, much to the apparent distaste of a pair of fine horses harnessed to the high carriage wherein I had been invited to seat myself. Queen Emma, however, showed herself full of resource. She sprang out of the little low carriage she was driving, and directed the natives to hack a way through the dense bush which flanked the narrow roadway: thus we circumvented the obstruction. The drive back was exciting to the Danish lady and myself. Our native driver who sat in front, totally unable to control his horses, allowed them to plunge madly down a long hill, at the bottom of which was a brook filled with water. We swayed and bumped down the rough road, got splashed up to our eyebrows, but fortunately the steep ascent the other side quieted the creatures somewhat, and though I am not nervous behind good horse-flesh, certainly a special Provi-
dence had us in His keeping as we swished round sharp corners, arriving safely at Ralum before the rest of the party. Late that evening I returned to the hotel in my hostess's rickshaw, it being pitch dark.

At meal-time Dr Thurnwald was always interesting; from him I learnt a good deal of what the Germans had done in New Ireland. This long, narrow island, 240 miles in length, where there are continuous mountain chains, containing porphyry, basalt and volcanic rocks, possesses altitudes rising to 10,000 feet. The approaching visitor in many places sees nothing but virgin forests extending from the sea-shores to the heights beyond. Both on the east and west coasts the mountains mostly skirt the shores, and but little strand is visible. In the rainy season deep intersecting chasms and valleys are washed by mountain torrents.

In this island, says Dr Thurnwald, there is a marked difference between the people of the northern part to those of the south of New Ireland, who are con-
sidered to be racially allied to the kanakas of the Gazelle Peninsula. In the north they display far superior intelligence, and therefore are preferred for plantation labour, but owing to its mountainous character, the island does not present such opportunities for cultivation as New Britain, and another great obstacle to its development lies in its lack of good harbours. Excepting on the south coast there is very little anchorage. Of the interior, as yet, not much is known.

In 1888 Count Joachim Pfeil crossed from east to west, opposite the Duke of York Islands, where the mountains are several thousand feet lower than the rest of the chain. The region is highly volcanic, and in the islands of St John and Caens, with Gardner and Fischer on the east coast, hot springs abound, and there are many extinct craters. The coasts are now familiar to Europeans, who constantly pass up and down from Herbertshöhe to Nusa in the extreme north, where after much difficulty and several catastrophes, the
INDUSTRIOUS NATIVES

Germans have at last succeeded in establishing settlements.

The first enterprise in this remote locality was effected by the Hernsheim firm in 1880, and not long after a second was established at Kapsu, some twenty miles south of Nord Cape. The efforts of the pioneers have been most successful, and a network of good roads connects the little port of Nusa with the surrounding plantations. A few of the coral islets in Byron’s Straits, which divide New Ireland from New Hanover, have been placed under cultivation, and in the south-east of the last-named island there are level tracks which will probably also serve for the growing of copra.

Before the establishment of a police station, the natives were exceedingly troublesome, but they have now learnt to respect the “mailed fist,” and have settled down into an industrious people, making roads from one village to another and keeping them in good order. In this locality cannibalism is a thing of the past,
though it flourishes in parts of New Ireland where European rule does not yet extend a salutary check.

Totemism obtains amongst the northern inhabitants of New Ireland, polygamy is fashionable, initiation ceremonies for youths, with seclusion before marriage for brides, are customs in full force. Cremation plays an important part in the funeral ceremonies; sometimes a figure to represent the deceased accompanies the proceedings which, at the conclusion of the festivities, is flung into the flames with the corpse.

One feature, unique in the Archipelago, connects the inhabitants of Siara, a district lying to the south of Cape St Maria, with the natives of the St John and Caens Groups, between whom there is friendly intercourse which, in these latitudes, generally points to more or less blood relationship. Here Polynesian influence is distinctly discernible in the tattooing. It is generally practised by the women of the locality, and their naïve fancy objects to see both sides
of the face alike; therefore on one cheek a native will have lines depicting the fronds of a fern, on the other circular tracings denoting the section of a nut which grows in the district.
CHAPTER XI

EARLY START TO VISIT BUSH KANAKAS—A TERRIBLE TRAGEDY—GOVERNOR'S CLASSIFICATION OF ARCHIPELAGO PEOPLES—DENSE BUSH—NATIVE VILLAGES—METHOD OF CATCHING FLYING FOXES

ONE fine morning having breakfasted I stood on my verandah listening for the sound of wheels. Punctually at 5.45 his Excellency appeared in a little, low, pony carriage belonging to his wife. Light gigs are generally used, but as Dr Hahl kindly considered my comfort, for the drive was long and the way uphill, he had given the preference to this vehicle.

Our destination was the police and telephone station of Thomá, over 1000 feet above sea-level, situated twelve miles inland, at the extreme limit of German settled territory inland. Energetic, alert, and emphatic, the Governor talked as he strode along beside
the horse where the road was rough and steep.

Ascending in a south-westerly direction, "far from gay cities and the ways of men," for the most part between the plantations of the New Guinea Company and those of the firm of Forsyth, occasionally passing a manager's house, a beautiful view of Blanche Bay, with the volcano opposite, flanked on the east by the majestic contour of the mountains of New Ireland, was afforded us. On its gleaming waters, shallow over the reefs but of great depth where the passage for the mail steamers is indicated, a small steam launch belonging to one of the firms was busily hurrying to Matupi; nearer to the shore, like tiny dots on the surface, natives in their canoes were fishing. A small steamer lay off the landing-sheds of the Catholic Mission; probably it had brought a load of timber from the station of St Paul in the Baining country, the Governor thought, then referring to the able and successful Bishop Coppée, he declared that as statesman, as settler, and as missionary, the prelate's gifts
were of the first order. Their politics, naturally antagonistic, had at times brought them into collision with each other, but that in no way had prejudiced him against the ecclesiastic, who was in duty bound to work for the extension of his Church.

When we were not very far distant from Thomá, a settler's house was pointed out as the scene of a terrible tragedy, in 1902, when the inhabitants of those native settlements we were about to visit had been severely punished. I had heard of this in the hotel, and indeed had met the husband at dinner one night whose wife and child had been murdered. It appeared that Frau Wolf with her little boy and Miss Parkinson, who was staying with them, was holding a market upon the verandah in the front of her house, when a body of natives entering unseen from the back, passed through the central living room and brained the poor lady to death, also killing the boy. The other lady was hidden in an outhouse by a friendly native, from which she eventually,
by crawling through the bush, reached Herbertshöhe. The reason for this outrage seemed to be that the lady’s husband had disturbed for agricultural purposes, some old burying-grounds belonging to their gunans.

His Excellency went on to explain that although the natives were treacherous and cruel and only understood fighting as ambushing their foe, yet he had found them uniformly loyal to blood relationships. He proceeded to discuss the Archipelago races from an ethnographical point of view, so far as he had as yet made their acquaintance in his frequent expeditions. The following is an outline of their racial affinities.

In New Britain the coast natives of the Gazelle Peninsula, the inhabitants of the Duke of York Islands, and the coastals of the south of New Ireland possess affinities in language, customs, and physique, although they speak in many dialects. This demarcation includes the islanders from Massava on the north to Löndup on the east coast with
those living on the islands of Massikunabuka, Massava, Urar, Watom, and Matupi, and stretches inland as far as the Varczin. In New Ireland it includes all living on the coasts south of Gardner Island, taking in St John's, Caens Island and Gerrit Denys.

The Taulils living south-west of the Varczin, though few in number, are to be regarded as a complete race. They resemble their neighbours in the Gazelle Peninsula, but have a different grammatical language.

The Bainings living in the mountains to the west of the peninsula differ in appearance, customs, and speech, from any people living in the Archipelago.

The Sulkas living round Cape Orford are apparently a distinct race in language, customs, and appearance. These people by artificially binding the temples in infancy, cause the region of the occiput to protrude, and the peculiarity has earned for them the name of "Spitzköpfe." Its apparent isolation is curious. New Hanoverians and the
natives living north of New Ireland, including Sandwich, Fischer, and Gardner Islands, differ from the first people described—less in appearance than in customs and speech—but notwithstanding the various dialects are nearly related to each other.

Buka and Bougainville are inhabited by almost black Solomon islanders, different in speech and appearance to the others.

The Carteret and Sir Charles Hardy Groups are the meeting-places of the lighter-coloured New Irelanders with the dark Buka.

The Admiralty islanders are different to any others in appearance and language. The Papuan frizzy hair is to be seen here as well as the Polynesian curl.

The natives of St Matthias, Storm and Hunter Islands, resemble those of New Hanover.

The fast-disappearing inhabitants of the Hermits, the Anchorites and the Exchequer Islands, show very mixed traits; whilst those of Matty and Douro point to Malay or Mongol origin.
Having arrived at Thomá, we left the carriage and ascending a hill obtained a splendid view of the district and of the mountains to the west. Then our way led along a wide road which eventually would join Thomá to Simpsonhafen. Here we met several natives, who seemed to have plenty to say to the Governor concerning the making of this road, which is the condition upon which they hold their reservations. Compared with the tigerish aspect of the Admiralty natives, these bush kanakas looked almost imbecile. As bush natives they are different from the coastals. The chief was pointed out. His scanty goat-like beard and general bearing were by no means impressive. When Dr Hahl explained that we were going to visit their villages, several immediately offered to escort us. Soon we plunged into bush shoulder-high, and followed our guides on a well-beaten but very narrow, tortuous track. I do not recollect how long we were before we came, walking always in single file (gänsemarseh) to a clearing where bananas and cocoanut-palms, with taro, were
DEBRIS BURIED

cultivated; but in that heat, for it was nearly ten o'clock, it seemed a very long distance. A circuitous path then led to the entrance of the palisaded hillock, chosen by this family group doubtless for its possibilities of defence. A thick fence, made of closely-staked, split, bamboo poles, from five to six feet high, securely fastened to each other by ratang grass, enclosed a space not exceeding half an acre. Here some seven or eight low, oval-shaped huts, thatched with dried palm and banana leaves, clustered at the extreme opposite to the entrance. My surprise was great at the cleanliness of the ground, which was indeed swept and garnished, not in anticipation of our visit, but on account of the ingrained fear which these people have of magic; for if an enemy possessed himself of some débris, like crushed cocoanut, or of personal matter, such as hair, nails, he would, by his incantations, weave a spell against the possessor, who probably would die in consequence. I learnt that everything was collected most carefully and safely buried. On my inquiry as to where
were their women, they replied that they were away at market, but they pointed out a girl, who was sick, lying on a mat of woven palm inside a hut. We were invited to enter a dwelling about twelve feet long and five or six broad. It was necessary to stoop to get inside, nor could one stand upright when there. Excepting for native mats on the ground, the place was bare! No pottery! No household utensils! A compartment at the further end served as sleeping accommodation for the unmarried daughter. Water was brought us to drink from a hollow bamboo cane. In one hut I espied the embers still hot where a fire for cooking purposes had been kindled on the floor. We sat upon the curved trunk of a palm-tree and assuaged our thirst with the contents of the chief's cocoanuts. The latter showed us the proper way to enjoy this beverage, pouring the liquid down his throat without swallowing it. We tried to imitate him, but failed ignominiously. Not far from where we sat the chief's hut was situated, and immediately in front of it, on a spot of recently turned
soil, three crotons were planted, the centre was allowed to grow much higher than its neighbours. The three were laced together by twigs. At the roots some cocoanuts which had dropped from the trees were stacked. This betokened that they were *tabu* or sacred to the chief. I saw in several other places in the settlement this curious sign, denoting that property thus placed was not for the common herd. After a short time we were then conducted to another fenced enclosure, always through bush. Here there was but one long hut, which belonged to the unmarried men of the village, who were away also.

We were again invited by our guides to enter, which we did, but it was impossible to stand upright. Suddenly I started, for a black object suspended from the roof hit my nose. The Governor laughed, cut it down and, with the native's consent, presented it to me. It was not an inviting object, on nearer inspection being nothing less than a dried bat! It was explained that the bachelors preserved them to present to their prospective
AN ATTRACTIVE BACHELOR
brides. Since returning to Europe it was interesting to read in a publication issued by an Australasian scientific society, in a paper describing the folk-lore of the aboriginals of New South Wales, the following statement: "Over a very wide area of the Australian continent, the bat is held in great reverence." The writer then went on to say: "In most tribes with which I am acquainted, the bat is considered sacred to man, and figures frequently in their legendary lore." Gazing around, I noted that the men who had brought us here were deep in conversation with each other, and from their glances I guessed they were remarking upon my personal appearance. I asked Dr Hahl what they were saying about me. He was much amused as he listened to them, and it was evident they were interrogating him as to my presence in their midst. Then he smilingly explained that I had made a great impression upon them, and that they had asked if I were not a queen, or a very important person in my own country.

"I suppose the reason is that you are
piloting me round?" was my questioning remark.

"Not at all," replied he, "it is because they have never seen a woman as big as yourself!"

I asked him then to find out if these bush kanakas venerated any special animal. He talked a little with them and then said: "They hold no totem in respect. They say they are not like the coast people, who come of pigeons or of fish, they came from the hills, and can take wives where they choose."

A long walk to a distant settlement led again through dense bush, but at one place there were some very tall trees. Here we saw a snare set to catch flying foxes, always considered by the natives as a delicacy. A tree was selected for its great height, a long bamboo pole was fixed, slanting outwards to the trunk as near the top as possible. From the end of this a string with an ingenious contrivance of meshes was fixed, the other end being fastened to a stake driven firmly into the
ground. When the fox alighted upon the bamboo, it was suddenly enmeshed in the string.

In the next village we watched natives catch a chicken. One man squatted on the ground with one end of his twine in his hand, the other being fastened to a stake about ten paces away. The string between, lay loosely on the ground in an oblong loop held in place by tiny twigs stuck in the sandy earth. Another native scattered scraped cocoanut around and called to the chicken.

When the latter began to peck within the loop thus made, the string was drawn instantaneously and the fowl was thus caught by the leg by the man squatting some paces off on the ground.

On our return to Thomá, the natives led us by what we were given to understand was to be a short cut, but it proved to be a very long and fatiguing walk. One struggled up steep cliffs to descend them by clinging on to shrubs and trees.

The Governor accelerated the pace, which
was fairly smart before; the heat was tremendous, for it was approaching noon.

He explained when at last we had Thomá in sight, that he had foolishly left his revolver at home!
CHAPTER XII

DUTIES OF A CHIEF—UVIANA AND LULUAI DESCRIBED—KAMARA USED BY EUROPEANS—STATUS OF WOMEN—NUPTIAL, SYMBOLIC AND OTHER CEREMONIES—VUVUE FEAST—TRE-PANNING

FROM a study of Mr Parkinson's lately published work, to which I have so frequently referred, it is clear that there are great varieties amongst the customs and manners of allied peoples, yet to one who looks beneath the surface, there is a basic principle underlying all these diversities. The same feature applies equally to the numerous dialectical differences. A reason for this may be ascribed to the sparse and secluded settlements which rarely include two or more gunans. Generally, when the family becomes enlarged, one or more members separate and form a clan of their own.

The chief (a gala), is the headman of the
family group, responsible for the good or bad management of its possessions, and cases have been known when failing to perform his duties satisfactorily, he has been superseded by his brother, or by his sister's son, who would respectively (in case of death), be his heirs. He it is who buys wives for the youths of the gunan. By their labour in his cultivations they subsequently repay his outlay. He is treasurer of the highly-prized tamboo, and must be an expert as to the value of the different kinds of shell-money, as well as in the methods of increasing it by obtaining good interest for it. His hut represents the banking house of the clan. His duty is to provide sufficient food for the community, to insist on the cultivations being properly attended to. He may only alienate lands belonging to the gunan after due consultation with the other members. Being generally a financial genius, he manages to get good pickings for himself from the treasure he guards for the rest, and often attains the distinction of becoming known
as uviana, i.e., a very wealthy man. Apparently the chief does not always lead his people to battle, although he may unite in his person the offices of financier and commander-in-chief. Sometimes a younger man may have earned a reputation for prowess, and by his own merits becomes the "first war lord!" Such a one is called lulua and possesses many privileges. He may manage his own concerns, keep his own tamboo, and is not directly under the authority of the chief. When the trumpet signal is raised and the gunans are summoned to assemble in an appointed place, it is surprising how quickly they respond to the call, to learn the cause for which they are wanted. It may be that one of their number has been killed, or somebody has been robbed of his wife, or that an enemy is known to be on the war-path. Sometimes a gunan finds itself menaced by a stronger foe, then men, women and children, laden with the treasures of the community, start quickly into the bush to hide the tribal regalia till
the trouble is over. Nowadays, however, most disputes are amicably settled by payments of shell-money. After deciding the amount, the mediators from the two opposing parties exchange clay and betel-nut, and thereby set the seal to, sometimes, lasting peace.

There is a custom, called kamara, which should be mentioned in this connection, as it is used effectively at times by Europeans. A resident near Herbertshöhe found that he was constantly robbed of agricultural produce, and was quite unable to detect the thief till an old chief advised him to use kamara. In accordance with his suggestion the German took away a canoe belonging to a kanaka, telling the latter of the frequent losses he had sustained, and requiring him to discover the perpetrator. Needless to say, the stolen articles, or others in compensation, found their way back to the European, and the canoe was quickly restored to its owner. It was afterwards discovered that spies had been placed all over the plantations and at the
markets held at the white man’s house to facilitate the capture of the thief. Thus kamara has often been used with success.

Woman in the Gazelle Peninsula has a right to live only because she has a right to work; for this purpose, if for no other, she came into the kanaka’s world, and—

“If she be small, slight-natured, miserable,
How shall men grow? . . .
. . . let her make herself her own
To give or keep, to live and learn and be.”

She is his property, and must labour in the fields for him. If any person injures her, so as to render her incapable of performing the same, he must pay a sum in compensation. Failure to keep the matrimonial compact is regarded as not so serious as pulu, which is marrying or having unlawful relations with one of the same totemic division. This is punishable with death (unless the missionary or Government intervene), which is meted out to the offender by a brother or maternal uncle. In case of disagreement or of death, the woman returns to her relatives,
from whom she may be bought by a second husband. Marriages are generally arranged by the uncle of the bride and the father of the bridegroom. The exchange of presents, of tamboo and feasting, are the chief features of the matrimonial ceremonies, but the young people seem to have opportunities given them to discover for themselves whether the proposed union will be agreeable. For several days before the nuptial event the bridegroom, accompanied by a friend, visits his fiancé, who prepares food for him. If he does not admire her, he refuses the food she offers, and if the girl objects to her future spouse, it is only under compulsion that she offers him bananas or taro, etc. As a final test condition, a fire is made outside the hut on a certain day. If the lady, after due consideration, approves of her bridegroom, she turns her face towards him; if she refuses to look at him, it means that she insuperably objects to him as a husband. After this, if the relatives fail to persuade her to change her mind, they resort to magic and love-spells, and if that does not bring about the
desired result, the affair is at an end and the money restored.

Etiquette demands that sons-in-law should not eat or chew betel with their parents-in-law, nor should they call them by name. When an infant is entering the world the magician is always much in request. He appears with a basket of charred coral, and taking pinches of it between his thumb and forefinger, muttering spells the while, wafts it in the air in every direction to frighten away bad spirits. If the newcomer is a boy, the women cry, "Hūh, hūh, hūh," if a girl, "Huh, huh!" The christening ceremony takes place generally the day following; presents of shell-money being always exchanged between the wife's relations and the husband. A heap of leaves chosen from plants of mystic virtues is set alight. If it be a boy, a spear and sling and stone are laid beside the fire, a stick for planting, a bamboo knife, and other articles which he will use in the course of his life. A woman then takes the baby and waves it through the smoke, saying, "Grow big. Earn much
tamboo. Throw the spear! Hurl the stone!”

In the case of a girl the words are: "Grow up! Grow strong to work, so that you may compel the field to bring forth."

The magician, who is always present, holds his hands in the smoke, and taking some ashes in his fingers touches the eyes, ears, nose and mouth of the child, that it may be guarded against evil spirits. Then the infant is named after a relative or friend, for which privilege the father pays a small sum. The choice of names is limited to those within the cognisance of the kanaka intelligence. Bamboo, bread-fruit, and such like are the vogue.

Symbolic ceremonies are by no means restricted to the occasion described. At funeral observances they play a great part. During the obsequies of a coastal native, whose occupation in life has been fishing on the reef, someone present will bring seawater in a hollow bamboo cane and sprinkle it upon the ground before the corpse, signifying the farewell the deceased must now
take of that which in his life was so familiar to him. In the same way a basket of earth will be shaken out before the dead body of a landsman, taro, bananas, and other products being placed close by, denote that all these articles must now be left behind. Sometimes the canoe may serve as a coffin, and be interred with the corpse. The mourners on these occasions present ghastly spectacles; they cover their bodies with soot and oil mixed well together, and renew the coating daily until the period of deepest mourning has passed. There is one distinctive circumstance in the life of the gunan, of which mention should be made, especially as it affords striking proof of that cupidity, which is one of the greatest forces in operation in the Gazelle Peninsula. This is the feast of the vuvue, and its mode of procedure is as follows: A rich man (uviana) distributes amongst the men in his neighbourhood all sorts of wares. Nowadays these include European goods, and range from knives and belts to tobacco and pipes. Formerly the articles were weapons and agricultural pro-
ducts. The receiver knows that, sooner or later, he must pay for the goods. On the day appointed for due payment a hut is carefully and artistically constructed, a tempting spread is prepared, consisting of cooked fish, roasted fowls, roasted taro with cocoanut sauce, and other inviting delicacies. Men, women and children gaily bedecked with flowers and feathers and all those articles which constitute native full dress, assemble. Family groups from surrounding villages form up for the dances and Sing-Songs which accompany every friendly gathering. Then each gunan, so far as noise is concerned, does its utmost to outdo those who have gone before. Meanwhile the correct behaviour on the part of the giver of the feast is to assume absolute indifference to the proceedings. After the dancing the natives of each community pass in front of him, and lay at his feet their payment in tamboo. But nobody could be more alive to his own interest, or note with a keener eye those whose deposit is not full payment for goods received, in an assemblage possibly numbering several
hundreds. Natives who attend the vuvue without the needful shell-money are marked men, and no great time elapses before pressure is put upon them to pay up and look pleasant.

Generally the vuvue-giver makes a very good thing out of it. I was told that as much as 750 marks (£37, 10s.) has been realised on the outlay. This custom, however, like many others, is changing its character under the new conditions engendered by the advent of the white man.

Although these natives have no knowledge of pottery and of weaving, their large weirs for fishing and their nets show considerable skill. Formerly women were allowed to take no part in this industry, but even here an improvement has taken place, and women may be seen on the shore adjusting fishing-tackle. These weirs, or crate-like baskets, are sometimes visible on the surface of the water, sometimes they lie on the floor of the reef. Fish, besides being netted, are occasionally speared. Off the
island of Matupi a curious custom prevailing: tiny fish are caught, opened and stuffed with a preparation of leaves, producing a stupefying effect. These are then used as bait for bigger fish, which generally feed on them, the narcotic causing them to come to the surface of the water, when the kanaka in his canoe easily catches them.

On the north coast of the peninsula, in the vicinity of the islands of Urar and Massava, the catching of tortoises is an occupation of several days' duration. This is only undertaken when the south-east winds are blowing. The eggs are greatly sought after, and a tortoise will often lay over one hundred.

Another island on the north coast, called Vlatom, possesses the monopoly of a certain make of canoe, easily recognisable by the shape of its beak-like prow. Dug-outs with outriggers on the left side are used in these seas, the ornamentations varying with different localities.

Perhaps the greatest skill displayed by the ethnographical division to which the
Gazelle kanakas belong, is that displayed in native surgery. Their knowledge of the different organs of the body is evidenced by the way in which gunshot wounds have been treated, but in the art of trepanning they seem to have been unusually successful. Mr Parkinson showed me skulls bearing traces of this treatment, and he can point to natives still alive who in years gone by have undergone this operation. If during a fight a native falls, struck by a stone from an enemy's sling, he is taken straightway to a man skilled in the art of trepanning, who at once diagnoses the case. If the stone has penetrated the temples, he immediately declares that it is hopeless to operate, but if the wound is in the frontal region, he washes first his hands and afterwards the patient's wound in the liquid of a young cocoanut, then with a sharpened shell or an obsidian splinter, he makes a transverse incision. Meanwhile two assistants gently and slowly draw back the scalp. The next thing is to remove the injured bone. This is generally effected by the use of sharp pieces
of the cocoanut, until the brain is visible, which the operator then inspects with the utmost care. If he observes a slight pulsating sensation, he is satisfied that a speedy recovery will ensue; if such is not present, he considers that something has pierced the brain, and commences to search for it. If he is successful and finds it, the next process is to scrape the edges of the opening he has made until they are quite smooth and until the hole is round, or elliptical. He then covers the aperture with a piece of the bark of a certain tree or with the leaf of a special kind of banana previously warmed. The two sides of the severed scalp may then be replaced, the hair in the vicinity is cut off and the wound again washed with cocoanut fluid. To keep the scalp in the right position a network of ratang grass is drawn over the upper part of the head. To conclude the treatment without recourse to those unseen influences which appeal so strongly to the savage is impossible. A species of bandage, made from leaves belonging to plants possessing magical properties
of highly curative repute, is bound round the temples. The psychic value of this doubtless materially assists the recovery of the superstitious native.

A visitor to Herbertshöhe may notice any day lads having perpendicular furrows on their foreheads, and may very naturally look upon such as aids to personal adornment, but the fact has been elicited that this feature is intended to preserve the boy in his future life from epileptic attacks or brain disorders. One woman, wiser than the rest, operates upon the children of from three to six years of age. An incision laying bare the frontal bone is made, which is scraped until a furrow is formed in it, when the skin is carefully drawn back again and a bandage of leaves, believed to possess healing virtue, bound round the temples, and in ten days the wound is cured. Broken limbs with the aid of splints are often mended. Blood-letting in cases of various aches and pains is considered a splendid remedy! For internal maladies and against epidemics magic is their unique recourse. To drive away those
unfriendly spirits who bring the latter, the kanakas arm themselves with torches of dried sticks and leaves with which, when lighted, they rush screaming their loudest through the countryside.
CHAPTER XIII

THE SHOOTING-GROUND—HORBILL DANCE—SECRET SOCIETIES—THE DUK DUK—INGIET

In the course of these pages reference has often been made to the native dances which accompany almost every event of importance in the life of the South Sea islanders. During the last ten days of my sojourn in New Britain, Queen Emma arranged a Sing-Song for my benefit. It took place in the "shooting-ground," where tennis and archery are the attractions, and where residents generally assemble about 4 p.m. for coffee and gossip. Picturesquely situated, bounded on one side by high cliffs covered with vegetation, the neatly-trimmed lawns and the summer-house compare very favourably with pleasure-gardens of the kind in Europe. Here Queen Emma presided over her little court, and very smart were
some of the gay muslins worn by the planters' wives and one or two others on these occasions, whilst the gentlemen present were clad in those white suits which are so suitable for tropical wear. The programme commenced with the dancing of New Ireland "boys," who were to be followed by the kanakas of the Gazelle. All taking part were employés of the firm of Forsyth, and since the number of labourers employed in their various undertakings number about one thousand two hundred, there were plenty at Ralum, the headquarters of the industry, to make a goodly show.

We had taken tea when the noise and dust made by the approaching natives arrested my attention. Gaily bedecked and happy, they advanced towards us, carrying all the musical instruments which compose the native orchestra. They soon found a convenient spot on the grass, and the crowd which followed on their heels grouped themselves at the far end under the cliffs in a semicircular ring behind the musicians, preparing to do their part in the screeching
which accompanies the dancers' movements. Their countenances expressed the utmost satisfaction with the arrangements and with their own appearance, full dress being de rigueur. Oiled and polished, their brown skins shone in the afternoon light to the last degree of fitness. My hostess, surveying the human menagerie, remarked that they must have raided her stores for the lubricating medium so generously employed in embellishing their persons.

The general impression left upon the visitor was that scarlet was the favourite colour. Magnificent rosettes of the scarlet double hibiscus were fastened to the top of neatly-trimmed heads, flanked for the most part with cassowaries' feathers, or those from the domestic fowl, and their lava-lavas were of the same brilliant hue.

Presently all eyes were turned towards the garden entrance, and over the heads of the bystanders masked dancers became visible as they approached us. It was the first time I had seen these curious figures, though they are common enough in the Archipelago.
These New Ireland "boys," who probably came from the north of that island, where the culture is on a higher plane than in the Gazelle Peninsula, and where they excel in pantomimic dances, had chosen for this occasion to perform a totemic dance. It was pointed out that the painted wooden masks with long beaks represented the hornbill, and probably some of those present belonged to that locality where this bird is the sacred emblem of their tribe, or clan. In the dance which followed, it was decidedly interesting to perceive how carefully the bird's motions had been studied by these mimics. On a framework of bamboo, extending from the waist to the knees, completely hidden from view, many layers of dried fern leaves were fastened, and the effect at a distance was that of a ballet-girl's skirts; the shoulders and head were completely enveloped in the heavy wooden mask and ornamented with feathers and greenery. Flowers and grass were thrust through the carved beaks, and white circles were painted round the slits left for the wearer's eyes to look through.
First of all one masked dancer came forward from a group who kept themselves in the background, with the quick, short running movements of the hornbill, peering this way and that. In a few moments the bird was supposed to espy her mate, and shook with excitement at the glad sight of him, remaining, however, stationary. We looked around us, and on the opposite side of the garden there hopped out of the bushes another dancer, who in the same way thrilled with delight at the sight of his lady-love. With short, sharp movements of the head each peered around, as if not only shy to approach, but fearing that other hornbills would note their movements. Then came an advance from the one nearest us, then a halt and another searching of the landscape, another quick run and another stop to reconnoitre, till finally the two dancers met, then taking each other’s hands they danced round and round in quick, tiny steps, until it was time for another couple to repeat the procedure, during which they stood with legs apart in a semi-crouching attitude.
Compared with the vigorous, intelligent mimicry of the hornbill dance, that of the Gazelle kanakas was not impressive. It consisted of a series of bodily movements swaying backwards and forwards, to the right and to the left, languid and graceful perhaps, but to an onlooker there was nothing in it. As I watched the performance, I involuntarily recalled the words I had repeatedly heard, to the effect that these "natives were born tired." After the "boys" had danced some time they were motioned aside, and a party of girls, belonging to the neighbourhood, had a turn. They wore wreaths of flowers and carried garlands, waving them to and fro as they sang and danced, much in the same way as the Gazelle "boys" already described.

Then labourers from the island of New Guinea, enveloped from head to foot in a huge, outstanding cloak of banana leaves, fastened also on to a bamboo framework, completely concealed by the thick foliage, wearing tall, pointed cocoanut masks, painted and adorned with a high erection,
surmounted by pigeons' and cocks' feathers, entered upon the scene. The back view of these dancers was somewhat grotesque, reminding one forcibly of an archbishop's cope and mitre. The dance seemed to consist in hopping round one or two musicians. Some said it was a devil-dance, which others disputed. Doubtless the Sing-Song would have been prolonged till next day if it had been permitted, but at dusk they were dismissed.

It was about this time that Mrs Parkinson arranged for me to see a Duk Duk dance, which I was also eager to witness, especially as it may only take place in the month of May. Perhaps it may be desirable, before proceeding further, to give some idea of the secret societies which are to be found throughout Melanesia. In New Ireland and in New Hanover apparently they are connected with a species of ancestor worship. In Buka, a similar institution is known as Kokorra.

In the Gazelle Peninsula, as far inland as Vunakokor and westwards to Weberhafen,
the Duk Duk and the Ingier societies include many members. The former, so far as this locality is concerned, is not more than sixty years old; its introduction into the Gareffe Mr Parkinson places about 1830, and the success it has since obtained may be attributed to ingrained savage cupidity. As a fraudulent system for acquiring camboe, it ranks as primus non parvus. The latter, a religious society of unknown origin, has grown with the people’s growth, and has struck its roots deep down in the life of the Gareffe kanaka. Little of its doings is so far known, but it may be defined as the home of magic.

Formerly the Duk Duk was much more in evidence than it is to-day. Its meetings and dances took place so continuously that in the early days of the colony plantation labour was often in consequence quite disorganised, and they were the occasions of so much extortion, with other evils, that the administration found themselves compelled to limit the festivities to the month of May. The missionaries also bring their influence
to bear upon the natives, for the suppression of these secret societies. To them the attendant crimes are nothing less than the work of the devil made manifest; the result being that nowadays the Duk Duk is mild when compared with its former character.

After thirty years' of experience in the Archipelago, Mr Parkinson considers that none of these secret societies are based on any deep underlying bond of union, or principle of action, their chief object being to obtain material enjoyments, better food, greater opportunities for idleness and love-making.

By encircling their movements with a halo of sanctity, and by creating a great impression of their power and authority in the minds of women and the uninitiated, as well as by imposing upon the credulity of their superstitious brethren, tamboo may be easily filched from them.

The novice who enters the Duk Duk pays a good sum for the privilege of membership. He is taught ghastly stories of the spirit world, of horrible apparitions. In artificially-
produced noises he is told to listen to the spirits talking, and above all he is enjoined to divulge none of the wonderful things he hears.

The place of assembly where the masks are kept is called Tariau, and it is held so sacred that death, in pre-German days, was meted out to the woman who profanely stepped over it—even in these times an intruder must pay a heavy fine. The persons of the dancers when masked were also possessed with the same sanctity, and in the costume of the Duk Duk could rob or murder, without anyone daring to stop him. Women and children rushed into the bush at their approach, a circumstance which points to cannibalistic practices being formerly associated with these dances.

The Tariau is generally so situated that strangers would never discover it. Beside the bushes which generally encircle the spot, on festal occasions native-woven mats screen it from view, and here the costumes are arranged. Two kinds of masks are used. The Tabuan, conically-shaped, crowned with
a tuft of parrots' feathers, has large, white rings painted round the eyes. The Duk Duk mask is different; it is long and pointed; sometimes it is as much as two yards high; its ornamentation with feathers, or carvings decorated with flowers, is according to the taste of its wearer. Strangely enough, the Duk Duk societies occasionally include one or two old women in their number. Those entitled to wear the Tabuan hold the highest office in the institution, which they have either inherited or bought, and it takes a rich man to discharge its duties in a satisfactory manner. The idea connected with the Tabuan is that it represents either a female deity or the feminine principle, but this is not clear. The Duk Duk are her children.

It is to the Tabuan to whom the father or uncle applies for the admission of a son or nephew to Duk Dukship, and a lengthy notice beforehand is requisite to ensure the necessary payment being forthcoming on the day appointed. The signal which commences the proceedings is the loud cry of the Tabuan
resounding through the bush. The candidates are then brought to the Tariau, when they form a circle round the presiding Tabuan who, in full dress, howls, dances and uses the switch he holds over the shoulders of the neophytes, whilst others standing outside assist in the castigation. This task completed, the entrance fees are collected from the parents, the lads being regaled meanwhile with roast fish and roast taro; after this, the Tabuan, once more the centre of an admiring circle, takes off all his attire and shows himself to the candidates, making them believe that the spirits keep the leafy covering fastened to his body.

They are now instructed in the steps and evolutions of the Duk Duk’s dance. Then a wide circle is formed and an official presents everyone with three or four yards of shell-money. This renders the birth of the Duk Duk complete. The following day each of these newly-made members sets out to visit the neighbourhood and to collect tamboo, repairing every night to the Tariau to sleep, and this daily pilgrimage lasts for a
month. At the end of the period a great feast is prepared, after which the Duk Duks are all considered dead, and depart to their respective homes.

On the shore at Herbertshöhe during May, one of the quaintest sights is to be seen, when a number of natives push off to accompany a Tabuan with the newly-born Duk Duks who, wearing their leafy dress and heavy masks, dance from end to end of their frail canoes.

This was what the Danish lady and myself were invited to witness from Mrs Parkinson's residence. That lady being privileged to visit the Tariau, had asked for the performance on our behalf. Torrential rain prevented a large gathering, and since those present alleged that their leafy costumes would be spoilt, we, too, thought it would be a pity to wash the paint off the masks, and returned to Herbertshöhe as quickly as an ancient pony and a tropical storm permitted.

Of far greater importance, on account of its deeply magical nature, is the working of the society known as Ingiet, in the life of the
kanaka of the Gazelle Peninsula. Owing to the secrecy which the native preserves with regard to its dealings, it is difficult for the European to gain much exact knowledge with regard to the special kinds of witchcraft practised.

The Government may legislate against the Duk Duk, and the missionaries' influence can go a long way to lessen its criminal extravagance; but the widespread Ingiet societies' magic is so firmly rooted in the nature of these Melanesians, that it is a problem whether time and Christianity will ever wholly eradicate it.

Mariwot is the name of the place where the members assemble, and it is always surrounded with a thick hedge, so that women and children shall not be able to watch the proceedings, which include many objectionable practices. These spots are generally selected in the depths of the forest, and figures supposed to represent sharks, snakes, dolphins, etc., are carved out of the bark of the trees and painted black, white and red. A small sum of shell-money
admits to membership, and quite young boys are admitted. The secrets of the society may only be divulged by one of its chief officials, and all undergo instruction from their appointed instructor. Their dances are accompanied by simultaneous stamping of the feet, and such precision must be attained, that it takes much practice to become expert. Many of the accompanying songs are sung in falsetto.

The mysteries of Ingiet appertain solely to the region of witchcraft. Spells and incantations, with the accompanying ceremonies of gesticulation to procure material benefit, protection from bad spirits, from sickness, are taught, also those which bring about the death, the illness, or ruin of an enemy, and on these occasions, the number of evil spirits invoked is legion, almost every object within the native's sphere of cognisance being possessed with devilships of varying degrees of malevolence.

In the Duke of York Islands, in St George's Channel, Ingiet is universal, and possibly the natives are even more super-
stitious than in the Gazelle, yet Australian Methodists, with their Samoan and Fiji catechists and helpers, have worked there for thirty years!

There is nothing of a totemic character about this secret society, although in the group just mentioned the inhabitants show more traces of totemism than those of the peninsula, where only the most elementary forms of it exist, firstly, in the two moieties which in the north-east of the Gazelle are distinguished on the one part by the use of we, and on the other by the use of they; secondly, in their exogamous marriages; and thirdly, in the children always belonging to the mother's family.
CHAPTER XIV

I VISIT KABA KAUL—A LOVE STORY—AN EARTHQUAKE—
GUESTS FROM HERBERTSHÖHE—A NOCTURNAL DISTURBANCE—
BISMARCK'S REMARK TO BUSCH—CONCLUSION

THE last few days I spent in New Britain were passed at the house of the New Zealand lady already mentioned in the foregoing pages.

She came to the hotel early one morning in her pony-carriage, in order that we might escape the blazing noonday sun.

The house was about ten miles away, and the plantation, named Kabakaul, of which Herr M—— was manager, was co-terminous with the boundary of the settled territory, due east of Herbertshöhe. Beyond, lay native bush, and that of the densest; within, the secrets of savagery.

Having passed the property of the Roman Catholic Mission, we entered the plantations
of M. Mouton, that gentleman being the only survivor in Melanesia of the disastrous expedition of the arch-swindler, the Marquis de Rey.

Before arriving at Kabakaul, at one part our way led down a very steep hill and up a rough ascent, then on a narrow track with a steep bank on either side. I remarked to my companion:

"What a bad road on a dark night," but she declared that she would trust her horse to take her safely home at any time of day or night. In fact, two days before, she, with the baby and native nurse, had started late in the afternoon from Herbertshöhe. They had been delayed on the road, a storm of driving rain had added to their discomfiture, the lamps had gone out, and there was nothing else to do in the pitch blackness but trust themselves to the faithful steed, which had, much to her husband’s relief, brought them safely back.

The manager’s bungalow, built on concrete blocks, stood on ground sloping to the shore, about a quarter of a mile away. It was of
the usual type, a central room with a large bedroom on the right, two smaller ones to the left; the whole surrounded with a wide verandah, upon which meals were taken and business of all kinds transacted. The kitchen, bathroom, and a whole row of outbuildings were connected by a covered passage giving on to the verandah. The great feature in building dwellings for Europeans is not only to construct them in a manner best calculated to withstand the constant earthquake-shocks, an art which the Germans seem to have mastered, but to ensure a cool retreat on one side or another of the bungalow. On the evening of my arrival my hostess took me to the reef to see the natives spearing fish. On our way between the house and the shore, we passed large sheds covered with sheets of corrugated iron. In these the three hundred "boys" employed upon the plantation kept the treasures they had brought from their various island homes, and had their sleeping quarters. Close by, copra was being dried in the sun, whilst sacks were being filled with the
article ready for export. Some fine men, nearly black, from the island of Buka attracted my attention.

"How well they look!" I exclaimed, comparing them mentally with some of the diseased stragglers at Herbertshöhe.

"They are in splendid condition. We have very few who have to go to the hospital," replied she. At Ralum there are hospital-sheds where natives are constantly treated for various diseases. "They ought to be well, they get plenty of good food. Rice is imported, and we will drive you round to see our provision grounds," she added.

It was a pretty sight on the shore; men and women were wading on the reef, whilst others fished. I saw some of the weirs already described; in fact, the place was strewn with fishing-tackle of different kinds. Looking westward across the bay, I recognised the all-powerful Mother, whose eruptive playfulness I had already experienced several times. Before I left Kabakaual I was destined to have a real fright, for the severest shaking
A FISHERMAN OF NEW BRITAIN
from the volcano ever felt during German occupation took place during my visit to this lady. As we returned from our stroll I was amused to see a huge Buka islander carrying Frau M——’s baby boy, whose skin was of the fairest, as his hair was of the blondest Saxon type, so often seen in North Germany. As a study in black and white it was an artistic grouping, the native nurse-girl walking by his side.

"I will tell you about them," my friend began. "That Buka ‘boy’ is here for his second term of three years. When he was here before he fell in love with the girl, who comes from New Ireland, and they married; at the end of his term he went back to Buka, leaving the girl here, but he was so sad without her, that he returned to Herbertshöhe to indenture himself for another term of labour."

"Why did he not take her back to his island?" I asked innocently.

"Because they would have killed her. These people are always antagonistic to strangers," was her explanation.
“They don’t seem to have much to say to each other,” I remarked, as the interesting couple kept in view. It was pleasing to see how gentle the big Buka was with the little child, and how supremely happy the baby of fourteen months or so looked with his little white arm round the strong black neck.

“They can only talk to each other in Pidgin-English,” she laughed as she spoke. “He is quite a superior native, we have him as house-servant. I have taught him to wait at table, and he does so quite nicely when we have guests to dinner.”

The day following, after lunch, the “boys” were paid in kind. They receive their money-wage monthly, but in the interim get loin-cloths and tobacco. The former were torn off in equal lengths, according to pattern, from a great roll of cotton stuff, and I watched this procedure from the verandah whereon the manager stood whilst he distributed their dues. The men responded to their names and came shyly forward; their behaviour throughout the transaction which occupied some time was perfect from my point of view.
It was explained that the labourers were never permitted to venture upon the verandah of a planter's house—that was tabu—"otherwise," said Frau M——, "we should have them in our houses!"

She had a revolver in each room, she said, and both she and her husband slept with one close by them ready loaded, in case of emergency. So far, in her nearly three years' residence at Kabakaul, she had never done more than fire it in the air, but in the frequent and prolonged absences of her husband it was as well to let the natives know that she had firearms (of which they stood in deadly terror), in the house, and knew how to use them.

To live without weapons of defence in such proximity to savagery would be madness, she continued. Herbertshöhe was ten miles distant, and although they had telephone connection with the head office of Forsyth's, much might take place before help could be afforded them. Occasionally she would order one of her house servants to bring her a revolver, as she thought it was
good to remind them of the presence of this much-dreaded weapon, when the answer would invariably be “Me no like!”

My host and hostess took me for long drives through the enormous plantation into the bush, on a road, the preserving of which was obligatory upon the gunans living within a certain distance. It led through the magnificent tropical forest; on either side dense bush, shoulder-high, gave plenty of material to the imagination to conjure up the scenes in the lives of its denizens. Here I noticed again on two separate occasions the sign of the chief’s jurisdiction. On a plot of soil, planted equidistant, were three crotons interlaced with twigs, the centre one being considerably higher than those at either side.

Frau M——, who can talk to the kanakas, having learnt their language in the Australian mission where she worked before she was married (that ceremony having been arranged by Queen Emma), told me one day as we drove along, that she had, some time previously, been asked
by a chief to ride to a certain spot in the forest whither he would guide her, to give her advice in a dispute which had arisen concerning some property. The question at issue was, whether the white man's way of inheriting from father to son was to be adopted, or whether the ancient way from uncle to nephew was to be retained. She had ridden several miles from Kabakaul, and the chief had led her through the narrow paths of approach to the spot agreed upon. Here she had found an angry and numerous collection of natives; the pandemonium was awful, and she felt on looking round at the awful passions depicted on their hideous countenances, that hell could not produce anything much worse. For the first time she felt somewhat frightened at her rashness in coming off without saying where she was going.

I was interested to know how she got out of the situation, and remarked that, "It was one thing to go to the infernal regions, but quite another to stop there."

The lady said she had urged them to ex-
plain the case, which they all did together, whilst she racked her brains to make the safest and the most politic reply. So when silence had been comparatively established, she explained the situation in this fashion. The white man's ways, his spirits and his magic, were not like those of the kanakas, and that in the country over the sea, from whence he came, it worked better for the son to inherit from the father instead of from the uncle, but in this land the kanaka knew what suited his particular way of life best, and therefore it was not for her but for all of them to say which mode of heirship in this particular case would be expedient. This had seemed a satisfactory explanation to the assembly. Frau M—— had waved her hand and smilingly ridden away, hearing subsequently that after lengthy discussion the majority present had decided that the European code was preferable in this instance, to their own.

That afternoon three guests were expected to tea and to stay to dinner. They would drive out from Herbertshöhe, and pre-
parations were being made by the servants for the evening meal to take place on the verandah overlooking the sea. We had rested after lunch, but about four o'clock were bestirring ourselves. My hostess had just gone to inspect and supervise culinary operations. Noticing how windy it had suddenly become, Herr M—— and I were standing talking together on the verandah overlooking the plantation, when suddenly the woodwork cracked, the verandah swayed, and a dull roar made us start. The noise was terrifying, but when a greater shock followed in the course of a few seconds, my host screaming out, "Dieses ist ernst, Kommen Sie schnell," took to his heels and ran down the covered passage past the outbuildings. I followed. The oscillations, however, did not subside for some little time. Frau M—— came running out, white and trembling, demanding her child, who had been near the house playing with his nurse. The nurse-girl informed us that he had laughed, and was delighted at seeing the cocoanut-palms waving this way and that.

"I have never experienced anything
like it all the time I have been here," said
the manager, as we three stood together on
the grass. The ground was still trembling,
and as it had a distinctly nauseating effect
upon me, I sat down.

When we returned to the house after a
while, the lamps suspended from the ceiling
were still swinging, the floor in my bedroom
was covered with water spilt out of the hand-
basin, a few cracks on the walls were visible,
but no real damage was sustained. Very
soon a telephone message was received from
Herbertshöhöhe, wanting to know if all were
safe. Everybody had been very much
alarmed, and expected another severe shock
to follow. Shortly after this our visitors
arrived, somewhat later than they were ex-
pected. They were sure the earthquake
would prove to be the severest experience
during German occupation. The feeling of
powerlessness in the face of nature's out-
breaks, and of insecurity, not knowing what
may follow at any instant, is not exactly a
happy mental condition.

Evidently the Mother was responsible for
the quakes; natives who, for once, had actually been frightened at the unusual severity of the shocks, declared that they had seen the water abnormally agitated between the shore and the volcano. Had the house been built of bricks and mortar, instead of timber fitted into grooves after a special pattern in this colony, it would have collapsed. With the excitement and anticipation of more to follow, there was no lack of material for conversation at the little dinner which followed the occurrence. Allusion in these pages has already been made to the proverbial thirstiness of the German official. Before the guests left I had my eyes opened still wider as to the quantity of fluid which gentlemen in the German colonies are in the habit of imbibing, yet retaining normal conditions!

As the moon had not risen and the night was pitch black, the manager volunteered to see his guest past one or two specially dangerous parts of the road. Frau M—— was tired, and suggested retiring to rest, but warned me to be in readiness for another shock, since severe ones rarely
came singly. My mental equanimity was defective that night as, with door and window wide open because of the heat, my money and my dressing-gown within reach on account of the expected recurrence of the earthquake, I laid myself down to rest. It was not calculated to improve my disturbed feelings when I thought of those three hundred "boys" whose quarters were so close to the bungalow, many of them came from, and would return to cannibalistic conditions, nor when I dwelt upon the proximity of that dense native bush, which knew so well how to conceal its ghastly secrets from the white man. I hoped the manager would be quick and return! Two white women and one helpless babe left alone at night in the midst of these savages was not exactly a situation I had ever reckoned to find myself in! I was glad I had not allowed myself to let Frau M—— see that I felt nervous. After all, was it likely that anything untoward would happen just this particular night. She had lived in these wilds without fright, or mishap, over two years. I had
always reckoned on the law of chances! Why not now? Still, she had a revolver, and I had none. What a fool I was not to have provided myself with one before I set foot on this God-forsaken island. Consumed with contempt at my own stupidity, I forgot to listen for the return of Herr M—and fell asleep.

In these out-of-the-way places the heaviest sleepers soon lose that characteristic, and metaphorically speaking, the whole time I stayed in New Britain I slept with one eye open and both ears on the alert. I found that others with far more experience of the Archipelago did the same thing. My slumbers were not of long duration before I awoke suddenly. Hurried steps were coming along the verandah. I sprang to my feet. The moon had risen. In the dim light I saw my host and hostess rush past the open doorway in night attire, both holding revolvers in their extended right hands.

"The Bukas are on the verandah," Frau M—shouted, disappearing round the
corner of the verandah, her long hair streaming behind her.

Grabbing an umbrella with a knobby handle I sallied forth in their wake and made the circuit of the bungalow. The nurse who slept at the entrance of her mistress's room had given the alarm, explained my friend as we met. She had seen two "boys" climbing on to the verandah by the aid afforded by two zinc tanks situated in the corner nearly opposite their bedroom. Shortly the girl's husband appeared and explained that the nocturnal disturbance had been occasioned by a Buka who, his companions declared, always became crazed in moonlight. He was caught and they were waiting to know what was to be done with him.

Whether this version was really believed by the planter is not for me to say, but it was accepted, otherwise there would be the necessity of sending him into Herbertshöhe for an official inquiry, which meant expense and delay to his firm. The disturber of our night's rest was produced without delay, a
few impressive threats and the sight of firearms seemed not without effect, and after looking on whilst the man at this early hour was well secured to a post until he could be further admonished in daylight, we retired to our respective quarters to snatch sleep if possible.

Shortly after my exciting experience at Kabakaul I was making a round of farewell visits to those whose kindness and hospitality had rendered my stay in this remote colony one which I shall always look back upon as teeming with interest and pleasure.

Since returning to this country the question has frequently been asked, what I thought of the German colonies? I have replied that a month's residence in the youngest of them did not enable me to form anything approaching an equitable, or adequate opinion. At the same time, it is not beside the point to remind my readers that Bismarck—Chauvinist that he was—said to Busch concerning colonial enterprise: "I will have no colonies: their only use
would be to provide posts for certain people,"

Could that veteran statesman pierce the intervening space and perceive how the Germans in these days have transformed themselves into a commercial people, with limitless ambition for naval supremacy and colonial possessions, he might have further advice of similarly penetrating character to bestow upon the Kaiser's subjects.

To return to the remote but interesting Protectorate of German New Guinea, let it be remembered that the colony is in its infancy. Who knows? It may awake one morning and find itself famous!
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Parkin (Gilbert).  THE POMP OF THE LAVILLETES.

WHEN VALMOND CAME TO PONTIAC.

THE TRAIL OF THE SWORD.

Pemberton (Max).  THE FOOTSTEPS OF A THRONE.

I CROWN THEE KING.

Philippotts (Eden).  THE HUMAN BOY.

CHILDREN OF THE MIST.

THE POACHER'S WIFE.

THE RIVER.

'O' (A. T. Quiller Couch).  THE WHITE WOLF.

Ridge (W. Pett).  A SON OF THE STATE.

LOST PROPERTY.

GEORGE AND THE GENERAL.

Russell (W. Clark).  ABANDONED.

A MARRIAGE AT SEA.

MY DANISH SWEETHEART.

HIS ISLAND PRINCESS.

Sergeant (Adeline).  THE MASTER OF BEECHWOOD.

BARBARA'S MONEY.

THE YELLOW DIAMOND.

THE LOVE THAT OVERCAME.

Surtees (R. S.).  HANDLEY CROSS.

MR. SPONGE'S SPORTING TOUR.

ASK MAMMA.

Walford (Mrs. L. B.).  MR. SMITH.

COUSINS.

THE BABY'S GRANDMOTHER.

Wallace (General Lew).  BEN-HUR.

THE FAIR GOD.

Watson (H. B. Marriott).  THE ADVENTURERS.

Weekes (A. B.).  PRISONERS OF WAR.

Wells (H. G.).  THE SEA LADY.

White (Percy).  A PASSIONATE PILGRIM.
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